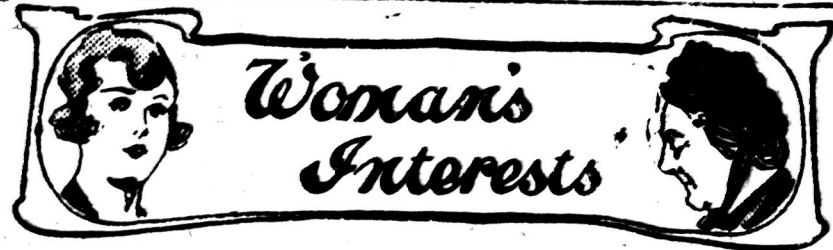


Sealed in aluminum packets

"SALADA"

TEA

is always pure and fresh. So delicious! Try it today.



LET THEM FIDGET.

Among the minor worries of parents is the fidgety child. To-day, in thousands of homes, thousands are parents must have enjoyed thousands of children not to fidget!

Ought children to fidget? The reply of the majority would certainly be in the negative. Children should learn to sit still. To fidget is a bad habit; it gets on the nerves. And, as a clincher, to fidget is bad manners.

Manners apart—for what is good manners to-day may be bad manners to-morrow—for a child to fidget is as natural and as necessary as physical growth—in fact, fidgeting is growth!

It is a sign of vitality, health, and mental and physical development. Children must fidget, and to suppress the habit is wrong. It hurts the child, and may lead to mental trouble. A kettle of water put on to boil soon becomes "alive." The life moves the lid, and out comes the steam. Fix the lid and block the spout, and there'll be trouble.

This provides an excellent illustration of what happens when the natural fidgeting of a child is suppressed.

The muscles are forming, the nerve system is being developed, and fidgeting is only an external sign of the internal life. It's a safety valve, and it is as crucial as urine to suppress it. Parents will, of course, have noticed that there is extra fidgeting on days when, owing to inclement weather or the like, a child has had to stay indoors.

That should give fresh point to what has been written above. Play, romping, exercise take the place of fidgets. Deprive a child of its play and it is bound to fidget. Many children, too, must fidget as well as play. They are of the type with great vitality and health.

Fidgets should be free. Life is motion and movement, and to suppress the motion and movement is always injurious. Parents should be worried if a child doesn't fidget—not when it does!

SOME CHOICE DESSERTS.

Home-made ice cream is always a treat, but on warm days it is doubly so. It is a dessert, too, that mother can prepare out under a shady tree instead of by the kitchen range in the hot kitchen. If the recipes are slightly varied from the old standby, it will be a pleasant surprise for all.

These recipes are suitable to the two-quart freezer:

Chocolate Ice Cream—5 tb. cocoa, 1 cup sugar, 4 tb. water, 1 cup cream, 3 cups milk, pinch of salt, 1 tb. vanilla. Mix cocoa and water and cook until creamy. Scald milk and cream together and add the cocoa mixture.



Dusty hands are germ-carriers

Everywhere, every day, the hands are touching things covered with dust.

Countless times those dust-laden hands touch the face and the lips in the course of a day.

Consider—dust is a source of infection and danger.

Lifebuoy Protects

Take no chances—cleanse your hands frequently with the rich, creamy lather of Lifebuoy. Lifebuoy contains a wonderful health ingredient which goes deep down into the pores of the skin, purifying them of any lurking infection.

The clean, antiseptic odour vanishes in a few seconds, but the protection of Lifebuoy remains.

LIFEBUOY HEALTH SOAP

More than Soap—a Health Habit

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED TORONTO

"When Hearts Command"

By ELIZABETH YORK MILLER

"When hearts command, From minds the suggest counselings depart."

CHAPTER XXXI.

"I really cannot understand it, Hector. I'm so worried. Here it is a whole week, and nothing at all from Alice—not a single line, not even so much as a postcard."

"But you had a telegram," Hector Gaunt reminded her.

Jean expostulated irritably. "I told you the telegram was from Philip. He sent her love, of course, and merely said they had arrived safely at Lucerne. But Alice herself has not written."

"She's on her honeymoon, Jean dear. I don't know much about such things, but I believe they're supposed to be rather engrossing."

"Oh, don't talk nonsense!" It was nonsense. A week since they had waved good-bye to the bridal couple, and not a line from Alice to the mother she loved so dearly, and whom she knew must be getting anxious.

"If anything had happened—if she were ill—I'm sure Ardeyne would let you know," Hector Gaunt said.

"But something may have happened to both of them. Suppose they were out in a skiff and capsized—or if there had been a railway accident? You know, Hector, there frequently are accidents on those horrid mountain railways. Do you remember that awful one at Murren?"

"Don't be silly," Gaunt said crossly. "That's what I'm always telling her," piped Hugo. "Not to be silly." He had been so quiet for a long time that they had almost forgotten his presence.

It was getting very hot indeed in Bordighera, and the close, little terraced garden of the Villa Charmil was a trifle stuffy. Jean looked languid and washed-out with the heat. Her bright prettiness had deserted her for the moment.

"Jean is always crossing bridges before she comes to them," Hugo amplified.

He picked up his guitar and began to strum idly. Gaunt shifted his position. The little iron chairs were ill-suited to accommodate his huge frame.

"All the same, I cannot understand why I don't hear from Alice," Jean repeated. "It's a whole week and—"

"If you don't get a letter to-morrow you can telegraph," Gaunt interrupted. "Let's go for a walk. It's so hot and close in here."

Hugo laid aside his guitar and reached for his hat. He was ready instantly. For an hour he had been hoping that somebody would suggest a diversion. Even a walk was better than nothing.

"Well, yes, I don't mind. Only I really ought to speak to Louisa about dinner. It's time she discovered a new way to cook spaghetti. And there are all those flowers you brought waiting to be arranged, Hector, and quite a number of other things I ought to do."

Gaunt banged his fist on the table. "Woman, I'm sick of you and your fussiness!" he belted. "Get your hat and come."

"Oh, very well—very well. But you needn't be rude about it."

She hurried into the house and Hugo applauded the bully.

"If I talk to her like that she doesn't pay the least attention," he said. "She is fussy. You've no idea—"

"She's far too good for you," Gaunt rounded on him.

"Well, yes, I know that," Hugo meekly agreed. "Oh, yes, I know that quite well. Far too good. I'm lucky—don't you think so, Hector?" He cast a veiled glance at his friend. "So lucky to have now such a wife as Jean. I count my blessings all the time."

Gaunt's face grew dark. He knew that that was Hugo's way of getting back at him for his reprimand. Anybody who hit Hugo always got a full return.

"I'm glad to know you're so appreciative," Gaunt growled. "Then as Jean reappeared: 'Oh, here you are! Wonderfully quick you've been. Didn't expect to see you again for at least an hour.'"

She looked up at him and smiled in her nervous, fluttering fashion.

"Don't be cross with me, Hector."

"He's jealous," said Hugo, his voice unusually high and piping. "He's jealous because you're my wife, and he doesn't believe I know how lucky I am. But do, Jean. I know it better than anybody else in this whole, wide world."

So he remembered, too. "We can't," Jean said. "Somebody is living there." Her voice was very sharp.

But Hugo had darted ahead. Jean "Hector, stop him. I don't want to go in there. Not with you and Hugo. Oh, dear, what's he doing now?"

Hugo had swung open the magnificent wrought-iron gates leading to the driveway and was in animated conversation with a middle-aged Italian woman of the peasant class, who was coming out with a basket on her arm, attended by a little yellow mongrel dog.

He shouted out to them that the dog's name was Tito, and that the woman who was the caretaker of the villa said it was unoccupied at the moment, and they could go in and have a look round if they liked. "Oh, do come on," he pleaded. "I should think you'd like to see my wife and I, it's here that we first met, you and I."

Jean winced. It was here that Hector Gaunt and she had first met, also. As he waited for them, Hugo engaged in more conversation with the caretaker, who had become most beaming and hospitable, in a stately, dignified way. She bowed deeply as Gaunt and Jean approached, and there were tears in her eyes.

"Why—it's Maddelina!" cried Jean. "Sure enough it was Maddelina, who had been cook here in old Mrs. Douste's time. All these years Maddelina had been here at the Villa Tatina—cooking, no doubt. She remembered them both, Hugo and Jean. Hector Gaunt, of course, was a familiar figure, but, curiously enough, he had forgotten her."

There was no getting out of it now. Maddelina had to go into the town for something, but she begged them to make themselves at home in the garden until her return. She hurried away, with her little dog, promising not to be long.

"There, I told you," said triumphant Hugo. "I knew it would be all right. I saw the 'To Let' sign on the gate several days ago." He skipped on ahead of them with the agility of a child.

Gaunt and Jean walked slowly. It seemed as though nothing had been touched or altered in all those twenty years. Time had stood still in this old garden. Nothing—nothing nothing was changed.

There were the same borders of burning red salvia and calla lilies edging the sweeping curve of the driveway as had welcomed Jean and her friend, Mme. Douste, upon their arrival so long ago. There were the rose garden and the old sundial, the marvellous shady fern garden dripping with warm moisture; the little mandarin grove, the big stone-walled pools glittering with goldfish, the ancient fig-tree that overhung the gardener's cottage, the silver-tongued brook rippling down beside the long rose arbor.

"Nothing seems to be changed here," said Gaunt, as though reading Jean's mind. His voice was a little husky. "Only us," she replied.

"That's so. . . I wish we hadn't come. That confounded little devil of a Hugo! I wish he'd go to blazes and stay there."

But Hugo was enjoying himself hugely. He was here, there, and everywhere, an impish, insistent spirit, full of tiresome pranks that got insufferably upon Jean's nerves.

He all but fell into the great tank at the side of the villa in his anxiety to climb up and see if, too, was sparkling with goldfish.

He ran about trying all the doors, impatient to go inside even before Maddelina returned. He picked flowers to adorn his hat, and finally—to their relief—subsided with a length of bamboo and his pocket-knife. A true fan, he must make a pipe. They left him seated cross-legged on the grass leaning against the trunk of a giant palm, absorbed in making his pipe.

Self-consciously, Jean strolled beside Hector Gaunt, but neither of them had anything to say. It was here, on a moon-flooded night in April, that he had first kissed her—here by the big pool—and so impetuous had been his wooing that in less than three weeks he had whirled her into that ill-fated secret marriage.

She dared not look at him now. Her heart was too full. If he had so much as uttered a word she would have burst into tears. But Gaunt was as silent as anyone could wish. Perhaps the lonely years had taught him the great gift of silence.

They went down the little flight of stone steps to the herb garden which had been old Mme. Douste's pride, and across the flagged path to the other side and up again through the long rose arbor beside which tinkled the rushing stream.

A faint, fairy sound suddenly broke the stillness; sweet high notes with just a tinge of connected melody. It was Hugo, playing on his pipe.

He had forgotten them. There he sat, a strange figure, with his feet tucked under him and his flower-decked hat pushed to the back of his head. His eyeglasses were sidewise, and his face wore an expression of beatific happiness.

Golden notes—Pan piping in the garden, where old lovers who might not speak of all that had been, strolled silently with aching, saddened hearts.

"I can't bear it," Jean said. "We must go."

"Come on, then," Gaunt raised his voice. "Come on, Hugo, we're going." Pan leapt to his feet.

"I don't want to go," he shouted back. "I want to wait for Maddelina."

"We'll be late for dinner," Jean said sharply. "Come at once, Hugo."

Sulkily he followed them, keeping at a little distance to mark his displeasure. As they neared the Villa Charmil Jean hurried on ahead. She had caught a glimpse of the postgirl just going in. There was no post at this hour, so it must be a telegram. Her heart was in her throat. Some thing had happened to Alice. That was all she could think of—something must have happened, and for a little while she had forgotten Alice in mooning about with profitless memories. What a heartless mother she was. She began to run, calling out that she had seen the postgirl, and reached the villa white and breathless.

(To be continued.)



She—"What's your idea of a perfect marriage?" He—"You and me."

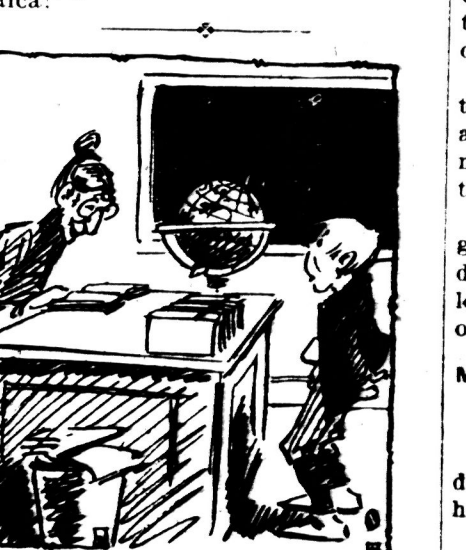
Nothing Could Stick This Amazing Student.

"My husband's old friend Huxley," Lady Strachey writes in the Nation, "became a very intimate friend of mine, too; a more delightful companion I never met. To his inexhaustible knowledge of every kind was added a love of argument and discussion, a most brilliant wit, humor and love of fun."

"He told me an amusing story of how, at one of the examinations he was holding, one of the students proved to be a young man of great ability and accurate knowledge, so much so that he made the unheard-of score of 99 out of 100 full marks. At the end of the verbal examination, in which every question had been accurately answered, Huxley said to himself that he was determined to ask the young man one question that he would certainly be unable to answer. He mentioned a perfectly insignificant and unknown waterfall in an obscure part of Jamaica, which he had passed when travelling, and gravely asked the young man what was its height. After a look of startled amazement, the young man replied: '326 feet.'"

"How in the world do you come to know that?" cried Huxley.

"Well," said the young man, "as a matter of fact, this waterfall happens to be on my father's estate in Jamaica!"



Willie's Opinion. "Now, Willie, what motive impelled our early settlers to journey westward in their covered wagons?" "I guess it musta been curiosity, teacher."

Good Samaritans of To-day.

Calous to human suffering we are not—in spite of a certain hardness that war induces. The other day a great liner far out at sea answered the radio signal of a freighter, aboard which a suddenly stricken fireman needed medical attention. The obscure man's life was saved even though the hundreds of persons on the steamer who had important business in Europe had to put up with serious delay. We venture to think that not one of those persons failed to applaud the decision of the captain to act the part of the Good Samaritan.

For Sore Feet—Minard's Liniment.

With a dog as her principal companion, an English lady recently travelled 20,000 miles into the middle of Africa.

Exhibition Notice

Don't buy your Electric Fixtures or Appliances until you have seen our fine display of the latest designs, in the Manufacturers' Annex Building, under the Grand Stand, Booths 16 and 25. Special prices on all goods sold during the Exhibition. If not convenient to call, send for our New Electric Fixture Catalogue, larger and better than ever. Any other information or advice we can give you will be gladly supplied either by mail or at the Exhibit.

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It's the longest-lasting condition you can buy—and it's a help to digestion and a cleanser for the mouth and teeth.

Wrigley's means fresh breath as well as a clean conscience.

Growth of Milling Industry in Canada.

From its humble beginning at Port Royal (now Annapolis Royal, Nova Scotia), in 1605, flour and grist milling in Canada has grown to be one of the Dominion's most important industries. According to an early census there were nine mills in operation in New France in 1665, while the latest figures (those for 1922) compiled by the Dominion Bureau of Statistics, show 1,364 operating mills in Canada with a daily capacity of 134,225 barrels. The amount of wheat milled and flour produced by these mills showed a considerable increase during 1922. This year saw 81,413,649 bushels of grain converted into flour, as compared with 70,005,373 bushels in 1921 and 61,116,380 bushels in 1920. The production of flour during the 1922 calendar year reached 17,787,929 barrels, an increase of 2,466,170 barrels over the previous year and 4,660,609 barrels greater than 1920.

Easy access to the Atlantic seaboard has heretofore been a determining factor in deciding the location of flour and grist mills in Canada. Of the 1,364 mills in operation in 1922, 1,211 were situated in Ontario, Quebec, and the Maritime Provinces. In the early days of the industry Montreal became the centre of flour and grist milling and it has held its predominant position, the daily output of the mills in its vicinity totalling nearly 20,000 barrels in 1922. However, with the development of the Pacific trade and the growth of western points as milling centres is being accelerated, and there is every indication that the industry will continue to expand in proportion to the Dominion's position as one of the great wheat-producing countries of the world.

Maps in Trees.

Trees sometimes assume very grotesque shapes, and one can trace in their branches the outlines of animals or birds.

Occasionally, too, the monarchs of the forest may resemble the giants and monsters of legendary lore. But not often do they grow so as to give the idea of a geographical formation.

Such a tree, however, can be seen growing in "The Lady of the Lake" district in Scotland. Its short and long limbs give a distinct impression of the map of England.

Minard's Liniment Heals Cuts.

The Cook's Chauffeur.

Mistress—"Mary, we'd rather you didn't entertain policemen in our home."

The Cook—"The man in uniform ye saw, mum, was no officer of the law, but me own private chauffeur."

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A Warm house and cool cellar day and night the winter through. And a saving in your coal bills of from 25% to 50%.

A KELSEY WARM AIR GENERATOR in your cellar will ensure this. The Kelsey is the most efficient and economical system of home heating ever devised and will heat the smallest cottage or the largest mansion properly and healthfully.

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Sir David... of Preventiv... sleeping sick...

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The silver... tario inter-st... British A... ment of Seism... Vancouver in... the Canadian... Both O'Call... visited and... the mills and... goes into the... wealth in the... wide open for... Cobalt was re... ing. The trun... apart, and are... fact that lar... were waiting... trains. The ves... the town, and... among the vari... small parties... afforded appl... exactly the m... tions are vari... such questions... To the geolog... ly the program... interest. The... od, and it is... ple ever acquir... the information... and it should... ble pride and... dians to know... these experie... visited mines... ners of the w... their enthusia... wealth of this... approval of the... ment.

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