The Economy of "SALADA" GREEN TEA

is in the larger number of cups it gives per pound. — Delicious! — Try it.

B468

COMMON SENSE GUIDES AMATEUR DECORATOR.

Not every one has an eye for color and there are certain fundamentals of color relationships which must be learned before the home decorator can venture far in choosing fabrics and rugs for her house. But most persons have a fairly good eye for form—the child who draws a dog on his first kindergarten sketch pad invariably ignores the masses of light and shade which indicate the most noticeable characteristics of the dog and seeks only for outline. He seeks to perfect the shape or form long before he bothers with the shadows and bright spots.

In furnishing, many mistakes are made in matters of form, but almost always because of lack of experience in what to look for; as soon as the error is pointed out it is readily perceived and the woman wonders why she did not see it before. The lines of a room follow the rectangular or the square—it is seldom that an elliptical or a round room is found in the small home or apartment. The construction lines being rectangular we should not disturb them and ourselves by placing rugs and furniture at angles and diagonal to the room's lines. It takes the practiced eye of an experienced decorator to swing a day-bed, couch or bed diagonally out into a room and not disturb the repose of the room.

It is neither correct nor artistic to place an upright piano, a desk, or china closet or bookcase across a corner and leave an ugly, triangular and useless space behind it. The piano and the room will look much better if the long lines of the case are allowed to follow the construction lines and the same is true of bookcases and desks. If the corner space is the desired location for the desk then place it against the wall, not across the corner and let the light from the window fall, if possible, over the left shoulder.

Rugs are often placed at an angle in front of a fireplace or a davenport or desk; a square table is often turned diagonally in the room; the effect from both is one not only offensive to the eye, but inartistic as well, according to the simplest and best standards of home furnishing. Often a woman places a table four-square and properly, but lays across it a square cover, "fancy," turned diagonally! This is just as bad as any other cornerwise arrangement.

The best arrangement for furniture and rugs is in accordance with the direction of the walls, either lengthwise or across the room. If the room is large enough to accommodate furniture out upon the floor, the rule still holds. Chairs and stools may be left about the room at convenient angles and give pleasant variety.

Likewise, small tables advertised as "occasional" tables to hold the newest book or magazine, cigarettes, or a jar of candies, are, of course, to be placed conveniently near couches and chairs; their size permits placing them at any angle which makes for convenience.

CANDIED CRANBERRIES.

Candied cranberries make a cheerful note in an assortment of home-made candies, and they are easily made, though the process is long. Select first the most perfect berries, then with a needle make two or three slits in each berry. Meantime boil together equal quantities of sugar and water until just slightly thick. Cool the syrup, then add the berries, taking care that they are not crowded, and bring very slowly to the boiling point, so that the syrup will permeate them without causing them to burst. When the syrup begins to boil remove it from the fire with the fruit and leave in a cool place overnight. In the morning drain the syrup from the berries and cook it down until it is very thick, then cool it again and drop the berries into it. Let them just come to the boiling point, then remove from the fire and cool overnight again. Next day the berries may be taken from the syrup and placed on plates to dry, but it will perhaps be best to warm the syrup slightly before this is attempted. Place on greased plates or waxed paper and leave in a cool place till dry and nicely coated. Just a little practice is necessary to make these very beautiful and delicious. If you do not succeed at first, no harm is done, for the berries and sugar may be turned into an excellent dish of cranberry sauce.

More easily prepared are the candied apples, candied prunes, candied nuts and other sweets of like nature. For them simply boil two cupfuls of sugar with a half cupful of water until the syrup begins to take on a slightly yellowish tint. Take care that it does not caramel; it must be just a faint straw color. Then having impaled nice red apples on wooden skewers, or plump fine pitted prunes on toothpicks, dip them in the syrup and set them on buttered plates to harden.

A ROLLER FOR LINENS.

A discarded window-blind roller is just the thing on which to roll center-pieces and any other linens which should not be folded. The roller may be cut any length desired and a piece of cloth tacked to it. The cloth will serve as a covering to keep the linens clean.

A NEW TOY FOR A YOUNG CHILD

4578. Dolls of all kinds are now in vogue, but none quite takes the place of a soft rag doll. The model here depicted features "Bunny Rabbit," so dear to the heart of little boy or girl. 'Bunny" is especially attractive in his new rompers. The Pattern provides the doll as well as the garment style. The Doll may be made of drill, unbleached muslin, terry cloth or toweling, or of flannel or flannellette. It may be stuffed with rags, or floss, kopak, or or wool wadding. One could make the doll washable as well as "floating" by stuffing with cork and making the outside of rubberized cloth, or sanitas. The rompers could be of percale or gingham or to be real dressy of satin or crepe.

The Pattern is cut in 3 Sizes: Small, 12 inches; Medium, 16 inches; and Large, 20 inches in length. To make the doll for a Medium size requires ⅝ yard of material, for the rompers ⅞ yard is required, 36 inches wide. For collar of contrasting material ⅛ yard is required. The features may be painted on the head or worked in with yarn or worsted. Buttons may be used for the eyes.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 10c in silver by the Wilson Publishing Company, 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto. Allow two weeks for receipt of pattern.

Had Seen But Not Heard.

"Ever seen one o' those yer automobile sirens?"

"Sure I have! Yer can't go on th' street without one o' them women winkin' at yer from some machine."

An Excusable Error.

The story described its heroine as a dumpling of a woman. The teacher paused and asked for a description of a woman of that kind.

"She would be rather tall and thin," suggested a pupil. The teacher thought the child was teasing and looked angry. "No," she snapped, "the lady would be short and plump—like a dumpling."

"Oh, yes," said the youngster with relief, "I was thinking of a noodle."

A. W. TAYLOR

Army Goods Store and Staple Goods.

85 Queen St. East, Toronto

Send for Price List. Post Free.

New Ready.

"When Hearts Command"

By ELIZABETH YORK MILLER

"When hearts command,
From minds the sagest counsellings depart."

CHAPTER IV. (Cont'd.)

A ticket to where?

Jean's cold hands held the flimsy sheets of closely written script in a trembling clutch. For a moment everything was blurred. She had to get up and help herself to a small dose of the brandy which was kept for emergencies.

A ticket to Bordighera, of course. Hugo was coming here—"Due on Thursday," wrote Christopher Smarle "by the through train from Calais, the *train de luxe*. You need have no apprehensions as to his mental condition. He is as sane as he ever was."

As sane as he ever was. But had Hugo ever been really sane? And had sly Christopher worded his letter thus cryptically on purpose? Jean Carnay shivered.

Coming on Thursday, the day after tomorrow; Hugo was coming here. Too late to stop him now. To-morrow morning he left London.

Coming here—coming to Bordighern How on earth was the news to be broken to Alice? And to Philip Ardeyne. Mrs. Carnay remembered something the doctor had said, a casual remark in connection with his profession: Insanity was seldom cured, and it was always hereditary. That was his opinion, as a distinguished brain specialist. Perhaps other alienists did not agree with him, but that was his opinion. Was Alice's whole future to be jeopardized because an official medical board had suddenly decided to release Hugo Smarle?

A light step sounded in the hall and Jean Carnay hastily thrust the two letters into a drawer of the writing-table. She was standing there, trembling like a leaf, her hand still on the knob of the drawer, when Alice came in.

"Oh, I'm so glad you're still up, mumsey darling!" The girl's face was radiant, like a sun-kissed flower with the dew still on it—fresh, sweet, and indescribably beautiful. "Mumsey, I've got something to tell you. Something rather . . . wonderful."

"Yes, dear?"

"Philip has asked me to marry him."

"Yes, dear?"

"I—I said I would mumsey. Do you mind? I'm so happy! Oh, mumsey darling, I didn't know it was pissible to be so happy in this world!"

Her head went down on Jean's shoulder. There were tears—tears of happiness mingling with other tears of bitterest misery.

What was to become of this poor, pitiful child? Was her cup of joy to be dashed to the ground before she had scarcely tasted it?

CHAPTER V.

Oh, night of love—and night of memories!

Why, thought Jean Carnay, had she ever come to this Bordighera? What had she ever found here but heartbreak? There was heartbreak in every whisper of the palm trees, in every restless heave of the silver and ebon sea, in every scent that hung so languorously on the breath of the still night. There had always been heartbreak, because there was so much here that was beautiful, and always—always—there had been love.

She shuddered away from the thought of Hugo Smarle—poor Hugo to whom she owed so much and yet had so much to forgive. He was her husband, that madman who had been all these fifteen years at Broadmoor stealthily getting sane, stealthily hiding the time when the doctors would say that he was well enough to take his place again in the world of living men. Curious, that Jean had never thought of his coming back, of the possibility of such a thing.

For fifteen years he had been as one dead, not only to her, but to everyone he had ever known except Christopher. To Alice Hugo Smarle had been Major Hugo Carnay, a gallant Indian officer fallen in the service of his country. Alice did not know that she gave the name of father to a criminal lunatic; did not know that her whole life had been shadowed by the existence of that madman. Carnay was one of the family names. It was Christopher Smarle who had suggested to Jean that she should use it, "for Alice's sake." Christopher had also suggested that they live abroad. Perhaps he had foreseen this day when Hugo would rise from his prison grave, a fleshly ghost who must be given attention.

But there was one thing, among some others, which Christopher did not know. For instance, he did not know that Jean Carnay called herself a widow. His own idea was that she had described her husband as on active service in a country where the climate did not agree with the wife and daughter. Hence, from Christopher Smarle's point of view it would be easy enough to arrange for a return.

That was the trouble, for Mrs. Carnay, seeking to make a clean sweep of the past, had posed as a widow even to her own daughter.

What was she to do about this revival? Who could advise her? In less than forty-eight hours Hugo would be here, claiming his little family and his rightful place in their lives.

Mrs. Carnay sat up in bed, her fair hair streaming about her shoulders, the lamp switched on. The dark had become intolerable."

And then the door opened very softly.

"Is that you, Alice?" she called out.

"Oh! I wondered if you were asleep."

"But my dear child, you ought to be asleep yourself. We've a long day ahead of us to-morrow." Mrs. Carnay's voice was a little sharp.

"Don't be cross with me, mumsey—"

"My darling—of course I'm not cross. Only—"

"I know, but I'm too—too excited to sleep. When I said I was so happy I wondered if you thought it selfish? Mumsey, is it selfish of me to want to be happy?"

Alice sat down on the bed.

"It's the most natural thing in the world," said Jean Carnay. "Don't get morbid ideas into your head. Don't ever do that!" Her voice was still sharp.

"Why, mumsey dear—why should I? Only, it does seem selfish, planning to be so happy and—and sort of leaving you out of it. But Philip wants you to visit us a lot. He said such nice things about you—how plucky and sporting you were, and how much he admires you."

"I told him that we were frauds," Mrs. Carnay said bluntly.

"Because you saved up for this holiday? But that's what he meant. And if we hadn't come here—only think! —why—I'd probably never have seen Philip again. It was just fate. He said he fell in love with me two years ago, and he wrote to the Archers asking for our address, but we'd left Rome and Mrs. Archer didn't know where we'd gone. He said he went back again last year to try and find us. Isn't it strange? And we came here and found him. I call that wonderful."

The girl's dark eyes glowed softly, and her smile was just one more worry to the unhappy woman whose cup of anxiety was so full.

"You—you're quite sure, Alice, that you care for him? I mean to say, there's no doubt in your own mind? I know he's in love with you, but perhaps——"

"There's no doubt in my mind," Alice replied shyly. "I don't love Philip because he's rich—I suppose he is rich—or famous, or anything like that. I love him because he's just—well, splendid, mumsey. So big and fine and—and straight. An so keen on his work. It seems to make them more—well, more manly. Don't you think so?" Mrs. Carnay nodded. "I'm proud that he's chosen me," Alice went on." Do you remember I said we were a pair of Cinderellas, you and I? Isn't it queer? I mean, meeting Philip—everything turning out like this, as though it were a fairy tale. It wouldn't have been quite the same anywhere else. I love Bordighera—I love it! . . . I wish you'd tell me about when you were here before? You said it was a sort of honeymoon. Did you meet father here? Were you married at the time? I thought you were married in the summer. I seem to remember your saying you were married in London in the summer."

Alice suddenly curious; Alice Suddenly taking an interest in that nightmare of a past in which she, poor child, held, unconsciously, the all-important part. Jean Carnay began to see things"; faces hovered there in the dimness, behind Alice—the face of Philip Ardeyne, steely-eyed and hard-lipped, for the way in which he had been tricked; the face of Hugo Smarle, the madman, and of Hector Augustus Gaunt, to whom this whole story was as a tale that is told, a musty volume of decayed memories dedicated to the Little God Who Soon Forgets.

Each face looked to Jean Carnay for an explanation of conduct most extraordinary. Why had she done any of the things she had done? To begin with, why hadn't she been courageous twenty years ago and braved out the situation which had frightened her into an act of incredible stupidity? Fhy —why had she ever married Hugo Smarle?

And here was Alice asking questions that could not be answered truthfully; questions, indeed, to which there were no answers.

"Yes—I met your father here," Jean heard herself saying. "Yes, we were married in London. I mean to say—well, your father and I were married first in Genoa secretly."

"Oh, mumsey, how romantic!" Alice clasped her hands over her knees and asked eagerly for more. "Did somebody oppose it?"

"No—er—no. We just decided to get married that way. I was here for the winter as companion to an old French lady, and I couldn't leave her. I had to go to Genoa for her about something—I forget what it was — and your father met me there. Nobody knew we were married, you see—

"No? Oh, mumsey, do go on! And so it was a sort of honeymoon. You wonderful darling! I'll bet you were the prettiest thing. And did the old French lady ever find out?"

"No," murmured Jean. "Well, she —there was another ceremony in London, and she came to that. It was at a register office."

"I suppose it was necessary because you were English and had first got married in Italy?" Alice asked. "If Philip and I were married out here wouldn't it be legal in England?"

"Of course it would."

NURSES

The Toronto Hospital for Incurables, in affiliation with Bellevue and Allied Hospitals, New York City, offers a three years' Course of Training to young women, having the required education, and desirous of becoming nurses. This Hospital has adopted the eight-hour system. The pupils receive uniforms of the School, a monthly allowance and travelling expenses to and from New York. For further information apply to the Superintendent.

"Then why—"

"Oh, I don't know. Sometimes one does things for which there is no accounting."

Poor Jean Carnay had waited into this use of exploration and did not know how to get out again.

(To be Continued.)

If There Were Dreams to Sell.

If there were dreams to sell,
Do I not know full well
What I would buy?
Hope's dear delusive spell
Its happy tale to tell,
Joy's fleeting sigh.

I would be young again;
Youth's maddling bliss and bane
I would recapture;
Though it were keen with pain,
All else seems void and vain
To that fine rapture.

I would be glad once more,
Slip through an open door
Into Life's glory;
Keep what I spent of yore,
Find what I lost before,
Hear an old story.

As it one day befell,
Breaking Death's frozen spell,
Love should draw nigh;
If there were dreams to sell,
Do I not know too well
What I would buy?

—Louise Chandler Moulton.

Hints for Tired Musicians.

The few cases of musicians who have suffered mental and nervous breakdowns seem to excite some who do not realise that all intense intellectual workers are liable to nervous and brain disorders, if proper care is not taken.

Brain bankruptcy is a common complaint. Creative workers pour out their soul wealth in such lavish manner that there comes a time when the treasury is empty. It is a horrifying realization. Usually those who are complaining of the immense amount of work they do and what they produce, are not the ones to suffer mental breakdowns. It is the man and the woman who is so absorbed in the work that all rational ideas of conserving psychic energy are lost. He has no time to think of himself, and rarely does so until he finds the wreck of his mind and body about him. Then it is often too late to extricate himself.

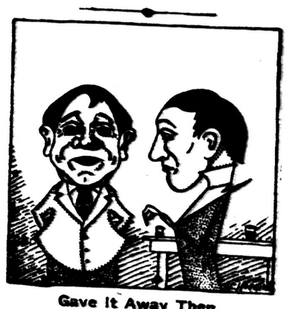
Musicians will be interested to learn that there is a theory advanced that the mind is made up of an infinite number of minute substances variously defined. With every thought originating in the brain the energy involved destroys one or more of these particles. Fresh particles prepare to take their place if the conditions are normal and the body is in good shape.

Sleep and diversion are the great restorative. Musicians are often entirely too parsimonious in these matters. They work themselves to the limit and then wonder why they have to go to doctors for disagreeable pills, which often only palliate the trouble at best. It is not the sleep they lose to-night or to-morrow night, but the long cumulative losses that do the mischief.

Fish That Shouts.

Professor C. H. Greene, of the University of Missouri, recently described to a number of scientists a newly-discovered illuminated fish, whose habitat is Monterey Bay, California. The fish shouts when pursuing its prey.

Each fish, according to Professor Greene, is illuminated with hundreds of phospherescent lights, and, when bearing down on smaller fish, is able to make distracting noises by driving the gaseous contents of its swimming bladder through a narrow membrane from one side to the other.



Gave It Away Then.

"You say he gives away a great deal of money on a charitable occasion?"

"Yes."

"Well, I've seen him give away money only on a chair, a table and a pack of cards occasion."

Source of the Nile.

The question of the source of the Nile is at once the oldest and the most recent of geography. The first European to lay claim to having discovered the true source was James Bruce. The Scotch explorer believed that the middle one of the three branches, called the Blue Nile, was the true river. It was later discovered that the westernmost branch, called the White Nile, was the true Nile. The ancients were right and Bruce was wrong.

Many explorers sought to trace the White Nile to its source, but the greatest discovery of all, that the Nile really rises in south latitude and crosses the equator, was made by Captains Grant and Speke, who in 1858 discovered Lake Victoria Nvanza.

Artemus Ward said: "When I am sad, I sing, and then others are sad with me."

Minard's Liniment Heals Cuts.

Opportunity

For a [illegible] man to supply an article [illegible] for the domestic "[illegible]" and similar stoves. Thousands of "[illegible]" now in use in Canada. They are guaranteed to save 25 to 50 per cent. of the coal used for either furnaces or ranges. This is a machine, not a worthless chemical. Exclusive territory is now being allocated to responsible men who can qualify—some capital and ability to direct a selling force required. This is a genuine proposition for a high-class man for every town. Act quickly. Write for full particulars to Victory Specialty Company, 58 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

The Optimist.

The fields were bleak and sodden,
Not a wing
Or note enlivened the depressing wood;
A soiled and sullen, stubborn snow-drift stood
Beside the roadway. Winds came muttering
Of storm to be, and brought the chilly sting
Of icebergs in their breath. Stalled cattle mooed
Forth plaintive pleadings for the earth's green food,
No gleam, no hint of hope in anything.

The sky was blank and ashen, like the face
Of some poor wretch who drains life's cup too fast,
Yet swaying, to and fro, as if to fling
About chilled nature its little arms of grace,
Smiling with promise in the wintry blast,
The optimistic willow spoke of spring.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Morning Soliloquy.

My Soul, Good morning.
Another day has dawned for thee or me
Praised be the God who cherished thee.
He knows my faults, tho' great the same,
The tasks unfinished, scarce begun,
And grants another day's respite
To woo from evil and uphold the right.
Resolved to heed His gentle warning
I gladly greet His world this morning.
Good morning, my Soul.

—J. W. Shackleton.

No Cause at All.

Friend—"A man has just gotten divorced because his wife hasn't spoken to him for a year."

Meekton—"Great Heavens, that's no cause for divorce!"

WOMEN! DYE FADED THINGS NEW AGAIN

Dye or Tint Any Worn, Shabby Garment or Drapery.

Diamond Dyes

Each 15-cent package of "Diamond Dyes" contains directions so simple that any woman can dye or tint any old, worn, faded thing new, even if she has never dyed before. Choose any color at drug store.

Roller skates were first patented by Merlin, a Flemish musical instrument maker, who settled in London in 1760.

Minard's Liniment for Dandruff.

Ladybirds are bred in Italy and France to produce the larvae which destroy insect pests of the vines.

HUMOROUS **PLAYS** REFINED

"THE YOUNG COUNTRY SCHOOLMA'AM," and 8 others. For all information apply: Clara Bothwell Anderson, 255 MacKay St., Ottawa.

A Thousand Cooking Uses.

For soups, sauces, gravies, savoury dishes, meat jellies, beef tea, and restoring the flavor to left over dishes.

OXO CUBES

In tins of 4, 10, 50 and 100.

EDDY'S TWIN BEAVER WASH BOARDS

FLUTED FRONT

outwear all others

ON SALE BY GROCERS AND HARDWARE MERCHANTS

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GIRLS! A GLEAMY

OF BEAUTIFUL

35-Cent "Danderine"

proves Lifeless, Negle

Hair.

An abundance of luxuriant hair full of gloss, gleams and life shortly follows a genuine toning up of neglected scalps with dependable "Danderine."

Falling hair, itching scalp and the dandruff is corrected immediately. Th wispy or fading hair is quickly ated, taking on new strengt and youthful beauty. "Dande delightful on the hair; a ref stimulating tonic — not sti gress! Any drugstore.