

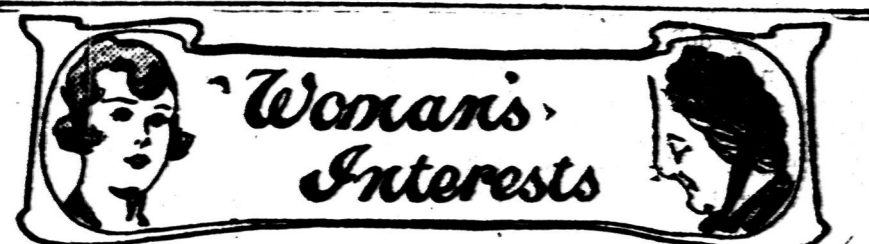
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PRETTY HANDS.

There is no sense in any woman having ugly ill-cared-for hands," said Jenny as she rubbed a fine pumice stone over the slight stains on her first finger.

"But, Jenny," I remonstrated as I tucked my own hands out of sight, "we must work hard from morning till night about the house and who help out occasionally with the farm work surely have the best excuse in the world for unsightly fingers and rough hands."

"Huh! I was raised on a farm myself," snorted Jenny, "and even now my hands are busy all day in hot water and cold, but you can see they don't look much worse for the wear," and she held out her large white hands with their firm fine skin and neat nails. They were indeed charming. "Any woman's hands can look well," she protested. "The farm woman's first of all, for she has some of the very best beautifiers right at her door and in the kitchen."

"When I was a girl," she continued, "I learned of the almost magical qualities of bran, and if you want your hands to be smooth and fine grained just mix the bran with hot water, let it stand until warm and wash your hands thoroughly in the mixture. The stains which the bran does not remove will vanish with an application of lemon or tomato juice. Olive oil—if you don't have a supply of the oil on hand, mutton tallow—rubbed into the nails at night will do wonders.

"But I must tell you about my three preventives," laughed Jenny as she ran the orange-wood stick gently about the base of her nail. "They are lard, vinegar and soap, for I just can't work in gloves, though I know they would protect my hands wonderfully, chamois gloves particularly. The lard I rub around my nails before I clean the stove or do any unusually dirty job. The lard will remove fresh paint from my hands also."

Simple Care of the Nails.

"The vinegar I put on and allow to dry before I peel fruit for canning or do anything else which is apt to make deep lasting stains, and I also use it to dip my hands in when the washing is finished; it takes away that shriveled look immediately. Then, when I intend doing a big day's cleaning, I scratch my nails over a softened cake of soap, filling them with it. When the work is over the soap comes out easily and my nails are not stained and discolored as they otherwise would be.

"A nail brush should be your first purchase when you are shopping. Never use a sharp instrument to clean under the nails; it will only scratch them and make them more prone to collect dirt. An orange-wood stick wrapped in cotton will remove any dirt which escapes the brush.

"Here, let me see your nails," she continued, and I reluctantly drew my hands from under my work. "Goodness, no wonder you kept them hidden," she laughed. "You must never cut them with scissors; that is what makes them split and break. File them rather close so that they will not become broken when you work, and if you will buy a package of emery boards for five or ten cents you can keep them smooth with little or no trouble."

When the nails were nicely shaped she soaked my finger tips in warm soapy water until they were soft. Then she used an orange-wood stick to run under the nail and to press back the skin at the base. As there were many hangnails, she used a small pair of curved scissors to clip them away. Jenny did not consider them finished until she had rubbed a little cold cream over them and applied a polishing powder. This she rubbed in gently with a buffer and finished up with another good rubbing to remove every part of the superfluous powder. The polish was brought back with a brisk rub with the palm of her hand.

"Be careful about the soap you are using. Try to select some kind which will not leave them harsh and dry, and do keep a mixture of three parts of rose water to one of glycerine. A few drops rubbed into your hands before they are dried with a soft towel will keep them from becoming chapped in cold weather and will make them soft all the year round."

NICE TABLE TOPS.

If we can't have an enameled kitchen table in the kitchen, there are several ways of making the old table easier to care for. A piece of inlaid linoleum—frequently left over from a floor—is cut to fit, and cemented to the table. A coat of spar varnish is brushed on last. This gives a smooth glossy finish, not marred by water or hot utensils, and a fact that appeals to all housekeepers, easily cleaned.

PATTERN BOOKS.

Remove the inside of old books, paste labels on edges and use to keep patterns in order. Have one for each member of the family, or one for dresses, one underwear and so on. Place patterns inside these covers and stand on a small bookshelf near your machine or cutting table. No more searching through bags for patterns!

A PRETTY PLAY SUIT.

4580. Figured percale and linen are here combined. The model is also attractive in crepe, pongee, rep and gingham. The "heart shaped" romper portions are very pleasing and comfortable. Tiny patch pockets and outstanding side pockets are a feature of this style.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. A 2-year size requires 2 1/4 yards of 27-inch material. To make as illustrated requires 3/4 yard of plain material and 1/2 yard of figured material 36 inches wide.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver, by the Wilson Publishing Co., 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto. Allow two weeks for receipt of pattern.

OIL LAMPS TRANSFORMED.

When electricity is installed in the home for lighting purposes the lamps usually are either relegated to the garret or sold to the secondhand dealer.

A certain housekeeper who owned a beautiful lamp and did not wish to part with it, had it securely fastened to the top of the newel post on the first landing of the stairway. An electric wire was run inside the post and through the bottom of the lamp and connected with a socket which replaced the burner of the lamp. An electric light bulb was screwed to the socket and the light may be turned on and off at the wall switch.

LEMON PIE WITHOUT MERINGUE.

One cup sugar, 1 1/2 tablespoons butter, 1 lemon, 2 tablespoons cornstarch, 2 eggs, 1 cup milk.

Cream the sugar and butter, which may be measured by the old-fashioned "size of a walnut." Add the lemon rind grated and the juice in which the cornstarch has been mixed. Stir in the milk and beaten egg yolks and lastly, fold in the stiff whites of eggs. Four into an uncooked crust and bake in a moderately hot oven (400 degrees) for about thirty minutes.

Folding the whites of the eggs into the custard instead of making a meringue gives a different and interesting texture with a frosting on top. This method simplifies the making—no previous cooking of pastry or custard or second oven time for browning.

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297 George St. Toronto

"When Hearts Command"

By ELIZABETH YORK MILLER

"When hearts command,
From minds the eager councilings depart."

CHAPTER VI.—(Cont'd.)

The cavalcade started, led by Tomaso the mule and his guardian, Mrs. Carnay pattering behind a little breathless, a little uncomfortable because of her shoes, the lovers silent, somewhat contemplative.

Dr. Ardeyne was saying to himself that this was a nuisance that Carrie Egan had turned up at this particular moment. He had a slight notion of the nature of the horse she meant to pick with him. It probably concerned her dead husband, and the doctor knew that he might be blamed for something which had happened recently; and although he could not hold himself responsible in any way he felt a certain sense of uneasiness.

Alice was pensively engaged in contemplating her own sin of jealousy. But that woman, that Mrs. Egan! Bobbed hair at thirty-five, bare arms and legs, and so abominably rude and familiar—rude to Alice and familiar to Philip.

The road was hot and dusty, the sun pitiless.

"Oh!" groaned Mrs. Carnay.

They hoisted her on to the mule, and she in turn hoisted her sunshade. The way up the mountain-side was steep and at first uninteresting, the cobbled mule-path climbing bore some through the terraces, with here and there a sun shelter provided by the shadow of a giant water tank. But after awhile the terraces began to flag behind, and at the little chapel set in fir trees they were met unexpectedly by her host.

Mrs. Carnay saw the tall figure coming down through a little olive grove just above them.

"Why, I—I believe that's Mr. Gaunt!" she exclaimed.

Her throat tightened curiously. She had known she was to see him, yet now that the moment had arrived she felt unequal to it.

CHAPTER VII.

Poor Jean Carnay also felt apologetic for herself. There is a certain discomfort to be experienced when meeting again an old friend after a long lapse of years.

"Do I look old to him? My figure? Well, he can't say that has changed. My face? Wrinkles? Yes, a few—just a few at the corners of the eyes. How is one to laugh or even smile without making a few wrinkles? And my complexion, isn't so bad—decidedly not. I'm glad he's seen me first in a hat."

And the hat had a shady brim with a lace veil draped becomingly; the sunshade cast a friendly shadow. "But he is old. Yes, yes, he is an old man. Good heavens, who would have thought it!"

Presently, however, he did not seem quite so old, and a little later they had bridged the years completely, and Hector Augustus Gaunt seemed exactly the same as when Jean had last parted from him, twenty years ago.

Except, of course, that his closely trimmed beard showed a few streaks of grey, and he wore horn-rimmed spectacles instead of pince-nez. Tall, thin, loosely built he had always been; also a little stooped of shoulder. That fine, straight nose of his, those gentle, half-dreaming brown eyes—Mrs. Carnay glanced swiftly at her daughter and back again.

"And this is Alice... and this is Dr. Ardeyne, Dr. Philip Ardeyne... Am I much changed, Hector?"

Jean spoke in her quick, nervous fashion, smiled her fluttering smile, conscious that the tall, dark man scarcely looked at the others—that like her—this meeting after so many years was something important to him; excitedly so. He also was excited. It was obvious that he had put on a new necktie for the occasion, a blue one with white polka dots, and his rough tweed riding clothes looked as though they had been treated recently to a painful surprise from brush and pressing iron.

To Philip Ardeyne he was entirely satisfactory. There was nothing about this dreamy-eyed scholar and explorer, this flower-farmer and recluse of Monte Nero, which the doctor could have borne to change.

To Alice it was a moment of deep curiosity, followed by intense surprise. Her mother had confessed to an ancient admiration on the part of Mr. Gaunt, but the confession had left something out, something significant. Alice cast back a mental eye. No, there had never been any would-be lovers, scarcely any admirers, even during her mother's long widowhood. Was it the memory of this woman who had kept them away?

The climb was resumed, Mr. Gaunt walking beside Tomaso with one hand on the saddle pommel, his arm brushing Mrs. Carnay's skirts. Philip and Alice smiled at each other, clasped hands over the rougher places, and admired the gorgeous view which minute by minute unfolded, increasing beauties, a prize for each arduous step of the pilgrimage.

It was nearly noon when they gained the first crown of the mountain, and here was Hector Gaunt's little villa set in a glorious medley of flowers and vine terraces, a little olive wood behind, and a rocky fir plantation fronting towards the sea. An old woman with a face like carved mahogany peered out from the kitchen quarters, a faint smile of mingled smoke and garlic and freshly-ground coffee drifted upon the still air, a dog rose stiffly from his mat beside the door and greeted them with a thump of his rheumatic tail—like the woman, he too was old.

"My domain," Hector Gaunt said. Lunch was served almost immediately in a chilly little salon with frescoed walls and stone-paved floor, the good, ordinary lunch of the country, beginning with her-douvre and ending with cheese and fruit. They had their coffee out of doors, where the air was decidedly warmer. Mr. Gaunt showed them the sea could be glimpsed. They gathered here his books and a collection of rather disreputable but comfortable furniture, including English armchairs and a Chesterfield upholstered in leather. He lit the fire, and as he straightened up indicated a faded photograph in a shabby frame which stood guard on the mantel over a collection of pipes, tobacco jars and pouches.

"You see, I have kept you—kept you always with me," he said.

Their eyes met for an instant, then hers fell away.

"It's a long time... to remember," she replied. "What do you think of Alice?"

"She's a beautiful child. This doctor and she are engaged, I take it."

"Yes. They first met two years ago, when she was only a schoolgirl. They were attracted to each other even then. He's a splendid young fellow—much the looks like you? I am so afraid Dr. Ardeyne might see the resemblance."

Hector, however, he noticed how much she looks like you? I am so afraid Dr. Ardeyne might see the resemblance."

Hector Gaunt frowned as though seized with a twinge of pain.

"Yes, she's very like my mother. So you haven't told Dr. Ardeyne?"

"Do you think I ought to?"

The tall man deliberated a moment, his gaze travelling far out to sea.

"No, there's no reason why you should. It was because of her that you married Hugo. I couldn't prevent that—God knows I tried—"

There was a note of passion in the soft, pleasant voice, a flame in the gentle eyes.

Mrs. Carnay covered her face with her hands. She was cold and, oh so nervous. There was such a lot to tell Hector Gaunt and she did not know how to begin.

"Hugo has been freed," she said abruptly. "He is coming here—tomorrow."

"What?"

Gaunt came over to the chesterfield and sat beside her.

"They say he's cured. I had a letter—two—from Christopher and he wanted to show you. Oh! Hector, what am I to do? Alice thinks her father is dead. That is to say, she was never told about Hugo's crime."

CHAPTER VIII.

In her quick, slightly incoherent manner Jean unburdened her soul, and Hector Gaunt listened patiently. He read the letters, his brow deeply furrowed.

"What had you thought of doing?" he asked finally.

Jean told him.

If Hugo is sane perhaps he'll listen to reason. He was always fond of me, and of course where he is concerned there was never any deception about Alice. I thought I would ask him to call himself my brother. You see I can't step him coming now. Alice will have to be told something. And then there's Dr. Ardeyne. Hector, it would break my heart if anything happened... you understand? Dr. Ardeyne must never know there's anything queer about—about us. It would be quite different if Hugo were really her father. Only three people in the world know who her real father is. Hugo, you, and I."

"Jean, why, why did you try to do that? You were a chivalrous madman?" Hector Gaunt exclaimed softly. "Why weren't you brave enough—?"

"I know, I know! Don't ask me why I did it. It was fear, of course. I was terrified."

"You were my wife—"

The note of passion deepened.

"But you already had a wife, Hector, and when you married me in Genoa you must have known she was still alive."

"I hadn't seen her for years," Gaunt protested irritably. "You never gave me a chance to explain about that. You simply flew off to London with that old Dousta woman, and the next thing I knew you were married to Smarta. I suppose he followed hot on your trail."

Jean dabbed some moisture out of her eyes.

"Hugo was very kind—and as you say, chivalrous. I suppose only a madman would have done what he did—married a girl to save her from disgrace. And he never threw it up to me—never. He always behaved very decently about that."

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ISSUE No. 7-24

Could you wish on an angry, despairing woman?

"What a curious man you have, Jean. I wonder you to have the unconditional friendship to beget on here for the wonderful thing it was."

"But how could it? The long—Alice—was coming. Then you told me that your wife, your first wife, was still alive. Our marriage was no marriage at all."

(To be continued.)

Nearly But Not Quite.

Dining out the other evening in the company of some two hundred members of all sorts and sizes, for legislators as musicians often look and are, they do occasionally relax, among the guests was Sir Frederick Bridge, the evergreen organist of Westminster Abbey. After dinner, on being asked to speak, he, of course, expressed surprise at being expected to do anything but enjoy the pleasures of the table, and went on to say, "I suppose I must follow the example of the man who owned to having made a fiddle out of his own head, and added he had enough wood left for two more." One of his stories told of some Americans being shown round the purlieus of the Abbey, and in Dean's Yard where Sir Frederick still lives, a member of the party observed a particularly lean cat, lastly enjoying the sunshine. On asking an elderly gentleman to whom the animal belonged, he was told it was Sir Frederick Bridge's. "Waa!" drawled the Yankee, "guess Sir Frederick ought to be prosecuted for cruelty to animals." Perhaps you are not aware, sir, that this cat is almost as old as Sir Frederick himself," was the reply, and it need hardly be added that it was the veteran musician who vouchsafed the information.

The Spats Make a Showing.

Among the good-humored bits of memorabilia that Sir James Denham has put into his Memoirs of the Memorable is this little tale of the effect that white spats—when they were first introduced—had on the simple minds of those who were not prepared for them.

Going down to Buckinghamshire for a garden party in the middle of a London season, writes Sir James, we went down in London dress. I had white spats on. During the afternoon my host asked a number of us to come and see the young pheasants; he said he had a very good Irish gamecock. We had hardly appeared in the presence when the keeper, much excited, came rushing up to me.

"Excuse me, sorr; come this way, come on, sorr, quickly this way. Get into the bushes where the ladies can't see yer!" He was dreadfully agitated and for fear he should have a fit I followed him into the laurels. Leaning toward me, he whispered:

"I would not for the life of me the ladies saw yer, for yer've got the latest taste of yer drawers showin' benathe yer trousers."

Played in Luck.

"So you were playing in luck last night, eh?"

"I'll say I was! That faxy guy Jones borrowed my flask just about two minutes before the revenue agents raided the joint."

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She—"Show me the man."

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