

Your Guarantee

is the name

"SALADA"

8412

It insures tea that is fresh, fragrant and pure — Try it.



PLAY VS. RESPONSIBILITY.

When the discussion of Mary's or Johnnie's behavior is current at the club, one often hears a mother say, "I let my children play, for when they grow up they will have to work hard enough to make up for it." Such statements always cause me to wonder if that mother is considering the future life training of her child.

The childhood spent in play does not give adequate preparations for the work to be done in manhood or womanhood. Childhood is indeed the time for play, and we should not expect a child to do things as grown-ups do. But if he is not trained to assume certain responsibilities gradually, he will not be prepared to share his part in the game of life when he leaves the paternal roof.

A very successful experiment in child education has been conducted at the Lincoln School in connection with Columbia University, New York. The average child's school curriculum is planned upon the principle that school training prepares a child for the life they will live in after years. But at the Lincoln School, the pupils are encouraged to feel that in school they are already living their own lives with opportunities and responsibilities that will naturally flow on as time passes. They are taught to think and observe for themselves. By many of our noted educators, this plan has been pronounced as highly successful.

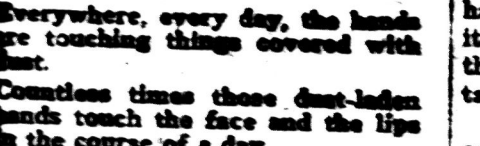
Mother may think she is helping her children by waiting upon them, but in reality she is harming them. When the time comes for them to depend upon themselves, their training is inadequate, and they fail.

A child's training with regard to responsibilities should begin in babyhood. As soon as he is old enough to walk across the floor and play with a ball he should be taught to put the ball in place before he goes to bed. As his playthings become more numerous, gradually he will learn to take care of them when he is through with them.

As he grows older he is brought to realize that each one in the family circle has his work to do, and that for the love of the home he must do his part. If a child is active in doing his part of the work at home, he will not shirk when he takes up his responsibilities in the outside world.

OUR BACK-PORCH SINK.

A sink with running water is a great convenience on a porch near the garden. Our sink is screened in summer and glassed-in in winter above a three-foot rainscot. It is easily reached from the garden.



Dusty hands are germ-carriers

Everywhere, every day, the hands are touching things covered with dust. Countless times these dust-laden hands touch the face and the lips in the course of a day. Consider—dust is a source of infection and danger.

Lifebuy Protects

Take no chances—cleanse your hands frequently with the germ-destroying power of Lifebuy. Lifebuy contains a wonderful health ingredient which goes deep down into the pores of the skin, purifying them of any lurking infection. The clean, antiseptic odor vanishes in a few seconds, but the protection of Lifebuy remains.

LIFEBUY 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 angest counselling depart."

CHAPTER XIX.—(Cont'd.)
"Dear Alice, you must control these fantastic ideas. Your Uncle John is a delicate old man who's overworked and overstressed. He needs taking care of, just like a child, and I'm afraid it's my duty to look after him." Suddenly she broke off, taken with an most unpleasant suspicion. "Perhaps Dr. Ardeyne thinks—has he said anything to you? Can it be possible that Dr. Ardeyne has got hold of this outrageous idea and put it into your head?"

"No, mumsey, Philip hasn't said a word. It's my own idea. I'm ever and ever so sorry. Of course, I believe you, mumsey darling, and you must try to forgive me."
"My child, don't talk nonsense. There's nothing to forgive. Jean managed an elaborate yawn, how tired I am! Can't we go to bed? I'm getting quite spoiled having a room all to myself. One has so much more elbow room—hasn't one? Tomorrow we must drive over to San Remo and choose the material for your wedding dress. I'm sure this woman can make it quite satisfactorily. That Mrs. Parker—I've got her name and address somewhere." Alice retired, baffled. She believed her mother. Her mother would not lie to her, of that she felt sure. Undoubtedly there was something queer about Uncle John and his past, but she had every right to expect his secrets better than her mother. Alice had been troubled mainly by that name "Hugo" slipping off her mother's tongue now and again. Her father's name had been Hugo. But she called to mind the mother of a school friend whose three daughters' names were always hopelessly entangled. Old Mrs. Crask invariably spoke of Mabel, and vice versa. Perhaps it was the same with her mother, although she had never noticed the falling leaf.

Jean had satisfied her that Uncle John was not her father—a father who must have disgraced himself in some way to make a disguise necessary. He was just a queer old man, a relative who had to be looked after, nearly sympathetic enough in considering what this burden meant to her mother. She had been absorbed in her own love affair, selfish to a degree and so egotistically thin-skinned and foolish about every little thing, even fancying absurdities concerning Alice said her prayers that night with more than ordinary devotion. It was a sort of satisfaction to kneel on the disagreeably cold tiled floor and petition for greater humility. She had so much for which to be thankful, so little of which to complain, and distinctly she had shown a lack of gratitude.

"She went on praying in a less formal way long after she was in bed... to be made a better girl." No doubt Philip had noticed her imperfections, too. She had been so unkind about his friend Mrs. Egan. Unfortunately it was too late to rectify that, at least for the moment. Mrs. Egan had left Bordighera. Alice sighed deeply. Why couldn't she have prayed so hard for humility—be truly sorry that Mrs. Egan had gone?

The morning brought more cheerful feelings. Philip was leaving for Genoa late in the afternoon, and naturally he wanted to see as much of Alice as he could. Mrs. Carnay did not mind when he suggested that just the two of them—Alice and himself—might motor over to La Mortala and lunch at Claudina's, that charming little restaurant perched on the edge of the cliffs looking down upon Mentone. By all means let them go. It was as much as she could do, however, to persuade Hugo that they would not be desolate without the pleasure of his society.

Hugo waved them away dolefully, his face pressed close to the grilled gate like a woeful prisoner's. When he turged back to the harbour he met Nemesis in the person of his wife, who had been holding in her emotions with great difficulty until after the departure of the happy couple. Hugo heard what Jean thought of him in terms which could by no means be called measured. It was a great surprise to him. His jaw sagged feebly, and although he did make some slight attempt to defend himself, it was anything but successful. To begin with, he was in the wrong and he knew it. In That Place he had often been in the wrong and always someone had pointed it out to him as forcefully as, if less personally, than Jean was doing it now. He had broken his word to her; he had roused Alice's most pointed suspicions; very likely he had also dropped remarks that Dr. Ardeyne must have thought strange.

At mention of Ardeyne poor Hugo writhed uneasily. If only he dared tell Jean that where the doctor was concerned there was no secret whatever! All that documents had to tell and professional observation could deduce Philip Ardeyne knew. But craftiness, fear—perhaps shame—kept poor Hugo silent when it came to the doctor.

What precisely had he said to Alice which had made her guess the truth about her "unhappy father"? Jean could not quote. She was merely in possession of generalities. Alice had asked her if Uncle John was not her father.
"Thank Heaven, I didn't need actually to lie to her," the distressed Mrs. Carnay exclaimed. "I could honestly say that you were not her father." Hugo, though contrite, allowed himself a little sulkiness, a faint show of sarcasm.
"Really! I wonder how you make that out? Well, perhaps you're ashamed of me, but I'm not ashamed of my daughter."
Jean's pursed lips trembled. Her eyes widened with vague fear. Here it was again, Hugo pretending he did not know that Alice was Hector Gaunt's daughter. She was a matter-of-fact woman, mostly content in this life of her own, but she accepted midsummer of her life. There had been about her no trace of awkwardness when all four of them were together yesterday, her husband, her daughter, her daughter's father and herself. It had all happened so long ago, and Hugo, by the power of his Sancho Panza attachment to Don Quixote in the person of Hector Gaunt, had made her a tragic-comedy seem a normal thing. Of course, Hugo had loved her, but his adoration of Gaunt had been a bigger thing in his life. Jean had accepted this curious mixture of friendship with the even more vital relationships of life.

But now that she was alone with her husband and he tacitly defied her on such an important point, she was overwhelmed with self-consciousness. A little starry gleam of triumph peeped out of Hugo's pale eyes. He had scored off her—but did he understand how? That was what puzzled her. She could not force herself to say boldly: "You know Alice is not your daughter." The words simply would not come. In the five years of their married life the world had believed a declaration that Alice was as much his child as hers. How could she turn on him now and punish him for his generosity?

with great difficulty until after the departure of the happy couple. Hugo heard what Jean thought of him in terms which could by no means be called measured. It was a great surprise to him. His jaw sagged feebly, and although he did make some slight attempt to defend himself, it was anything but successful. To begin with, he was in the wrong and he knew it. In That Place he had often been in the wrong and always someone had pointed it out to him as forcefully as, if less personally, than Jean was doing it now. He had broken his word to her; he had roused Alice's most pointed suspicions; very likely he had also dropped remarks that Dr. Ardeyne must have thought strange.

At mention of Ardeyne poor Hugo writhed uneasily. If only he dared tell Jean that where the doctor was concerned there was no secret whatever! All that documents had to tell and professional observation could deduce Philip Ardeyne knew. But craftiness, fear—perhaps shame—kept poor Hugo silent when it came to the doctor.

What precisely had he said to Alice which had made her guess the truth about her "unhappy father"? Jean could not quote. She was merely in possession of generalities. Alice had asked her if Uncle John was not her father.
"Thank Heaven, I didn't need actually to lie to her," the distressed Mrs. Carnay exclaimed. "I could honestly say that you were not her father." Hugo, though contrite, allowed himself a little sulkiness, a faint show of sarcasm.
"Really! I wonder how you make that out? Well, perhaps you're ashamed of me, but I'm not ashamed of my daughter."
Jean's pursed lips trembled. Her eyes widened with vague fear. Here it was again, Hugo pretending he did not know that Alice was Hector Gaunt's daughter. She was a matter-of-fact woman, mostly content in this life of her own, but she accepted midsummer of her life. There had been about her no trace of awkwardness when all four of them were together yesterday, her husband, her daughter, her daughter's father and herself. It had all happened so long ago, and Hugo, by the power of his Sancho Panza attachment to Don Quixote in the person of Hector Gaunt, had made her a tragic-comedy seem a normal thing. Of course, Hugo had loved her, but his adoration of Gaunt had been a bigger thing in his life. Jean had accepted this curious mixture of friendship with the even more vital relationships of life.

But now that she was alone with her husband and he tacitly defied her on such an important point, she was overwhelmed with self-consciousness. A little starry gleam of triumph peeped out of Hugo's pale eyes. He had scored off her—but did he understand how? That was what puzzled her. She could not force herself to say boldly: "You know Alice is not your daughter." The words simply would not come. In the five years of their married life the world had believed a declaration that Alice was as much his child as hers. How could she turn on him now and punish him for his generosity?

The gleam faded into mist. Hugo went and blew his nose and begged for a fresh handkerchief to polish his bedewed eye-glasses.
"I'll be so careful, Jean, indeed I will. I'll think of every word before I say it. May I choke if—"
And Jean could only forgive him. He was really sincere, and afterwards most pitiful when he began to talk blithely of the fortune he was going to get from Carle Egan, and all he meant to do with it for her and Alice. She could not tell him that Mrs. Egan had fled from Bordighera, and that doubtless he would never hear of the woman again.

CHAPTER XX.
Philip Ardeyne had departed for Genoa, and in consequence Mrs. Carnay drew in the full sweet breath of liberty. She was so glad to have him out of the way. It simplified her problems, removed many perplexities. And there was no sadness in his departure. He had gone to make arrangements and obtain the necessary legal residence for the hurried wedding.

Mrs. Carnay found her lack of friends and close relations a positive boon just now. There was nobody to wag a head and frowning and tell her that she was foolish in permitting Alice to marry upon so short an engagement, so short an acquaintance even. Explaining to the Christopher Smaries was a simple matter. One need not explain to them. Her life and Alice's had become so vague to people at home that they were no more than shadows. Even Hector Gaunt did not know how briefly Alice and Philip had known each other.

But the mother, with her deeper insight, realized that it seemed to the couple most concerned as though they had known each other all their lives, and perhaps before that. Love is the one thing which takes no measure from time. Indeed, they often spoke of their brief meeting in Rome two years ago as the beginning of mutual understanding, and Mrs. Carnay, in mentioning it to Gaunt or to Hugo, dated the attachment from Rome. She felt guilty about it, of course; she passed her whole life in feeling guilty about something or other.

(To be continued.)
Minard's Liniment for Croup.

Six Cravens and Seventh.

Of what are you afraid?
I am afraid of the light
That dazzles and overpowers
And strikes me blind.

Of what are you afraid?
I am afraid of the darkness,
It glooms, it engulfs me,
It drives me mad.

Of what are you afraid?
I am afraid of the thunders
That crash and shatter
And confound my hearing.

Of what are you afraid?
I am afraid of Beauty,
She lures and fascinates
And leaves me mute.

Of what are you afraid?
I am afraid of the devils
That bait and hound
And trap my spirit.

Of what are you afraid?
I am afraid of God
And His terrible vengeance
On a sinful man.

And what fear you, friend?
Myself alone
Within whom there is all—
The light and the darkness,
The thunders, the devils,
Beauty and God.

—Basil Thompson.

CRISP SALADS.

I use the cloth sacks that sugar and salt come in to keep celery and lettuce crisp. The sack is wrung out of cold water, the celery or lettuce put in it, the whole is placed in a paper sack and then it goes into the refrigerator. Green vegetables handled in this way will keep fresh several days if the cloth sack is wet occasionally.



Lives By Her Lays.
"So your hen's a poet, you think?"
"To be sure she is—doesn't she live by her lays?"

WHEN MAKING JELLY.

Use a tea strainer to remove the scum that forms while jellies and preserves are cooking. The fine wire of the strainer catches the scum but allows the liquid to run through, hence no jelly is wasted. Try the tea-strainer method and you will be quite ready to discard permanently the old way of taking the scum off with a spoon.

A silent man's words are not brought into court.

GERMAN MONEY for sale—100,000 marks, 25c; 500,000 marks, 90c; one million marks, \$1.25; ten million marks, \$6.50. Speciality Import Co., (Dept. 3-w) 3 W. Dundas St., Toronto.

WIGLEYS

After Every Meal

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



Why He Hesitated.
"If you're not feeling well why don't you go to your doctor? Can't you trust him?"
"Oh, yes, I can trust him; the trouble is he is not altogether willing to trust me."

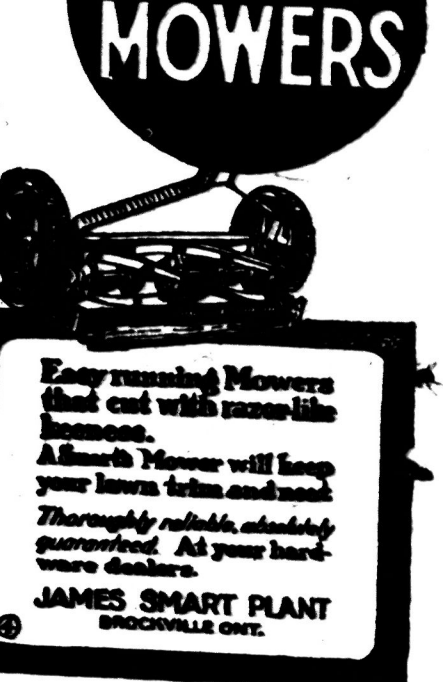
Minard's Liniment Heals Cuts.

Government Municipal Industrial BONDS

Let us send you circular "K"—7 Per Cent. Plus Safety—places you under no obligation whatsoever. Write for it to-day.

Dominion Brokerage Co.
821 FEDERAL BUILDING
TORONTO ONTARIO

SMART'S MOWERS



Easy running Mowers that cut with reasonable economy. A Smart's Mower will keep your lawn trim and neat. Thoroughly reliable, absolutely guaranteed. Ad your hardware dealer.

JAMES SMART PLANT BROOKVILLE ONT.

CHEVROLET

—is easily within the reach of all

NEVER before in the history of the automobile industry has such car value been possible. And it is possible now, only because the Chevrolet Car and Chevrolet business principles have been so universally and so favorably received. Chevrolet production has, as a result, rapidly grown in volume until now Chevrolet is the world's largest manufacturer of quality automobiles.

Chevrolet quality is more than apparent. For, the more closely Chevrolet is examined and the more severe the tests demanded, the more convincingly is Chevrolet quality demonstrated and proved.

Moreover, day by day continuous service brings out another economy equal, if not greater in importance, than Chevrolet's remarkably low first cost. Chevrolet is more economical to operate than any other car built, and its maintenance cost is the lowest in the world.

Investigate Chevrolet yourself. Have us demonstrate the model that suits your needs. We can arrange terms that will surely fit your circumstances.

Ask About The G.M.A.C. Deferred Payment Plan
Chevrolet Motor Company of Canada, Limited
Oshawa, Ontario
Dealers and Service Stations Everywhere.



Effie

BROWN ROT OF peach, plum and Ontario. However attacks of this disease are extremely frequent and brown rot occurs loss to the grower.

The destructive fungus has assumed an infection of blossom blight, and of the fruit as it grows.

Blossom blight, is often severe weather prevails if the same weather fruit at the time fruit brown rot of the crop will well-timed, suitable are thoroughly blight is general.

These spores are to the fruit which under favorable conditions produce an open blight in control of air drainage. Thorough application of Bordeaux (the blossoms open white); just after fallen and when should give good 4 weeks before heavy weather spray will be necessary as applying it for the later application cases a dust may time up until hard conditions warrant.

In the Niagara generally are not rot, as they receive application for scum. If, however, are applied, self-bleachable sulphur, should be used. Its application on the fruit until the fruit.

The brown rot of the winter on the ground. Mummying the ground and is a remedy will give rise to frosty, and frosty bodies will spores that initiate. However, if the ground is plowed deeply and to produce spores, that plowing and orchard in the spring, some time is recommended to be fruit and prevent.

FRESH MEAT ALL SU BY C. A. H.

Since so many of us do not have fresh meat months because of the beef at the butcher's because of distance butcher or both, I interest some one many beef clubs and neighborhood. It is not often to join a club. He organize a new club, enough that they are to join a club. He like to have fresh summer, who are content of fresh meat, being the best price of beef, whether it is fed, each one whether whether they agree to be all responsible for it, or whether they and each one of beef should be fed, or the better for ford to feed one remembers that he is other well fed beef.

THE SECRETARY The secretary kept weight of annual member, also what received by each member, cherishing so that each end of the season, he as "foreleg," "hind leg," "rump."

Two members of our up and divide the me for a ers.2 fee and