When You Try "SALADA" TEA

you will realize the difference between "Salada" and "just tea."

FOOD FOR THE SICK.

A problem which most housewives have to solve at some time or another is the planning and preparation of food for those who are ill. In very serious illness, the doctor usually states very plainly what the patient may or may not have to eat, but often he orders a liquid diet, a simple diet, or a soft-solid diet.

A liquid diet includes milk, chocolate milk, malted milk, beef tea, extract of beef, soups (both clear and creamy), grape-juice, albumenized grape juice, albumenized orange juice and orangeade.

A soft-solid diet includes crackers and milk, pea or potato puree, soft or cream toast, rice, tapioca, custard, ice cream, gruels, soft boiled egg and grape juice, lemonade, orangeade and egg-nogg.

A simple diet usually ordered for convalescents includes only easily digested foods, such as milk, clam broth, stewed oysters, eggs, toast, well cooked vegetables, rice, tender meat, either broiled or roasted.

The following menus are suggested for persons showing symptoms of having taken cold: Breakfast, prune juice and milk toast. Dinner, oyster stew and crackers. Supper, hot rolled oats gruel, buttered toast and tea.

These menus are suggested for the convalescent stage: Breakfast, grapefruit, poached egg on toast, cocoa. Dinner, lamb broth with rice, baked potato, baked custard. Supper, cream-tuna fish on toast, corn flakes with cream, orangeade.

Albumenized grape juice is made with two tablespoonfuls of grape juice, the white of one egg, one-half teaspoonful of sugar and chopped ice. To the beaten egg white add the grape juice and sugar and chopped ice. Serve in a dainty glass. Have all ingredients chilled before combining. Albumenized orange juice is made in the same way, using the juice of one orange and sufficient sugar to sweeten.

Egg-nogg requires one egg, one teaspoonful of sugar, a few grains of salt, three-quarters of a cupful of milk and a grating of nutmeg. Separate the egg. Beat yolk, add sugar and salt, and beat until creamy. Add the milk and fold in the white of egg, beaten until foamy. Sprinkle with nutmeg. Serve immediately.

For rice gruel use one tablespoonful of rice, one cupful of milk, three tablespoonfuls of water, a few grains of salt. Scald the milk and water in a double boiler, add the rice gradually and cook twenty minutes. Strain. Rolled oats gruel can be made in the same way.

Floating island, which always pleases, requires one egg, one-half tablespoonful of sugar, a few grains of salt, three-quarters of a cupful of milk. Scald the milk in a double boiler. Separate yolk and white of egg and beat separately. To the beaten yolk add salt and sugar, and then gradually add the scalded milk. Fold in two-thirds of beaten white. Return to double boiler and stir constantly until the mixture coats the spoon or looks creamy, then remove from hot water. Flavor with vanilla or orange extract. Serve in a glass dish with the remainder of the egg white, slightly sweetened, on the top.

TO BE BEAUTIFUL.

Everyone ought to be interested in an appearance which is attractive and pleasing to others. Why should we presume to be a blot on a landscape of so much natural beauty? It is a personal satisfaction to know that we are making the most of ourselves.

To radiate a truly beautiful spirit, and to be sure of a sincere manner and charm of presence, we must be kindly in our thoughts as well as our words. The beauty which lasts must be more than skin deep.

No one can be beautiful or interesting who does not get sleep enough. Scientists have proved that the brain cells passess a vital element which is exhausted during our waking hours, and renewed during sleep.

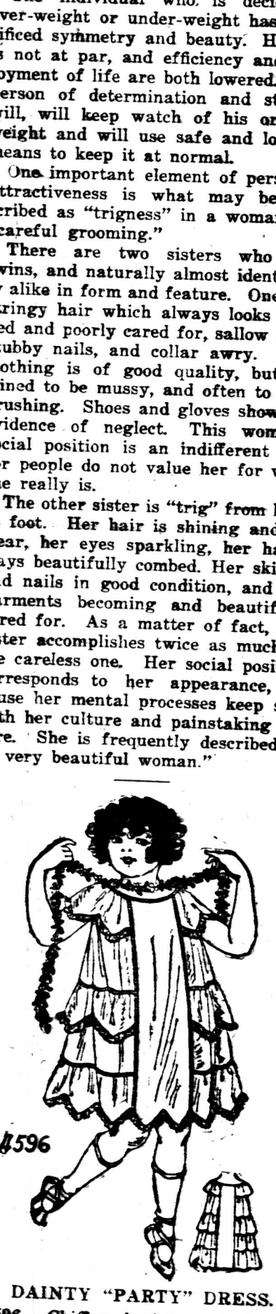
The brain cells of an individual killed, or who dies after suffering great fatigue or strain, are so lacking in this vital element that they cannot be sained different colors readily by laboratory work; whereas, the brain cells of a rested and alert individual will take on a bright stain or tint readily. Students and other workers who fail to get sleep enough are short-sighted and stupid. They are trying to make bricks without straw or clay, and it cannot be done.

The individual who is decidedly over-weight or under-weight has sacrificed symmetry and beauty. Health is not at par, and efficiency and enjoyment of life are both lowered. The person of determination and strong will, will keep watch of his or her weight and will use safe and logical means to keep it at normal.

One important element of personal attractiveness is what may be described as "trigness" in a woman, or "careful grooming."

There are two sisters who are twins, and naturally almost identically alike in form and feature. One has stringy hair which always looks ragged and poorly cared for, sallow skin, stubby nails, and collar awry. Her clothing is of good quality, but inclined to be mussy, and often to lack brushing. Shoes and gloves show the evidence of neglect. This woman's social position is an indifferent one, for people do not value her for what she really is.

The other sister is "trig" from head to foot. Her hair is shining and alclear, her eyes sparkling, her hands ways beautifully combed. Her skin is and nails in good condition, and her garments becoming and beautifully cared for. As a matter of fact, this sister accomplishes twice as much as the careless one. Her social position corresponds to her appearance, because her mental processes keep step with her culture and painstaking nature. She is frequently described as "a very beautiful woman."

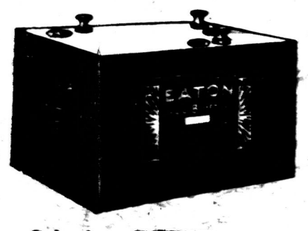


A DAINTY "PARTY" DRESS.

4596. Chiffon, batiste, net, dotted Swiss or silk could be used for this style, with lace or embroidery of a simple picot edge for decoration. The outline may be straight or in pointed scallops.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. An 8-year size requires 2¾ yards of 40-inch material.

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.



A Good "B" Battery

$1.39

EATON 22½-Volt Radio B. Battery with binding post connections, tapped at 16 and 22½ volts. Size 4x 2½x3 ins. A well-made battery which will give good service.

MARCH PRICE ONLY $1.39

Order by Number D2—1002

T. EATON Co. TORONTO CANADA

"When Hearts Command"-

By ELIZABETH YORK MILLER

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

CHAPTER XII.

The arrival of Carrie Egan caused a happy shudder throughout the Mimosa Palace. Mrs. Egan was of the stuff upon which hotel gossips feed and fatten. Colonel Derwent, the doyen of the English element, who had been to some pains to search for "Major Carnay, deceased," in the Army Lists, and discovered that there was no such person, forgot Jean and his deduction that she was divorcee. The colonel's bosom friend, Count Praga—the Anglo-Polish banker—who from altruistic motives had insisted upon playing Cupid to the whole hotel, ceased his match-making activities abruptly and became both introspective and retiring. Count Praga had run into Mrs. Egan a couple of seasons ago at Pau, and he knew that wherever she was there also was the home address of trouble.

The knitting brigade clicked and clattered, the English rather shocked by their unconventional countrywoman, the French ladies mildly amused, and the Italians—as usual—wholly unconcerned with anything but their own personal and family affairs.

If Mrs. Egan was scandalous, it was merely because she declined to run on the iron rails of strict convention, preferring—as it were—her swift silver car and its resounding Klaxon horn. She wore no hat—it was said she did not own such a thing—and most of her dresses were sleeveless, and she went down to bathe from the rocky Cap Ampeglio, where there were neither huts nor tents to minimize publicity. Mrs. Egan disrobed in her own apartments and drove down in the protection afforded by her Roman striped cloak. It became the fashion to stroll past the Cap about eleven o'clock and see her head bobbing against the waves half a mile out; to stroll casually back again, wondering if she would return safely or be dashed to pieces against the rocks.

She frightened and fascinated the entire hotel before she had been there twenty-four hours. Inside of a week a few daring spirits among the younger set were feebly emulating her example and being scolded for it. Fair-complexioned girls got horrible cases of sunburn through leaving off their hats, and an Oxford undergraduate—a swimming man—was nearly drowned by following Mrs. Egan's capricious course through the rocky coast sentinels. She wore a sort of fishnet cap to confine her bushy hair at tennis, and in consequence the Lenglen bandeau went into temporary eclipse. Rope sandals became the popular footwear for mountain climbs although so far no one but Mrs. Egan had abandoned the respectable and useful stocking. Two girls tried it surreptitiously while out by themselves on a lonely trail, but they got their legs badly scratched in the underbrush, and the adventure was not repeated.

Who—everybody asked—*is* Mrs. Egan?

It was Colonel Derwent who supplied the more technical items of information. Mrs. Anthony Egan, said the colonel, was the widow of a well-to-do broker or "City man" who had been shot by his partner in a business quarrel. Didn't they remember the Smarle case, famius in its day? Well, Mrs. Egan was the heroine of the Smarle case. The defence had at first tried to prove that she had been present when her husband was killed and knew a great deal more about the matter than she admitted, but afterwards with the Court's permission—to Hugo Smarle's plea of not guilty was added that of insanity, and the jury had brought in a verdict of Guilty, but Insane.

Some people did remember the Smarle Case, or professed to do so, and were thrilled accordingly. But it was much more interesting to learn that two years ago at Pau Mrs. Egan had driven a young man of somewhat slender intellect to suicide, and a little later on nearly got herself horsewhipped by reason of her flirtation with the young husband of an elderly English schoolmistress who objected to the affair, and made of her objection a really delightful scandal.

The ladies of the Mimosa Palace Hotel began—in so far as they were able—to draw in their menfolk, and the more discreet among the men themselves, notably Count Praga and Colonel Derwent, walked softly and circumspectly, casting eyes upon the houri from a distance.

It became apparent quite soon that Dr. Ardeyne was an old friend of hers.

How do such things leak out?

Nobody, unless it were Mrs. Egan's Italian maid, ever saw them together; nobody, except the concierge, knew that he had made enquiries concerning the locality of her rooms. Yet the whole hotel breathed in the knowledge, and quite suddenly people—good-looking, middle-aged women with a taste for youngish men—those who had been a little jealous and resentful of Alice Carnay, began to be sorry for her. They predicted for Dr. Ardeyne a swift fall; for his fiancee, unhappiness.

And all the time, in the very centre of this buzzing hive, lived Jean and Hugo Smarle, in sublime ignorance of Mrs. Egan's presence here.

Jean had brought her husband back in the heat of the day, when the hotel appeared to be deserted. "My brother, Mr. Baliss," was given a room next to hers, and promptly collapsed into his comfort and privacy. It was a large room and he had his own balcony. He had caught a chill on the train, and he was weak and nervous, so Jean called in a local doctor and permitted Alice to see "Uncle John" only once or twice from the doorway. Because of Hugo's indisposition Jean had her own meals upstairs. She rather encouraged Hugo to take things easily, dreading the moment of his first public appearance.

Would she ever be able to break him, she wondered, of babbling about Broadmoor?—or, as he called it, "That Place." To her, he talked of nothing else, recounting over and over again foolish and irritating experiences with his fellow-prisoners, their various idiosyncrasies, their petty habits, the loathsomeness of one who was caught cheating at cards, the bad table manners of another, the unpleasant characteristics of their guards and keepers. So it went on for long hours while Jean forced herself to listen patiently, and the precious holiday moved day by day towards its close.

But she comforted herself with the assurance that Alice was happy and having a good time. She would not let Alice come near "Uncle John" for fear of infection. Influenza was raging through the town and the doctor said Hugo was suffering from a mild form of it. Jean took risks herself, but she didn't intend that Alice should lose any of those golden hours by being laid up with "flu."

In the natural course of things Hugo grew better.

Towards the end of the week he was well enough to sit up for his meals, and Jean left him alone one afternoon while she and Alice went down into the town to do a little shopping.

The doors all communicating, Hugo was given the run of their now extensive suite, and eventually found his way to the sitting-room, which he had not entered before. He was half-dressed, with a faded old bathrobe over his shirt and trousers, and badly needed a shave. A stubbly white haze disgraced his chin and he wore no collar. He looked a weak but somewhat ruffianly person as he ambled about making himself acquainted with these new surroundings.

The sitting-room, as usual, overflowed with the flowers which Hector Gaunt sent down regularly.

Hugo looked them over with suspicion. There were two small framed photographs of Alice, one on the mantel and one on the writing-table, and these he also inspected. Then he picked up a bronze paper-cutter and playfully jabbed a hole in the lace curtain with it, hurriedly putting it down again and drawing the curtain well back so that the hole didn't show. After this he went out on to the balcony and, looking down, discerned the heads of some people having tea on the verandah far below him. One woman wore a large hat bobbing with yellow flowers. What would happen if he should fill his bath sponge with water and let it suddenly rain on them?

With this amusing idea taking form in his mind, he stepped back into the room just as someone knocked at the door.

His heart began to beat fast. It had always been like this at That Place—whenever he thought of anything really jolly, some intrusive person seemed to read his mind and forestall him. In fact, of late, he had almost given up practical joking on that account.

"Come in," he said sullenly.

The door opened and, to Hugo's utter amazement, there entered a man who was more familiar to him than his own brother. He clapped a hand to his forehead and gave a faint cry. Was he back in That Place?

The newcomer, clad in tennis flannels, stared at him with widening eyes and dropped jaw.

Hugo Smarle began to whimper.

"I won't go back—you can't make me. I won't go. This is Italy. You can't take me back if I say I won't go."

Philip Ardeyne shut the door, then—as an afterthought—locked it.

"I'm not going to take you anywhere," he said. "But, of course, you can't stay in this room. How did you get here? Does your balcony adjoin this one?"

Hugo, with a trembling hand, pointed through the line of open doors. "That's my room——"

The doctor looked and saw that the door on the other side of Mrs. Carnay's bedroom was open.

"Oh," he said, "that's your room, is it. Well, you'd better get back to it, old chap. The ladies who occupy these rooms might be alarmed if they came in and found a stranger here."

Hugo grinned feebly.

"I'm not a stranger," he said. "I belong here. I'm—I'm my wife's brother, you understand. My name isn't Smarle. You thought it was, didn't you, doctor? But that was just another little mistake they made at That Place. My name is John Baliss and my wife's name isn't Mrs. Smarle at all. Her name is Mrs. Carnay. She's not my wife; she's my sister. And I'm not Alice's father. I'm her Uncle John. Perhaps you'd better tell me what you mean by coming into these rooms? I've been very ill—a little light-headed with 'flu'—but I've already got a doctor. My wife saw to that. I don't want anything to do with you, Ardeyne—or with anybody else from That Place."

Hugo stopped from sheer lack of breath and sank down into a chair, exhausted and trembling.

(To be continued.)

We Teach High-Speed Shorthand by Mail.

In from 1 to 4 months, under our guidance, by MAIL, you can learn to write as fast as anyone can dictate to you. The cost is low and results certain and guaranteed. Only a limited number accepted.

If ambitious, this is your chance to make a start for a successful and profitable career.

Illustrated Circulars and Terms FREE on request.

Shorthand is the stepping-stone to business opportunities.

SAWYER SCHOOL OF SHORTHAND
307 Manning Chambers Toronto, Ont.

ISSUE No. 12—'24.

London Traffic Weakens St. Paul's Cathedral

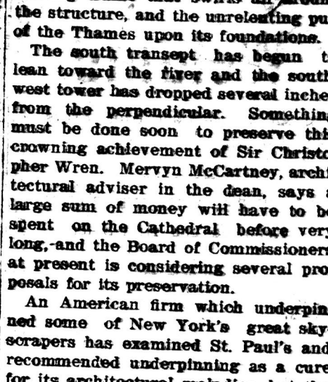
St. Paul's Cathedral, which for several centuries has lorded it over all London from the peak of Ludgate Hill, is showing signs of fatigue. Its stones, blackened by the fog and soot of bygone ages, are getting weary from the constant vibrations caused by the roaring traffic that swirls all around the structure, and the unrelenting pull of the Thames upon its foundations.

The south transept has begun to lean toward the river and the southwest tower has dropped several inches from the perpendicular. Something must be done soon to preserve this crowning achievement of Sir Christopher Wren. Mervyn McCartney, architectural adviser in the dean, says a large sum of money will have to be spent on the Cathedral before very long, and the Board of Commissioners at present is considering several proposals for its preservation.

An American firm which underpinned some of New York's great skyscrapers has examined St. Paul's and recommended underpinning as a cure for its architectural maladies, but the commissioners are set against such a method.

In the eighteenth century iron straps were put around the cornices of the transepts to hold the building together and since then it has been necessary to make other repairs to the mal-alignments caused by the movement of the Cathedral. Twenty years ago it was discovered that the roof under the western pediment had dropped a few inches, and within the present decade it has been necessary to repair two of the piers. It is expected that repairs to the other six piers, some of the masonry of which has rotted, will require 30 years to complete.

Meanwhile, the stream of busses and motor lorries which flows past the building becomes larger and larger, with consequent increase in the devastating vibration.



And Was Occupying a Sleeper, Too.

Reggie — "Oh—aw—I beg pardon, Miss Sharpe—I didn't hear. I'd gotten into a train of thought, dontcher know."

Miss Sharpe (sweetly)—"And you'd settled down so comfortably in a sleeper, hadn't you, Mr. Sapp?"

MY ROASTING PANS.

To save labor in washing the roasting pans, I grease them just as I grease an earthen or blass baking dish before putting in the food and placing the pan in the oven. Rubbing the inside with a piece of suet is excellent for any metal roasting pan, as the grease helps to keep the food from burning onto the pan.—N. D. F.

HAND BAGS MADE NEW.

When I want to make an old black leather hand bag look like new I rub it with the fat side of a bacon rind. This will shine up any kind of leather. Of course, rub afterwards with a piece of cloth so that all fat will be removed.—K. W.

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.

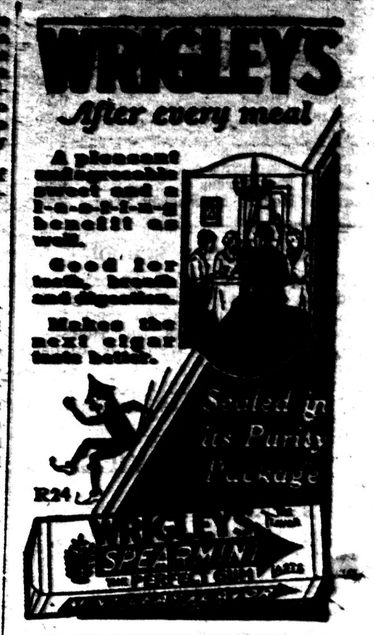
ADHESIVE PLASTER.

Purchase a roll of adhesive plaster, and you will never again be without some at hand. Its uses are many and varied. Last week I found it necessary to send fifty cents in coin through the mail. I placed the money at the top of my sheet and held it in place with a strip of the plaster. Try it.

In Epping Forest there are 114 cricket pitches, 244 football grounds, and 139 tennis courts for the use of the public. Epping Forest is maintained by the City of London.

Golf is becoming popular with the rank and file of the British Army. They are now allowed to wear fatigue dress when playing.

Minard's Liniment Heals Cuts.



INVENTIONS

Send for list of inventions wanted by Manufacturers. Fortunes have been made from simple ideas. "Patent Protection" booklet on request.

HAROLD C. SHIPMAN & CO. PATENT ATTORNEYS 165 BANK STREET OTTAWA, CANADA

Ask Me to Show You How to Make Big Money

Invest for big profits. If you have a small amount to invest in a high-class proposition with large profit possibilities, write me for free confidential information regarding legitimate money-making opportunities. You must positively tell me how much you might be willing to invest, providing I can prove to your entire satisfaction that a small investment might earn you exceptional profits. My guidance to investors is absolutely free. G. S. Parker, Room 1, Coe Building, London, Canada.

SAVE TIME AND WORK

USE MORE—

OXO CUBES

Concentrated beef-goodness, easily imparted to dozens of dishes making them more tasty and nutritious.

In tins of 4, 10, 50 and 100

After Dishwashing!

CAMPANA'S ITALIAN BALM

is simply wonderful for keeping the hands beautifully white and soft and smooth. Positively prevents redness and chapping. Use it at once after washing dishes, and note the improvement of your hands.

Keep a bottle handy by the kitchen sink

Page boys in one of London's large hotels are now receiving lessons in French, ready for the expected invasion of visitors for the British Empire Exhibition.

Minard's Liniment for Dandruff.

Scientists predict that the dominion of men is on the wane, and that in time women will be the ruling sex.

Canada has now more than 100,000 radio users, and the manufacture of wireless appliances is now becoming quite a profitable industry.

WOMEN with hair on the face can have that blemish permanently removed by Rhodaphyte, which is positively the only sure remedy. We treat all non-contagious Skin, Scalp, Hair and Complexional troubles by mail. Booklet "F" and consultation free. Write stating particulars SCOTT INSTITUTE, LIMITED, 810 College St., Toronto