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TEA
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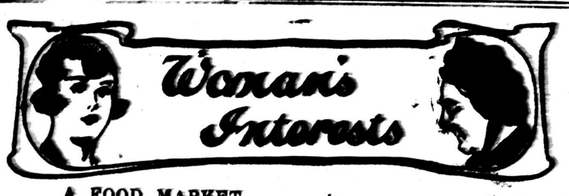

A FOOD MARKET.

A food market or exchange is a popular way of making money for a church, for the school, rural library, or other civic enterprises. Rightly managed, one exchange is worth several suppers and is far less work. A merchant in town will often donate window space and part of a counter, and half a dozen women can manage the sale.

The most profitable things offered for sale are cottage-cheese, chicken soup with noodles, cakes, baked beans and codfish cakes, all of which cost far less to make on the farm than in town. One good fat hen, past her prime and cooked until tender, the meat shredded and combined with noodles, will bring $4 by selling the hot, thick soup at 20 cents a pint. Baked beans should be made with fresh or salt pork and are still more profitable than the chicken soup, although the beans will not sell so well. Cottage-cheese is always in demand, and while real cream must be used, through the medium of curds 50 cents worth of cream will bring in $2. This is worth thinking about.

One woman puts up gallons of watermelon pickle each summer, with no expense save for sugar, vinegar and spices. She sells this pickle at exchanges in small glass jars at 15 cents a jar. Her friends give her the preserve and pickle jars, which come from the grocery, so they need not be returned. Various kinds of pickles in small jars sell readily. Jelly does not sell so well, for it is like buying a pig in a poke when the glasses are sealed or covered with paraffin. The sale of pies is uncertain, but good cakes always find customers.

Vegetables and fruit are easily disposed of at market prices if they fail to sell at the exchange. Dressed chickens are popular, but they bring more if cooked and sold with noodles. Doughnuts made the day they are sold go quickly at 25 cents a dozen, but if made the day before they sell slowly. Fresh cream, buttermilk, eggs, butter and honey sell well, but bring scarcely more than market prices. Iced cookies and cup-cakes are very popular. At special seasons, Easter eggs, scrappie, mince-meat, sauerkraut, potato salad, rolls and sausage bring good returns.

In certain localities cooked hominy would sell very readily, so would codfish balls. Most farms will yield potatoes and eggs, and codfish is comparatively inexpensive. Made into balls ready for frying, these products will be found very profitable.

The expenses connected with a food market are small, the profits large.

HEMSTITCHED SHEETS.

Who doesn't like to see a hemstitched sheet? And in these days when such pretty ones may be bought in the shops so reasonably, there is no reason why we all shouldn't indulge our fancy, only—and here our sense of thrift stops us. For we all know that the hemstitching will be the first place to wear out, and there will still be some wear left in the rest of the sheet. Mine started to go just recently—small breaks appearing here and there.

It suddenly occurred to me to get narrow tape, either linen or bias binding, a trifle wider than the hemstitching, and stitch it neatly underneath the hemstitching on both edges. This leaves a very neat finish whether the sheet is used with the hemstiching or the binding as the right side, and it will last until the entire sheet is worn out. I don't see why pillow cases and tablecloths could not be treated in the same way; thus we could indulge our liking for pretty things and still not feel we are being unduly extravagant. —Mrs. H. N. G.

USE THE MASHER.

Use a wire potato masher to cream the butter and sugar for a cake. It is much easier and quicker than a spoon.

SECRET OF CRACKING NUTS.

Pecans can be cracked more easily if they are allowed to stand in hot water for a few minutes before cracking. The shells open more easily and the meats can often be taken out whole. The length of time necessary for the nuts to stay in the water is determined by the freshness of the nuts and the thickness of the shells. The meats are not softened if the water is poured off within ten or fifteen minutes. The meats can be crisped, of course, by heating in the oven.

Pop corn pops better if treated in the same way with cold water before popping.—M. J. M.

TRY THIS FOR CREPE SLEEVES.

When making a long-sleeved dress of Canton crepe or crepe de chine, or any of the other crepe weaves, face the sleeves back about four inches with taffeta of the same color. This keeps the sleeves from twisting on the arm, and also helps to hold up flare cuffs, which are inclined to crumple when made of soft materials.—O. F.

A POPULAR "STYLISH STOUT" MODEL.

4889. Striped and plain woolen is here combined. This is a good model for satin, crepe or sharmeen. Roshanara crepe with satin for collar and panels would be very attractive.

The Pattern is cut in 8 Sizes: 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48 and 50 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size requires 4⅞ yards of one material, 40 inches wide. If made as illustrated it will require 1⅝ yards of plain material and 3¼ yards of striped or figured material. The width of the dress at the foot is 2 yards.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 20c in silver, by the Wilson Publishing Co., 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto.

Send 15c in silver for our up-to-date Fall and Winter 1924-1925 Book of Fashions.

Not Hereditary.

The son and heir of a certain family had been ill, and in consequence was coming home from school.

On the day before his return a friend, calling to inquire after him, was met by the old butler, who had been in the family's service for years.

"Yes, ma'am," he said, in reply to her inquiries "Master John's comin' 'ome from school to-morrow. It seems as 'ow the young gentleman's suffering from brain fag a complaint never 'eard of in the family before."

Minard's Liniment Heals Cuts.

ISSUE No. 46—'24.

WRIGLEY'S
After Every Meal
It's the longest-lasting confection you can buy—and it's a help to digestion and a cleanser for the mouth and teeth.
Wrigley's means benefit as well as pleasure.

"When Hearts Command"

By ELIZABETH YORK MILLER

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

CHAPTER XL.—(Cont'd.)

As the sun dipped towards the west, the garden of the Villa Tatina became a scene of great activity. Gaunt and his boy, Carlo, had the business of adjusting the pack on the mule, and there was trouble with Maddelina, who had provided enough food for a week and was hurt because Gaunt refused to take more than half of it. Hugo was all over the place, getting in everybody's way, and there were the servants chattering and running about, and children from the Old Town who had boldly advanced into the garden to watch the interesting proceedings, and refused to be driven away, although Guido did his best to keep them out.

Even Jean caught the spirit of the occasion when she came down with her little canvas bag. It was cooler and a breeze had sprung up. Gaunt lifted her into the saddle, and presently all was ready and the cavalcade started, Gaunt, Hugo and Tito walking beside Jean and Carlo bringing up the rear with the pack mule. For some distance the village children followed them.

The longest, most fatiguing and least interesting part of the trip came first, but after they had climbed up through the old town of Ventimiglia it was delightful, and Hugo's suggestion began to manifest its advantages.

"I wouldn't have believed it could be so cool anywhere," said Jean, who was actually forced to put on her sweater.

Gaunt cast his weather-wise eye towards the East, from which a strong wind was blowing. The sky looked darker than it should, and far away a little dart of lightning quivered on the horizon. They were almost bound to have a thunderstorm, but it was not likely to last long and could not reach them for some hours. There would be plenty of time to have dinner and put their supplies in a dry place. It would mean a lot of scrambling over rocks, for Castel d'Appio was a real ruin, and what had once been the interior of a tiny fortress could only be reached by arduous toil through briars and over heaps of piled up stones. Gaunt thought he knew a way to get the mules through, but it would be diffieult.

He said nothing about the impending storm, directing the gaze of his companions to the west, where the serenity and beauty of a fine sunset drew attention from less pleasant possibilities.

But presently Jean, too, saw the darkness advancing over the distant mountains and remembered gloomy Clementine's prophecy.

"We're going to have a storm," she said apprehensively.

Hugo, very busy between stumbling over the roughly cobbled path and keeping on his eye-glass, halted a moment to look.

"So we are!" he exclaimed. "I wish I had a pipe organ. It would be wonderful to play Wagner on a mountain-top in a storm."

But the storm was not upon them yet, and Gaunt began to wonder if they might not possibly escape it. They toiled up the last little ascent and beheld a marvellous panorama, still lit by the last rays of sunset. Jean was lifted off her mule, Gaunt and Carlo unpacked the supper, and Hugo and Tito seated themselves comfortably on a flat rock, watching the preparations with hungry eyes. Hugo was tired, but did not care to admit it.

Gaunt made coffee and soon the meal was spread. It was to be a cold repast, and the cooking he had promised to do proved unnecessary. Maddelina's famous foie gras in aspic and little chicken-pies were delicious, and there was cheese and salad to finish with, helped down by chianti and the hot coffee.

Afterwards Gaunt and Hugo lit their pipes, and Jean had a cigarette, while Carlo explored the ruins with a view to finding a dry place in which to camp.

The storm was coming, although not rapidly. It was cold enough to make a fire necessary. Reinforced by food, Hugo gathered sticks and fir cones, and they soon had a merry blaze.

Spread before their feet was the amazing silver floor of the sea, the lights of Mentone and Monte Carlo twinkling on the right, and Bordighera on the left. Behind them towered the big snow-capped mountains, thrown into black silhouette by the lightning playing among their peaks.

It was cosy around the fire. Hugo shivered with ecstasy and demanded again and again to be praised for having thought of such a delightful party.

"Why, we need never go back to the villa," he said. "We can stay here all the time. Do we have to go back, Hector?"

"Not to-night, anyway," Gaunt replied. He held out his hand. Yes, the rain was beginning. What a nuisance. "We shall have to make for the caves," he said. "In any case, you'd sleep more comfortably under shelter, Jean. Come on. Where's Carlo? We'd better hurry. In another ten minutes it will be pouring."

Carlo had managed to get the mules inside the castle ruins, and he now undertook to guide Hugo. Gaunt took charge of Jean. Scrambling part way down and then up again over a path composed of boulders and briars was no easy task in the darkness. The rain began to fall thick and fast, and the lightning was disconcerting.

Hugo went on ahead, recklessly flinging his frail body at all obstacles, disdaining Carlo's hand, and calling out to the others to hurry. Tito barked furiously at the lightning every time it split the darkness. Jean minded the thunder more than she did the lightning. The constant booming made her intensely nervous.

"Here, I'd better carry you," Gaunt said, when she had slipped for the third or fourth time. "You'll be wrenching your ankle."

He gathered her up and she clung to him, with her arms around his neck. Above loomed the high, broken walls of the ruined castle; and below the precipice seemed to drop sheer into infinity. Yet she was not afraid. She would not have minded had he missed his footing, and the two of them gone hurtling down together. Her face, wet with rain, brushed his, and she nestled closer.

From above them, safe inside the ruin, Hugo shouted down wholly unnecessary directions.

"Come by the lower path, it's better. Look out for that clump of briar. Take the end of my stick, Hector, and let me pull you up. Mind you don't stumble. Ah, here we all are!"

With the zest of a schoolboy he made for the biggest cave, where Carlo had lighted a torch of brushwood.

CHAPTER XLI.

In the middle of the night Alice Ardeyne woke up and could not get to sleep again.

It was very hot and close, the air murky with impending storm. Earlier in the evening terrible things had suggested themselves to her. That strange clicking in her brain, the desire to throw herself into the river and thus solve Philip's problem as well as her own—were they not significant symptoms of mental derangement?

But now, though wakeful, she felt more or less composed. Her brain was clear and steady. She found herself smiling at the idea of self-destruction—but it was a wry, twisted smile. She felt that years had passed and aged her since that conversation over the telephone with Philip.

The house was very still and the Thames-side valley slumbered peacefully. Through the rough clotted mass of dark clouds the moon peered out occasionally, the same old moon that brooded over all the world. Somewhere, no doubt it was shining for mumsey—and for Hugo Smarle. Mumsey was still in Bordighera, or had been a week ago, when a picture postcard had arrived from Hugo.

Alice slipped on a dressing-gown, and making her way through the sleeping house went out into the garden. If anything, it seemed more airless outside. She found herself recalling what Hugo had written on the postcard. Everybody was well, and he was "keeping the fortress." It had puzzled her to know what that meant. Her poor, mad father!

She walked to and fro on the lawn, her slippers drenched with dew. Below the river moved sluggishly; here and there a fish splashed or something stirred in the rushes. Was it going to rain? She held out her hand, but although the air was heavy with moisture, there were no rain-drops.

She had intended not to think of Philip, for indeed that way madness lay. Philip loved her. She could scarcely doubt that. But the sort of love she could give him was not enough, and she tried very hard to realize that she must become reconciled to a division of his affections. But why, oh why, hadn't he married Mrs. Egan?

Philip was so kind. He would go a long way to avoid hurting anybody, Alice felt sure. Perhaps that was, after all, the real reason why he had married her. She had tried so hard not to believe that. In Lucerne he had assured her that he had married her with his eyes open, and because he loved her too dearly to give her up. She had believed him. She was apt, as most simple souls are, to believe what was told her. She had believed mumsey's outrageous lie until the truth was brought home so painfully.

(To be continued.)

Gross Deception.

"When we get to Niagara, dear, let's try not to look as though we've just been married."

"Good idea, darling. You carry the suitcase, eh?"

Something Different.

Nurse—"What's the matter, Willie? Don't you like your new baby sister?"

Willie—"I wish she was a boy! Johnny Jones just got a sister, an' now he'll think I'm tryin' to copy him."

COLOR IT NEW WITH
"DIAMOND DYES"

Beautiful home dyeing and tinting is guaranteed with Diamond Dyes. Just dip in cold water to tint soft, delicate shades, or boil to dye rich, permanent colors. Each 15-cent package contains directions so simple any woman can dye or tint lingerie, silks, ribbons, skirts, waists, dresses, coats, stockings, sweaters, draperies, coverings, hangings, everything new.

Buy "Diamond Dyes"—no other kind—and tell your druggist whether the material you wish to color is wool or silk, or whether it is linen, cotton, or mixed goods.

Mother's prescription

JOHNNY is taking a prescription. His careful mother—the family health doctor—ordered it. Her daily ounce of prevention—Lifebuoy Soap—works wonders in combating disease.

Every day your children touch dirty objects and cover themselves with germ-laden dirt. Give them Lifebuoy—the health soap.

Lifebuoy protects

The rich creamy lather of Lifebuoy carries a wonderful health element deep down into every pore. The skin is completely purified, and cleansed—delightfully stimulated.

LIFEBUOY
HEALTH SOAP
More than Soap—a Health Habit

The odour vanishes after use,
but the protection remains.

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, TORONTO LA-4-25

The Old Woman Looks in the Glass.

I've a-got a stocking,
I've a-got a treasure,
I've a-got a house that should not belong to me,
I've a-got a secret,
Forty years I hid it
In the night, in the storm, by the black unlighted sea.

Oh, my precious secret,
Lips may never shape it;
Ears must be deaf to what was done by me!
But now comes a witness,
A sly and artful witness,
And lays my secret naked for all the world to see.

I've a-got a dressing table,
I've a-got a looking-glass,
Frilled up in muslin, pretty as can be—
But an old bitter weed I am,
Oh, the Lord He knows that,
And now He's took and wrote it on my face, for all to see.

—Ruth Manning-Sanders.

It is said that there is only one useful orchid. Blooms of the vanilla vine are ugly ducklings of the orchid tribe, but the juice of the fruit is much sought after. Mexico is really the home of the vanilla bean.

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OXO CUBES
Concentrated Strength and Goodness of BEEF

Real Irish.

O'Dogherty applied for a job as a builder's laborer, and was asked by the foreman what experience he had had.

"Sure," said the applicant, "ye don't need ony experience for hard work at all, at all."

"Oh, but I want to know," said the foreman, "if you've been used to going up a ladder?"

"That's all right," replied O'Dogherty; "you'll have nothing to complain about. Sure Oi can moind the first time Oi went up a ladder: it was down a well!"

For sore feet—Minard's Liniment.

Story-Teller.

Small Nephew—"Tell us about the time you were frozen to death at the North Pole, Uncle Jack."

Small Niece—"No, Uncle Jack; please tell us about the time you were killed by wild Indians."

"BANISH the chilly spots with sunshine-like warmth from a Hotpoint Hedlite Heater."

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The reflector is exceptionally large, resulting in a maximum concentration of heat where most needed.

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CORN SYRUP

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