

# After You Have Used "SALADA" GREEN TEA

you have a standard by which to judge other teas. Salada is the finest produced in the world. — Try it. FREE SAMPLE OF GREEN TEA UPON REQUEST. "SALADA," TORONTO



## THE HUMBLE HERB SOCIAL.

A delightful country social I have in mind is called the Humble Herb Social, and is to be carried out when a way to raise money is the country church's problem.

Decorate the church or hall to represent the attic of an old Colonial farm house. Hang the rafters with bags and bunches of every kind of herb procurable—catnip, lavender, dried clover blossoms, thyme, pennyroyal, sage, celery, peppermint, mullein, pine needles, cat tails, etc.

The ladies on the receiving and entertaining committee should be dressed in old-fashioned calico or "print" dresses with tight basques and be-ruffled skirts (with "hoops" if available), with old-fashioned breastpins, collars, "half-hands" and hair-dressing.

At the booths everything offered for sale should be made of or contain herbs—packets containing herbs for culinary use, for medicinal use, catnip for the family pets, little sachet bags filled with sweet scented herbs, such as rosemary, mint, balm, rosegarden leaves, myrrh, rose petals, lavender. Prices range from five to twenty-five cents each (seldom over).

Muslin slips measuring 20x20 inches may be filled with soothing herbs and sold as invalids' pillows—they may be decorated or not, and will sell well and at a good price. Mint jelly, neat bath bags (with fragrant herbs to give perfume), herb relishes, recipes, etc., may be offered for sale and will be classed among the "best sellers." Serve tea, anis cookies and cakes, mint sandwiches (meat or chicken paste filling seasoned with herbs), homemade mint candies and various other dainties that will suggest the "herb" idea at the refreshment booth, charging at least thirty cents for the complete menu.

The committee in charge will arrange for a moderate amount of music, games and recitations. Afternoon will be the best time to hold this kind of social as, in winter, both men and women, old and young, will be able to attend and a fine sum netted for the church, aside from the refreshment of spirit to be gained by these simple little social gatherings that tend toward keeping alive not only the little country church, but neighborhood interests as well.—Mrs. G. S.

## I MADE A RAG RUG.

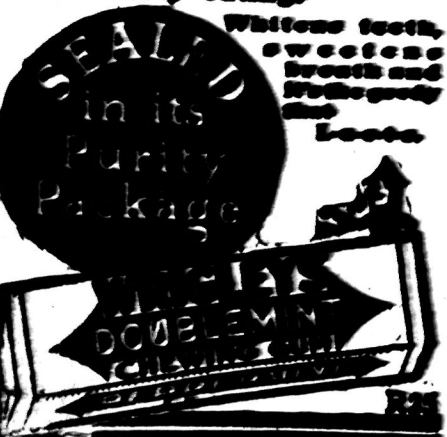
We farm women rather pride ourselves upon having gotten away from the rag carpet which entirely covers the floor but since our city sisters have manifested such an interest in the various kinds of rag rugs, we too have renewed our appreciation of their homelike and dependable qualities as well as their artistic possibilities.

With this in mind, I got out my accumulation of "hit-and-miss" carpet rags. I had been saving them for several years for no special reason except that I could not entirely get away from my early training along this line. These had been cut from the scraps of each job of sewing and saved, a handful at a time. They were of wool and cotton, thin and heavy goods, all new and clean and strong. One day when the mud was too deep to warrant housecleaning or much

## WRIGLEY'S

Chew it after every meal. It stimulates appetite and aids digestion. It makes your food digests good. Note how it relieves that stuffy feeling after heavy eating.

Wholesome, sweet and thoroughly good.



ISSUE No. 41-24

# "When Hearts Command"

By ELIZABETH YORK MILLER

"When hearts command, From minds the expert counsellors depart."

## CHAPTER XXXVI.—(Cont'd.)

"Suppose we talk about you?" Ardeyne suggested.

"Yes—wished to do that?" Mrs. Egan started, and half rose as a sound of coughing came from the next room. He noticed the quick clenching of her hands and an expression of anguish which crossed her features.

"That's my boy—my son," she explained. "He's not very well. I want you to have a look at him presently and advise me what to do."

"Your husband?" Ardeyne repeated. Then he remembered a curious reference Hugo Smarke had made to Mrs. Egan's son. As though there was something a little mysterious about her having a son at all.

"I want to tell you first," she lowered her eyelids. "He's been living in Jamaica with my parents, and that's why I went out there so suddenly. My father wrote that he was in poor health, and they thought the climate was bad for him. But I didn't realize how serious it was. And I'm terribly afraid."

Ardeyne rose. "Let me see him, Carrie. That cough sounds rather bad—but one never knows. How old is he?"

"Sixteen." Then, a little defiantly she added: "He's Tony's child."

"Tony's and mine. I meant that Tony was his father."

But beyond that, Ardeyne wondered what she was driving at.

"Philip, I want to tell you, first. Before you see him. There's some queer blood in my family. Tony never knew, and when poor little Max was born—well, I suffered a great deal. You see, my grandmother—on my mother's side—called herself a creole and she was really—"

Ardeyne took the hand with which she was gesticulating nervously, and held it in a firm clasp of sympathy.

"I understand, Carrie. Your little son was what we call a 'throw-back.'" Mrs. Egan averted her face and her lips twitched.

"In plain language, Phil, he's a negro—at least a mulatto. Tony couldn't bear the sight of him, even when he was a baby." She burst out passionately. "Oh, I could never, never tell you what I've been through—'Poor Carrie!'"

"Never mind." She dried her eyes hastily. "Just let me tell him you're here. He's a good boy—very quiet and gentle. And he loves me dearly. I haven't neglected him as much as you might think. Only—for the sake of the family—couldn't have him with me in England. But there are all dead now, and it doesn't matter. I shall never leave him again—only, I think perhaps he's going to leave me. Just a moment."

She disappeared into the next room and then came back, beckoning to Ardeyne.

"This is Max, my boy," she said as the doctor followed her. "Max darling, my old friend Dr. Ardeyne has come to see you." Her voice lacked nothing of maternal solicitude and affection.

The boy lay on a couch half covered with a Persian silk shawl. He was startlingly handsome and extraordinarily like his dead father, in spite of the fact that the dark blood in his veins proclaimed itself much more than it did in his mother. With her it had raised no more than an occasional suspicion or question in Philip Ardeyne's mind. With him it was certainty.

His hair curled in soft ringlets all over a small, well-shaped head. His skin was coffee-colored—*cafe au lait*—and his eyes were big and brown and lustrous. He held out a skinny, dark hand to the doctor.

"He's raised no more than a faint trace of some foreign accent, possibly French. 'It is very kind of you to come to see me, sir. Will you forgive my not getting up?'"

"Certainly. Don't move," said Ardeyne.

He drew up a chair and sat down beside the couch. Mrs. Egan brought a basket and crouched on the other side. Her eyes were tender and only left the boy's face to question the doctor.

From the first it was plain enough to Philip that poor little Max Egan was doomed. Tuberculosis had set its seal on him, although it had scarcely seemed to touch his physical beauty.

The doctor talked to the boy, and presently they were on very good terms.

"You must get your mother to take you to Switzerland," Ardeyne said. "What you've never seen any snow? Well, you've got a treat in store for you. In no time you'll pick up and be another person."

"Shall I skate and ski?" the boy asked eagerly. "Do you really think—"

"Not just at first," Ardeyne interrupted. "Oh, at first you must take things very easily. I'll give your mother a letter to a famous doctor out there, and you'll live in his house."

"You mean in a sanatorium," the boy said, making a wry face.

"Not the usual sort of sanatorium," Ardeyne assured him. "In fact, it's a most delightful little colony of chalets, and no doubt you and your mother will have one all to yourselves. And there will be the big mountains. You've no idea how big they are. I rather envy you going to Switzerland for the first time."

"I want to climb mountains," said the boy.

Ardeyne nodded. "Get well first. Then you shall." He snapped open his watch. "And now I'm afraid I must go. Indeed, I'll have to hurry if I'm to meet that train."

He tried to say good-bye then and there, but Mrs. Egan followed him out and detained him a moment longer.

"Phil, I want the truth. Please tell me."

"My dear child, I can't tell you. The lad's in a bad way, and his age is against him, but one never knows. You must get him away as soon as possible. Come and see me to-morrow—no, that won't do. I shall be out of town."

"I'll come down to Maidenhead, Phil. What's the name of your place? I don't care. I can wait even until Monday. Max has a nurse to look after him, and I could motor down and back in the morning."

"If you like. The house is called The Rushes. Anyone can direct you. Come for luncheon, Alice would be delighted."

"Thank you, Phil. Yes, I'll come. The Rushes—you say—I'll write it down at once. Good-bye—I don't know how to thank you, but—"

"I'm afraid there isn't very much to thank me for," Ardeyne said gravely. "Good-bye, then—until to-morrow."

He hurried away, consulting his watch again. In his interest in Carrie Egan's tragic son, he had almost forgotten Monsieur Carre.

And in the arrival of the French scientist and in motoring him down to The Rushes in the middle of the night, and in the excitement of their long-winded conversation together the next morning, Ardeyne almost forgot Carrie Egan.

Then he recalled her with an uncomfortable jolt of memory, together with the fact that he had not mentioned to Alice that he had met her and she was coming to luncheon. There was some excuse, for he had scarcely seen Alice that morning. She had breakfasted in her own room and afterwards gone out on the river with a Mr. and Mrs. Hemmersley, young married couple who were staying with them, in order to leave Philip quite free to enjoy Monsieur Carre's society.

But they were all back now—Dick Hemmersley puffing a pipe in the garden, the two women indoors touching themselves up for luncheon. Alice and Lois Hemmersley had become great friends, much to Philip's delight. Lois was a distant cousin of his and an all-round good sort, as he would have described her.

When he remembered Carrie Egan he hurried upstairs at once to Alice's room, where the parlormaid said he would find her. The sound of a motor-horn quickened his footsteps.

Alice was standing before the mirror doing something to her hair.

"Oh, Philip—have you had a nice morning?" she asked, with her sweet, friendly smile.

"Perfect," he replied. "So altogether absorbing that I nearly forgot something rather important. I met Mrs. Egan at the Savoy last evening and asked her to luncheon to-day. She's motoring down and will be here any moment. I fancied I heard a car just now."

The smile faded from Alice's lips. That tugging sense of fear took possession of her again, as it had from the beginning whenever she saw or even thought of Carrie Egan.

"Yes, Philip," she said quietly. "You don't mind dear? I ought to have told you before, but I clean forgot it."

"Of course I don't mind. What an odd question!"

In spite of all good intentions, Alice's voice sounded strange even to herself.

Ardeyne hesitated. Should he tell her why Carrie Egan was coming? He might mention poor little Max without going into details, but somehow he did not care to do so. The very idea of it seemed unprofessional. Alice would realize that he was keeping at all, and let Mrs. Egan give what information she chose.

Alice noticed the hesitation.

"I'd better go down now," she said. "Perhaps she has come and I ought to be on hand to welcome her."

"You're a darling!"

Ardeyne tried to take her hand, but she slipped past him and was halfway down the stairs before he quite realized that she had purposely evaded a possible demonstration of affection. He wondered a little, then shrugging his shoulders followed more slowly.

During the honeymoon, Alice had confessed to jealousy and in that connection Carrie Egan's name had been mentioned, but lately she had shown no trace of such a thing, either by word or look. It was a little disappointing that she should do so now. Just a little tiresome, too.

It was not Mrs. Egan's car he had heard and she did not arrive until they had given her up and were sitting down to lunch, which had been kept waiting longer than was good for it. Monsieur Carre was cross, in consequence. He was not used to such a late mid-day meal. Alice was nervously distrustful, and the Hemmersleys joking and curious.

(To be continued.)

Japanese Pin Money.

Once every year, seldom for longer than a month and a-half, the women and children on the farms of Japan turn to silk culture for pin money. Silk is their "silver" crop. Except the cost of fertilizer for the mulberry trees that the worms feed on, the industry requires little or no outlay. A year ago Yokohama, then the premier silk port of Japan, was almost obliterated by the earthquake. Now it has virtually recovered its chief business, which is exporting silk.

There's a tingly sort of feeling in the atmosphere to-day. And the wild goose is starting for the southland away.

The night wind is crooning Dirges o'er the lonely nest. For the pilot-bird is trailing The horizon in the west.

"Honk, honk!" it is the tocsin Of the dusky cavalcade. Flying swiftly and unerring For the southern everglad.

The marshland is lonely. And the lone and empty nest. But the pilot-bird is veering For the sanctuary beak.

—Horace Seymour Kelley.

Kindness—a language which the dumb can speak, and the deaf can understand.—Bovee.

Perfect 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, haggings, everything new.

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If you like to boil your white cottons, Rinso will give you just the safe cleansing suds you need in the boiler. If you use a washing machine, follow the advice of the big washing machine manufacturers—use Rinso.

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## The Old, Old Way.

The good ship stems the steady swell. The sea, it glimmers bright. The land is fading fast to port. And all is calm and quiet. All, save the song the blue lips sing—That siren song of old, Which lures the hearts of gallant men Upon adventures bold.

The funnel fades, smoke disappears—A ghostly mast I see. And white sails fill upon the breeze Above the ancient sea. It matters not the ship or crew. It matters not the day. The sea-maid weaves her spell, and we Would sail the old, old way.

—Loretine Ballantyne.

## Sanctuary.

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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.

Booril keeps you "warm as toast"

Orchids were recommended at the scientific congress held recently at Liege as a new means of combating tuberculosis. Men of science have discovered that the heavily scented essential oils of orchids, injected into a patient, will give him a much better chance of success in his fight for recovery.

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# GREAT B...

After Nine M...  
feet When

A despatch from Great Britain is the shortest and wh... of the most h... in history.

Prime Minister in the House of Commons last night, motor... Palace on Thurs... assent of King G... ried back from S... tion of Parliamen... Accordingly th... raged immediat... boundary bill ha...



British Labor... Donald, whose Ca... feated.

assent. It had b... the House of Lo... ment. So Great... Government came... general election f... stand of Nov. 8...



NO BILL AGAIN... FORMER NFL...

Sir Richard Squ... With Larceny... Dismisses

A despatch from... says:—A grand ju... charges against Sir... former Premier of... connection with alleg... in the course of his... returned no indictment... night. The grand ju... dence in support of d... and of receiving mon... money of Mrs. Jean I... secretary to Squires... to warrant finding a... The former Prem... under arrest last Apr... larceny which were th... growth of the report... missioner Hollis Walk... while Premier, receiv... the funds of the Gov... control department w... into his account at t... Scotia instead of mo... It was also cha... port that \$46,000 wa... same account by the... Steel Corporation at... negotiations were pro... the company and the... renewal of the compan... tract. Squires was... consenting party to b... in the Walker report... Evidence presented... consisted largely of... Miss Jean Miller, secre... when he was Premier... she had been married... maintained an absolute... charges against him o... the alleged irregularit...