

Delicious! "SALADA" TEA

Pure, Fresh and Satisfying.
Sold in aluminum packets. — Try it.



TRY THESE FOR STAINS.

Often an otherwise fresh garment is made unsightly by a stain which, if given immediate attention, may be removed at home, thereby saving the cost of having the entire garment cleaned, and also the inconvenience of having it out of use for several days.

At this season of the year table linen and linen frocks seem particularly disposed to acquire stubborn fruit stains. If such stains are saturated with glycerine and allowed to set for several hours before washing, they will usually disappear without a trace of damage. Coffee stains yield graciously to the same treatment.

Disfiguring ink stains may be removed from cotton or muslin garments by steeping the damaged part in boiling milk. If treated to a milk bath while the spot is fresh the stain will disappear and the color of the material will not be damaged.

Egg stains may usually be removed from a silk gown by rubbing them with common table salt.

If the gold lace or embroidery on an evening gown has become tarnished, it may be restored to its original freshness by applying powdered rock ammonia. A soft brush should be used for this. Slipper made of gold fabric may be treated similarly.

Tar spots usually succumb to a treatment of ether or chloroform. Saturate a piece of absorbent cotton with either of these preparations and cover the offending spot, allowing the moistened cotton to remain on the material for several minutes. If one application is not sufficient, repeat process until the spot vanishes.

White felt hats, which are modish for sports wear, may be kept fresh by frequent applications of bread. Merely take the soft inner part of a stale loaf of white bread and rub it over the hat. It does the work perfectly and takes very little time. Care should be taken, however, to brush the hat thoroughly before applying the bread.

HOW I USE FRUIT JUICES.

If there was no reason for canning fruit juices except that of making fresh jelly in the winter, for Thanksgiving Day, Christmas, and all other

CREAM

We Make Payments Daily.
We Pay Express Charges.
We Supply Cans.
Highest Ruling Prices Paid.
BOWES CO., Limited
Toronto

WILKISON CLIMAX

Increase the feeding value of all fodders by feeding them with the Climax Cuts.

The Climax cuts dry straw or hay just as well as green corn. It is designed to run, requiring less power. It built into a truck for hauling.

Call on your dealer or write for literature and prices. Save money by buying one of these machines now.

The BATEMAN-WILKISON CO., Ltd.
TORONTO ONT.

KELSEY Healthy HEAT

Kelsey Heating is Right Heating

The Kelsey warm air generator will heat every room in your house. It is easy to operate and costs less for fuel than any other heating method.

Heats both small and large houses with equal satisfaction.

WRITE FOR PARTICULARS

CANADA FOUNDRIES & FORGES LIMITED
JAMES SMART PLANT
BROCKVILLE ONT.

"When Hearts Command"

By ELIZABETH YORK MILLER

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

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Pan was piping in the old garden. He had it quite to himself in the hush of the sunset, except for Tito and the twittering little birds. Tito answered him back, apprehensive and daring at the same time.

What was that funny creature doing in their garden? How came he there—that featherless songster with the voice of thin, trickling gold?

Hugo had made himself a new pipe, a magical one over which he had spent considerable time and trouble. It had half notes as well as the scale, and he played marvellous tunes on it of his own composing. They were weird lyric melodies, such as only Pan's soul could be burdened with, and he spent them freely on the ambient air of sunset.

The women in the public washing-place behind the high walls of the Villa Tatina ceased their labors to listen. One or two crossed themselves, others, less superstitious, smiled a little derisively. Every one knew that the curious little Signor of the Villa Tatina was mad, and madness is always interesting. Some children clambered up the terraces behind, hoping to catch a glimpse of the mad musician, but there were too many forces in the garden, and Pan was not visible.

To add to the mystery of him, now and again—following upon notes more piercingly sweet—would come the plaintive wail of a dog.

That, said the children to each other, would be Tito, Maddelina's little dog. Was the mad Signor murdering Tito? Hugo, Tito and the pipe were inseparable companions, and the garden was their lair. Between the three of them they made it by turns beautiful and hideous.

Gaunt, coming in through the gateway at the bottom of the garden, halted a moment and listened to the eerie piping. Then he walked on up to the villa. The drive was well-screened by shrubbery and Hugo did not see him.

The front door being open, Gaunt entered without the formality of ringing or having himself announced, and he was in the drawing-room in a few seconds. He looked in, but she was not there. Then perhaps she was dressing for dinner, but he was half an hour early.

He went into the drawing-room, and lectured a book from one of the low cases which edged the walls, and stretched himself on a couch. Mme. Douste, the long-dead mistress of the villa, had been a great lover of books, and even now, so many years after she had vanished and the Villa Tatina had passed together with its furniture from one strange hand to another, the clever old Frenchwoman's personality still strongly stamped upon it.

Hector Gaunt thought that, as he lay stretched on the couch. The people who had come for a season or two and then gone their various ways, had all dealt kindly with Mme. Douste's possessions. Of course there had always been Maddelina to keep an eye on things, but more than that, it seemed to Gaunt that the spirit of Mme. Douste, herself, hovered gently over the old stone house and the garden she had made and loved.

He glanced up and saw her watching him from the portrait on the opposite wall—her expression, quizzical, humorous, kindly—and he thought what a traitor he had been to her. She had wanted him free of her house in the old days, and now she rewarded her by ruining the life of the young girl who was living under her protection.

Gaunt winced. He did not like these tricks of conscience, and rarely suffered them. He was a man little given to contemplation of his inner self. He was much too masculine for that sort of thing. But now and again remorse caught him unawares, and he was forced to contemplate his errors. How could he ever have blamed Jean for what had happened? For marrying her, as he had simply married her into doing, and for running away when she discovered that she was not legally his wife. Nor, in her shame and distress, for marrying the chivalrous Hugo. The one person to suffer blame for all of this was Hector Augustus Gaunt. He wished that it were some possible to apologize to Mme. Douste. Her kindly, humorous smile worried him. He felt that he was accepting it altogether with her hospitality under false pretences.

Oh, well—he hunched himself into a more comfortable position and opened the book he had chosen, Ruffino's "Dr. Antonio." He had read it before, several times, but the old-fashioned charm of Lucy and Sir John never ceased to fascinate him. Probably there was not a library in Borthghera without its well-read "Dr. Antonio," yet this particular copy appeared not to have been opened for many years. Some pressed flowers fell out and a little scrap of paper, a note. Gaunt looked at it in a wondering way—a little note in his own hand-writing addressed to "Miss Baliss," asking her to obtain permission to drive to San Remo with him. In these days young girls did not go about so freely with men as now, and again conscience

stabbed him when he remembered that kind-hearted and trusting Mme. Douste had given Jean the permission this note of his prayed for, and they had not only driven to San Remo, but had tea there and gone for a row, and not returned to the villa until after dark. Even then, Mme Douste hadn't scolded. She merely hoped they had had a good time.

Someone came into the drawing-room and opened one of the long windows that led to the marble terrace. The Aeolian harp on the door played a jingling tune, chiming somewhat discordantly with the sound of Hugo's pipe outside.

Gaunt raised himself on one elbow. It was Jean, standing there at the window in a soft white dress, a little shaft of sunlight catching her fair hair and giving it back a touch of the pure gold of youth.

So slender and small she looked; her dress a little old-fashioned, her head drooping forward, displaying the pretty curve at the back of her neck.

Just for a moment Hector Gaunt had a dizzy feeling of having awakened from a long and exceedingly troublesome dream. Could it be possible that he had lived these twenty years in a dream and that he was really still a young man and that girl by the window was Jean Baliss, whom he meant by hook or crook to make his wife?

She took a little handkerchief from her belt and dabbed her eyes. Jean was crying—not violently but rather miserably. She started, as she heard him move, and a smile flashed through her tears when she turned and saw him.

"Oh, Hector, I didn't know you were there!"

"What's the matter, my poor dear? What are you crying about?" he asked a little gruffly.

"I wasn't—well, nothing at all, really. Only life's so very sad, isn't it? I was thinking about Alice and how she must be hating me."

Gaunt laid a comforting hand on her shoulder.

"Never mind. She'll get over it."

"I know. And she's happy. She said she was happy. Nothing else really matters. I ought to be satisfied, and am. But her voice belied her words. She was indeed from being satisfied. She stepped out into the terrace and called down to Hugo. "Hector's here. If you're going to change for dinner you'd better come in."

For a moment it looked as though Hugo had not heard her. He went on playing. But presently, with a disconcerted air, he thrust his pipe into his pocket and, walking to the door, stalked reluctantly towards the house.

"Every day he gets more and more childlike," Jean said to Gaunt. "Have you noticed?"

Gaunt nodded.

"Like a spoiled child," he amended.

"You really ought to have someone to look after him."

"Oh, no—he's quite easy to manage, really."

Hugo trailed in, Tito at his heels.

"Hello!" he grinned at Gaunt, but when he spoke to Jean he was indeed a spoiled child. "Do I have to change? Won't it be enough if I wash my hands and put on a clean collar? What's the use of dressing up? It's only us." His voice was querulous and plaintive.

"Do as you like," Jean said. "Only hurry."

He flew off, delighted at having got his own way.

"Do you give in to him in everything?" Gaunt asked, jealously disapproving.

"Whenever I possibly can," she replied. "You mightn't believe it, but Hugo has a will of iron. He'd wear me out if I tried to oppose him. After all, what does it matter whether he dresses or not? I'm so tired, Hector. Sometimes I think I shall drop down dead through sheer fatigue. Thank Heaven, there are plenty of books in this house! I don't have to stir out, and people have given up coming to see us."

Gaunt showed her "Dr. Antonio" and what he had found pressed between the leaves. Her hands shook as she read the little note of long ago.

"Why, Hector, why—oh, dear!" She mopped her eyes again. "Look—these were from a bunch of violets you gave me! I remember so well—"

"Mme. Douste had a good laugh at me. The garden was full of violets and I brought you these," he said ruefully.

"But I adored them. How terribly in love we were! Everything in this house reminds me of it. Sometimes it seems as though I was back again in those days. Then I hear Hugo playing and—and that sort of kills it. There's a mockery about Hugo's pipe. The other night after he had gone to bed I found it lying here on the terrace, and just for a moment I—came near breaking the thing. But he would only have worried us all hunting for it, and in the end have made another. It amuses him. I'm a beast to complain. Poor Hugo!"

"Poor Hugo" came bounding in, demanding admiration for his clean hands and collar. They had dinner, and he ate ravenously, with an observable lack of nicety, slopping his food and talking steadily, usually with his mouth full.

His conversation was mainly directed at Gaunt and full of childish contentments. Would Hector take him to the flower market to-morrow? Might he drive the little horse? Would Hector help him to select a thin linen suit? When were they going to have that long-promised bathing picnic?

Gaunt found himself agreeing and promising, just as Jean did.

(To be continued.)

NURSES

The Toronto Hospital for Insane, in addition to the Ontario and Allied Hospitals, has a large staff of Nurses, and a Course of Training in young women, leading to the required education, and diploma of becoming nurses. This Hospital has adopted the latest and most approved system of nursing, and the public receive attention of the highest quality. For further information apply to the Superintendent.

Farewell to Summer.

Warm is the sun on the high pasture-lands
Whereon rests the sweet lissome clover;
There's laughter and song where the farm-house stands,
There richest peace and contentment still hover,
Rays of the noon-sun fall burning and glowing
Upon the long hill, near the wild-wood and dell.
A lonely bird sits where the tollers are going—
It carols, "Sweet Summer, sweet Summer, farewell!"

Shrined in my heart are memories tender
Of all-perfect Summer, now folding her wings;
Across the worn threshold, there, falls the old splendor
Of Summer's calm close in the great soul of things,
Nay—but she will not mourn long for ceres—
Nor stay for the thrush-song far down in the dell—
Her spirit is hiding, she feels no distress—
The lonely bird carols, "Sweet Summer, farewell!"

—Charlotte Carson-Talcott.

FLAVORS FROM THE FLOWERS.

In our grandmothers' day many dainty dishes were prepared, the special attraction of which came from her flower garden. Of late years this seems to be a lost art. Seldom indeed do we find a modern housewife who knows the secret of making rose conserve, or a rose geranium cake. The girls of to-day have a fad of making anything popular which found favor in their grandmother's time, so I am giving below some of the recipes and secrets that were used by the quaint maidens of long ago.

Rose Geranium Cake—Do not attempt to favor a dark cake—either fruit or spice—in this way, but choose some delicate white cake, which is very light and feathery. When you butter the pan in which the cake is to be baked, lay three or four rose geranium leaves in the bottom. Pour the batter directly on these, and bake as usual. Let stand for twenty-four hours after baking, and with the leaves still laying on the bottom of the cake, before using, and you will be delighted with the dainty flavor from the leaves, which will have permeated through the whole cake.

Nasturtium—Nasturtium petals, leaves and stems may be used in salads. They are fine in mint salads, and when used in this way, it is preferable to use the leaves and stems in the salad proper, and to use the petals or blossoms as garnishing.

The green seeds are fine to use in mixed pickles, as they give a deliciously spicy taste to the pickles. They may also be chopped and put in salads. When used in cooking of any sort, they should be picked while green, and before they reach maturity.

Courtesy Means Safety.

Courtesy is the essence of safety on the highway. Courtesy is usually the display of good judgment at exacting times.

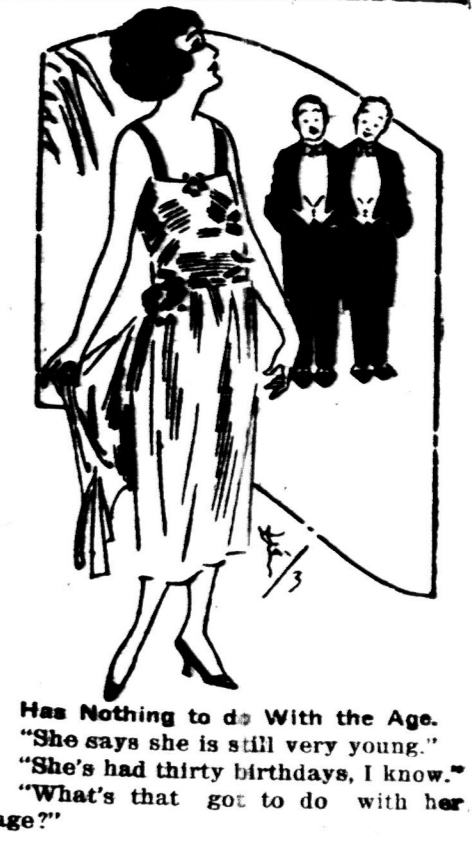
WRIGLEYS

Chew it often every meal

It stimulates appetite and aids digestion. It makes your food digests more good. It keeps your system healthy.

Wholesome tooth, sweet clean breath and invigorating body.

R25



Has Nothing to do With the Age.
"She says she is still very young."
"She's had thirty birthdays, I know."
"What's that got to do with her age?"

For Sore Feet—Minard's Liniment.

Life on Mount Everest.

Animal life. It appears, is to be found on high mountains far beyond plant growth. The highest growing plant that the Mt. Everest expedition of 1924 observed was the blue vetch, at eighteen thousand feet, but animals five at as great a height as twenty-two thousand feet. "A minute and inconspicuous black spider," says a member of the expedition, "hops about on rocky cliffs and hides beneath stones in those bare places that happen to be swept clear of snow by the wind. I cannot think on what it lives at that height. In these altitudes there is no other living thing—nothing but rock and ice. This little spider is worthy of note as being the highest permanent inhabitant of the earth."

Very often the man who complains of hard luck has been having too soft a time.

Rinso

For every wash-day method

RINSO is ideal for any wash-day method you use. You do not have to change any of your usual steps—just use Rinso where you used to use ordinary soap.

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.

Just soaking with this new kind of soap loosens all the dirt until a single rinsing leaves the clothes clean and spotless.

However you do your wash, make it easy by using Rinso.

Rinso is sold by all grocers and department stores

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED
TORONTO

If you use a Washing Machine, soak your clothes in the Rinso suds as usual. In the morning add more Rinso solution and work the machine. Then rinse and dry—you will have a clean sweet snow-white wash.

The wall or vertical. True and of uniform construction, such as interfering with considerable spots, the silage is better sides or walls, parallel, good expected.

The outward fodder during eleven pounds of depth.

At the bottom of the pressure of would be over 30 feet in diameter will have to stand on the lower, 9,430 pounds, or 210 pressures indicate must be strong silos failed to be because they enough to stand

Efficient

FILLING THE

The silo is the efficient course of filling that can be cured and stored cures at least 10 The same quantity would occupy but silo space.

The storage of or corn made fodder, would require 16, costing not same quantity of silage could be costing not to expensive.

The silo has a intensive use of efficiently palatable state to be of forage process, with flowers, mustard and Russian the acceptable ensilage may be made to pose by providing which weed-infested grass, clover and sons too wet for ripening.

During the large portion of grain crop of have been lost the farmers had continued unseasonal sheaves made a veloping about a green top. In originally intended into the silo material as was moisture and ac in quantity sufficient fermentation produced, the crop.

Successful first of all on to which are large amount of air padder. Silo walls will cut of the outside and minimum. Airy silos may be brick, monolithic tile.

Generally silos are cheaper to than the other standing empty they are filled and the hoops and silage perfectly swell sufficiently tight. Silos may if properly constructed.

Silage will be of any kind when air enters, or when air enters at the bottom. Large losses, a few allow sufficient the whole mass. The top of the seal itself through foot of material, crops are used, matured crops can be largely or thoroughly the silage as they are out to age with a lay straw.

Silos less than not give the silos over thirty required in order the mass may be the cut material, content to a desirable extensive fermentation of the silo of any smaller the crop posture. This is it will spoil rapidly.

The modern silos high, and in keeping with requirements, the silo as small in as it is practical silos have the that a better sil there is less surface. Low are easier to fill not pack well and heavily.

The wall or vertical. True and of uniform construction, such as interfering with considerable spots, the silage is better sides or walls, parallel, good expected.

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