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Woman's Interests

YOUR CHILDREN'S BELONGINGS.

The story is often repeated about Johnnie's calf that became Dad's cow, and of Bennie's pig that grew and grew until it was added to the credit side of Dad's account, when it was sold in the fall. These injustices are well worth elucidating upon, but there are others that are equally as serious because the same principle is involved. When mother takes a gift received by one child and gives it to another, the former loses its rights and the latter is conscious of acquiring something without effort. A child has rights! Unless they are respected by parents, the children's impression of their own rights become distorted. Frequently an older child is requested to give a prized plaything to baby to keep it from crying. This is not good for the older child, for she comes to look upon baby as an enemy and will hide her playthings that she may have them as her own. A child's mind is easily influenced and clear ideas of right and wrong can be easily implanted in youth. Later in their life, there will be many things that we will try to teach, and those first impressions will either help or hinder. Even the very small child needs to be taught to respect his brothers' and sisters' toys. If Big Sister lends a toy to Little Three-year-old, she should be taught to be extra careful with that toy because it is borrowed. The best arrangement is for each child to have a place for his own toys, and these are not to be loaned indiscriminately by parents, or molested by brother or sister when the owner is away. It will tend to develop a greater companionship between brother and sister, and create a pride in their possessions. When a child is brought to realize his own rights, he is more ready to respect the rights of his playmates. As early as possible mothers should teach the little ones the true meaning of "mine" and "thine."

AN EASY WAY WITH ICINGSS.

Many an otherwise perfect cake is spoiled by the frosting. To be perfect it must be smooth and creamy with a slightly glazed surface. I used to dread this part of cake baking. Boiled icings were tedious and results uncertain. Finally I succeeded in making an icing that is delicious and simple. Plain icing—To make this use one and a half cupfuls of XXXX sugar—be sure it is XXXX, as powdered sugar is grainy and will crack when it hardens; one scant tablespoonful of butter and four tablespoonfuls of sweet cream. Sift the sugar and add gradually to the cream until all is blended. Set the bowl over boiling water, add butter and stir until you have a creamy icing with all the ingredients thoroughly blended. Add one teaspoonful of vanilla just before taking from the stove, and beat gently until it has cooled a little, when it is ready to spread on the cake. This may be kept three or four days in the refrigerator. When ready to use just set bowl over boiling water.

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connection you can buy
—and it's a help to digestion and a cleanser
for the mouth
and teeth.
Wrigley's mints
benefit as well as
please.

again to soften. This icing may be varied in many ways.

For chocolate icing add one tablespoonful of cocoa or chocolate. For nut icing add a quarter cupful of shredded nuts. For orange icing substitute orange juice for cream and one teaspoonful of lemon juice for vanilla. If juice is allowed to stand on grated rind for an hour it has a better flavor. Strain before using. Yellow vegetable coloring may be used to secure rich color. For pineapple icing substitute juice for cream and add two tablespoonfuls of grated pineapple. For Mocha icing substitute strong coffee for the cream, omit vanilla and add one teaspoonful of cocoa. If filling as well as icing is wanted recipe should be doubled. Plain icing may be colored by using vegetable colors.

SAVE A HALF BUSHEL OF WORK.

One farm woman has discovered a way of saving her dishes and a half bushel of work three times a day. Dishwashing for her is no longer a tedious process, but a mere incident in the busy day. On a table near the sink she keeps a half bushel basket, into which she sets the dishes, edge-wise, as soon as they are washed and given a shower of boiling water. This basket is set in a pan to catch any surplus water. Then she forgets about them until the next meal, when they are ready to be pressed into service again. The heat will dry them without the aid of a dish towel and they will be brighter and cleaner than when wiped, to say nothing of the big saving of valuable time. Breakage is reduced to a minimum by using this method, and nicking is also avoided. There are no tea towels to wash after the dishes are done. This particular housewife finds it an additional saving of time to let the dishes in general use simply remain in the basket until next meal instead of putting them away in the cupboard. After they have stood a few minutes she throws a light cloth over the basket to keep out dust.

NO WASTE IN WATERMELONS.

It is said that in the packing companies the waste of animal products is reduced to a minimum, that every part is preserved or made into a by-product, except the squeal! Perhaps if a watermelon had a squeal that also would be the only waste. The rosy pink centre of the melon is a tempting stimulant to the appetite and the seeds are dried for planting the following season. But don't throw away the rind. Cut it from the melon before serving, and pare the green outside rind off, and trim out any of the pink portion. There should be left only the hard, greenish white, indigestible portions. Trim these strips into thin pieces about three inches long and less than a quarter of an inch thick. Drop into salted water, and let stand over night. In the morning drain and rinse. Have ready a syrup made as follows: Take one pint of vinegar, one pint and a half of water, one cupful of brown sugar, and one cupful of white sugar. Have a bag of clean muslin containing a couple of broken sticks of cinnamon and a couple of dozen cloves. Boil the syrup ten minutes. Then drop in the pieces of watermelon rind. Cook until they are transparent and can be pierced easily with a fork. Can while hot, using pint or half-pint cans. Fill with the pieces and pour the liquid over hot. Seal at once. Do not put the spice bag in. If this does not use up all of the syrup, set it aside until there are more watermelon rinds to do, and add it to the next batch. Some prefer tying the ground cinnamon and ground cloves in a muslin bag. If you do this, use two teaspoonfuls of cinnamon and a quarter of a teaspoonful of cloves for the spice bag. It may be used several times. A very little of the powdered spice will escape, but not much, and the flavor is a bit more pronounced than when whole spice is used.—W.

When a man walks a mile he takes an average of 2,263 steps, but when he rides a bicycle with an average gear he covers a mile with an equivalent of only 627 steps.
Wigmore's Liniment Heals Cuts.

"When Hearts Command"
By ELIZABETH YORK MILLER
*"When hearts command,
From minds the eager counsellings depart."*

CHAPTER XXXIV.—(Cont'd.)

After dinner they had some music, supplied by Hugo and Tito. The little dog's singing delighted Hugo, but it got on Jean's nerves so that she could scarcely force herself to sit still. Sometimes it seemed as though Hugo tried purposely to plague her. She sat in a dim corner with her clenched hands hidden in the folds of her skirt, and every time Tito let out one of his soulful howls, her lips drew together in a painful tension, and a little nerve stabbed like the prick of a hot needle. Finally, the moment came when she could not bear it any longer.

"It's your bedtime," she said to Hugo. He got up from the piano, the light of foolish pleasure wiped suddenly from his face. "I don't want to go to bed," he said stubbornly. "When?" "Because Jean tells you to," Gaunt replied. He realized what poor Jean was suffering. "Either go to bed or shut out that howling hound." Hugo bent down and patted Tito's head.

"Tito likes to sing," he said. "Well, we don't like to hear him—not for hours on end." "I'll not stay where I'm not wanted. Come along, Tito—poor old fellow! He don't like us. Come along, Tito." At the door he hesitated a moment as though hoping or expecting to be called back, but nobody said anything, so he went on out, banging the door sharply behind him, and setting the Aeolian harp to jangling horribly. Jean "moped up and running across the room laid her hands on the harp, quelling its hysterical melody. For a moment Gaunt thought she was running after Hugo, then she laughed gently.

"Poor Jean! You've had all the music you can stand," he said. "She smiled in an apologetic way. "I ought to be ashamed of myself. But towards the end of the day there comes a time when I honestly cannot stand it another second. Sometimes I think that Hugo is trying to drive me mad. I can't see that he's mad himself—only childish—but there's a sort of deadly purpose about him. He's fond of me, he clings to me pathetically, but also he likes to torment me." "Well, he's gone to bed now," Gaunt said. "I'd like a cigar. Shall we go out into the garden for a little while? It's as light as day and cooler now."

Jean hesitated, then with a little gesture of resignation gave consent. "If you'll try not to remind me—of things," she said. Gaunt did not reply. He might not remind her of things in so many words, but she would be reminded in spite of herself. Hugo did not take his dismissal quite so meekly as it appeared. He went upstairs to his room and even undressed. He had the best bedroom with the biggest balcony, and on the balcony there was a little box lined with a strip of old blanket where Tito slept on clear nights. Tito went immediately to his box and curled up, but when he discovered that this inadequate new quarters of his was not following suit in kind he got up again and sniffed inquiringly at Hugo's legs.

Hugo bade him sternly to get back where he belonged, and with a disgusted snort the little dog obeyed. Hugo robed himself in his pajamas and over them put on a light silk dressing gown which was a recent acquisition to his wardrobe. Then he put on his hat, still decorated with a wilting wreath of flowers, and his bedroom slippers. The bed-head pipe was slipped into a pocket of the dressing-gown. Half regretfully he peered out at Tito, who unclosed a reproachful but sleepy eye at him. "You stay where you are," Hugo said again in a stern whisper. "You can't be trusted to keep quiet. Don't you move or stir."

Tito replied with a sneeze, and Hugo shut the door on him, thus ensuring obedience. Then Hugo tip-toed out into the corridor. It was rather a mediaeval picture he surveyed—the long sweep of marble staircase with its wrought-iron and copper balustrade, the tapestries clothing the stone walls, lights gleaming dimly from the pierced lanterns, old painted Venetian marriage chests ranged along the passage beneath windows of exquisite stained glass.

Hugo listened attentively, then continued his progress with extreme caution. Fortunately, the marble stairs could not crack. Not a sound anywhere, until somewhere in the kitchen quarters a door slammed, which startled him very much and set his heart to beating frantically. When he had recovered from this little fright he went on down the stairs and stopped at the door of the drawing-room, for the first time regretting the Aeolian harp which decorated its inner side. No matter how

softly he might push open that door the harp would betray him. But there was another door leading from the dining-room and that had no harp. So he slipped like a grotesque ghost through the dining-room and discovered the other door: to be open. No one was in the drawing-room at all. Just as he had half suspected. They had gone out into the garden—into his garden. It is difficult to say whether at the moment poor, mad Hugo was jealous of Jean or of Gaunt or of the garden. Anyway, he was being left out of something, and that hurt his feelings and roused the malicious side of his nature.

The long window to the terrace stood open and Hugo slipped quietly through and down the flight of steps into the garden. His fingers itched for his pipe, but he dared not put it to his lips. One note, and they would know he was here. It was going to be a sort of game of hide-and-seek. Only Hector and Jean did not know he was on their trail. How surprised they would be—though perhaps not pleased. So few people could take a joke. It had been just the same in that Place—nobody had ever appreciated Hugo's jokes. He had never met anyone whom he considered to possess a real sense of humor.

From shadow to shadow he slipped noiselessly, using the thick trunks of the palm trees for temporary bases. Scouting thus, he worked in a zigzag fashion to the path by the big pool. A low, intermittent murmur of voices guided him, and although he smiled to himself for his mischievous prank, he was also a little angry. His pool—not to his lips. One note, and they would know he was here. It was going to be a sort of game of hide-and-seek. Only Hector and Jean did not know he was on their trail. How surprised they would be—though perhaps not pleased. So few people could take a joke. It had been just the same in that Place—nobody had ever appreciated Hugo's jokes. He had never met anyone whom he considered to possess a real sense of humor.

But, on the whole, amusement supervened. They never guessed he was here, within a few steps of them. The massive trunk of the palm made ample protection for his meagre little body. His footsteps had been no heavier than the fall of leaves. He reached for his pipe, a gloriously sweet melody singing in his head, for which he longed to find expression. With the pipe at his lips, he ventured a peep around the corner of the tree. Jean was sitting on the rim of the pool, a soft, white blur in the moonlight. Hector Gaunt moved about a little restlessly on the gravel path, the glowing tip of his cigar fascinating the watcher behind the palm.

Hugo's thin chest heaved with a sigh of deep and envious admiration. What a man Hector Gaunt was—a real giant. Hugo wished that he himself had been half such a man. Gaunt turned and stood beside Jean, talking earnestly. "I know," she said in reply. "I know everything you can tell me by heart. Haven't I thought it all out, Hector? Why, some nights I don't sleep at all. I just lie there thinking all the time, until my head nearly bursts. I only wanted Alice to be happy, and she is happy. There are some things a girl could never forgive her mother, and Alice is such a queer little thing. It's bad enough for her believing that Hugo is her father, but what would happen if we told her the truth. I can't guess. Besides, it's impossible to count on Hugo. As likely as not he'll persist in this attitude of his. What then? Mme. Douste is dead, although even she hadn't the faintest notion of the truth."

"You stay where you are," Hugo said again in a stern whisper. "You can't be trusted to keep quiet. Don't you move or stir."

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Booril
puts the "goodness"
into the steupan!

Hugo, behind the palm tree, slipped his pipe into his pocket. His thin, sharp-featured face took on an expression of serious attention. Gaunt abstractedly threw his cigar into the pool, and Hugo longed to reprimand him. Did he want to poison the gold-fish? "Oh, Jean—Jean! Why did you do it?"

The big man held out his arms to the soft white blur that was Jean, and with a smothered little cry she allowed herself to be enfolded. "I don't know. I've told you, Hector. I was frightened, and poor Hugo was so kind. I didn't realize—She began to sob against his breast. "There, there! I didn't mean to upset you. My dear—my dear! I love you so much. I don't want to make it any harder. Yes, the poor little chap was kind enough. Hugo's got a heart of gold, really—if one takes him the right way. It's all over and done with. How many times I've said that. Good-night, Jean dear. I'm going now."

"Good-night. Oh, Hector, if only—if only—" "I know. But we can't help it now. You're so brave, my dear." They walked up through the rose arbour to the house, and presently a swift determined step going down the driveway told Hugo that Gaunt had departed. (To be continued.)

Do not take all the mother cat's kittens from her. Leave her a male till she tires of it. She suffers physically and mentally when they all go, and one can always find a home for a male kitten.

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Serious Deficit in Wheat Harvest of France.
The French will be condemned to eat bread made with coarse flour as a result of the wheat shortage this year, which is expected to represent a deficit of more than 20,000,000 pounds. The prefects of all departments have been instructed by the Government to watch against any attempt to corner wheat, while the millers have been ordered to grind coarser flour so as to avoid waste of grain.

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Animals in the
Our mediaeval animal vast number of domestic amusement, birds, in hounds, especially, Thomas in the Animal Dogs were fed their and ladies fed their dutifully. Cats are more come across so often dogs. But this does mean that cats were that wonderful collection manuscripts in the may be seen many animals. In one is a lace party; another, a scene; and others show pet dog in her arms in rooms, etc. One is a chamberlain of a lord's chamber when a rest. It would seem and dogs were allowed the daytime.

Readers of Chatter that when the Friar man, he found a cat of side him; while among down in an old book this period, is one of the manners forbid the str or dog while "sitting hall." People also make reils, and even monkey.

The training of animals has been practised for centuries. It was done Ages, and unfortunately tried on. On holidays, strolling minstrels and went to exhibit dance monkeys playing on thirteenth century vi de Honcourt, tells time the lion tamer was call in the assistance. "When he would faint anything," we read, "him to do it, and if th then he beareth the dog lion mischievously him seeth the dogs beaten.

The Maritime p Bungalow Camp on the Federation at Victoria. Miss Isabel Mart, a. Hall row, Miss Susan Archib Hall, Max.

R
CO
Pure!

HEA
On...
Chamberlain's...

Physical defects the normal growth of the young are long school children must be given early care. Many of them consequences later ill-health and even How are these defects? One way is through Public Health Nurses. It is now becoming fact that public health nurses are urgently needed in record of examination in one community actual condition as sent throughout the is one report made In a total of 592 aimed during the there were 1,106 of the nurse, the percentage hearing, dental defec trition cases being Several extreme cases were found; two were examined by who advised amissi

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