

The Delicious Flavor

"SALADA" GREEN TEA

has won it millions of users. Finer than any Japan, Gunpowder or Young Hyson. Ask for SALADA.

Luella's Husband

PART II.

Warren wiped the perspiration from his forehead and smiled at her. "Not after the time I've just had. If I should run off again—"

"You wouldn't, Warren."

"Might, though. Gosh, I'm hot! That was the hardest work I've done in a month. I've been intending to fill this in for a good while now."

"I'll bet you have," snapped Luella. "You're always behind, and see what it does for you."

He pursed his lips and nodded ruefully. "Yes, I ought to have done it before. I wouldn't think of taking that car out again, after the time I had, until—about a couple more wheelbarrows."

"Warren," she pounced at him, "don't be silly. We can't have that money in the house overnight. You ought to have insisted on a cheque."

"I couldn't, honey. Mr. Smith didn't have a checking account. He drew this out of the savings. Of course he might have got a bank cheque, but I guess the greenbacks looked good to him."

"They don't look good to me," declared Luella. "And the worst of it is that people know about the sale, and it may easily be that somebody knows you were paid in cash. What if somebody's watching you and waiting. Oh, if we should lose it!"

"We won't lose it." He lifted the handles of his wheelbarrow. "I've got it right with me this minute, and I'll get it in the bank—honest, Luella—if I can. But I'll have to get a couple more loads of gravel. I've been intending to do this for a good while, and I can't let it go any longer."

Luella went back into the house. And there is not room in a short narrative for the feelings that she took with her.

There was no chance of Warren's getting to the bank. And she could not drive the car.

In spite of the fact that it was after three when Warren finished with the gravel, he was entirely unruffled, evidently believing that his actions had been inevitable.

Presently she saw Mr. Sherman, a neighbor, come into the yard, and then he and Warren went off together.

When Warren came into dinner she was more actively on his trail than ever. After the meal she closed in on a few trifles.

"Did you report that the telephone is out of order?"

"No, I didn't, Luella. I intended to when I was over at Sherman's, but we were so busy working on his flagpole—we didn't get the supports right yesterday—that I didn't keep it in mind."

"It's very inconvenient not being able to get anybody," Luella epitomized with a tragic lift of her chin. One or two trials may be good calisthenics for the soul, but ten years filled with them may induce flabbiness in one's outlook.

"I suppose I can get along without the telephone for a day or two," she went on, with a martyred air, "but if you don't fix that faucet in the laundry—"

"I will fix it," interrupted Warren with disarming sweetness. "I'll do it right now. I've been intending to get

at it ever since you spoke about it, but I've been so busy!"

He opened the laundry door.

"Now be careful of everything," warned Luella, for she was in that dark mood in which it is hard to believe that things can come out right. "Perhaps I'd better take down the bottle of bluing."

"Now, pshaw, honey! Think I'm going to act like a windmill?"

"I've just moved my keg of soft soap onto that shelf under the windows," continued Luella. "I use it every time I wash, and it's more handy—"

"I shan't hit it," reassured Warren cheerfully. "But I wish you'd buy all your soap, Luella."

"Well, I shan't. Somebody's got to look out for the little things. I can't prevent things wearing out, but I can save a bit now and then."

"I shan't hit it," he repeated.

He turned off the water and took off the faucet. Then he went out to the garage.

"I can't find another washer," he told Luella when he returned, and his round eyes. "I had an idea there was one left. I intended to get some more wood, but I forgot it."

Luella drew a breath that would have been pleasing in a physical culture exhibition, but she didn't say anything. It wasn't necessary after a breath like that.

"I think I can fix it pretty good for the time being," Warren went on, undisturbed. He put the old washer back, and finding that the faucet leaked when he turned the water into the house main, he gave it several expert blows with the hammer.

"That's just about stopped her," he announced triumphantly. "She'll be all right now if you don't turn her on, and to-morrow I'll get—"

This sentence was cut into by hurried steps across the back porch. It was a friend who lived on a farm five miles away.

"Couldn't get you on the phone," he panted. "Said your line was busy all the time. One of my best horses is sick. I want you to come right over, do with horses. Don't stop for anything. I'm afraid I'll lose him. I've got the vet there, but he isn't making any headway."

Warren dropped his tools and started for the door.

"Wait!" cried Luella tensely. "Are you going to take—that—with you?" she gasped with dramatic reticence.

Warren turned and blinked at her.

"Had you rather I'd leave it?"

"I shan't like it either way. But you might be held up. Yes, leave it." He drew the bulging bill fold out of his pocket and handed it to her.

"I'll be back before long. Don't worry."

It was almost dark. She locked all the doors and fastened all the windows on the lower floor; then went up to her own room. She locked herself in and opened the bill fold. There were twelve hundred-dollar bills.

"I don't know why I'm so afraid we'll lose this money," she said to herself. "I suppose it's because Warren's so careless."

She transferred the bill fold to a dresser drawer under a pair of silk hose, and sat down to read—one eye on her book, the other on the dresser.

It got to be ten o'clock, her bedtime. No Warren! . . . The dresser wouldn't do, either. People always put things in the dresser. She took out the bill fold and, tiptoeing into the dark hall, slipped it behind the runner on the stairs next to one of the uprights. Then she undressed and got into bed. She was feverish with fear and started at imaginary sounds.

Eleven o'clock! Twelve! Warren hadn't come. He had no right to leave her alone like this. She threw on her bathrobe, stole into the hall, and brought the bill fold back with her. She put it on one of the slats of her bed.

After a while she dozed; then awakened at a slight sound. She sat up in bed. The sound was continuous. It was in the water pipes. Ah, she knew now. That washer had given way. Warren had weakened it. The water was running full tilt in the laundry tub.

She pressed her lips and hardened her heart. Let it run. It wasn't her fault.

She got up, put the bill fold into the pocket of her bathrobe, put on the bathrobe and got into bed again. Then she finally closed off once more.

She sprang wide awake and sat up in bed, her eyes boring into the dark, her heart pounding. Downstairs something had fallen. Then it came to her. She had forgotten to put the cat out; she had forgotten to put the dish of chicken in the cooler. Teddy had worked the dish to the edge of the table and it had fallen to the floor.

Her mind wholly on domestic matters, she crept downstairs and switched on the kitchen light. Teddy's green eyes looked at her reproachfully from the table.

In her dismay at finding the chicken raided, Luella did not immediately consider that the dish was still on the table. Her thoughts were diverted by a stream of water rising under the laundry door.

A man was sprawling on the floor. A crude mask partially covered his face. Around him eided a strange fluid mixture of soft soap and water.

It was apparent that the man had come through the sliding windows and in lowering himself had struck the shelf and overturned the keg of soft soap. His feet had landed in one of the most slippery messes it is possible to put together. He had floundered and fallen, hitting his head against the iron support of the tubs. He was just regaining consciousness.

Luella was stunned. Of course he was a burglar, but also he was injured. Should she telephone the police in Eastwood? Well, no, she couldn't because the line was out of order. Should she help him up? But if she did—

(To be concluded.)

THE NEIGHBORHOOD DINNER.

As a quick means of making money for some public undertaking such as a school library, a talking-machine for the school or some other special project, there is nothing easier than the neighborhood dinner. It can be given at any time except during the coldest weather, and does not cost any one any great amount of money.

The plan is simple. Four or five or more conveniently-located farmhouses on the main road are chosen and in each of these houses dinner is served to 20, 30 or 40 guests, depending upon the size of the dining-room, the number of guests to be expected, the help-homes are not open to the public that the food and dishes, and each group is eager to make its quota.

Each group plans to make \$20 or more. A big wholesome and tasty country dinner (usually a chicken dinner) is served. The price is anywhere from 35 to 75c, depending on the menu. Chicken and gravy, mashed potatoes, one or two additional vegetables, pie, cake and home-made bread and butter are served. Jelly, jam, cottage-cheese, pickles and celery, fruit, or anything in season, can be added. The group often provides some articles of food for sale, such as cottage cheese, kraut, fresh sausage, pickles, fruit, vegetables, or other things sought by town people.

The dinner depends upon the town for patronage, and in some places is made an annual affair. It promotes good feeling, gives the merchants a chance to get better acquainted with their patrons, provides funds for a worthy cause, and promotes sociability between town and country folks.

—H. R.

When making apple dumplings, wash the apples before peeling, and put peelings and cores into a saucepan to cook ten minutes. When making the dumplings pour this water over them instead of clear water. It gives them a more delicious flavor.

Wet the knife with cold water when cutting a meringue pie and the meringue will not stick.

Heat a small quantity of vinegar in a dish and all odor of onions or fish is removed.

In the course of the scriptural span of life (three score and ten) it has been estimated that man spends fully three years in eating.

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.

Too much preoccupation with yourself is bad for you. Do not give all your time to introspection or spend too much of it in looking into the mirror.

For Sore Feet—Minard's Liniment.

"DIAMOND DYES" COLOR THINGS NEW



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For Sore Feet—Minard's Liniment.



Smart and Effective Model, Quickly Made

It may be made into an elaborate costume slip for the best dress or into a petticoat; trimmed in such a variety of ways. Front of this garment is cut in one piece, slashed in and gathered at sides to give the necessary fullness; back is cut through at the waist with the gathered skirt attached. The small back view shows the garment with round neck and shoulder straps, also the bottom scalloped and buttonhole-stitched. The front view gives another suggestion, the same model cut straight across below the arms in canvas style, straps of ribbon or lace attached and daintily finished with hemstitching and lace edging. Girls' semifitted princess petticoat No. 1017 cut in sizes 6 to 14 years. Size 12 requires 2 yards material 36 inches wide.

GREAT INCREASE IN TEA CONSUMPTION

The consumption of tea, it is estimated, increased in 1924 thirty-nine million pounds. The price, as a result, may go to \$1.00 per pound, but even then, tea is the cheapest beverage in the world—askle from water.

Home for the Soul.

Make yourselves nests of pleasant thoughts. None of us yet know, for none of us have been taught in early youth, what fairy palaces we may build of beautiful thoughts—proof against all adversity. Bright fancies, satisfied memories, noble histories, faithful sayings, treasure-houses of precious and restful thoughts, which care cannot disturb, nor pain make gloomy, nor poverty take away from us—houses built without hands for our souls to live in.—Ruskin.

"Stone Fish."

Although only 10 inches long the "stone fish" of the tropics is one of the most deadly and poisonous denizens of the sea.

Minard's Liniment Fine for the Hair.

True loyalty cannot be bought with money—nor sold. It is earned by friendship and a square deal and retained by fairness to—by—and of all concerned.

Have your Dealer Write us

If it happens there is no Marconi Agency in your town have your dealer write us. We want you to have a demonstration in your own home of the Marconiophone, master radio receiver. This can be arranged through your local dealer. Also send your name for free radio booklet "PD."

The Marconi Wireless Tel. Co. of Can., Ltd. Montreal, Halifax, Toronto, Vancouver, St. John's, Nfld.



"I'm always so proud of my snowy bed-linen—"

says Mrs. Experience



"When guests come, especially! My sheets and pillow cases are so snowy-white, and have that fresh, sweet smell of perfect cleanliness."

"And I change them often, too, because they're really easy to wash—the way I wash them—with Sunlight Soap."

"The pure Sunlight suds quickly search the dirt right out, and leave every single thread sweet and clean. Only a light rubbing may perhaps be necessary at times. Then a good rinse and everything is as spotlessly white as your heart could wish."

"For clothes, dishes and general housework I always use Sunlight. Every bit of Sunlight is pure, cleansing soap, and so it is really economical—and my, how it does clean! Sunlight is so easy on the hands, too!" Lever Brothers Limited, the largest soap firm in the world, make Sunlight.

Sunlight Soap

Eclipses as far back as 1207 B.C. are recorded at Oxford University Observatory. In the same huge book are predictions concerning future eclipses as far ahead as the year A.D. 2163.

"Here lies for you an inestimable to any food that contains vitamins. It is that lacks these vitamins has come to a very complete for one often bears in certain localities brought up on

For depression after illness—drink Bovril



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The security afforded by the Province of Ontario Savings Office, together with the facilities extended by every Post Office in Canada and other countries, make it possible for everyone to deposit their savings in this institution. Interest is allowed, compounded half-yearly, with full checking privileges.

The confidence the rural communities have shown in this Savings Office is indicated by the large increase in deposits, which are now over \$20,000,000.

All deposits are secured by the entire resources of the Province of Ontario.

Remittances should be made by Post Office money order, bank cheque, express order or registered letter, and should be addressed to your nearest Branch, where they will receive prompt attention.

Province of Ontario Savings Office

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Other Branches at: Hamilton, Brantford, Guelph, St. Catharines, Woodstock, Walkerton, St. Mary's, Owen Sound, Newmarket and Ayrton.

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"after every meal"

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Give them Wrigley's! It removes food particles from the teeth. Strengthens the gums. Combats acid mouth.

Refreshing and beneficial!



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