None Better "SALADA" H462

GREEN TEA

is the finest uncolored green tea procurable in the world.

Superior to the best Japans. — Try it.

Woman's Sphere

[illegible]R CHILDREN IN [illegible]KS.

[illegible]go I drifted into one [illegible]ok stores in a big city. [illegible]tion was immediately drawn [illegible] number of people crowding around a certain department. Instinct told me there must be a bargain, and a woman's inclination toward bargains led me directly to that part of the store.

This large book store was promoting a sale of children's books. The eagerness and thoughtfulness with which these mothers, and I grant also grandmothers and aunts, were selecting books to develop along constructive channels the minds of the children in which they were interested, were entertaining.

I paused at one of the counters with more than ordinary interest in the situation. One prospective customer, drawing upon the opinion of a kindly saleslady, said, "I want a book that is easy for a ten-year-old girl to read."

This mother undoubtedly did not make this specification because she was afraid of giving the child something hard to do; but rather to instill in her youthful mind that reading is a pleasure.

It is essential also, that the books we select for children be interesting to them, as well as easy to read. Stories within the child's sphere of experience in life are most appreciated and leave their impression. Stories of imaginative happenings and unusual incidents are always entertaining and have their part in developing the imaginative nature of the child.

Mother and father may do much to lead the little folks to love the right kind of books. One mother recently told me of her experience in developing the reading habit in her young son. "His father and I often read the books he reads," she said, "so we can discuss it with him afterward. In some stories we try to see who can find the most hidden lessons. If we have other books that will help him to understand more thoroughly the one he is reading, we leave them lying on the library table where they will be sure to catch his eye. When he finds something himself, that connects up with what he has previously read in a story, it is much more interesting to him than as if we called his attention to it."

In working with children I have found that dramatizing certain scenes or a part of the story impresses the lesson upon the young mind almost indelibly. Months afterward the child will give voluntary reference to the story.

The child's mind is easily molded, and molding in the early days has a lasting effect upon the mature life of the child. If the child can be led to develop the reading habit as a pleasure, concentration in his later school work comes easily. Wise is the parent who sees to it that their children read the right kind of books, and plenty of them. The right reading habit developed in a child will cling to him when his school days are memories.

TWO RECIPES.

Home-Made Crackers: A good substitute for machine-made crackers can be made thus: Put into a bowl one quart of flour, one teaspoonful of salt and a quarter of a pound of butter. Rub flour and butter together, add water gradually until the flour is just moistened. Work and knead until the dough is a smooth, elastic paste; then pound with a wooden mallet for at least ten minutes, until the dough is full of bubbles. Roll out, cut in squares, prick with a fork, place on slightly greased pans and bake. If the dough is run through a food-chopper eight or ten times it will be quite as light as if it had been beaten.

Maple Tarts provide a timely dessert. They require one cupful of maple syrup, one tablespoonful of corn-starch dissolved in one-quarter cupful of cold water, one egg, two tablespoonfuls of butter, one-half teaspoonful of vanilla.

Heat the syrup. Add the corn-starch (dissolved in cold water) and the beaten egg; cook until clear. Add the butter and vanilla and beat well. Line individual baking tins with plain pastry and bake until straw color. Fill with maple mixture, cover with maple meringue and brown in a slow oven. Maple meringue is made thus: Beat the white of an egg until dry and stiff. Add three tablespoonfuls of maple syrup. Beat well and use at once.

A POPULAR PLAY SUIT.

4656. Pongee, linen, wool rep, jersey and gingham would be good for this model. The sleeve may be finished short, or in wrist length. The closing is comfortable and convenient.

This pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 3, 4, 5, and 6 years. A 4-year size requires 3⅜ yards of 27-inch material.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver, by the Wilson Publishing Co., 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto. Allow two weeks for receipt of pattern.

A PRAYER FOR THE KITCHEN WALL.

My labor makes me glad!
May I have eyes to see
Beauty in this plain room
Where I am called to be:
The scent of clear blue smoke,
The old pans polished bright,
The kettle's chuckling joke,
The red flame's lovely light.
May I have wit to take
The joy that round me lies.
Whether I brew or bake,
My labor make me wise!

My labor leave me sweet!
When twilight folds the earth,
May I have grace to smile
And count the day's good worth.
An old song in my soul
And quiet in my breast,
To welcome tranquilly
The night's old gift of rest,
And gather strength to face
To-morrow's busy strife.
Here in this humble place,
My labor bless my life!

—Nancy Byrd Turner.

MONEY IS NOT THE ONLY THING TO BE SAVED.

Health education, proper associations and surroundings for growing children; time saved from drudgery to be invested in something more worth while (such as care of the minds of one's children as well as their bodies)—all these things must be considered in regard to saving money.

The woman who sells her birthright of sound nerves, good temper and a gracious home atmosphere for fancifully decorated or contrived foods and elaborate furnishings that need much care is not being thrifty. Nor is she being truly economical if she fails to invest money in wholesome foods that mean a life of vigor to growing children; or in household tools and appliances that, once bought, mean hours of time and strength saved.

You must first have a proper sense of values; know what is most important to fundamental happiness, and go after it. Buy the cloth of life before you spend money for its fringes!

Being thrifty isn't stingy. It doesn't mean endless going without. It means getting the most for your money. Try budgeting, which means only wise and deliberate expenditure; sailing up the financial stream with your hand on the helm instead of just drifting down it.—A. L. P.

A DOORSTOP GIFT.

A unique all-year-round gift, easily made, always appropriate and appreciated because of its usefulness, is a sand-filled doorstop. This may be made at practically no expense from bits of velvet, gay pieces of cretonne or other firm material that may be languishing in your sewing basket or odds-and-ends box. Cut two pieces of material, ten inches square, and stitch together, right sides out, leaving one edge open. Four inches from the stitched edges and parallel with these, place a firm row of machine stitching. Fill the outer openings thus made with clean sand. Stitch up this edge and bind all around with a braid of contrasting color. When using this attractive doorstop, insert the flat portion under the open door, which will then remain open at the desired angle, slamproof against sudden gusts of wind.

PAINLESS IRONING.

I detest ironing sheets, but I have found a way to iron them painlessly. I put a partly folded sheet over the ironing board, then iron the small pieces—towels, handkerchiefs and napkins—on the sheet. By moving the sheet occasionally so that I iron on a new place, the sheet is soon ready to fold and put away.—E. M.

WRIGLEY'S

Chew it after every meal

It stimulates appetite and aids digestion. It makes your food do you more good. Note how it relieves that stuffy feeling after hearty eating.

Whitens teeth, sweetens breath and it's the goody that L-a-s-t-s.

SEALED in its Purity Package

ISSUE No. 13—'24.

The Heavenly Foolishness

The Hospital Babies Did Not Think It Foolishness and They Ought to Know.

BY ISABELLA GRIFFITH FLECK.

PART I.

There is, in this world, an occasional gay, care-free individual who turns toward joyousness as the tide runs to meet the moon.

Such a one was Cynthia Streeter.

For three years the stern, dignified hand of hospital authority had striven to form her into the "perfect" nurse: a silent, reliable, self-controlled individual but her voice still retained its lilt-like quality and no matter how determinedly the still little cap might have been pinned into place at seven a.m., by noon it jauntily reposed over one ear. Then too there was the matter of rules that she should not have disregarded and charting that she left undone that she should have done.

It was near Christmas time that news concerning a marvelous new Superintendent who was to supervise the work of the entire hospital, nurses included, began to be whispered around. The change was to be made in the spring. It seemed that one of the things he insisted upon before accepting the position was that a graduate nurse be put in charge of each ward, so that the pupil nurses would be free to give more time to study. The Staff acquiesced because James A. Thornton's record inspired faith.

"Goodie!" Cynthia cried gaily when she heard it. "I graduate in June. Immediately I shall become a politician, pull wires to be assigned to the Children's Ward. Possession is nine-tenths of the law. So, when the new 'Supe' arrives he will gaze upon my alert, dignified, upstanding five feet five inches then glance around the immaculate ward, and remark 'Why make a change?' Just like that, I shall have the job! I don't want to 'special.' To tell the truth, I should die of fright if I were left without a doctor in a house with a typhoid patient. The Children's Ward for me."

"Why pick on the children?" her roommate asked.

"They haven't long hair, false teeth or nerves," she answered blandly. "And they adore ice cream and fairies. Oh, children are fine fun."

On the second Tuesday in June Cynthia sat at the record table and with a little pucker between her big brown eyes, surveyed her small domain. The ward was brilliantly clean and festive; the twenty small iron beds standing in single file, ten on each side, were in fresh white for the day; the rows of bottles showing through the glass doors of the medicine closet were newly labeled; and even the eastern sun contributed to the scene, making scintillating pools of light on the polished floor.

"Penny for your thoughts," said the Junior Surgical Interne.

"All dressed up and no one to see." Cynthia indicated the ward with a nod of her gay little head. "The Commencement is to-morrow at ten, so this is my last day on duty. And the new 'Supe' will not arrive until this evening."

"Too bad," consoled the Junior Surgical. He had been told of Cynthia's plan to make a professional hit.

"I should worry," Cynthia answered cheerfully.

The Junior Surgical looked at her with adoring young eyes. He liked the sporting way she took things, even things that he suspected hurt. "What will you do about it?"

"Maybe I'll vamp him at the dance to-night, or maybe I'll wait until to-morrow, when, looking like a gentle ministering angel in my white uniform and Florence Nightingale cap, I'll turn the trick."

Suddenly the Junior Surgical straightened and reaching for the order book wrote hurriedly: *Jimmy Getterman—weight to leg continuous.* And below that: *May I have the first dance?*

Then with an impersonal glance over the ward, including the nurse's gay little cap and the Probationer serving the mid-morning nourishments, he walked out.

The Head Nurse was passing the open door. Discourse between a nurse and an interne is supposed to be limited to things purely professional.

Cynthia carefully rubbed the six last words from the order book. There was a humorous lift to her mouth. That made five engagements for the first dance. It wasn't her fault that not a single one had waited for her answer. First there, first served.

Having disposed of the dance order, Cynthia smiled at the Probationer, who was standing at attention exactly five feet away.

"Jimmy refuses to take his nourishment until Pixie, Nixie, and Trixie are summoned," the Probationer announced. There was not a suggestion of a smile in her severe, disapproving countenance.

Cynthia barely suppressed a giggle. Evidently the Probationer did not approve of her innocent little fairies. In fact, she had a sneaking idea that the Probationer didn't approve of her either. She was a nice old thing just the same, even if she was so painfully proper.

"I'll attend to Pixie and Nixie and Trixie, while you finish the diets." Cynthia twinkled as she spoke.

As she stepped gaily down the ward, tossing a word here and a smile there, the bored little sufferers grinned delightedly. They adored this slim, jolly nurse who told such wonderful fairy stories.

"Well, Jimmy!" she teased. But there was a tender look in her eyes for the little fellow who had to lie with a heavy weight suspended to his leg.

"My leg hurts sompon awful and she said," he whispered, nodding toward the Probationer, "that there warn't no such things as fairies." Two tears welled up in the big blue eyes that had grown dim from suffering.

"There are none for her," Cynthia whispered softly, with a cuddle, "because she doesn't believe in them." She pushed the hair back from his white forehead, where it lay in damp curls. It was exceptionally hot for June. "Drink your milk. That's a good fellow. Now close your eyes tight while I make the sign for Nixie and Pixie to come lift the bad weight on their shoulders, so that Jimmy can go to sleep. And I think I will encourage Trixie to stir up a small breeze."

As she smoothed the sheet at the bottom of the bed, she glanced quickly around the room to see that no one was looking, and then, sort-of-accidental-like, rested the weight against the round of a chair. She realized that it was wrong—very, very wrong—to disregard a doctor's order but where Jimmy was concerned a little spirit of rebellion had grown in her breast. What could a strong, husky Staff doctor, who visited the ward once a day, know about a baby's courage; when it had reached the breaking point?

There was something a little defiant in her eyes as she resumed her charting.

A half hour later she rose hurriedly to her feet. She recognized that unmistakable firm, deliberate ring of a Staff member's heels in the corridor. With the Staff man was the Head Nurse, the Junior Surgical and two new internes. Near Commencement, new internes begin to replace such of the old ones as are leaving.

By all the ethics of hospital practice, Cynthia should have walked behind this august retinue as it progressed from bed to bed, carrying in one hand the order book, into which the Senior Surgical would presently write certain cabalistic characters dictated by the Staff Man; in the other hand, a clean towel to be opened and spread, without creases, over the patient's chest when the august Staff expressed a desire to listen to said patient's heart. Cynthia demurely observed these rules until they approached Jimmy's bed, when she darted ahead and stooped, like a scrupulous young housewife, to fleck an imaginary bit of dust from the small white chair that stood at the foot of the bed. Then she straightened with a sigh of relief. The weight had been skillfully removed from the shoulders of Nixie and Pixie.

Jimmy stirred and opened two big blue eyes fresh with sleep.

"Great improvement here!" The Staff smiled approvingly at the nurse. "Keeping the weight on the leg all the time, as ordered?"

"Continuous," the Junior Surgical replied innocently. He did not know Nixie and Pixie.

Cynthia was honest. She raised her head gallantly to contradict the Junior Surgical, then her glance swept Jimmy's helpless little form. After all, the fairies had been on the job for such a short time and that sweet sleep had meant so much to Jimmy.

The Head remained after the rest left the ward.

"The new Superintendent has asked me to recommend graduates for the different wards," she said. "He will not arrive until to-night. I have watched your work carefully the last few months. Although you are young, you have shown unexpected ability. I will have to admit that last year I should not have considered you. You had no respect for authority, and you were lacking in dignity. You know that now yourself." she paused.

Cynthia, standing in the middle of the ward, her hands clasped tensely behind, her cap slightly to one side and her brown eyes round with awed wonder, looked small and eager, and very, very young.

"As I have said, although you are young, you have shown ability and—will be recommended for the Children's Ward." Then she sighed and turned toward the door.

The Head was no longer young and, although she had been taught to discount youth, there were times when she was so tired that she wondered if anything else really mattered.

"Thank you very much," said Cynthia in a small voice.

When the Head had gone, this "young" candidate for honors walked down the ward with unaccustomed dignity, straightened her cap with the aid of the medicine-closet glass door and removed an unprofessional looking bunch of violets from her apron band. The Probationer had seen the Junior Surgical give them to her. That night she remained in her room until after the first dance. It would look so ridiculous to have five men claiming it. She was feeling exceeding mature when she finally descended but she was not in the room fifteen minutes before she had forgotten that lately acquired dignity and was dancing with girlish abandon.

"Is the new 'Supe' here?" she asked the Junior Surgical as he was serving her ice cream.

"Over there, talking to that new interne." He nodded toward the end of the room.

He looked just as Cynthia expected he would, heavy, distinguished, with slightly greying hair and a vandyke. Then her glance shifted to the other. There was something about him she liked; his square jaw and alert manner, and an air of self confidence that new internes often lacked. It was just then he glanced up and their eyes locked. Cynthia blushed and turned away furious at herself.

They met in the Paul Jones when he quietly danced her out of the room on to the small side porch.

"After dancing straight into my life, I couldn't let you dance right out again, now could I?" he inquired.

Cynthia laughed and perched herself on the railing. She liked him, his keen brown eyes and the humorous lift to the mouth that had seemed so stern.

"That's not likely, at least for a year," she replied.

(To be continued.)

WOMEN with hair on the face can have that blemish permanently removed by Electrolysis, which is positively the only sure treatment. Over 30 years' experience. Satisfaction assured. We treat all non-contagious Skin, Scalp, Hair and Complexional troubles by mail. Booklet "K" and consultation free. Write giving particulars. HISCOTT INSTITUTE, LIMITED, 610 College St., Toronto.

WESTERN PIONEER TELLS INTERESTING EXPERIENCE

Frank Rikert, Who Left Illinois for California in Covered Wagon in 1864, Wouldn't Take $100 for Bottle of Tanlac.

Frank Rikert, well-known resident of North Sacramento, Cal., who came from Illinois in a covered wagon in 1864, along with other hardy pioneers, recently exhibited a bottle of Tanlac, which he had just purchased, to a friend at his home and remarked: "If I thought this was the last bottle of Tanlac I would ever be able to buy, I wouldn't take one hundred dollars for it," thus proving the high valuation he places on the famous treatment.

"I believe Tanlac really saved my life when I took it after the Flu about a year ago," continued Mr. Rikert, "for the attack left me 20 pounds off in weight, and unable to turn over in my bed without assistance. I tell you, I thought my time had surely come.

"But, thanks to my wife's insistance, I kept on taking Tanlac till I was able to do all my work again, had back all my lost weight, and I've been feeling years younger ever since. I'm always telling my friends about Tanlac, and can't say too much for it."

Tanlac is for sale by all good druggists. Accept no substitute. Over 40 million bottles sold.

Take Tanlac Vegetable Pills.

He—"Would you give me a kiss if I asked you for one?"

She—"No indeed—but if you stole one, what could I do?"

Minard's Liniment Heals Cuts.

A Liner's Safety Chain.

The terrible effects which might result from carelessness in a blacksmith's work are well illustrated by the great importance of every link in the chain of a ship's anchor.

The anchor chains of the Lusitania were 330 fathoms long—nearly 2,000ft.—with a weight of 125 tons! Every link has to be carefully welded at the proper temperature. Such work requires infinite care, for in no case is the saying truer that the chain is only as strong as the weakest link. On every single link in such a chain the safety of a giant vessel and the lives of perhaps 2,000 people may depend.

The earliest blacksmith's forges known were holes in the sides of hills, called boomeries. The Romans invented the first bellows about the year 350, using a bladder of goat skin.

Nowadays enormous ingots of steel are heated in furnaces, and the hydraulic forging press is taking the place of the blacksmith's hammer and anvil. The hammer wielded by the strong arm of the village smithy becomes, instead, a hammer equal in weight to one of thousands of tons!

Too Much for Him.

Bill wanted to slip out of barracks—unofficially—to see his girl, and he went to the sentry and stated his case.

"Well," said the sentry, "I'll be off duty when you come back, so you ought to have the password for to-night. It's 'Idiosyncrasy.' "

"Idio what?"

"Idiosyncrasy."

"I'll stay in the barracks," said Bill.

Minard's Liniment for Dandruff.

If thou seest a man of understanding get thee betimes unto him and let thy foot wear the steps to his door.

Jupiter is the largest planet, measuring 86,500 miles in diameter. Mercury, 3,030 miles in diameter, is the smallest.

If men understood domestic economy half as well as women do, then their political economy and their entire consequent statecraft would not be the futile muddle which it is.—Jas. Stephens.

Ice takes four and a half years to travel from the Arctic Ocean north of Siberia to the East Grenland current, where it begins to affect our own weather.

WOMEN! DYE FADED THINGS NEW AGAIN

Dye or Tint Any Worn, Shabby Garment or Drapery.

Diamond Dyes

Each 15-cent package of "Diamond Dyes" contains directions so simple that any woman can dye or tint any old, worn, faded thing new, even if she has never dyed before. Choose any color at drug store.

WEBSTER MAGNETOS

PARTS and SERVICE

Auto Starter and Generator Repair Company.

559A Yonge St. - Toronto

WHEN IN TORONTO VISIT THE

Royal Ontario Museum

283 Bloor St. West, Near Avenue Road. Largest permanent exhibition in Canada. Archaeology, Geology, Mineralogy, Palaeontology, Zoology. Open daily 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.; Sunday afternoons and Thursday evenings. Bloor, Bay, and Church cars.

AMAZING VALUES—REMNANTS

From Warehouse, Fox's Indigo Serge, Pure Wool, Navy Blue, Black, 56 inches $1.50 yard postpaid. Remnants only 1 to 4½ yds. Mail order now. Money back guarantee. Mill Distributors, 397 St. Paul West, Montreal.

Direct Subscription Service.

Careful and intelligent attention given to all inquiries regarding your favorite publication from England, United States or Canada. Or mail us the renewals on the magazines or papers you now receive. We will send the bill at lowest prices later. Highest references.

The Holden Browne Company
130 Richmond Street West Toronto

ROOFING

We sell METAL SHINGLES and CORRUGATED GALVANIZED SHEETS direct to CONSUMERS at VERY LOW prices. Write for particulars.

THE GORDON ROOFING CO.
724 Spadina Ave. - Toronto

JIG-SAW PUZZLE FOR THE CHILDREN.

Just—Send four wrappers from

OXO CUBES

To Oxo Limited, 232 Lemoine St., Montreal.