When Exposed to Air

tea loses its freshness and flavor.

"SALADA"

TEA. H561

For that reason is never sold in bulk.

Woman's Sphere

LOOKING AHEAD FOR THE CHILDREN.

One acre of our farm has been set aside for the children. Our boy is four and our girl is two. We planted twenty fruit trees on a recent holiday for them, about five of each variety. This acre had not been used, and it is well located for a small orchard. The peach trees will be bearing in three years, at which time the boy will be seven and the girl five. The cherries, pears, and other varieties will of course come along later. We plan to prune, spray, and care for the trees ourselves until they are older, and allow the children to market the fruit to their own profit. We are within twenty minutes of a good market, and of course there will be some market at our gate, which is on the public highway.

We are also setting out berry plants for them on the border of our place. These will be bearing soon, and can be picked by the children when they are older.

Then the boy has eight hens, which he helped to hatch in the spring. He keeps these hens in a separate coop and feeds and waters them regularly.

We believe that when the children are older all this will be healthful work for them in the summer vacations, right at home, and they will have a measure of responsibility. The boy is already proud of his part ownership in the trees, and in time they both will swell their savings-account for college from the sale of the fruit. They will be managing, under direction, a small business of their own. They will be kept busy. So far I've found that when my children are kept busy and interested, automatically they are good.—C. J.

CURTAINS ARE IMPORTANT.

It takes only a tiny touch of bright colors to set a room off, and the first thing we know, instead of a dreary, stupid, rather tiresome feeling place, we have a bright, cheerful, attractive room. The curtains and draperies afford a chance to indulge in livelier color than we can use in the wall paper, rugs, or upholstery.

They need not be expensive. There are innumerable materials with which we may get the prettiest of effects without paying an enormous sum of money.

First of all, have you looked over the ginghams and chambrays in your local dry-goods store? Have you considered the possibilities of the voiles, or cheesecloth, or dress muslins, and unbleached cotton cloth? Every one of these materials offers an almost unlimited opportunity for pretty and inexpensive curtains, with the addition of a little ingenuity and a little taste.

Then there are the pretty and inexpensive cretonnes and chintzes. The darker ones for dining and living-rooms, the lighter ones for the bedrooms. In the more expensive materials, there are the thin silks and the sunfasts, the velours and velvets.

But the secret of making the room bright and attractive lies in getting the right color and the right texture. The color must match the wall paper, be a little stronger, so as to separate the window from the wall a little, and also be something like the rug and upholstery in tone. For example, tan walls may have tan, ecru, brown, or, for contrast, blue, or blue and tan, or blue, tan, and brown. They may even show a little orange or red. But be sure that some of the colors in the curtains are in walls, rugs, and chair coverings.

For the bedroom we often choose a plain color that is exactly the same shade as the color of the flowers in the paper. If the paper is white with green leaves and blue flowers, the curtains would naturally be blue, the same as the flowers. A little blue gingham would be perfect. And if inside curtains of thinner material are used, these could be a simple, plain, clear white voile or scrim, possibly with a narrow tatting edge. Usually these glass curtains follow the tone of the background color of the paper. If that is warm and creamy, then keep the curtains similar—quite creamy. If yellowish, then use a more yellowish tone. If the background is white, a white curtain is used.

Many of these simpler glass curtain materials may be used to brighten the room by the addition of a tiny band or edging of color to match the paper. With the heavier cloth like the unbleached cotton, crossway bands in cretonne, sateen, or colored cotton are often very pretty and effective. Especially is this true in the bedrooms where bed covers may be made to match. Cheesecloth is likewise a sensitive and fascinating material to use—and a dipping in the dye-pot will make it any color you wish. The light filters through it very nicely, and it is very pretty for almost any room in the house.

Texture needs a word. Some materials are rough, some are smooth. If your wall paper is very smooth, it is best to avoid using a coarse texture or rough-feeling material at the window. If the paper or wall is rather rough, then avoid the smooth-finished material. These are small points, but they often make a great difference in the way a room feels to you. The mixture of textures is like having two people contradicting you at the same moment—very disturbing.

A PRACTICAL PLAY SUIT FOR BOY OR GIRL.

4242. Here is a new and pleasing version of the Romper style, with outstanding pocket sections, and comfortable sleeve. Chambrey, gingham, khaki, linen and cretonne are good for this design.

The Pattern is cut in 5 Sizes: 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6 years. A 4-year size requires 2⅛ yards of 36-inch material. To trim as illustrated will require ⅜ yard of 36-inch contrasting 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.

Send 15c in silver for our up-to-date Spring & Summer 1924 Book of Fashions.

THAT SMELL OF COOKING.

The pleasant smell of dried coffee grounds sprinkled on a hot shovel will counteract the unpleasant odors of cooking in a house. A few of the grounds scattered on the top of the kitchen range will keep the smell of food from spreading to other rooms. Try this plan when fish is being fried.

Rooms in which people have been smoking usually have a stale smell when opened in the morning. This can be largely prevented if, before going to bed at night, a big bowl or a pail of water is put in the room. When there is illness and windows in rooms must to a large extent be kept closed, the air may be delightfully freshened if some dried lavender is put in a bowl and this is then covered with very hot water. The addition of a little dried orange peel makes the fragrance more agreeable.

PIE THICKENING.

A heaping teaspoonful of an instantaneous tapioca sprinkled over the bottom crust or mixed with the juice of fruit pies makes a more palatable thickening than either flour or cornstarch.

Minard's Liniment for Dandruff.

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ISSUE No. 18—'24.

PENNY PLAIN

BY O. DOUGLAS

Shopman—"You may have your choice—penny plain or two-pence colored."

Solemn Small Boy—"Penny plain, please. It's better value for the money."

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CHAPTER I.

It was tea-time in Priorsford: four-thirty by the clock on a chill October afternoon.

The hills circling the little town were shrouded with mist. The wide bridge that spanned the Tweed and divided the town proper—the Highgate, the Nethergate, the Eastgate—from the residential part, was almost deserted. On the left bank of the river, Peel Tower loomed ghostly in the gathering dusk. Round its grey walls still stood woods of larch and fir, and in front the links of Tweed moved through pleasant green pastures. But where once ladies on palfreys hung with bells hunted with their cavaliers there now stood the neat little dwellings of prosperous, decent folk; and where the good King James wrote his rhymes, and listened to the singing of Mass from the Virgin's Chapel, the Parish Kirk reared a sternly Presbyterian steeple. No need any longer for Peel to light the beacon telling of the coming of our troublesome English neighbors. Telegraph wires now carried the matter, and a large bus met them at the trains and conveyed them to that flamboyant pile in red stone, with its glorious views, its medicinal baths, and its band-enlivened meals, known as Priorsford Hydropathic.

As I have said, it was tea-time in Priorsford.

The schools had *skailed*, and the children, finding in the weather little encouragement to linger, had gone to their homes. In the little houses down by the riverside brown teapots stood on the hobs, and rosy-faced women cut bread and buttered scones, and slapped their children with a fine impartiality; while in the big houses on the Hill, servants, walking delicately, laid out tempting tea-tables, and the solacing smell of hot toast filled the air.

Most of the smaller houses in Priorsford were very much of one pattern and all fairly recently built, but there was one old house, an odd little rough stone cottage, standing at the end of a row of villas, its back turned to its parvenu neighbors, its eyes lifted to the hills. A flagged path led up to the front door through a herbaceous border, which now only held a few chrysanthemums and Michaelmas daisies (Perdita would have scorned them as flowers for the old age); but in spring and in summer blazed in a sweet disorder of old-fashioned blossoms.

This little house was called The Rigs.

It was a queer little house, and a queer little faily lived in it. Jardine was their name, and they sat together in their living-room on this October evening. Generally they all talked at once, and the loudest voice prevailed, but to-night there was not so much competition, and Jean frequently found herself holding the floor alone.

David, busy packing books into a wooden box, was the reason for the comparative quiet. He was nineteen, and in the morning he was going to Oxford to begin his first term there. He had so long looked forward to it that he felt dazed by the nearness of his goal. He was a good-looking boy, with honest eyes and a firm mouth.

His only sister, Jean, four years older than himself, left the table and sat on the edge of the box watching him. She did not offer to help, for she knew that every man knows best how to pack his own books, but she hummed a gay tune to prove to herself how happy was the occasion, and once she patted David's grey tweed shoulder as he leant over her. Perhaps she felt that he needed encouragement this last night at home.

Jock, the other brother, a schoolboy of fourteen, with a rough head and a voice over which he had no control, was still at the tea-table. He was rather ashamed of his appetite, but ate doggedly. "It's not that I'm hungry just now," he would say, "but I so soon get hungry."

At the far end of the room, in a deep window, a small boy, with a dog and a cat, was playing at being on a raft. The boy's name was Gervase Taunton, but he was known to a large circle of acquaintances as "the Mhor," which, as Jean would have explained to you, is Gaelic for "the great one." Thus had greatness been thrust upon him. He was seven, and he had lived at The Rigs since he was two. He was a handsome child with an almost uncanny charm of manner and a gift of make-believe that made his days one long excitement.

He now stood like some "grave Tyrian trader" on the table turned upside down that was his raft, as serious and intent as if it had been the navy of Tarshish bringing Solomon gold and silver, ivory and apes and peacocks. With one arm he clutched the cat and assured that unwilling voyager, "You're on the dangerous sea, me old puss. You don't want to get drowned, do you?" The cat struggled and scratched. "Then go—to your doom!"

He clasped his hands behind him in a Napoleonic manner and stood gloomily watching the unembarrassed progress of the cat across the carpet, while Peter (a fox-terrier, and the wickedest dog in Priorsford) crushed against his legs to show how faithful he was compared to any kind of cat.

"Haven't you finished eating yet, Jock?" Jean asked. "Here is Mrs. M'Cosh for the tea-things."

The only servant The Rigs possessed was a middle-aged woman, the widow of one, Andrew M'Cosh, a Clyde riveter, who had drifted from her native city of Glasgow to Priorsford. She had a sweet, worn face, and a neat cap with a black velvet bow in front.

Jock rose from the table reluctantly, and was at once hailed by the Mhor and invited on to the raft.

Jock hesitated, but he was the soul of good nature. "Well, only for five minutes, remember. I've a lot of lessons to-night."

He sat down on the upturned table, his legs sprawling on the carpet, and hummed "Tom Bowling," but the Mhor leaned from his post as steersman and said gravely, "Don't dangle your legs, Jock; there are sharks in these waters." So Jock obediently crumpled his legs until his chin rested on his knees.

Mrs. M'Cosh piled the tea-things on a tray and folded the cloth. "Ay, Peter," she said, catching sight of that notorious character, "ye look real good, but I wis hearin' ye were efter the sheep again the day."

Peter turned away his head as if deeply shocked at the accusation, and Mrs. M'Cosh, with the tea-cloth over her arm, regarded him with an indulgent smile. She had infinite tolerance for Peter's short-comings.

"Peter was kinna late last night," she would say, as if referring to an erring husband, "an' I juist sat up for him." She had also infinite leisure. It was no use Jean trying to hurry the work forward by offering to do some task. Mrs. M'Cosh simply stood beside her and conversed until the job was done. Jean never knew whether to laugh or be cross, but she generally laughed.

Once when the house had been upset by illness, and trained nurses were in occupation, Jean had rung the bell repeatedly, and, receiving no answer, had gone to the kitchen. There she found the Mhor, then a very small boy, seated on a chair playing a mouth-organ, while Mrs. M'Cosh, her skirts held coquettishly aloft, danced a few steps to the music. Jean—being Jean—had withdrawn unnoticed and slipped upstairs to the sick-room much cheered by the sight of such detachment.

Mrs. M'Cosh had been eight years with the Jardines, and was in many ways such a treasure, and always such an amusement, that they would not have parted from her for much red gold.

"Bella Bathgate's expectin' her lodger the morn." The tea-tray was ready to be carried away, but Mrs. M'Cosh lingered.

"Oh, is she?" said Jean. "Who is it that's coming?"

"I canna mind the exact name, but she's ca'ed the Honourable an' she's bringin' a leddy's maid."

"Gosh, Maggie!" ejaculated Jock.

"I asked you not to say that, Jock," Jean reminded him.

"Ay," Mrs. M'Cosh continued, "Bella Bathgate's kinna pit oot aboot it. She disna ken how she's to cook for an Honourable—she niver saw yin."

"Have you seen one?" Jock asked.

"No' that I know of, but when I wis pew opener at St. George's I let in some verra braw folk. One Sunday there wis a lord, no less. A shaughly wee buddy he wis tae. Ma Andra wud hae been gled to see him sae oorit."

The eyes of the Jardines were turned inquiringly on their handmaid. It seemed a strange reason for joy on the part of the late Andrew M'Cosh.

"Weel," his widow explained, "ye see, Andra wis a Socialist an' thocht naething o' lords—naething. I used to show him picturs o' them in the Heartsease Library—fine-lukin' fellays wi' black mustacheys—but he juist aye said, 'It's easy to draw a pictur,' and he wouldna own that they wis onything but meeserable to look at. An' mind you, he wis richt. When I saw the lord in St. George's, I said to masel', I says, 'Andra wis richt,' I says." She lifted up the tray and prepared to depart. "Weel, he'll no' be muckle troubled wi' them whaur he's gone, puir man. The Bible says, Not many great, not many noble."

"D'you think," said Mhor in a pleasantly interested voice, "that Mr. M'Cosh is in Heaven?" (Mhor never let slip an opportunity for theological discussions.) "I wouldn't care much to go to heaven myself, for all my friends are in"—he stopped and cast a cautious glance at Jean, and, judging by her expression that discretion was the better part of valor, and in spite of an encouraging twinkle in the eyes of Jock, finished demurely—"the Other Place."

"Haw, haw," laughed Jock, who was consistently amused by Mhor and his antics. "I'm sorry for your friends, old chap. Do I know them?"

"Well," said Mhor, "there's Napoleon and Dick Turpin and Graham of Claverhouse and Prince Charlie and——"

"Mhor—you're talking too much," said David, who was jotting down figures in a notebook.

(To be continued.)

The good health of the King is partially explained by the above photograph, showing His Majesty out for his regular morning ride in Windsor Park. The first generation travels at a sedate pace, but at the same time manages to stay on.

INVENTIONS

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Wife—"No, not at all. I have my husband to listen to now every evening, you know."

The Innkeeper of the Rhine.

Across the Rhine a company of French engineers were building a pontoon bridge to join their restored province of Alsace with the German land on the other side, which France holds as a defensive bridgehead. One of the pontoons gave a lurch, and in a moment two French engineers were in the stream. Away the swift current swept them as if to certain death.

Just below them on the bank stood Max Fladt, the innkeeper of Kehl-on-the-Rhine, opposite Strasbourg. The two men were enemies of his country, and he knew that seven Germans had recently been condemned to death for damaging French property and were even then in prison at Mayence. Nevertheless, flinging off his coat, he plunged into the river. A strong man and an expert swimmer, he caught the two Frenchmen as they were passing him and brought them safe to the shore.

A day or so later Max received a visit from the French general in command, General Nichel. "Whatever you may wish for will be regarded as deserved and recommended to grateful France, who has received two sons back from the jaws of death," said the general.

Max promptly asked that as his only reward the lives of his fellow countrymen lying in prison at Mayence under sentence of death might be spared.

The general replied that he would make the wish known in the proper quarter, and that he himself would give it his earnest support. In the attitude of these two men, the French general and the German innkeeper, lies the germ of peace and understanding.

Minard's Liniment Heals Cuts.

Flower or Dough.

He thought it safer to write to the girl's father asking for her hand. He was an ardent lover, but a poor speller, and his note ran: "I want your daughter—the flour of your family."

"The flour of my family is good," replied the old man; "are you sure it isn't my dough you're after?"

Simplicity is the hallmark that distinguishes the fine gold of the really great from the alloy of the pretentious.

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WALL PAPER REPAIRS.

Each time a room is freshly papered be sure to put away a few pieces of the various kinds of papers used. You will find them exceedingly useful in the elimination of marks and stains that have been left from contact with soiled hands, broom handles or chair backs.

To remove the offending spots, rub gently with clean art gum, erasing as much of the stain as possible without damaging the texture of the paper. Usually this process will rub the color out of the design, but this is not alarming, as it may be easily and quickly restored by the water-color process. To do this merely moisten a small, fine camel's-hair brush—such as is found in toy paint boxes—and apply in turn to the desired colors in the left-over paper. Deftly paint over the rubbed-out design, supplying with the brush the proper tone and form. To avoid smears and running colors, cleanse the brush each time before attempting to apply a different color or tone. Use the water sparingly. This restoration method has been used successfully by an experienced decorator in renovating fine wall papers.

Consideration.

"There's a man outside who wants something to eat."

"Give him some bread and coffee, Jane."

"He seems to have seen better days, mum."

"That so? Then give him a napkin, too."

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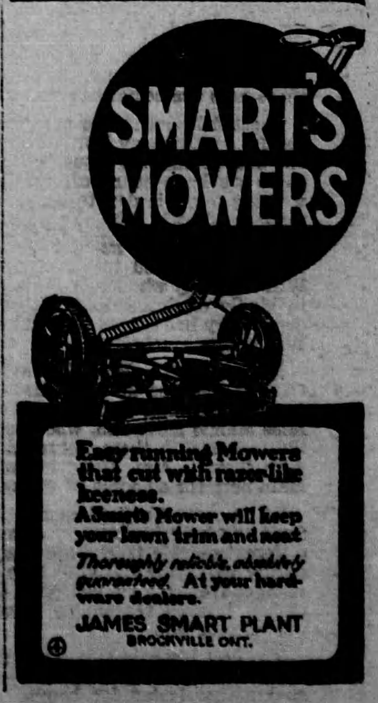
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