Superior

to the finest Japans,

"SALADA"

GREEN TEA H434

is the best at any price—Try it.

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."

Copyright by George H. Doran Co.

CHAPTER I.—(Cont'd.)

"It's to be hoped," said Jean to Mrs. M'Cosh, "that the honorable lady will suit Bella Bathgate, for Bella, honest woman, won't put herself about to suit anybody. But she's been a good neighbor to us. I always feel so safe with her near; she's equal to anything from a burst pipe to a broken arm. . . . I do hope that landlord of ours in London will never take it into his head to come back and live in Priorsford. If we had to leave The Rigs and Bella Bathgate I simply don't know what we'd do."

"We could easy get a hoose wi' mair conveniences," Mrs. M'Cosh reminded her. She laid down the tray again and stood with her hands on her hips and her head on one side, deeply interested. "Thae wee new villas in the Langhope Road are a fair treat, wi' a pantry aff the dining-room an' hot and cold everywhere."

"*Villas*," said Jean—"hateful new villas! What are conveniences compared to old thick walls and queer windows and little funny stairs? Besides, The Rigs has a soul."

"Oh, mercy!" said Mrs. M'Cosh, picking up the tray and moving at last to the door, "that's fair heathenish!"

Jean laughed as the door shut on their retainer, and perched herself on the end of the big old-fashioned sofa drawn up at one side of the fire. She wore a loose stockinette brown dress and looked rather like a wood elf of sorts with her golden-brown hair and eyes.

"If I were rich," she said, "I would buy an annuity for Mrs. M'Cosh of at least £200 a year. When you think that she once had a house and a husband, and a best room with an overmantel and a Brussels carpet, and lost them all, and is contented to be a servant to us, with no prospect of anything for her old age but the workhouse or the charity of relations, and keeps cheery and never makes a moan and never loses her interest in things . . . ."

"But you're not rich," said Jock.

"No," said Jean ruefully. "Isn't it odd that no one ever leaves us a legacy? But I needn't say that, for it would be much odder if anyone did. I don't think there is a single human being in the world entitled to leave us a penny piece. We are destitute of relations. . . . Oh, well, I daresay we'll get on without a legacy, but for your comfort I'll read to you about the sort of house we would have if some kind creature did leave us one."

She dived for a copy of "Country Life" that was lying on the sofa, and turned to the advertisements of houses to let and sell.

"It is good of Mrs. Jowett letting us have this every week. It's a great support to me. I wonder if anyone ever does buy these houses, or if they are merely there to tantalize poor folk? Will this do? 'A finely timbered sporting estate—seventeen bedrooms——'"

"Too small," said Jock from his cramped position on the raft.

"'A beautiful little property——' No. Oh, listen. 'A characteristic Cotswold Tudor house'—doesn't that sound delicious? 'Mullioned windows. Fine suite of reception-rooms, ballroom. Lovely garden, with trout-stream intersecting'—heavenly. "There are vineries, peach-houses, greenhouses, and pits'—what do you do with pits?"

"Keep bears in them, of course," said Jock, and added vaguely—"bear baiting, you know."

"It isn't usual to keep bears," David pointed out.

"No, but if you had them," Jock insisted, "you would want pits to keep them in."

"Jock," said Jean, "you are like the White Knight when Alice told him it wasn't likely that there would be any mice on the horse's back. 'Not very likely, perhaps, but if they do come I don't choose to have them running all about.' But I agree with the White Knight, it's as well to be provided for everything, so we'll keep the pits in case of bears."

"They had pits in the Bible," said Mhor dreamily, as he screwed and unscrewed his steering-wheel, which was also the piano stool, "for Joseph was put in one."

Jean turned over the leaves of the magazine, studying each pictured house, gloating over details of beauty and of age, then she pushed it away with a "Heigh-ho, but I wish we had a Tudor residence."

"I'll buy you one," David promised her, "when I'm Lord Chancellor."

"Thank you, David," said Jean.

By this time the raft had been sunk by a sudden storm, and Jock had grasped the opportunity to go to his books, while Mhor and Peter had laid themselves down on the rug before the fire and were rolling on each other in great content.

Jean and David sat together on the sofa, their arms linked. They had very little to say, for as the time of departure approaches conversation dies at the fount.

Jean was trying to think what their mother would have said on this last evening to her boy who was going out into the world. Never had she felt so inadequate. Ought she to say things to him? Warn him against lurking evils? (Jean who knew about as much of evil as a committed linnet!) But David was such a wise boy and so careful. It always pinched Jean's heart to see him dole out his slender stock of money, for there never was a Jardine born who did not love to be generous.

She looked at him fondly. "I do hope you won' find it too much of a pinch, David. The worst of it is, you will be with people who have heaps of money, and I'm afraid you'll hate to feel shabby."

"It's no crime to be poor," said David stoutly. "I'll manage all right. Don't you worry. What I hate is thinking you are scrimping to give me every spare penny—but I'll work my hardest."

"I know you'll do that, but play too every minute you can spare. I don't want you to shut yourself up among books. Try and get all the good of Oxford. Remember, Sonny, this is your youth, and whatever you may get later you can never get that back." She leaned back and gave a great sigh. "How I wish I could make this a splendid time for you, but I can't my dear, I can't. . . . Anyway, nobody will have better china. I've given you six of Aunt Alison's rosy ones; I hope the scout won't break them. And your tablecloths and sheets and towels are all right, thanks to our great-aunt's stores. . . . And you'll write as often as you can and tell us everything, if you get a nice scout, and all about your rooms, and if cushions would be any use, and oh, my dear, eat as much as you can—don't save on food."

"Of course not," said David. "But several nights a week I'll feed in my own room. You don't need to go to Hall to dinner unless you like."

He got up from the sofa and went and stood before the fire, keeping his head very much in the air and his hands in his pockets. He was feeling that home was a singularly warm, kind place, and that the great world was cold and full of strangers; so he whistled "D'ye ken John Peel?" and squared his shoulders, and did not in the least deceive his sister Jean.

"Peter, me faithful hound," said the Mhor, hugging the patient dog. "What would you like to play at?"

Peter looked supremely indifferent.

"Red Indians?"

Peter licked the earnest face so near his own.

The Mhor wiped his face with the back of his hand (his morning's handkerchief, which he alluded to as "me useful little hanky," being used for all manner of purposes not intended by the inventor of handkerchiefs, was quite unpresentable by evening) and said:

"I know. Let's play at 'Suppose.' Jean, let's play at 'Suppose.'"

"Don't you worry, darling," said Jean.

The Mhor turned to Jock, who was sitting at a table with his head bent over a book.

"Jock, lets play at 'Suppose.'"

"Shut up," said Jock.

"David." The Mhor turned to his last hope. "Seeing it's your last night."

David never could resist the Mhor when he was beseeching.

"Well, only for ten minutes, remember."

Mhor looked fixedly at the clock, measuring with his eye the space of ten minutes, then nodded, murmuring to himself, "From there to there. You begin, Jean."

"I can't think of anything," said Jean. Then seeing Mhor's eager face cloud, she began: "Suppose when David was in the train to-morrow he heard a scuffling sound under the seat, and he looked and saw a grubby little boy and a fox-terrier, and he said, 'Come out, Mhor and Peter.' And suppose they went with him all the way to Oxford, and when they got to the college they crept upstairs without being seen and the scout was a kind scout and liked dogs and naughty boys and he gave them a splendid supper——"

"What did he give them?" Mhor asked.

"Chicken and boiled ham and meringues and sugar biscuits and lemonade" (mentioning a few of Mhor's favorite articles of food), "and he tucked them up on the sofa and they slept till morning, and got into the train and came home, and that's all."

"Me next," said Mhor. "Suppose they didn't come home again. Suppose they started from Oxford and went all round the world. And I met a magician—in India that was—and he gave me an elephant with a gold howdah on its back and I wasn't frightened for it—such a meek, gentle, dirty animal—and Peter and me sat on it and it pulled oil cocoanuts with its trunk and handed them back to us, and we lived there always, and I had a Newfoundland pup and Peter had a golden crown because he was king of all the dogs, and I never went to bed and nobody ever washed my ears and we made toffee every day, every single day. . . ." His voice trailed away into silence as he contemplated this blissful vision, and Jock, wooed from his Greek verbs by the interest of the game, burst in with his unmanageable voice:

"Suppose a Russian man-of-war came up Tweed and started shelling Priorsford, and the parish church was hit and the steeple fell into Thomson's shop and scattered the haddocks and kippers and things all over the street, and——"

"Did you pick them up, Jock?" squealed Mhor, who regarded Jock as the greatest living humorist, and now at the thought of the scattered kippers wallowed on the floor with laughter.

Jock continued: "And another shell blew the turrety thing off The Towers and blew Mrs. Duff-Whalley right over the West Law and landed her in Caddon Burn——"

"Hurray!" yelled Mhor.

(To be continued.)

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.

Minard's Liniment for Dandruff.

A POPULAR MODEL.

4687. Serge, jersey cloth, linen or poplin could be used for this style. The sleeve may be in wrist or elbow length.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. A 10-year size requires 4 yards of 36-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.

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

A Simple Explanation.

Why does soda-water rise in a straw on which one sucks? This is due to the fact that when one sucks on a straw or tube a vacuum is produced and the air pressure (about fifteen pounds to the square inch) on the surface of the soda-water forces it up immediately into the straw.

Greatest Professional Opportunity

Study Chiropractic

Toronto College of Chiropractic

3 Charles St. West Toronto

WRIGLEY'S

after every meal

Cleanses mouth and teeth and aids digestion.

Relieves that over-eaten feeling and acid mouth.

Its l-a-s-t-i-n-g flavor satisfies the craving for sweets.

Wrigley's is double value in the benefit and pleasure it provides.

Sealed in its Purity Package.

ISSUE No. 19—'23.

With Rinso—

snowy-white clothes just by soaking

SIMPLY soaking in Rinso suds loosens dirt, so that it rinses right out.

The old wearing method of rubbing soap on the clothes and then rubbing the clothes is done away with. There is no need of it with Rinso.

Only the dirtiest places—where dirt was actually ground in—will need just a light rubbing. Where this is necessary, use a little dry Rinso.

Rinso is made by the makers of LUX—the largest soap makers in the world. It does the family wash as wonderfully as Lux does fine things.

Rinso *does the whole job—*

Made by the makers of LUX *with it you need no other soap*

R-4-28

Woman's Sphere

TROUBLESOME WEEDS AS GREENS.

"If these country men and women would learn that there are better spring tonics in their meadows and fields than can be found in any drug store, they would be better off," a physician once told me. Many housewives would consider some of our "noxious weeds" delicious if they were sold on the market as early green succulent foods. But when these same plants may be had for the picking they are scorned. These early greens are wonderful blood purifiers and should make a large part of our spring diet.

There are many elaborate salads, etc., in which dandelions and other spring greens play an important part, but to most of us the old-fashioned "boiled greens" are the best. A simple and reliable way to cook them is to boil till tender in salted water, with a good ham bone, or lacking this, slices of bacon or salt pork may be used. When tender, drain and cut across several times with a very sharp knife. Pour ham, bacon or pork fryings, or melted butter, over them and serve hot. If any are left, they may be reserved by molding in tiny cups and French dressing added just before serving.

Never be careless in cleaning the greens. Each leaf should be washed separately, and on each side.

Purslane may be cooked alone or with other greens. It makes a delicious addition to stews and soups, and is a member of the Portulace family. It is one of the few greens that is good when served either hot or cold.

Long before our garden greens are ready for use—and sometimes before they are planted—the sour dock is ready for use. We consider it superior to either kale or spinach, and although some people object to using it because of the acid contents, there is in reality not enough acid in the plant to be in the least injurious. These same people eat rhubarb without a thought of danger from the acid, and yet there is more acid in a single stalk of rhubarb than in enough sour dock for an entire meal. This plant will furnish greens until there are plenty of others to take its place.

Lambs' quarter is not liked by some people because of its flat taste, but when used with mustard, or some other leaf with a sharp taste, is delicious.

Wild sorrel is good as greens, and also makes a delicious and unusual soup when boiled very gently in rich beef stock. Be very careful that it does not boil to pieces. When tender, serve with buttered toast.

Of course, everyone is familiar with dandelions, but some people do not know that it is the best plant known for the liver.

Cowslips are one of the best greens known, and are usually quite plentiful in low, marshy land.

Of all greens, wild mustard is the favorite in our family. It is fine cooked with other greens or by itself. It is easy to pick and easy to clean, and makes a good substitute for lettuce.

The young tender sprouts of milkweed make an excellent substitute for asparagus. It is cooked the same and served the same. When the leaves are larger they make good greens.

Greens are ready to use before the garden vegetables and fruits are ready to be canned, and as the housewife is not usually so busy then as she is later in the season, it is a good plan to can some for winter.—N. P.

AN EFFECTIVE WINDOW CLEANER.

Quite by accident I discovered a very simple way to clean windows that far surpasses anything I have ever tried, and I have tried various methods and preparations.

Crumple a sheet of newspaper to make a pad, moisten the surface lightly with kerosene—it requires very little—and when it has been absorbed by the paper, simply rub the pad over the window and your work is done. The glass is clear as crystal and has a brilliant polish. Windows stay clean much longer too. Windows may be cleaned when the sun is shining on them or in freezing weather, and in half the time ordinarily used. There are no window cloths to wash, which is another consideration.

If windows are very dusty on outside, wipe off with a dry cloth or crumpled paper. I also use this method for cleaning pictures, mirrors, and the like.

Minard's Liniment Heals Cuts.

Drawing the Line.

Joe didn't want to go to see his aunt Sarah, and his mother finally coaxed from him the reason.

"She's got a new washing machine," the boy declared. "It's bad enough to wash myself by hand, but I just ain't going to be washed by any machine."

FREE MARRIAGE LICENSE INFORMATION

Fill in this coupon and we will mail you in a plain sealed envelope our folder on wedding rings and marriage license information. PROCTOR'S, 262 Yonge St., Toronto.

Name .....

Address .....

RADIO!

WRITE FOR OUR FREE CATALOGUE—JUST OUT

W. E. CANAVAN

2806 Dundas W., Toronto

Bees on Farm

Nothing pays better when properly managed. Send for our catalogue of beekeepers' supplies. Expert advice freely given.

Ruddy Manufacturing Co., Ltd.

Brantford - - Ont.

SMART'S LAWN MOWERS

CANADA'S BEST!

It isn't possible to build a better lawn mower than SMART'S

Smart's Mowers have proved their superiority wherever grass is grown

Easy running, keen cutting and absolutely guaranteed.

ASK YOUR HARDWARE MAN

JAMES SMART PLANT BROCKVILLE ONT.

Mix Mustard this way

Mix Keen's Mustard with water to the consistency of a thick paste. Add water until the desired thickness is obtained. If a milder flavor is desired mix with milk. Mix mustard freshly for every meal.

but it must be Keen's