Until You Try "SALADA"

H457

GREEN TEA

you have not tasted the best. Fresh, fragrant and pure. Try it.

Woman's Sphere

ON WASH DAY.

The clothesline is a rosary
Of household help and care;
Each little saint the mother loves
Is represented there.

And when across her garden plot
She walks with thoughtful heed,
I should not wonder if she told
Each garment for a bead.

For Celia's scarlet stockings hang
Beside Amelia's skirt,
And Bilbo's breeches, which of late
Were sadly smeared with dirt.

Yon' kerchief small wiped bitter tears
For ill success at school;
This pinafore was torn in strife
'Twixt Fred and little Jule.

A stranger, passing, I salute
The household in its wear,
And smile to think how near of kin
Are love and toil and prayer.

—Julia Ward Howe.

CHOOSING THE RIGHT COLORS.

Women early in life decide that certain colors are "becoming" to them. In later years they never bother to re-edit their first impressions of themselves, even though complexions have faded and eyes that once reflected the favorite colors so radiantly are now paled and dimmed. Personal coloring changes with health and happiness, with sickness and sadness, so that a shade or tint that is very becoming to you at one time may be very trying at another. Under such circumstances a readjustment of color is necessary.

But there is no reason to look drab and dowdy.

It used to be considered out of place for an older woman to wear anything but gray or black. Fortunately this cruel notion has been swept away with sundry old-time ideas and to-day we see our grandmothers wearing whatever touch of color will best bring out the beauty that was concealed under black.

A good rule is that all hard, cold colors be avoided by the woman past her youth.

Black also emphasizes age and adds years to any face that isn't glowing with youth. "Black should not be worn after a woman is thirty, unless for mourning, nor again until after she is sixty," is an old saying in France, that country of fashions.

Black should always be relieved with a light color at the neck line. Black satin has too high a finish to be really becoming, where soft-finished stuffs might be lovely.

A gray-haired woman rarely looks well in tan or brown tones.

Colors, such as green, which accentuates sallowness, should be avoided.

Blue and purple, in the dull, warm tones, with some yellow in them, are frequently becoming.

With iron-gray hair beige is usually good, while with clear skin and pure white hair gray may be worn. From youth to old age every woman can wear white, but, of course, it should not be pure white, which is "hard" and brilliant. But then there are many of the soft milk, cream and pink whites from which to choose.

Pink is usually for youth, but heliotrope, mauves, etc., are usually becoming.

PAPER PLAYHOUSES.

One of the most convenient playhouses I ever saw was made with scissors and paste and was tucked away in a large book. It had been a sample book for men's clothing. The samples were removed and there remained a large scrapbook with substantial cover. Almost any large store will give away these discarded books.

The girls who built the playhouse chose the front of the book for the lawn, porches and beautiful entrances. Then a page or two were selected for every room, and this playhouse was one of every room that children could imagine. Furnishings were cut-outs from magazines. Advertising pages offered the more valuable choice of pictures, but rugs and chairs, bathtubs and beds, wall decorations, wonderful lamps, modern convenieces —all these went.

Even when the book was full, if a change was desired a new picture was placed over the old. When a guest came the little hostess opened her book at a chosen room and they proceeded to play.

AN EMERGENCY MEDICINE CHEST.

The farm mother is the nurse of the whole family. Not only is she expected to treat the minor ills of the children, but she must be in readiness to render first aid to the farm workers who are injured. She should therefore always have in her emergency medicine chest a small quantity of sterilized absorbent cotton, a small roll of adhesive tape, some antiseptic tablets, to be dissolved in water used in washing wounds, a small roll of sterilized gauze bandage, a small vial of turpentine, a small vial of iodine and a number of other simple and well-known remedies that will suggest themselves. By having these things in readiness, cuts, bruises and other wounds may be promptly treated by the housewife, often preventing infection and consequent troubles.

A NEW PLAY SUIT.

4705. This is a good model for percale, seersucker, drill, linen or linene. The blouse may be of the same material as the Overalls, and may be finished with the sleeves in wrist or elbow length.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 2, 3, 4 and 6 years. A 3-year size requires 2⅛ yards of 36-inch material. The Blouse alone requires 1 yard. The Overalls may be worn over any blouse or shirt waist.

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.

Had Only Bought Wholesale.

She—"You say your wife has gone into the wholesale millinery business?"

He—"Why—er—not exactly that—I said she's laid in a full line of new spring hats."

Too Fast for the Professor.

Old Professor "Emmy" was one of the most absent-minded men who ever lived. One day he went to New York to an important meeting. The train was late, and when he came out of the old Grand Union station he popped into a cab and called to the cabby, "Drive fast!"

Off they went at a gallop, with the cab swaying from side to side and the professor bouncing about and occasionally striking his head on the top.

Finally, after a particularly vicious bump he glanced at his watch, looked perplexedly into the unfamiliar street and then, sticking his head out of the window, cried, "Hey, where are you going?"

"I don't know," the cabby yelled back, "but I sure am drivin' fast!"

A Natural Ink.

The juice of the ink plant of New Granada can be used as ink without any preparation. At first the writing is red, but after a few hours it changes to black.

Minard's Liniment Heals Cuts

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 II.—(Cont'd.)

Three hours later the express stopped at the junction. The train was waiting on the branch line that terminated at Priorsford, and after a breathless rush over a high bridge in the dark Pamela and her maid, Mawson, found themselves bestowed in an empty carriage by a fatherly porter.

Mawson was not a real lady's maid: one realized that at once. She had been a housemaid for some years in the house in Grosvenor Street, and Pamela, when her own most superior maid flatly refused to accompany her on this expedition, had asked Mawson to be her maid, and Mawson had gladly accepted the offer. She was a middle-aged woman with a small brown face, an obvious *toupee*, and an adventurous spirit.

She now tidied the carriage violently, carefully hiding the book Pamela had been reading and putting the cushion on the rack. Finally, tucking the travelling-rug firmly round her mistress, she remarked pleasantly, "A h'eight hours' journey without an 'itch!"

"Certainly without an aitch," thought Pamela, as she said, "You like travelling, Mawson?"

"Oh yes, m'm. I always 'ave 'ad a desire to travel. Specially, if I may say so, to see Scotland, Miss. But, oh, ain't it bleak? Before it was dark I 'ad me eyes glued to the window, lookin' out. Such miles of 'eather and big stones and torrents, Miss, and nothing to be seen but a lonely sheep —'ardly an 'ouse on the 'orizon. It gave me quite a turn."

"And this is nothing to the Highlands, Mawson."

"Ain't it, Miss? Well, it's the bleakest I've seen yet, an' I've been to Brighton and Blackpool. Travelled quite a lot, I 'ave, Miss. The lydy who read me 'and said I would, for me teeth are so wide apart." Which cryptic saying puzzled Pamela until Priorsford was reached, when other things engaged her attention.

* * * *

There was another passenger for Priorsford in the London express. He was called Peter Reid, and he was as short and plain as his name. Peter Reid was returning to his native town a very rich man. He had left it a youth of eighteen and entered the business of a well-to-do uncle in London, and since then, as the saying is, he had never looked over his shoulder; fortune showered her gifts on him, and everything he touched seemed to turn to gold.

While his mother lived he had visited her regularly, but for thirty years his mother had been lying in Priorsford churchyard, and he had not cared to keep in touch with the few old friends he had. For forty-five years he had lived in London, so there was almost nothing of Priorsford left in him—nothing, indeed, except the desire to see it again before he died.

They had been forty-five quite happy years for Peter Reid. Money-making was the thing he enjoyed most in this world. It took the place to him of wife and children and friends. He did not really care much for the things money could buy; he only cared to heap up gold, to pull down barns and build greater ones. Then suddenly one day he was warned that his soul would be required of him—that soul of his for which he had cared so little. After more than sixty years of health, he found his body failing him. In great irritation, but without alarm, he went to see a specialist, one Lauder, in Wimpole Street.

He supposed he would be made to take a holiday, and grudged the time that would be lost. He grudged, also, the doctor's fee.

"Well," he said, when the examination was over, "how long are you going to keep me from my work "

The doctor looked at him thoughtfully. He was quite a young man, tall, fair-haired, and fresh-colored, with a look about him of vigorous health that was heartening and must have been a great asset to him in his profession.

"I am going to advise you not to go back to work at all."

"*What!*" cried Peter Reid, getting very red, for he was not accustomed to being patient when people gave him unpalatable advice. Then something that he saw—was it pity?—in the doctor's face made him white and faint.

"You—you can't mean that I'm really ill?"

"You may live for years—with care."

"I shall get another opinion," said Peter Reid.

"Certainly—here, sit down." The doctor felt very sorry for this hard little business man whose world had fallen about his ears. Peter Reid sat down heavily on the chair the doctor gave him. "I tell you, I don't feel ill —not to speak of. And I've no time to be ill. I have a deal on just now that I stand to make thousands out of —thousands, I tell you."

"I'm sorry," James Lauder said.

"Of course, I'll see another man, though it means throwing away more money. But"—his face fell—"they told me you were the best man for the heart. . . . Leave my work! The thing's ridiculous. Patch me up and I'll go on till I drop. How long do you give me?"

"As I said, you may live for years; on the other hand, you may go very suddenly."

Peter Reid sat silent for a minute; then he broke out:

"Who am I going to leave my money to? Tell me that."

He spoke as if the doctor were to blame for the sentence he had pronounced.

"Haven't you relations?"

"None."

"The hospitals are always glad of funds."

"I daresay, but they won't get them from me."

"Have you no friends—no one you are interested in?"

"I've hundreds of acquaintances," said the rich man, "but no one has ever done anything for me for nothing—no one."

James Lauder looked at the hard-faced little man and allowed himself to wonder how far his patient had encouraged kindness.

A pause.

"I think I'll go home," said Peter Reid.

"The servant will call you a taxi. Where do you live?"

Peter Reid looked at the doctor as if he hardly understood.

"Live?" he said. "Oh, in Princes' Gate. But that isn't home. . . . I'm going to Scotland."

"Ah," said James Lauder, "now you're talking. What part of Scotland is 'home' to you?"

"A place they call Priorsford. I was born there."

"I know it. I've fished all round there. A fine countryside."

Interest lit for a moment the dull grey eyes of Peter Reid.

"I haven't fished," he said, "since I wsa a boy. Did you ever try the Caddon Burn? There are some fine pools in it. I once lost a big fellow in it and came over the hills a disappointed laddie. . . . I remember what a fine tea my mother had for me." He reached for his hat and gave a half-ashamed laugh.

"How one remembers things! Well, I'll go. What do you say the other man's name is? Yes—yes. Life's a short darg; it's hardly worth beginning. I wish, though, I'd never come near you, and I would have gone on happily till I dropped. But I won't leave my money to any charity, mind that!"

He walked towards the door and turned.

"I'll leave it to the first person who does something for me without expecting any return.. . . By the way, what do I owe you?"

And Peter Reid went away exceeding sorrowful, for he had great possessions.

CHAPTER III.

Pamela Reston stood in Bella Bathgate's parlor and surveyed it disconsolately.

It was papered in a trying shade of terra-cotta and the walls were embellished by enlarged photographs of the Bathgate family—decent, well-living people, but plain-headed to a degree. Linoleum covered the floor. A round table with a red-and-green cloth occupied the middle of the room, and two arm-chairs and six small chairs stood about stiffly like sentinels. Pamela had tried them all and found each one more unyielding than the next. The mantel-shelf, painted to look like some uncommon kind of marble, supported two tall glass jars bright blue and adorned with white raised flowers, which contained bunches of dried grasses ("silver shekels" Miss Bathgate called them), rather dusty and tired looking. A mahogany sideboard stood against one wall and was heavily laden with vases and photographs. Hard lace curtains tinted a deep cream shaded the bow-window.

"This is grim," said Pamela to herself. "Something must be done. First of all, I must get them to send me some rugs—they will cover this awful floor—and a half a dozen cushions and some curtains and bits of embroidery and some table linen and sheets and things. Idiot that I was not to bring them with me! . . . And what could I do to the walls? I don't know how far one may go with landladies, but I hardly think one could ask them to repaper walls to each stray lodger's liking."

Miss Bathgate had not so far shown herself much inclined for conversation. She had met her lodger on the doorstep the night before, had uttered a few words of greeting, and had then confined herself to warning the man to watch the walls when he carried up the trunks, and to wondering aloud what anyone could want with so much luggage, and where in the world it was to find room. She had been asked to have dinner ready, and at eight o'clock Pamela had come down to the sitting-room to find a coarse cloth folded in two and spread on one-half of the round table. A knife, a fork, a spoon lay on the cloth, flanked on one side by an enormous cruet and on the other by four large spoons, laid crosswise, and a thick tumbler. An aspidistra in a pot completed the table decorations.

The dinner consisted of stewed steak, with turnip and carrots, and a large dish of potatoes, followed by a rice pudding made without eggs and a glass dish of prunes.

Pamela was determined to be pleased.

"How right it all is," she told herself—"so entirely in keeping. All so clean and—and sufficient. I am sure all the things we hang on ourselves and round ourselves to please and beautify are very clogging—this is life at its simplest," and she rang for coffee, which came in a breakfast-cup and was made of Somebody's essence and boiling water.

(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.

SMART'S

The Mower that's Guaranteed

The materials from which Smart's Mowers are made & the way they are made guarantee durable and satisfactory service. The keenest cutter your money can buy. Ask for a Smart's Mower by name.

JAMES SMART PLANT. BROCKVILLE ONT.

MOWERS

Minard's Liniment for Dandruff.

C.G.S. "Arctic" Will Go North This Summer.

The C.G.S. Arctic will again be employed, under the direction of the North West Territories and Yukon Branch of the Department of the Interior, in connection with the establishment of post offices, custom houses and Royal Canadian Mounted Police posts in Franklin district.

It is expected that the ship will sail from Quebec about the end of June and in addition to calling at and resupplying the posts at Craig Harbour, Ponds Inlet and Pangnirtung will again visit Godhavn, Greenland, and will also make another attempt to reach Cape Sabine on Ellesmere island, opposite Etah, Greenland. If ice conditions there show no improvement over last season, it is probable that the new post will be established at some point to the westward, possibly on Cornwallis island, or at some point on Melville sound.

The Government's new ship, the C.G.S. Franklin, is now being repaired and strengthened in England to enable her to stand the strains of an Arctic voyage, but she will not be sent north this year, although she may be brought to Canada when the alterations have been completed.

ATTRACTIVE DRAPERIES.

Our draperies are very attractive. They are made from unbleached muslin finished at the bottom with fringe. A figured cretonne is used across the top. The material is the same in both living room and dining room.

The average horse has strength equal to five men.

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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

WRIGLEY'S DOUBLEMINT CHEWING GUM

R25

Play Safe With Explosives.

"Picks up detonators—one explodes —boy Loses hand."

The above newspaper heading emphasizes the need of greater knowledge in the uses and handling of explosives. Familiarity breeds contempt is unfortunately too true with many users of explosives, and numerous accidents to innocent victims result. Notwithstanding the great care with which manufacturers place their products in the hands of consumers, the repeated warning issued regarding the hazardous nature of the material, and the strict regulations covering the manufacture, transportation and storage of explosives, there is a continuous record of accidents due to carelessness and ignorance.

The explosives division of the Federal Department of Mines has recently issued a small pamphlet on "The Handling of Explosives," which is designed, to quote from the pamphlet, "to call attention to the cardinal principles which should be observed in the handling of explosives and shot-firing, from the point of view of safety." While the general public may rarely come in contact with explosives a knowledge of the fundamentals in their handling, transportation and storage and of their employment, either on the farm for land clearing or in construction work, will in many cases allay a curiosity that may result in serious accident or loss of life. Copies of the pamphlet may be obtained from the Explosives Division of the Department of Mines at Ottawa.

Misplaced.

"I hear the tenants of your new two-family house do not get on well together."

"No, they don't. The fellow who has the lower part wants to build a radio aerial on the roof, and the chap in the upper part wants to raise mushrooms in the cellar."

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Eases Kitchen Work

To Women Who Do Their Own Work: Suppose you could save six minutes every day in washing pots and pans—two minutes after every meal. In a month, this would amount to a saving of three hours of this disagreeable but necessary work. This saving can be made by using SMP enameled kitchen utensils, as their smooth sanitary surface will not absorb dirt or grease. No scraping, scouring or polishing is needed when you use Diamond or Pearl Ware. Soap, water and a dish towel is all you need. Ask for

SMP Enameled WARE

"A Face of Porcelain and a Heart of Steel"

Three finishes: Pearl Ware, two coats of pearly grey enamel inside and out. Diamond Ware, three coats, light blue and white outside, white lining. Crystal Ware, three coats, pure white inside and out, with Royal Blue edging.

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