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FREE SAMPLE of GREEN TEA UPON REQUEST. "SALADA," TORONTO

Woman's Sphere

THE PATH TO BEAUTY.

After all, a woman's most sincere friend and remoresless critic is her mirror. When it tells her that she is looking well, that her back hair is becomingly arranged, and that she is really very good to look at, she may go upon her way, confident and well poised, serene in the knowledge that although beauty may be only skin deep, it is a very comforting possession.

On the other hand, when friend mirror declares that her face is showing faint lines, that her skin is losing the firm contour and tints of youth, and that she is rapidly assuming something suspiciously resembling a double chin, she knows she must proceed at once to take the necessary steps to check the ravages of time.

Good looks are so great an asset to a woman that the time which she spends on their preservation should no more be regarded as wasted than the time devoted to the care of her teeth or bodily health.

A smooth healthy skin, clear complexion, shining hair and well-kept hands bestow upon their possessor a certain confidence and ease and most certainly add much to her happiness and contentment.

These attributes to beauty are within the reach of every woman who is willing to work a bit to secure them; therefore, if your mirror tells you that old Father Time is beginning to adorn your face with his telltale lines, you will very wisely prepare to do battle for your good looks.

The city woman, with time on her hands, will go to a reliable beauty specialist, where she will receive a treatment that will bring back the glow of youth to her cheeks, soften her skin and brighten her eyes. Regular clients of the beauty specialist spend an hour a week in her comfortable chair, whereas real seekers of beauty are even more frequent patients.

But it is possible to keep one's good looks, even if one dwells in the desert, for every one of the beauty specialist's methods may be followed at home if one will devote just a few moments night and morning to good looks; and a very satisfactory little home course of beauty treatments may be evolved.

All that will be necessary in the way of equipment will be two or three pads of absorbent cotton, a good cleansing cream, a skin tonic, which may be nothing more than witch hazel, a skin food, perhaps also a vanishing cream and the patter, of which more, shortly.

At night, just before going to bed, the face should be cleansed carefully with a pad of cotton dipped in diluted witch hazel, then into the cleansing cream, following the motions adopted by the beauty specialist.

This treatment should be followed by a brisk patting with the patter moistened in ice-cold water. This will awaken the tired and sagging muscles. Then, if her pores are large and conspicuous our woman may apply a special pore cream that will in time make them less noticeable, or perhaps eradicate them, or she may simply use a skin food, leaving enough on her face to feed the hungry cells while she sleeps.

In the morning she will cleanse her face with the cream and skin tonic, putting on a little vanishing cream. This forms a protection for the tender tissues and if the day is spent in the open, drying winds will not harm her skin nor will it be possible for the dust raised by household tasks to clog the pores.

Any superfluous cream is gently blotted off with a soft cloth and the icy patter flopped over the face to stimulate circulation. A dusting of powder will remove any shine left by the cream.

It's all very easy, you see—none of the steaming and hot packs that once were deemed necessary. Just soft cooling creams to nourish and protect the skin from the effects of wind and weather, plenty of pure, ice-cold water or ice, and one is equipped correctly to do battle with Father Time.

It is very important, however, that the creams and tonics be applied correctly. The beauty specialist has studied the structure of the face and knows that every stroke of her fingers must be just right. Cream that is merely slapped on and then rubbed in in any fashion will not benefit the skin as it should or produce the desired results. The movements must be upward and outward, coaxing the wrinkles and lines away from the mouth and eyes.

Select the powders and creams with the utmost care; be very sure that they are pure and fine. An astringent is excellent, as it closes the pores which the cleansing cream opens, and a boric-acid wash for the eyes after the beauty treatment will leave them refreshed, rested and bright.

The cotton pads are merely folds of absorbent cotton. The patter is a square of absorbent cotton placed in a basin of cold water, and folded under the water, so that a firm surface is obtained; when finished it is about four inches long and two wide. Use the patter by holding one end of it in the hand and slap the face briskly by flapping the other end against the skin. Ice is very beneficial to the skin; it makes the muscles firm and awakens the sluggish circulation. Use it after the massage and you will need no rouge.

RONDEAU OF A HOT STOVE.

"When winter comes," says Ma, "I'll go
To where the summer's overflow
Of all the things our garden grow;
Our berry patch; our orchard too;
Stand waiting in a shining row.

"Atop my pantry shelves. You know,
They're pretty, even as they grow,
But prettier, I'm telling you,
When winter comes!
"But stoves are hot in summer, so
There's many hunts the portico,
And fans themselves, and takes the view;
(I understand their feelings, too)!
The same hot stove's a blessing, though
When winter comes!"

SECOND-DAY SANDWICHES.

When sandwiches have been left over and have become slightly dry, place them in the toaster and toast lightly on both sides. Serve at once.

The heat will freshen up the sandwich as good as new and will make a titbit, often more appetizing than the sandwich was in the first place.

One point to observe is to serve the sandwiches in a very neat and attractive manner, perhaps cutting them into triangles. If there has been lettuce in the sandwiches, this should be removed, and if it is at all wilted, replace with fresh lettuce before the toasted sandwich is served.

KEEPING CURED MEAT.

When hams, shoulders, or other pieces are taken out of the brine and dried, sew each piece in a taut covering of cheesecloth, and brush it all over with melted paraffin.

When taken out of this covering, the meat emerges clean and there is no loss of meat or time in getting the paraffin out of the crevices.

PAPER LIGHTERS.

The little old-fashioned paper lighters are convenient when using a gas or oil stove, where you can light one flame from another, and they save striking a match every time. Cut a newspaper into strips an inch wide and about a foot long and start at one corner to roll diagonally. Turn over the top when done. They must be rolled tightly. We always keep a lot of them handy.

Minard's Liniment Heals Cuts.

WRIGLEY'S

After Every Meal

It's the longest-lasting confection you can buy—and it's a help to digestion and a cleanser for the mouth and teeth.

Wrigley's means benefit as well as pleasure.

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 VII.—(Cont'd.)

"What does Mr. Jewett do?"

"I don't think he does anything much: taps the barometer, advises the gardener, fusses with fowls, potters in the garden, teaches the dog tricks. It makes him happy to feel himself rushed, and to go carrying unopened letters at tea-time. They have no children. Mrs. Jewett is a dear. She collects servants as other people collect prints or old china or Sheffield plate. They are her hobby, and she has the most wonderful knack of managing them. Even now, when good servants seem to have become extinct, and people who need five or six are grubbing away miserably with one and a charwoman, she has four pearls with soft voices and gentle ways, experts at their job. She thinks about them all the time, and considers their comfort, and dresses them in pale grey with the daintiest spotted muslin aprons and mob caps. It is a pleasure to go to the Jowetts for a meal, everything is so perfect. The only drawback is if any one makes the slightest mark on the cloth one of the silver-grey maids brings a saucer of water and wipes it off, and it is apt to make one nervous. I shall never forget going there to a children's party with David and Jock. Great-aunt Alison warned us most solemnly before we left home about marking the cloth, so we went rather tremblingly. There was a splendid tea in the dining-room, with silver candlesticks and pink shades, and lovely china, and a glittering cloth, and heaps of good things to eat—grown-up things like sandwiches and rich cakes, such as we hardly ever saw. Jock was quite small and loved his food even more than he does now, dear lamb. A maid handed round the egg-shell china—if only they had given us mugs—and as she was putting down Jock's cup he turned round suddenly and his elbow simply shot it out of her hand, and sent it flying across the table. As it went it spattered everything with weak tea and then smashed itself against one of the candlesticks.

"I wished at that moment that the world would come to an end. There seemed no other way of clearing up the mess. I was so ashamed, and so sorry for my poor Jock, I couldn't lift my eyes, but Mr. Jowett rose to the occasion and earned my affection and unending gratitude. He pretended to find it a very funny episode, and made so many jokes about it that stiffness vanished from the party, and we all became riotously happy. And Mrs. Jowett, whose heart must have been wrung to see the beautiful table ruined at the outset, so mastered her emotion as to be able to smile and say no harm had been done . . . You must go with me and see Mrs. Jowett, only don't tell her anything in the very least sad; she weeps at the slightest provocation."

"Tell me more," said Pamela—"tell me about all the people who live in those houses on the hill. It's like reading a nice *Cranfordy* book."

"But," Jean objected, "we're not in the least like people in a book. I often wonder why Priorsford is so unlike a story-book little town. We're not nearly interested enough in each other for one thing. We don't gossip to excess. Everyone goes his or her own way. In books people do things or are suspected of doing things, and are immediately cut by a feverishly interested neighborhood. I can't imagine that happening in Priorsford. No one ever does anything very striking, but if they did I'm sure they wouldn't be ostracized. Nobody would care much, except perhaps Mrs. Hope, and she would only be amused."

"Mrs. Hope?"

"Have you noticed a whitewashed house standing among trees about half a mile down Tweed from the bridge? That is Hopetoun, and Mrs. Hope and her daughter live there."

"Nice?"

Jean nodded her head like a wise mandarin. "You must meet Mrs. Hope. To describe her is far beyond my powers."

"I see. Well, go on with the houses on the hill. Who lives in the one at the corner with the well-kept garden?"

"The Prestons. Mr. Preston is a lawyer, but he isn't much like a lawyer in appearance—not yellow and parchmenty, you know. He's a good shot and an ardent fisher, what Sir Walter would have called 'a just leevin' man for a country writer.' There are several daughters, all musical, and it is a very hospitable, cheerful house. Next the Prestons live the Williamsons. Ordinary nice people. There is really nothing to say about them. . . . The house after that is Woodside, the home of the two Miss Speirs. They are not ordinary. Miss Althea is a spiritualist. She sees visions and spends much of her time with spooks. Miss Clarice is a Buddhist. Their father, when he lived, was an elder in the U.F. Church. I sometimes wonder what he would say to his daughters now. When he died they left the U.F. Church and became Episcopalians, then Miss Clarice found that she couldn't believe in vicarious sacrifice and went over to Buddhism. She took me into her bedroom once. There was a thick yellow carpet, and a bed with a tapestry cover, and almost no furniture, except—is it impious to call Buddha furniture?—a large figure of Buddha with a lamp burning before it. It all seemed to me horribly unfresh. Both ladies provide much simple amusement to the townsfolk with their clothes and their antics."

"I know the Speirs' type," said Pamela. "Foolish virgins."

"Next to Woodside is Craigton," went on Jean, "and there live three spinsters—the very best brand of spinsters,—the Duncans, Miss Mary, Miss Janet, and Miss Phemie. I don't know what Priorsford would do without these good women. Spinsters they are, but they are also real mothers in Israel. They have time to help everyone. Benign Miss Mary is the housekeeper—and such a housekeeper! Miss Janet is the public one, sits on all the Committees. Miss Phemie does the flowers and embroiders beautiful things and is like a tea-cosy, so soft and warm and comfortable. Somehow they always seem to be there when you want them. You never go to their door and get a dusty answer. There is the same welcome for everyone, gentle and simple, and always the bright fire, and the kind, smiling faces, and tea with thick cream and cake of the richest and freshest. . . . . You know how some people beg you to visit them, and when you go they seem to wear a surprised look, and you feel unexpected and awkward? The Duncans make you feel so pleased with yourself. They are so unselfishly interested in other people's concerns; and they are grand laughers. Even the dullest warm to something approaching wit when surrounded by that appreciative audience of three. They don't talk much themselves, but they have made of listening a fine art."

"Jean," said Pamela, " do you actually mean to tell me that everybody in Priorsford is nice? Or are you merely being charitable? I don't know anything duller than your charitable person who always says the kind thing."

Jean laughed. "I'm sorry, but I'm afraid the Priorsford people are all more or less nice. At least they seem so to me, but perhaps I'm not very discriminating. You will tell me what you think of them when you meet them. All these people I've been telling you about are rich people, 'in a large way,' as Priorsford calls it. They have all large motor cars and hot houses and rich things like that. Mrs. M'Cosh says Priorsford is a 'real tone-y wee place,' and we do fancy ourselves a good deal. It's a community largely made up of women and middle-aged retired men. You see, there is nothing for the young men to do; we haven't even mills like so many of the Tweedside towns."

"Will people call on me?" Pamela asked. "Is Priorsford sociable?"

Jean pursed her mouth in an effort to look worldly wise. "I think *you* will find it sociable, but if you had come here obscure and unknown, your existence never would have been heard of, even if you had taken a house and settled down. Priorsford hardly looks over its shoulder at a newcomer. Some of the 'little' people might call and ask you to tea—the kind 'little' people—but——"

"Who do you call the 'little' people?"

"All the people who aren't 'in a large way,' all the dwellers in the snug little villas—most of Priorsford, in fact." Jean got up to go. "Dear me, look at the time! The boys will be home from school. May I have the book you spoke of? Priorsford would be enraged if it heard me calmly discussing its faults and foibles." She laughed softly. "Lewis Elliot says Priorsford is made up of three classes—the dull, the daft, and the devout."

Pamela, looking for the book she wanted to lend to Jean, stopped and stood still as if arrested by the name.

"Lewis Elliot!"

"Yes, of Laverlaw. D'you know him, by any chance?"

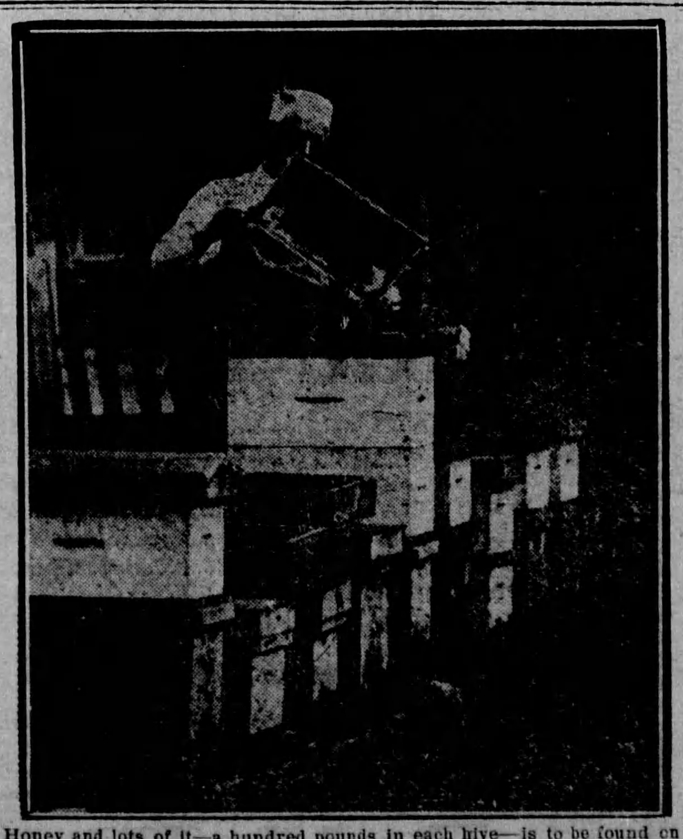
"I used to know a Lewis Elliot who had some connection with Priorsford, but I thought he had left it years ago."

"Our Lewis Elliot inherited Laverlaw rather unexpectedly some years ago. Before that he was quite poor. Perhaps that is what makes him so understanding. He is a sort of distant cousin of ours. Great-aunt Alison was his aunt too—at least, he called her aunt. It will be fun if he turns out to be the man you used to know."

"Yes," said Pamela. "Here is the book, Jean. It's been so nice having you this afternoon. No, dear, I won't go back with you to tea. I'm going to write letters. Good-bye. My love to the boys."

But Pamela wrote no letters that evening. She sat with a book on her knee and looked into the fire; sometimes she sighed.

(To be continued.)



Honey and lots of it—a hundred pounds in each hive—is to be found on the Kelly bee farm at Oakville, and in the photograph above Mr. Kelly is shown at work with his busy little friends.

THE MAGNET CIRCUS.

For the boy who has outgrown blocks or for the convalescent, there is probably nothing which will furnish more entertainment than a large powerful horseshoe magnet and a box of assorted nails—preferably of the smaller sizes.

With the nails may be built swings with tack children swinging in them, and trapezes for the most exacting acrobats. On the top may be built an Indian wigwam with weather vane atop, and a horizontal bar with its crew of acrobatic actors.

Even cats and dogs may be made with tack legs and ears, a nail body and a shoe-tack tail.

THE KITCHEN SHEARS.

Keep a pair of clean, sharp shears hanging on a convenient hook in the kitchen. You will find them the greatest possible convenience for many unexpected purposes. They are much better than a knife for trimming off the rind of bacon. They are especially desirable when snipping up marshmallows for a salad, and often save getting out a chopping knife and bowl when only a few pieces of green pepper or other garnish is to be cut in strips or small pieces. The shears should always be wiped and hung up where steam will not strike them to cause rust.

IT SAVES MENDING.

It always worries me to see the corners of tablecloths, sheets or blankets flapping on the line in a strong wind, for I know it means that these same corners will be frayed and worn. On a really wnidy day, I always double these large pieces lengthwise and pin the four corners to the line.

The main line is usually open for the fellow who travels with a full head of steam.

Mother's prescription

JOHNNY is taking a prescription. His careful mother—the family health doctor—ordered it. Her daily ounce of prevention—Lifebuoy Soap—works wonders in combating disease.

Every day your children touch dirty objects and cover themselves with germ-laden dirt. Give them Lifebuoy—the health soap.

Lifebuoy protects

The rich creamy lather of Lifebuoy carries a wonderful health element deep down into every pore. The skin is completely purified, and cleansed—delightfully stimulated.

LIFEBUOY

HEALTH SOAP

More than Soap - a Health Habit

The odour vanishes after use, but the protection remains.

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On the Old See-Saw.

The old see-saw swung to and fro
With its merry load, in the long ago;

One mind so filled with fancies sweet
As skyward bent or the earth to meet;

Now as bird that sailed the air
With its happy song so free from care;

And then, as a rider so brave and bold
Whose fiery steed he scarce could hold.

What of the one that shared the sport,
Riding the air as a chip from port?

How could I tell if his dreams rang true,
For he sat in silence the whole game through,

With his shaggy coat of white and tan
And eyes that looked as man to man;

Yet Pals more true you'll never see
On the old see-saw, than my dog and me.

—Georgina Stimpson.

It Burns as It Goes Down.

"There's a wonderful flow of water along the Canadian border."

"Fire-water, I suppose you mean?"

For Sore Feet—Minard's Liniment.

A Top Game.

One boy spins his top in a three-foot ring, runs as far as he dares, sticks a peg in the ground and runs back to pick up the top before it stops spinning. Then in turn each of the other boys spins his top, races to the peg, lifts it and plants it a little farther away, and then tries to get back in time to catch his top before it falls. If the top falls before the spinner gets back, the peg is returned to its last position. Each boy has three trials.

Let some one else play the fool; it is too easy a part to be worth your effort.

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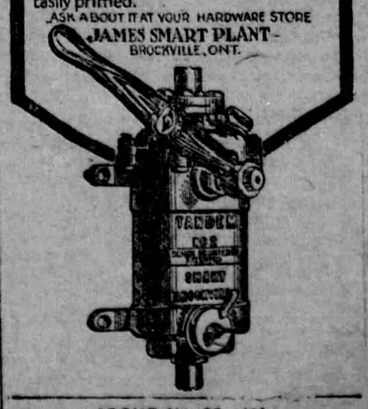
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