The Fine Qualities of "SALADA" H459 GREEN TEA

cannot be adequately described but they can be appreciated in the teacup.

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

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 XVII.

Mhor began to look forward to Christmas whenever the days began to shorten and the delights of summer to fade; and the moment the Hallowe'en "dooking" for apples was over he and Jock were deep in preparations.

As is the way with most things, the looking forward and preparing were the best of it. It meant weeks of present-making, weeks of wrestling with delicious things like paints and pasteboard and glue. Then came a week or two of walking on tiptoe into the little spare room where the presents were stored, just to peep, and make sure that they really were there and had not been spirited away, for at Christmas-time you never knew what knavish sprites were wandering about. The spare room became the most interesting place in the house. It was all so thrilling: the pulling out of the drawer, the breathless moment until you made sure that the presents were safe, the smell that come out of the drawer to meet you, an indescribable smell of lavender and well-washed linen, of furniture polish and cedar-wood. The dressing-table had a row of three little drawers on either side, and in these Jean kept the small eatables that were to go into the stockings—things made of chocolate, packets of almonds and raisins, big sugar "bools." To Mhor a great mystery hung over the dressing-table. No mortal hand had placed those things there; they were fairy things, and might vanish any moment. On Christmas morning he ate his chocolate frog with a sort of reverence, and sucked the sugar "bools" with awe.

A caller at The Rigs had once exclaimed in astonishment that an intelligent child like the Mhor still believed in Santa Claus, and Jean had replied with sudden and startling ferocity, "If he didn't believe I would beat him till he did." Happily there was no need for such extreme measures: Mhor believed implicitly.

Jock had now grown beyond such beliefs, but he did nothing to undermine Mhor's trust. He knew that the longer you can believe in such things the nicer the world is.

The Jardines always felt about Christmas Day that the best of it was over in the morning—the stockings and the presents and the postman, leaving long, over-eaten, irritable hours to be got through before bedtime and oblivion.

This year Jock had drawn out a time-table to insure that the day held no longeurs.

7.30 Stockings.
8.30. Breakfast.
9.00. Postman.
10.12. Deliver small presents to various friends.
1.00. Luncheon at the Jowetts'.
4.00. Tea at home and present-giving.
5.00-9.00. Devoted to supper and variety entertainment.

This program was strictly adhered to except by the Mhor in the matter of his stocking, which was grabbed from the bed-post and cuddled into bed beside him at least two hours before the scheduled time; and by the postman, who did not make his appearance till midday, thereby greatly disarranging things.

The day passed very pleasantly: the luncheon at the Jowetts' was everything a Christmas meal should be. Mrs. M'Cosh surpassed herself with bakemeats for the tea, the presents gave lively satisfaction, but the feature of the day was the box that arrived from Pamela and her brother. It was waiting when the family came back from the Jowetts' standing in the middle of the little hall with a hammer and a screw-driver laid on the top by thoughtful Mrs. M'Cosh—a large white wooden box which thrilled one with its air of containing treasures. Mhor sank down beside it, hardly able to wait until David had taken off his coat and was ready to tackle it. Off came the lid, out came the packing paper on the top, and in Jock and Mhor dived.

It was really a wonderful box. In it there was something for everybody, including Mrs. M'Cosh and Peter, but Mhor's was the most striking present. No wonder the box was large. It contained a whole railway—a train, lines, signal-boxes, a station, even a tunnel.

Mhor was rendered speechless with delight. Jean wished Pamela had been there to see the lamps lit in his green eyes. Mrs. M'Cosh's beautiful tea was lost on him: he ate and drank without being aware of it, his eyes feasting all the time on this great new treasure.

"I wish," he said at last, "that I could do something for the Honourable and Richard Plantagenet. I only sent her a wee poetry-book. It cost a shilling. It was Jean's shilling, really, for I hadn't anything left, and I wrote in it, 'Wishing you a pretty New Year.' I forgot about 'happy' being the word; d'you think she'll mind?"

"I think Pamela will prefer it called 'pretty,'" Jean said. "You are lucky, aren't you?—and so is Jock with that gorgeous knife."

"It's an explorer's knife," said Jock. "You see, you can do almost everything with it. If I was wrecked on a desert island I could pretty nearly build a house with it. Feel the blades."

"Oh, do be careful. I would put away the presents in the meantime and get everything ready for the charade. Are you quite sure you know what you're going to do? You musn't just stand and giggle."

Jean had asked three guests to come to supper—three lonely women who otherwise would have spent a solitary evening—and Mrs. M'Cosh had asked Bella Bathgate to sup with her and afterwards to witness what she dubbed "a chiraide."

The living-room had been made ready for the entertainment, all the chairs placed in rows, the deep window-seat doing duty for a stage, but Jean was very doubtful about the powers of the actors, and hoped that the audience would be both easily amused and long-suffering.

Jock and Mhor protested that they had chosen a word for the charade, and knew exactly what they meant to say, but they would divulge no details, advising Jean to wait patiently, for something very good was coming.

The little house looked very festive, for the boys had decorated earnestly, the square hall was a bower of greenery, and a gaily colored Chinese lantern hanging in the middle added a touch of gaiety to the scene. The supper was the best that Jean and Mrs. M'Cosh could devise, the linen and the glass and silver shone, the flowers were charmingly arranged, Jean wore her gay mandarin's coat, and the guests—when they arrived—found themselves in such a warm and welcoming atmosphere that they at once threw off all stiffness and prepared to enjoy the evening.

The entertainment was to begin at eight, and Mrs. M'Cosh and Miss Bathgate took their seats "on the chap," as the latter put it. The two Miss Watsons, surprisingly enough, were also present. They had come along after supper with a small present for Jean, had asked to see her, and stood lingering on the doorstep refusing to come farther, but obviously reluctant to depart.

"Just a little bag, you know, Miss Jean, for you to put your work in if you're going out to tea, you know. No, it's not at all kind. You've been so nice to us. No, no, we won't come in; we don't want to disturb you—just ran along—you've friends, anyway. Oh, well, if you put it that way . . . we might just sit down for five minutes—if you're sure we're not in the way. . . ." And still making a duet of protest they sank into seats.

A passage had been arranged, with screens between the door and the window-seat, and much traffic went along that way; the screens bumped and bulged and seemed on the point of collapsing, while smothered giggles were frequent.

At last the curtains were jerked apart and revealed what seemed to be a funeral pyre. Branches were piled on the window-seat, and on the top, wrapped in an eiderdown quilt, with a laurel wreath bound round his head, lay David. Jock, with bare legs and black boots, draped in an old-fashioned circular waterproof belonging to Mrs. M'Cosh, stood with arms folded looking at him, while Mhor, almost denuded of clothing, and supported by Peter (who sat with his back to the audience to show his thorough disapproval of the proceedings), stood at one side.

When the murmured comments of the spectators had ceased, Mhor, looking extraordinarily Roman, held up his hand as if appealing to a raging mob, and said, "Peace, ho! Let us hear him," whereupon Jock, breathing heavily in his brother's face, proceeded to give Anthony's oration over Caesar. He did it very well, and the Mhor as the mob supplied appropriate growls at intervals; indeed, so much did Anthony's eloquence inspire Mhor that, when Jock shouted, "Light the pyre!" (a sentence introduced to bring in the charade word), instead of merely pretending with an unlighted taper, Mhor dashed to the fire, lit the taper, and before anyone could stop him, thrust it among the dry twigs, which at once began to light and crackle. Immediately all was confusion. "Mhor!" shouted Jean, as she sprang towards the stage. "Gosh, Maggie!" Jock yelled, as he grabbed the burning twigs, but it was "Imperial Caesar, dead and turned to clay," who really put out the fire by rolling on it wrapped in an eiderdown quilt.

"Eh, ye ill callant," said Bella Bathgate.

"Ye wee deevil," said Mrs. M'Cosh, "ye micht hey had us a' burned where we sat, and it Christmas, too!"

"What made you do it, sonny?" Jean asked.

"It made it so real," Mhor explained, "and I knew we could always throw them out of the window if they really blazed. What's the use of having a funeral pyre if you don't light it?"

(To be continued.)

"YOU can cook an entire meal with the Hotpoint 3-Heat Grill. It will boil, broil, toast or fry. Any two operations may be carried on at the same time. It may also be used with the Hotpoint Ovenette for roasting."

The Hotpoint Grill is equipped with a reversible 3-heat switch, while the element frame is constructed throughout of rust-proof monel metal.

For sale by dealers everywhere.

H 16C

HOTPOINT DIVISION

Canadian General Electric Co. Limited

BEAUTIFY IT WITH "DIAMOND DYES"

Perfect home dyeing and tinting is guaranteed with Diamond Dyes. Just dip in cold water to tint soft, delicate shades, or boil to dye rich, permanent colors. Each 15-cent package contains directions so simple any woman can dye or tint lingerie, silks, ribbons, skirts, waists, dresses, coats, stockings, sweaters, draperies, coverings, hangings, everything new.

Buy "Diamond Dyes"—no other kind—and tell your druggist whether the material you wish to color is wool or silk, or whether it is linen, cotton, or mixed goods.

EDWARDSBURG CROWN BRAND CORN SYRUP

C-B1

The pure wholesome corn syrup, a Standard of Quality for over 25 years—ask for it!

Write for EDWARDSBURG Recipe Book.

THE CANADA STARCH CO. LIMITED
MONTREAL

A Friend of the Family

A COMFORTABLE PLAY SUIT FOR THE SMALL BOY.

4854. Seersucker, linene or cotton repp would be suitable for this style. The free edges may be bound with braid or bias seam tape.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. A 3-year size requires 2¼ yards of 27-inch material.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 20c in silver, by the Wilson Publishing Co., 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto.

Send 15c in silver for our up-to-date Fall and Winter 1924-1925 Book of Fashions.

For Sore Feet—Minard's Liniment.

Undamped in the Mountains.

Radio Fans—"Now that they are broadcasting the breakers on the shore, what kind of waves would you say we were hearing anyway?"

Radio Nut—"Well, I suppose they ought to be 'damp' ones, don't you think?"

Boy Babies Outnumber Girls Among Older Parents.

The older the parents the more likelihood their children will be boys, is the conclusion arrived at by Professor Fetscher, the social hygienne expert, after a statistical examination of 1796 families, says a Berlin dispatch. His statistics also show that the first birth is the index of the probable sex of succeeding births. Fetscher's research was conducted in an attempt to find the reason for the increased proportion of male births after the war, which stands in Germany today at a ratio of 100 female to 107 male births. He found that when the mother was under twenty-five years, the births were fifty-fifty; from twenty-five to thirty the ratio was 111 boys to 100 girls; from thirty-five upward it was 124 boys to 100 girls. The same relative figures hold good with reference to the father's age.

Fetscher ventures the hpyothesis that if these results prove universally true, the fact that war delays the growth of the family until the parents are older would furnish an explanation of the increase in male births.

Another interesting fact is that in families with the first-born boys, the succeeding children are in the ratio of 100 girls to 124 boys, while in families where the first-born are girls the ratio of the following births is 100 girls to 104 boys. Thus the first birth furnishes a mathematical index of the probabilities for those succeeding, while the age of the parents gives a basis for calculating the sex of the first born.

Emigrants from England last year numbered 267,000, including 159,000 men.

France's smallest conscript is a well-known music hall performer, who measures only 3 ft. 5 ins.

Most people talk of the pleasure of talking, not for the entertainment of their hearers. That is why there are so many bores in the world.

Minard's Liniment Heals Cuts.

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.

Willing to Plunge.

Her Mother—"John, I think Helen's voice should be cultivated if it doesn't cost too much."

Her Father—"It can't cost too much if it will improve it any."

There is but one truth outside science, the truth that comes of an earnest, smiling survey of mankind. —Stevenson.

DEAF AND HARD OF HEARING

Toronto Lip Reading Club gives free instruction in Lip Reading. Apply Secretary, Miss A. Hetherington, 113 Hilton Ave., Toronto.

HOUSE established 60 years.

Please write for our price list on

Poultry, Butter, and Eggs

We GUARANTEE them for a week ahead.

P. POULIN & CO., LIMITED

36-38 Bonsecours Market.

Telephone Main 7107

MONTREAL. QUEBEC

If You Haven't a Phonograph Here's Your Opportunity

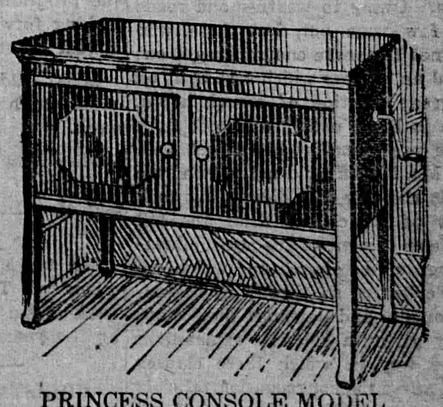
You've wanted a phonograph for a long time but probably you haven't decided which one to select. We want to help you—to tell you just how Brunswick can and will bring happiness into your home, and how easily you can now secure the model of your choice.

STYLE No. 4 $60.00

Brunswick

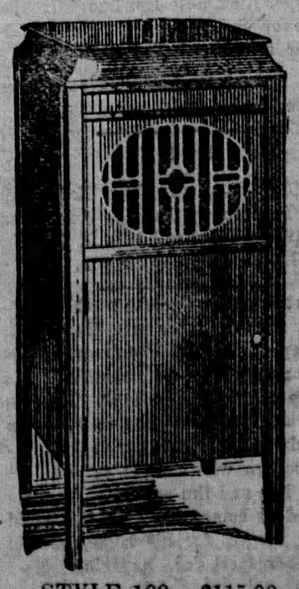
revolutionized all Methods of Phonographic Reproduction seven years ago by introducing two exclusively patented features — the Double Ultona and All-Wood Oval Amplifier which have since become World-famous and characterize Brunswick for its clear right tonal qualities.

The Ultona, by a mere twist of the wrist plays ALL records at their best; the All-Wood Oval Amplifier, following scientific rules of sound, reproduces the music of the Artist with faithful identity.



PRINCESS CONSOLE MODEL $135.00

ROYAL CONSOLE MODEL $145.00



STYLE 109 - $115.00

Easy Terms Arranged Until Xmas

The **Musical Merchandise Co. Ltd.**

79 Wellington St. W. Toronto

We want you to enjoy the Brunswick as thousands of satisfied owners are doing to-day. Don't put off sending for our beautifully illustrated catalogue showing all models and prices. You are under absolutely no obligation. We want you to know more about Brunswick. Sign and send this coupon to-day.

The Musical Merchandise Co., Ltd
79 Wellington St. W., Toronto

Without obligation to myself send me your latest illustrated Brunswick catalogue complete with descriptions and prices of all models.

Name .....

Address .....