Have You Tasted "SALADA" GREEN TEA

H679

Those who have used Japan, Young Hyson or Gunpowder Tea will appreciate the superiority of this delicious blend, always so pure and rich. Try it.

Woman's Sphere

A BIRTHDAY GIFT.

An odd little birthday gift, one that does not cost much over ten cents, is the shade or lamp pull. Button molds of the natural wood are used.

To make the square pull, two small square molds for the bottom and top group and two of a little larger size for between are needed.

Paint them bright colors, using enamel or artist's tube paints. Water colors may be used, but a coat of varnish or shellac is then needed to prevent dampness affecting the color. I enameled the square button molds a peacock blue and the silk cord on which they are strung is bright orange, thus giving a pleasing combination but still a bright touch of color.

Always knot one end of the cord to prevent its fraying out when working and to hold the lower molds. A twenty-four-inch cord is a good length. String on two flat molds and tie a knot down close, thus holding the molds closely together between the end knot and the one just made.

The two larger molds are then strung, and a knot tied down close on top of these two. Leave about three inches and tie a knot and string two small molds and tie a knot on top of these. In making pulls of other designs be sure to have good proportions between molds.

In the other pull I used round molds of two sizes. These are painted bright yellow and have little conventional rose designs in black and green. The cord is a turquoise blue. A green or black cord would go very well with the yellow. In this pull I separated each bead, holding them in place by a knot on top and bottom, which also adds to the decorative effect.

Pulls made in light colors are lovely for a girl's living room and in the bright colors for the living-room window shades or piano lamp.—D. W. P.

WHY NOT TUESDAY FOR WASHDAY?

Seems to me "Blue Monday" takes its name from the unsystematic scramble with which the week starts. This long-established custom of starting the new week, undertaking the heaviest piece of work of washing on Monday, has not changed since the time of our grandmothers. With these considerations, such as starting the children on a new week at school, attending to certain business matters that always come up on Monday, led me to alter my weekly schedule, especially in the winter. In summer time when one gets up earlier, one usually gets a better start at work. Sort the clothes, put the white ones to soak, using soft water if possible. If hard water is used, soften with powdered borax, four teaspoons to a boiler of water.

One of the most disagreeable features of the wash boiler is the difficulty with which small articles, such as handkerchiefs, collars and small laces are fished out of the steaming suds. If a small cheesecloth bag is made, and these articles put into it for the boiling process, your time, temper and complexion will be saved. If a lump of soda is dissolved in hot water and added to the blue water it will prevent the blue from settling in patches on the clothes. I know we all like to hang our clothes out in the fresh air. To keep them from freezing to the line, dip a cloth in strong salt water and rub over the line when the clothes are ready to hang up. If you will warm the clothespins before going out to hang clothes, you will save much suffering from cold hands. Mrs. A. C. M.

A SMART VERSION OF THE TUNIC.

5014. In this model the tunic effect is shown in the "apron" portion of the front. This slim-line style is youthful and becoming to slender and to mature figures. The sleeve may be finished in wrist length, or short, as in the small view.

The Pattern is cut in 7 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size requires 4¾ yards of 40-inch material if made with long sleeves. With short sleeves ⅜ yard less material is required. The width at the foot is 1½ yard.

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 1925 Book of Fashions.

THE PROFITS IN TEA GROWING

The price of good quality tea has risen in the last two years between 20c and 25c per pound. The demand which has been phenomenal, has sustained this increase, and the fortunate owners of tea plantations have earned dividends in some cases of from 60% to 100%. All those engaged in selling the commodity—who have not been making any more profit—have been hoping for over-production. This is inevitable when such profits are being made and prices will then fall. But tea is still getting dearer, and no one can foretell just when the drop will come—whether in one year or longer. It may come when least expected.

ONE NIGHT OUT FIXES THE TEA KETTLE.

Here is the remedy to get the lime out of a tea kettle with little trouble: Empty the kettle, removing the top. Set outside over night during hard freezing weather. The moisture in the lime will cause it to freeze and become brittle. Thus, early the following morning, it may be taken off the sides in large chunks, depending on how hard it is frozen. This method has been used several times with success by members of the home economics staff of Purdue University, who have found it quite effective.

The world always asks this question, "What have you given?" not "What have you got?" Give yourself and get happiness.—O. S. M.

St. Dunstan's have taken in 635 men who, due to war wounds, have gone blind since the Armistice.

"I know I'm cranky," said the handle of the ice cream freezer, "but I won't turn that thing unless I am put to it."

Minard's Liniment for the Grippe.

A Sweet Breath at all times!

After eating or smoking Wrigley's freshens the mouth and sweetens the breath. Nerves are soothed, throat is refreshed and digestion aided. So easy to carry the little packet!

WRIGLEY'S after every meal

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 XXI.—(Cont'd.)

"Dear me! I could have sworn she cared."

"I think she does, but Jean is proud. What a silly thing pride is! However, Biddy is very tenacious, and he isn't at all down-hearted about his rebuff. He's quite sure that Jean and he were meant for each other, and he has great hopes of convincing Jean. I've never mentioned the subject to her, she is so tremendously reticent and shy about such things. I talk about Biddy in a casual way, but if I hadn't known from Biddy I would have learned from Jean's averted eyes that something had happened. The child gives herself away every time."

"This, I suppose, happened before the fortune came. What effect will the money have, I wonder?"

"I wonder too," said Pamela. "Now that Jean feels she has something to give it may make a difference. I wish she would speak to me about it, but I can't force her confidence."

"No," said Mrs. Hope. "You can't do that. As you say, Jean is very reticent. I think I'm rather hurt that she hasn't confided in me. She is almost like my own. . . . She was a little child when the news came that Sandy, my youngest boy, was gone. . . . . I'm reticent too, and I couldn't mention his name, or speak about my sorrow, and Jean seemed to understand. She used to garden beside me, and chatter about her baby affairs, and ask me questions, and I sometimes thought she saved my reason. . . . ."

Pamela sat silent. It was well known that no one dared mention her sons' names to Mrs. Hope. Figuratively she removed her shoes from off her feet, for she felt that it was holy ground.

Mrs. Hope went on. "I dare say you have heard about—my boys. They all died within three years, and Augusta and I were left alone. Generally I get along, but to-day—perhaps because it is the first spring day, and they were so young and full of promise—it seems as if I must speak about them. Do you mind?"

Pamela took the hand that lay on the black silk lap and kissed it. "Ah, my dear," she said.

"Archie was my eldest son. His father and I dreamed dreams about him. They came true, though not in the way we had chosen. He went into the Indian Civil Service—the Hopes were always a far-wandering race—and he gave his life fighting famine in his district. . . . And Jock would be nothing but a soldier—*my* Jock with his warm heart and his sudden rages and his passion for animals. (Jock Jardine reminds me of him just a little.) There never was anyone more lovable, and he was killed in a Frontier raid—two in a year. Their father was gone, and for that I was thankful; one can bear sorrow oneself, but it is terrible to see others suffer. Augusta was a rock in a weary land to me; nobody knows what Augusta is but her mother. We had Sandy, our baby, left, and we managed to go on. But Sandy was a soldier too, and when the Boer War broke out, of course he had to go. I knew when I said good-bye to him that whoever came back it wouldn't be my laddie. He was too shining-eyed, too much all that was young and innocent and brave to win through. . . . Archie and Jock were men, capable, well equipped to fight the world, but Sandy was our baby—he was only twenty. . . Of all the things the dead possessed it is the thought of their gentleness that breaks the heart. You can think of their qualities of brain and heart and be proud, but when you think of their gentleness and their youth you can only weep and weep. I think our hearts broke—Augusta's and mine—when Sandy went. . . . He had been, they told us later, the life of his company. His spirits never went down. It was early morning, and he was singing 'Annie Laurie' when the bullet killed him—like a lark shot down in the sun—rising. . . . His great friend came to see us when everything was over. He was a very honest fellow, and couldn't have made up things to tell us if he had tried. He sat and racked his brains for details, for he saw that we hungered and thirsted for anything. At last he said, 'Sandy was a funny fellow. If you left a cake near him he ate all the currants out of it.' . . . My little boy, my little, little boy! I don't know why I should cry. We had him for twenty years. Stir the fire, will you, Pamela, and put on a log—I don't like it when it gets dull. Old people need a blaze even when the sun is outside."

"You mustn't say you are old," Pamela said, as she threw on a log and swept the hearth, shading her eyes, smarting with tears from the blaze. "You must stay with Augusta for a long time. Think how every one would miss you. Priorsford wouldn't be Priorsford without you."

"Priorsford would never look over its shoulder. Augusta would miss me, yes, and some of the poor folk, but I've too ill-scrapit a tongue to be much liked. Sorrow ought to make people more tender, but it made my tongue bitter. To an unregenerate person with an aching heart like myself it is a relief to slash out at the people who annoy one by being too correct, or too consciously virtuous. I admit it's wrong, but there it is. I've prayed for charity and discretion, but my tongue always runs away with me. And I really can't be bothered with those people who never say an ill word of any one. It makes conversation as savourless as porridge without salt. One needn't talk scandal. I hate scandal—but there is no harm in remarking on the queer ways of your neighbors: any one who likes can remark on mine. Even when you are old and done and waiting for the summons it isn't wrong surely to get amusement out of the other pilgrims if you can. Do you know your 'Pilgrim's Progress,' Pamela? Do you remember where Christiana and the others reach the Land of Beulah? It is the end of the journey and they have nothing to do but to wait, while the children go into the King's gardens and gather there sweet flowers. . . . . It is all true. I know, for I have reached the Land of Beulah. 'How welcome is death,' says Bunyan, 'to them that have nothing to do but to die.' For the last twenty-five years the way has been pretty hard. I've stumbled along very lamely, followed my Lord on crutches like Mr. Fearing, but now the end is in sight and I can be at ease. All these years I have never been able to read the letters and diaries of my boys—they tore my very heart—but now I can read them without tears, and rejoice in having had such sons to give. I used to be tortured by dreams of them, when I thought I held them and spoke to them, and woke to weep in agony, but now when they come to me I can wake and smile, satisfied that very soon they will be mine again. Sorrow is a wonderful thing. It shatters this old earth, but it makes a new heaven. I can thank God for taking my boys. Augusta is a saint and acquiesced from the first, but I was rebellious. I see that Heaven and myself had part in my boys; now Heaven has all, and all the better it is for the boys. I hope God will forgive my bitterness, and all the grief I have given with words. 'No suffering is for the present joyous . . . nevertheless afterwards . . . .' When the Great War broke out and the terrible casualty lists became longer and longer, and 'with rue our hearts were laden,' I found I could go without impertinence into the house of mourning, even when I hardly knew the people, and ask them to let me share their grief, and I think sometimes I was able to help just a little."

"I know how you helped," said Pamela; "the Macdonalds told me. Do you know, I think I envy you. You have suffered much but you have loved much. Your life has meant something. Looking back I've nothing to think on but social successes that now seem very small and foolish, and years of dressing and talking and dancing and laughing. My life seems like a brightly colored bubble—as light and as useless."

(To be continued.)

No one sees what is before his feet; we all gaze at the stars.

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.

INECTO RAPID

The world's best hair tint. Will restore gray hair to its natural color in 15 minutes.

Small size, $3.30 by mail
Double size, $5.50 by mail

The W. T. Pember Stores Limited
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ISSUE No. 9—'25.

Introducing
Mrs. Experience

Mrs. Housewife—permit us to introduce Mrs. Experience. As her name indicates, Mrs. Experience is a housewife of long training and wide knowledge, and she will be decidedly worth listening to on housekeeping matters. Each week in this paper she will have something of value to tell modern housewives. Look for Mrs. Experience every week.

S-51

Sunlight Soap

A Wish.

Just a path that is sure,
Thorny or not,
And a heart honest and pure,
Keeping the path that is sure,
That be my lot.

Just plain duty to know,
Irksome or not,
And truer and better to grow
In doing the duty I know,
That I have sought.

Just to keep battling on,
Weary or not,
Sure of the Right alone,
As I keep battling on,
True to my thought.

—Walter C. Smith.

Minard's for Sprains and Bruises.

Glass Dress.

A glass dress that belonged to the Infanta Eulalie of Spain, and that attracted much attention at the Columbian Exposition in Chicago in 1893, has been presented to the National Museum at Munich. The gown is of soft spun glass that looks like silk. So fine is the glass thread of which it is made that the dress weighs only one pound.

Clever.

Said a Greek to a Jew—"Have you seen that excavations on the Acropolis have revealed wires? That proves positively that my people knew the mysteries of telegraphy."

Replied the Jew to the Greek—"Have you seen that in excavating in Jerusalem no wires have been found? That proves that my people knew the mysteries of wireless telegraphy!"

All Lit Up.

Match Box—"Well, if there isn't Mr. Candle all lit up!"

Which One?

"Freddy," said the teacher, "you have spelled the word 'rabbit' with two t's. You must leave one of them out."

"Yes, ma'am," replied Freddy: "which one?"

A grouch is only a fellow whose smile is sort of rusty. Try rubbing in a little milk o' human kindness.

OXO CUBES

are the concentrated strength of prime, fresh beef. Use them to add flavor and nutriment to soups, sauces, gravy, stews, hash, meat-pies.

Tins of 4 - 15c. and " " 10 - 30c.

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The confidence the rural communities have shown in this Savings Office is indicated by the large increase in deposits, which are now over $20,000,000.

All deposits are secured by the entire resources of the Province of Ontario.

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