Your Grocer Sells "SALADA" GREEN TEA

H672

Have you tried it? The tiny rich-flavored leaves and tips are sealed air-tight. Finer than any Japan or Gunpowder. Insist upon SALADA.

Woman's Sphere

HAIRDRESSERS SAY:

Here are some of the tricks the best hairdressing parlors use to make their clients' hair luxuriant.

Individual comb and brush is the first rule. If you are a regular customer you have your own comb and brush with your name taped on. If you're but an occasional visitor you get a comb and brush out of the sterilizing machine. This first rule is easy to apply at home. If you insist that each member of your family have his own brush there'll be no danger of catching dandruff from each other.

You try to keep your bob smooth. You may even wear one of those bobbinette caps at night to preserve your sleek contour. The good hairdresser would brush your bob up the wrong way, hard and vigorously, for at least fifty strokes. This gives the hair exercise and air and it will lie flat again when it is arranged.

Another trick with bobbed hair is to touch the split ends with an oil tonic. The operator barely touches her fingers in the tonic and only lightly brushes them over the dry ends. If you like that inward curve, she puts her finger under the ends of your hair and brushes them in with a brush lightly dipped in the same tonic.

When long hair is washed the good hairdresser doesn't scrimp on shampoo. Lavishly she pours it on. Four or five soapings are often used when the hair is particularly long or heavy. Just like clothes, hair washes easier with an abundance of soap.

Watch an expert dress your hair. She doesn't take it all in one lump and give it a quick twist. Even to make a simple knot at the top of the head she ties the hair firmly in place and divides it into several strands, arranging each separately. Hairpins are not her pet economy. And, notice, she never pulls the hairnet tight—just catches it here and there with an invisible pin.

HOW TO CHOOSE YOUR MATERIALS.

The odds may be against you having a becoming dress even before you put your scissors in the goods. By its very texture a fabric may flatter you or be unkind. The weave gives it a certain character. Materials have as distinct personalities as colors.

Materials with shiny surfaces are generally trying. It takes an almost perfect type of woman to wear them well. Slippery taffetas that reflect patches of light and glazed satins that glisten are just as conspicuous, even in black and dark tones, as brilliant red is in a dull soft goods. They attract attention to the proportions of the woman who is wearing them. They are downright unkind to the too-stout or the too-thin woman. Dull crepe silks that fall into graceful folds are easier to wear.

In woolens, mohair has the same quality of reflecting light and holding the eye. Linen too, when it's washed, especially if it is starched, is what I call brazen. These goods demand a pleasant face and smooth contour of form to carry them off. Woolens that are soft, as cashmere, kasha and fine twills, are easy to wear. Cotton crepes, voiles and gingham tissue are materials that drape easily, take graceful folds and are generally flattering.

Harsh, wiry materials have touchy personalities. They are not particularly friendly to the stout woman or the woman with the plain face. Organdie, while it is delightful in itself, when made up bulges, makes flippant angles and breezy curves that only youth and a pretty face can walk off with successfully. Hard-twisted serges poke out too sharply for the stout woman or the painfully thin.

A faille silk, habutai, basket-weave woolen, not too heavy, fine flannel and cotton broadcloth have more amiable characters. They will fall where you want them and stay there. They are not so apt to advertise the fact that your hips are large, your shoulders broad or your chest flat.

Bulky materials are friendly to all except the stout woman and the short woman. Little women look as if they are carrying such a load when they have on a big coat of a thick, spongy woolen. Thick goods actually add to one's size, and that is reason enough for the stout woman to leave them alone.

Thin, transparent materials, chiffons and georgettes, if handled rightly, are a blessing when it comes to veiling the too-thin or too-fat arm. But be sure you really veil them. One thickness of very heavy chiffon may do it, but two are better.

Certain materials look cool. They are the smooth ones—linen, cotton broadcloth, crisp organdie, mohair, habutai and silk shirtings. Linen isn't really cool, but there is a lot of it bought for summer—just on its face value.

On the other hand, woozy, spongy goods look warm. It is not pleasant to the eye when the thermometer is creeping upward.

I want to tack on a little color note that I have jotted down for you. It is flesh-pink, delicate flesh-pink. Even flannels are being made up in it. It is lovely in voile too, and is especially becoming to the woman with gray hair, although even the flappers wear this light tint.—T. C.

A COMFORTABLE OUTFIT FOR A "SMALL TOT."

5009. Voile, dimity, crepe, silk and chambrey are good materials for the little Dress here portrayed and for the Slip and Drawers one could use cambric, or lawn.

The Pattern is cut in 5 Sizes: 6 months, 1 year, 2, 3 and 4 years. A 2-year size requires ¾ yard of 36-inch material for the Drawers, 1⅛ yards for the slip, and 1¾ yards for the Dress if the Dress is made with long sleeves. If made with short sleeves ¼ yard less is required of 36-inch material. If Slip is made without ruffle ⅛ yard less is required.

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.

DRIVING TACKS.

If you must drive a tack in an awkward place, press the tack through a strip of stiff paper and hold the paper instead of the tack. It will save time, patience and your fingers.

Fresh or Canned?

"Ma, do cows and bees go to heaven?"

"Mercy, child, what a question! Why?"

"'Cause if they don't, the milk and honey the preacher said was up there must be canned stuff."

Minard's Liniment Fine for the Hair.

After Every Meal

Pass it around after every meal. Give the family the benefit of its aid to digestion. Cleans teeth too. Keep it always in the house. R81

"Costs little - helps much"

WRIGLEY'S

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 XXII.—(Cont'd.)

"I've no relations," said Miss Abbot. She was quiet now and calm, and hopeless. "And if I had I couldn't be a burden on them. Nobody wants a penniless, half-blind woman. I've had to use up all my savings this winter . . . it will just have to be the workhouse."

"But it shan't be," said Jean. "What's the use of me if I'm not to help? No. Don't stiffen and look at me like that. I'm not offering you charity. Perhaps you may have heard that I've been left a lot of money—in trust. It's your money as much as mine; if it's anybody's it's God's money. I felt I just couldn't pass your door this morning, and I spoke to you, though I was frightfully scared—you looked so stand-offish. . . . Now listen. All I've got to do is to send your name to my lawyer—he's in London, and he knows nothing about anybody in Priorsford, so you needn't worry about him—and he will arrange that you get a sufficient income all your life. No. it isn't charity. You've fought hard all your life for others, and it's high time you got a rest. Every one should get a rest and a competency when they are sixty. (Not that you are nearly that, of course.) Some day that happy state of affairs will be. Now the kettle's almost boiling, and I'm going to make you a cup of tea. Where's the caddy?"

There was a spoonful of tea in the caddy, but in the cupboard there was only the heel of a loaf—no butter, no cheese, no jam.

"I'm at the end of my tether," Miss Abbot admitted. "And unless I touch the money laid away for my rent, I haven't a penny in the house."

"Then," said Jean, "it was high time I turned up." She heated the teapot and poked the bit of coal into a blaze. "Now here's your tea"—she reached for her bag that lay on the table—"and here's some money to go on with. Oh, please don't let's go over it all again. Do, my dear, be reasonable."

"I doubt it's charity," said poor Miss Abbot, "but I cannot refuse. Indeed, I don't seem to take it in. . . . I've whiles dreamed something like this, and cried when I wakened. This last year has been something awful—trying to hide my failing eyesight, and pretending I didn't need sewing when I was near starving, and always seeing the workhouse before me. When I got up this morning there seemed to be a high wall in front of me, and I knew I had come to the end. I thought God had forgotten me."

"Not a bit of it," said Jean. "Put away that money like a sensible body, and I'll write to my lawyer to-day. And the next thing to do is to go with me to an oculist, for your eyes may not be as bad as you think. You know, Miss Abbot, you haven't treated your friends well, keeping them all at arm's length because you were in trouble. Friends do like to be given the chance of being useful. . . . Now I'll tell you what to do. This is a nice fresh day. You go and do some shopping, and be sure and get something nice for your supper, and fresh butter and marmalade and things, and then go for a walk along Tweedside and let the wind blow on you, and then drop in and have a cup of tea and a gossip with one of the friends you've been neglecting lately, and you see if you don't feel heaps better. . . . Remember nobody knows anything about this but you and me. I shan't even tell Mr. Macdonald. . . You will get papers and things to sign, I expect, from the lawyer, and if you want anything explained you will come to The Rigs, won't you? Perhaps you would rather I didn't come here much. Good morning, Miss Abbot," and Jean went away. "For all the world," as Miss Abbot said to herself, "as if lifting folk from the miry clay and setting their feet on a rock was all in the day's work."

The days slipped away and March came and David was home again; such a smart David in new clothes and (like Shakespeare's Town Clerk) "everything handsome about him."

He immediately began to entice Jean into spending money. It was absurd, he said, to have no one but Mrs. M'Cosh: a smart housemaid must be got.

"She would only worry Mrs. M'Cosh," Jean protested, "and there isn't room for another maid, and I hate smart maids anyway. I like to help in the house myself."

"But that's so absurd," said David, "with all your money. You should enjoy life now."

"Yes," said Jean meekly, "but smart maids wouldn't help me to—quite the opposite. . . . And don't you get ideas into your head about smartness, Davie. The Rigs could never be smart: you must go to The Towers for that. So long as we live at The Rigs we must be small plain people. And I hope I shall live here all my life—and so that's that!"

David, greatly exasperated, bounded from his chair the better to harangue his sister.

"Jean, anybody would think you were a hundred to hear you talk! You'll get nothing out of life except perhaps a text on your tombstone, 'She hath done what she could,' and that's a dull prospect. . . Why aren't you more like other girls? Why don't you do your hair the new way, all sort of—oh, I don't know, and wear earrings . . . you know you don't dress smartly."

"No," said Jean.

"And you haven't any tricks. I mean you don't try and attract attention to yourself."

"No," said Jean.

"You don't talk like other girls, and you're not keen on the new dances. I think you like being old fashioned."

"I'm afraid I'm a failure as a girl," Jean confessed, "but perhaps Ill get more charming as I get older. Look at Pamela!"

"Oh, Miss Reston," said David, in the tone that he might have said "Helen of Troy." . . . "But seriously, Jean, I think you are using your money in a very dull way. You see, you're so dashed helpful. What makes you want to think all the time about slum children? . . . I think you'd better present your money all in a lump to the Government as a drop in the ocean of the National Debt."

"I'll not give it to the Government," said Jean, "but we may count ourselves lucky if they don't thieve it from us. I'm at one with Bella Bathgate when she says, 'I'm no verra sure aboot thae politicians, Liberal or Tory.' I think she fears that any day they may grab Hillview from her."

"Anyway," David persisted, "we might have a car. I learned to drive at Oxford. It would be frightfully useful, you know, a little car."

"Useful!" laughed Jean. "Have you written any more, Davie?"

David explained that the term had been a very busy one, and that his time had been too much occupied for any outside work, and Jean understood that the stimulus of poverty having been removed David had fallen into easier ways. And why not—at nineteen?

"We must think about a car. Do you know all about the different makes? We mustn't be rash."

David assured her that he would make all inquiries, and went out of the room whistling blithely.

Jean, left alone, sat thinking. Was the money to be a treasure to her or the reverse? It was fine to give David what he wanted, to know that Jock and Mhor could have the best of everything, but their wants would grow and grow; simple tastes and habits were easily shed, and luxurious ways easily learned. Would the possession of money spoil the boys? She sighed, and then smiled rather ruefully as she thought of David and his smart maids and motors and his desire to turn her into a modern girl. It was very natural and very boyish of him. "He'll have the face ett off me," said Jean, quoting the Irish R. M. . . . Richard Plantagenet hadn't minded her being old fashioned.

(To be continued.)

An idea of what will be worn this spring is shown in this attractive sport frock of black and white printed crepe de chine. The boyish collar and cuffs outlined with black add to the chic of the costume.

For Sore Feet—Minard's Liniment.

Rinso *saves your strength—your time—and your clothes!*

The first really modern Laundry Soap

Lever Bros. Limited, Toronto

Village Where Nobody Dies.

Salecchio, a mountain village in Piedmont, Italy, has suddenly become famous, and crowds of people are flocking there. It has been proclaimed a place where nobody dies. No deaths have occurred there during the past three years.

The Mayor of Salecchio performs the varied tasks of postman, joiner, and bell-ringer. It is claimed that nobody drinks wine, nobody quarrels, and nobody steals at Salecchio, and that perfect harmony reigns among the inhabitants.

WHEN WILL TEA PRICES DROP?

A shortage in the world's tea supply, in the face of an enormous demand, is forcing prices up to very high levels. Tea merchants realize, however, that tea at a dollar a pound only brings the day of a drop in price so much nearer. Tea growers are making such tremendous profits that over-production is bound to come at any time.

Average Wages of Farm Help in 1924.

Only slight changes, either in the direction of increase or decrease, are indicated in the average wages paid to farm helpers during the year 1924. For the whole of Canada, the average wages per month of farm helpers during the summer season of 1924, including board, were for men $62, as compared with $61 in 1923, and for women $42, as against $39. The average value of the board per month is placed for men at $22 ($21 in 1923) and for women at $19 ($17 in 1923. By the year, the average value for males, including board, was $636, as compared with $611, and for females $461, as compared with $422. The value of the yearly board is given as $256 for men ($239 in 1923) and $217 for women ($191 in 1923). By provinces, the average monthly wages for men and women respectively in the summer season, including board, were in 1924 as follows, the averages for 1923 being given within brackets: Prince Edward Island, $43, $28, ($43, $28); Nova Scotia $55, $30 ($56, $32); New Brunswick, $53, $31 ($59, $32); Quebec, $56, $31 ($59, $32); Ontario, $57, $38 ($59, $39); Manitoba, $59, $40 ($62, $42); Saskatchewan, $66, $44 ($65, $44); Alberta, $66, $45 ($70, $48); British Columbia, $75, $50 ($76, $53).

Never seem to be more clever than your neighbor. He will set you down as a conceited ass. But discover his talents and he will praise your discrimination.

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GUSTAVE TOTT, Manager

It Hits Bugtown.

Mrs. Bug—"I can't get him to do a thing since those pesky cross word puzzles came out."

Permit Required.

The attention of persons keeping Canada geese or ducks of wild species in captivity is called to the fact that a permit from the Department of the Interior is required for the lawful keeping of such game birds. There is no charge for such a permit and those without permits should communicate at once with the Canadian National Parks Branch, Department of the Interior, Ottawa, giving the full name and address, the kind and number of ducks or Canada geese in his possession and the area and location of the land where these birds are kept and whether it is owned or leased.

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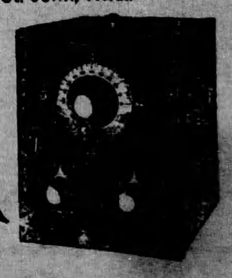
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