Use the Best!

"SALADA" GREEN TEA

T75

Finer than any Japan or China Green.

▲ NEW FROCK FOR THE JUNIOR MISS.

This charming little frock is very simply made and would look smart if fashioned of flannel, jersey, or velveteen. The skirt front is plaited and joined to the bodice, while the back is plain. Contrasting material is used for the round collar, patch pockets, and wrist-bands finishing the long sleeves. A belt fastens at the side seams and ties in a chic bow at back. No. 1310 is in sizes 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 10 requires 2⅝ yards 32-inch material, or 2½ yards 39-inch, and ⅛ yard contrasting. 20 cents.

Our new Fashion Book contains many styles showing how to dress boys and girls. Simplicity is the rule for well-dressed children. Clothes of character and individuality for the junior folks are hard to buy, but easy to make with our patterns. A small amount of money spent on good materials, cut on simple lines, will give children the privilege of wearing adorable things. Price of the book 10 cents the copy.

HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS.

Write your name and address plainly, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Enclose 20c in stamps or coin (coin preferred; wrap it carefully) for each number and address your order to Pattern Dept., Wilson Publishing Co., 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto. Patterns sent by return mail.

Misleading Muriel.

Muriel Mudsplasher was a queer girl, but the other day she received a proposal of marriage from a man whom she had always regarded as a brother rather than a lover.

"Muriel," he began, "you know I have always turned to you, that I have always thought of you. May I—that is—would you—er—oh, hang it, Muriel, will you be my wife?"

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Muriel. "What a start you gave me, George. At first I thought you were trying to borrow some money."

Not Before.

Salesman—"This is the type of washing machine that pays for itself, sir."

Prospect—"Well, as soon as it has done that, you can have it delivered at my house."

Long Trip by Motor.

Intending to make the whole of the 8,000 miles journey by motor car, Mr. Lawrence Braber has set off from Manchester to Calcutta.

MONEY WANTED

12% Paid on Amounts from $100 to $5,000. Best of Security.

For full information address

Mid-Continent Bond Corporation

331 Bay Street, Toronto 2

Enquiries treated confidentially.

Resignation.

Trouble is part of the common lot. The sacred writer averred that man was born to it as inevitably as "the sparks fly upward." Nevertheless, I hold that it is a big mistake to regard lief as a troublous sea with which we are doomed to battle without cessation.

There is much respite in life, many "havens under the hill" in which one can find peace and rest.

Of all these sure havens, the surest, and the most calm and restful, is the haven of resignation. That word does not mean just "taking things lying down." It means, rather, facig things serenely, standing spuarely upon two feet.

Trouble may be inevitable; but its effect upon nerve and heart and will depneds almost wholly upon the manner in which it is met, the spirit in which it is endured, the courage with which it is faced.

Trouble may weaken, but it may also strengthen. The sturdiest oak of all its neighbors is usually the one exposed the most to the storm. That is the thought Longfellow expresses when he says:—

O fear not in a world like this,
And thou shalt know ere long,
Know how sublime a thing it is
To suffer and be strong.

That is true resignation—"to suffer and be strong." It is fighting patience, it is calm determination, which cannot be baffled, to win joy and inspiration and hope from life, dispite its many discouragements and disillusionments.

When the hero of Bunyan's allegory was flung down by Apollyon, and his sword fell from his hand, he did not give up. The field thought he had the pilgrim of life at his mercy. But the man, though prostrate, was not beaten—though "down," was not "out." He stretched out his hand, clutched his sword again, and crying: "I fall; but I rise again!" sprang to his feet and put the fiend to flight.

We all have to be "up and doing, with a heart for any fate," if we would win through life. Resignation, then, is not the whining cry of the weakling, the folded hands of the conquered. On the contrary, resignation defies all "the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune" by refusing to be slain by them; it is the spirit that smiles even in the face of death, and says: "Be of good cheer; while there's life there's hope!"

Yes, it plucks the fruit of courage from the tree of despair, and finds flowers or hope growing on the margin of life's roughest roads. It believes in the happy endings of the most sombre volumes of experience.

The Child and Music Study.

Success in teaching music to children depends largely on getting the children interested in the music study. It goes without saying that a child, as well as an adult, will learn music or anything else quicker and better if an interest is aroused in the study or the pursuit. Yet it must not be imagined that the pleasing of the child is the especial goal at which we aim. If it were we would never give the child technical exercises, and to many of them no pieces except popular airs. And if we carry the irea to its logical conclusion in other studies the amount of grammar, arithmetic, geography, history and spelling that many children would learn might be put into a vest pocket.

No, the proper aim of the music teacher is to educate all his pupils in music, real music, high-toned music, and in time difficult music; to train the ear to distinguish the pure from the impure, the true from the false, and the lofty from the degraded; to make the hand of the pianist flexible and dexterous; for the singer to make the voice sweet and pure, with perfect intonation and pronunciation. All this calls for much time and attention to technical and detail work. The teacher that ignores all this, whether designedly or from oversight, therein writes himself or herself down a number one failure.

Art is exacting. Now the practical teacher must work out the problem of harmonizing these two things which may seem inconsistent; first, the high and stern requirements of art and true culture; second, the securing of the child's interest in the study or pursuit. In some cases the problem is easy of solution, in others nearly or quite impossible. Sometimes a real or apparent compromise will finally attain the desired end.

Minard's Liniment for Sore Back.

Thoughtless of Him.

Mrs. Newwed—"What's this thing, dear?"

Newwed — "It's a pawn ticket, honey."

Mrs. Newwed—"Why didn't you get two, so we could both go?"

That Foreigner at Lathrop's

BY ROSE WILDER LANE.

PART I.

Bill Morton saw him first. Old Bill Morton, driving home from Stillwater Farmers' Exchange in the mud-spattered flivver, with the empty cream cans joggling each other in the back of it, saw the stranger walking ahead of him down the road.

From the looks of him Bill would have thought he was one of the summer folks, if it had been the season for them. But this was only April; the river was still in muddy flood, the windows of the big hotel on the cliffs were boarded up, and the portable houses scattered in the woods looked as uninhabitable as last year's birds' nests.

Summer folks didn't come till June, and Bill Morton wondered what this fellow was doing in Green Valley. He was too well dressed for a tramp, in knee pants, putties and corduroy coat; he couldn't be anybody's new hired man, abroad at that hour; and he wasn't a hunter, for he had neither gun nor dog.

So when the flivver came up to him, Bill shut down the gas and shouted, "Like a lift?"

He almost bit back the words as he said them. If he had not shouted before he saw the soft brown eyes, the pale dark skin and white teeth flashing between a dark little mustache and a flare of loose bow tie, Bill would have gone past in silence. He knew something about foreigners, Young Bill having come back from the war with many tales. Bill had no prejudice against them, but he was by nature a cautious man. It was now too late, however. The stranger, with a large flowing gesture of gratitude, got in.

"Come far?" Bill asked, letting in the clutch, and he looked sidewise under grizzled eyebrows at that foreign face.

The stranger said, in surprisingly good English, that he had walked from Stillwater. Bill thought he must have come in on Number Five that morning.

Bill shouted above the jangle of the cream cans, "Going far?" He did not quite catch the reply, but gathered that it was vague and indefinite. He asked at once, "Looking for work?"

With eight cows, and four heifers coming fresh that month, not to speak of spring planting piling up on him, Bill badly needed a steady hired man, especially since young Bill was married and had his own farm to take care of.

The foreign man showed all his teeth again, saying "No" with his head, and "Thank you" with his shoulders.

From that moment Bill began to dislike him. A full-grown, able-bodied man, walking idly along the road in spring, when there was more work than all hands could possibly do! It looked suspicious, to say the least. From all accounts in the papers, this was no time to pick up shabby strangers on lonely roads, and Bill thought with some grimness of that stretch of wood road beyond the Widow Lathrop's. He wouldn't stop now and ask the man to get out, but he would keep an eye on him.

The man was about forty, hard to tell exactly; he looked wiry and maybe carried a knife, Bill thought, aware of his fat wallet where it lay against his ribs. But if it came to that, Bill judged he could take care of himself. For all his fifty years, he had no cause to mistrust the muscles that sheathed his broad shoulders and bulged at need, on arms and legs.

Coming around the bend of road by the willow thicket, in sight of the Widow Lathrop's white house and red barns, Bill looked for a glimpse of the blue gingham and flaming hair.

"Carrot Top!" he'd called Ellen Mears when they went to school together, and though for twenty years he had addressed her as "Mrs. Lathrop," he thought of her as "Ellie." His wife, dead these sixteen years, had called her that, and the word "Ellie" meant to him that flame of hair and an impression of neat freshness, competence and spunk.

The Lathrop farm had been a rundown place of a hundred weedy mortgaged acres fourteen years ago when Jim Lathrop was killed by a runaway team, and she took hold. Bill Morton never came around that bend in the road without being struck again by what she had done.

He saw her now, coming up the garden patch. She waved her hand to him and he slowed down, stopping by the mail box just outside the paling fence. Young spears of grass were thick in her front yard, and she came around by the gravel path, between rows of the spiky-leaved yellow flowers that bloomed on each side of it. It beat all how she made time to fuss with them. Some of the gravel stuck to the thick mud on her shoes and her skirt was dabbled with wet at the hem. There was something jolly about her stout neat figure and the way she walked. She pushed back her sunbonnet and that red hair almost made a man blink. Red hair and temper go together, and she had a temper, all right, the way she made the hired men jump into their jobs. But she could keep a hired man longer than anybody else in Green Valley.

Bill got out of the car and handed her cream cans over the fence. She took them in her strong brown hands, muddy from the garden, and asked what he had decided about setting out tomatoes for the cannery. For her part, she said, she wasn't going to do it. It paid well—sixty dollars an acre she'd cleared last year. But with tomatoes taking it out of the land the way they did, and so much trouble getting hired help enough to handle them—her blue glance went over Bill's shoulder to the stranger. Bill said nothing, so she knew he was not a new hired man. Bill gave her the cream slip and got back into the car.

"Spring's certainly here," she said. Her sleeves were rolled up and above the brown wrists her folded arms on the gate were pink and white as a baby's. She had put the cream slip into her apron pocket without a glance at it.

"I don't know when I've felt the sun so warm this time of year. And put your fingers down into the ground; seems like you can feel it coming alive." Bill looked at her in slow surprise. What did she mean "coming alive"? He thought of cutworms.

"Tell Julie I've got more groundcherry plants than I can use. She's welcome to 'em," she went on hurriedly, and the engine loudly responded to the starter. That was Ellie all over, always generously thinking of the neighbors.

"Thanks," Bill called. "She'll be over." And he put away from him the thought of Julie, the only daughter left at home. The way Jeff Rogers was hanging around, it looked as though Julie would not be at home much longer, and he hated to think of it.

Bill did not remember later whether that foreign man had asked questions or whether he himself had just talked. Anyway, he told about the Lathrop farm, two hundred and forty acres of the best land in the valley, with not a cent owing on it. There it was, lying on both sides of the road, teams plowing on the far forty and the alfalfa coming up green. It was natural to talk about it, though he kept most of his thoughts to himself. It didn't join his own place; there was that woodland lying between. More and more, Bill resented that woodland. If it had not been tied up in the probate courts, he could have bought it. If he and Ellie joined up then, they would have five hundred acres. Still, he didn't know. As long as Julie was at home and everything going well enough, no need to make a change.

They were coming to the wood road and Bill returned to wariness of the stranger. But to his surprise they had hardly got well among the trees before the man asked to get out.

"Thank you, sir," he said, standing there on a mat of dead leaves, taking off his cap. "I thank you very much." Good riddance, Bill thought, and drove on.

That was the beginning. Exactly what occurred immediately afterward nobody knew, though there was a great deal of talk about it. Mandy Simmons, the hired girl, saw the man coming down the road at sunset, and said to herself that Mrs. Lathrop would make short work of him; she had no patience with tramps. The next thing Mandy knew, there he was in the front room and Mrs. Lathrop coming out to tell her to open strawberry preserves and cut the gingerbread for supper.

Driven by all the rush of spring work, Bill Morton heard nothing of the talk till he went to town the next Saturday. When he drove by the Lathrop place at ten o'clock in the morning there was that foreigner at the far end of the garden patch with Ellie. He was holding a pan of young plants and she was on her knees setting them out. The sunbonnet had fallen back on her shoulders and she kept looking up at him, reaching for a plant, talking so busily she didn't hear the flivver. Bill saw no cream cans and did not stop.

About one o'clock she came driving into Stillwater in her own car, the foreigner with her. She stopped at the bank corner to let him out, nodded to him as though they were old friends. Then she took her cream and eggs to the Farmers' Exchange.

Nobody knew much about him. He gave his name as John Mendoza. He was staying at the Stillwater House, but already he had eaten four meals at the Widow Lathrop's, counting that first supper. He did not hire a car, or even a horse and buggy, to go out there. He walked.

On the other hand, to hear him talk and see him strutting around, one would think he owned the earth. He had seen Ed Hullinger, the notary public, insurance and real estate man, and had asked about prices of farm land. Said he was looking around and might buy a farm. Ed Hullinger tried to pin him down, and he said he didn't care what it cost if it suited him. He asked what a farm like the Lathrop place would be worth on the market.

Stillwater folks had seen men like that before. The marvel was that a good sensible woman like Mrs. Lathrop seemed to be taken in by him.

Sunday morning they went to church together, and after services she introduced him to a number of folks. He smiled that gleaming smile under his mustache and did not say much. Mrs. Lathrop held that red head of hers in the air and talked and laughed more than usual.

(To be continued.)

Radio Without Batteries!

The New Super-Power

ROGERS BATTERYLESS RADIO

Uniform - Everlasting Power

Operates from your lamp socket

The Rogers operates direct from any light socket on alternating current. No batteries, chemicals, wires or attachments—you "Just Plug In—Then Tune In." It costs about 4c a week to operate daily and you get uniform everlasting power from the day you plug in—for ever more. Many of the most prominent and particular radio patrons throughout Canada are proud owners of Rogers Sets. An interesting booklet, "Evidence," will be sent you FREE upon request. Any Rogers dealer will install a set on the easy payment plan.

Write for Free Illustrated Booklet.

No Chemicals - No Aerial!

Q.R.S. MUSIC CO., CANADA, LTD.

590 King St. West Toronto, Ont.

World's Cleverest Thieves.

Human nature presents few more interesting studies than the criminal tribes of India, says a writer in the Wide World Magazine. They number about a million and live entirely by organized crime.

Roaming the length and breadth of the country, they prey upon native and British society alike, with a cleverness that is almost uncanny. Quite uneducated, they are nevertheless the most ingenious ad resourceful rogues in the world, so much so that all the forces of law and order are incapable of curbing their activities.

The "crims,' as they are called, consist of different sects or castes, who form themselves into tribes, villages, or clans each sect pursuing its own type of crime. There is a sect, for instance, which is addicted solely to housebreaking; another whose members are coiners; and neither would ever dream of encroaching upon the province of another tribe or clan whose special forte might be picking pockets.

The members of one tribe devote their time exclusively to jewel robberies in railway trains, carrying out their thefts with almost inhuman stealth and dexterity. Again, many of the sects will on no account commit violence; others, on the contrary, do not hesitate to murder. Some rob only at night; others only during the day. These eccentricities of conduct are so strictly observed that they have assumed the nature of rites, and are adhered to most religiously.

That Apostrophe!

Many people are worried by the possessive apostrophe. They seem to think that it must always be used before the final "s." For instance, not long ago a notice in a hall read, "Ladie's room," instead of "Ladies' room."

The general rule is to put the apostrophe immediately after the singular form of the noun if one person or thing is meant, and after the plural when more than one is meant. When the plural is formed by the addition of "s" this rule is plain and easy. Thus we should say: "My boy's school" and "A large boys' school"; "That little fish's tail' and "Fishes tails."

The trouble begins when the plural form of the word does not end in "s." But it need not, if the rule to place the apostrophe immediately after the plural is remembered. For instance, one should write "Men's headgear," "Women's hats."

There are words which make no change for singular and plural. Thus we say, "A sheep's fleece" and "A thousand sheep's fleeces." Other words have no singular form. Thus we should write, "My shears' blades" and "The scissors' edges are dull," whether speaking of one pair or a gross.

Another World.

The weight of a load depends upon the attraction of the earth. But suppose the attraction of the earh were removed? A ton on some other planet, where the attraction of gravity is less, does not weigh half a ton. Now Christianity removes the attraction of the earth, and this is one way it diminishes men's burden. It makes them citizens of another world.—W. H. Drummond, in "What Yokes Are For."

Strenuous.

"What makes you so tired?"

"I dreamed all night that I was waiting in line to get tickets for a football game."

Minard's Liniment for Colds.

Write Your Own Ticket.

Write your own ticket, young fellow, and state
Your name and address, your birth and the date.
How far would you travel, what sights would you see?
What is it you're anxious to do and to be?
Life's roads are all open! Which one will you use?
Here are all sorts of stations,
Come, step up and choose!

Write your own ticket! State plainly your dream;
Will you drift with the current, or paddle up stream?
Fair name or shady, good habits or bad,
Step up and pick them. They're here to be had.
Where would you be when you're fifty, let's say?
Tell us that now, and get started today!

Write your own ticket! There's none to deny
Your right to whatever you're willing to try.
Where are you going to? What is your plan?
Would you be known as a fool or a man?
Life still has much for its stout hearts to do.
Which task will you tackle? It's all up to you.

—Edgar A. Guest.

Not So Serious.

Young M'Nab was worried.

"I'm feart I've made an awfu' mistake," he confided to M'Pherson. "I've got engaged tae a lass in Auchtermuchty, an' noo I hear she's a terrible flirt an' has been kissed by every man in the toon."

"Ah, weel," said M'Pherson, comfortingly, "Auchtermuchty's no sae verra big a place after a'!"

The Real Damage.

The Policeman (after the examination of the victim of motor accident, to motorist)—"This is goin' to be serious for you. You've broken his arm, cut his head, sprained his ankle, bruised—"

The Motorist—"Yes, that's all very well, but have you seen what he's done to my car?"

Sense of Value.

The teacher had been telling the children about the various human faculties for hearing, seeing, etc., and how they frequently testified erroneously. Having finished, she asked the class, "Now, what are the five senses for?"

Little Marilyn, aged six, replied: "To buy th' ice cream cone with."

Worse.

"Does your car ever stick in the mud?"

"No, but I often get stuck in a garage."

PUZZLE Find Santa Claus

25 Prizes Each a WRIST WATCH.

25 Prizes Each a CAMERA

25 Prizes Each a CLOCK.

1000 OTHER PRIZES

If you can solve this puzzle and will sell 24 Frozen Perfumes at 10c each you can win one of the above prizes. Will you do this? It is very easy. If so, just mark SANTA with an X and send it to us at once and if it is correct we will send you the Perfume to sell right away.

SELFAST SPECIALTY CO.

Desk 11 Waterford, Ont.

ISSUE No. 49- 23.