All Grocers Stock
"SALADA" TEA
ORANGE PEKOE BLEND
T33
If you want something better—try it.

THE DOOR OF THE LIPS

There is a story of an Ethopian who went to Socrates the Christian and desired instruction. The old man opened the book of Psalms at the 39th, which begins, "I said, I will take heed to my ways, that I sin not with my tongue; I will keep my mouth with a bridle, while the wicked is beforeme."

Looking up from the page, Socrates found that the Ethiopian had gone.

Years passed. One day the old saint, in the city of Alexandria, saw a man whose face he recalled. "Why did you rush from my presence when I had just begun my exhortation?" he asked. To which the other answered, "Master, forgive me, but that one verse concerning the tongue, I perceived, would be enough to keep me occupied all my life."

Most of us fail more frequently with our tongues than in any other matter. A word slips out in an unguarded moment; a phrase is dropped having reference to another's reputation, and we have, perhaps, damaged the life of the one about whom we spoke. Broken friendship and lost ideals may often be traced to the glibness of the tongue.

Speech is cheap. We have it ready to hand and we get into the habit of getting over difficulties and out of tight corners by using our most ready weapon without always asking its value.

A word may ruin a life; an expression wound. Sufficient care can never be taken about the things uttered. We are to be swift to hear and slow to speak.

How are we to guard against our words becoming our pitfall? Whilst speech is free, it must be carefully tended and chosen if we are to retain our balance. It is necessary to remember that our words are the product of our thinking.

T say "I said it without thinking" is always a false statement. We may think a thing so often that we come to say it without much effort, and it becomes habitual; but it is always true that our words are as we have thought. They command or condemn us every time.

The secret of kindly speech is kindly thinkin. Inevitably men become like the things they think about. The man who falls indicates that he has not been thinking of what he was doing. Think peace and you speak peace; think war and you talk war; think carelessly and speech is clumsy. We have this tremendous power in our keeping, and no one else is to blame for what we say.

It is better to think a dozen times before we speak once. The more we think the more worth while will be our words. It is the thoughtless man who does not weigh his words and falls a victim to the evil of his own selection.

Guard your tongue; never permit it to go astray by any carelessness of thought. Speak true and kindly.

"If you your lips would keep from slips,
Five things observe with care:
Of whom you speak, to whom you speak,
And how, and when, and where."

Modern.

A modern adaptation of a famous couplet would be:

I shot a word into the air,
It fell to earth most everywhere.

ISSUE No. 7—'27.

"IDEAL Fashions" by Jean Belle Hamilton

BRAID TRIMMING IS SMART.

This attractive dress has the much desired slenderizing lines and is a style suitable for all daytime wear. The front and back are quite plain and the plaited side-sections give added width and grace to the skirt. Braid is effectively used on the bodice to form a deep pointed yoke, and also trims the convertible collar, the cuffs finishing the long dart-fitted sleeves, and sides. No. 1522 is in sizes 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust. Size 38 requires 4¾ yards 39-inch material, or 3⅛ yards 54-inch, and 7 yards trimming braid. Price 20 cents the pattern.

Many styles of smart apparel may be found in our Fashion Book. Our designers originate their patterns in the heart of the style centres, and their creations are those of tested popularity, brought within the means of the average woman. 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.

In Quietness and Confidence.

The winter earth and winter sky
Are no more quiet than am I;
The leafless vineyards seem as bare
Of leaping joy or quiet care.
The laden sky is silver white,
The clouds are full of molten light,
The trees against the horizon's space
Their patterned branches interlace.

Your quietness to you I yield,
I rest beside this fallow field;
I wait while you are waiting, earth,
Nor pine for color or for mirth.
I send my longing with the rains,
I walk these birdless, unleafed lanes,
My heart is homing here with me,
It asks no winter gift to see.

In quiet now,—both I and you,—
We warn the fields, "Lie holden, too;
The clouds with solemn sunsets burn,
With twilight they to pearl-gray turn.
Above the dark spread over me,
Look up and see, the skies are free,
The air is cloud-thick, mists confine
The dim horizon's close-shut line."

In quiet now, both you and I—
We soothe the trees,—"This will go by,
Be strangers now, and lease no bough,
No songster goes a-nesting now.
Ye cannot speak the wind's dumb heart;
His voice is heard when sap doth start,
Take storm and all with naked bough,
And wait for joy, for springtime's vow."
—Margaret Troli Campbell, in Christian Science Monitor.

Nine Marriages at Once.

Nine couples were married together at St. George the Martyr Church, Southwark, on Christmas Day.

Athletes use Minard's Liniment.

"Say It With Flowers"

BY SOPHIE KERR.

PART I.

I used to think that it was a pretty hard thing for a boy to have to stick in the town where he was born until he grows up, for when he is grown up, wearing long pants and shaving regularly, the older folks won't take him seriously. They keep on calling him Bud, or Redhead—if his hair happens to be auburn, as mine is—or Slim, if he's thin, or Fatty, if he's stout, and everything he does they sort of laugh at, as if it was ridiculous for a kid to try to do anything worth while.

I'll be gray-haired and toothless, I suppose, before people stop calling me Red, whereas my proper name is John Thomas Long, Jr. The old ladies are worse than the old men. They look at me and smile, and shake their heads and then say, "Oh, how well I remember you when you were a little curly-haired baby—my, my, seems only yesterday!" or, "Let me see, Red—how old are you now? About sixteen, I suppose?" There's nothing you can do but grin and say, "Yes, ma'am," and "No, ma'am, I'm twenty-one," and slide out as soon as you possibly can, and the next time you see that particular old dodo coming get round the corner before she catches a glimpse of you.

The fellows that go away from home for a while, even if it's only to business college, come back part stranger, and folks are more interested in them, and treat them more respectfully. That goes for the girls as well as for the older folks. The girls always like a fellow better when he's been out of town for a while, and even if he's only got a cheap clerkship in the city he can come home and swell around in a snappy suit with a belt, and gay socks and ties, and put it all over us home boys. Gee, it used to make me sore, the injustice of it! I don't rave so much about it now, because I'm older, and, as you might say, really settled down to my life work, but I can remember how it used to make me feel to have Tim Partridge and Milton Green and one or two others come swelling home in their two weeks' vacation, and rush the prettiest and nicest girls in town, filling up the front porch any time you wanted to call, taking them to the movies, and telling them tales about life in the big city amongst the taxicabs and the bright lights. Most of it they'd picked up in the Sunday supplements, for it was dollars to doughnuts that what they were earning didn't leave much margin for sporting round with the millionaires. But talk is cheap—cheaper than anything else I've ever heard of—and a fellow can get away with a lot when there's no one to check him up or keep accurate tabs on him.

I'd had to stay at home for a good many reasons. First, my father was an invalid; something was the matter with his heart, and he had to be very still most of the time, but when he got an attack Mother needed somebody around the house—somebody who understood, and knew what to do, and could lift him, and tend to him. Mother wasn't so strong herself, but me—I was a horse! And it was better for me to be there than a stranger or a nurse, even if we could have afforded one, which we couldn't.

With Father sick, it was up to me to be the man of the house. We had a couple of acres with our old place, and that gave us room for a chicken yard, and a cow stable, and a bully garden. Mother and I planned the garden all winter, and in the spring I'd make it, and she'd help what she could—and, if I do say it myself, it was a wiz! Not only vegetables—all we could eat, sell, and give away—but flowers! Sweet peas, lilies of the valley, hollyhocks, larkspur, lilies, pansies, roses, phlox, sweet-william—everything you could think of! The flowers were the one big pleasure in Father's and Mother's life, and I never grudged a minute of the time it took to take care of 'em.

But our chicken yard and our garden couldn't support us, though they helped a lot, and living isn't dear in our town. Which reminds me that all the fellows who'd gone off to the city used to be mighty glad, I noticed, to get back to home—fried chicken, and fresh peas and strawberries; and they were always talking about how good the food was after living in cheap cafes and boarding houses. They didn't call us a hick burg when they were talking about our eats, believe me!

Soon's I got out of high school I had to get a job, and jobs aren't very numerous or very good in our town. I've done everything a fellow could do, I suppose—mowed lawns, and dug up gardens, and painted fences, and teamed for the expressman, and helped out in the post office, every odd job I could hear of, or make for myself. Always I had to do something where I could get home in a hurry if Father had an attack.

Then old Judge Gordon took notice of me! He called me into his funny little two-room law office one day, that stands on the edge of the courthouse green, and he said: "Red, how'd you like to be a lawyer?"

"I'd like it fine," I said.

He took a chew of tobacco—he was a fine, dignified old gentleman in his black clothes and white stiff shirt, and his hair all silvery and his eyes dark and set in under bushy brows, but he chewed tobacco, dignity or no. He was one of the best lawyers in the state, too.

"Want to read law with me?" he asked suddenly.

"Yes, sir."

"Think you can manage it with everything else you got on hand?" And his eyes twinkled a little.

"You bet you," I said, forgetting to treat him with proper respect, I was so excited.

"Take those books, then," he said, pointing. "Study 'em well, and come in here every Friday evening to see me. Don't try to go too fast, and be sure you understand one page before you go onto the next."

That was when I was eighteen. Now, no one needs to be told that to study law like that takes a long time. I read every night, every night except Friday and Sunday. What I did with my Sunday night will appear later in this story. Friday nights I'd go to Judge Gordon's office, and he'd quiz me, and then he'd set me tasks to do—wills to draw, and notes and conveyances, and simple things like that to make me familiar with legal forms. Sometimes he'd let me help with something he was working on.

And he did more than that. One night he stuck out his under-lip and drew down his brows and frowned at me.

"You're not getting along fast enough," he rumbled at me.

I knew it, but what could I do? There isn't any more time than there is, and mine was crammed to the last minute. So I didn't answer him. He kept on staring at me, and presently he got up and put on his black high hat and stalked over to our hotel.

"You wait here," he said. So I waited. And after about a quarter of an hour back he came.

"Ed Pastorfield's going to Arizona for his health," he said, "and Anderson says you're to have Ed's place. It'll pay you as much as you make now, and there's considerable spare time round the hotel."

That was how I came to go to work at the hotel. I was clerk, bookkeeper, cashier, and a sort of general factotum when help was needed. Mr. and Mrs. Anderson were mighty kind to me, and let me keep my books behind the desk. I could study or write any time when there wasn't anything else to do. That meant a lot some days, for in our town we haven't discovered the advantages of hotel life. We stick to domesticity.

Still, on court days, or high-school Commencement, or big public sales, there was plenty of business at the hotel, and we had a fair trickle of treveling men and chance visitors, as well as some regular boarders, like the high-school principal, who was an old bachelor, and Mr. and Mrs. Thorstein, who had the phonograph and millinery store, and a few other odd fish like that. I earned my money. It wasn't very much, but it was steady and it kept us going at home.

The best part of it was that I felt as if I wasn't in a side pocket, lost to the world, with no chance to make something of myself. The judge's kindness opened wide a big door. And he kept on being kind.

"When you're admitted to the bar," he told me one day, right out of a clear sky, "I'm going to make you my partner. I want a green young fellow that I can boss around in here, and pay starvation wages to, and who'll do all the dirty work for me. I'm getting old."

He only put it that way to make it seem less of a big thing than it was. Judge Gordon had a crack-a-jack practice, and made plenty of money, and was known and respected all over the state. To be his partner was like walking into a gold mine for me. And maybe I wasn't stuck on myself after he'd told me that! I went home to tell my folks, with my head right up in the clouds.

After he'd made that promise the judge opened up and got more friendly all the time. He used to talk to me a lot about the ethics of the law, and what an honorable calling it was when practiced honorably. And he reconciled me a good bit to having stayed home when most of the boys I knew—and certainly the brightest ones—had left for the big city.

"You have a fine chance here," he told me. "You will succeed inevitably to much of my practice. You can enter politics, and serve the State, perhaps the nation. Opportunity does not reside solely in cities, my lad. She is everywhere, where there is ambition and energy and ability, and honesty."

I loved hearing him talk. A good scout, the old judge—the last of the Mohicans, I used to think, as I contrasted him with our other legal lights.

Thinking it over, I realize that all this sounds as if my life was nothing but drudgery, hard work, study, grubbing in the garden, and grubbing in the judge's old law books. But I had plenty of fun, too. I played shortstop on our baseball nine, and never missed a match. And in the winter we had skating and dances and socials, and in the summer more dances and socials and lawn parties.

And then there was Ellie Treadwell.

That was where my Sunday evenings went. On Ellie's front porch or in Ellie's front parlor. It's hard for me to tell about her. She was just my girl, and had been ever since I could remember.

I had sat behind her in primary school and pulled her hair, and she had turned round and slapped my face, and then the teacher had made us stand up before the whole school, hand in hand, for ten minutes—a far worse punishment for her than for me, though I had to lick to or three boys who got fresh and tried to tease me about it afterward.

(To be continued.)

Misunderstood.

Beggars and novelists have several things in common. Two of the most obvious are a constant lack of hard cash and the frequent necessity for drawing upon their imaginations.

Weary Willie was trying to get a coin out of the housewife by harrowing her feelings with a blood-curdling account of an accident in which he had been involved recently.

"Yes, lady," he whined, "it was awful. I heard the chugchug of the engine and smelt gasoline. I sprang, but it was too late—the machine passed over me."

"And did the motor car hurt you?" asked the kind lady as she handed him a coin.

"Motor, ma'am?" said the beggar in feigned surprise. "It was an aeroplane!"

The Difference.

"Why is the World Court unlike a good hotel?"

"I give up."

"Because the more reservations you make, the harder it is to get in."

The Reason.

Father—"Can I help you with your home work to-night, son?"

Son—"Thanks, Dad, but teacher thinks it would be better if I got it wrong myself."

For Colds—Minard's Liniment.

Family of Eight Emigrate.

Among the 1,500 emigrants who left England on the Vedic for Australia was a party of 57 boys, 20 women and one family of eight from Malvern.

Porcupines Damage Crops.

Porcupines are gaining the attention of biologists because of their increasing raids on trees and farm crops.

Make Better Bread
Ask your grocer for
ROYAL YEAST CAKES
STANDARD OF QUALITY FOR OVER 50 YEARS

Perfumery Was Necessary.

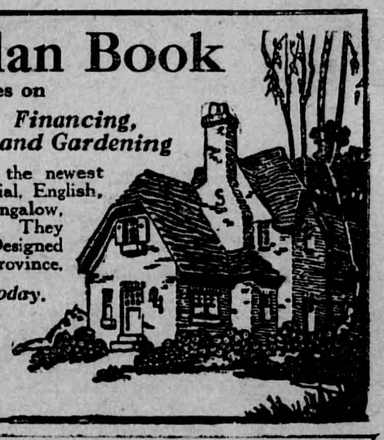
In the days of Hummurabi, 4,000 years ago, perfumery was regarded as so essential that even servants were ordered to use it.

Within fourteen miles of London, the Kentish village of Downe has neither gas nor electricity, no main drainage, no doctor, no cinema, and no omnibus.

NURSES

The Toronto Hospital for Incurables, in affiliation with Bellevue and Allied Hospitals, New York City, offers a three years' Course of Training to young women, having the required education, and desirous of becoming nurses. This Hospital has adopted the eight-hour system. The pupils receive uniforms of the School, a monthly allowance and traveling expenses to and from New York. For further information write the Superintendent.

Albert Soaps Limited, Mfrs., Montreal 1-27

Canadian Plan Book
Practical Articles on
Planning, Building, Financing, Decorating, Furnishing and Gardening
Illustrating homes that represent the newest ideas and latest treatment in Colonial, English, Spanish and Domestic design—bungalow, cottage and two-storey residences. They cover all types of construction. Designed by Canadian architects from each province.
Ready Now. Order Yours Today.
Special Price 50 cents per Copy.
MacLean Builder's Guide
344 Adelaide St. West


Successful Baking!
It depends largely on the flour you use. We believe you'll welcome this suggestion—try Purity, the rich, vigorous Flour—made from the finest Western wheat. Thousands of cooks say Purity Flour is best for cakes, pies, buns and bread.
PURITY FLOUR
Send 30c in stamps for our 700-recipe Purity Flour Cook Book. 261
Western Canada Flour Mills Co. Limited. Toronto, Montreal, Ottawa, Saint John.

Read Good Magazines
We will mail you, Prepaid, the following
POPULAR MAGAZINES
At the prices indicated.

			Check Here
Maclean's	1 year	$2.00	.....
Maclean's	3 years	$5.00	.....
Goblin	2 years	$5.00	.....
The Canadian Magazine	3 years	$3.00	.....
Saturday Evening Post	1 year	$2.00	.....
Ladies' Home Journal	1 year	$1.00	.....
Country Gentleman	3 years	$1.00	.....
Good Housekeeping	1 year	$3.50	.....
Cosmopolitan	1 year	$3.50	.....
Harper's Bazaar	1 year	$5.00	.....
Smart Set	1 year	$3.50	.....
True Story	1 year	$3.50	.....

Just check the Magazines wanted. Fill in your name and address, enclosing cheque or money order.
Name .....
Address .....
Send to
"MAGAZINES"
Room 425, 73 Adelaide Street West Toronto 2