Ask For

"SALADA"

GREEN TEA H486

It is much more delicious than the finest Japan, Young Hyson or Gunpowder. — Sold everywhere.

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

Woman's Sphere

WHEN YOU ASK A FAVOR.

If you want to borrow something from a neighbor, or wish to ask a favor of some sort, state the purpose of your errand immediately upon entering the house. Avoid putting it off and putting it off until you are on the point of leaving. To do so will only spoil your visit. All the time the thought uppermost in your mind will be: "Now, I must ask her about that matter right away." The longer you put off broaching the purpose of your call, the longer your call assumes the nature of a friendly little visit and the harder it becomes for you to state your errand. And your neighbor, for her part, is very likely to have the keen edge of the pleasure she felt at cause you came to see her, dulled by the knowledge that you came only to borrow something or ask a favor of some member of the family. Had your request been stated at first, and the remained to visit, mutual pleasure would have resulted.

The same is true if you use the phone or write a letter. If you are calling a friend or some particular reason, state that reason as soon possible after she answers you. To have a pleasant conversation. Or you are writing a letter which is induced by friendliness, state the reason why" in your first paragraph.

It is, perhaps, a queer little kink of human nature that we do not like the least object to being asked to favor, if the favor is frankly asked of us, but that we feel resentment or endeavor is made to veil the request so that it is not at first realized as such.

The call or the letter which ultimately closes has had all the earmarks of purely friendly and social, seems of a sudden, hollow, insincere, false, when a selfish purpose is at length revealed. A person who continually puts off her errand until she rises to leave, or until some one becomes impatient for the use of the wire or until she is nearing the end of her sheet of writing paper—soon becomes known for her habit. If she makes a call her neighbor begins to think at once: "Now, what did Mrs. A. come over for, anyway?" She will hardly be credited with having come just to make a call. If she uses the telephone, the person whom she calls will involuntarily saying to herself: "Now, what will she say next? She must have called up for some purpose; what can it be?"

We all require information at times, desire favors done, may need favors now occasionally. We like to do things for others; we expect them to be pleased to do things for us. Then why try to conceal the purpose of your mission? Out with it! Right from the start! Then both you and "the other party" can enjoy to the full your call, your telephone conversation or your letter.

AN INDOOR SAND BOX.

When winter comes it means that the children cannot go outdoors for days at a time. Fortunately for us we have a hand box in the house. We have known our little boy to spend almost an entire day playing in the sand. Our sand box is really a table. It is five feet long, two feet high—just high enough that a child can be seated comfortably beside it and wide enough to go through the door readily. The sides are six inches high. In it three inches of sand is kept. We keep the box in a corner of a room that has a comfortable temperature. Underneath we have a pan to catch spilled sand.

We have purchased some small animals and figures, and little houses and fences can be made. Twigs can be secured for trees. With these aids one can visibly depict in the sand some story that is being told. If it is a Bible story—say Moses in the bulrushes—the whole scene can be laid out. Blue paper or cardboard can be used to represent water. The story of Sir Isaac Brock on Queenston Heights can be played.

If you are seeking for a device to occupy your children in the winter months, appeal to their imagination, to their constructive instinct, to add interest to the story-telling hour, let me heartily recommend the indoor sand box.

FOR RUST STAINS.

The following method of removing rust stains has been in use in my family for years. I have never known it to fail. The immediate results with rust are magical. Often it will remove old stains of fruit and other sources.

Have a flatiron just warm enough to steam if a damp cloth is placed upon it. Lay the stain, with cloth dry, over the iron and rub with a piece of fresh-cut lemon. Then note the instant disappearance of the stain. Wash immediately in clear water.—E. B. W.

COCOA CAKE.

Beat two eggs and one and a quarter cups of sugar together until light and creamy. Add three-fourths cup of butter, half cup of sour milk or buttermilk with one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in half cup of hot water, along with three heaping tablespoonfuls of cocoa. Stir in two cups of flour which has been sifted, with one teaspoonful of baking powder, and frost with a white icing.—Mrs. J. E. S.

A UNIQUE BUT SIMPLE STYLE.

4615. This portrays a one-piece straight line model, with a sleeveless overblouse in tunic style. It is a good model for combining two different materials. Velvet and figured crepe, or lace would be a good contrast. Or satin with brocaded silk or chiffon.

The Pattern is cut in 5 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size requires 5 yards of one material 40 inches wide. To make as illustrated requires 2¾ yards for the tunic and 3¾ yards for the dress and facings on the tunic. The width of the dress at the foot is 1½ yards.

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.

A BARMECIDE FEAST.

In the Arabian Nights a prince amused himself by giving an imaginary feast to a beggar. You can amuse your party guests by giving them a feast that like the one in the story stimulates the imagination without appeasing the appetite.

Set a table with plates and in the centre place a covered dish that contains slips of paper on which you have written the names of good things to eat.

All the players who can find seats may sit; the others stand behind the chairs. The cover is lifted from the dish and each player draws a slip of paper and tries to guess what article of food the words on his slip represent. He writes his guess on the back, and if right he may draw another slip and so on until he makes a mistake. Then he gives up his seat to the person who stands behind his chair.

Each player keeps all the slips that he has guessed correctly, and the winner is he who has the most when the dish is empty. Of course no one except the host or hostess has a list of the correct answers. Here are a few examples of inscriptions for the slips:

Fish—1, low spirited; 2, high-colored; 3, cash on delivery; 4, warlike weapon.

Roast—1, an essayist; 2, a woman's glory.

Fowl—1, Roman saviors.

Vegetables—1, Hansom and old; 2, shout for blossom; 3, a kettle, an article, and a proposition; 4, a city begins to grow.

Entrees—1, what we did at the School of Philosophy; 2, fear on an after-dinner speech; 3, biscuit soaked in molasses; 4, measures from the pen; 5, woman's chief weapon.

Pies—1, spring's first offering; 2, the burial of a foe; 3, a negro's funeral.

Puddings—1, Jack's prize; 2, 60 in an hour; 3, baseball hitter.

Fruits—1, an interjection and large stoves; 2, two of a kind; 3, things hard to remember.

ANSWERS.

Fish—1, blue; 2, salmon; 3, cod; 4, sword.

Roast—1, Lamb; 2, hare.

Fowl—1, geese.

Vegetables—1, cabbage; 2, cauliflower; 3, potato; 4, Brussels sprouts.

Entrees—1, sausages; 2 quail on toast; 3, sweetbreads; 4, pigs' feet; 5, tongue.

Pies—1, rhubarb; 2, gooseberry; 3, blackberry.

Puddings—1, plum; 2, minute; 3, batter.

Fruits—1, oranges; 2, pears; 3, dates.

The Egyptian Scarab.

Of all lucky charms probably the most common is the so-called "Egyptian" scarab. As a matter of fact, this beetle is found in plenty of other places besides Egypt, being quite common in the South of France and in North Africa.

It is a burying beetle, with broad feet like shovels and a head like a garden fork. It lays its eggs in a ball of refuse which it buries in the ground.

It was only to the ancient Egyptians that the scarab was the Bog of Immortality. They saw the beetle bury the pellet, they saw the young beetles emerge; and in the same fashion they buried their mummified dead, expecting that a new and glorified body would arise from the dust of the human mummy.

The scarab, having thus become the emblem of immortality, was copied in pottery, porcelain, jade and jasper. As many as three thousand of these copies have been found in one tomb.

Even kings described themselves as Beetles of the Sun God, and large and beautifully made scarabs are found in some royal mummies in the place of the human heart.

If the praying mantis had been known in Old Egypt it might have been as sacred as the scarab. The creature, which looks as if constructed out of dry sticks, has a pair of front legs made for grasping its prey, and holds them up folded together as if in prayer. It is the sacred insect of the South African Bushmen.

The Curse of Scotland.

Why is the nine of diamonds called the "Curse of Scotland?"

Probably the most satisfactory explanation is that connected with the massacre of Glencoe. The order for the slaughter was signed by John Dalrymple, Earl of Stair, the man who was instrumental in bringing about the union between England and Scotland.

The coat of arms of the Dalrymples bore nine lozenges or diamonds on the shield, and it was because of this, according to many students of heraldry, that the expression arose. It is certain that the phrase goes back to 1745, because on October 21 of that year a caricature appeared showing the young Chevalier attempting to lead a herd of bulls across the river Tweed, with the nine of diamonds lying before them.

Another ingenious explanation is connected with the theft of Queen Mary's crown, which contained nine diamonds. To replace these a heavy tax, referred to as "the curse of the nine diamonds," was levied upon the Scots.

Hand in Sunlight.

This is my hand I lift to you,
To you.
It is not whitened leaf to Sun
And these thin cords of quivering blue
Lacing the pulse are veins that run
Beneath the flesh to make it white.
These are my fingers, not twigs pale
From too long hanging in the light.
Supple as reed yet firm as mail
They droop but for a shape of ease,
Are quiet for the sake of fine
Shadows that rim them and increase
The accuracy of their design.
You are but background; you are spun
From tinsel in a glittered mesh.
My hand stands out like white bronze,
Sun,
I shame you with my tepid flesh.

—Hazel Hall.

Berths on Ancient Boats.

An Egyptian archeologist discovered a bunk used on the Nile boats 1,000 years ago. This bunk differs little from the stateroom berths of modern liners.

Mrs. Kumukani, of Honolulu, is the lone woman candidate for legislative honors in the territory of Hawaii. She is 69 years old and a vendor on one of the busy streets of Honolulu.

Love Gives Itself

THE STORY OF A BLOOD FEUD

BY ANNIE S. SWAN.

CHAPTER I.

THE HOME OF THEIR HEARTS.

Judith Rankine, sitting at an eastern window in the old house of Stair was waiting for the dawn.

She had kept a long vigil which had ended at that mysterious moment when night flies, vanquished, before the heralds of the day. They were flaunting their supremacy now, on the gold of the far horizon, their pathway deepening blood-red on the sea.

Judith was tired, with that mortal weakness which comes to a woman-creature on whom a whole household has rested, and who, slackening a moment, knows that the burden has come perilously near the limit of her endurance.

He who companions and shadows the Lord of Life had stepped in, and, from the chamber she had just reverently closed, the soul of the Laird of Stair had winged its way beyond the glory of the dawn, to find its inner-most heart.

An old man, and full of years, beloved by those of his own household and by neighbors and friends, Claud Rankine of Stair needed no man's pity now. Many mistakes he had made in his life, the mistakes to which a generous and slightly undisciplined nature is prone, but he had never willingly hurt or humbled a human being, even the lowliest. When he gave alms, it was a lesson to all alms-givers whatsoever. No bread of charity, dispensed by the Laird of Stair, could ever be bitter to the taste.

His daughter had no tears for him as she sat there, resting her elbows on the broad window-sill, her eyes full of a vague wonder which wiped out three parts of her years, and made her look like a little child.

The beauty of the Rankine women had not descended to Judith; even those who loved her admitted that she was plain. Slightly under the medium height, of squat, somewhat ungainly figure, with a sallow face, rather large featured, and a wide, kind mouth, no lover of meretricious charm could be attracted by that outward masque; but, from the brilliant yet often melancholy eyes, there looked forth the soul of all the motherhood in the world. Judith Rankine might never have a child of her own at her breast, but she would mother all children to the last day of her life, because she was one of the mothers whom God sends now and again into the world ready for their divine mission, and who, being taught by heaven, are able to teach the ungrateful and the ungracious the elements of their business.

Left motherless at the early age of eleven, Julith Rankine had practically mothered the whole family of Stair, from her father downward. She had been comrade and loyal friend to Alan, the son and heir, then trying to earn a little money in the East to help to fill the empty coffers of his father's house. She had mothered Annette, the beauty of the family, who had made a brilliant marriage, and would one day be entitled to wear a coronet. And Claud, "the little one," as he had always been called, the gentle, bookish lad whose sole interest in life was scholarship, to each she had given the necessary care.

Yet now, when she closed her father's eyes, and received the last word of love and benediction which would make her brave for a troubled future, she was absolutely alone in the house.

With the assistance of old Ann Christy, who had been nurse for two generations at Stair, she had done all that was needed in the chamber of death; no alien hands had ministered to the Master of Stair, nor touched him after death. And that was as she wished.

Judith was not thinking of the problems she must immediately face, but was trying to picture the meeting which, she did not doubt, had taken place somewhere beyond and within the bars of gold. No tears were in her eyes; nay—she was glad. For nearly two years her father had suffered from an incurable malady, and the end was peace.

But her loneliness was supreme. About half a mile distant, in a low-lying house she could just see nestling among the sparse trees at the base of Barassie Hill, dwelt kindred of her own, the nearest she had; but she had no desire to break in upon their sleep with the fatal news. The morning, she knew, would bring some inquiry, probably her cousin, Peter Garvock in person. She would wait till then.

"If only Alan had been in time!" she whispered suddenly, with passion in her voice. "Then I should have rejoiced to-day, if only he had been in time!"

She crept away with that, for the vision splendid called forth by the dawn, and all its wealth of promise, faded, as all visions do, and the grey reality crept up about her heart. For Alan, the heir, was coming home to a sorry state of things—to grinding poverty, to pressing obligations, to an uncertain future.

Yet when she crept, presently to her bed in a distant wing of the old house she fell instantly on sleep, that heavy, dreamless sleep which follows on long physical and mental toil, and is nature's best restorer.

She was awakened by Ann Christy standing at her bedside—a tall, angular old woman, with a mob-cap stiffly starched, a parchment-like face, and eyes black as the sloes.

"Waken up, Miss Judy! Maister Alan has come hame!"

"Oh, Christy!" cried Judy, in a choking whisper, and incontinently burst into tears, for she had had to stand by and watch the deepening hunger in the old man's dying eyes as his ears were strained for the step and voice of his first-born son, the hope of Stair. "It was cruel of God! He might have let Alan home in time!"

"There was a fog in the Channel, my dear," said the old woman, with the direct simplicity of age, which seldom embroiders facts. "It was better for him to be a day late than to be drooned through the haste of a foolish captain."

"Where is he?—and what o'clock is it?—and has he been travelling all night?"

"He's at his breakfast, and it is now half-past nine, and he has been travelling a' nicht. Onything else, while ye are at it?"

"Bring me some hot water, Christy, there's a dear!" cried Judith, now fully awake, as she leaped from her bed; "and tell Alan I'll be down immediately."

"He was not for wakenin' ye, but he has a forlorn look, my dear, and I thought ye wouldna mind."

"Understanding old woman!" murmured Judy.

Never was toilet more quickly made. In little more than ten minutes' time, looking trig and neat in her skirt of black serge and white blouse, with the black tie and gold safety-pin, Judy ran down the shabby stairs, and into the little morning-room where, since the family had been so sadly reduced in numbers, the meals had been mostly served.

A very tall figure sprang up from the table at the opening of the door, and a mist swam before its kind blue eyes.

"Hullo, Judy, old girl! There, there, buck up, buck up! Don't cry, Judy. You must not cry—do you hear? You must go on being the buttress and the stand-by of Stair! Never did it need you more!"

But Judy, unabashed, cried on, clinging hard to the big, kind arm. But presently she drew back to an admiring distance, to look keenly into the lean, brown, handsome face, to measure every inch of that noble, well-carried height, to take stock, as it were, of her "pick of the market" bunch.

"It hasn't done you any harm, Alan—three years! It has seemed like all eternity! Oh, wasn't it hard you couldn't be in time?"

"Very hard. But I've seen him, Judy, and he knows, where he is, that I did my best."

Judy bowed her head, for, though the words did not rebuke, they stilled her instantly.

"He looks as if he has got the thing she had set his heart on, Judy, and I believe he has. Our concern now for you and Stair. You are tired, my dear, but you've—you've done it well. There isn't anybody in the world that could have done it like you!"

"Done what?"

"Bolstered and mothered us all, my dear. Come and sit down, and let us eat and talk. Do you know that I'm so ridiculously glad to get home, Judy, that I can't even be sad? Eternity, you said, I think, a minute ago? It's the right name for it!"

"But you don't regret going, Alan? And it has been worth while?"

Alan Rankine seemed to ponder a moment.

"I don't really know whether it has. I did my best, Judy, but I question whether I have the necessary instinct for success in business. It takes a man like Peter, don't you know? One who can look at both sides of the bawbee or the rupee the same principle holds good. The commercial instinct of the Garvocks is extraordinary! Why, even Frank at seventeen, could give me points."

Judy seemed to grow anxious at these words.

When the affairs of Stair were at the lowest ebb and there seemed no opening of any kind for Alan Rankine, his cousin, Peter, had offered him a post in the Bombay House of Messrs. Garvock, Garvock & Hume. The Rankines, more than any other family in the county, perhaps, had held themselves aloof from the spirit of the age, and had tried to uphold and cherish all the traditions of Stair long after the substantial means for the purpose had sunk almost to the vanishing point.

It is not necessary here to go into all the causes which are contributory to the decline of a great house. There had doubtless been incompetency, want of foresight, deliberate scattering on the part of some of the Rankines. The family characteristics, certainly, had never been of the careful, prudent, or hoarding order. Then, there were all the economic reasons—the decline of agricultural values, the increase of burdens upon the land, foreign competition—all of which have to be combated by qualities which the Rankines certainly lacked. In some respects they had been like the lilies of the field, in that they toiled not nor spun, yet their place in the county was a unique one. They were beloved by all, and sympathy had never been withheld from them even in the hours when they deserved it least.

(To be continued.)

The Skylark's Descent.

The altitude record among birds is held by the skylark, although no official record has ever been taken of the height. The skylark descends to earth in a novel way, appearing to close its wings and drop for a space, where it remains stationary before dropping again—and so on, down to the ground. The final swoop down is so swift and sudden that it is usually impossible to find the bird afterwards.

Great men have purposes; others have wishes.

How contagion spread

IN the world of school and play children are equal. Youngsters from homes less clean than yours come into intimate contact with your children.

To guard against contagion make sure that your children are completely cleansed and purified whenever they come in from play.

Your great ally is Lifebuoy Health Soap. The safe antiseptic ingredient of Lifebuoy penetrates each dirt-laden pore. Rich, creamy lather carries it into every cranny of the skin. The health odour vanishes a few seconds after use, but the protection remains.

LIFEBUOY HEALTH SOAP

More than Soap—a Health Habit

Keep your children safe with Lifebuoy. Teach them to use it often.

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED TORONTO

Lb-4-86.

Surnames and Their Origin

HOLLOPETER

Racial Origin—English.
Source—A nickname.

Here is a family name which is quite similar in origin to Bunyan, the obvious association of ideas, the joining of the word "hollow" with the given name of Peter, being the wrong one.

Tracing the name back a bit, one finds that he form of Hollopeter has superseded a form "Hollepeter," or "Helepeter," and that this, in turn, has superseded the forms "Holipeter" and "Holypeter."

And when you realize how common were names of this character in the middle ages—names like Goodjohn, Whiterichard, Bigjohn, Littlejohn, Jollywill (Jolly-William)—it is easy to see that a man might readily and often have been dubbed "holy Peter" by his neighbors and associates either in actual tribute to his holiness of life or in derision of his lack of virtue.

Often men were tagged with such names and managed to lose them again within a short time. More often they bore them to their graves, but did not always pass them on to their children.

LANE

Irish, Lehane.
Racial Origin—Irish.
Source—A given name.

The name of Lane is very often of Irish origin, being derived from the ordinary word "lane."

But names of Irish extraction may go to an entirely different source which antedates the English by some five or six centuries.

It is somewhere in the neighborhood of 560 to 600 A.D. that the Irish first appears on the old records. The time can only be estimated in reference to known dates with certain chieftains of the same generation as the founder of the Lane clan or tribe. His name was "Laighnen," but that this "th" is not as in the Elguish "th," but rather as "h." The clan name of Lane is given name (which means a ring of "broad") was derived which would be pronounced as can be indicated by "Lee-ane," without the break between the two syllables.

Animals and Insects Have Trades of Own.

A student of the habits of insects, birds and animals once stated that many of them had trades, writes R. A. Dagne, in "Our Dumb Animals." He ingeniously made out a list of the things they did. He declared that—

Bees are geometricians. The cells are constructed so that with the least quantity of material they have the largest spaces and least possible loss of gaps.

The mole is a meteorologist. Eels are electricians. The nautilus is a navigator. He raises and lowers his sails, casts and weighs anchor, and performs other natural acts.

Whole tribes of birds are musicians.

The beaver is an architect, builder and woodcutter. He cuts down trees and erects houses and dams.

The marmot is a civil engineer. He not only builds houses, but constructs aqueducts and drains to keep them dry.

Wasps and hornets manufacture paper, and it is said that the invention of paper, as we have it, is due to the fact that a Mongolian got the idea from watching hornets make their nests out of a pulp which they got from weeds and straw and other vegetation.

Caterpillars make silk threads, and here the inventors of silk got the idea of manufacturing silk. The architects and mil... They conduct their a... operative or socialistic... be regarded as statesmen.

The ... a ferryman. With a ... of bark for a boat and a ... all he crosses the ... stream.

Dogs ... lions, tigers, panthers ... are great ... and often when they have ... they can eat at a ... dig a hole in the ground ... it, then cover it with ... dirt and ...

Much ... written by men try... the difference between ... and human reason ... reference in degree cer... hard to determine at ... that stops and reason ...

Cotton Growing in Africa.

Cotton ... ing in the Union of South A... ftable ... most im...

Contents of British Museum.

The ... of the British Museum ... contain ... 0 volumes in Chinese, ... ow and 13,000 in other ... Oriental ... ges.