When Exposed to Air

tea loses its strength and flavor.

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H664

for that reason is never sold in bulk. Your grocer sells this delicious blend. Try SALADA.

Woman's Realm

FIRST AID FOR CUTS, BRUISES, BURNS.

A slight injury is "slight" only when it is properly cared for. Neglected cuts, bruises and burns may become serious unless simple precautions are taken at once. The mother who knows simple "first aid" is able to prevent unnecessary suffering as well as to save doctor bills.

Small cuts should be allowed to bleed for a short time to carry off the dirt and germs. Wash them out with a weak disinfectant. Cuts exposed to dirt or germs should be disinfected with iodine. This is especially necessary for wounds on the knees and legs, which are liable to happen to playing children. Always use fresh iodine and apply it in succession in charge twenty-five cents an hour for the same place, for it will burn.

A sliver can be removed thus: Fill a small-mouthed bottle nearly full with hot water. Hold the part of the body containing the sliver over the mouth of the bottle and press down a little, and at the same time the sliver will work out and the pain will cease.

Wounds covered with gauze or a clean cloth and fasten with adhesive tape must not be wrapped completely around any part of the body, as it tends to stop circulation and produce swelling.

Pain in a bruise can be lessened by using a knife blade to the injured part. This tends to contract the blood and stop the swelling.

Burns may be cared for in a way that do not injure the skin. Plunge the burned part into water and then apply a paste of baking-soda and water, or cream. The blistered must be left on the fluid, but the blister for a protection. Cover with a clean (not sterilized by dipping in boiling water) bandage burns in protect them from the air and pain.

DIRT IN THE EYE.

A piece of dirt in the eye can not be rubbed out by rubbing. Close the eye and tears will wash it out. Another method is to have the patient look down while you place a pencil above the edge of the upper lid and turn the lid back over it. Remove the foreign body with the corner of a clean handkerchief. To remove a cinder in the eye, bring the top lid out over the under lid and push up gently. The eye may be soothed by dropping in a drop or two of castor oil.

Another way to remove a cinder in the eye is to apply a small piece of lard to the inner part of the lid. Then close the other eye by pulling the hand over it. This method of rolling it will soon bring the cinder down to the corner of the eye where it can be taken out with a clean soft handkerchief. It is important to have pure lard.

PREVENT ACCIDENTS.

A little careful thought beforehand can prevent many injuries. Water spilled on the floor should be immediately wiped up, or it may cause a bad fall. Rugs on slippery floors are also dangerous. Icy steps and walks should be sprinkled with sand, ashes or sawdust as soon as possible. Tacks, broken glass and dishes should always be swept up, and sharp knives, scissors, can openers, and opened cans should be kept out of the reach of tiny hands. In every home there should be a medicine chest or an emergency chest. It should be locked, but every older member of the family should know where the key is kept. It should include such first-aid materials as: Concentrated petrolatum or vaseline, iodine, collodion (for painting slight injuries on the skin), alcohol, absorbent cotton, gauze, roller bandages, a camel's hair brush, and scissors. Iodine should be labeled "Poison."

ISSUE No. 10—'25.

MONEY FROM MENDING.

A school girl, who needed some extra money decided that she could make it by using the training that she had had in sewing. Her grandmother had shown her how to do fine mending; she could darn so that the stiches were almost invisible, "could set a patch by a thread" and do other work.

She equipped herself with a large sewing bag furnished with all the mending requisites; then she called on those of her neighbors who had young children and asked whether she could help to do the family mending. The offer was gladly accepted by many of the mothers.

On the first day she gave her services; after that she arranged to charge twenty-five cents an hour for the work that she did. Thus, by working from house to house, she earned a dollar a day. If some mother needed her help urgently, she gave an hour or two in the morning or the evening besides the afternoon work.

In thirteen months she earned three hundred fifty dollars. Her only expenses were for needles, cotton and thread.

A STYLISH "ENSEMBLE" COSTUME.

5003—Ladies' Coat with Dress 4839. Broadcloth, and a wool mixture in black and gray are joined together. One could have satin in two shades or in contrasting colors. The smartness of the "ensemble" depends on the combination that expresses harmony with just the right contrast. The Coat may be finished at the shorter length that is illustrated in the small view. The fronts may be buttoned to the neck, or rolled over as in the large view. The Dress is a simple one-piece "slip-on" model, with the fulness caught in rows of upright plaits or tucks.

The Coat Pattern is cut in 6 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust. Dress is cut in 7 Sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years for Misses and 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure for Ladies. To make the Costume for a 38-inch size, it will require 2⅞ yards of large, 2⅞ yards of the wool material, 2⅞ yards of broadcloth, and ⅞ yard of contrasting silk for facings on the Coat may be lined entirely, if desired. This will require 4⅝ yards.

TWO patterns mailed to any address in receipt of 15c in silver FOR EACH pattern, 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.

TOWEL RACK TABLES.

Have you a wooden towel rack in your attic? I am sure you have, or even if it is in your bedroom alongside the provincial wash bowl and pitcher you wouldn't mind substituting a modern rack in order to make a very useful and decorative table for your living room.

These old racks often were made of the beautiful walnut now mellowed by age, and when cleaned with a little varnish remover it is a revelation to find how really fine that wood is.

Now follow me carefully and you soon can have a charming little end table that will grace any living room. Saw off the curved rungs nearest the top and the upright standards which hold them, making your rack twenty-three or twenty-four inches high.

Next cut a board twenty-four inches long and nine and a half wide, and bevel the edges. Sandpaper this very smooth and attach it to your standards, if you happen to have any cast-off table leaves of walnut they make a surprisingly beautiful top. Rub a little walnut filler into the top, no matter what wood you use and then wax the entire table. You will find the result most satisfactory.

By taking your top boards to a planing mill you can have some of them cut oval and some kidney shape, which will make the tables still more decorative.

On the top of one of these tables I sank a chased brass ring about two inches in diameter near each end, and by these it can be picked up and moved alongside father's or grandfather's easy chair when they are smoking or mother's when she is sewing.

Towel racks make the most attractive kind of davenport end tables. You will find after putting them to these various uses you would not be without them. They are not only decorative but extremely useful, and you are putting in service something that long has been idle.

CANDY RECIPES.

To make seafoam use:

Brown sugar, 3 cups; water, ¾ cup; egg whites, 2; salt, ¼ tsp.; vanilla, 1 tsp.

Cook sugar, water and salt together, stirring until the sugar is dissolved. Continue cooking, without stirring, until the syrup forms a hard, but not brittle, ball in cold water.

Remove from the fire and gradually pour it over the egg whites, which have been beaten until stiff during the latter part of the cooking of the syrup. Beat while pouring. Continue beating until the candy will hold its shape when dropped from the spoon. Add vanilla. Drop by teaspoonfuls on waxed paper. Nuts may be added just before the candy is dropped.

Marshmallows—2 cups sugar, ½ cup hot water, ½ cup cold water, 1 tsp. vanilla, 2 tbsp. gelatin.

Soak the gelatin in the cold water. Cook sugar and hot water nearly to the soft ball stage. Add gelatin, pour into a large bowl and beat until stiff. Add vanilla, beat thoroughly and pour into a tin. Let stand until stiff. Cut in strips, pull out of tin, cut in squares and roll in equal parts of cornstarch and powdered sugar.

PUTTY FOR LEAKS.

A wash pan of graniteware which leaked badly was successfully mended by using putty, which was allowed to dry before the pan was put into service again. Soldering is difficult with graniteware, so I hope this suggestion may help some other housekeeper. —R. H.

It Isn't Done.

Playwright—"I'm working on a play that deals with the idea that the wicked man pays."

Playgoer—"You don't happen to have located any of the scenes in a restaurant, have you?"

Love Gives Itself

THE STORY OF A BLOOD FEUD

BY ANNIE S. SWAN.

"Love gives itself and is not bought."—Longfellow.

CHAPTER VIII.—(Cont'd.)

Judy walked by way of the march dyke to The Lees, and the delicious air, so pure and clear at that high altitude, uplifted part of the deep depression which had crept over her usually cheerful heart, coming whence she did not know. Sensible and reasonable, however, she attributed it merely to the reaction following upon a long period of strain. For the same reason, she now slept like a dead log at night, thus unconsciously recuperating her physical frame, and had invariably to be awakened in the morning by Christy with her cup of tea, whereas, formerly, she had been the awakener of the whole household.

It was the readjustment of things that was now troubling Judy. Understanding that she was not now of supreme importance to Stair, she was waiting, with what patience she might, for further enlightenment and guidance. Her faith in Alan was boundless and complete, but that very day it was destined to receive a rude shock.

It was very early when she stepped through the shrubbery path on to the gravel sweep before the house door at The Lees. But relatives are privileged, and the fact that it was only half-past two o'clock did not greatly trouble Judy. She hoped and expected to catch her aunt and her cousin before they went out for the afternoon drive which she knew to be part of their daily program.

The door was closed, and she had to ring, and wait for admittance. When Ramsay came and saw her in the porch, instead of the usual welcoming smile he looked blank and perturbed.

"Not at home, Miss Rankine," he faltered, and the words seemed to drop unwillingly from his lips.

"Have they gone out already, Ramsay?" asked Judy, in tones of frank disappointment. "It is only half-past two!" she added with a glance at the watch bracelet on her arm. "I thought the carriage did not usually come round till three?"

"The ladies are in the house, Miss Rankine, and they saw ye comin', but thems my orders," said poor Ramsay, deciding that he had better tell the full truth and get it over. But he avoided looking at Miss Rankine's face as he uttered the uncourteous words.

"Thank you, Ramsay. You have done your duty," she said, simply and kindly, and turned away from the door.

Her face had whitened a little, and something sprang into her eyes, very different from the usual quiet kindly light which dwelt there. Mystery seemed heaped upon mystery, and now beyond doubt it was clear that something had happened between Alan and Peter Garvock which had snapped, for a time at least, the tie of friendship and goodwill.

Now Judy resented, as she had the right to do, being kept in the dark. She felt that she ought to have been spared such humiliation at the door of The Lees. She was half minded to turn back now, and walking straight into the house, demand from her Aunt Isabel or from Lucy an account of what had happened!

But both pride and prudence forbade such a course, for, not knowing what had happened, it was possible that she might be dismayed to hear it, for the first time, from their lips.

At the other side of the shrubbery she hesitated, being very loth to go back to Stair without having accomplished something. The house was very large and lonely, and her day without object until Alan should return. Quickly, she decided, as the afternoon was fine, to walk into Ayr, where she could easily pay a call. Or perhaps she might go to the station, and meet one of the afternoon trains in the hope of seeing Alan.

She turned back a few steps into the drive, and walking rapidly was soon outside the gates.

The entrance to The Lees was unpretentious, though a pretty lodge had been built; but the drive was short and uninteresting, with that made look which detracts from the dignity of new places.

Familiar since childhood with every turn and byway, Judy had a very pleasant walk into the town, and long before she reached it she had decided that the Clock House should be her first place of call.

When she reached the Sandgate it was a quarter to four o'clock, and she reckoned that she would pay a call of twenty minutes' duration and yet reach the station in time to meet the half-past four train.

She asked for Miss Carlyon at the Clock House but was informed that she had gone to Glasgow for the day.

"But my mistress is in," said the girl, kindly, imagining that Miss Rankine, whom she knew well by sight, looked rather tired, "and I'm just taking up the tea. Will you not, please, come in?"

Judy thanked the girl, and said she would. She had not yet met Mrs Carlyon, but reflected that this would be an excellent opportunity of making her acquaintance. It was her first visit to the Clock House since the Carlyons had entered into possession. It was one of Mrs. Carlyon's good days. It may be said here that she invariably had good days, when Carlotta had to be out of the house. Perhaps Carlotta had erred where her mother was concerned, and had been too ready to take upon herself the full duties of the household.

Mrs. Carlyon, after her marriage and subsequent retirement from the stage—on which the Professor had insisted—had seemed to lose her chief interest in life. Judith, who had heard various reports about her, and who was, of course, aware that she had been an actress, was, in a manner, prepared to find her a little different from other women.

She was surprised to find her so young a woman, and it was only after she had been in the room for some little time that she realized that much of her beauty was artificial.

When Miss Rankine was announced, the mistress of the Clock House rose in obvious surprise, but with a ready welcome.

She was a small, plump woman, and wore a tea-gown of blue velvet much trimmed with lace, a string of artificial pearls round her throat, and a quantity of rings on her fingers. Her smile was quite sweet as she extended her hand.

"I am very glad to see you. My daughter has often told me how kind you were to her in the winter at the rehearsals. If it had not been for you, she never would have gone on with them."

Judy, listening intently, detected some jarring cadence in the voice and pronunciation, something which proclaimed the lack of education, and she wondered what kind of stage career Carlotta's mother had had. But she felt drawn to the woman, and even, in some odd way, a little sorry for her, realizing that never in Ayr could she feel herself at home.

"It is very kind of you to see me. I would have come long ago only, of course, I was very much engaged with my father."

"Ah, yes—you poor dear! We were all sorry for you. Carlotta wanted to write, but was afraid to intrude. You'll have a cup of tea, won't you? I am sorry my husband is not in. He has gone down to the station to meet Carlotta who expected to get back by the four-thirty train. I hope you will wait till they come. I suppose you have driven down?"

"No, I walked. I can stay a little while, and I shall be grateful for a cup of tea, Mrs. Carlyon. What a very pleasant room this is! We used to know the Birkmyres who had this house so many years. They simply loved it!"

"Oh, it is a very nice house—and so cheap! But, of course, I don't feel so very much at home in Scotland. My husband does, but then he does not depend on ordinary things for his happiness. Fossils are necessary to him, and it seems there are a good many about here."

Judy laughed outright.

"What kind of fossils, Mrs. Carlyon?"

A tippie of amusement crossed the pretty faded face, and one of her rings tinkled on the edge of the cup she was warming from the kettle.

"Now if I had said that Miss Rankine, I know now why Carlotta talked so much about you. I am specially glad to see you to-day, for now we can have a nice talk, perhaps, about what has happened."

(To be continued.)

Surnames and Their Origin

RODDY.

Variations—Rodd, Rod, Raud, Rodin.
Racial Origin—Anglo-Norman and French.
Source—A given name.

Here is a group of family names derived from a given name, and whose origin is almost completely concealed by reason of the drastic variations to which it has been subjected in the past, though the given name still exists today, and is indeed by no means uncommon.

The given name is Gerald, which, to English eyes and ears seems a long way from Roddy.

The key to the change however, is the tendency at one period in the development of the French language to substitute a "d" for an "l," and also the tendency to soften the originally hard "g."

The substitution of the "u" for the "l" was never carried to the same extent by the Normans who went to England as it was in the speech of the French, because the process was interrupted by the revivify dominance of the Saxon tongue in England. But there are numerous cases in which it is to be noted.

Rodd and Roddy may be classed for the most part as English developments of the family name, from the syllable "raud" in "Gerraud" or "Garaud," originally "Garald."

Rodin (with diminutive ending added. Rod and Raud are names more common to France, and developments which have worked out in that country.

BRISBANE.

Variations—Brisban, Brisben, Brisbin.
Racial Origin—Cornish.
Source—A place name.

Brisbane, perhaps, is not a name widely borne, but it is widely known.

It belongs in the classification of family names, which have been derived from names of places. In this instance the place name is of Cornish-British origin, forming a part of the new scanty remains of an all but extinct branch of the Celtic language, a branch more allied to the Welsh and the Breton than to the Gaelic of Ireland and the Scottish Highlands.

Around the name may be woven a romance of speculation as to the scenes which occurred there in ancient days before the advent of the Saxon and the Norman before the advent of Christianity; for the name means "hill of judgment." It evidently constituted anciently the court in which men were tried for their offense according to laws and customs now forgotten. But long since the character of the place has been forgotten the name has stuck and in that much later period when men came to be known by the names of the places from which they came and the names of their fathers as well as by their own given names, this place name made its advent into the records of family names.

Mr. Cosgrave, the president of the Irish Free State, is back at work in Dublin after a long stay at Nice, where he went to recover his health. He is shown with his wife and son, Liam.

"Listening In" on the Lives of Two Great Master Musicians.

The lives of practically all our great composers of the past make very interesting reading for modern music lovers, and not one is without its own particular magnetism. The two we are concerned with are Schubert and Saint-Saens, and some interesting gossip in connection with the life of each is herewith recorded.

Franz Schubert, perhaps the world's greatest song writer of any age, was one of the torch bearers at the funeral of Beethoven, whom he had met twice, though he had lived in the same city with him for tirty years. On his way home from the cemetery, with his friend Lachner, himself a composer of splendid powers, and a second companion, a glass of wine was drunk to the memory of the great master who had just passed away. A second glass was proposed by Schubert, the health of the next man to follow. The peculiar part about it, it happened to be Schubert himself, and not so long afterwards.

Now for Saint-Saens. This great French composer, who died only a couple of years ago, during his early years, a wonder child among wonder children. He played the piano before he was three years old, and he played it well by the time he was five. He gave his first public concert at nine and his first symphony was performed in public when he was seventeen. He composed easily, writing out the whole opera without a piano or any verifying instrument within reach. Fifty years after his debut he gave his other concert in the same hall. He is said to have been the only composer of his time who remained uninfluenced by Richard Wagner whom, nevertheless, he admired profoundly, and whose works he first helped France to understand and accept. His first concert was given when Schumann was still living and composing, and also Mendelssohn; yet he lived to see the beginning of jazz.

Towns Boomed by Books.

Many seaside and inland resorts advertise their attractions but the best advertisements come from works of fiction, particularly in England.

Tourists still follow Lorna Doone to Exmoor, and Marie Corelli's "Vendetta" sent thousands of visitors to Ilfracombe and Combe Martin.

"David Copperfield", and "Bleak House" did much for Yarmouth and Broadstairs. Thackeray's novels revived the glories of Brighton, while H. G. Wells' romances have done for Sandgate and the Folkestone coast what Clark Russell and Clement Scott did respectively for Deal and Cromer.

The Yorkshire moors have had thousands of visitors since Hall Caine, Sutcliffe and William Riley took the local color from them, and Allan Raine's novels sent similar numbers to Wales.

The Isle of Man owes an immense debt of gratitude to Sir Hall Caine, while everybody knows that before Scott wrote "The Lady of the Lake" very few people knew even the name of "The Trossachs."

A Last Straw.

Emily is aged three. She is an only child, and she has a friendly, sociable disposition. She adores playmates, and it has been a great grief to her that she is so often debarred from playing with her little friends on account of bad colds, whooping cough, suspected measles, and what not.

Recently a new baby cousin arrived in her uncle's family, and Emily was enjoying the prospect of a speedy visit to the little newcomer. Her father casually remarked that the baby had dimples, whereupon Emily appealed to her mother in a tone of despair, "Oh, mother, can't I go near her if she has dimples?"

Health-Giving Butter.

Children who refuse to take cod-liver oil can now be deceived by the scientist. Cows are fed on cod-liver oil, which passes into the butter and not only incorporates the valuable soluble vitamin A, but other anti-rachitic elements derived from the cow. Experiments with cod-liver oil butter and rickety children show successful results, and further experiments are being made in an attempt to produce a butter rich in every necessary form of vitamin useful to growing children.

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