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For the
Boys and Girls

HOW TWO GIRLS MADE MONEY
IN 1922.

I acted as janitor in our country church, making \$3 a month in summer and \$5 a month in winter. I sold 700 tomato plants and received \$7 for them. I raised a large flock of chickens, which are very good layers, and made \$10 on the eggs. I fattened some of the roosters and sold them for sixty cents apiece, making a total of \$18 on eggs and chickens. I sold my old school books which I did not need any more and received about \$5 for them. This was a big help in buying some new school books for this year. I was also interested in canning and canned fifty cans of beans and sold them at twenty cents a can. I could have sold many more if I could have supplied them. I also canned tomatoes, apples and peaches for market.—Mary F. Evans.

Last year cherries were plentiful, so every day I picked a few quarts and dried them. I put them in a pan in the oven and heated them until the juice started to flow. Then I poured the juice off and put the cherries in the sun to dry. I dried as long as the cherry season lasted. When finished, I had ten quarts of nice dried cherries. I also dried apples, string-beans, corn and parsley. I went into town with my mother and went from house to house and in half an hour we had sold everything that I dried. I received \$8.25 for my work. In the spring I bought a package of everlasting flower seeds and when they were large enough, transplanted them to a larger bed. I hoed and weeded them twice and then they were in bloom. I picked the flowers every week and hung them upside down to dry. In November, when flowers were scarce, I took these to town and sold them at twenty-five cents a bunch. This year I expect to plant a larger bed.—Anne Morovchek.

WHY THE OWL CRIES "WHO? WHO?"

Hooter, the owl, sat on a limb of his old hollow tree, winking and blinking and nodding. The sun had not quite gone down and the light still hurt his eyes.

Hooter could not make up his mind as to where he would first look for his dinner, or breakfast, for he had just waked up. He had a mind to go over to the farmhouse and see if Farmer Brown's boy had not forgotten to lock the chicken house. Still, there were plenty of fat juicy mice down in the meadow, so why take chances?

Which would it be to-night, chicken or mice? Hooter studied over the question and waited for it to grow dark, for he always hunted his food after night; but, why shouldn't he, he was not afraid of gnomes and goblins like some of the foolish birds that he knew. And so Hooter blinked and nodded, and dozed and thought. Suddenly his attention was attracted by a slight rustling among the leaves and grasses under the thorn hedge close by.

"Sounds like a mouse," thought Hooter. "Gee! I'm hungry," and he riveted his attention upon the thorn row for a few seconds, and then, with a dexterous flap or two of his strong wings, he swooped down and grasped his intended victim in his cruel claws. As Hooter circled back to his perch he was surprised that the mouse did not cry out with pain.

"Hold on, Mr. Owl," said his victim, "to begin with, you're a very poor sportsman not to give your prey a chance for its life or any warning whatever. Mr. Rattlesnake is a gentleman compared to you."

Hooter gasped; he was not accustomed to have his victims tell him what to do and what not to do.

"What do I care about sport anyway? All that I want is my dinner; besides, I'm so used to my rough ways that I couldn't be a sport even if I wanted to, and I don't! But why should a little insignificant mouse like you have the impudence to talk back to a great bird of my standing. I'm supposed to be the wisest of all birds," said Hooter as he ruffled up his feathers with pride, "and I'll soon break every bone in your measly little body and make a meal of you, you saucy little imp."

"Yo, ho!" cried his victim, "not so fast, Mr. Owl. Don't you see that your claws and beak make no impression on me. You think me a mouse. But I'm not a mouse, although I do wear a furry coat that looks like a mouse."

"Oh!" exclaimed Hooter, letting loose of his victim for an instant, "sure enough, you did not cry out with pain like most of the mice I have met. But my eyesight is not very good so early in the evening. Who are you, anyway, and what are you doing in the neighborhood of my hollow tree? That's what I'd like to know."

"I'm an enchanted furikin, and I live with the gnomes and goblins in the land of Wald. The King of Wald's domain is here and there and everywhere. And although I am as tiny as the smallest mouse, I have the ability to change myself and become as large and fierce as a bear. You might have known who I am without all this embarrassment, had you only thought to ask me before you snapped me up. You have the faculty of speech, and it is not enough that you rely entirely upon your senses of sight and hearing, and for your stupidity I have a mind to change you into a stork."

Hooter shivered, the cold chills began to chase each other up and down his spine. He did not want to be a stork, for storks always looked so lean and hungry, as if they had not had a square meal in a week. Hooter loved to eat and cram his stomach better than he loved anything else in the world, but he was thoroughly frightened by now. All the stories of gnomes and goblins and enchantments that he had ever heard came throbbing through his brain; and to make matters still worse the furikin had started to grow, and grew larger and fiercer every minute until Hooter was paralyzed with fright and his eyes stuck out like saucers.

"Oh! please, please, Mr. Furikin, don't turn me into an ugly, awkward stork, for I would look so awful on stilt-like legs. Oh! oh! please don't and I will promise never, never to make such an awful mistake again. Never, never again! And I will truly ask, who are you?" before I ever again

HOME BEAUTIFUL

By Dorothy Ethel Walsh.

Curtains Are Made of Polka Dotted Voils.

In our last article we told of a blue and white polka dot slip which proved successful in a room lacking color. To-day we wish to pass on to our readers the idea of a clever woman. The skoten has given you the key to the subject matter of this article, but it cannot tell you the color scheme used.

The clever woman went forth to shop for kitchen curtains. The usual was in her mind. "Something dainty and trash looking, such as white swiss or voile, or possibly ecru net." When she reached the shop her good intentions melted into thin air. There on the counter was an orange and black polka dotted voile. The background was orange, the small dots black, and it was the most cheerful looking material she had seen in a long while. Not hesitating she bought it and declares she has not once regretted it. The kitchen is so cheerful with these pert window dressings that time spent in it is not unpleasant and tasks accomplished within its walls do not seem arduous.



pounce upon any one. Truly, I will, Mr. Furikin."

PARIS CHIEF MECCA FOR EXILED ROYALTY

The furikin made no reply to Hooter's entreaty, but continued to grow larger and larger, fiercer and fiercer, heavier and heavier, until the limb began to crack beneath his weight. Poor Hooter was shivering and shaking, quivering and quaking till he thought he would die from fright. When, all at once the limb broke with a terrible crash, and Hooter tumbled backward off his perch, and lay unconscious on the ground. The furikin slid gracefully down the tree trunk and disappeared in the shadows. Just how long Hooter lay there unconscious no one knew; not even Hooter himself can tell. It must have been a long, long time, for when he woke up and blinked his way back to the old hollow tree it was so near morning that he did not have a chance to get anything to eat before the sun peeped his smiling face over the eastern hills.

Of course it was only a dream, but Hooter never knew and has never guessed any different yet. And, when on a still evening you hear him crying, "Who? Who?" you may be sure that he is trying to be a good sport and is giving you fair warning that he will get your chickens if you don't watch out. But who concerns it most is that he does not want to make any more unfortunate mistakes and get tangled up with any more furikins. But Hooter is now a confirmed believer in gnomes and goblins and if you ever see him sitting on the limb of an old tree blinking and winking you may be pretty sure of what he is thinking, for he always keeps a sharp look out for furikins.—R. L. Spence.

WARDS OF LATE CZAR DANCE FOR A LIVING.

"The Daisy Tea Room" in Florence Managed by Russian Beauty, Countess Cassini.

Europe is filled with royal exiles. Paris has, perhaps, more than its share. Many of those who fled from Russia found it a haven. The Grand Duke Dimitri, first cousin of the late Czar, and the man who, if monarchy is restored would be called to the throne—the young, powerful, splendid Dimitri—is there broke. He arrived in Paris with less than 100 francs in his grand-ducal pockets and only one extra shirt.

How did he live? "How did all my class live?" he replied. "We knew nothing, that is, how to do nothing. I had no money. But we had friends and such wonderful friends. The first year I made a loan. Last year I made a loan. But I could not go on that way. This year I am working on such a grand plan—a plan to pay back my loans and live."

He is "floating a company." He would not tell what kind of a company until it had proved successful. He was sure it would. "It must, for I must pay and live," he said. There was nothing of self pity about him. This is a quality which seems lacking to the Russian temperament. At that he considered himself lucky, for were not many of his companions, men once attached to his cousin's household, serving as chauffeurs and taxi men? "As for myself," he said, "I await the future day."

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LIFEBOUY HEALTH SOAP

ishment. She has as her assistants Countess Gurno and the Baroness Melnard. Behind the scenes at the Folies Bergere, in the glittering confusion of paint and powder and hurrying choruses of flower girls, sits a little old woman who was a lady of the Romanof court. Her three daughters, wards of the late Czar, dance in the Folies chorus and the little old lady comes every night as their chaperon.

Escape Over Icy Waters.

Four women—three girls and the mother—creeping on hands and knees through actual snow and slush to gain the firmer foothold of the ice! They dare not go back. They dare not go forward. They kneel in the icy waters, their heads and bodies covered with sheets, white like the surrounding snows. The girls are sixteen, seventeen and nineteen. When it is darker they creep slowly across the frozen sea to Finland. From there they make their way to France.

The daughters could do nothing except dance. But how they could dance! They earned \$50 a month, a fortune to them, and saved themselves and their mother from starvation.

There are royal and noble exiles in other places than Paris. Former King Ferdinand is "resting" in Switzerland. Bavaria's royal household transferred itself to the Alps and the heads of the Hohenzollerns, as all the world knows, are in Holland. But these exiles are well supplied with money and they are exiles for their own sins.

other closely there are between 700 and 800 members of the Russian nobility. In the lace factories, glass and mosaic factories, behind counters and over tables in Italian restaurants and stores and in nurseries and kitchens of Italian homes these high born Russians are at work trying to save themselves and their families from starvation.

Down a side street in the American section of Florence is a building which once was a garage but now is a tea room. Over the entrance is the sign, "The Daisy Tea Room." The hostess of this tea room, its owner, manager, and, one suspects, its sweeper-out, is the famous Countess Cassini, the former hostess of the Russian Embassy at Washington, the brilliant beauty whose entertainments in Roosevelt's time were the joy and splendor of official life.

Minard's Liniment for Corns and Warts

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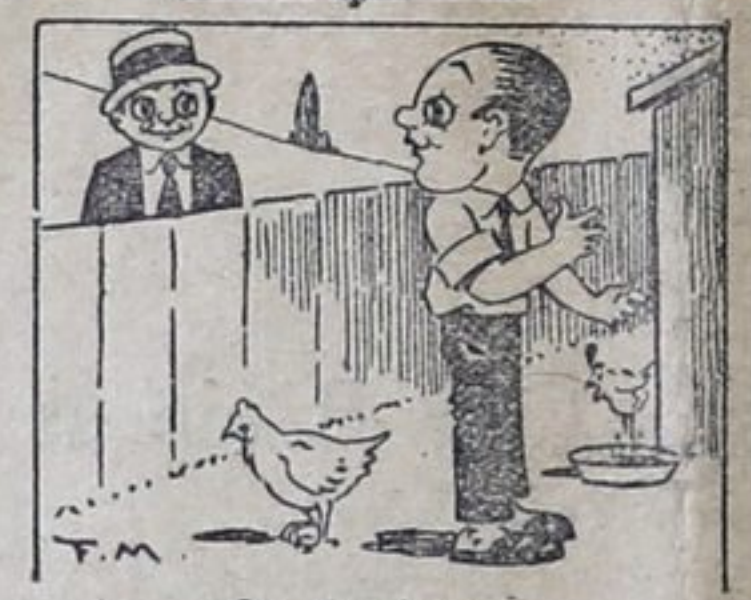
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On the Lay.
 "Does that hen lay for you?"
 "Oh, yes—and I lay for the eggs."
Legitimate Pride.
 "Do you know any language besides English?"
 "I can translate any article on the sporting page."
Not Fur-lined.
 A private was shaving himself in the open air when his sergeant came along.
 Sergeant—"Do you always shave outside?"
 Private—"Of course. Did you think I was fur-lined?"

Minard's Liniment for Coughs & Colds



OIL TO BE DEVELOPED IN ENGLAND
 Oil has been located in England, and the well has been purchased by the Duke of Devonshire, who will develop it. The picture shows the flow of oil from the well.

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