

None Better "SALADA" GREEN TEA

is the finest uncolored green tea procurable in the world. Superior to the best Japans. — Try it.

Woman's Sphere

INTEREST YOUR CHILDREN IN BOOKS.

A few days ago I drifted into one of the large book stores in a big city. My attention was immediately drawn to the number of people crowding around a certain department. Instinct told me there must be a bargain, and a woman's inclination toward bargains led me directly to that part of the store.

This large book store was promoting a sale of children's books. The eagerness and thoughtfulness with which these mothers, and I grant also grandmothers and aunts, were selecting books to develop along constructive channels the minds of the children in which they were interested, were entertaining.

I paused at one of the counters with more than ordinary interest in the situation. One prospective customer, drawing up the opinion of a kindly saleslady, said, "I want a book that is easy for a ten-year-old girl to read."

This mother undoubtedly did not make this specification because she was afraid of giving the child something hard to do; but rather to instill in her youthful mind that reading is a pleasure.

It is essential also, that the books we select for children be interesting to them, as well as easy to read. Stories within the child's sphere of experience in life are most appreciated and leave their impression. Stories of imaginative happenings and unusual incidents are always entertaining and have their part in developing the imaginative nature of the child.

Mother and father may do much to lead the little folks to love the right kind of books. One mother recently told me of her experience in developing the reading habit in her young son. "His father and I often read the books he reads," she said, "so we can discuss it with him afterward. In some stories we try to see who can find the most hidden lessons. If we have other books that will help him to understand more thoroughly the one he is reading, we leave them lying on the library table where they will be sure to catch his eye. When he finds something himself, that connects up with what he has previously read in a story, it is much more interesting to him than as if we called his attention to it."

In working with children I have found that dramatizing certain scenes or a part of the story impresses the lesson upon the young mind almost indelibly. Months afterward the child will give voluntary reference to the story.

The child's mind is easily molded, and molding in the early days has a lasting effect upon the mature life of the child. If the child can be led to develop the reading habit as a pleasure, concentration in his later school work comes easily. Wise is the parent who sees to it that their children read the right kind of books, and plenty of them. The right reading habit developed in a child will cling to him when his school days are memories.

WOMEN

quart of flour, one teaspoonful of salt and a quarter of a pound of butter. Rub flour and butter together, add water gradually until the flour is just moistened. Work and knead until the dough is a smooth, elastic paste; then pound with a wooden mallet for at least ten minutes, until the dough is full of bubbles. Roll out, cut in squares, prick with a fork, place on slightly greased pans and bake. If the dough is run through a food-chopper eight or ten times it will be quite as light as if it had been beaten.

Maple Tarts provide a timely dessert. They require one cupful of maple syrup, one tablespoonful of corn-starch dissolved in one-quarter cupful of cold water, one egg, two tablespoonfuls of butter, one-half teaspoonful of vanilla.

Heat the syrup. Add the corn-starch (dissolved in cold water) and the beaten egg; cook until clear. Add the butter and vanilla and beat well. Line individual baking tins with plain pastry and bake until straw color. Fill with maple mixture, cover with maple meringue and brown in a slow oven.

Maple meringue is made thus: Beat the white of an egg until dry and stiff. Add three tablespoonfuls of maple syrup. Beat well and use at once.

A POPULAR PLAY SUIT.



4656. Pongee, linen, wool, rep, Jersey and gingham would be good for this model. The sleeve may be finished short, or in wrist length. The closing is comfortable and convenient.

This pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 3, 4, 5, and 6 years. A 4-year size requires 3 1/2 yards of 27-inch material.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver, by the Wilson Publishing Co., 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto. Allow two weeks for receipt of pattern.

A PRAYER FOR THE KITCHEN WALL.

My labor makes me glad!
May I have eyes to see
Beauty in this plain room
Where I am called to be;
The scent of clear blue smoke,
The old pans polished bright,
The kettle's chuckling joke,
The red flame's lovely light,
May I have wit to take
The joy that round me lies.
Whether I brew or bake,
My labor make me wise!

TWO RECIPES.

Home-Made Crackers: A good substitute for machine-made crackers can be made thus: Put into a bowl one

WRIGLEYS
Chew it after every meal
It stimulates appetite and aids digestion.
It makes your food do you more good. Note how it relieves that stuffy feeling after hearty eating.

Whitens teeth, sweetens breath and freshens the mouth that's so good.
L-3-3-4.

WRIGLEYS DOUBLEMINT CHEWING GUM
R25

ISSUE No. 13-24.

The Heavenly Foolishness

The Hospital Babies Did Not Think It Foolishness and They Ought to Know.

BY ISABELLA GRIFFITH FLECK.

PART I.

There is, in this world, an occasional gay, care-free individual who turns toward joyousness as the tide runs to meet the moon.

Such a one was Cynthia Streeter. For three years the stern, dignified hand of hospital authority had striven to form her into the "perfect" nurse: a silent, reliable, self-controlled individual but her voice still retained its lilt-like quality and no matter how determinedly the little cap might have been pinned in place at seven a.m., by noon it jauntily reposed over one ear. Then too there was the matter of rules that she should not have disregarded and chastised that she left undone that she should have done.

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"Why pick on the children?" her roommate asked.

"They haven't long hair, false teeth or nerves," she answered blandly. "And they adore ice cream and fairies. Oh, children, they are fun."

On the second Tuesday in June Cynthia sat at the record table and with a little pucker between her big brown eyes, surveyed her small doorman. The ward was brilliantly clean and festive; the twenty small iron beds standing in single file, ten on each side, were in fresh white for the day; the rows of bottles showing through the glass doors of the medicine closets were neatly labeled; and even the eastern sun contributed to the scene, making scintillating pools of light on the polished floor.

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WESTERN PIONEER TELLS INTERESTING EXPERIENCE

Frank Rikert, Who Left Illinois for California in Covered Wagon in 1864, Wouldn't Take \$100 for Bottle of Tanlac.

BY ISABELLA GRIFFITH FLECK.

"I believe Tanlac really saved my life when I took it after the flu about a year ago," continued Mr. Rikert, "for the attack left me 20 pounds off in weight, and unable to turn over in my bed without assistance. I tell you, I thought my time had surely come.

"But, thanks to my wife's insistence, I kept on taking Tanlac till I was able to do all my work again, had back all my lost weight, and I've been feeling years younger ever since. I'm always telling my friends about Tanlac, and can't say too much for it. Tanlac is for sale by all good druggists. Accept no substitute. Over 40 million bottles sold.

Take Tanlac Vegetable Pills.

not arrive until to-night. I have watched your work carefully the last few months. Although you are young, you have shown unexpected ability. I should not have considered you. You had no respect for authority and you were lacking in dignity. You know that now yourself," she paused.

Cynthia, standing in the middle of the ward, her hands clasped tensely behind her cap slightly to one side and her brown eyes round with awed wonder, looked small and eager, and very, very young.

"As I have said, although you are young, you have shown ability and I will be recommended for the Children's Ward." Then she sighed and turned toward the door.

The Head was no longer young and, although she had been taught to discount youth, there were times when she was so tired that she wondered if anything else really mattered.

"Thank you very much," said Cynthia in a small voice.

When the Head had gone, this "young" candidate for honors walked down the ward with unaccustomed dignity, straightened her cap with the aid of the medicine-closet glass door and removed an unprofessional looking bunch of violets from her apron band. The Probationer had seen the Junior Surgical give them to her but she was not in the room fifteen minutes before the head forgotten that lately acquired dignity and was dancing with girlish abandon.

"Is the new 'Suppe' here?" she asked the Junior Surgical as he was serving her ice cream.

"Over there, talking to that new intern," he nodded toward the end of the room.

He looked just as Cynthia expected he would, heavy-lidded, languid, with slightly greying hair and a vandyke. Then her glance shifted to the other. There was something about him she liked; his square jaw and alert manner, and an air of self-confidence that new internes often lacked. It was just then he glanced up and their eyes locked. Cynthia blushed and turned away furious at herself.

They met in the Paul Jones when he quietly danced her out of the room on to the small side porch.

"After dancing straight into my life, I couldn't let you dance right out again, now could I?" he inquired.

Cynthia laughed and perched herself on the railing. She liked him, his keen brown eyes and the humorous lift to the mouth that had seemed so stern.

"That's not likely, at least for a year," she replied.

(To be continued.)

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"Why pick on the children?" her roommate asked.

"They haven't long hair, false teeth or nerves," she answered blandly. "And they adore ice cream and fairies. Oh, children, they are fun."

On the second Tuesday in June Cynthia sat at the record table and with a little pucker between her big brown eyes, surveyed her small doorman. The ward was brilliantly clean and festive; the twenty small iron beds standing in single file, ten on each side, were in fresh white for the day; the rows of bottles showing through the glass doors of the medicine closets were neatly labeled; and even the eastern sun contributed to the scene, making scintillating pools of light on the polished floor.

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