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### Woman's Sphere

#### PIGEONS FOR THE BOYS.

About two years ago I was surprised to overhear my oldest son, aged twelve, tell his younger brother that as soon as he was old enough he was going to the city. This set me thinking. I talked to him and tried to get his view on farm life. He soon made me realize that he was a very ambitious child and that he did not consider the farm a good place to make money. I do not wonder at his attitude for no pains had been taken to encourage him in individual effort. We are the owners of a hundred-acre farm, yet neither of the children owned a plot of land or an animal. They had their regular work, allowance and hours for recreation but they had no hope of profit from any enterprise, exclusively their own. "Why," I said to myself, "should our boys be excluded from share in enterprises which, when they are grown, will probably be their greatest impulse to success?" I therefore made up my mind that we would afford our sons some constructive opportunity that would soon convince them that they could make money at home. I talked the subject over with my husband and we decided on pigeons. We had none on the farm and we reasoned that something new would be more interesting to the boys and we were right. When we presented them with six pairs of pigeons and an acre of land as their very own, their joy was too great for words.

They went to work the next morning making a pigeon house in an unused shed and we were surprised to see how heartily they carried the work through. The simple fact was that their sympathies were enlisted in a cause exclusively their own and they kept at work as diligently as if they expected to get rich by it.

The boys' acre was sown to grain for the pigeons' rations and the boys required little assistance in harvesting it. At the age of six months, the pigeons began to pair and the flock kept increasing.

Much more important than the money they make is the fact that they are so well satisfied and so interested with something to do on their own home farm. They loved their home but were anxious to do something for themselves. It was not money they were craving but mental interest.—Mrs. M. E. C.

#### RELIABLE RECIPES.

Cheese-Cake is seasonable. To make, add one egg to one cupful of fresh cottage-cheese, beat until smooth, then add one-half cupful of sugar and a piece of butter the size of a walnut, or one-half cupful of rich cream. Flavor with vanilla, or nutmeg. Line a pie plate with nice pie-crust, fill with the cheese mixture and bake without a top crust.

Strawberry Delight is well named. Crush ripe strawberries through a sieve, cut marshmallows into quarters and soak in the strawberry juice for one hour. When ready to serve mix lightly with very cold whipped cream, place in individual glasses, and garnish with a whole strawberry. Serve with sponge cake.

Strawberry Rice requires one-half cupful of rice, one and one-quarter cupfuls of butter, two cupfuls of milk, one box strawberries, one-half teaspoonful of salt. Wash rice and cook in the milk until soft, adding one-quarter cupful of sugar and the salt. Remove the cover and allow the mixture to thicken. Pick over, wash and mash the strawberries. Add one-third cupful of sugar, and set in warm place for a couple of hours in order to extract the juice. Make a hard sauce of the butter and remaining sugar and, when ready to serve, stir the strawberries into it. Have the rice steaming hot and serve with it a generous helping of the sauce.

Rhubarb Conserva is delicious. It requires three pounds of rhubarb cut into pieces, three oranges, three pounds of sugar, three-quarters of a cupful of water, one pound of raisins, one-half pound of shelled nuts (if desired). Wash and slice the oranges, including the rind, wash the raisins

#### CHOOSE YOUR HUSBAND

Any treatment for cockroaches must be continued for several weeks, if success is to be attained. Persistence is necessary, regardless of whatever measure is used against these troublesome insects. Special care should be taken never to allow bread crumbs or

and seed, then chop the nuts. Mix the ingredients and boil slowly for about three-quarters of an hour. Pour hot into jars and seal at once.

#### A PRETTY FROCK FOR MANY OCCASIONS.



4746. For afternoon or evening wear this model is delightful. It is pretty in changeable taffeta, crepe de chine, chiffon or in the new printed voiles or figured silks. The puff sleeves may be omitted.

The Pattern is cut in 3 sizes, 16, 18 and 20 years. An 18-year size requires 5 1/2 yards of material 32 inches wide. The width at the foot of the dress is 2 1/2 yards.

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.

Send 15c in silver for our up-to-date Spring and Summer 1924 Book of Fashions.

#### ROACHES HAVE GYPSY NATURE.

That roaches have a gypsy nature is declared by R. L. Webster, entomologist.

"In towns roaches may move from house to house," said Mr. Webster. "They have even been known to leave one house in large numbers and migrate to another. But whether they enter in bands or singly they are a pest that is especially repulsive."

They are probably the most annoying of common insects, according to Mr. Webster, and some time in the history of nearly every home they make their appearance and cause the housewife no end of trouble.

Damp localities, such as the neighborhood of the kitchen sink, is their favorite habitat. They are night prowlers and usually remain hidden during the daytime. Roaches may be recognized by their brown or black color and their size, which is usually a half inch or more in length. Their flat bodies are well fitted for hiding away in cracks under baseboards.

Roaches reproduce by means of eggs and the young roach is similar in appearance to the mature forms, excepting in size and in the absence of wings that indicate the full grown insect.

"Probably the most effective method of controlling roaches is by the use of sodium fluoride," Mr. Webster explained. "This is a white powder that may be purchased at almost any drug store. The powder should be dusted in liberal quantities into all locations in the house frequented by the insects, especially in pantries and under sinks. Sodium fluoride should never come in contact with any foodstuffs, however, since it is poisonous."

"On the market there are a number of preparations for the control of cockroaches. Many of these contain borax or boric acid, which may be purchased as such from the drugist and applied in the same manner as the sodium fluoride previously mentioned."

With his dark sling partly concealed by his coat, Jack went forth into the world again without fear of being noticeable and strange, a thing a boy never wishes to be.

## PENNY PLAIN

BY O. DOUGLAS

Shopman—"You may have your choice—penny plain or two-pence colored."

Solemn Small Boy—"Penny plain, please. It's better value for the money."

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#### CHAPTER V.—(Cont'd.)

"No? Well, your housekeeper, then. You couldn't buy a house without getting to know all about the hot water and pantries."

"There is no question of my buying it."

"Oh, isn't there?" cried Jean joyfully. "What a relief! All the time I've been showing you the house I've been picturing us removing sadly to the villa in the Langhorne Road. They are quite nice villas as villas go, but they have only tiny strips of gardens, and stairs that come to meet you as you go in at the front door, and anyway no house could ever be home to us after The Rigs—not though it had hot and cold water in every room and a pantry on every floor."

"Dear me," said Peter Reid.

"He felt perplexed, and annoyed with himself for being perplexed. All he had to do was to tell this girl with the frank eyes that The Rigs was his, that he wanted to live in it himself, that if they would turn out at once he would make it theirs. They were nice people, plenty, and would make no fuss. He would say it now—but Jean was speaking."

"I think I know why you wanted to see through this house," she was saying. "I think you must have known it long ago when you were a boy. Perhaps you loved it too—and had to leave it."

"I went to London when I was eighteen to make my fortune."

"Oh," said Jean, and into that "Oh" she put all manner of things she could not say. She had been observing her visitor, and she was sure that this shabby little man (Peter Reid cared not at all for appearances and never bought a new suit of clothes unless compelled) had returned no whittington, Lord Mayor of London. Probably he was one of the "faithful failures" of the world, one who had tried and missed, and had come back, old and tired and shabby, to see his boyhood's home. The tenderest corner of Jean's tender heart was given to shabby people, and she longed to try to comfort and console, but dared not in case of appearing impertinent. She reflected dimly that he had not even a wife to be nice to him, and he was far too old to have a mother.

"Are you staying in Priorsford?" she asked gently.

"I'm at the Temperance Hotel for a few days. I—the fact is, I haven't been well. I had to take a rest, so I came back here—after thirty years."

"Have you really been away for thirty years? Great-aunt Allison came to The Rigs about thirty years ago. Do you, by any chance, know our landlord in London? Mr. Peter Reid is his name."

"I know him."

"He's frightfully rich, they say. I don't suppose you know him well enough to ask him not to sell The Rigs? It can't make much difference to him though it means so much to us. Is he old, our landlord?"

"A man in his prime," said Peter Reid.

"That's pretty odd, isn't it?" said Jean—"about sixty, I think. Of course," hastily, "sixty isn't really old. When I'm sixty—if I'm spared—I expect I shall feel myself good for another ten years."

"I thought I was," said Peter Reid, "until I broke down."

"Oh, but a rest at Priorsford will put you all right."

"Could he afford a holiday? she wondered. Even temperance hotels were rather expensive when you hadn't much money. Would it be very rash and impulsive to ask him to stay at The Rigs?"

"Are you comfortable at the Temperance?" she asked. "Because if you don't much care for hotels we would love to put you up here. Mhor is apt to be noisy, but I'm sure he would try to be quiet when he knew that you needed a rest."

"My dear young lady," gasped Peter Reid. "I'm afraid you are rash. You know nothing of me. I might be an impostor, a burglar—"

Jean threw back her head and laughed.

"Do forgive me, but the thought of you with a jemmy and a dark lantern is so funny."

"I don't even know my name."

"I don't," said Jean, "but does that matter? You will tell it me when you want to."

"My name is Reid, the same as your landlord's," said Jean, "are you a relative of his?"

"A connection?" It was not what he meant to say, but he said it.

"How odd!" said Jean. She was trying to remember if she had said anything unbecoming of one relative to another. "Oh, here's Jock and Mhor," as two figures ran past the windows; "you must stay and have tea with us, Mr. Reid."

"But I ought to be getting back to the hotel. I had no intention of inflicting myself on you in this way."

He rose to his feet and looked about for his hat. "The fact is—I must tell you—I am—"

The door burst open and Mhor appeared. He had forgotten to remove his cap, or wipe his muddy boots, so eager was he to tell his news.

Jean, he shouted, oblivious in his excitement of the presence of a stranger—"Jean, there are six red puddock-stools at the bottom of the garden—bright red puddock-stools." He noticed Mr. Reid and, going up to him and looking earnestly into his face, he repeated, "Six!"

"Indeed," said Peter Reid.

He had no acquaintance with boys, and felt extremely ill at ease, but Mhor, after studying him for a minute, was seized with a violent fancy for this new friend.

"You're going to stay to tea, aren't you? Would you mind coming with me just now to look at the puddock-stools? It might be too dark after tea. Here is your hat."

"But I'm not staying to tea," cried the unhappy owner of The Rigs. Why, he asked himself, since the war, and them at once that he was his landlord? A connection! Fool that he was! He would say it now—"I only came—"

"It was very nice of you to come," said Jean soothingly. "But Mhor, don't worry Mr. Reid. Everybody hasn't your passion for puddock-stools."

"But you would like to see them," Mhor assured him. "I'm going to fill a bowl with chucky-stones and moss and stick the puddock-stools among them and make a fairy garden for Jean. And if I can find any more I'll make one for the Honorable; she is very kind about giving me chocolate."

They were out of doors by this time, and Mhor was pointing out the glories of the garden.

"You see, we have a burn in our garden with a little bridge over it; almost no one else has a burn and a bridge of their very own. There are minnows in it and all sorts of things—water-beetles, you know. And here are my puddock-stools."

When Mr. Reid came back from the garden Mhor had a firm hold on his hand and was telling him a long story about a "mavis-bird" that the cat had caught and eaten.

"Tea's ready," he said, as they entered the rooms; "you can't go away now, Mr. Reid. See these cookies? I baked for them myself to Davidson the baker's, and they were so hot and newly-baked that the bag burst and they all fell out on the road."

"Mhor! You horrid little boy," Mhor said to the worse Jean. "I dusted them all with my useful little hanky, and the road wasn't so very dirty."

"All the same," said Jean, "I think we'll leave the cookies to you and Jock. The tea's baked at home, Mr. Reid, and are quite safe. Mhor, tell Jock tea's in, and wash your hands."

So Peter Reid found himself, like Balaam, remaining to bless. After all, why should he turn these people out?

Minard's Liniment for Aches and Pains

### The St. Lawrence is Rich in History

By S. L. Cullen

Although it is generally accepted opinion that John and Setastien Cabot were the pioneers of the St. Lawrence, it is very probable that this great inland waterway was known to wandering European fishermen centuries before their time. It is known that the early Norse Vikings touched on the coast of Labrador and discovered America approximately one thousand years before Columbus was born, but no tangible records have been recovered to prove the fact. It is also believed that the St. Lawrence, The Cabots, father and son, received financial backing from both Portugal and England, but it was the French who followed up the discovery systematically and established the French colony of Canada.

Following the example of the Danish and Anglo-Saxon settlers in Britain, the new emigrants settled along the banks of the river, and for many years the French "Couriers des Poirs" carried on a brisk trade in furs with the West Indies during the eighteenth century. The St. Lawrence river was well surveyed by topographical experts of several countries, chief among whom being Captain Cook, whose surveys of the St. Lawrence valley are considered authentic and very accurate even today. Captain Cook achieved fame as the man who first planted the British flag on Australia.

The Battle of the Plains. The following information was taken from an old chart made after the famous battle between the English under Wolfe and the French under Montcalm, on the Heights of Abraham, when Canada was annexed to the British Empire. On the receipt of the news of the defeat and death of the French hero, Montcalm, at Quebec, the French king made light of it, exclaiming that Canada was only a few acres of rocks and snow at best, and its only native inhabitants were red Indians and polar bears. The king's press agent was not a good prophet. To-day the St. Lawrence river during the summer months is the scene of ever-increasing shipping activity. Every year ships of larger tonnage sail to the inland ports of Quebec and Montreal, and an extensive and very popular trans-Atlantic service has sprung into existence from these ports. Passenger traffic in general between the New World and the Old has increased considerably since the war, and there is every indication that it will continue to expand. The Atlantic is not the irrevocable Rubicon it was a few years ago, when a passenger usually crossed once to make a home for himself abroad. Settlers formed the bulk of the ocean travellers. At the present time it is a matter of conjecture as to whether the tourists and sight-seers compose the larger group of ocean travellers.

The New World is figuratively much nearer to the Old than it was a few years ago; the passage across is quicker and much more comfortable, and what was an ordeal then is a pastime to-day. Thousands of Canadian and American ex-soldiers and ex-nurses saw Britain and the Continent under the stress of war, and left countless friends and warm associations behind when they returned home, but the way back is always open and the welcome is always sure.

The Currant Hedge. I think earth does not know a lovelier thing than a hedge of currant blossoms in the spring. Who would have guessed that churchyard soil could hold so much of flame and fragrance, green and gold? Who would have dreamed capricious winds of May could conjure forth this exquisite array of vagrant stars, blown earthward from the night. To capture weary souls with new delight?

I never catch their wind-blown strange perfume, Drifting from fragrant banks of foam and gold bloom, But that an ancient memory bears me far. To an old house beneath an evening star, To an old yard where young leaves would trace High on the sunset sky their fragile lace, And from the hedge that marked the garden rim Night after night the evening wind would bring With perfume lovelier far than ever blew From Eden's garden when the world was new. And beauty and dusk and dreams came drifting low Over an old house, long and long ago. And so I think there is no lovelier thing Than a hedge of currant blossoms in the spring. —Ted Olson.

Scottish Tributes to Burns. Scotland has fourteen monuments to the poet Burns.

Forty thousand boys and girls are out of work in London largely because they had to take casual labor through lack of training.

of their home? A few years (with care) was all the length of days promised to him, and it mattered little where he spent them. Indeed, so little the profitable did leisure seem to him that he cared little when the end came, Mhor and his delight over a burn of his own, and a garden that grew red puddock-stools, had made up his mind for him. He would never be turned Mhor out of paradise. He had not known that a boy could be such a pleasant person. He had avoided children as he had avoided women, and now he found himself seated, the centre of interest, at a family tea-table, with Jean, anxiously awaiting tea to his liking, while Mhor (with a well-soaped, shining face, but a high-water mark of dirt where the sponge had not reached) sat close beside him, and Jock, the sixty-school-boy, shyly handed him scones, and Peter walked among the feet of the company, waiting for what he could get.

Peter Reid quite shone through the meal. He remembered episodes of his boyhood, forgotten for forty years, and told them to Jock and Mhor, who listened with most gratifying interest. He questioned Jock about Priorsford Grammar School and recalled stories of the masters who had taught there in his day.

Jean told him about David going to Oxford, and about Great-aunt Allison who had "come out at the Disruption," about her father's life in India, and about her mother, and he became every minute more human and interested. He even made one or two small jokes which were received with great applause by Jock and Mhor, who were grateful to anyone who tried, however feebly, to be funny. They would have said with Touchstone, "It is meat and drink to me to see a clown."

(To be continued.)

#### Great Men Live Longer Than Mediocre People.

Great men live much longer than mediocre, according to Mr. A. Wyatt Tibby, the well-known authority on vital statistics.

He tells us that the ordinary man who reaches maturity attains to an average age of sixty-two, but the average age of five hundred more successful men works out at about sixty-seven and a half years; while in the case of two hundred and sixty-four lives of very distinguished men the figure was sixty-nine.

Statesmen, Popes, and Archbishops

### A fresh, youthful skin is admired by everyone

YOU must frequently purify your skin, antiseptically, to make and keep it healthy, to bring to it a glowing beauty.

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Lifebuoy is a scientific skin purifier—a real health soap. Very soap cannot be made more pure, more bland, more beneficial to the skin than Lifebuoy.

#### Lifebuoy protects

Its rich, copious lather releases a wonderful antiseptic ingredient which is carried down into every pore, eliminating all impurities and leaving the skin thoroughly clean and safe.

### You Can Stand on this Wash Board

Our SMP Pearl Ware Wash Board is so strong, tough and durable that a full-grown man or woman can stand on it without doing the rubbing surface or any part of it the least harm! The enameled surface won't chip, flake or peel off. Think of the wear there is in such a wash board! There is the same wearing qualities in all articles in SMP Pearl Ware. Try out the wash board and be convinced.

Ask for SMP Pearl Ware

Easy running Mowers that cut with razor-like keenness. A Smith Mower will keep your lawn trim and neat. Thoroughly reliable, absolutely guaranteed. At your hardware dealer.

JAMES SMART PLANT BROOKVILLE ONT.

MADE BY THE SHEET METAL PRODUCTS CO. MONTREAL TORONTO WINNIPEG EDMONTON VANCOUVER CALGARY

### For Boys

WHICH ONE FORGAVE? "Oh yes, I'll forgive you, I murmurs Prue. "You say you are sorry and will do such a mean thing again. I'll forgive you, of course. But still, Nelly Baker, P this with force. "You were horrid and c never forget Some things that you just hear them yet?"

"Of course I'll forgive you worry a speck!" Says Mazie, all dimples, "round the neck Of little friend Betty, "and feel bad. I'm going to forget all about glad That we're such good friends now 'spos we run As fast as we can to the some fun!"

### HOW YOGINA WAS

It was a hot day in Benares ten girls sat around a large table, studying their They were members of a girl school, Lakshambai, a Christian woman, had started, the open windows they could priests in a temple near chanting to the gods to for there was a famine. All were quiet and sad for all them had relatives in the were starving.

Suddenly they heard a outside, and the sound voices, raised in anger. The malai came in carrying a in her arms. She laid her and sent two of the girls brother. The others crowded asking questions. Lakshambai enced them, and as she fed slowly to the child, she told on the "Petite Place" at Ar were almost demolished by mass. The work of rest "Grand Place" is under va be finished soon.

Although the destruction of the Town Hall of Arras with Gothic facade, was which shocked the civilized bombardment of the won Sixteenth Century houses was almost as great a loss architecture.

The street joining the "Gr and the "Petite Place" or facade of Flemish architect from the end of the sixteenth One of the old houses of timbered construction was Thirteenth Century, the the having been laid out about 1260. However most of the were of stone, that material been designated by a law 1588.

At the time of the Armist of the houses were considered and all the rest were Pierre Paquet, architect; historical monuments of P the support of Paul Leon, t or of Beaux Arts, the work under State Jurisdiction.

Picture Post Cards H The difficulties seemed able. However, the consent property owners was obtain work of reconstructing t began, leaving the interio ments to the owners.

Picture post cards play part in the success of the construction work when ar ed to disclose the exact des All fragments of moldings, turns were collected, piece and numbered and then i in the new work.

The new stone employed ed before being set in pla to give it the same patie fragments. The finished re a success from every and the old street with lower floors seems to ha back the hand of time. The work of rebuilding 1920. By the end of that y houses had been restored, later the number stood at Only a dozen houses to be o

Pre-War Prices. The automobile is one of few commodities that c chased to-day for less than fore the war.

### Shattered Arras Dw Restored to 191 Condition

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