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**Woman's Sphere**

**THE BETTER WAY.**  
 Adella rose every morning at seven. She ate a hurried breakfast, made her bed hastily, flung on her coat and planted a kiss on her mother's face that slid along the cheek and landed just in front of the ear. Adella was off to school!

The school closed at three o'clock, but Adella was not home until four. She liked to loiter, for she had "best friends" to see and many of them. She used the next hour for tennis or skating, according to the season. Then came a few moments at the piano. Dinner was followed by a study period that lasted until bedtime. Obviously there was only one day in the week in which Adella could tidy up her room, and the "rush and bang" habit marked the flash of broom and duster in her room every Friday.

First she swept. Then she dusted the class mottoes, the school and college pennants, the racket, the fish net, the trophies of vacations and college sports tacked to the wall.

On a shelf over the door she had eleven fancy boxes. Once upon a time every box had held candy. It was the thing for girls of Adella's age to save such boxes as an Indian saves the scalps of his victims. The eleven boxes represented eleven different boys who had sent her candy last St. Valentine's Day. No other girl had more. But the boxes had to be dusted.

There were silk and ribbon powder boxes, glove boxes and handkerchief boxes on the dresser. "Too pretty to be put away," said Adella, "I want them in sight." And they too had to be dusted.

On the writing desk were photographs with frames and photographs without frames, two pink candles in brass holders, a fancy calendar, a doll in a fair and a miniature Goddess of Liberty in silver to be used as a paper weight when there were any papers to be weighted. All had to be lifted off while the surface of the desk was wiped; all had to be carefully dusted and put back again.

In the open writing desk were boxes of fancy writing paper, a pencil holder, an ink stand with a little vase holding a pen with a pink quill holder; a china box for stamps and another for pens, each of which had a fancy shepherdess on top of it. All had to be dusted, and the little shepherdess had occasionally to have a soap-and-water bath. Adella looked at the pigeonholes and sighed. She knew that the dust was accumulating there, but, "Oh, well, let it wait another week!"

It was eleven o'clock one Saturday morning when she sank exhausted in her chair. Glancing through the open window, she saw a group of her friends going by to play tennis. She was hot and tired, and somehow all those little cluttering adornments of her room did not appear so attractive.

"The Chinese," said a voice from the doorway, "have a better way."

"Well," answered Adella in a tired tone, "I wish I lived in China. Come in, Aunt Addie, and tell me about it. I want to hear something to take my mind off that group that just went by to play tennis."

Aunt Addie entered with a smile,

**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 it's the goody that's best!

**SEALED in its Purity Package**

**WRIGLEYS DOUBLEMINT CHEWING GUM**

ISSUE No. 41-24

**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 XIII.—(Cont'd.)  
 "She makes a good mistress, anyway," said loyal Mawson. "Bella admitted, 'An' I must say she disna gie much trouble—but it's an idle life for one wumman. I canna see why Miss Reston, wi' a' her faculties about her, needs you hin' round her. Mercy me, what's to hinder her pu'in ribbons through her ain underclothes, if ribbons are necessary, which they're not. There's Mrs. Muir next door, wi' six hairs, an' a' the work o' the house to dae an' washin's forbye, an' here's Miss Reston never liftin' a finger except to pu' silk threads through a bit o' stuff. That's what makes folk Socialists."

Mawson, who belonged to that fast-disappearing body, the real servant class, and who, without a thought of envy, delighted in the possession of his mistress, looked sadly puzzled.

"But, Beller, don't you think things work out more 'e'en than they seem?" Mrs. Muir next door works very 'ard. I've seen her put out a washin' by seven o'clock in the morning, but then she has a good 'usband and a 'ealthy family and much pleasure in 'er work. Miss Reston lies soft and drinks her mornin' tea in comfort, but she never knows the satisfied feelin' that Mrs. Muir has when she takes in 'er clean clothes."

"Weel, mebbe you're right. I'm nae Socialist masel'. There maun aye be rich and poor, Dives in the big house and Lazarus at the gate. But so long as we're sure that Dives'll catch it in the end, and Lazarus lie soft in Abraham's bosom, we can pit up wi' the unfairness here. An' speakin' about Miss Reston, I dinna mind her no' workin'. If anybody could see she's no used to it, she's so 'a'en up wi' herself. It's kinda play-actin' for her. An' there's naebody gives less to charitable objects. I suppose when we've paid an' see my servants, and dressed yersel' in silks and satins, and bocht every denty ye can think of, and kept up a great big house an' a great muckle car, there's no that much left for the kirk-plate, or the healthen, or the hospitals. . . . Oh, it's peevish!"

Mawson nodded wisely. "There's plenty Mrs. Duff-Whalleys about; you be thankful you've only one in the place. Priorsford is a very nice place, and the poor people here don't know they're born after London, and the clergy seem very active too."

"Oh, they are that. I daur say they're as guid as is goun. Mr. Morrison is a fine man if marriage disna ruin him."

"Oh, surely not!"

"There's no sayin'," said Bella gloomily. "She's young and flighty, but there's nae thing she has no money. I kent a minister—he was a kinda cousin o' ma father's—an' he ma'iret a heiress and they had late dinner. I tell ye that late dinner was the ruin o' that man. It fair got between him an' his judgment. He couldna veeit his folk at a wise-like hour in the evening because he was goun to hev his dinner, and he couldna get out late because his ledy-wife wanted him to be at home after dinner. There's morn' a thing to cause a

are azzetier, and can be made to harmonize with the color scheme of the room.

**BORDEAUX SAUCE.**  
 My winter larder would not be complete unless I had several jars of this sauce, which is excellent to serve with meats.

Bordeaux Sauce—1 gal. green tomatoes, 1 head cabbage, 5 green peppers, 6 onions, 1 bunch celery, 3 qts. vinegar, 4 cups sugar.

Chop green tomatoes and cabbage fine and let stand one hour in salt water. Drain and add the remaining vegetables, chopped fine, along with the vinegar and sugar. Boil this mixture for two hours and pack in sterilized jars.—Mrs. A. D. M.

**GIVE CHILDREN "BOTTLED" SUNSHINE.**  
 Children make their greatest growth when they can get the benefit of direct sunshine. Secondary, or "bottled" sunshine, in the form of carrot, comes next. The thing that does not shine upon your child, has, nevertheless, made provision for his well-being. It has stored its vital energy in the products of the vegetable kingdom, and has placed the vitamins, more precious than gold, within the reach of the human family. It only remains for you to select wisely the diet of your child, and he cannot develop rickets.

Fruit and vegetables stand first as vitamin bearers. Among the vegetables, the once lowly carrot stands in the front rank. It is sunshine itself brought to your table. There is no kind of vitamin, so far discovered, that the carrot does not possess.

"You sentimental little absurdity! It wouldn't be honest to praise poor work."

John wrote the following letter to his sweetheart: Dearest, darling, girl of my heart; I would swim the deepest rivers for you! I would brave the worst dangers for your sake; I would face death in any storm just for you. Your only true lover, John.

P.S.—I'll be over to-night if it doesn't rain.

**For Sore Feet—Minard's Liniment.**  
 Mackintosh for His Daughter.

Some few years ago an English family rented a place in the Highlands for a few months. It was near a loch, and one morning the party engaged a boat to take them across. The weather had become unsettled, and the father said to the boatman, "By the way, can you tell me where I could get a mackintosh for my daughter?" The boatman rested on his oars for a moment or two, and then said, "There's not fery many Mackintoshes hereabouts, but there's a fine young Macdonald, a bachelor, who lives at the loch, and he might be sutting the young lady."

"What a beautiful color!"

Perfect home dyeing and tinting is guaranteed with Diamond Dyes. Just dip in cold water to tint soft, delicate shades, or boil to dye rich, permanent colors. Each 15-cent package contains directions so simple any woman can dye or tint lingerie, silks, ribbons, skirts, waists, dresses, coats, stockings, sweaters, draperies, coverings, hangings, everything new.

Buy "Diamond Dyes"—no other kind—and tell your druggist whether the material you wish to color is wool or silk, or whether it is linen, cotton, or mixed goods.



**Rinso**  
 FOR THE FAMILY WASHING  
 No rubbing—no boiling

**For every wash-day method**

RINSO is ideal for any wash-day method you use. You do not have to change any of your usual steps—just use Rinso where you used to use ordinary soap.

If you like to boil your white cottons, Rinso will give you just the safe cleansing suds you need in the boiler. If you use a washing machine, follow the advice of the big washing machine manufacturers—use Rinso.

Just soaking with this new kind of soap loosens all the dirt until a single rinsing leaves the clothes clean and spotless.

However you do your wash, make it easier by using Rinso.

Rinso is sold by all grocers and department stores

**LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED TORONTO**

**Ignition.**  
 The force was out to lunch—leaving the bookkeeper alone in the store. A handsome young chap strode in. "Do they keep automobile accessories here?" he asked.

The little bookkeeper smiled her sweetest. "Only me," she replied.

**SALESMEN.**  
 We offer steady employment and pay weekly to sell our complete and exclusive lines of guaranteed quality, whole plant, fresh-dug-to-order trees and shrubs. Attractive illustrated samples and full co-operation, a money-making opportunity. **LUKE BROTHERS' NURSERIES, MONTREAL.**

**BOILER**  
 Water tube type, 125 h.p., in good condition, also a large amount of plumbing, lighting and heating equipment. Will sell entire or in part at great sacrifice because of alterations to our property. Real Estate Corporation, Limited, Top Floor, 73 West Adelaide Street, Toronto. Telephone Elgin 5101.

**WANTED**  
 FULL RIGGED SHIP MODELS  
 Send description and full particulars to L. CASTELLO Toronto 73 W. Adelaide St.

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**Just Swing a "44"**  
 Feel the perfect balance and the hand comfort of the Smart made Ace.—Hardened, toughened and tempered by men who know how to build double life and double value into every axe they make. ASK YOUR HARDWARE MAN FOR A "44" Single Bit—Double Bit Any Shape—Any Weight

CANADA FOUNDRIES & FORGINGS LIMITED  
**JAMES SMART PLANT BROCKVILLE ONT.**

**Bovril keeps you "warm as toast"**

**Burns—A Poor Farmer But a Good Poet**

Some wise person once made the remark that "a great man is like other people—only more so"—the idea being that ordinary folks do both good deeds and bad deeds, and are sometimes clever and sometimes make fools of themselves, whereas the great man does sensible deeds on a large scale and makes a fool of himself on a large scale too.

The story of Robert Burns, the great farmer-poet, told in "Robert Burns, His Life and Genius," by Andrew Dakers, is very largely the story of a man who made a fool of himself on a very, very great scale.

He could not resist a drink or the eyes of a pretty girl, says Mr. Dakers, and because of these two weaknesses he was in trouble of some kind or other most of his life. But the author of this book is a pretty canny Scotchman himself, and, after granting that Bobby Burns did act like a fool a good deal of the time, he asks how many men there were in Burns' country in his own time who lived more soberly, and also how many men there are who are worth their salt who haven't made fools of themselves in some way or other at some time or other.

Robert Burns' life, after he had reached the age of twenty-three, was crowded with one love affair after another—one of them very unhappy, another as beautiful as anything in his own poetry, and still another one just plain funny. There were plenty of goings-around to turn them all into scandal; but Burns lived to tell them later the greatest love poems in the language, and to silence the gossips.

Handsome, unusually strong—he could lift a plow and toss it on the back of a wagon without seeming to exert himself—and with "an easy way about him," Bobby Burns was just as attractive to the opposite sex as they were to him. That was how, when one morning his dog ran over a sheet that had been stretched on a lawn to dry in the sun, and he went up to apologize to the girl who had put it there, a few minutes later he had conquered, and had been won by Jean Armour, the "lovely Jean" who later became his wife. But Jean's father disapproved of Burns—not because he was penniless—and tore up the marriage paper he had given to her.

Down on his luck and generally disgusted with life, Burns decided to leave Scotland for good and go to the Indies—and he prepared to publish his book of poems now, for no other reason than to get the money to pay for his passage. In the meantime his plans were changed by his meeting the pretty Mary Campbell and becoming engaged to her; but his "Highland Mary" became suddenly ill and died. It was after this that the poet lost his balance a little, and began a ridiculous high-brow kind of philandering—though innocent enough—with a Mrs. McLeose.

But Bobby Burns soon got his feet on the ground again, in spite of the fact that at the age of twenty-seven he found himself famous and the lion of the social world of Edinburgh. He married Jean Armour, whose father's attitude had changed once Bobby's pockets were jingling with coin, settled down on a farm at Ellisland, and took a position as exciseman for the district. This time he learned a lesson that a great many men before and after him have had to learn—that making a living out of farming is a job that doesn't leave time for many other occupations. He died a poor man, and one of his last letters on record was a plea to a friend for ten pounds to save him from a debtor's jail.

Burns' tribute to his wife, given in a letter to another friend, is worth quoting:

"The most placid good nature and sweetness of disposition; a warm heart, gratefully devoted with all its powers to love me; vigorous health and sprightly cheerfulness, set off to the best advantage by a more than common handsome figure—these, I think, in a woman, may make a good wife, though she should never have read a page but the Scriptures of the Old and New Testament, nor have danced in a brighter assembly than a penny pay wedding."

**A Memory.**  
 The sun, a crimson-flaming disk, is slipping 'neath the low-browed hill;  
 Over the pond's bright surface still An elm-tree leans, and swallows dip And skim with thin cries, plaintive, shrill.

With wavering line the rail-fence runs Zigzagging through gold-misted fields, And myriad midges, in dense shields, Dance like cloud wreaths, a curling smoke Of incense day to evening yields.

This picture, viewed in childish hour— Pond, elm-tree, midges, swallows fleet, The distant hill, dim fields dew-sweet— Rose clearly as I saw to-night. The sun set o'er a city street. —Florence A. Westcott.

**Wanted**  
 50 Old Cream Separators  
 I will allow from \$15 to \$20 for NEW MELOTTÉ CREAM SEPARATORS. Friends, this is a real bargain! I will save you money to buy now. I can not repeat this offer in October. I have raised an "Melotte" cream separator. Melottes now in daily use. Call at HORSE FOR SALE CALL AT **DURHAM MARKET F. W. Moon**

**The Most**  
 ONE of the most total abstinence practices that longer the experiment it has created. This movement Had Government of those who have become the lawing things to those who is that there have the past have voted. Contrary to the women were not what is so euphoric are not men and women. They were other communities, sane and reasonable. These men of Ontario today, in the prohibition and lurid statements Government Control. In spite of this, it is impossible. Saskatchewan, which arose, in favour of it; and the significance what the people has in Saskatchewan the tunity of knowing, and it will not be of knowing the elsewhere. Let it be reced many months before. The conclusion Prohibition was able failure in Alberta prohibitory laws t. And Prohibit There is no s Provinces would. On the other Province of Manitoba and for the first. No one conted degree of perfect of dealing with that in addition to Government C.

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