After You Have Used

GREEN TEA

you have a standard by which to judge other teas. Salada is the finest produced in the world. - Try it. FREE SAMPLE of GREEN TEA UPON REQUEST. "SALADA," TORONTO

Woman's Sphere

THE BETTER WAY.

Adella rose every morning at seven. rocker it had to be cleared of one silk cialists." She ate a hurried breakfast, made her workbox that Adella kept on the win-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 to that last after it had disappearing body, the real servant much disgusted. "But I suppose ye're class, and who, without a thought of meaning English undertakers—men door-knob, one box of chocolates, a her mistress, looked sadly puzzled."

It workbox that Adella kept on the windisappearing body, the real servant much disgusted. "But I suppose ye're class, and who, without a thought of meaning English undertakers—men door-knob, one box of chocolates, a her mistress, looked sadly puzzled."

It workbox that Adella kept on the windisappearing body, the real servant much disgusted. "But I suppose ye're class, and who, without a thought of meaning English undertakers—men door-knob, one box of chocolates, a her mistress, looked sadly puzzled." just in front of the ear. Adella was silk kimona that Adella always hung "But, Beller, don't you think things the jiner that does a' thing, so it's off to school!

Dinner was followed by a study period exquisitively clean, but bare. Then I Muir 'as when she takes in 'er clean gested. there was only one day in the week marked the flash of broom and duster in her room every Saturday.

the trophies of vacations and college put it away and set another in its her that she never was meant to work, rhyme's oftener true: sports tacked to the wall.

time every box had held candy. It to love it. girl had more. But the boxes had to lace and ribbon, glove and handker- used to it. She's so ta'en up wi' lassie, but I doot she'll never man- "You have brought color into all our here?" he asked. be dusted.

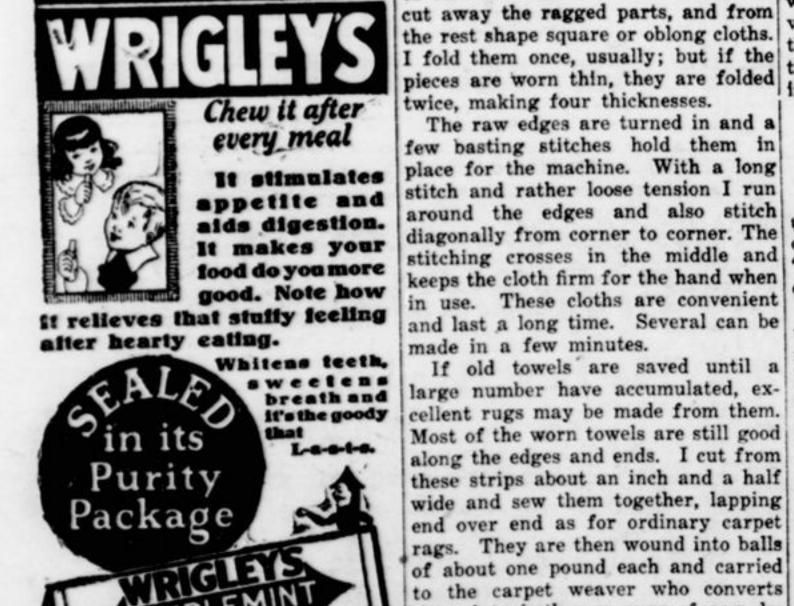
graphs with frames and photographs picture there alone. "How beautiful heathen, or the hospitals. . . . Oh, it's wife said, 'Come daith, come sacrawithout frames, two pink candles in it looks now. wiped; all had to be carefully dusted much dusting to do." and put back again.

In the open writing desk were boxes a half hour later, "I like my room "Oh sure herdess had occasionally to have a other Saturdays!" 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 an-

It was eleven o'clock one Saturday not of learning his lessons till the boatman rested on his oars for a mo- Send description and full particulars to many day and as Rully Bottom, was her chair. Glancing through the open usefulness, in a convenient place. window, she saw a group of her Drop into it waste papers and burn- are prettier, and can be made to har- "Are we all met?" friends going by to play tennis. She able odds and ends until it is full, monize with the color scheme of the was hot and tired, and somehow all when it may be tossed upon the bon- room. those little cluttering adornments of fire and burned, sack and all. It is her room did not appear so attractive. always a wise precaution, however, to "The Chinese," said a voice from keep all cloths and papers which have

the doorway, "have a better way." | been used in connection with oil out "Well," answered Adella in tired; of such refuse sacks and baskets; tones, "I wish I lived in China. Come burn them at once. 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, Yet the less worn parts may be made



ISSUE No. 41-'24

PENNY PLAIN

BY O. DOUGLAS

Shopman-"You may have your choice-penny plain or two-pence Solemn Small Boy-"Penny plain, please. It's better value for

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CHAPTER XIII.—(Cont'd.) way," said loyal Mawson.

trouble—but it's an idle life for ony single, but I sometimes think Provi-wumman. I canna see why Miss Res- dence must ha' meant me to 'ave an ton, wi' a' her faculties aboot her, 'usband-I'm such a clingin' creaneeds you hinin' round her. Mercy me, ture." cept to pu' silk threads through a bit must say I couldn't fancy a h'under-but before she could be seated in the stuff. That's what makes folk So- taker. Just imagine 'im 'andlin' the

over the foot of her bed because of work out more h'even than they seem? faur mair homely. The session closed at three o'clock, the "touch of color" it gave to the Mrs. Muir next door works very 'ard. "Speakin' about marriages," said She used the next hour for tennis or hare there were no silk dropes such lies soft and drinks her din' 'ere?" she used the next hour for tennis or skating, according to the season. Then skating, according to the season. Then as we have over here, everything was knows the satisfied feelin' that Mrs.

Why not Miss Bathgate shook her head.

"Why not Miss Jean?" Mawson is the satisfied feelin' that Mrs.

Dinner was followed by a study period caught sight of something on a small clothes."

Ag that lasted until bedtime. Obviously table two rooms beyond so beautiful "Weel, mebbe you're right. I'm nae head. that I fairly held my breath. It was Socialist masel'. There maun aye be; "Nae siller," she said briefly. room, and the "rush and bang" habit a vase of wonderful color and work- and Lazarus at the man aye be "Nae siller," she said briefly.

"Nae siller," she said briefly.

"What! No money, you mean? But manship, and almost the only bit of and Lazarus at the gate. But so long h'every gentleman ain't after money." adornment in the house. I learned the end, and Lazarus lie soft in Abrasentimental as she added, "Many a one then a custom of the Chinese. They then a custom of the Chinese. They ham's bosom, we can pit up wi' the marries for love, like the King and the First she swept. Then she dusted have many treasures like the vase, but unfairness here. An' speakin' about beggar-maid." the class mottoes, the school and col- they usually put them out only one at Miss Reston, I dinna mind her no' lege pennants, the racket, the fish net, a time. When they tire of one they working. Ye can see by the look of place. The simplicity of it enchanted but just to get everything done for her.

On a shelf over the door she had me. It seemed much more beautiful Can ye picture her peelin' tatties' eleven fancy boxes. Once upon a than our over-adorned homes. I grew juist for lokin' at, like the floors and was the thing for girls of Adella's "Now, if a girl from China had this new folk that pit up ma birse. That age to save such boxes as an Indian room she would put those candy boxes Mrs. Duff-Whalley, crouse cat! Rolling saves the scalps of his victims. The away; she would take down those about wrap up in furs in a great caur, eleven boxes represented eleven dif- dust-catching college and vacation patronisin' everybody that's daft ferent boys who had sent her candy trophies, for, really, my dear, they are enough to let theirselves be patronized

There were silk and ribbon powder she would—
boxes, glove boxes and handkerchief "What exquisite workmanship in we've paid and fed sae mony servants, you wear black so much. Now I must never drab. It could never be drab boxes on the dresser. "Too pretty to be put away," said Adella, "I want mother's picture! Do you know, I and bocht every denty ye can think of, it gives one bright thoughts." them in sight." And they too had to didn't notice it when I stood in the and kept up a great big hoose an' a be dusted.

We offer steady employment and pay the pretty Mary Campbell and become the bedieft of the pretty Mary Campbell and bedieft of the pretty Mary Campbell and bedieft of the pretty Mary Campbell doorway. There!" She swept every- great muckle caur, there's no that ly, as she carried the supper dishes to could ever quite down you, and even sive lines of guaranteed quality, whole the writing desk were photo- thing else off the dresser and put the much left for the kirk-plate, or the the scullery, "and then, as the auld death—what of death, Jean?" root, fresh-dug-to-order trees and put the scullery, "and then, as the auld death—what of death, Jean?"

brass holders, a fancy calendar, a doll in pink silk that Adella had won at mother and I are motoring over to Ivy be thankful you've only one in the a fair and a miniature Goddess of Hill. Sorry you can't go with us, but place. Priorsford is a very charitable The living-room at The Rigs was his sweetheart: Dearest, darling, girl Liberty in silver to be used as a paper by the time you have bathed and place, I think. The poor people here the stage of many plays. Its uses weight when there were any papers changed your clothes it will be too don't know they're born after London, ranged from the tent of a menagerie of my heart; I would swim the deepest to be weighted. All had to be lifted late. But of course you have to miss and the clergy seem very active too." or the wigwam of an Indian brave to off while the surface of the desk was all those things when you have so "Oh, they are that. I daur say the Forest of Arden. they're as guid as is gaun. Mr. Mor- This December night it was a "wood death in any storm just for you. Your

of fancy writing paper, a pencil hold- much better now!" She threw her "There's no sayin'," said Bella ed no aids to his imagination. "This er, an ink stand with a little vase dust rag into the air. "Next Saturday gloomily. "She's young and flighty, is a wood," said Mhor, and a wood it For Sore Feet-Minard's Liniment holding a pen with a pink quill hold- I will have time to enjoy the day. The but there's wan thing she has no was. "Is all our company here?" and er; a china box for stamps and an- idea," she went on in tones of disgust, money. I kent a minister—he was a to him the wood was peopled by Quince other for pens, each of which had a "of dusting off atrocious decorations kinda cousin o' ma father's-an' he and Smug, by Bottom the weaver, by Some few years ago an English fancy shepherdess on top of it. All that immediately begin to gather more mairret a heiress and they had late Puck and Oberon. Titania and her family rented a place in the Highlands had to be dusted, and the little shep- dust to cheat me out of more joys on denner. I tell ye that late denner was court he reluctantly admitted were for a few months. It was near a loch, the ruin o' that man. It fair got be- necessary to the play, but he did not A handy way to dispose of trash is gaun to hev his denner, and he couldna and Demetrius, were omitted, because er said to the boatman, "By the way, to hang a stout paper bag, such as a get oot late because his leddy-wife Jock said they were "awful silly." can you tell me where I could get a

DISPOSING OF TRASH.

OLD TURKISH TOWELS.

housekeepers a hopeless proposition.

of mine 1 make into wash cloths.

I fold them once, usually; but if the

The raw edges are turned in and a

and last a long time. Several can be

Most of the worn towels are still good

end over end as for ordinary carpet

made in a few minutes.

Worn Turkish towels seem to many

BORDEAUX SAUCE.

sauce, which is excellent to serve with the duke.

pers, 6 onions, 1 bunch celery, 3 qts. amusedly. vinegar, 4 cups sugar. to serve several excellent uses. Some

ture for two hours and pack in sterilpieces are worn thin, they are folded ized jars.—Mrs. A. D. M.

> GIVE CHILDREN "BOTTLED" SUNSHINE.

Children make their greatest time: growth when they can get the benefit "When daisies pied and violets blue tint lingerie, silks, ribbons, skirts, stitching crosses in the middle and "bottled" sunshine, in the form of

carrot, comes next. The sun, though it does not shine harsh after the songs of Appollo.' Did upon your child, has, nevertheless, you ever try to write, Jean?"

"Pamela," said Jean, "if you drop

them into bathroom rugs of any desired size. They are fine for this use because they are thick and soft and easily laundered. If a few colored strips are sewed and sent with the little absurdity! It wouldn't be honest to praise poor

white, for striping the ends, the rugs Minard's Liniment Heals Cuts.

minister to stumble, for they're juist "She makes a good mistress, any- human beings after a', but his rich mairrage was John Allison's undoing. "Oh, she's no bad," Bella admitted. "Marriage," sighed Mawson, "is a "An' I must say she disna gie much great risk. It's often as well to be

what's to hinder her pu'in ribbons Such sentiments were most distaste-through her ain underclothes, if rib- ful to Miss Bathgate, that self-reliant bons are necessary, which they're not. spinster, and she said bitterly:
There's Mrs. Muir next door, wi' six "Ma wumman, ye're ill off for semebairns, an' a' the wark oo' the hoose to thing to cling to! I never saw the dae an' washin's forbye, an' here's man yet that I wud be pitten up wi'." Miss Reston never liftin' a finger ex- "Ho! I shouldn't say that, but I

The session closed at three o'clock, but Adella was not at home until four.

She liked to loiter, for she had "best house," said Aunt Addie, "I thought family and much pleasure in 'er work.

I've seen her put out a washin' by Mawson, who preferred check to be seven o'clock in the morning, but then jects, "I do enjoy a nice weddin'. The seven o'clock in the morning, but then jects, "I do enjoy a nice weddin'. The seven o'clock in the morning, but then jects, "I do enjoy a nice weddin'. The seven o'clock in the morning, but then jects, "I do enjoy a nice weddin'. The seven o'clock in the morning, but then jects, "I do enjoy a nice weddin'. The seven o'clock in the morning, but then jects, "I do enjoy a nice weddin'. The seven o'clock in the morning, but then jects, "I do enjoy a nice weddin'. The seven o'clock in the morning, but then jects, "I do enjoy a nice weddin'. The seven o'clock in the morning, but then jects, "I do enjoy a nice weddin'. The seven o'clock in the morning, but then jects, "I do enjoy a nice weddin'. The seven o'clock in the morning, but then jects, "I do enjoy a nice weddin'. The seven o'clock in the morning, but then jects, "I do enjoy a nice weddin'. The seven o'clock in the morning in the seven o'clock in the seven o'clock in the morning in the seven o'clock in the seven o'clock in the morning in the seven o'clock in the seven o'clock

"Why not Miss Jean?" Mawson sug-Again Miss Bathgate shook her

"Mebbe," said Bella, "but the auld

Gie her but the name o' siller, Set her up on Tintock tap An' the wind'll blaw a man till her.

Be a lassie ne'er sae fair, Gin she hinna penny-siller, A flea may fell her in the air Ere a man be evened till her.'

lace and ribbon, glove and handkerhersel'. It's kinda play-actin' for her.
chief boxes into the dresser drawer; hersel'. It's kinda play-actin' for her.
An' there's naebody gives less to "Oh, Beller, you do take an 'opeless were before you came."

ment, I'm ready!""

CHAPTER XIV.

"There," declared Adella to herself rison is a fine man if marriage disna near Athens," and to Mhor, if to no only true lover, John. one else, it faithfully represented the P.S.-I'll be over to-night if it original. That true Elizabethan need- doesn't rain. tween him an' his jidgment. He try to visualize them, regarding them and one morning the party engaged a couldna veesit his folk at a wise-like privately as blots. The love-scenes be- boat to take them across. The weathhour in the evening because he was tween Hermia and Lysander, Helena er had become unsettled, and the fath-It was eleven o'clock one Saturday flour or meal sack, or an old gunny wanted him to be at hame efter den-

> calling over the names of his caste. not ferry many Mackintoshes heer-"Pat, pat," said Mhor, who combined in his person all the other parts, donald, a bachelor, who lives at the "and here's a marvellous convenient loch, and he might be suiting the place for our rehearsal; this green young lady." plot shall be our stage, this hawthorn My winter larder would not be com- brake our tiring-house; and we will plete unless I had several jars of this do it in action as we will do it before

Pamela Reston, in her usual place, Bordeaux Sauce—1 gal. green to the corner of the sofa beside the fire, matoes, 1 head cabbage, 5 green pep- thread and watched the players

"Did you ever think," she asked Chop green tomatoes and cabbage Jean, who sat on a footstool beside fine and let stand one hour in salt her-a glowing figure in a Chinese water. Drain and add the remaining coat given her by Pamela, engaged vegetables, chopped fine, along with rather incongruously in darning one the vinegar and sugar. Boil this mix- of Jock's stockings-"did you ever think what it must have been like to see a Shakespeare play for the first time? Was the Globe filled, I wonder, with a quite unexpectant first night audience? And did they realize that the words they heard were deathless words? Imagine hearing for the first

It makes your diagonally from corner to corner. The of direct sunshine. Secondary, or And lady-smocks all silver white. . ' waists, dresses, coats, stockings, sweaters, draperies, coverings, hangand then-'The words of Mercury are ings, everything new. Buy "Diamond Dyes"-no other kind

made provision for his well-being. It from Shakespeare to me in that sud- material you wish to color is wool or If old towels are saved until a has stored its vital energy in the pro- den way you'll be dizzy. I have silk, or whether it is linen, cotton, or breath and large number have accumulated, ex- ducts of the vegetable kingdom, and thought of writing and trying to give mixed goods. it's the goody cellent rugs may be made from them. has placed the vitamines, more pre- a truthful picture of Scottish life—a cious than gold, within the reach of cross between Drumtochty and The along the edges and ends. I cut from the human family. It only remains House with the Green Shutters—but these strips about an inch and a half for you to select wisely the diet of I'm sure I shall never do it. And if wide and sew them together, lapping your child, and he cannot develop by any chance I did accomplish it, it would probably be reviewed as a end over end as for ordinary carpet rickets.

rags. They are then wound into balls fruit and vegetables stand first as provincial town, and then I would vitamine bearers. Among the vegebeat my pen into a hatpin and retire to the carpet weaver who converts tables, the once lowly carrot stands from the literary arena. I wonder



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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 manufacturersuse 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 easy by using Rinso.

> Rinso is sold by all grocers and department stores

Jean shook her head. "They could

always be a little kind. . . Pamela, I

lives. I can see now how drab they

(To be continued.)

Precaution.

John wrote the following letter to

Mackintosh for His Daughter.

abouts, but there's a fine young Mac-

"DIAMOND DYE" IT

A BEAUTIFUL COLOR

Perfect home dye-

ing and tinting is

guaranteed with Dia-

mond Dyes. Just dip

in cold water to tint

soft, delicate shades,

or boil to dye rich,

permanent colors.

Each 15-cent pack-

age contains direc-

woman can dye or

tions so simple any

-and tell your druggist whether the

If you use a Washing Machine, soak your clothes in the Rinso suds as usual. In the Rinso solution and work the machine. Then rinse and dryyou will have a clean sweet snow - white wash.

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sweetest. "Only me," she replied.

SALESMEN.

plants. Attractive illustrated samples It was after this that the poet lost his and full co-operation, a money-making balance a little, and began a ridiculous opportunity. LUKE BROTHERS' high-brow kind of philandering NURSERIES, MONTREAL.

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"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 Gentus," 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 gossips around to turn them all into scandal; but Burns lived to turn them into 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," Botby 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 conquered 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 mar-The force was out to lunch-leaving riage paper he had given to her. love myself in this coat. You can't the bookkeeper alone in the store. A Down on his luck and generally dis-

"I would like fine to see Miss Jean think what a delight colors are to me." handsome young chap strode in. "Do gusted with life, Burns decided to last St. Valentine's Day. No other not artistic. She would sweep those by her. Onybody could see she's no get a guid man, for she's Indies-and he prepared to publish The little bookkeeper smiled her 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 ing engaged to her; but his "Highland Mary" became suddenly ill and died. though innocent enough-with a Mrs. M'Lehose.

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 Burns' tribute to his wife, given in

a letter to another friend, is worth

"The most placid good nature and sweetness of disposition; a warm heart, gatefully devoted with all its powes 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 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 And myriad midges, in dense shields,

Dance like cloud wreaths, a curling Of incense day to evening yields.

This picture, viewed in childish hour-Pond, elm-tree, midges, swallows

The distant hill, dim fields dewsweet--Rose clearly as I saw to-night

The sun set o'er a city street. -Florence A. Westacott. ---

Lead is produced mostly from the mines of East and West Kootenay and other areas in British Columbia; from the rich deposits of Mayo district. Yukon territory; at Notre Dame des Anges, Quebec; and at Galetta, On-

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Wanted 50 Old Cream Separa

Melottes now in daily use. HORSE FOR SAL CALL AT DURHAM MA

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women were not at what is so euphonic are not men and wo munities. They we other communities. sane and reasonable These men at

of Ontario today, h the prohibition proj and lurid statemen Government Contro In spite of this,

vation made them It is impossible

it is highly signific Saskatchewan, while arose, in favour of a it: and the significa what the people has in Saskatchewan ha tunity of knowing and it will not be of knowing the c

Let it be remen many months before The conclusion

Prohibition wa able failure in Alba prohibitory laws t And Prohibiti There is no st Provinces would a On the other

Province of Manit and for the first to No one conte degree of perfects of dealing with t that in addition t Government Q

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Are V sealed p

Provincial .

F. Gordon Osler, Treasu