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Woman's Sphere

THE FEET AND ANKLES.

The appearance of the feet and ankles is of great importance, now that short skirts and low shoes are so generally worn. While it is impossible for every one to have a small foot, certainly every one can have a neat or dainty-looking foot. The last place to economize is on shoes. It is better to wear one fairly high-priced pair of shoes throughout a season, than two cheap pairs.

Of course you will not be able to wear well-fitting shoes comfortably if the feet hurt. I do not mean that shoes should be tight, but neither should they be too loose; one produces corns as much as the other. Given the right sort of footwear, it is quite possible to keep the feet healthy without ever having to go to a chiropodist.

The feet, as well as the body, should be bathed daily; not just given a careless washing, but scrubbed with mild soap and a flesh brush. Then they should be dried well and gone over with a corn file. Every callus should be rubbed down, the corns softened by soaking and either filed down, or if very bad, the top callus skin should be cut off with cuticle scissors. It is quite possible to do this without touching any of the living tissue. Very stubborn corns should be bound up with a slice of lemon over them—next day the hard skin will easily come off.

Tender feet should be soaked in hot salt water, the proportion being a cupful of sea-salt to a quart of hot water. This rests the feet, and hardens them. If the skin of the foot is very dry, there is nothing better than sweet-oil or vasoline, applied as a daily massage. In fact, corns and calluses should be rubbed daily with sweet-oil, vasoline, or cold cream, will eventually disappear.

One woman has been successful in reducing enlarged joints (bunions) by applying turpentine, night and morning; in fact, she declares that the turpentine "almost shrinks the bone."

We repeat the remedy for split skin (between the toes): When the skin splits between the toes, apply chalk, the kind used for writing upon blackboards. Procure a stick of the chalk, scrape off the outer layer and throw this away. Scrape the remaining chalk to a fine powder and dust this powder between toes. The chalk has a drying effect which is very healing and gives quick relief.

If free of the common ailments of the feet, and a moderate amount can be spent for shoes, every woman can boast of neat and attractive-looking feet. Size does not matter so much; the large woman must have large feet or she will look too heavy. If they seem too big, however, she should carefully avoid fancy styles of footwear, and buy nothing but the plainest and best.

STOCKING TOYS.

As a general thing, most old stockings are thrown away when they are too worn-out to darn any more.

But we will continue to make toys from ours that will more than delight the babies and small children.

Do not use silk ones; they split too readily, and the plain lisle are apt to stretch. The ribbed ones are best, and be sure they have no holes in the legs, for that is the part to use.

For a funny old "mummy doll" proceed as follows: Cut off the foot and sew the leg straight across the top, so as to form a bag. Then decide how big you want your doll, for the longer the leg the bigger she will be.

Stuff with cotton or old rags—more stockings cut up small will do—till the head is round and large enough. Then tie a string tightly around the neck to hold it in place and form the head. Stuff the rest of the body and sew up the bottom.

For arms and legs, take a piece of stocking the desired length, roll up and wrap tightly with black thread, sewing at the bottom. Tie a string a little way up to form the hand.

The legs are made the same way, but turn up about an inch at right angles to the leg to form a foot and catch with a few stitches, then sew the arms and legs on the doll.

Outline the features, with white thread, making large goggle eyes and a big mouth with stitches taken across it for teeth. Dress mummy in any scraps you may have, but be sure to make her an apron and a head handkerchief with stick-up ears.

A dear little girl doll is made the same way from a white stocking, and dressed in dainty clothes, with the features done in colors—blue eyes, red

mouth and perhaps a touch of rouge on her pale cheeks. If she has a little cap, she needs no hair.

The funniest sort of witch's black cat is made by making the head and body this same way, then pinching up the two corners of the head for ears, gathering them a little and fastening with a few tight stitches. Do not sew on legs and arms; they can be outlined on the body with white, if liked, or left out altogether. Outline the features and whiskers in white, with a touch of green or yellow for the eyes. Make quite a long tail, wrapped like the doll limbs, and sew on tightly.

A rabbit is made from a white stocking by adding long ears to the body made like the cat, with a tail of a wad of cotton sewed on. The ears should be cut out separately and doubled and turned and sewed on. They are less trouble made from white flannel. Outline the features in black. He and the cat may have a ribbon tied around their necks, with perhaps a bell.

One day there appeared before him as complainant a poor and ignorant villager whose cow some boys on a hunting expedition had shot and killed. A careful description of the party made it possible to gather the entire number before the governor. The villager did not know the name of the ring-leader, but on being asked if he could identify him at once pointed him out. To his horror he learned that the lad was Ihu Jilaw's own son.

"Did you do this?" the father asked sternly.

"Yes, I did it," acknowledged the boy.

The boy had a very fine mare, a recent gift from his father, and at the father's command she was brought in.

"Would you," asked Ihu Jilaw with the utmost courtesy, "be willing to regard this mare as an adequate compensation for the loss of your cow?"

"Certainly," replied the villager. "She is worth many times the value of my cow, but I hope you will excuse me from taking her. If I had had the least idea who the offender was, I should never have entered a complaint."

"No doubt that is true," replied Ihu Jilaw with a smile, "but nevertheless you will not be excused from taking the mare. The boy will apologize to you unqualifiedly, and if you will then consider the matter settled I shall be sincerely indebted to you."

So, having received the apology, the villager led off the mare. The child's heart was almost broken, but it was not until some time later that Ihu Jilaw bought the mare back for him, and then at a thousand rials, or Maria Theresa dollars, a sum sufficient to make the villager independently wealthy for the rest of his life.

Two business men, having to spend a few hours in a small town, decided to dine at the village school.

One of them turned to the pretty waitress and asked: "How's the chicken?"

"Oh, I'm all right," she blushed. "How are you?"

Date Palms in Desert.
The date palm is commonly known as a desert plant, its roots constantly kept wet, in which it grows.

Feet—Minard's Liniment.
The foot is the most important part of the body, and it is the only part that is not protected by clothing.

WOMEN.
The good woman is not only a good mother, but a good wife, and a good friend.

4963. This is an excellent model for a combination of two materials. Brown satin and figured crepe are here illustrated. The dress may be finished without the "Tunic" as shown in the small view. The long sleeve portions may be omitted.

This pattern is cut in 3 Sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. To make this design, as illustrated in the large view, for an 18-year size will require 3 1/2 yards of satin, and 2 yards of crepe 40 inches wide. If made without the long sleeve portions 1/4 yard less of the satin will be required. The width at the foot is 50 inches.

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FRENCH ONION SOUP.
Winter is the season for thick soups, and this one which, with a liberal chunk of bread, makes a whole meal for the Breton peasant, is especially good. Peel four large onions and two carrots. The onions should be chopped fine, and the carrots diced. Put them into an enameled ware saucepan with three tablespoons of butter and saute them until the onions are well browned. Use a quarter teaspoonful of sugar and half a teaspoonful of salt. Add a quart of water and boil for two hours, adding more water as it boils away. This soup should be served with a slice of bread in each plate.

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

PENNY PLAIN

BY O. DOUGLAS

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The Sheikh's Justice.

The sheik of an Arab tribe, says Mr. Paul Harrison in a recent issue of Asia, exercises unlimited power; of him it may be said as it was of Nebuchadnezzar, "Whom he would he slew and whom he would he kept alive." The only check upon his actions is public opinion and the likelihood of his expressing itself in the form of assassination if he becomes too unpopular.

The office is hereditary and in the natural course of events passes to the eldest son; but occasionally, if the heir is obviously a man of no force, one of the other children assumes it instead. "The ablest ruler is the man wanted and the one eventually secured. No one cares much to what family he belongs."

Able some of the sheiks certainly are, and according to their lights and traditions just, although the frightful severity of the punishments inflicted would often seem to the more merciful mind of the Occident out of all proportion to the offenses committed.

Flogging, cutting off the hands and decapitation are frequent. But Mr. Harrison tells of one act of justice, severe in its way, it is true, but such as to win approval in the Western world no less than in the Orient.

Ibu Jilaw, Governor of Hasa, holds his court in Hofat, the capital. He rules with a rod of iron, and the rich and powerful may expect no favors at his hands. He is absolutely incorruptible and impartial.

One day there appeared before him as complainant a poor and ignorant villager whose cow some boys on a hunting expedition had shot and killed. A careful description of the party made it possible to gather the entire number before the governor. The villager did not know the name of the ring-leader, but on being asked if he could identify him at once pointed him out. To his horror he learned that the lad was Ihu Jilaw's own son.

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CHAPTER XVIII.—(Cont'd.)

When Jean heard the voice it seemed to her as if everything was transformed. Mrs. Duff-Whalley and Muriel, their babies and their Rolls-Royce, ceased to be great weights crushing life and light out of her, and became small, ordinary, rather vulgar figures; she forgot her own home-made frock and shabby slippers; and even the fire seemed to feel that things were brightening, for a flame struggled through the backing and gave promise of future cheerfulness.

"Oh, Pamela!" cried Jean. There was more of relief and appeal in her voice than she knew, and Pamela, seeing the visitors, prepared to do battle. "I thought I should surprise you, Jean girl. I came by the two train, for I was determined to be here in time for tea." She slipped off her coat and took Jean in her arms. "It's good to see you. . . . Ah, Mrs. Duff-Whalley, how are you. Have you kept Priorsford lively through the Christmas-time, you and your daughter?"

"Well, I was just telling Jean we've done our best. My son, Gordon, and his Cambridge friends, delightful young fellows, you know, perfect in their way, but we did miss you and your brother. Is dear Lord Bidborough not with you?"

"My brother has gone to London." "Naturally," said Mrs. Duff-Whalley, nodding her head knowingly. "All young men like London, so gay, you know, restaurants and theatres and night-clubs."

"Oh, I hope not," laughed Pamela. "My brother's rather extraordinary; he cares very little for London pleasures. The open road is all he asks—a born rhymer."

"Fancy! Well, it's a nice taste too. But I would rather ride in my car than tramp the roads. I like my comforts. Muriel and I are going to London shortly, on our way to the Continent. Will you be there, Miss Reston?"

"Probably, and if I am Jean will be with me. Do you hear that, Jean?" and paying no attention to the dubious shake of Jean's head she went on: "We must give Jean a very good time and have lots of parties. Perhaps, Mrs. Duff-Whalley, you will bring your daughter to one of Jean's parties when you are in London? You have been so very kind to us that we should greatly like to have an opportunity of showing you some hospitality. Do let us know your whereabouts. It would be fun—wouldn't it, Jean?—to entertain Priorsford friends in London?"

"Certainly," replied the villager. "She is worth many times the value of my cow, but I hope you will excuse me from taking her. If I had had the least idea who the offender was, I should never have entered a complaint."

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in their car Jean told Pamela about Peter. "I couldn't tell you before those oupient, well-pleased people. It's absolutely breaking our hearts. Mrs. M'Cosh looks ten years older, and Jock and Mhor go about quite silent thinking out wicked things to do to relieve their feelings. David has gone over all the hills looking for him, but he may be lying trapped in some wood. Come and speak to Mrs. M'Cosh for a minute. Between Peter and the boiler she is in despair."

They found Mrs. M'Cosh baking with the gas oven. "It's a scene for the tea. When I see Miss Reston it kinda cheered me up. Hae ye tell't her about Peter?" "He will turn up yet, Mrs. M'Cosh," Pamela assured her. "Peter's such a clever dog, he won't let himself be beat. Even if he is trapped I believe he will manage to get out."

"It's to be hoped so, for the want of him is something awful." "I'll knock came to the back door and a boy's voice said, 'Is Peter in?' It was a message boy who knew all Peter's tricks—knew that however friendly Peter was with a message boy on the road, he felt constrained to jump out at him when he appeared at the back door with a basket. The innocent question was too much for Mrs. M'Cosh.

"Na," she said bitterly. "Peter's no' in, so ye needna hold on to the door." Peter's lost. Deid, as likely as not." She turned away in bitterness of heart, leaving Jean to take the parcel from the boy.

The boy came in quietly after another fruitless search. They did not ask hopefully as they had done at first if Peter had come home, and Jean did not ask how they had fared.

The sight of Pamela cheered them a good deal. "Does she know?" Jock asked, and Jean nodded.

Pamela kept the talk going through tea, and told them so many funny stories that they had to laugh.

"If only," said Mhor, "Peter was here now the Honorable's back we would be happy."

"There's a big box of hard chocolates behind that cushion," Pamela said, pointing to the sofa.

It was at that moment that the door opened, and Mrs. M'Cosh put her head in. Her face wore a broad smile.

"The wanderer has returned," she said.

At that moment Jean thought the Glasgow accent the most delightful thing on earth and the smile on Mrs. M'Cosh's face the most beautiful.

There was Peter, thin and dirty, but in excellent spirits, wagging his tail so violently that his whole body waggled.

"See," said Mrs. M'Cosh, "he's been in a trap, but he's gotten out. Peter's a clever lad."

Jock and Mhor had no words. They lay on the linoleum-covered floor, while Mrs. M'Cosh fetched hot milk, and crushed their faces against the little black-and-white body they had thought they might never see again, while Peter licked his own torn paw and their faces in turn.

It was wonderfully comfortable to see Pamela settle down in the corner of the sofa with her embroidery and ask news of all her friends. Jean had been a little shy of meeting Pamela, wondering if Lord Bidborough had told her anything, wondering if she were angry that Jean should have had such an offer, or resentful that she had refused it. But Pamela talked quite naturally about her brother, and gave no hint that she knew of any reason why Jean should blush when his name was mentioned.

"And how are all the people—the Jowetts and the Watsons and the Dawsons? And the dear Macdonalds? I picked up a book in Edinburgh that I think Mr. Macdonald will like. And Lewis Elliot—have you seen him lately, Jean?"

"He's away. Didn't you know? He went just after you did. He was in London at Christmas—at least, that was the postmark on the parcels, but he has never written a word. He was always a bad correspondent, but he'll turn up one of these days."

Mrs. M'Cosh came in with the letters from the evening post. "Actually a letter for me," said Jean, "from London. I expect it's from that landlady of ours. Surely he won't be giving us notice to leave The Rigs. Pamela, I'm afraid to open it. It looks like a lawyer's letter."

"Open it then." Jean opened it slowly and read the enclosure with a puzzled frown; then she dropped it with a cry.

Pamela looked up from her work to see Jean with tears running down her face. Jock and Mhor stopped what they were doing and came to look at her. Peter rubbed himself against her legs by way of comfort.

"My dear," said Pamela, "is there anything wrong?" "Oh, do you remember the little old man who came one day to look at the house and stayed to tea and I saw 'Strathairlie' to him? He's dead."

NURSES

The Toronto Hospital for Insane, in affiliation with Bellevue and Allied Hospitals, N. Y. City, offers a three year course of training to young women having the required education, and desirous of becoming nurses. This Hospital has adapted the eight-hour system. The pupils receive salaries, board, a monthly allowance and travelling expenses to and from New York. For further information apply to the Superintendent.

The Bible Up-to-Date

Novel Translations of the Scriptures

Dr. Moffatt's translation of the Old Testament into modern English is a continuation of his translation of the New Testament which has been out for some years, and is but one of several other similar and equally competent translations into the Dr. Moffatt tells day. This is the way Dr. Moffatt tells the famous story of Salome:— "Herod was anxious to kill John the Baptist, but he was afraid of the people, because they held John to be a prophet. However, on Herod's birthday, the daughter of Herodias danced in public to the delight of Herod; whereupon he promised with an oath to give her whatever she wanted. And she, at the instigation of her mother, said: 'Give me John the Baptist.' The king was sorry, but for the sake of his oath and his guests he ordered it to be given her; he sent and had John beheaded in the prison, his head was brought on a dish and given to the girl, and she took it to her mother.

We have come to associate old-fashioned language with the Bible, and for many people it seems like sacrilege to substitute the speech of George V. for that of James I., although it must be remembered that what we know as the authorized Version was an attempt to make the language of Wyclif and Tyndale better understood.

A Telegraphic Triumph.

Nevertheless, when a new translation was made by scholars about forty years ago this archaic language was adhered to, although many changes were made in deference to modern scholarship, and certain passages which scholars believed to be interpolations were actually omitted.

This Revised Version was the greatest literary event of modern times. One newspaper actually sent the whole of the New Testament by telegraph from New York to Chicago in order to be the first to issue it there.

No part of the Old Testament has been translated so often or so variously as the Book of Psalms. It readers will compare the Prayer Book version with the Authorized Version they will find them very different, because the Prayer Book Version is much older.

Another famous translation is the metrical version so long used in Scotland, of which the following is a specimen:—

The Lord's my Shepherd; I'll not want
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green; He leadeth me
The quiet waters by.

This passage of the 23rd Psalm is rendered in the Authorized Version, "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; he leadeth me beside the still waters." As long ago as 1690 a certain Dean of Peterborough, named Simon Patrick, thought to improve on this. Like Dr. Moffatt, he desired to make things a little plainer, and this is how he did it:—

For, as a good shepherd leads his sheep in the violent heat to shady places, where they lie down and feed (not in parched, but in fresh and green pastures, and in the evening leads them (not to muddy and troubled waters, but) to pure and quiet streams; so hath he made already a fair and plentiful provision for me.

One might have thought that such a terrible example would be a warning to all other trespassers into the field of Biblical translation, but about a hundred years later a certain Dr. Harwood translated the New Testament into his idea of modern English. This is how he renders the well-known opening of the Magnificat:—

My soul with reverence adores my Creator, and all my faculties with transport join in celebrating the goodness of God, who hath in so signal a manner condescended to regard my poor and humble station.

He refers to the Prodigal's father as "a man of opulent means" and "a gentleman of eminent family." He says that the daughter of Herodias was "a young lady who danced with imitable grace and elegance," that Peter on the Mount of Transfiguration said: "Sir, what a desirable place of residence is this!" He refers to the little daughter of Jairus as "this young lady" and he makes Paul ask Timothy to bring his "portmanteau" with him when next he comes his way.

But, although the many recent attempts of scholars to render the Bible, or parts of it, into modern English have their use in making any obscure passages plain, the translation made in the reign of James I. still stands as the greatest translation of any book into another language.

Unknown to the world before the discovery of America corn is grown in nearly every country in the world and has even replaced wheat and rice as staff of life in some places. Of the world's four billion bushels of corn the United States produces three-fourths. Southern Europe, South America, Southern Asia, and South Africa, in the order named, contribute most of the remainder. Italy, the Balkan countries, Hungary, Spain, and Portugal comprise the region of corn culture in Europe.

Mushrooms That Can Be Dried.
Edible mushrooms found in the fall on stumps, logs, and buried wood, may be dried and stored for future use without destroying food value.



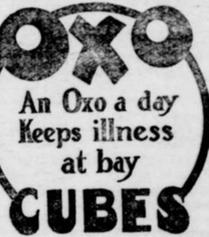
More—"Do you believe love comes more than once?"
She—"If you treat him right, he does."

Minard's Liniment Heals Cuts.

Percy's Puzzles.
The teacher had been lecturing his class on the wisdom often displayed by animals and birds. He compared it with that of human beings, to the latter's disadvantage. Having finished his discourse, he invited his pupils to ask questions bearing on the subject. Percy held up his hand.

"Well, Percy," said the teacher, "what is it you want to know?" "I want to know, sir," replied Percy, "what makes chickens know how big our egg-cups are?"

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THE VALUE OF WINDBREAKERS IN OUTDOOR WINTERING.

The importance of a good wind break can never be over estimated where flocks of birds are wintered out doors, since, for protection from the prevailing winds, it is an essential packing.

Although well-packed, colonies which are subjected to a heavy wind blowing on them for a few hours, will have