

You Cannot Surpass

"SALADA"

GREEN TEA
Its luscious freshness & rich strength
make it finer than any Gunpowder,
Japan or Young Hyson. Sold every-
where. Ask for SALADA to-day.

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 XXIII.—(Cont'd.)
Mhor asked if there were any rail-
ways near Minter Abbas, and was
rather cast down when told that the
nearest railway station was seven
miles distant. It amazed him that any
one should, of choice, live away from
railways. The skirt of an engine was
sweeter to his ears than horns of elf-
land faintly blowing, and the dream
of his life was to be allowed to live it,
a small white-washed shanty which
he knew of, on the railway-side, where
he could spend ecstatic days watching
every "passenger" and every "goods"
that rushed shrieking, or dawdled
shunting, along the permanent way.
To him each different train had its
own features. "I think," he told Jean,
"that the nine train is the most good-
natured of the trains; he doesn't care
how many carriages, and horse-boxes,
they stick on to him. The twelve train
has always a cross, snortly look, but
the five train—his voice took the
funding note that he'd for Peter and
Barrie, the cat—that little five
train goes much the fastest; he's the
hero of the day!"

Pamela's engagement to Lewis El-
liott had made, what Mrs. McCosh called,
"a great speak" in Priorsford, and
thumping the barometer to see if it
showed any inclination to fall. The
car was ordered for nine o'clock, but
they were down the road looking for
it at least half an hour before it was
due, feverishly anxious in case some-
thing had happened either to it or to
Stark.

The road before The Rigs was quite
crowded that April morning. Mrs.
McCosh stood at the gate beside the
dashed daffodils and the tulips and
the opening wall-flovers in the garden,
her hands folded on her spotted
white apron, her face beaming with
its accustomed kind smile, and watch-
ing her family depart.

She cautioned, "Ye needna come back if
ye lose him." The safety of the rest
of the party did not concern her.
Mr. and Mrs. Jowett were there,
having breakfast an hour earlier than
usual, thus jolting the wrath of their
cherished domestics. Mrs. Jowett
was carrying a large box of choco-
lates as a parting gift to the boys,
while Mr. Jowett had a box of lavender
water for Jean.

Augusta Hope had walked up from
Hopton with her mother's love to the
travellers, a basket of fruit for
the boys, and a book for Jean.
The little Miss Watsons hopped
forth from their dwelling with an
offering of a home-baked cake, "just
in case ye get hungry on the road,
ye know."

Belia Bathgate was there, looking
very saturnine, and waiting for
the train. "Dinna lean out
o' the car. Mory's body has lost
their head stickin' it out o' a car."
Here's some tea-biscuits for Peter.
Ye'll be ever proud for anything but
currant-cake, I suppose."

CLIPSE FASHIONS

Exclusive Patterns
by David Dyer



Boys' Suit, Showing an Attractive Combination of Materials.

Careful thought must be given to
outfitting the sturdy small boy, who
requires garments suitable for general
utility wear. The suit No. 1021 con-
sists of blouse with long or short
sleeves, and straight side-closing
trousers which button to the house. It
may be made of all one material, or
of a combination of contrasting ma-
terials as shown in the sketch. The
pattern is cut for sizes 2, 4 and 6
years, the four-year size requiring 1 1/2
yards of 36-inch material for the
blouse, and 1 1/4 yards for the trousers
and blouse trimmings.

Pattern mailed to any address on
receipt of 25c in silver, by the Wilson
Publishing Co., 73 West Adelaide St.,
Toronto. Orders for patterns filled
same day as received.

unwillingly to school stopped to watch
them, and Mhor looked at them pity-
ingly. School seemed a thing so far
removed from his present happy state
as not to be worth remembering.
Somewhere, doubtless, unhappy little
people were learning the multipli-
cation table and struggling with the
spelling of uncouth words, but Mhor,
sitting in state in "Wilfred the Gazelle"
(for so David had christened
the new car) could only spare them a
passing thought.

He looked at Peter sitting self-
consciously virtuous on the seat oppo-
site, he leaned across Jean to send a
glance of profound satisfaction to
Jean, then he raked from his pocket
a cake of butter-scotch and sank back
in his seat to crunch in content.

They followed the Tweed as it ran
by wood and field and hamlet, and as
they reached the moorlands of the
upper reaches Jean began to notice
that Wilfred the Gazelle was not run-
ning as smoothly as usual. Perhaps it
was imagination, Jean thought, or per-
haps it was the effect of having luggage
on the top, but in her inmost
heart she knew it was more than that,
and she was not surprised.

It was a motor-driven car,
Jean was filled with a deep-seated
distrust. She felt that every motor was
just waiting its chance to do its own harm. She
started with no real hope of reaching
any destination, and expected nothing

less than to spend the night camping
inside the car in some lonely spot. She
had all provisions made for such an
occurrence.

Jock said suddenly, "We're not going
more than ten miles an hour," and
then the car stopped altogether and
David and Stark got down. Jean lean-
ed over and asked what was wrong,
and David said shortly that there was
nothing wrong.

Presently he and Stark got back
into their places and the car was
started again. But it went slowly,
haltingly, like a bird with a broken
wing. They made up on a man driv-
ing a brown horse in a wagnette—a
man with a brown beard and a cheer-
ful eye—and passed him.

The car stopped again.
Again David and Stark got out and
stared and poked and consulted to-
gether. Again Jean's head went out,
and again she received the same short
and unsatisfactory answer.

The brown-bearded man and his
wagnette made up on them, looked at
the car in an interested way, and
passed on.
Against the car started, passed the
wagnette, and went on for about a
mile and stopped.

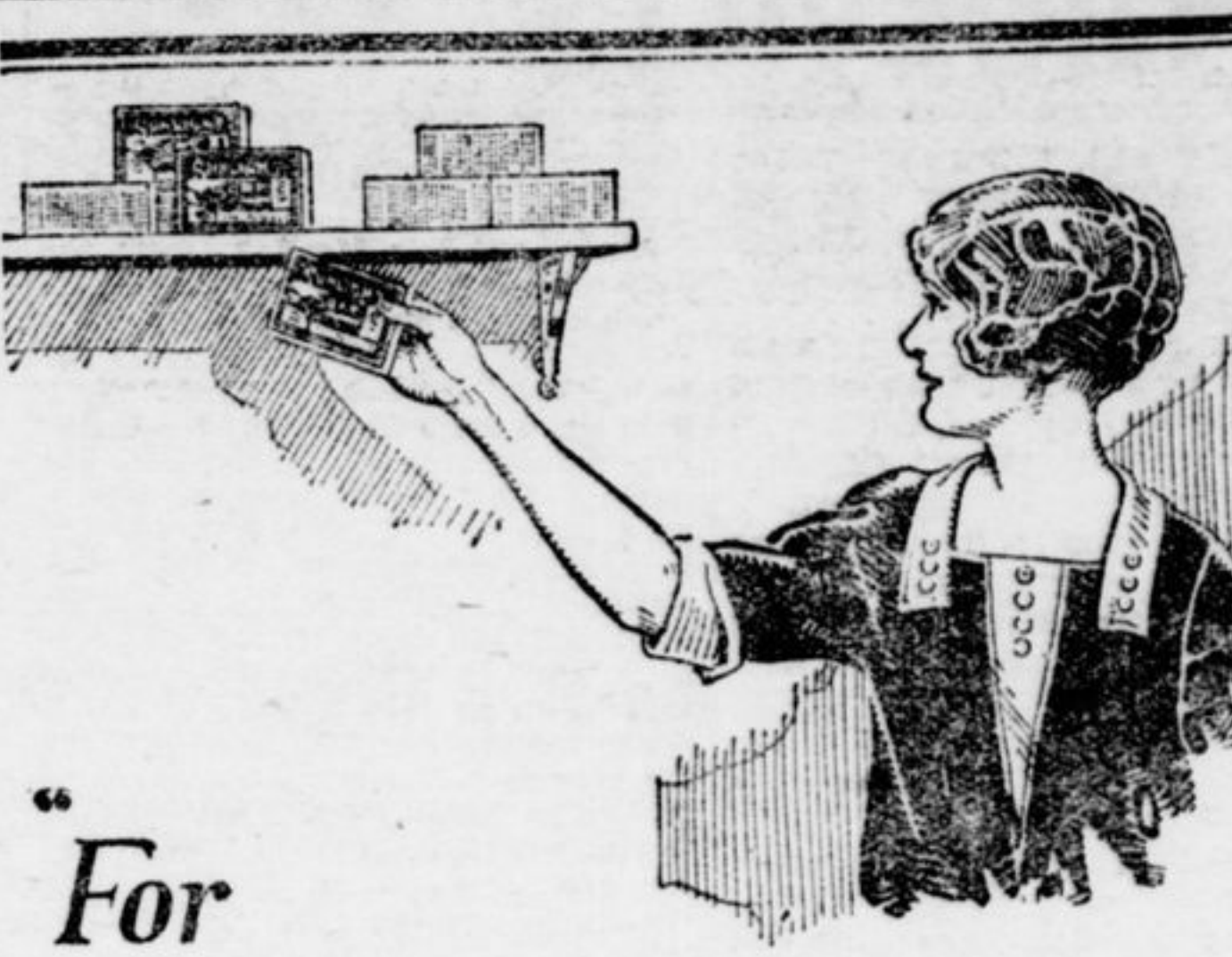
Again Jean's head went out.
"David," she said, "what is the mat-
ter?" and it goes far to show how har-
assed that girl was for she replied, "If
you don't take your face out of that
I'll slap it."

Jock withdrew at once, feeling that
she had been tactless and David had
been unnecessarily rude—David who
had never been rude to her since they
were children, and had told each other
home-truths without heat and without
ill-feeling on either side. If this was
to be the effect of owning a car—
"Wilfred the Gazelle," said Mhor,
and got out, followed by Jock,
and in a minute or two by Jean.

They all sat down in the heather
by the roadside.
Dear car notwithstanding, it was
delicious sitting there in the spring
sunshine. Tweed was nearing its
source and was now only a trickling
burn. A lark was singing high up in
the blue. The air was like new wine.
The larks were very young. For
spring comes slowly up that way, and
one tottering little fellow was found
by Mhor and carried rapturously to
Jean.

"Take it; it's just born," he said.
"Jock, hold Peter tight in case he bites
them."
"Did you ever see anything quite so
new?" Jean said as she stroked the
lark's head, "and yet so independent?"
Sheep are far before mortals. Its eyes
look so perplexed, Mhor. It's quite
strange to the world and doesn't know
what to make of it. That's its mother
crying for it. Take it to her; she's
crying for it."
David came up and stood looking
gloomily at the lark. Perhaps he
envied it being so young and careless
and motor-less.

"I can't see anything quite so
new," Jean said as she stroked the
lark's head, "and yet so independent?"
Sheep are far before mortals. Its eyes
look so perplexed, Mhor. It's quite
strange to the world and doesn't know
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gloomily at the lark. Perhaps he
envied it being so young and careless
and motor-less.



"For economy's sake I buy a supply and let it age"

—says Mrs. Experience, speaking of the economical use of soap.

"I always keep a good supply of Sunlight Soap on the shelf because I find that Sunlight actually improves with age. It becomes harder and so goes much further."

"With this added economy of lasting longer, I've learned that Sunlight is by far the most economical soap I can buy. The reason is that every particle of Sunlight is pure, cleansing soap—a little of it does a lot of work. Sunlight, you know, is guaranteed to contain no injurious chemicals or harsh filling materials to make the bar large and hard. These filling materials, of course, are just so much waste as far as cleaning goes."

"To any woman who wants to get real cleaning value out of a soap for her money, I decidedly say, 'Use Sunlight,' and keep a good supply on the shelf." Sunlight is made by Lever Brothers Limited, largest soap-makers in the world.

Sunlight Soap

no further mishaps. They ran with-
out a pause through village after vil-
lage, snatching glimpses of lovely
places where they would find have
lingered, forgetting them as each place
offered new beauties.
(To be continued.)

An Ironical Lady.
Police Judge—"With what instru-
ment or article did your wife inflict
these wounds on your face and head?"
Michael Mooney—"Wid a matter, yer
anwer."

Police Judge—"A what?"
Michael Mooney—"A matter—one o' these frames wid 'God Bless Our Home' in it."
Nothing cools love so rapidly as a
hot temper.
About the best cure for a swelled
head is a dose of common-sense.

When in Toronto visit the
Royal Ontario Museum
253 Bloor St. West, near Avenue Road. Largest
permanent exhibition in Canada. Archaeology,
Geology, Mineralogy, Paleontology, Zoology. Open
daily, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.; Sunday, 2 to 5 p.m.
Phone, Day, and Church, cars.

The Highwayman.
He has all the rest of us guessing.
And wondering what he'll do next;
He acts in a manner distressing.
And keeps all his fellows perplexed;
He's turning and twisting and curving.
And weaving his way in and out,
His stunts are breathtaking, unerr-
ing.
And no one knows what he's about!
One minute he's trailing behind you,
The next he's darting ahead;
And kicking up dust clouds that blind you.
And knocking the speed limit dead!
He toots and he squeaks and he
screeches,
To make others let him get by;
He cares not a hoot, so he reaches
The place he is bound for, on high!



"The Standard by which other Irons are Judged."

YOU can now obtain a genuine Hotpoint Iron for \$5.50. This famous electric servant has for years been the first choice among discriminating housewives. The thumb rest—an exclusive Hotpoint patent—eliminates all strain on the wrist. This is the Iron with the famous hot point.

Your dealer sells Hotpoint Irons

A Canadian General Electric Product.

A new altitude record for aviation
—39,680 feet—was set recently by
the French pilot, Calizco.

INECTO RAPID
The world's best hair tint. Will re-
store gray hair to its natural color
in 15 minutes.

Small size, \$3.50 by mail
Double size, \$5.50 by mail

The W. T. Pemberton Stores
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123 Yonge St. Toronto

THE HAMMOCK FALLACY

It is in the summer months, says a
writer in Punch, that the cult of the
hammock flourishes. Hammocks hi-
bernate; it is one of their few really
attractive attributes. And the popu-
larity of the hammock in summer is
largely the fault of the bee-haunted
garden school of story writers. No
bee-haunted garden is complete with-
out one. In the cool shade of the syc-
amore the heroine reclines gracefully
in her hammock, keeping that school-
girl complexion and waiting for Sir
Reginald.

At the cottage we have a bee-haun-
ted garden, and at the first hint of
summer Angela insisted upon complet-
ing the picture. "We must get a ham-
mock," she said.
I looked up with my kind, tired smile
and gave her a tolerant air. "Why?"
I asked.

"Oh, because it's summer and every-
body has one, and it's just the thing
for the garden, and they look so jolly
in the pictures, and the Horrockses
have got one."
"I suppose I must take the
risk," I said, sighing. The Horrockses
are Angela's dearest friends, but it is
unthinkable that they should be al-
lowed to remain a hammock ahead of
her.

"That's just the place for it, An-
gela," I said more enthusiastically
when we had adjourned to the garden.
"Between the raspberries, canes and the
rhubarb. Or we might hitch one end
of it to that flowering lettuce and—"
"We really need some trees," said
Angela.
"Ah, yes: Let us give our minds to
the problem. I think sycamores are
the best for slinging hammocks."
Angela looked a little dazed. "But
we haven't any sycamores," she said.
"Not yet. But if we were to get a
hammock and lay it out flat on the
ground and plant a sycamore seed at
each end and then wait a bit we should
one day have a beautiful pair of syc-
amore trees—just the right distance
apart. You see, Angela—"

But Angela had gone.
The hammock arrived three days
later. Even as we went about the
task of assembling it there was a sort
of ominous foreboding at the back of
my mind. The thing from which it
was to hang in default of trees remind-
ed me too vividly of the tripod affair
over the witches' cauldron in Macbeth.
Angela had no intention of allowing
grass to grow under her hammock
once it was in position. She arranged
a pile of cheerful-looking cushions in
the bows, picked up the Japanese para-
sol and climbed enthusiastically on
board. I stood by ready to save the
women and children first, and the
parasol last.

Perhaps she overdid the enthusiasm.
Whatever the reason, there was a violent
jerk to starboard, a convulsive
roll, a faint scream, and the hammock
turned itself inside out and swung
idle and empty under a pitiless sky.
"Was anybody looking?" inquired
Angela.

"Fortunately only your husband," I
said.
"How did it happen?"
"I suppose you tried to mount from
the wrong side. A hammock is prob-
ably like a horse; it gets restive if
you try to get up on the stable
side. Try the port side whilst I hold
its head."

Bathing in Their Clothes.
The interesting item of information
that the Tibetan Lamas now visiting
England indulge in bath once a week
year suggests a state of primal sen-
sibility to our Western ideas of what
is right and proper. But in various parts
of the world strange customs prevail
which to the practical British mind
would be classed as sheer madness.

It is probably news to many that
high-caste Hindus take their daily bath
with their clothes on! And yet it is
a fact. Their religion compels them
to have a bath daily. They will neither
touch nor eat anything until they have
bathed. It is considered indecent
to bathe naked, even within their own
houses, and a rich zemindar or a poor
Brahmin obeys the same rule.

Men, women and children are gener-
ally seen bathing in open wells, tanks,
on seashores with clothes on. A ghori
is a piece of white cloth about six to
eight yards long, wrapped round the
body. After the bath they first wrap
a dry cloth round them and let their
wet one slip from underneath so that
they neither expose their body nor let
the dry cloth get wet. Even when trav-
eling they manage to have their daily
bath at stations where the trains halt
for about twenty minutes.

Most of the railway companies have
wells near such stations specially for
this purpose, and the spectacle of this
strange religious rite being carried
out with unfeeling regularity is one
which causes tourists to marvel at
such zeal.

A CORNER FLOWER BED

Why not turn that corner, once
under the old tree in the fence,
into a beauty-spot by building a
bed and planting it with wild
flowers? I did that last spring, but fell
just as well.

I loosened the ground as for
ing, and placed atop of it
about the size of a hat, and added
touching each other. The
dirt in between them was
height. I was careful that
vices were filled and that
were left to hinder the up-
of moisture. This is impor-
roots must have direct con-
with Mother Earth.

I put on a layer of shaly
stones between the large ones
ing them down well, and adding
of my good rich loam. When
through, a few jagged pieces
me, until I thought what none
they would make for some
vine.

Towards the back, I placed
er plants—rhododendron, the
lady's slipper, and wild flowers
planted from the woods. I
skunk-cabbage, which is beau-
spite of its name, will look well
Ferns for Shady Places.

There are many ferns
you can use from the forest
feet tall to the tiny fern that
over the ground star fashion. I
get ferns from the woods. I
cut from the front of the bed
May-apple, patch-the-patch, a
tongue, squirrel-ear, bloodroot,
lily, or any of the trail, daisy,
flowers to be glad for the getting
violets grow splendidly among
The common blue ones are the
popular, for they are so cheery,
you can have some of the white
yellow ones too. You will
watch so that they don't crowd
thing else out in a year or so,
a cowslip, a cornflower, a mallow,
and a few mountainous plants
have such pretty bright berries
after everything is as you want
a vine or two, the lovely white
laurel or any of the vines. Nature
for carpeting purposes. And
you can get a little more toiling
among the deeper shadows.

Bulbs for Spring Blooms.
Slip in a few bulbs for early
blooming. They will have had
season in plenty of time for the
plants to grow; the darling little
cups is up before the snow is gone
daffodils are in bloom before the
fern fronds are uncurled.
A rock bed can be made of
sunlight, using, of course, flowers
thrive in the open. Here the club
of plants is almost unlimited; any
growing plant that is friendly with
sun does nicely. Use portulaca,
candytuft, or pansies, or cattails
daisies, or poppies, whose cool-
ing name is so useful on a hot day.

In my corner I saw late tulips
ing it over the modest pansy; the
held their heads high while their
leaves, and when finally they had
the velvet passages covered by the
of their lowliness, and dainty light
green poppy foliage was showing.

Leave bulbs in the ground all the
time; they will take care of their-
selves and be the earliest to bloom.
The spring daintily lifting the
cheerful little faces to a cold sky.

Dear Warm Soft Days.
Dear warm soft days in winter's
The warm the amaranth thread to
The blackcap for to rock his cap.
And the bright robin start a war
Poks that his underground meadow
Shall turn and flourish; but what
Who at the narrow door doth
Run-away-knock, run-away-knock!

Whitethroat will clear his throat
Bid to the woods to gather
Wimples the stream was con-
stone.

Sure it is Flora's holiday
No Jack nor Jill shall walk alone
Twin shall they run and tread
play.
Fine feathers sober folk put on
And clouds and sorrows pack away!

Goldfinch and greenfinch think
make
Gold house for two in the green
shaw.
Bright burnished is the crest of the
drake.
And purple feathers to the dew,
Rattles the snail on the lake,
And rookeries answer car and
Too soon the trusting loves awake!
To the sweet day without a flaw.
Dear warm soft days,
—Katharine Tynan

Origin of Blotting Paper.
Blotting paper came into use as
result of carelessness on the part of
workman in a paper mill at Berkshire,
England, nearly a century ago.
The worker forgot to put the necessary
sting in some pulp and when it was
rolled it had to be discarded as useless.
Because of his negligence the worker
was dismissed. Several days later it
was noticed that the discarded paper
had absorbed a large pool of water.
Experiments then developed blotting
paper.

Wild Boars in France.
Wild boars still exist in France to
such an extent that thousands of the
animals are killed every year.

Hello Daddy—don't forget my Wrigley's

Snip a package in your pocket when you go home to-night.

Give the youngsters this wholesome, long-lasting sweet for pleasure and benefit.

Use it yourself after smoking or when work is done. It's great little freshener.

WRIGLEY'S

JUICY FRUIT
NEW GUM
SALED TIGHT
KEPT RIGHT

ISSUE No. 14—25.

A New Dairy Pail at a Popular Price

See the new SMP Dairy Pail next time you are in town. They are made of special quality, high finished tin, have large dairy pail caps, riveted with large rivets, soldered flush, 100% sanitary. Cut out this advertisement. Show it to your regular dealer. He has our authority to give you a special low price on a pair of these fine pails.

SMP DAIRY PAILS

KRAFT CHEESE

IMITATIONS

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