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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 XXIII.- (Cont'd.) | tela's brother. It was quite as it should Mhor asked if there were any rail-ways near Mintern Abbas, and was rather cast down when told that the nearest raiway station was seven miles distant. It amazed him that any but generously, lavishly, scattering one should, of choice, live away from but generously, sweeter to his ears than horns of elf- and putting a spirit of youth into land faintly blowing, and the dream everything. The days were as warm of his life was to be allowed to live in a small white-washed shanty which can be. The Jardines anxiously watchhe could spend ecstatic days watching they had arranged to go earlier, fear-every "passenger" and every "goods" ful lest they should miss all the good shunting, along the permanent way. and Barrie, the cat-"that little five been farther than Edinburgh. train goes much the fastest; he's the The 20th came at last. Jock and blouse, and 1% yards for the trousers look so perplexed, Mhor. It's quite

Pamela's engagement to Lewis El- parading the house, banging at Mrs. liott had made, what Mrs. M'Cosh's door, and imploring her to Pattern mailed to any address on what to make of it. That's its mother out a pause through village after vil- Polite Judge-"With what instrued, "a great speak" in Priorsford. On rise in case breakfast was late, and receipt of 20c in silver, by the Wilson over there. Take it to her; she's cry- lage, snatching glimpses of lovely ment or article did your wife inflict the whole, it was felt that she had thumping the barometer to see if it Publishing Co., 73 West Adelaide St., ing for it." done well for herself. The Elliotts showed any inclination to fall. The Toronto. Orders for patterns filled gloomily at the lamb. Perhaps he offered new beauties. were an old and honored family, and car was ordered for nine o'clock, but same day as received. the present laird, though shy and re- they were down the road looking for tiring, was much liked by his tenants, it at least half an hour before it was Priorsford, and people were pleased to Stark.

a help. A rale sensible marriage!" ted her family depart.

Bella Bathgate agreed. "It'll mak' "Keep a haud o' Peter, Mhor," she passing thought. a big differ at Laverlaw," she said, cautioned. "Ye needna come back if He looked at Peter sitting self- We shall have to train ivy on it and hersel' felt in a hoose. I didna want of the party did not concern her. something horrid. She was an awfu' their cherished domestics. Mrs. Jowett in his seat to crunch in comfort. Maister Elliott havin' her aye there. der water for Jean. stitches into that embroidery, as they the boys, and a book for Jean. lauch o' hers! She has me fair be- forth from their dwelling with an heart she knew it was more than that, passed the wagonette, leaving it in a Some day he'll be heading for heaven, witched. There's a kinna glawmour offering of a home-baked cake, "just and she was not surprised. about her. An' I tell ye I culdna stand in case you get hungry on the road, Jean was filled with a deep-scated miles as a giant devours sheep. They Intent on his share of the leavenher by onything at the first. . . I even you know." think her bonnie noo-an' she's no' Bella Bathgate was there, looking every motor was just waiting its would have liked to tarry there and that auld. I saw a pictur in a paper very saturnine, and counselling Mhor chance to do its owner harm. She had investigate, but Jean dared not ask

Jean looked on rather wistfully at Here's some tea-biscuits for Peter. her friend's happiness. She was most You'll be ower proud for onything but sincerely glad that the wooing-so current-cake, I suppose." long delayed-should end like an old Mhor assured her he was not, and play and Jack have his Jill, but it gratefully accepted the biscuits. seemed to add to the empty feeling in "Isn't it fun Peter's going? I couldn't her own heart. Pamela's casual re- have gone either if he hadn't been almark about her brother perhaps be- lowed, but I expect I'll have to hold ing at Stratford had filled her for him in my arms a lot. He'll want to the moment with wild joy, but hearts jump out at dogs." after leaps ache, and she had quickly And Mr. and Mrs. Macdonald were reminded herself that Richard Plan- there-Mrs. Macdonald absolutely tagenet had most evidently accepted weighed down with gifts. "It's just a the refusal as final and would never trifle for each of you," she explained. he anything more to her than Pam- "No, no, don't thank me; it's nothing."

"You'll never be better than I wish "Hello Daddy - don't forget my Wrigleys" ou go home toasting sweet - for Use it yourself after smoking or when great little freshener

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Combination of Materials.

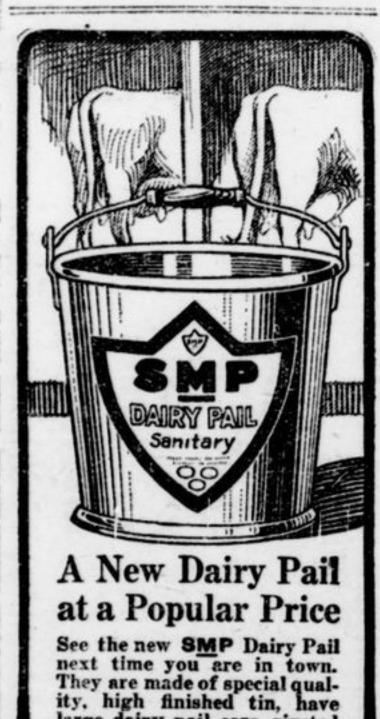
that rushed shrieking, or dawdled weather. It seemed impossible that it Careful thought must be given to the blue. The air was like new wine. could go on being so wonderful, but outfitting the sturdy small boy, who The lambs were very young, for day followed day in golden succession requires garments suitable for general spring comes slowly up that way, and and there was no sign of a break. utility wear. The suit No. 1021 con- one tottering little fellow was found "that the nine train is the most good. David spent most of his days at the sists of blouse with long or short by Mhor and carried rapturously to natured of the trains; he doesn't care depot that held the car, there being sleeves, and straight side-closing Jean. how many carriages and horse-boxes no garage at The Rigs, and Jock and trousers which button to the blouse. It "Take it; it's just born," he said. they stick on to him. The twelve train Mhor worshipped with him. A chauf- may be made of all one material, or "Jock, held Peter tight in case he bite has always a cross, snorty look, 'ut feur had been engaged, one Stark, a of a combination of contrasting ma- them." the five train"-his voice took the Priorsford youth, a steady young man terials as shown in the sketch. The "Did you ever see anything quite so fondling note that it held for Peter and an excellent driver. He had never pattern is cut for sizes 2, 4 and 6 new?" Jean said as she stroked the years, the four-year size requiring 11/8 little head, "and yet so independent? Mhor were up at an unearthly hour, and blouse trimmings.

and respected by every one. Pamela due, feverishly anxious in case some- unwillingly to school stopped to watch "Stark's busy with the car," he anhad made herself very popular in thing had happened either to it or them, and Mhor looked at them pity- nounced, rather needlessly, as the fact For Sore Feet-Minard's Liniment. ingly. School seemed a thing so far was apparent to all. "I'm dashed if that she should remain as lady of The road before The Rigs was quite removed from his present happy state I know what's the matter with the old crowded that April morning. Mrs. as not to be worth remembering bus. . . . Here's that man again. . ." "Ay," said Mrs. M'Cosh, "he's wait- M'Cosh stood at the gate beside the Somewhere, doubtless, unhappy little Jean burst into helpless laughter as ed lang, but he's waled weel in the dancing daffodils and the tulips and people were learning the multiplica- the wagonette again overtook them. end. He's gotten a braw leddy, and the opening wall-flowers in the bor- tion table and struggling with the The driver flourished his whip and she'll no' be as flighty as a young yin, der, her hands folded on her spotless spelling of uncouth words, but Mhor, the horse broke into a canter-it look- He acts in a manner distressing. for Mr. Elliott likes quiet ways. An' white apron, her face beaming with sitting in state in "Wilfred the Ga- ed like derision. then she has plenty siller, an' that's its accustomed kind smile, and watch- zelle" (for so David had christened There was a long silence—then Jean He's turning and twisting and curving, the new car), could only spare them a said:

for she's the kind o' body that makes ye lose him." The safety of the rest consciously virtuous on the seat oppo- make it a feature of the landscape." site, he leaned across Jean to send a "Or elso," said David, savagely and her at Hillview wi' a' her trunks and Mr. and Mrs. Jowett were there, giance of profound satisfaction to irreverently-"or else hew it in pieces her maid and her fal-lals an' her having breakfasted an hour earlier Jock, then he raked from his pocket before the Lord." fykey ways, but, d'ye ken, I'll miss her than usual, thus risking the wrath of a cake of butter-scotch and sank back Stark got up and straightened him- The next he is darting ahead,

miss in the hoose when she was awa' was carrying a large box of choco- They followed the Tweed as it ran head, and came up to David. at Christmas-time; I was fair kinna lates as a parting gift to the boys, by wood and field and hamlet, and as "I've found out what's wrong," he lost wi'out her. It'll be rale nice for while Mr. Jowett had a box of laven- they reached the moorlands of the said. "She'il manage to Moffat, but He toots and he squawks and he upper reaches Jean began to notice we'll have to get her put right there. It's mebbe a wakeness on ma pairt, Augusta Hope had walked up from that Wilfred the Gazelle was not run- It's . . ." He went into technical debut I whiles mak' messages into the Hopetoun with her mother's love to ning as smoothly as usual. Perhaps it tails incomprehensible to Jean. room juist to see her sittin' pittin' the travellers, a basket of fruit for was imagination, Jean thought, or perhaps it was the effect of having lug- sprang away as if suddenly endowed The place he is bound for, on high. ca' it, an' hear her gie that little The little Miss Watsons hopped gage on the top, but in her inmost with new life. In a trice they had

distrust of motors. She felt that passed the Devil's Beef Tub-Jock the ither day of a new-mairit couple, as to his behaviour. "Dinna lean oot started with no real hope of reaching Stark to stop in case they could not



"I've brought you nothing but my

Don't talk as if I were going away

or good," said Jean, with a lump in

"Who can tell?" sighed Mrs. Mac-

donald. "Its an uncertain world. But

we'll hope that you'll come back to us.

Jean. Are you sure you are warmly

clad? Remember it's only April, and

David packed Jean, Jock and Mhor

into the car. Peter was poised on one

of the seats that let down, a cushion

under him to protect the pale fawn

cloth from his paws. All the presents

found places, the luggage was put on

the top, Stark took his seat. David,

his voat pocket buiging with maps,

got in beside him; and amid a chorus

Jean, looking back rather wistfully

t The Rigs, got a last sight of Mrs.

M'Cosh shaking her head dubiously at

One of the best things in life is to

tart on a spring morning for a holi-

day. To Jock and Mhor at least life

scamed a very perfect thing as the

ar slid down the hill, over Tweed

Bridge, over Cuddy Bridge, and turn-

town that looked so clean and fresh

with its shining morning face, and

running through the deep woods above Peel Tower. Small children creeping

ed sharp to the left up the Old Town.

he evenings are cold."

of good-byes they were off.

departing car.

her throat, "It's only a little holiday."

blessing, Jean," the minister said.

large dairy pail cars, 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.

DAIRY PAILS 174

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

Jock said suddenly, "We're not gong more than ten miles an hour," and then the car stopped altogether and David and Stark got down. Jean leaned out 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 driving a brown horse in a wagonette-a man with a brown board and a cheerful eye-and passed him.

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

The brown-bearded man and his wagonette made up on them, looked at the car in an interested way, and Again the car started, passed the

mile and stopped. Again Jean's head went out. "David," she said, "what is the matter?" and it goes far to show how harassed that polished Oxonian was when he replied, "If you don't take your

wagonette, and went on for about a

face out of that I'll slap it." Jean 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 ling on either side. If this was to be the effect of owning a car-"Wilfred the Gazelle's dead," 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.

Dead car notwithstanding, it was delicious sitting there in the spring he knew of, on the railway-side, where ed the sun-filled days pass, wishing Boys' Suit, Showing an Attractive sunshine. Tweed was nearing its source and was now only a trickling burn. A lark was singing high up in

strange to the world and doesn't know no further mishaps. They ran with-

David came up and stood looking lingered, forgetting them as each place these wounds on your face and head?" envied it being so young and careless

self, wiped his hands and his fore- And kicking up dust clouds that blind

whirl of scornful dust. They ate the And then he will step on the gas, an' baith o' them had the auld-age o' the caur. Mony a body has lost any destination, and expected nothing start again, and soon went sliding their heid stickin' it oot of a caur. down the hill to Moffat. Hot puffs of scented air rose from the valley they had left, the moorlands and the winds. and the town was holding out arms to we come them. They drove along the sunny, sleepy, midday High Street

and stopped at an hotel. Except David, no member of the Jardine family had ever been inside an hotel, and it was quite an adventure for them to go up the steps from the street, enter the swinging doors, and ask a polite woman with elaborately done hair if they might have luncheon. Yes, they might, and Peter, at present held tightly in Mhor's arms, could be fed in the kitcher if that would suit. Stark had meantime taken the car

to a motor-repairing place. It was half-past three before the car came swooping up to the hote! doors. Jean gazed at it with a sort of fearful pride. It looked very well if only it didn't play them false.

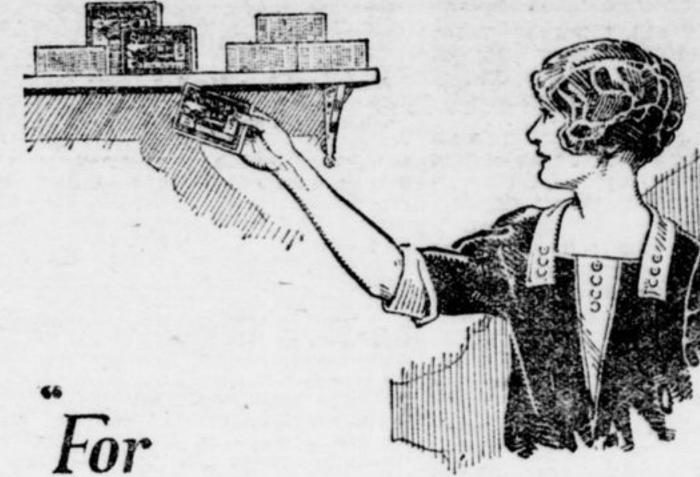
Stark, too, looked well-a fine, impassive figure. "Will it be all right, Stark?" sh ventured to inquire, but Stark, who rarely committed himself, merely said.

Stark had no manners, Jean reflected, but he had a nice face and was a teetotaller, and one can't have every-

To Mhor's joy the road now ran for a bit by the side of the railway line where thundered great express trains such as there never were in Priorsford. They were spinning along the fine level road, making up for lost time, when a sharp report startled them and made Mhor, who was watching a train, lose his balance and fall forward on to Peter, who was taking a sleep on the rug at their feet.

It was a tire gone, and there was no time to mend it if they were to be at Carlisle in time for tea. Stark put on the spare wheel and they started

Fortune seemed to have got tired of persecuting them, and there were



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.

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"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.

(To be continued.)

The Highwayman. He has all the rest of us guessing. And wondering what he'll do next;

And keeps all his fellows perplexed; And weaving his way in and out; His stunts are breathtaking, unnerv-

And no one knows what he's about!

One minute he's trailing behind you;

And knocking the speed limit dead!

screeches. To make others let him get by;

And all of his brothers he'll pass; And when he arrives there, St. Peter Will point to the regions below. And he will reverse his speed-eater-And head for Gehenna, on low! -James Edward Hungerford.

A new altitude record for aviation -39,580 feet-was set up recently by the French pilot, Callizo.

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Polite Judge-"A what?" Michael Mooney-"A motter-one these frames wid 'God Bless Our Home' in ut."

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THE HAMMOCK FALLACY

It is in the summer months, says a writer in Punch, that the cult of the hammock flourishes. Hammocks hibernate; it is one of their few really attractive attributes. And the popularity of the hammock in summer is largely the fault of the bee-haunted garden school of story writers. No bee-haunted garden is complete without one. In the cool shade of the sycamore the heroine reclines gracefully in her hammock, keeping that schoolgirl complexion and waiting for Sir

At the cottage we have a bee-haunted garden, and at the first hint of summer Angela insisted upon completing the picture. "We must get a hammock," she said.

I looked up with my kind, tired smile and gave her a tolerant ear. "Why?"

"Oh, because it's summer and everybody 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." "Then 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 allowed to remain a hammock ahead of

"That's just the place for it, Angela," I said more enthusiastically when we had adjourned to the garden. "Between the raspberry canes and the rhubarb. Or we might hitch one end of it to that flowering lettuce and-"

"We really need some trees," said "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," sne seld. "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 sycamore 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 things from which it was to hang in default of trees remind-Michael Mooney-"Wid a motter, yer od me too vividly of the tripod affair over the witches' cauldron in Macbeth.

Angela had no intention of allowing o' 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-Nothing cools love so rapidly as a sol and climbed enthusiastically on board. I stood by ready to save the women and children first.

About the best cure for a swelled Perhaps she overdid the enthusiasm. Whatever the reason, there was a violent roll to starboard, a convulsive jerk, a faint scream, and the hammock turned itself inside out and swung 253 Bloor St. West, near Avenue Road. Largest idle and empty under a pitiless sky. permanent exhibition in Canada. Archaeology. "Was anybody looking?" inquired

"Fortunately only your husband." I

"How did it happen?" the wrong side. A hammock is prob-

Angela advanced gamely to the attack and repeated the performance the other way round. The schoolgirl complexion suffered most owing to the loamy nature of the soil.

Bathing in Their Clothes.

The interesting item of information that the Tibetan Lamas now visiting England indulge in but one wash a year suggests a state of primeval sayagery 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 before having their bath. It is considered indecent to bathe naked, even within their own houses, and a rich zeni'ndar or a poor Burman obeys the same rute. Men, women and children are gener-

ally seen bathing in open wells, tanks, on seashers with dhoties on. A dhoty is a piece of white cloth about six to eight yards long, wrapped round the body. After the bath they first wrap a dry choty round them and let the wet one slip from underneath, so that they neither expose heir body not let the dry cloth get wet. Even when traveling 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 speciacle of this strange religious rite being carried out with unfailing regularity is one which causes tourists to marvel at such zeal. ---

Dominance Among Animals.

His Neighbor-"Why don't you get rid of that measly hound of yours? He's only a mongrel and nothing but a nuisance." Mr. Meekinmild-"I wouldn't part

with him for any money. Nuisance he may be. Mongrel he is. But he's the only member of my household that respects and obeys me."

A CORNER FLOWE BED

By Ann K. Robinson.

Why not turn that scraegly into a beauty-spot by building if bed and planting it with wild flo I did that last spring, but fall

just as well. I loosened the ground as for gi ing, and placed ontop of it about the size of a hat, and just touching each other. Then I height. I was careful that all vices were filled and that no air were left to hinder the upward of moisture. This is important. roots must have direct conne with Mother Earth.

I put on a layer of slightly sr stones between the larger ones. ing them down well, and adding of my good rich losm. When through, a few jagged joints will me, until I thought what nice tre they would make for some do Towards the back, I placed the

er plants - rhododendron, tigs lady's slipper, and wild flowers skunk-cabbage, which is beautiff spite of its name, will look well. Ferns for Shady Places.

There are many varieties of get ferns from the woods.

Bulbs for Spring Blooms.

pienty of time for the r cus is up before the snow is gone, a

the modest pansy; the heads high while their d

Dear Warm Soft Days.

Dear warm soft days in winter's lap That wake the amazed thrush to sin The blackcap for to cock his cap And the bright redstart start a win Folk that lie underground maybap Shall turn and murmur: Is it spring Who at the narrow door doth rap

Run-away-knock, run-away-ring? Whitethroat will clear his throat anot Bids to the woods to gather May, Wimples the stream was cold as

stone. Sure it is Flora's holiday. Nor Jack nor Jill shall walk alone; Twain shall they run and twain shall

Fine feathers sober folk put on And clouds and sorrows pack away

Goldfinch and greenfinch think to Gold house for two in the green

Bright burnished is the creat of the And purple feathers to the daw.

Rattles the ouzel on the lake. And rookeries answer caw and caw Too soon the trusting loves awake To the sweet day without a flaw. Dear warm soft days!

> -Katharine Typan Origin of Blotting Paper.

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

Wild Boars in France. Wild boars still exist in France

ouch an extent that thousands of the

animals pro killed every year.

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