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HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS.
Write your name and address plainly, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Enclose 30c in stamps or coin (coin preferred; wrap it carefully) for each number and address your order to Pattern Dept., Wilson Publishing Co., 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto. Patterns sent by return mail.

Misleading Mariel.
Mariel Misplasher was a queer girl, but the other day she received a proposal of marriage from a man whom she had always regarded as a brother rather than a lover.

"Mariel," he began, "you know I have always turned to you, that I have always thought of you. May I—that is, would you—oh, hang it, Mariel, will you be my wife?"

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Mariel. "What a start you gave me, George. At first I thought you were trying to borrow some money."

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Resignation.

Trouble is part of the common lot. The sacred writer averred that man was born to it as inevitably as "the sparks fly upward." Nevertheless, I hold that it is a big mistake to regard life as a troublesome sea with which we are doomed to battle without cessation.

There is much respite in life, many "havens under the hill" in which one can find peace and rest.

Of all these sure havens, the surest, and the most calm and restful, is the haven of resignation. That word does not mean just "taking things lying down." It means, rather, facing things serenely, standing squarely upon two feet.

Trouble may be inevitable; but its effect upon nerve and heart and will depends almost wholly upon the manner in which it is met, the spirit in which it is endured, the courage with which it is faced.

Trouble may weaken, but it may also strengthen. The sturdiest oak of all its neighbors is usually the one exposed the most to the storm. That is the thought Longfellow expresses when he says:—

O fear not in a world like this,
And thou shalt know ere long,
Know how sublime a thing it is
To suffer and be strong.

That is true resignation—"to suffer and be strong." It is fighting patience, it is calm determination, which cannot be baffled, to win joy and inspiration and hope from life, despite its many discouragements and disillusionments.

When the hero of Bunyan's allegory was flung down by Apollyon, and his sword fell from his hand, he did not give up. The field thought he had the pilgrim of life at his mercy. But the man, though prostrate, was not beaten—though "down," was not "out." He stretched out his hand, clutched his sword again, and crying: "I fall; but I rise again!" sprang to his feet and put the fiend to flight.

We all have to be "up and doing, with a heart for any fate," if we would win through life. Resignation, then, is not the whining cry of the weakling, the folded hands of the conquered. On the contrary, resignation defies all "the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune" by refusing to be slain by them; it is the spirit that smiles even in the face of death, and says: "Be of good cheer; while there's life there's hope!"

Yes, it plucks the fruit of courage from the tree of despair, and finds flowers of hope growing on the margin of life's roughest roads. It believes in the happy endings of the most sombre volumes of experience.

The Child and Music Study.

Success in teaching music to children depends largely on getting the children interested in the music study. It goes without saying that a child, as well as an adult, will learn music or anything else quicker and better if an interest is aroused in the study or the pursuit. Yet it must not be imagined that the pleasure of the child is the special goal at which we aim. If it were we would never give the child technical exercises, and to many of them no pieces except popular ones. And if we carry the idea to its logical conclusion in other studies the amount of grammar, arithmetic, geography, history and spelling that many children would learn might be put into a vest pocket.

No, the proper aim of the music teacher is to educate all his pupils in music, real music, high-toned music, and in time difficult music; to train the ear to distinguish the pure from the impure, the true from the false, and the lofty from the degraded; to make the hand of the pianist flexible and dexterous; for the singer to make the voice sweet and pure, with perfect intonation and pronunciation. All this calls for much time and attention to technical and detail work. The teacher that ignores all this, whether distinctly or from oversight, therein writes himself or herself down a number one failure.

Art is exacting. Now the practical teacher must work out the problem of harmonizing these two things which may seem inconsistent; first, the high and stern requirements of art and true culture; second, the securing of the child's interest in the study or pursuit. In some cases the problem is easy of solution, in others nearly or quite impossible. Sometimes a real or apparent compromise will finally attain the desired end.

Mindard's Liniment for Sore Back.
Thoughtless of Him.
Mrs. Newwood—"What's this thing, dear?"

Newwood—"It's a pawn ticket, honey."

Mrs. Newwood—"Why didn't you get two, so we could both go?"

That Foreigner at Lathrop's

BY ROSE WILDER LANE.

PART I.

Bill Morton saw him first. Old Bill Morton, driving home from Stillwater Farmers' Exchange in the mud-spattered flivver, with the empty cream cans joggling each other in the back of it, saw the stranger walking ahead of him down the road.

From the looks of him Bill would have thought he was one of the summer folks, if it had been the season for them. But this was only April; the river was still in muddy flood, the windows of the big hotel on the cliffs were boarded up, and the portable houses scattered in the woods looked as uninhabitable as last year's birds' nests.

Summer folks didn't come till June, and Bill Morton wondered what this fellow was doing in Green Valley. He was too well dressed for a tramp, in knee pants, putties and corduroy coat; he couldn't be anybody's new hired man, abroad at that hour; and he wasn't a hunter, for he had neither gun nor dog.

So when the flivver came up to him, Bill shut down the gas and shouted, "Like a lift?"

He almost bit back the words as he said them. If he had not shouted before he saw the soft brown eyes, the pale dark skin and white teeth flashing between a dark little mustache and a flare of loose bow tie, Bill would have gone past in silence. He knew something about foreigners, Young Bill having come back from the war with many tales. Bill had no prejudice against them, but he was by nature a cautious man. It was now too late, however. The stranger, with a large flowing gesture of gratitude, got in.

"Come far?" Bill asked, letting in the clutch, and he looked sidewise under grizzled eyebrows at that foreign face.

The stranger said, in surprisingly good English, that he had walked from Stillwater. Bill thought he must have come in on Number Five that morning. Bill shouted above the jangle of the cream cans, "Going far?" He did not quite catch the reply, but gathered that it was vague and indefinite. He asked at once, "Looking for work?"

With eight cows, and four heifers coming fresh that month, not to speak of spring planting piling up on him, Bill hadn't needed a steady hired man, especially since Young Bill was married and had his own farm to take care of.

The foreign man showed all his teeth again, saying "No" with his head, and "Thank you" with his shoulders.

From that moment Bill began to dislike him. A full-grown, apple-bellied man, walking idly along the road in spring, when there was more work than all hands could possibly do! It looked suspicious, to say the least.

From all accounts in the papers, this was no time to pick up shabby strangers on lonely roads, and Bill thought with some grimness of that stretch of wood road beyond the Widow Lathrop's. He wouldn't stop now and ask the man to get out, but he would keep an eye on him.

The man was about forty, hard to tell exactly; he looked wiry and maybe carried a knife, Bill thought, aware of his fat wallet where it lay against his ribs. But if it came that, Bill judged he could take care of himself. For all his fifty years, he had no cause to mistrust the muscles that sheathed his broad shoulders and bulged at need, on arms and legs.

Coming around the bend of road by the willow thicket, in sight of the Widow Lathrop's white house and red barns, Bill looked for a glimpse of the blue gingham and flaming hair.

"Carrot Top!" he'd called Ellen Mears when they went to school together, and though for twenty years he had addressed her as "Mrs. Lathrop," he thought of her as "Ellie." His wife, dead these sixteen years, had called her that, and the word "Ellie" meant to him that flame of hair and an impression of neat freshness, competence and spunk.

The Lathrop farm had been a run-down place of a hundred weedy morgan-gated acres fourteen years ago when Jim Lathrop was killed by a runaway team, and she took hold. Bill Morton never came around that bend in the road without being struck again by what she had done.

He saw her now, coming up the garden path. She waved her hand to him and he slowed down, stopping by the mail box just outside the paling fence. Young spears of grass were thick in her front yard, and she came around by the gravel path, and between rows of the spiky-leaved yellow flowers that bloomed on each side of it. It beat all how she made time to fuss with them. Some of the grass, stuck to the thick mud on her shoes and her skirt was dabbled with wet at the hem. There was something jolly about her stout neat figure and the way she walked. She pushed back her sunbonnet and that red hair almost made a man blink. Red hair and temper go together, and she had a temper, all right, the way she made the hired man jump into their jobs. But she could keep a hired man longer than anybody else in Green Valley.

Bill got out of the car and handed her cream cans over the fence. She took them in her strong brown hands, muddy from the garden, and asked what he had decided about setting out tomatoes for the cannery. For her part, she said, she wasn't going to do it. It paid well—sixty dollars an acre she'd cleared last year. But with tomatoes taking it out of the land the way they did, and so much trouble getting hired help enough to handle them—her blue glance went over Bill's shoulder to the stranger. Bill said nothing, so she knew he was not a new hired man. Bill gave her the cream slip and got back into the car. "Spring's certainly here," she said. Her sleeves were rolled up and above the brown wrists her folded arms on the gate were pink and white as a baby's. She had put the cream slip into her apron pocket without a glance at it.

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He smiled that gleaming smile under his mustache and did not say much. Mrs. Lathrop held that red head of hers in the air and talked and laughed more than usual.

World's Cleverest Thieves.
Human nature presents few more interesting studies than the criminal tribes of India, says a writer in the *Wide World Magazine*. They number about a million and live entirely by organized crime.

Roaming the length and breadth of the country, they prey upon native and British society alike, with a cleverness that is almost uncanny. Quite uneducated, they are nevertheless the most ingenious and resourceful rogues in the world, so much so that all the forces of law and order are incapable of curbing their activities.

The "crimes," as they are called, consist of different sects or castes, who form themselves into tribes, villages, or clans each sect pursuing its own type of crime. There is a sect, for instance, which is addicted solely to housebreaking; another whose members are colmers; and neither would ever dream of encroaching upon the province of another tribe or clan whose special forte might be picking pockets.

The members of one tribe devote their time exclusively to jewel robbing; to railway trains, carrying out their thefts with almost inhuman stealth and dexterity. Again, many of the sects will on no account commit violence; others, on the contrary, do not hesitate to murder. Some rob only at night; others only during the day. These eccentricities of conduct are so strictly observed that they have assumed the nature of rites, and are adhered to most religiously.

That Apostrophe!
Many people are worried by the possessive apostrophe. They seem to think that it must always be used before the final "s." For instance, not long ago a notice in a hall read, "Ladies' room," instead of "Ladies' room."

The general rule is to put the apostrophe immediately after the singular form of the noun if one person or thing is meant, and after the plural when more than one is meant. When the plural is formed by the addition of "s" this rule is plain and easy. Thus we should say: "My boy's school" and "A large boys' school"; "That little fish's tail" and "Fishes' tails."

The trouble begins when the plural form of the word does not end in "s." But it need not. If the rule to place the apostrophe immediately after the plural is remembered, for instance, one should write "Men's heads," "Women's hats."

There are words which make no change for singular and plural. Thus we say, "A sheep's fleece" and "A thousand sheep's fleeces." Other words have no singular form. Thus we should write, "My shears' blades" and "The scissors' edges are dull," whether speaking of one pair or a gross.

Another World.
The weight of a load depends upon the attraction of the earth. But suppose the attraction of the earth were removed? A ton on some other planet, where the attraction of gravity is less, does not weigh half a ton. Now Christianty removes the attraction of the earth, and this is one way it diminishes men's burden. It makes them citizens of another world.—W. H. Drummond, in "What Yokes Are For."

Strenuous.
"What makes you so tired?"
"I dreamed all night that I was waiting in line to get tickets for a football game."

Mindard's Liniment for Colic.

RICH MEN'S SMALL BEGINNINGS

"I found it much easier to make my second million than to save my first hundred pounds." Such was the confession of Mr. Andrew Carnegie. And it has been the experience of most men who have amassed great wealth, says an English writer.

Mr. Carnegie had toiled a dozen years—as bobbin boy at tenpence a day, engine-tender, telegraph boy, and messenger—before he was able to scrape together his first hundred pounds out of his wages of 25s. a week as a railway clerk.

Lord Lovelock began his climb to millions behind the counter of a grocer's shop, working early and late for a weekly shilling and his keep; and he was well in the twenties before he had £100 to call his own!

Sir Thomas Lipton—Stowaway!
Mr. Gordon Selridge says: "I started off in the very bottom, as a boy, at Marshall Field's great store in Chicago and worked my way up step by step to be manager of a department. But it was slow climbing, and I had been working hard for many years before I had a hundred pounds as nest-egg."

At eleven Sir Thomas Lipton was earning half a crown a week as errand boy to a Glasgow stationer. A few years later he was crossing the Atlantic as a stowaway in search of fortune. Several years of great hardship passed—working on a Carolina rice plantation and doing any jobs he could get—before he was able to return to Scotland with £100 in his pocket and open his small shop in Stobcross Street, Glasgow.

Vegetable Hawker to Wool King.
Lord Pirrie, the millionaire ship-builder, was fifteen when he left his cottage home at Clarendon, in County Down, to sit on a stool in Messrs. Harland and Wolff's office in Belfast; and so clever and diligent did he prove himself that within six years he had graduated as head-draughtsman. "By that time," he said, "by saving every possible penny I had managed to put by my first hundred pounds."

Sir James Hill, baronet and "Wool King," started on the road to riches by hawking vegetables through the streets of Bradford. Deserting his barrow, he next set himself to learn weaving and wool-stapling. He graduated as buyer and salesman, scraped together every pound he could spare from the most frugal living, and was at last able to start in business for himself as a wool-merchant in Bradford. From that time his progress to riches has been unbroken; and today the ex-hawker controls several large companies, employs an army of work-people, and is reputed to be one of Britain's richest men.

Man Who Made Jamaica.
Sir Donald Currie, founder of the famous castle line to South Africa, saved his first £100 from his salary as clerk in a Greenock shipping office. And Sir Alfred Jones, the man who made Jamaica, began his successful career at fifteen in the office of the African Steamship Company, where, he has said, "small pay and plenty of work were my lot. I was twenty-two before I, by much self-denial, had saved a hundred pounds."

Men in Women's Clothes.
In carnivals and festivities men often dress up as women, and women as men. The motive for such interchange of clothing is a purely social one, expressive of the desire for good-fellowship and amiability.

Among semi-civilized races, however, interchange of dress is a very serious business and is practised regularly. In many of the numerous islands in Australasia, whenever a man is troubled with an evil spirit he leaves his home secretly, dons a woman's dress, assumes a female voice, and pretends to be other than he really is.

In some of the remotest parts of Wales a man will dress in his wife's clothes in order to change a spell of bad luck.

In China a father's trousers are hung on a clothes-line above his child's cot, so that evil influences may enter into them instead of into the child.

The ancient Lyones dressed themselves as women whenever one of their number died. Pharoah, the historian, explains this by saying that it is womanly and weak to mourn.

"Draw It Mild."
The expression, "Draw it mild!" is nowadays a sly injunction not to indulge in too much exaggeration, or in other words, and to use another phrase, so to cease to "draw the long bow."

One would naturally conclude that the phrase arose in the drawing-room of the village inn, and this idea is strengthened by the "Inglishby Legends," where, in "Disadvantages at Margate," Mr. Simpson asks for "a pint of double N, and please to draw it mild!"

At the same time, the expression is musical. The leader of the orchestra used to tell the violin players to "draw it mild"—that is, to play pianissimo, to draw their bows mildly or gently over the strings, and not to exaggerate the notes. Even the opposite expression, "Come it strong," is a musical term, and is equivalent to fortissimo.

China's Bank Clerks' Small Pay.
The average salary of a bank clerk in China is about \$15 a month.

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