

When You Can Buy "SATADA" TEA

Why be content with inferior tea.



A SIMPLE AND SMART APRON.

Much can be said in favor of this apron. It is usually attractive, yet very simply made, besides being a source of joy to the busy housewife who hurries home from her shopping and slips it on with a knowledge that her dress is protected while she goes about her work. The pattern is cut in one piece and has a becoming V-neck and useful patch pockets, while the back fastens over on the front at both sides, under the arms. Chintz, gingham, chambray, cretonne or percale are all suitable materials, and may be appropriately trimmed with rickrack braid, or braid with self or contrasting material. No. 1624 is for ladies and misses and is in size 36 and 44 inches bust. Size 36 requires 2 1/2 yards 27-inch material. 20c.

The garments illustrated in our new Fashion Book are advance styles for the home dressmaker, and the woman or girl who desires to wear garments dependable for taste, simplicity and economy will find her desires fulfilled in our patterns. Price of the book 10 cents the copy.

HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS.
Write your name and address plainly, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Enclose 20c in stamps or coin (coin preferred); wrap it carefully for each number and address your order to Patters Dept., Wilson Publishing Co., 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto. Patterns sent by return mail.

Big Yield of Potatoes.
A most remarkable record of potato production has been reported from a plot of little more than half an acre on the farm of Mr. Graybill, just a mile west of Commerce, near Lethbridge, Alberta. These were Gold Coin potatoes and non-irrigated, and the small plot yielded 12 tons and 300 pounds. One potato weighed 63 oz. or three pounds 15 ounces, and there were over 200 potatoes which weighed between two and three pounds each.

All for Naught.
Willie returned very proudly from his first day at school, and his father asked him what he had been taught. He replied: "Teacher taught us how to say 'Yes, ma'am' and 'No, sir.'"
"Is that so?"
"Yep!"

Use SIMONDS SAWS

BECAUSE guaranteed to cut 10% more timber in same time, with less labor than any other saw.

SIMONDS CANADA SAW CO. LTD.
MONTREAL
VANCOUVER, ST. JOHN, N.B., TORONTO

1881 F. No. 50-25.

That Foreigner at Lathrop's

BY ROSE WILDER LANE.

PART II.

They drove away in her car, and after she had fed him one of her famous Sunday dinners—"Acting as if he was some nabob or other!" Mandy Simmons said—they went walking together. Julie Morton and Jeff Rogers met them just after sunset, coming down the woods road. Mrs. Lathrop had a bunch of violets in her hands and almost blushed when she met Julie's eyes.

Bill Morton was profoundly disturbed, perhaps feeling himself somewhat responsible. He had told the fellow how valuable the Lathrop farm was. But he was hardly more disturbed than the rest of Green Valley. A few tried to dismiss the matter by saying there is no feel like an old fool, and no accounting for women. But almost everybody really cared for her. They remembered how hard she had worked all her life, getting together that good home for her old age, and how kind she had been to them in times of trouble and sickness, and they said it was a shame; something should be done about it.

Still, what could be done? Nobody had the courage to warn her, and nothing could be learned about the man. Once or twice he let his bill run at the Stillwater House, but just as it seemed that he might be put out for not paying it, he came in with the money.

And the rush of spring had come upon Green Valley, so that between dawn and dark there was hardly time for man or woman to draw a free breath, they were so driven by work. Only the foreman had nothing to do. Tired men, stopping to breathe their horses at the end of rows, looked up and saw him leaning idly on a fence, looking off across country, or walking down the road, bareheaded and whistling.

When he was near enough he always shouted a greeting and often tried to start a conversation; but the farmers cut that short with a chirp to their horses. At night they told their womenfolk about it. The women said that nowadays he was just about a free boarder at Mrs. Lathrop's. Mandy Simmons said that after supper they sat on the front porch till all hours, he talking about Mexico and other foreign places. Or sometimes they walked down the orchard lane in the moonlight. If it had been anybody but Ellie Lathrop, people would have begun to talk about her. As it was, Mandy Simmons wouldn't put it past her to up and marry him.

When she heard that, Mrs. John Hanafield made up her mind. Ellie Lathrop had been like a sister to her, and she wasn't going to stand by and do nothing to save her now. She put on her hat and went up to the Lathrop place. It was a warm May afternoon. The apple trees were in bloom, and the big white house gleamed in the sunshine. The lilacs were out, and wisteria hung in heavy clusters all along the porch.

Mrs. Hanafield went around to the side porch, stepping carefully among a flock of yellow chicks, while the hen clucked frantically to call them away from her black skirts. Hearing the hen, Ellie Lathrop came to the screen door. Her hands were floury; she was in the kitchen, making Parker House rolls for supper.

Mrs. Hanafield did not waste any time. As soon as she was settled in a chair by the kitchen table she said, "Ellie, I've come to talk to you. I think it's time somebody should, and you ought to know you haven't a true friend than I am."

Ellie Lathrop went on cutting out rounds of dough. "Yes, I know that," she said. Mrs. Hanafield looked at her, and hardly knew how to go on. Suddenly she felt like crying. She began to plait the edge of her handkerchief in her lap.

"Ellie," she said, "I've made up my mind to tell you—you don't know, nobody ever knew, how I felt about him. How he talked and everything, and what happened; why he went away like he did."

She was talking, Ellie Lathrop knew, about the man she had married after John Hanafield died. Everybody in Green Valley had said at the time that she was a fool, marrying a man two or three years younger than she was, who only wanted her for her money. They had been married only five weeks when he went away and she had been a deserted wife ever since. But people still called her Mrs. John Hanafield, as if to pretend that they had forgotten.

"Ellie," she said, "I never knew anybody talk like he did. It was like poetry. About moonlight and flowers and—me." In spite of herself she began to cry. "I'm a silly old fool, I know," she sobbed. "But oh, Ellie, I was so tired of always being sensible! I couldn't help it. Seemed like—"

"Yes, I know," Ellie Lathrop said, resting her hands on the edge of the dough board and looking straight ahead of her out of the window. "John was a good man. He worked hard and never was mean to me." Mrs. Hanafield said tremulously, "It wasn't that I didn't appreciate him, Ellie. I always did. Only—I—guess I was always kind of silly, maybe." She wiped her eyes and blew her nose.

"That's how he got around me the way he did," she went on, speaking of that other man. "Oh, Ellie, I don't want it to happen to you."

Ellie Lathrop began taking up the rolls, folding them and tucking them into the baking pan. Her lips looked as pinched as the edges of the dough. Mrs. Hanafield did not know what she was thinking.

"Please don't be mad at me," she pleaded. "I made up my mind to tell you, Ellie. I never told anybody what he did," she went on, desperately. "When we were five weeks married we went up to see Henry Kennedy at the bank. We were going to take a trip to California. He said he was expecting a lot of money."

She tried to look at Ellie Lathrop again, but couldn't lift her eyes above those hands, busy with the rolls. "His money didn't come, and I—well—he thought just a little mortgage on the farm—till it come—so I left him at the bank to fix it up."

"When I came back Henry Kennedy called me in and talked to me. Henry Kennedy talked to him, and Ellie, he—he said he didn't care what interest he paid just so he got the money. He said he'd give a thousand dollars interest if the bank would lend him three thousand on the farm."

"Then Henry told him he was a crook and he wouldn't lend him a cent. That's what happened, Ellie. That's what he tried to do to me. When Henry Kennedy told him that, he just went out and took the car and drove out to the farm. And when I got there he was gone and he'd even taken mother's pearl and he'd even taken Mrs. Hanafield pressed her hands kerchief hard against her lips.

"Please don't be mad at me, Ellie," she said again. "Only when I think how you—"

"I'm not mad at you, Mary," Ellie Lathrop said. "I'm glad you told me." Ellie's face was mottled red and white. "I—I guess were all fools, us women," she said then, and shut her lips tight.

"Jim was the same way—like your John," she went on. "Seems like you think, after they get a woman, all she wants is a good home. All they think about is more cows and more land. Seems like there ought to be more to living than that," she said, her voice shaking, and she put her arms around Mrs. Hanafield.

But after a while, when they'd both washed their eyes in cold water and Mrs. Hanafield was leaving, Ellie Lathrop said, "I don't blame you a mite, Mary. Maybe John thought he was a good provider, but he wasn't. If he'd've left you something to remember besides hard work and money in the bank you'd never've listened to that other man. But good men haven't much sense that way, I guess. I guess it's only the rascals that—that know how to get around a woman. Moonlight!" she said, as if the word was mud.

Thinking it over, Mrs. Hanafield felt that she had acted for the best, and she was sure of it when she saw that Mendoza man hurrying toward town about six o'clock. She hoped Ellie Lathrop was rid of him for good and all.

Mandy Simmons had met him at the door when he came, barring his way with her broad skirts. "Mrs. Lathrop says to say she's sorry, but she's sick and can't see anybody," Mandy said.

"What is the matter? What does the doctor say?" said Mr. Mendoza, very much agitated, and he took a step nearer, but Mandy did not budge an inch. "It is not possible!" he said again. "She—so radiant, so—"

"All I know is, she was lying down upstairs when I came back from my sister's this afternoon, and the kitchen full of smoke and the bread burned to cinders in the oven," said Mandy, and she said—

"But surely you have called the doctor?" Mr. Mendoza interrupted, and seeing Mandy's surprise he continued rapidly, "I will go at once and get him. I will—"

"My good-ness!" Mandy exclaimed in exasperation. "She don't need a doctor any more than a cat needs two tails. All she needs is to be let alone."

Mr. Mendoza bit at the edge of his mustache. After a moment he said, "Please, will you give her my very sincere respects? I regret very much—I—hope she will recover soon."

He went away, and Mandy, watching behind the parlor curtains, saw him turn and look back at the place several times. She did not say anything to Mrs. Lathrop, knowing that she must have heard the whole conversation through the bedroom window upstairs. Nor did she say anything to the hired men. She was saying the news to tell her sister as soon as ever the dishes were washed.

(To be concluded.)

Outside of That—
"My boy, why are you not in school today?"
"My mother needs me at home today, besides, this is a holiday, besides school hasn't started yet besides I'm not old-enough to go to school!"

Minard's Liniment for Colds.

Looking at Pictures.

Among the most pathetic figures in the world must be counted the men and women who may be seen in any picture-gallery slowly circumambulating the four walls with eyes fixed upon catalogue or guide-book, only looking up at intervals to insure that they are standing before the right picture. . . . Again and again they find themselves looking at famous pictures without seeing them. They are conscious that some wonderful power has hidden there, but they do not know the charmed word to release it. They feel sure they should be interested; at the same time they know they are bored. . . . They do indeed deeply honor the names of the great masters upon the picture-frames; some slight acquaintance with them inspires reverence and respect, but where it goes beyond this it is for the most part an unfeeling and unreasoning hero-worship.

We long to feel at home in a collection of pictures, instead of lost in a strange world and out of touch with its inhabitants. . . . And indeed here is no book written, or ever to be written, which will suddenly transform the industrious and well-intentioned reader into the just and experienced critic. The art of being pictures is not contained in rules or formulae. Books alone can no more teach how to see pictures than how to paint them.

The art man . . . points of view to consider in looking at pictures, which need only to be suggested to appeal at once to the spectator. They in their turn suggest others. The standpoint widens, and the spirit of criticism is awakened. Pictures which before we have passed

Perhaps a hundred times, nor cared to see,

acquire an interest, a fascination for us that is in the nature of a revelation. Our purely intellectual pleasure in the pictures and problems of pictorial art, its historical and archeological sides, grows to be of the keenest. Wholely distinct from these our aesthetic delight in the beauties of form and color increases with each new discovery. Enjoyment follows hard upon understanding. Every branch of the graphic arts gains a special and peculiar interest. A collection becomes the meeting place of familiar friends and faces. With experience and knowledge, each picture falls into its place in the mind.

It is the wholehearted enjoyment which comes with growing powers of appreciation that gives painting, and indeed all art, its fascination for most of us. Sympathy and whatever of the artist there may be in each of us enables us to read something of our own into the most perfect picture ever painted, something of which even the painter never dreamed.—Robert Clement White, in "How to Look at Pictures."

Industries in Manitoba.

J. E. Walsh, General Manager of the Manitoba Manufacturers' Association, recently completed a survey of the industries in the Prairie Provinces, and statistics included in the survey show that in 1910 Manitoba had 439 factories with a turn-over of \$25,000,000, while in 1924 the same province had 785 factories with a turn-over of more than \$102,000,000. Mr. Walsh pointed out that other Western provinces had shown corresponding gains and mentioned that the manufacturing industry in Canada is moving westward.

Sugar Factory Finishes Season.

The sugar factory at Raymond, Alberta, has finished business for this season, with a total delivery of about 36,000 tons of beet. About \$180,000 has been paid out to the farmers for beets. About 100,000 bags of sugar have been made, with 12,000 tons of pulp available for stock feeding.

Wendy, Who Is Eight.

Silent and still, she lies. The light is burning low. Her face a cameo, and her eyes Seek in the dusk to know. It down the passage dimly hidden One should come, whom she has hidden.

She feels me kneel, and softly joys To find it is no other; Then pats me gently with her hand, Mothering me—her mother.

The Hairless Brother.

A little girl was regarding with critical eye her newly arrived baby brother. The proud father, who was decidedly bald and hated any reference to the fact, was also gazing on his son and heir.

"What a pity my boy brother hasn't got any hair!" said the little girl. "He'll grow beautifully later on," replied the nurse.

"But papa's Daddy's was a dreadful long time starting!" exclaimed the little maid.

ELECTRICITY BIG JOBS FOR HOME TRAINED MEN.

Electrical experts earn BIG PAY. There is a constant demand for TRAINED MEN. Electrical experts earn \$3500 to \$5000 per year. NO HIGH SCHOOL OR COLLEGE EDUCATION REQUIRED. WE ASSIST OUR STUDENTS TO EMPLOYMENT. YOU CAN EARN WHILE YOU LEARN.

New Day and Evening Classes now forming. Come in or write—Let's discuss your future. Day, Evening and Correspondence Classes.

CANADIAN SCHOOL OF ELECTRICITY

DEPT. 50, 533 PHILLIPS SQUARE, MONTREAL.

Stays Lit in Any Wind Does Not Smoke

SMP BEACON LANTERNS

SOLD EVERYWHERE

FOR ALL your baking, use **MAGIC BAKING POWDER**

Made in Canada - No Alum!

MAGIC BAKING POWDER

CONTAINS NO ALUM!

English Discard Waffle, Return to Bacon, Eggs

London has voted against the American waffle. Just about a year ago a great firm of caterers put the crisp and toothsome American concoction on their menus. Maple syrup, so-called, was imported to pour on the waffles.

For a few months they were popular. Then the demand dwindled and finally disappeared. The caterers attempted to revive interest in the waffle, even tried putting an egg in the batter, but staid old London held aloof.

The caterers say the explanation is that eating is a serious business with the English. Bacon and eggs, beef and boiled potatoes stick to the ribs in cold weather. Waffles may satisfy American appetites, but they scarcely arouse English curiosity as food.

Farm Workers to Get Three Acres and Cow

The possibility of becoming the owner of a home with enough land to grow vegetables and keep a cow, pig and poultry, is opened to every agricultural worker in Britain by a Government measure on "Small Holdings and Allotments" now before the House of Commons.

Cottage holdings—comprising a dwelling house and not more than three acres of agricultural land which can be cultivated by the occupier and his family—are to be sold to the occupiers in consideration of the payment of an annuity equal to the "full fair rent" for a period of 60 years, as in the case of small holdings. None but bona fide agricultural workers or persons employed in a rural industry will be qualified to become purchasers of cottage holdings.

Classical Words.

We have borrowed so many that it has lately been calculated that as many as one-fourth of the words which we can find in a full-sized Latin dictionary have found their way directly or indirectly into the English vocabulary. A large number of these are Greek words which the Romans had taken from them. Thus, taking into account those Greek words which have come to us by other channels, Greek and Latin form a very large and a very important part of the English language. All through the history of our nation the two threads can be seen running together. At first sight they appear to be so inextricably twisted round one another as to form but one solid cord, but it is not so difficult to unravel them. The fact, for instance, that hospital, parliament, and prison are Latin, while church and school have only come through Latin from the Greek, is symbolic of the two main divisions into which the classical part of our language falls, for words which are genuinely of Latin origin—unless they have to translate the thoughts of Greek writers—are very often concerned with the material outer world, but words of Greek origin are more likely to be landmarks in the world of thoughts and feelings.—Owen Barfield, in "History in English Words."

To Workers All.

O workers of the world, I love you all! We clap kind hands Across the wide world's miles.

We tell, my friends, along a common way No matter what The task or distance run.

There is a sweet good cheer that draws us close In comradeship Along the upward road.

A comradeship with him, the Master strong, Who went before And lighted well the path.

O workers of the world, I love you all! Together we Will follow and be glad.

—Martha M. Smith.

One of the reasons why the flesh of the salmon is red is that it contains a pigment of that color found in sea plants.

SING AND BE HEALTHY

There seems to be a widespread belief that singing tends to make people soft—that it makes them put on flesh at the expense of muscle, renders them flabby to coughs and colds, and even affects them still more drastically, writes Eric Marshall, the popular baritone, in the London Daily Express.

I believe that those false ideas have arisen simply because most people who sing produce their voices in quite the wrong way. Forced methods of singing are bound to be harmful.

But to sing in an easy, unstrained manner results in an expansion of the chest, stimulates the action of the heart, and invigorates the whole system as nothing else can. I know of nothing that would do more to improve the health of the nation than a movement to encourage people to sing in a natural way.

Poison in Your Lungs.

I speak from personal experience. Before I learned to sing naturally, my health was far from good. I never felt fit. I was constantly catching colds. I even had to undergo several operations. But as soon as I was taught not to hold my breath, but to open my throat and let it come naturally, my health improved enormously.

Since learning to sing correctly I have never had a single day's illness. I have never even had a cold or a sore throat. At the present moment I ride to hounds, fence, box, row, climb mountains, and play golf. Even after four or five hours' continuous singing I do not feel really tired. In fact, I feel better than I have ever felt in my life.

Sometimes I am asked why singing should have such an effect on the health. To sing you have to breathe correctly. I am not a doctor, but I am told that the average man exhales only 27 per cent. of the poisonous gases from his lungs.

A man who is singing in a natural manner exhales nearly 80 per cent. of these gases. These figures may or may not be precisely correct, but I know that if I give up singing for a while I soon begin to feel that I want to ventilate my lungs.

A Natural Desire.

In my opinion singing is an integral part of a man's healthy functions. Every child wants to sing. It is a natural desire, and a child quite naturally produces his voice correctly—unless he tries to imitate someone else.

The tragedy of it is that most children when they grow up either stifle this desire or develop artificial methods of singing. Instead of singing as they did in their childhood, they close their throats and hold in their breath. Nothing could be worse for them.

If everyone could be persuaded to sing freely in the way that Nature intended him or her to do, I feel sure that the health of the nation would improve immensely.

Workers of the World.

O workers of the world, I love you all! We clap kind hands Across the wide world's miles.

We tell, my friends, along a common way No matter what The task or distance run.

There is a sweet good cheer that draws us close In comradeship Along the upward road.

A comradeship with him, the Master strong, Who went before And lighted well the path.

O workers of the world, I love you all! Together we Will follow and be glad.

—Martha M. Smith.