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Woman's Interests

WHAT COLORS WILL DO.

Not very long ago I was asked what made a dress becoming to the wearer. I did not answer the question then, but I have been turning it over in my mind since, and I have decided on three things: color, line, and material. I put color first.

If I were asked in what proportion they contributed to becomingness, I would make color 90 per cent. You know a dress may be old style but becoming because of the color. However, the idea can't be reversed successfully. If the lines of the dress were graceful, the style straight from the rue de la Paix, and the color wrong, the dress would not flatter the wearer. A shoddy material of pretty and becoming color is not unpleasant to the eye. Color may make the eyes seem brighter, reflect a warm glow in the face, bring out the lights in the hair. It may make a person seem more slender.

In fact, color will work hard to help you to be better-looking if you pick out a friendly one. Each one has certain characteristics on which you may depend. I have tabulated some of them for my own use, and will pass them along to you.

White makes an object seem large. You know that a white house looks larger than one that is painted a dark drab color. This is also true of clothes. If you are stout, cross white off your list, except as a trimming and as an accessory.

Black apparently lessens bulk. It is slenderizing.

Just go with dark shades and light tints. Dark objects seem smaller than light ones. Pastel shades, such as delicate pink, blue, and lavender, make a person seem stouter, while dark shades give the impression of less weight.

We unconsciously associate colors with nature. Azure blue is cool and restful because it brings to mind the vast expanse of the sky.

Bluish lavender and violet tints seem cool and soothing. They are the shades that lurk in the shadows.

Green is another cool shade, for it symbolizes foliage.

On the other hand, red, orange shades, and yellows are identical with the rays of the sun, and give the feeling of warmth.

White in summer seems cool, for it brings to mind such things as snow-fields and fleecy clouds.

Mixed colors, such as brown, beige, and gray, may take on either the quality of the cool or the warm shades. Brown may be reddish in tint and warm, or have more green in it and be cool. The same is true of beige. A bluish purple is cool, while a reddish purple is warm. Most grays are cool, but you will find now and then gray tinted with a little yellow that gives a warm glow.

Colors seem to advance or recede from the eye. The warm range of colors—red, orange, and yellow—appear to advance, while the greens and blues seem to recede from the eye. That is why reds, orange, and yellow are used so often for sports clothes. They make gay spots out of doors. A clear yellow can be seen the farthest of any color.

PAINTING A RUG.

I bought a wool-fibre rug of good design, but it was light in color and I wanted a dark blue. After the rug had lost its new look I thought of painting it dark blue. I used ordinary paint, diluting it with kerosene to make it brush in easily. The design still showed through the paint, giving a good-looking two-tone effect, and it has worn very well.—F. L. T.

SHIRTS FOR GROWING BOYS.

As sleeves have a way of becoming too short, it is a good plan when making boys' blouses or shirts, to cut them somewhat longer than required, and to put a tuck on the inside just above the cuff.

DENIM JACKETS.

We mothers in the country all recognize what a serviceable garment for boys is the overall, but I wonder how many are aware what a valuable addition is the little denim jacket. This will outwear lighter shirts or blouses many times over, besides being very easy to launder. When fashioned of the same color denim as the overall it makes a neat little outfit.

The jacket may be cut over a blouse pattern by reducing the flare somewhat, and adding two or three inches to the length. A straight coat sleeve and a narrow band around the neck have proved most satisfactory.—M. S.



A POPULAR BLOUSE IN SLIP-ON STYLE.

4509. An old friend with new features is this stylish model. The fullness of the front makes this style attractive for slender figures. The sleeve may be in wrist or elbow length. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size requires 2 1/2 yards of 32-inch material. If made with short sleeves 2 1/4 yards will be required.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 20c in silver, by the Wilson Publishing Co., 78 West Adelaide St., Toronto.

Send 15c in silver for our up-to-date Fall and Winter 1924-1925 Book of Fashions.

From Coal to Oil.

The great oil-burning ships of today are a sort of stoker's paradise. The old dirt and raging heat of the coal-burning days have gone, and the more turning of a tap is sufficient to spray the oil from the tanks under the boilers.

From the point of view of the whole ship's company, too, "oil" in port is very much more pleasant than coaling, which meant that the whole vessel, with everybody in it, was smothered in dust. Now, however, a tanker comes alongside the ship and fixes a flexible pipe through a hatch in her side. Presently the soft thud of the pump is heard, and the whole thing is soon over, without fuss or bother.

While oil is cleaner than coal aboard ship, however, it is otherwise so far as the sea is concerned, and many complaints have been made regarding the pollution of the water around the coasts by waste oil from oil-burning ships.

Britain's smallest house is at Conway Quay, North Wales; it has a frontage of 6 ft., is 10 ft. 2 ins. high, and measures 8 ft. 4 in. from front to back.

Minard's Liniment Heals Cuts.

"When Hearts Command"

By ELIZABETH YORK MILLER

"When hearts command,
From minds the foggy counsellors depart."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.—(Contd.)

"A boy-and-girl affair—but, of course, they marry very early in Jamaica, and my parents were terribly upset. She wasn't at all in Max's class."

Ardeyne wondered what Mrs. Egan had meant by that, but he did not ask her. (The idea of a boy of 16 contemplating marriage at all was naturally most repugnant. He looked such a child now with the weight of mortal illness on him. And he had the mind of a child. There had been very little tutoring on that coffee plantation, and the boy had never been sent to school. Tony Egan's son, a half-caste, Ardeyne shuddered. What if the boy were his own son. Yet this was an example of mere physical resemblance to forbears—a matter of blood. Wasn't the brain different? Are we not even the captains of our brains?)

If Tony Egan had lived—if he hadn't been shot and killed by that madman—would he have suffered his own flesh, however alien in color, to have been brought up in that hazardous way? It was a question which Ardeyne could not answer. One could not blame Carrie. She had the whole Egan family against her, and there was that savage streak in her which deeply resented indignity. Her suffering could scarcely be measured by ordinary people.

The day raced to its close, and after an early meal at his club Philip found himself back at Harley Street, with a couple of bags to pack and a few notes to be jotted down for Townsend's benefit.

It was then for the first time that he thought of Alice in connection with this journey, and how it might affect her. It was rather a pity that the patient was a son of Carrie Egan, who had been so maliciously rude to Alice yesterday.

Ardeyne sat down at his desk and rang up The Rushes. It was some little time before he got Maidenhead. The line was unusually busy. But finally he was through, and the parlor maid told him that Mrs. Ardeyne was still at dinner. For a wild moment he thought of merely sending a verbal message to Alice and writing to her later, but it would not do.

"Ask Mrs. Ardeyne to come to the telephone," he said.

There was a brief pause, then Alice spoke to him.

"Oh, Philip, is that you?"

"Yes, dear—I wanted to tell you—"

"Oh, Philip, it's so good to hear your voice. I've been missing you so!

I think I'll come up to town to-morrow."

"No, listen, Alice. Don't come up. I've got to go away for a few days. I'm leaving to-morrow morning."

"Could you come with you?"

From the fresh eagerness of her voice he knew she had no suspicion, as yet, that his contemplated journey was connected with Mrs. Egan.

"I'm afraid not, dear."

"I'd be in the way?"

"Not exactly that, but it wouldn't be very pleasant for you. I'm more or less obliged to see Mrs. Egan, and very ill—it will be good if we get him there alive."

There was a brief silence at the other end of the wire, then Alice said: "Very well, Philip."

"I hope you don't mind, dear?"

"Not in the least."

"It couldn't be helped? I tried to find somebody else, but—"

"I wonder," said Alice, "why you should think I'd mind? Good-bye."

She hung up the receiver and stood for a moment with her hands pressed to her heart.

Philip had lied to her—deliberately lied. Mrs. Egan didn't own such a thing as a son. Hadn't Lois Hemmery said so? And Lois ought to know.

How much kinder it would have been, really, had he frankly owned up to the failure of their impossible marriage instead of descending to the depths of such miserable deception. She felt that she could have borne it better.

She walked slowly through the hall and out into the twilight of the garden.

There was a strange feeling in her head and she put up her hands to her temples. Was this the way madness began? What did mad people do? Her gaze riveted upon the sluggishly flowing river. Sometimes they did that—drowned themselves.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

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Summer, shimmering with heat like the golden glow of a furnace, lay over Bordighera. The English villa colony, with few exceptions, had fled, and most of the Italians, including resident hotel and pension proprietors, had taken their families to the mountains or the cool, shady heights above La Mortala.

It had been a long time since Hec- tor Gaunt had even thought of abandoning his farm for seasonal reasons. He was one of those rare people who are affected neither by heat nor cold, and to whom mountain, sea, or plain are one as regards air and general climatic conditions. If anything, he preferred Bordighera in the summer-time, for then he practically had it to himself, barring the natives, and, like all hermits, he was selfish.

But now he did think of making a move, and actually did so, as far as the Villa Tatina. It seemed necessary, on Jean's account. Hugo's childishness had progressed rapidly. Sometimes they thought it must have been the fall which developed his eccentricities, for certainly they had become more marked since that event. He was once more in prison, poor fellow, although fortunately he did not realize it. The big iron gates of the villa were always kept locked, and he was never allowed to wander about the town unless Jean or Gaunt was with him. They told him that the gates must be locked because of the danger of thieves and, accepting this theory, he spent long hours patrolling the grounds with Tito and an old gun he had found in one of the attics. Needless to say, the gun was not loaded. Hugo was quite sensible enough to appreciate this, but, as he said, anybody trying to get over the wall and having it levelled at him would think it was loaded.

He made a great game of guarding the premises. Jean was a beautiful lady whom neighboring robber barons were seeking to carry away; the Villa Tatina, a mediaeval castle filled with treasure. Gaunt was the captain of the citadel, and Hugo and Tito his army. For a long while there had been no piping in the garden, just a steady, watchful patrol by the army of two, until they had worn quite a path around the walls.

It was a difficult task to impress Tito with the seriousness of his duties. He would wander about, sniffing and snorting in his own peculiar fashion—seeking for cats in the shrubbery—and had frequently to be called sharply to attention.

If anything, this game got on Jean's frayed nerves worse than the eternal piping. If she took her book into the fernery—the only cool spot out of doors in the day time—it was disconcerting to hear a terse cry of "Halt, or I fire!" and find oneself looking into the barrel of an ancient musket, however one was assured that it was not loaded.

Then Hugo, still serious, would demand to know if she were friend or enemy, and upon learning that she was a friend, would request the "password," which was changed every day and served up with the breakfast trays. Sometimes she could not remember, and sometimes she couldn't, and if she failed, Hugo would be very angry and remind her that by her weakness they might easily lose the citadel and she would be carried away by the Guelphs or Ghibellines and immersed for evermore in a town or dungeon.

The servants, fortunately, humored him, and so did Gaunt, but to Jean these symptoms were tragic and alarming. She could not play the game of defending the citadel with any heartiness.

Over and over again Gaunt assured her that Hugo's childishness was as comfortable a form as his mania could take, both for himself and others, but perhaps she knew Hugo better than Gaunt did. Children may be mischievous and inventive, but Hugo, under it all, was a little malicious. He would point that gun of his and click it, although for punishment it had been taken away from him on several occasions. One could not forget that he had once shot and killed a man.

Jean would not admit, scarcely to herself, that she was beginning to be afraid of him. She locked her door at night, something she had never done before, and once awaking suddenly—she sprang up with a convulsive start with the cold white moon staring full at her, convinced for a few seconds that the moon was Hugo's face. The horror of it was so unbearable, that she closed and barred the heavy wooden shutters and switched on the bedside light. In consequence, for the rest of the night she was stifled.

Often Gaunt and she had debated about making some change, but the problem of Hugo was too great.

"We shall be here for the rest of our lives," she said wearily.

Then Gaunt's patient smile would fill her with self-reproach. "It was enough for him just to be near her and help her to look after Hugo. The question of consigning the little man to a private asylum was never raised. He was trying enough, but he had his pitiful moments. Gradually, bit by bit, the memory of that Place was growing dim. He scarcely ever referred to those long years at Broadmoor, nor did he clamor for a change to livelier surroundings nor meditate wild financial enterprises. Of his own accord he handed all his money over to Jean, and at least they were assured of a comfortable living."

But one thing he often did mention, and that was the crime of which he had been accused and convicted. As his childishness increased there ac-



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(To be continued.)

Tactful and Taxless.

The task of being an ambassador is a very pleasant one indeed. This representative possesses some remarkable privileges, and ranks immediately after the Royal princes of the country in which he is residing. It might almost be said that an ambassador, like the king, can do no wrong, for he stands above the law of the country in which he is officiating.

The courts have no power over him or his servants, and even a criminal, if he were known to be residing in an embassy, could not be arrested without the permission of the ambassador. Another interesting fact about an ambassador is that the ground on which his residence stands belongs to the country from which he comes. We all grumble nowadays about the amount of taxation we have to pay. This is where the ambassador again scores. Ambassadors do not have to pay a single penny in taxes.

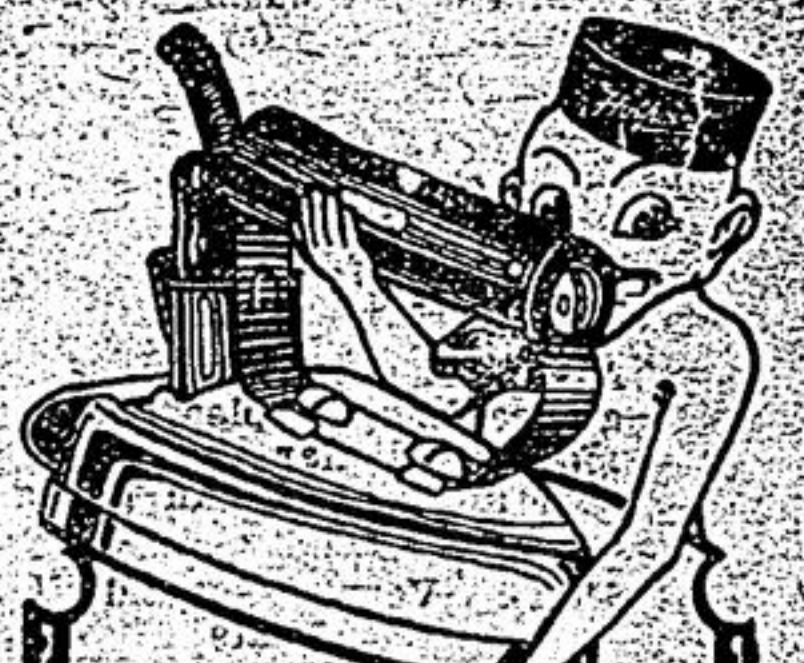
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