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Woman's  
Interests

ARE YOU RUDE TO YOUR CHILDREN?

A common sin among otherwise decent enough parents is rudeness toward their children. We little realize the sufferings children undergo from hurt feelings.

The most inexcusable form of parental rudeness is the reproach of children in the presence of others. You would far better strike your child in the face than say some cutting sarcasm to him that humiliates him before strangers.

There is but one way to make your child uniformly respectful and polite to you and to all he meets, and that is to be uniformly polite to him and considerate of his feelings.

The ornament of a home is courtesy.

Would you like a few samples of the common rudeness of parents? Here they are:

"Get up out of that chair. Don't you know enough to offer your chair to a lady?"

"Look at your face! Go and wash yourself this minute!"

"Leave the table!"

"So you didn't pass your examination? Well, that's about what I expected!"

"Quit that!"

"Go away!"

"Now don't try to be smart!"

All these before company.

No child was ever improved by these tactics. They irritate, excite, rebellion, and where they do not maturely harden the child's feelings they are the cause of intense pain.

Whatever rebuke you may feel called upon to give, let it wait until you and the little girl or boy are alone together.

I remember once a domineering old preacher was visiting at my father's house. Dinner was over and only my father and his guest remained, chattering while I, a boy of perhaps seven, stood about listening to their conversation. By and by I went up to the table, took a piece of cake and stood eating it. The preacher, thereupon proceeded to administer a sharp rebuke to me.

"Don't you know," he said, "that it is not good manners to take food from the table? Put that cake back; and if you want more to eat, sit up and take it like a gentleman."

"Come here, son," said my father, and putting his arm about me, as I was sobbing with anger and chagrin, he said:

"Mr. Barker, I always speak respectfully to my children—and I expect other people to do the same. Your

language is brutal and a far greater offense to good breeding than was my boy's act."

I forgot what happened after that. I only remember that I felt such a surge of love toward my father that I gladly would have died for him.

Dr. Frank Crane.

**HOMESPUN HINTS.**  
A little glycerine rubbed over the surface will keep corks from sticking in the necks of bottles containing glue, cement, shoe polish, etc.

When soft custard or custard sauce curdles in making, set in a pan of ice water and beat with an egg-beater until smooth.

If the surface is solid, not veneered, cover the dent in wood with small pieces of blotting paper dipped in hot water, and apply the tip of a heated poker to the topmost piece of paper.

Repeat as many times as may be necessary to cause the compressed wood fibres to swell to their original dimension. This remedy is only efficient when the dent is made by a blow or pressure and not when the wood fibres are gouged out.

For cleaning embroidery on goods that will not wash, cover with a thick paste of powdered French chalk and alcohol; lay a piece of clean muslin over it, and roll up like a jelly-roll. Lay in a dark place for several days or until the alcohol has entirely evaporated; unroll, and brush off the dry chalk.

Wet the ends of the fingers and draw them over a wet cake of toilet soap with a scratching motion, forcing the soap under the nails. This will keep out dirt when doing gardening or any kind of dirty work in the house and can easily be removed with a nail brush and hot water.

**TWO NURSERY TOYS.**  
4787. The "Teddy Bear" has been popular with "little" children, and the Giraffe will please equally well. These toys may be made of felt, or flannel, or Terry cloth, and filled with cork, kapok, or excelsior. The "Teddy" may also be made of plush, "Teddy bear cloth" or eiderdown.

The pattern is cut in One Size. It will require  $\frac{1}{2}$  yard of 36-inch material for the "Teddy" and  $\frac{1}{2}$  yard for the Giraffe.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 20c in silver, by the Wilson Publishing Co., 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto.

Send 16c in silver for our up-to-date Fall and Winter 1924-25 Book of Fashions.

**COCA CAKE.**  
Will you please send me recipe for cocoa cake?—Mrs. E. S.

One cup sugar,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup cocoa,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup butter,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup hot water,  $\frac{1}{2}$  tsp. soda,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sour milk, 1 cup flour, 1 egg (white to be beaten very stiff), vanilla, salt.

Bake in moderate oven. Frost with white mountain frosting.

**WHEN IGNORANCE WAS BLISS.**  
Mechusahalito what he found on his plate.

And never, as people do now, did he note the amount of the caloric count.

He ate it because it was chow. He wasn't disturbed, as at dinner he sat.

Destroying a roast or a pie, To think it was lacking in granular fat.

Or a couple of vitamins shy, He carefully chewed every species of food.

Untroubled by worries or fears, His health might be hurt by some fancy dessert.

And he lived over nine hundred years!

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Yours truly,  
F. D. G.

## "When Hearts Command"

By ELIZABETH YORK MILLER

"When hearts command  
From whence the easiest course to depart."

### CHAPTER XLII.—(Cont'd.)

The touch of the dog's tongue, both me?"

"Yea," said Clementine. "The signora telegraphed to you last evening. The poor signor, your uncle, is dying."

And the Signora is very ill herself. I heard the carriage, and thought it was the doctor again, although it is but an hour since he left. But come inside, signora. You will faint in the heat. I will call the Signor Gaunt. Sit down and rest a moment. How tired you must be!"

But Alice did not sit down. He was only a faint little man whom it was so difficult to think of as her father—and Mumsey had sent for her. Only she had got the message long before a telegram was despatched. Her mother's voice had reached her in some mysterious way. How thankful she was to have obeyed the summons. Mumsey needed and wanted her. She took off her hat and jacket and travel-stained gloves. Had she glanced into one of the Venetian mirrors it would have told her that she was not looking her best; that, for one thing, she needed a wash. But this was not a moment when mirrors interested her.

"Just a faint," Gaunt assured Jean and himself. "Fetch some water and my brandy flask, Carlo. You'll find the flask in my coat pocket."

But, neither, the water nor the brandy revived Hugo. He was not dead, but his breathing was strange, a sort of snuffling snore, a grim parody of sleep.

Gaunt gave Carlo some hurried directions. He was to go down into Ventimiglia as fast as he could and fetch a doctor.

Carlo made off. Used as he was to the mountains, it would take him scarcely more than half an hour to get down, but it would take the doctor considerably longer to get up.

Gaunt bandaged his head with a wet handkerchief. He was considerably weakened by loss of blood, but it was the trickling into his eyes that minded. He looked rather terrible with his streaked face, his eyes glaring feverishly as he bent over the unconscious form of Hugo.

Jean brought the pillows and blankets from the cave and they laid Hugo out on them, covering him up in a valiant effort to bring some warmth to his cold limbs.

"Can't you make him swallow a little brandy?" she whispered.

Gaunt shook his head. "I don't think I'd better try. If it's what I imagine."

"What?"

"A clot on the brain, I think."

Jean sat beside Hugo holding one of his unresponsive hands. Gaunt washed his blood-caked face, lit his pipe and sat down on a rock to wait for the dawn and the doctor. It was a little bored. He yawned and went to sleep at Hugo's feet.

### CHAPTER XLIII.

The long road between Ventimiglia and Bordighera was almost deserted as the open carriage took Alice from the station. She put up her umbrella to keep off the blinding glare of the sun. Clouds of white dust rose up and enveloped the carriage and settled upon her clothes, her face and hands. It was an acrid, bitter heat that scorched like fire.

No one was astir. The untidy little shops and houses along the way were closely jalousied against the sun. Occasionally a dark form was seen hovering in some dim interior. Dogs and chickens slept in the shade. An empty tramway car bounced by, the driver in his shirt-sleeves; the conductor lolling half-asleep in the rear, a cigarette drooping from his lips.

As they approached Bordighera, the little town, so busy and vigorous with life in the tourist season, wore a vacant, empty air. The big hotels were all shuttered, the flower gardens burnt out and withered, the palms white with dust. It was the prolonged hour of the siesta.

Some slight relief came when the carriage began to crawl up the long winding road to the Old Town. Here a slight breeze tossed the rough brown grass and rattled the big leaves of the aloes.

The dust-covered, sweating horses toiled on and up, past the cobblestone space where the old fishermen sat drowsing with their folded nets and through the narrow passage that led to the entrance of the Villa Tatina.

Alice's heart began to beat fast, and she leaned forward as though to quicken the pace. Soon she would see her mother... and her father...

The gates to the villa stood open, and the gravelled driveway had a neglected air, as though Guido had forgotten his duty of raking it. It was scratched with wheel and hoof marks.

But Alice did not notice. She sat waiting for the moment to leap out of the carriage. This was the Villa Tatina, where her mother had lived and been courted. She threw a fugitive glance at the suffering garden, so patched, so dry and wilting.

"Oh, Mumsey—I heard you call for me and I came as fast as I could! It was in the middle of the night—night before last—and early yesterday morning I started. Mumsey, can you ever forgive me for being such a beast?"

Alice dropped to her knees beside the armchair and buried her hot face in her mother's lap.

"Yes—it's all right, dear. I don't

want to be angry with you."

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wonder you feel badly. I'm so glad you came. The poor little man is going fast. He was very fond of you, Alice—very good to me, poor Hugo. And you mustn't think of him, ever, as a murderer, Alice. We're convinced—Hector and I—that he didn't kill Mr. Evans. Hector is certain of it. And if he was mad, he was only a little mad. He was so kind to women in distress. That was his madness, Alice—being kind and wanting to help women who had got themselves into difficulties. He couldn't bear to see others suffer. I've been thinking it all out—how good he was to me and to you. It worried him very much that Christopher had told you he was your father, although he was so fond of you. But I assured him you were happy. You are happy, aren't you, darling?"

Shaking with sobs, Alice hid her face more deeply in her mother's skirts. This was no time to discuss the details of her own tragedy.

(To be continued.)

### Progressive Sentences

Here are some curious sentences in which each word contains one more letter than the preceding word:

I do not care about garden parties, although receiving numberless invitations periodically.

"I go," was her hero's answer, dashingly forwards. Napoleon's battalions immediately surrendered.

I am not very sorry Walter tumbled headlong, screaming alarmingly unutterable maledictions.

I go ten miles every Monday through pleasant woodlands, often times judiciously accompanying excursionists mountaineering.

I am sad when fancy brings mocking memories returning; detestably impulsive, occasionally disappointing, unquestionably embarrassing, unreasonable.

I do not feel alarm, having happily overcome jaundiced prejudice's innumerable traducements, determinedly unrestrainable, notwithstanding unextinguishable misinterpretation, characteristically incomprehensibilities.

For sore feet—Minard's Liniment.

Good and Bad Luck.

To balance "unlucky" superstitions there are many "lucky" ones. If, when dressing, one accidentally puts on a garment inside out, an unexpected gift will shortly arrive. To carry about a coin with a hole in it is to secure one's self against misfortune, and if swallows are permitted to build near a house, the owner need not trouble to take out a fire insurance policy.

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Royal Ontario Museum

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