

Particular People

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Woman's Interests

OUR BIGGEST JOB.

"But, mother—"

"Now don't argue and talk back to me. You do as I tell you and keep still."

Does that have a familiar ring to you? I suppose we all do get aggravated when the children try to argue with us about doing this or that, but it is not always wise to refuse them a hearing. This is illustrated in the story of the grandfather who was talking earnestly during a meal and became exasperated at the efforts of his grandson to attract his attention. Finally he turned to the child and said sternly, "William, be still. Children should be seen and not heard."

A little later he returned to the now quiet but rather excited-looking child and said, "Well, what was it you wanted a while ago?"

"It's too late now," giggled the irremediable boy. "There was a worm on your salad; you ate it up."

Children are keen little observers and have a strong sense of justice. Most of them can be made to see the wisdom and justice of average parental mandates. Most children obey more willingly when they know the reasons back of the commands. Blind, unreasoning demand for obedience is undemocratic when carried to the extreme in the home with children who have passed the baby stage. This kind of rule seldom actually disciplines the child and rarely teaches him to know right from wrong. Our children cannot always be under our guidance and must learn sometime why it is best to do some things and not best to do others.

Though parents differ widely in their opinions and methods of discipline, all of them are working for the same thing—the good of the child. Outbursts of parental temper can hardly accomplish much along this line.

Since all children are not amenable to the same rules and cannot be handled in the same way, this job of training up children in the way they should go is about the biggest job in the whole world. But sometimes I think if we could just drop that grown-up attitude and get down to the children's own basis and get their viewpoint we might handle a great many situations better. No one loses the respect of his child who unbends enough to enter into the child's world. Respect does not consist of awe so much as of love and trust.—Velma West Sykes.

THAT EXTRA BLANKET.

As winter approaches, an extra blanket or quilt must be near at hand to each sleeper in case the night proves chilly. Every mother knows how careless children—and even many grown-ups—are with this extra blanket. It is pushed over to the side of the bed if not wanted and generally lands on the floor before morning. Or it is flung over the footboard. The blanket soon looks crumpled and must be laundered.

I find that a convenient and satisfactory way to handle the extra-blanket problem is as follows: Spread the blanket evenly over the bed and tuck in securely at the foot. Next, fold by bringing the top down to the bottom; then fold the two upper corners to the centre forming a triangle with the point toward the head of the bed. When thus folded and brought up over the footboard the blanket keeps its folded shape and does not reach the floor or become wrinkled. If needed, it is an easy matter to draw it back and unfold it, and it is all tucked in snugly and comfortably.

A bedspread handled in the same way during the night will keep clean and unwrinkled for a long time without the trouble of removing it from the bed each night.

—STORING THE SCREENS FOR WINTER.

When you first remove the screen doors and window screens from winter storage, put them in a convenient place out-of-doors. If possible, they can be washed thoroughly with a hose. If not, a puff of clear, warm water to which a couple of tablespoonfuls of borax has been added, will be desirable. Do not use a cloth as this will leave lint. Scrub with a brush.

Radio Price List

There are many reasons why you should buy a radio. The most important one is that you will have a constant companion who will give you news and entertainment at all times.

The Gift Of The Gods

BY PEARL POLEY. (Copyright.)

CHAPTER XXII—(Cont'd.)

When at last her mind brought her back to reality she still lay with closed lids. She had had such a pleasant dream. She wondered hazily if it would be possible to coax sleep back and continue it. It was all about David; he had come back and lifted and dispelled all her worries and all his own. It was funny, too, the way he did it. He had just dropped them into a huge sack and tossed them into a valley. How they had laughed over it! She held her head wearily, trying to recall the scene. How ridiculous it had all been! There she was laughing again, and David had hold of her hands and was pulling her back.

"Oh!" She opened her eyes dazedly. A face was bending over her anxiously, a face that made her eyes fly wide open. She tried to raise a hand to rub them still wider, so she could see if she were really awake, but her hand was held tight.

"Grace, dear, are you ill? You were throwing your arms about so wildly I was afraid you'd hurt yourself."

Grace sat bolt upright now. Her hands went up to the man's face. A radiant smile parted her lips, and with a glad cry she threw herself into David's arms.

It was half an hour later. David sat in the biggest, easiest chair in the room. Grace had thrust him into it; but its large, soft proportions were not being appreciated, for he sat rigidly upright, his lame leg extended stiffly, a frown on his serious face, and a half-smoked cigarette between his fingers.

"What a confounded ass I was to have run off like a frightened school boy!" The words were a sullen, disgusted growl.

Grace, from a low rocker opposite, clasped one knee and eyed her companion wistfully.

"And the best part of it all," continued David, "that I've put myself out of her compass altogether. Good God, if she had married that beast I think I should have killed him myself!"

"David!" Grace's voice was a hurt protest.

"Yes, what's the use of talking? Up and doing is the slogan; but I'll have to go about it warily—slowly and cautiously; think of it, when I feel like a roaring lion that has tasted blood!"

"Your work for the Government, David, will be very heavy, or take up much of your time."

"No, thank fortune, I can clean it up without any brain effort. Anyone could have handled the bally thing, but on account of my being on the job before, the Chief threw the hat at me and nearly choked on his prize at my eagerness to skip right back. You see I wasn't strong enough after all, Grace. I made up my mind I'd bury my life in China with her if she'd have me no other way."

"You must be prepared for a change in her, David. I haven't seen her, but Helen says she is no more the child Tu Hee."

David's face grew grimmer. With a jerk he brought himself to his feet, tossed the butt of his cigarette into the ash tray, and stepped to the door.

"Will you see later, Grace. Feel as if I needed a brush down and a business."

David punctuated his remark with a slam of the door and proceeded to his own apartment, the same that he had occupied before. The request that he have his old suite of rooms had been courteously granted.

To his surprise the door of his sitting-room was slightly ajar. He hadn't yet engaged a servant. Had his Government duties commenced already?

"Those damn spying Hunns!" he muttered. "Rather clumsy work, though."

He pushed the door open wider and stepped in. His luggage had disappeared. Sounds issued from the adjoining, his bedroom, which signified that the intruder wasn't far away.

Ransacking, eh! Well, they'll have their trouble for nothing.

David tiptoed to his desk, pulled the top drawer out with a click, and his fingers had just closed over the revolver when the door of the bedroom was thrown open with vim.

David wheeled about.

"Well, I'll be—" The grim look on his face had given place to one of comical amazement.

The intruder prostrated himself to the floor.

"Ma Tu, you gave me a start with a vengeance. Get up, boy, and give me your hand."

The abashed, overjoyed Ma Tu sprang to his feet, grins chasing themselves over his brown face.

"But how in the name of magic did you know I was back?" questioned David, five minutes later, as he viewed with satisfaction the sudden homelike appearance of his rooms.

"I may and work right around hotel. I know master not stay away forever—you me know."

"Indeed!" David eyed the young sage with amusement. "Well, you knew more than I did, young fellow, but I can just tell you I'm mighty glad to see you, Ma Tu. And now I'm going to leave you for awhile. If Miss Ashton enquires for me, say I'll be back in a couple of hours."

David pulled out his watch. Five o'clock. Was it an unusual hour to present oneself at a Chinese home? he wondered; but even as he asked himself the question he stepped towards the door. Unusual or not, he would go mad if he put off seeing her another day.

David gained admittance to the Weng Toy palace with as little trouble as Irma Culver and Helen Claymore had done. He wasn't invited upstairs, however, but waited in a small sitting-room off the main hall. As he passed the big drawing-room entrance he saw that the door was closed and the heavy curtains drawn.

The room he was shown into was entirely European in its architecture and furnishing. French windows opened on to a smooth, green terrace, where roses nodded fragrantly.

As David stood looking out on the lawns shimmering like soft green velvet, the great gorgeous bed of Oriental flowers, the mountains around which pigeons circled and dipped, and the miniature lake in the distance, where swans glided about regally in their graceful beauty, he felt again the enchantment of that night weeks ago steal over him—the night on which the mandarin himself had led him through all this loveliness, which had named the Garden of Peace. But his reverie came abruptly to an end. He had glimpsed a slim figure standing on the embankment of the lake, a form as white-clad and graceful as the swans that circled around her.

With clumsy fingers David tugged at the fastening of the long window and stepped out into the warm sunshine. His eagerness had scattered defiance to the winds. It was only when within a few feet of where Tu Hee stood scattering crumbs to her lovely flock that David had scruples as to his hasty action.

A conflict of emotions kept him from proceeding farther. Happiness at being again in the presence of this Princess of the Orient predominated, but it was tinged with pain as he noted the pale, almost ethereal beauty, one life and yet another such joy.

Perhaps it was a twig that snapped under David's foot, or it might have been the intensity of his gaze that caused Tu Hee to glance about uneasily. Her eyes widened at sight of the tall form so near and she drew back startled.

David came forward with extended hand.

"Please forgive me for my crude manners and thoughtlessness. Miss Tu Hee, but I couldn't resist joining you when I saw you from the sitting-room window."

David's a logy gave Tu Hee time to regain her composure.

A faint flush mantled her cheeks, and David wondered if it were more brighter and kinder. She put out her hand in a friendly, welcoming gesture. As David took it he knew he was not looking into the face of the Chinese maiden that had won his heart. That impulsive, light-hearted child had fled; a woman bade him welcome now, a woman whom he knew he loved more wildly than he thought it possible for a man to love.

How he longed to take her hands and tell her he would lift her from the dark, tragic pit into which Fate had hurled her! How he yearned, with his love and assurance, to banish that hunted look from the big eyes that which underlying shadows had deepened from happy smiling blue into turned misty violet!

For the first few minutes David felt he wasn't making much headway. Tu Hee kept a tight, constrained hold on herself, which she seemed afraid to loosen.

And why was she afraid? David's heart leaped as he asked himself the question. He put the old tight rein on, however; he mustn't frighten away her friendship by any insane abruptness. Even that was the most precious thing in his life. Strategically he manoeuvred, therefore, and was last rewarded by Tu Hee broaching the subject that engrossed both their minds. "Factually he led her on and heard from her lips the tragic story, learned of the horrible haunting fears that were sapping her life away.

"It's the disgrace of it all, Captain Marsden, and the suffering that will come on my uncle's house. If I am unable to prove my innocence, Prince Tsou himself may have to suffer. In China, you know, whole families, sometimes generations, have to undergo punishment for the wrongdoing of one person."

It was in vain David assured her he would bring the guilty party to justice, that he would live only to prove her innocence.

In his vehemence he had gone farther than he had intended. He realized this when he met Tu Hee's amazed eyes, heard her surprised question, why he should do that for her, a person of a different race, one whom his countrymen sometimes despised?

(To be continued.)

Buffalos for New Zealand.

Three buffalos, from the great Canadian herd in Buffalo Park, Wainwright, Alberta, will shortly be added to the nucleus of a collection of wild animals of the world being formed by the city of Auckland, New Zealand. One hundred and seventy acres of land have been set aside for the Auckland zoological gardens, and the Department of the Interior has found it possible to accede to the request of the mayor of Auckland for these characteristically Canadian animals. Arrangements are being made to have one male and two female buffalos transferred to the new gardens.

Science and Peace.

I hold the unconquerable belief that Science and Peace will triumph over Ignorance and War, that Nations will come together, not to destroy but to construct, and that the future belongs to those who accomplish most for suffering humanity.—Paster.

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Lack of Sleep Responsible

Dr. C. J. Hastings, medical officer of health in Toronto, has made some investigations into the cause of school children falling in their examinations. Seventy per cent. of the failures, he says, are children who go to school without breakfast, and of that number ninety per cent. are allowed to remain up till nearly midnight each night, and consequently cannot rise in time to eat breakfast.

What She Wanted.

Miriam had already had two helpings of chicken, and now she demanded a third.

"No, dear," said her mother, firmly. "You can't have any more. You've had quite as much as is good for you. But here is the wishbone. You shall pull it with me; then whichever of us gets the longest end will have her wish come true."

This ceremony was duly performed, and at the conclusion Miriam triumphantly waved the longer end.

"Why, how nice!" exclaimed her mother. "You will have your wish, dear. Tell mother what it was."

"I wished for more chicken!" answered Miriam, passing her plate.

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