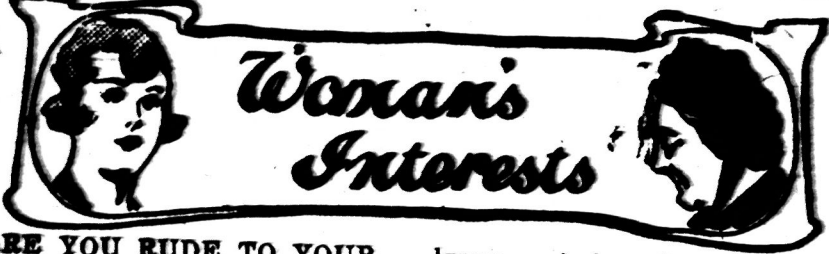


Unsurpassed for pure, rich flavor "SALADA" GREEN TEA

is superior to the finest Japan, Young
Hysons or Gunpowder. Try it today.
FREE SAMPLE OF GREEN TEA UPON REQUEST, "SALADA," TORONTO



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 smug!"

All these before company.

No child was ever improved by these tactics. They irritate, excite, rebellion, and where they do not prematurely 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 chatting, 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 cork 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 hot 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.

Draw them ends of the fingers and 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 ever 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, kopak, or excelsior. The "Teddy" may also be made of plush, "Teddy bear cloth" or elderdown.

The Pattern is cut in One Size. It will require 3/4 yard of 36-inch material for the "Teddy" and 1/4 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 15c in silver for our up-to-date Fall and Winter 1924-25 Book of Fashions.

COCOA CAKE.

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

One cup sugar, 1/2 cup cocoa, 1/2 cup butter, 1/2 cup hot water, 1/4 tsp. soda, 1/4 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.

Methusalem ate what he found on his plate.

And never, as people do now, Did he note the amount of the calorific 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

Untouched by worries or fears Lest his health might be hurt by some heavy dinner.

And he lived over nine hundred years!

"When Hearts Command"

By ELIZABETH YORK MILLER

"When hearts command,
From which the angriest countenance departs"

CHAPTER XLIII—(Cont'd.)

"The touch of the dog's tongue, both comforting and reassuring, brought Jean back to herself. She brushed him away, laughing hysterically. Both Hector and Hugo were safe.

Guant had reached the bottom and was staggering towards her in a half-drunken fashion, Hugo lying across his shoulder as inert as a dead man. "Something's the matter with him," Guant gasped out, as they subsided on to the rough grass. "Perhaps it's only a faint."

Carlo brought the lantern and they lit it. Bright as the moonlight was, its radiance had an unnatural quality, and it seemed impossible to tell just what had happened to Hugo. The lantern, flashed upon his dead-like face, revealed little or nothing beyond the obvious fact that he was unconscious.

"Just a faint," Guant 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.

Guant 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, he would take him scarcely more than half an hour to get down, but it would take the doctor considerably longer to get up.

Guant bandaged his head with a wet handkerchief. He was considerably weakened by loss of blood, but he 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 vain effort to bring some warmth to his cold limbs.

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

Guant 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 unconscious hands. She washed his blood-socked face, lit his pipe and sat down on a rock to wait for the dawn and the doctor. Tito 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 arid, bitter heat that scorched like fire.

No one was astray. The untidy little shops and houses along the way were closely jumbled 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, heaped with 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 cobbled little 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 started began to heat 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 plectored 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 loved and been courted. She threw a fugitive glance at the suffering garden, so parched, so dry and withering.

The door of the villa also was open, and at the sound of wheels a woman-servant came out. It was Clementine. "Ah, signorina, whom are you seeking?"

"The Signora Carnay. She lives here, does she not?"

"Yes, the Signora Carnay lives here."

"I am her daughter," said Alice. "Ah!" A gleam of admiration shone in Clementine's cold eyes. She had heard of the signora's daughter from Louisa. "But, yes. You are the Signora Ardeynne?"

Alice nodded and turned to pay the carman.

Clementine rushed to take the bags. "But you are here so quickly, signora! How is it possible that you have come so quick? It was only yesterday."

"Yesterday? What?" Alice's voice was sharp.

"That the Signora Carnay sent for you."

"Remember you did lead me to the grand conclusion. The poor little man in the front. He was very fond of you, Alice—very fond to see you. And you mustn't think of him, ever, as a murderer, Alice. We're convinced—Hector and I—that he didn't kill Mr. Egan. 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. I 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 that hero's answer, dashed forwards, Napoleon's battalions immediately surrendering.

I am not very sorry Walter tumbled headlong, screaming alarmingly under terrible 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; delectably important, occasionally disappointing, unquestionably disembarrassing, unreasonableness, conscientiousness.

I do not feel alarm, having happily overcome jaundiced prejudice's innumerable traduccements, determinately unstratagical, notwithstanding unextinguishable misinterpretation, characteristically intercommunications' incomprehensibility.

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.

WHEN IN TORONTO VISIT THE

Royal Ontario Museum
233 Bloor St. West, 600 Avenue Road, Largest permanent exhibition in Canada. Archaeology, Geology, Mineralogy, Palaeontology, Zoology. Open daily, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.; Sunday, 2 to 5 p.m. Bloor, Bay, and Church cars.

ESTABLISHED 69 YEARS
Please write for our price list on
Poultry, Butter, and Eggs
We guarantee them for a week ahead.
P. POULIN & CO., LIMITED
39-41 Bouchard's Market
MONTREAL, QUEBEC

NURSES

The Toronto Hospital for Incurables, in connection with the Ontario Hospital, 360 York St., offers a three years' course of instruction in nurse training. Course of instruction in plain work, including the application of dressings, and studies of bandaging and surgery. This hospital has adopted the English nurse system. The health records and traveling expenses to and from New York. For further information apply to the Superintendent.

Build Permanence.

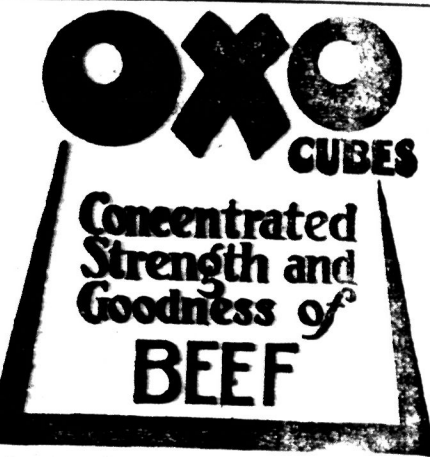
Therefore, when we build, let us think that we build—forever. Let it not be for present delight, nor for present use alone, let it be such work as our descendants will thank us for, and let us think, as we lay stone on stone, that a time is to come when those stones will be held sacred because our hands have touched them, and that men will say as they look upon the labor and the wrought substance of them, "See! this our fathers did for us."—John Ruskin.

Minard's Liniment Heals Cuts.

is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?—Micah 6:8.

SALESMEN.

We offer steady employment and pay weekly to sell our complete and exclusive lines of guaranteed quality, whole root, fresh-dug-to-order turkeys and plants. Attractive illustrated samples and full co-operation, a money-making opportunity. LUKE BROTHERS NURSERY, MONTREAL.



TAYLOR-FORBES

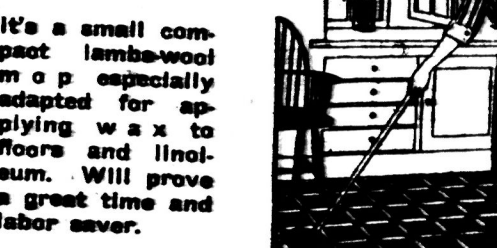
Tree Pruners
For every purpose in the orchard, cutting limbs up to 14 inches. Handles—4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 feet.
Your Hardware Dealer carries the quality.
Our descriptive circular sent to any address on request.
TAYLOR-FORBES COMPANY, LIMITED
GUELPH, ONT.

The New Easy Way to Have Beautiful Waxed Floors

Every one can now have beautifully polished floors and linoleum with little effort—no stooping and at small expense. All you require is Johnson's Liquid Wax and a Johnson Liquid Wax Mop.

For Centuries wax has been recognized as the most artistic, sanitary and durable finish for floors and this is the new easy way to apply it.

JOHNSON'S WAX MOP



It's a small compact lamb-wool mop especially adapted for applying wax to floors and linoleum. Will prove a great time and labor saver.

Just pour a small amount of wax on the mop and apply to the floor with a natural mopping motion, being sure to spread the wax well.

JOHNSON'S LIQUID WAX

Johnson's Liquid Wax is the most satisfactory finish for all kinds of floors—wood, linoleum, tile or composition. It not only beautifies, but protects and makes floors easy to care for, giving a hard, sanitary, dust-protective surface. Johnson's Liquid Wax cleans, polishes, preserves and floors beautiful, easy to care for—they won't be slippery—and will not heel print.

\$3.55 Floor Polishing Outfit \$3.00 AN IDEAL CHRISTMAS PRESENT

- It's the new, easy way to have beautiful floors and linoleum.
- This Offer Consists of
- 1—Johnson Liquid Wax Mop \$1.50
 - 1—Quart of Johnson's Liquid Wax 1.50
- (For Polishing Linoleum, Floors and Furniture)
- 1—Half Pint of Johnson's Liquid Wax50
 - 1—Johnson Book on Home Beautifying50
- This Offer is Good at All Stores. \$3.00
- This offer is good at department, drug, grocery, hardware and paint stores. If your dealer cannot furnish this outfit, mail your order and \$3.00 direct to us and we will make immediate shipment—prepaid.
- This outfit makes a Christmas present for the home that will be remembered throughout the year.

S. C. Johnson & Son, Ltd.
"The Wood Finishing Authorities."
BRANTFORD, CANADA

Santa Claus all the Year Round
The dear old man hasn't a new gift in his pocket that a

WATERPHONE

Indispensable because it is the only gift that carries the happy spirit of Christmas all through the year.

Every Waterphone is a Santa Claus in itself by opening on the family circle every night the Christmas gifts of the world's best conversation.

Every Waterphone offers the best quality of sound and will gladly attend to any call.

Write for address and price list to Dept. 73

E
FIELD
The
spec
in 1924
per cen
applicat
in 1923.
In the
illustrate
figures.
specions
growers,
9,681 ac
2,450 ac
of 17,07
Another
that des
acres, or
field ins
7,999 ac
This was
only has
tended fo
general
care and
qualit
Estimat
which pas
and allow
age of 10
approxim
tates cla
tra No. 2
year.

TR
BY MA
"Method
thing" an
from play
from the
Which
five-year
that houl
ant. The
cates how
considered
are natur
parents
will ask
I training
much."
W. W. W
them than
the confus
me someth
ury that
That this
simply for
prettier
not lack a
of 16. She
birthdays
a better clo
per of toy
had become
because a m
ducent! Wh
parents ma
gifts to th
was away.
and the you
and have
maintain
good" cover
before last
highest.

Contrast w
to show yo
from school
away mopp
yet!" she
can surpris
all ready!"

If mother
to do little
favours,
surprises,
the doing
much mo
expense of
five-year
old. Buy
young a ch
child, bu
bring the
home in
in the fam
special pri
deed milk
cream milk
the front
porters. I
duty is it
is a natur
after-kind
The disagree
thing but
is also
children
Susan doe
the any pa
particular
money want
a particula
her purse
a peanut
stand, it
to be miss
I who real
reson when
plies som
wholesome
chocolate
Or
starts on
kisses a
and milk.
ful to wh
"Mother?"

One must
find
id makes
herself
bit
n:
ov:
s!
e: s
oney
e are
only wh
ice in a
seat."
omany m