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TEA
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"PLEASE, I WISH TO BUY A HAT."

I want a new hat, and I'd like to find a shop with a girl honest enough to tell me what is "really-truly" becoming and sensible enough not to let me make a fool of myself. I want to find a sales woman wise to perceive the difference between the woman whose ideas of "style" are a big price and any idiotic thing that is "fashionable"; and the gentleman who deserves what is "fit" as well as becoming.

A few days ago, while waiting in a first-class millinery store I saw a plain little woman, evidently not used to the city—and as evidently ready to pay the price for a suitable article.

Miss Pert pounced upon a "creation" with pink flowers and a mass of "fixins"; and used up most of the dictionary in expressing how "becoming" it was. The little woman's face flushed; she timidly asked if it was not "too bright," or "too young" for her. Miss Pert assured her it was "just the thing"; that "people out of town" were really not judges of "style." So the customer paid ten dollars for the monstrosity.

How I did long to put another "creation" of soft grey with two or three pale little buds on the plainly parted silvery hair; tie the fluffy little bow under the elderly chin, and see the plain face light up with new, soft attractiveness. There are so many of us country women who "want to look like folks"; who are uncertain as to what is suitably up-to-date; and who need some one wiser than ourselves to see that we don't make fools of ourselves when our souls hanker after "riotousness" and youthfulness which down in our hearts we know are not for us.

I know from experience: a year or so ago I made a "holy show" of myself by being over-persuaded by a salesgirl, came to my senses when I got home; wept a big weep every time I took the impossibility out of my box; finally returned it to obscurity and put on my old last year's hat that looked as if we belonged together.

I shall probably do the same thing this year, unless I can find a place where they are honest enough and sensible enough to cater to a class that is getting less consideration every year—the plain, motherly, every-day woman.—Frances G. Ingersoll.

REMEMBER THE OLD MOTHER.
This letter is mostly for people away from home or about to leave home. I was the youngest of six. One by one they left home for homes of their own at a distance. Then they would neglect to write home and I would remember how Mother watched and waited for their letters and the disappointed look on her face when they did not come. Later, I married and left my home town and thought I would write often but like the rest I let the time roll by. Then Mother was taken seriously ill and I thought of the letters I had promised to write. So then and there I resolved to write her one letter every week and send it out on Monday morning. She gets them on Wednesday. Perhaps you will say, "Well, you have more time to write than I do." So I will give you a chance to judge for yourself.

I am thirty, have eight children, the oldest nearly eleven, the youngest nine months. Live on a farm with no modern conveniences, do all my own washing "and everything" and sometimes have extra farm hands to cook for.

Mother's sweet tooth was always a joke in our family; she so loved candy. I used to work in a factory and it was a usual custom to go down town Saturday nights. I never failed to buy her a sack of candy. That birthday she had eight boxes of candy, ranging from home-made fudge in a spool-box to the pink satin over-stuffed box of French bon-bons, a bouquet of roses and two practical presents. She says it was her happiest birthday.

If you are away from home, write to

FOSTER HOMES WANTED
For Boys and Girls of school age. Specially adapted for investigation to Canada. Further information apply to
The Salvation Army
277 George St. Toronto

your mother regularly every week. It is so much easier to do it when you have a time set. If you live at home, buy your mother a present now and then—not always something useful. You will never regret it and she will never forget. Give to the living. Don't be among those who "Say it with flowers."—Mrs. L. G.



A SIMPLE FROCK FOR THE GROWING GIRL.

4601. Wool crepe was selected for this model, decorated with cross stitching in contrasting colors. The lines are simple; the sleeve and neck line are very pleasing.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. A 10-year size requires 2½ yards of 32-inch material. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver, by the Wilson Publishing Co., 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto. Allow two weeks for receipt of pattern.

POSTPONING BREAKS.
The daily washing of a pair of silk hose lengthens the wearing possibilities. It has been found that the washing restores the silk strands to their fullness after being pressed shiny from the wearing.

THE OLD WHATNOT.
In countless old farm homes are still stored the whatnots that once adorned our grandmothers' parlors. If you have one and do not care to use it in its original form, divide it into two portions, having the four upper shelves in one portion. Fasten this upper section securely to the wall by means of stout hooks and no one can tell it from the hanging bookshelves now displayed in the shops everywhere and which cost up to twenty-five dollars, according to wood and finish.

This in no way prevents the what-not being returned to its original form whenever desired. In making some modern use of the old keepsakes it always seems advisable to preserve their originality whenever possible. The little hanging bookshelves are equally delightful in bedroom, hall or living-room.

FOR YOUR FOOD CHOPPER.
When your food chopper needs oiling use glycerine instead of oil. The glycerine works as well as the oil and, as it is medicinal, cannot spoil the flavor of the food you are preparing.

MY STRING BOWL.
Just the right kind of piece of string when needed can be very elusive. But if we roll them up neatly and keep them in an old glass rose bowl, we will have no difficulty in seeing and reaching just the one we want. This is the plan I follow and can recommend.—K. R. W.

Mistook His Occupation.
An elderly Scot was standing in a railway station when a traveler trod heavily on his foot.
"Hoot, mon!" groaned the Scot.
"Can't ye take care? Ye've nearly killed me. Hoot, mon! Hoot, hoot!"
The traveler looked the suffering Scot up and down.
"Hoot yourself," he said. "I'm a drummer, not an auto."

Going Down.
"Oh, yes," said Mrs. Gadget, proudly, "we can trace our ancestors back to—well, I don't know exactly who but we've been descending for centuries."

"When Hearts Command"
By ELIZABETH YORK MILLER

"When hearts command, From which the angust councilings depart."

CHAPTER VIII.—(Cont'd.)
"My dear Jean," said Hector Gaunt, "don't exaggerate me. Look here, I was a boy of twenty when I married that woman. She was nearly forty—old enough to be my mother. I married her in Australia, and she left me a few months afterwards. Years later I met you and we fell deeply in love with each other. Why shouldn't I marry you? If Nancy wasn't dead by that time, she ought to have been. You should have stuck to me, Jean. What did it matter?"

Jean could not look at things in his large and loose fashion, but she realized that perhaps he was not to be judged as other men, that he was one whose head would always be in the clouds.
In her opinion, if obliged to make such a terrible decision, it were better the world should believe that Alice was the daughter of Hugo Smarke, the criminal lunatic, rather than the child of such an irregular union as had taken place between herself and Hector Augustus Gaunt.
"Forgive me," Jean said timidly. "I need you—I need a friend, Hector."

"At once he was contrite. He flung himself on his knees beside her.
"Jean, it's you who must forgive me. You were such a child, and I was old enough to know better. But I wanted you so—I love you so—I couldn't bear the loneliness of my life any longer. Or at least, I thought I couldn't. And you were alone in the world, too—no parents or close relation, only old Madame Douste to look after you, and she wasn't a very dependable person. It seemed as though we were made for each other. Do you remember how happy we were? Our stolen meetings? Do you remember the time we went to Nice to meet some friends—after we'd been secretly married—and how you came up here and we spent two wonderful days together? Do you remember—"

"Don't—don't! I haven't wanted to remember," Jean said sharply. "Hector, we mustn't talk like this. It's—it's unbecoming. My nose is quite red. What will Alice think when she sees me? Oh, I know I look a fright now. Now be sensible, Hector, and help me about Hugo."
She took a puff and mirror out of her bag and began to powder her face. Her hands trembled, her teeth chattered a little. Hector Gaunt poked up the fire, then blew it with the bellows. She was right. Why couldn't he be sensible? Too much of a visionary. Suppose he were to tell her that he had not really been alone all these twenty years? Would she understand? He had her photographs and his memories. No, he had not really been alone.
"What can I do to help you about Hugo?" he asked. "Do you want me to go with you to meet him?"

"A new arrival!" she wondered. "No, I don't think that would be wise. I'd better see him alone, first. But if I send for you—"
"I'll come," he replied.
"Do you—do you think he is really cured?" Jean asked timidly.
"I hope so. Certainly the doctors wouldn't let him out if he weren't."
But Gaunt was only trying to reassure an unhappy woman. He remembered that Hugo Smarke had not been convicted of manslaughter, but murder, and had been in what was practically prison for fifteen years. No doubt he had shown himself to be quite tractable, and that he was more or less obliged to let him out. It was the wear and tear of ordinary life which Hugo Smarke had never been able to meet. He had always taken life as a series of crises; excitement was as the very breath in his nostrils, with which he drew in a position to fume his lightly-balanced brain.

CHAPTER IX.
Alice had almost forgotten that a woman named Carrie Egan had breezed into the Mimosa Palace that morning and brought with her a disturbing change of atmosphere, but it was remembered when the little cavalcade trailed back at sunset.
The big silver car stood solitary on the terrace, and Mrs. Carnay, who in her weariness had ridden Tomaso to the very steps of the hotel, speculated upon its ownership.
"The car had been there that morning, but in her hurry she hadn't noticed it."
Alice waited for Philip to give an explanation, and it seemed just a little significant to her that he did not offer any. The girl experienced an emotion which was worse than simple jealousy—jealousy coupled with dismay. Why didn't Philip say that the car belonged to a Mrs. Egan, an old friend of his?

The two women went up to their rooms, and Dr. Ardeyne, after presumably making for the smoking-room, came back into the hall and spoke to the concierge, who in answer to a question replied that Mrs. Egan was in, he thought. Yes, she had a sitting-room.
Ardeyne looked at the clock. He

had an hour before it was necessary to dress for dinner. The concierge obligingly gave him the number of Mrs. Egan's rooms; they were on the ground floor, and he could if he chose stroll down the corridor and call upon her. He could call now and get it over—the one she had to pick with him, and perhaps another one which she hadn't mentioned.
But he was scarcely in the mood for controversy, particularly with a woman.
It had been such a happy day, the very happiest day of his life, he told himself. It seemed a great pity that Carrie Egan should choose this moment to come here. He hadn't even known that she was in Monte Carlo. It was over a year since he had so much as set eyes upon her. They had parted in anger after a violent quarrel, and the doctor did not wish to be reminded of that quarrel or the cause of it. It seemed unreasonable that he had ever made such a fool of himself.
Having determined to postpone an interview which was bound to be disagreeable, Ardeyne went straight to his own room and dressed, but all the time the thought of Mrs. Egan hung over his head. Perhaps it would be much wiser to see her before the inevitable after-dinner rendezvous in the big lounge.
So he strolled down the corridor, now quite deserted in that hush before the dinner hour, and knocked at her sitting-room door.
The Italian maid opened it a crack. Yes, the Signora was in; she would inquire. In a moment she came back and admitted him.
Mrs. Egan had taken unto herself the royal suite, originally decorated for the entertainment of Queen Marguerita while her Majesty was superintending the arrangement of her delightful villa next door. It was, indeed, a regal suite, stiff with gold brocade and much formal furniture. The windows opened upon a wide veranda overlooking the terrace where Mrs. Egan had parked her car. The big sitting-room, or more appropriately salon, was littered with dress-makers' and milliners' boxes, some of them half unpacked, some not yet opened. Several huge bunches of carnations thrown down carelessly suggested that a visit had been paid to the flower market in Ventimiglia that afternoon. The Italian maid evidently was not very orderly in her methods. She flew about in a distracted fashion gathering up the various boxes, until her mistress appeared and dismissed her.
Mrs. Egan was half-dressed. Her short mop of dark hair was beautifully done, although to the unsophisticated eye it looked as though she had merely run a comb through it. An airy peignoir floated from her bare shoulders, and against her curiously brown neck gleamed a big emerald, like a winking green eye. She was smoking a cigarette, and offered one to Philip Ardeyne. As she passed the box to him he noted—as he had done on former occasions—the bluish tint of her exquisitely formed finger-nails. Always it had caused him a slight thrill for the mystery of her ancestry. There was strange blood in her veins, that he knew. Was Malay or Africa responsible for those finger-nails, for the crinkly hair and the smooth skin which wore a perpetual tan? Somewhere in the dim past that mystery lay hidden. Perhaps even the woman herself did not know.

He took the cigarette, although it was so near dinner time, but declined a rather rich-looking liqueur she offered as an aperitif.
"What's the quarrel you have with me?" she asked, trying to speak as though he did not know, or could not guess. "It's been hanging over me all day."
"Has it? And where have you been all day?" demanded the woman.
Ardeyne flushed very slightly.
"Visiting a friend of Mrs. Carnay," he replied.
"Mrs. Carnay? I thought it was Miss Carnay?"
"Alice's mother," Ardeyne said.
"Oh, her mother is here, too? She looks like a girl who'd have a mother hanging about. And are you really engaged to her, Phil? Engaged to that pretty little piece of porcelain?"
"I'm glad you think she's pretty," the doctor said dryly.
"I was under the impression," Mrs. Egan went on, "that you were engaged to me, but—"
Ardeyne pitched his cigarette into the empty grate. He looked angry, but had himself fairly well in hand.
"We were never engaged," he said. "And there was Burnside—you always preferred him to me. After what happened—"
"Really, Phil?"
"Oh, I'm not being monstrous, and I'm not a fool. Let's be honest about it, Carrie. You certainly left nothing to my imagination that night—"
"You were a beast," Mrs. Egan said quietly. "You accused me of things that—well, no matter. Jack Burnside is married, by the way. However, that has nothing to do with you and me. That isn't really what I'm wild about. Look here, Phil, is it true that you and your precious medical board have let out that lunatic, Hugo Smarke?"
(To be continued.)

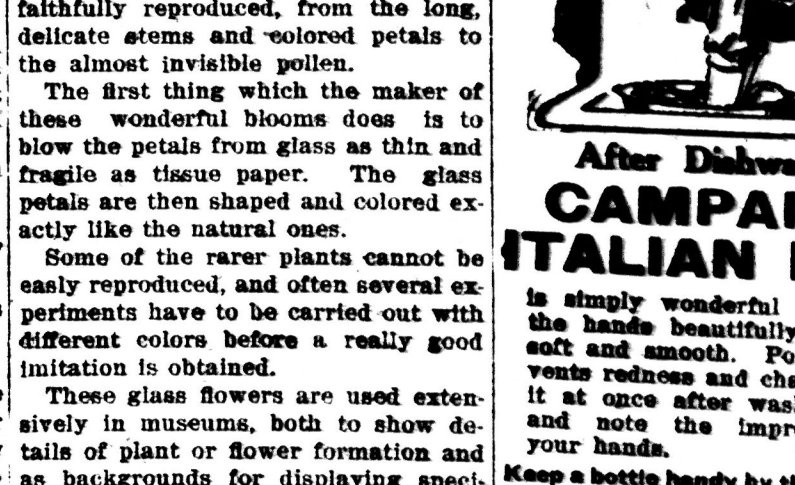
Coma, Sleep & Stupor, the certain end of peace.
The sleeping-place of life, the home of peace.
The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release.
The indifferent judge between the high and low;
With abrid of proof shield me from out the prison.
Of those fierce darts Despair at me doth throw;
O make in me those civil wars to cease;
I will good tribute pay, if then do so, Take thou of me smooth pillows, sweetest bed,
A chamber-coat of noise and blind of light,
A rosy garrand and weary head;
And if these things, as being thing by right,
Move not thy heavy grace, thou shalt in me
Livelier than elsewhere, Stella's image see.
—Sir Philip Sidney (1554-96).

People Who Live on Stilts.
In his story of "The Martians," Mr. H. G. Wells makes the visitors from another planet machine-like beings which walk on a sort of tripod, taking immense strides with these stick-like legs, against which the fastest runner is unable to compete.
A visitor to the Landes, that strange country which lies between the Garonne River and the Pyrenees, might almost imagine the romance had come true, should he spy a shepherd or two striding across the country mounted on a pair of long stilts, and carrying a walking-stick in the shape of a scaffold pole.
Not many years ago almost the whole of the population of the Landes went on stilts, because the terrific tempests blowing from the Bay of Biscay smothered the land with fine sand, and stilts became an absolute necessity of locomotion.
To-day the district is greatly improved by reason of the planting of broom and pines, which has resulted in the growth of a forest, the cessation of dust-storms, and such an improvement in the soil that the peasants have turned to agriculture, formerly impossible.
Nevertheless, wide areas are still very sandy, and the shepherd still goes around on stilts, blowing a shepherds' horn, and when inclined to "sit down," leaning back on the scaffold-pole, and knitting a stocking, or carving a toy with his clamp-knife.

He—"Do you object to smoking?"
She—"I should say not. I was wondering why you were so stinging with 'em."

Flower Gems in Glass.
Marvellous artificial blooms that resemble Nature's finest specimens in every respect, except scent, are being made by expert glass-blowers. Every part of a flower or plant is faithfully reproduced, from the long, delicate stems and colored petals to the almost invisible pollen.
The first thing which the maker of these wonderful blooms does is to blow the petals from glass as thin and fragile as tissue paper. The glass petals are then shaped and colored exactly like the natural ones.
Some of the rarer plants cannot be easily reproduced, and often several experiments have to be carried out with different colors before a really good imitation is obtained.
These glass flowers are used extensively in museums, both to show details of plant or flower formation and as backgrounds for displaying specimens of birds and insects. So far has this branch of scientific glass-blowing been developed that it is practically impossible to distinguish the artificial blossoms from the real.

WOMEN CAN DYE ANY GARMENT, DRAPERY
Dye or Tint Worn, Faded Things New for 15 cents.



Don't wonder whether you can dye or tint successfully, because perfect home dyeing is guaranteed with "Diamond Dyes" even if you have never dyed before. Druggists have all colors. Directions in each package.

To supply the steadily increasing demand for **EDDY'S MATCHES** Eddy's make 120 MILLION matches a day



Down a Peg.
The expression "taken down a peg," is explained by a tankard which appeared at a recent sale. It was very ancient, was made not of metal but of wood, and on the inside were eight projecting pegs or pins.
There are various explanations of the peg's presence, one being that St. Dunstan introduced them among the hard-drinking Saxons to encourage moderation, but the likeliest and simplest explanation is that at a time when one drinking vessel served for the whole company, it was necessary to have a marked vessel lest a greedy man should take more than his fair share.
Of course, these greedy persons would become marked men, and it would be everyone's duty to see that they were "taken down a peg"—that is to say, that as many as possible got their drink before it came to the greedy one, so that he might have the last peg, which contained all the dregs.
It is possible, too, that the expression, "I don't care a pin," comes from the pin or peg-tankard, as from one pin to the next was but a gill, the fourth part of a pint, and was thus to most drinkers a negligible quantity.

The Good Old Days.
"I fancy one reason for my unpopularity with my acquaintances," admitted J. Fuller Gloom, "is due to the fact that although I recollect as well as any of them when a square meal for a hungry man could be obtained for twenty-five cents, I insist that it wasn't any better than the meal we get nowadays for a dollar and a quarter."

Minard's Liniment for Dandruff.
Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm.—Emerson.



After Dishwashing! **CAMPANA'S ITALIAN BALM**
Is simply wonderful for keeping the hands beautifully white and soft and smooth. Positively prevents redness and chapping. Use it at once after washing dishes, and note the improvement of your hands.
Keep a bottle handy by the kitchen sink.

JIG-SAW PUZZLE FOR THE CHILDREN.
Just—Send four wrappers from **OXO CUBES**
To One Limited, 232 Lincwell St. Montreal.

DANES CANADIAN Great 1923 quantity of The trade Canada unity for fore, great Through from the and the than in per smaller. Only 2 of ple into 4 and 4 to Engla In the British is follows: Canada Danish America Others As imp state of ment. In "Journal" fore of editorial are given minuciae try of liv packing. "There cease in this count grade ba of brood pug; the models, us producing a question Danish pin largely v difference. The vie last three give first quarter of standard. costs by aim of pr for the E with the word wit Boars wh a certai h other gently, in Not a f ants. Is 20 means moderat rters a dash to tation of It is c succeeded ed the w tation, fr marketing a lack of Professor of the farme with the c osion of e that th may go a existing a more stan tion. Wh quies and supply of the finest English p anything c best Wilts "the highe undertake supplies of Danes can the thouse are only r with the and actual of product The foll second an "Journal" Agency's Philip's face has with the com prod converted "the leas s" "the ba ex-celled follow tha for perk first qual "Strong made to e cures th a sufficient enable the running a particular portion of verted into etated that Denmark a ting has de duction of cent of the convertible largely as aded in