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About the House

STOCKING TOYS.

As a general thing, most old stockings are thrown away when they are too worn-out to darn any more.

But we will continue to make toys from our old stockings. It will more than delight the babies and small children.

Do not use silk ones; they split too readily, and the plain lisle are apt to stretch. The ribbed ones are best, and be sure they have no holes in the legs, for that is the part to use.

For a funny old "mammy doll" proceed as follows: Cut off the foot and sew the leg straight across the top, so as to form a bag. Then decide how big you want your doll, for the longer the leg the bigger she will be.

Stuff with cotton or old rags—more stockings cut up small will do—till the head is round and large enough. Then tie a string tightly around the neck to hold it in place and form the head. Stuff the rest of the body and sew up the bottom.

For arms and legs, take a piece of stocking the desired length, roll up and wrap tightly with black thread, sewing at the bottom. Tie a string a little way up to form the hand.

The legs are made the same way, but turn up about an inch at right angles to the leg to form a foot and catch with a few stitches, then sew the arms and legs on the doll.

Outline the features with white thread, making large goggle eyes and a big mouth with stitches taken across it for teeth. Dress mammy in any scraps you may have, but be sure to make her an apron and a head handkerchief with stick-up ears.

A dear little girl doll is made the same way from a white stocking, and dressed in dainty clothes, with the features done in colors—blue eyes, red mouth and perhaps a touch of rouge on her pale cheeks. If she has a little cap, she needs no hair.

The funniest sort of witch's black cat is made by making the head and body this same way, then pinching up the two corners of the head for ears, gathering them a little and fastening with a few tight stitches. Do not sew on legs and arms; they can be outlined on the body with white, if liked, or left out altogether. Outline the features and whiskers in white, with a touch of green or yellow for the eyes. Make quite a long tail, wrapped like the doll limbs, and sew on tightly.

A rabbit is made from a white stocking by adding long ears to the body made like the cat, with a tail of a wad of cotton sewed on. The ears should be cut out separately and doubled and turned and sewed on. They are less trouble made from white flannel. Outline the features in black. He and the cat may have a ribbon tied around their necks, with perhaps a bell.

THE FEET AND ANKLES.

The appearance of the feet and ankles is of great importance, now that short skirts and low shoes are so generally worn. While it is impossible for every one to have a small foot, certainly every one can have a neat or dainty-looking foot. The last place to economize is on shoes. It is better to wear one fairly high-priced pair of shoes throughout a season, than two cheap pairs.

Of course you will not be able to wear well-fitting shoes comfortably if the feet hurt. I do not mean that shoes should be tight, but neither should they be too loose; one produces corns as much as the other. Given the right sort of footgear, it is quite possible to keep the feet healthy without ever having to go to a chiropodist.

The feet, as well as the body, should be bathed daily; not just given a careless washing, but scrubbed with mild soap and a flesh brush. Then they should be dried well and gone over with a corn file. Every callus should be rubbed down, the corns softened by soaking and either filed down, or if very bad, the top callus skin should be cut off with cuticle scissors. It is quite possible to do this without touching any of the living tissue. Very stubborn corns should be bound up with a slice of lemon over them—next day the hard skin will easily come off.

Tender feet should be soaked in hot salt water, the proportion being a cupful of sea-salt to a quart of hot water. This rests the feet, and hardens them. If the skin of the foot is very dry, there is nothing better than sweet-oil or vaseline to use as a daily massage. In fact, corns and calli rubbed daily with sweet-oil, vaseline, or cold cream, will eventually disappear.

One woman has been successful in

reducing enlarged joints (bunions) by applying turpentine, night and morning; in fact, she declares that the turpentine "almost shrinks the bone."

We repeat the remedy for split skin (between the toes): When the skin splits between the toes, apply chalk, the kind used for writing upon blackboards. Procure a stick of the chalk, scrape off the outer layer and throw this away. Scrape the remaining chalk to a fine powder and dust this powder between toes. The chalk has a drying effect which is very healing and gives quick relief.

If free of the common ailments of the feet, and a moderate amount can be spent for shoes, every woman can boast of neat and attractive-looking feet. Size does not matter so much; the large woman must have large feet or she will look top heavy. If they seem too big, however, she should carefully avoid fancy styles of footwear, and buy nothing but the plainest and best.

PATCHING UP THE MIRROR.

We have a mirror from which the silver has come off in several places. Could you tell me what I could do to it?—Mrs. C. H.

Clean the bare portion of the glass by rubbing it gently with fine cotton, taking care to remove any trace of dust and grease. If this cleaning be not done very carefully, defects will appear around the place repaired. With the point of a penknife, cut upon the back of another looking glass around a portion of the silvering of the required form, but a little larger. Upon it place a small drop of mercury; a drop the size of a pin-head will be sufficient for a surface equal to the size of the nail. The mercury spreads immediately, penetrates the amalgam to where it was cut off with the knife, and the required piece may be now lifted and removed to the place to be repaired. This is the most difficult part of the operation. Then press lightly the renewed portion with cotton; it hardens almost immediately, and the glass presents the same appearance.

A NEW DOLL OUTFIT.



4579. This is a very desirable model and one that will please the little "doll mother," for not only the garments but the doll as well may be made from the pattern here given. The doll may be of drill or unbleached muslin, and stuffed with floss hair or cotton batting. The dress could be of gingham, oretone, chambray, silk or crepe, and the cap, to match, or of lace or embroidery.

The Pattern is cut in 3 Sizes for dolls: 12, 16 and 20 inches in length. To make the doll in a 16-inch size requires 1/2 yard of 36-inch material. The dress and cap require 3/4 yard. The cap alone requires 1/4 yard.

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 1924-1925 Book of Fashions.

FRENCH ONION SOUP.

Winter is the season for thick soups, and this one which, with a liberal chunk of bread, makes a whole meal for the Breton peasant, is especially good. Peel four large onions and two carrots. The onions should be chopped fine, and the carrots diced. Put them into an enameled ware saucepan with three tablespoonfuls of butter and saute them until the onions are well browned. Use a quarter teaspoonful of sugar and half a teaspoonful of salt. Add a quart of water and boil for two hours, adding more water as it boils away. This soup should be served with a slice of bread in each plate.

For Sore Feet—Minard's Liniment.

Love Gives Itself

THE STORY OF A BLOOD FEUD

BY ANNIE S. SWAN.

"Love gives itself and is not bought."—Longfellow.

CHAPTER III.—(Cont'd.)

"I have something to say too!" answered Peter gaily, for it was a spring day and all the world seemed young and gay. "If we have to avoid May, Carlotta, it must be not later than the twenty-ninth of April—our wedding, I mean—for I don't propose to wait till June."

She sat down suddenly, as if her limbs failed her, and began, with the hazel stick she carried, to draw strange hieroglyphics among the pine needles at her feet.

He took a step nearer to her and touched her shoulder.

"Darling!" he said, impassionedly, "say it will be the twenty-ninth. You have kept me in a state of uncertainty so long, I'm going to take the law into my own hands. Do you hear? The Lees needs and wants its mistress, and I am tired of waiting."

It seemed a long, long time before she spoke, and then she rose to her feet and looked at him quite straightly, but very strangely, in the face.

"I am very sorry, Peter, but I cannot marry you at all."

CHAPTER IV.

THE MARCH DYKE.

A lover, secure in the knowledge of love given and returned, might have taken the words as a jest, to be frowned or laughed over as the occasion demanded; but the tone in which Carlotta uttered them, the set and almost anguished expression of her face, drove them home with relentless force.

Even at the moment when he knew their finality, Garvock tried to make light of them.

"You can't marry me!" he repeated. "Oh, come, Carlotta! It is not a very kind jest between us and me at this late day!"

"It is not a jest," she answered dully. "I would not make that kind of jest. It would be unseemly. Besides, I am not a jesting woman."

"Then why?" he stammered, "why this change of front?"

But this time she had no direct answer ready. Her eyes evaded his and sought to follow the flight of a bird on the wing.

Presently, however, she brought them back to his face.

Her expression had changed again, for swift and bewildering variety was one of the chief charms of that mobile face.

"I think you can't be very much surprised. We have been engaged just three weeks, but have you ever had, in that time, any feeling of security or happiness?"

"I had your promise," he said gloomily, "the promise I am going to claim."

"Do you remember the day it was given?" she asked swiftly. "It was not a happy day. It is not yet so far away but that you can recall precisely what I said."

"You said you did not care for me," he answered, readily enough. "But I answered that I could teach you."

"And you remember what I said in answer to that? 'Love gives itself. It is not bought.'"

His face flushed dully. He was not seeking to buy your love, Carlotta. He just to me. I did not so much as mention material things."

"Oh, no!" she said, with a swift glance of compassion for him. "It was I who was mercenary, sordid, base! I told you I was tempted as a poor woman can be tempted by a rich man. I said horrible things, which afterwards I hated myself for. But your patience was boundless."

"Because I cared so much, Carlotta," said Peter Garvock with a strange humility. "Besides, I did not believe the half of them. I understood you better than you understand yourself."

For the first time, she studied his strong, harsh face attentively, thinking of the pity of it, and how, given love—the necessary, the all-forgetful love—the right woman might find and cherish the gold of a nature that wore its most forbidding characteristics on the outside.

"If you understand me then, Peter, try to understand me now," she said, in a low, sweet voice. "I am very miserable. I wish we had never met. Try

to forget that we ever have, or that these weeks had being."

"The man who has known you for three weeks, and been permitted to look into your eyes, doesn't forget, Carlotta," he said with a melancholy touch, a touch of poetry, even, which surprised her afresh.

It made her dumb in front of her colossal task. For Peter Garvock was no weakling to be tossed hither and thither on the froth of a woman's whim. He would probe deeper. The dreary conviction that nothing but the truth would satisfy him, penetrated Carlotta's soul.

"Somebody has been talking to you," he said, encouraged by her silence, and by the unwonted sweetness and pathos of her looks. "Tell me who it is, that I may go and crush their lies and innuendoes."

She shook her head. "Nobody has been talking. None would dare. Oh, Peter, can't you understand that I have never cared and that now I know that I never could care, and that I am saving you, as well as myself, from a misery too great to be imagined or endured?"

"I said I would take the risks, even of being married for my money," he said doggedly. "And I'm taking them still. We are to be married on the twenty-ninth of April—"

"No, no! No, no!"

Just those four syllables—nothing more!

"You remember I said if you were so desperate as to take the risks, I would try," she went on, drearily. "But I warned you of the kind of woman I was. I even—and her color certainly rose royally—"I even warned you that, among other things that might happen, was the other man. He has been known to come into married lives before this, and to destroy such peace as existed."

"That would never have happened with you, Carlotta!" he answered proudly. "If a man trusted you with his honor, it would be safe."

The tribute touched her inexpressibly, nay, more—it drove her irresistibly to the truth. She fixed her eyes on his now set and gloomy face, and spoke quite quietly.

"Peter, I am twenty-five years of age, and a good many men have spoken to me about this love. Every one has left me cold. I had grown if not to believe in its existence, at least to think it never would exist for me. But I was wrong. It is the biggest force in the world—and the most disastrous."

"Then, if I have taught you that much," he cried joyfully, "the rest will be easy!"

"Oh, but—but it is not you! Don't you see that if it had been you, there would have been no need for all this talk?"

Then Peter Garvock's expression changed indeed, and became terrible. The blackness of his hair and eyes accentuated the sickly paleness of the face, outraged by the deepest passions which can ravage the soul of man.

"Then who—who is it? Someone you have seen since we met last?" he demanded thickly.

Then all at once his eyes were opened. The scales fell from them and he knew!

"It is Stair!" he cried in an awful voice. "That hound and blackguard, that breaker of women's hearts—Alan Rankine!"

He was at once answered and rebuked by the majesty of Carlotta's look. She stepped across the pine needles, and laid her hand, so light and firm yet compelling, on his arm.

"Listen, Peter Garvock. You and I, and Stair, and all the other men and women in the world, are but players on the board. We move a little this way or that, but the final moves, the big stratagems, are not in our hands. That Alan Rankine and I should meet, and love, and belong to one another, has been ordained from the beginning of time. I knew it that day when you brought him to me at the Clock House. Did you feel nothing of the strange currents with which the air was charged?"

"I wish I had choked his black heart out of him before I brought him!" cried Peter Garvock, almost foaming at the mouth. "But he shall

never have you, Carlotta! Never while I live.

She shrank back, the woman in her quailing momentarily before the fury of his face.

"And all this high-falutin' nonsense about your being ordained for one another from the beginning of time! I wonder how many women he has led on that tack since he began?" he went on, his evil passion rising with every word.

Carlotta put up an arresting hand. "I must leave you, Peter Garvock. All this talk will serve no end. I may never be Alan Rankine's wife—very probably I never shall be, but I will never be yours. I ask your forgiveness for—for these three weeks of folly and misery! Some day you will come to me and thank me for what I have done this day."

When she would have turned from him he grasped her arm.

(To be continued.)

The Sheik's Justice.

The sheik of an Arab tribe, says Mr. Paul Harrison in a recent issue of Asia, exercises unlimited power; of him it may be said as it was of Nebuchadnezzar, "Whom he would he slew and whom he would he kept alive."

The only check upon his actions is public opinion and the likelihood of its expressing itself in the form of assassination if he becomes too unpopular. The office is hereditary and in the natural course of events passes to the eldest son; but occasionally, if the heir is obviously a man of no force, one of the other children assumes it instead. "The ablest ruler is the man wanted and the one eventually secured. No one cares much to what family he belongs."

Able some of the sheiks certainly are, and according to their lights and traditions just, although the frightful severity of the punishments inflicted would often seem to the more merciful mind of the Occident out of all proportion to the offenses committed. Flogging, cutting of the hands and decapitation are frequent. But Mr. Harrison tells of one act of justice, severe in its way, it is true, but such as to win approval in the Western world no less than in the Orient.

Ibu Jilawi, Governor of Hass, holds his court in Hofuf, the capital. He rules with a rod of iron, and the rich and powerful may expect no favors at his hands. He is absolutely incorruptible and impartial.

One day there appeared before him as complainant a poor and ignorant villager whose cow some boys on a hunting expedition had shot and killed. A careful description of the party made it possible to gather the entire number before the governor. The villager did not know the name of the ring-leader, but on being asked if he could identify him at once pointed him out. To his horror he learned that the lad was Ibu Jilawi's own son.

"Did you do this?" the father asked sternly.

"Yes, I did it," acknowledged the boy.

The boy had a very fine mare, a recent gift from his father, and at the father's command she was brought in.

"Would you," asked Ibu Jilawi with the utmost courtesy, "be willing to regard this mare as an adequate compensation for the loss of your cow?"

"Certainly," replied the villager. "She is worth many times the value of my cow, but I hope you will excuse me from taking her. If I had had the least idea who the offender was, I should never have entered a complaint."

"No doubt that is true," replied Ibu Jilawi with a smile, "but nevertheless you will not be excused from taking the mare. The boy will apologize to you unqualifiedly, and if you will then consider the matter settled I shall be sincerely indebted to you."

So, having received the apology, the villager led off the mare. The child's heart was almost broken, but it was not until some time later that Ibu Jilawi bought the mare back for him, and then at a thousand riyals, or Maria Theresa dollars, a sum sufficient to make the villager independently wealthy for the rest of his life.

May Make "Rudy" Into Shoe Leather.

The up-to-date woman in London now has a regular "menagerie" in her shoe cupboard. To dainty footgear—including those made of crocodile, lizard, alligator, shark and sea leopard—she must now add a pair made of ostrich skin.

This is a new departure, and shoes composed of it look smart and promise to wear well. It is brown, and the holes out of which feathers have been plucked show a deeper tone and make an effective decoration.

A shoemaker who has introduced these shoes is also making models in walrus skin, and is experimenting with the skin of the rayfish, which he thinks will be very successful for footwear.

Date Palms in Desert.

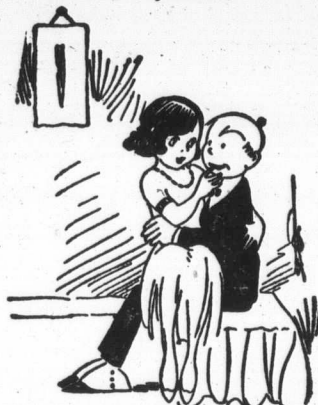
Though the date palm is commonly thought of as a desert plant, its roots must be constantly kept wet, in the marshy soil of the oasis in which it grows.

NURSES

The Toronto Hospital for Incurables, in connection with the Toronto General Hospital, offers a three-year course of training in nursing, leading to the required education, and desirous of becoming nurses. This Hospital has adopted the eight-hour system. The pupils receive uniforms of the Hospital, a monthly allowance and travelling expenses to and from New York. For further information apply to the Superintendent.

Bass Voice Requires the Most Energy.

An eminent physician, presenting before the Academy of Medicine in Paris the results of an investigation of the amount of work performed by orators and singers, said he found from his experiments that a bass voice, in order to produce the same impression upon the ears of an audience in a hall requires the performance of about eighteen times more work than is required of a baritone or tenor voice. A bass voice is always at a disadvantage with regard to the amount of work demanded of it, he said. It was also found, he added, that men are always more fatigued than women and children by an equal effort of the voice, and men with bass voices suffer the most fatigue.



He—"Do you believe love comes more than once?"

She—"If you treat him right, he does."

Minard's Liniment Heals Cuts.

Percy's Puzzle.

The teacher had been lecturing his class on the wisdom often displayed by animals and birds. He compared it with that of human beings, to the latter's disadvantage. Having finished his discourse, he invited his pupils to ask questions bearing on the subject. Percy held up his hand.

"Well, Percy," said the teacher, "what is it you want to know?"

"I want to know, sir," replied Percy, "what makes chickens know how big our egg-cups are?"

Health Notes.

Two business men, having to spend a few hours in a small town, decided to dine at the village school.

One of them turned to the pretty waitress and asked: "How's the chicken?"

"Oh, I'm all right," she blushed. "How are you?"

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This monument in the Kicking Horse Pass, British Columbia, marks the place where the last spike was driven in the building of the Canadian Pacific Railway.