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About the House

TEN COMMANDMENTS TO PARENTS.

Another school year is now in full swing. With all the enthusiasm and eagerness of a child, several thousand youngsters have begun their first or a new year of their school life. It often develops that this enthusiasm and interest in their school work becomes a strain that may tend to cause the child to be nervous and irritable, and eventually rob him of health and the enjoyment of his youth.

Dr. Park J. White, child specialist, says that the best cure for this nervousness is prevention, and gives these ten commandments to parents to help their children.

1. Be sure that the child is in good physical condition. Nervousness should be the last diagnosis made.
2. Never let the child hear you or anyone else talk about him.
3. Make few requests and have them obeyed, instead of many requests that are not followed up.
4. Remember that a child always knows more than the proudest parent thinks he does. Keep him occupied.
5. If you must worry about your child, don't let him see it. He looks to you for strength, not weakness.
6. Never say, "Boys will be boys." It covers too many sins.
7. Never hire anyone to do the actual bringing up of your child. Try to fit yourself for the task.
8. Enter into your child's fun just as much as into his discipline. Otherwise, you will scarcely know each other.
9. Know all about your child's teachers and his friends without seeming to interfere.
10. At the proper time, talk to your children—father to son, mother to daughter—of sex, as naturally as you would of digestion.

"Once a child has developed one or more of the great catalog of nervous symptoms," says this specialist, "the greatest hope of cure lies in correcting the physical trouble that may be responsible. Failing this, the child's environment must be changed, either by purging the house of nervous adults, by sending the child away for a visit, by providing new companions, by putting him in a new school if the old one has really been at fault, or by putting him in bed for a rest cure."

FOR LATE SEASON CANNING.

The following recipes are all a bit different, and will fill your shelves with delicious additions for winter menus. The recipes given all use the "garden's last offerings," and may be made after the weather begins to get cooler.

Quince-Apple Preserves—Put six



Dusty hands are germ-carriers

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LIFEBUOY HEALTH SOAP

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LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED
TORONTO

ISSUE No. 29-24.

Beatrice and the Rose

BY HONORE WILLISIE.

PART I.

Beatrice sat on the topmost bar of the four-barred gate. This particular bar of this particular gate had been her favorite thinking-spot since, in her slender-legged childhood, her heels had tattooed the very dents still to be seen in the second bar.

The old man, hobbling slowly across her reverie, did not in the least disturb her dreaming. His eyes lingered tenderly on her as he drew nearer.

"Beatrice!" he called. "Beatrice, better come in now, dearie."

The girl jumped lightly from her perch.

"Saving me from another scolding, eh, grandfather? Bless your heart!"

"Your father'll be in from the field pretty soon now," the old man said.

Beatrice put her arm through his and turned him toward the house.

"It's a pretty place, grandfather," she said.

"Yes," said the old man, "I still think so after seeing it for seventy odd years."

Across the pasture lay the old red brick house, almost hidden by Virginia creeper. Elms and maples filled the great yard. It was a quiet old house, with many windows and gabled roofs.

"Yes, it's a pretty place," repeated Beatrice, "and I should hate to leave it."

Grandfather Edgren stopped in alarm.

"You are not thinking of leaving it, Beatrice?" he cried.

The girl shook her head.

"It's no use for me to think of leaving it, grandfather, you know. Father won't let me learn anything but house-keeping. If there were need for my doing the work, I wouldn't complain."

"I wish your mother had lived, Beatrice," the old man said. "She could have done anything with your father. Not but what John means well," he interrupted, "but—but he doesn't see things just as your mother and I would."

The girl's sweet face saddened as her companion spoke, and her dark eyes watched, unseeing, the pigeons dipping about the eaves of the old barn. Then her lips curved into a sudden smile.

"Grandfather," she cried, "the first briar rose!" She knelt close by the garden fence and smelled the fragile thing. "I'll not pick it yet," she murmured, "not until—"

"Beatrice! Beatrice!" called a heavy voice from the porch.

"Coming, father," answered the girl, rising slowly, and, again taking the old man's arm, she trailed up the brick garden walk to the vine-covered porch.

"Beatrice," her father began, "are you never going to take the responsibility of the house? It's pretty hard on me to have to run both the farm and the house, while you are out mooning."

Beatrice did not answer until she had helped her grandfather up the steps.

"But, father," she said then, "Bridget does everything better than I could ever hope to, and she has managed so long that she resents a suggestion from me."

Mr. Walcott brought his fist down heavily on the back of a chair.

"That's not the point," he said decisively. "I want my daughter to be a thorough housekeeper, and she'll never learn it by lally-gagging in the woods. My mother would turn over in her grave if she thought I had such a daughter."

Beatrice waited to hear no more, but slipped into the hallway. Grandfather Edgren looked at his son-in-law sadly.

"You don't understand Beatrice, I'm afraid, John," he said.

"No, and I don't want to," snorted John Walcott. "You've no business to encourage her in her laziness, father. Come, supper must be ready," and he followed Beatrice into the hall.

The interior of the old house was as attractive as the exterior. A broad, cool wainscoted hall stretched through it, with wide-swung doors at either end, through which one caught, on the one hand, a glimpse of summer fields and the lane, where a line of cattle wandered toward the barnyard, and, on the other hand, the quaint old garden with its tangle of bloom. It was not strange that Grandfather Edgren and Beatrice loved the place.

The supper hour was not a congenial one, though the old man did his

spread open. Roll out the dough, trim the edges, then lay the dates over half the dough, turning the other half over the dates. Press firmly together with the rolling pin, cut cookies in any desired shapes and bake in a quick oven. They are delicious.

A GARDEN IN A MUFFIN PAN.

Has your faithful muffin pan sprung a leak and ceased to be oven-worthy? Those very holes are useful! And for a muffin tin garden there should be two or three small ones in each cup. Pound them in with a nail. Next paint the whole pan a dull green enamel. Place good soil suitable for nasturtiums in each cup. Plant several seeds to each cup and then watch them grow into a very decorative and new kind of "dish garden" for the living room.

Minard's Liniment Heals Cuts.

cheerful best to keep up a conversation concerning the condition of the honey bees and the new hives, which were his special care and pride. As soon as possible, Beatrice left the table. When she was gone her father again manned his guns.

The subject of her distaste of housework, her love of books, her dislike for the society of the farmer youths of the neighborhood, had once occupied the entire meal hour; but a certain quiet dignity that Beatrice was acquiring, with her eighteen years, had lately caused her father to curb his tongue a little. So it was Grandfather Edgren who received full benefit of the fusillade.

"I can't understand it," began John Walcott, pouring a quantity of cream over his strawberries. "What does Beatrice think is to become of her? She turns up her nose at every fellow in the township, and some of them are mighty well-to-do, too. Why, my sisters used to turn out as much work in a day as Beatrice does in a year."

"Beatrice comes of different stock," suggested Grandfather Edgren, mildly.

"She's my child as much as her mother's, ain't she?" stormed Walcott.

"And I tell you I don't see how any child of mine can spend her days sniffing at flowers, fussing over flower beds and mooning at the landscape. I wish she had been a boy. As it is, she'll never amount to shucks."

"I have a feeling," went on the gentle old voice opposite, "that some one of the Edgrens, some day, will amount to a great many shucks; if not Beatrice, then one of Beatrice's children. We have always been quiet people, yet—here a note of pride crept into the quavering voice—"we have never been beholden to any one for sustenance. This property, unencumbered, has been in the family for a hundred and fifty years."

John Walcott looked a little uncomfortable. His place was merely that of regent. The beautiful old farm would belong to Beatrice.

"Of course, I know that," he said, in a slightly more conciliatory tone, "and what I want is to make Beatrice fit to take the responsibility of it."

Grandfather Edgren looked out the window toward his beloved beehives.

"I'm not afraid," he answered. "Beatrice's mother was a dreamer, too, and Beatrice looks like her."

John Walcott's reply caught in his throat as he looked toward the doorway.

"Grandfather," said Beatrice, "will you come into the garden with me?"

Beatrice was very like her mother; very like the old portrait that hung in the hall, and that showed a sweet-faced girl with a laughing baby in her arms. It was one of the griefs of Beatrice's life that she had been so young that she could not realize in whose arms she was held; and it was the great grief of John Walcott's life that those tender arms had held the baby for so short a time. As he looked at his daughter's face above the white gown, a face too sad for its years, a memory of that other face, which he had truly adored, clutched at his heart. Without a word he watched the old man and the girl go out into the garden; and long after Bridget had cleared the table he sat staring into the gathering twilight.

Grandfather Edgren and Beatrice walked up and down the garden paths together, pausing now before a group of lilies ethereally soft in the fading light, now before a mass of phlox of wonderful hue and luxuriance.

"They are beautiful, child—beautiful! I don't see how you do it!"

"I think out most of it sitting on the pasture gate. Somehow, I can plan best there," answered Beatrice, smiling whimsically.

That evening, as they sat on the porch listening to the measured notes of the crickets, Grandfather Edgren was unusually silent. A new idea was stirring in the old man's mind. Beatrice so loved her flowers, she delved over them so persistently, read and studied over them so faithfully, it seemed a pity that her efforts should not lead to some end which might meet John Walcott's approval. After Beatrice and her father had gone to bed, and the house lay quiet in the moonlight, a lamp burned late in the old to an old-time friend's son, whose private greenhouses were widely known, asking would he stop in to see whether the girl's flowers were saleable, if he ever passed that way.

For the next few days, for different reasons, Beatrice and her Grandfather Edgren went about with an air of absent-minded expectancy—a fact that irritated John Walcott almost beyond endurance. Even the hiving of a new swarm of bees had seldom enthralled Grandfather Edgren as did the possibilities of a reply to his letter. Each morning, as the postman's gig appeared in a dusty cloud far down the road, the old man hobbled down the lane to intercept it.

(To be continued.)

A Scotch Gift.

"Here, Annie, here's something for your birthday," announced an old Scotchman, handing his servant a cheque for five dollars, but with the signature line blank. "Keep it, an' on your next birthday I'll sign it."

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THE CENTRE OF INTEREST

A Little Lesson in Living

I enjoyed a great privilege this Summer. I was allowed to sojourn for a part of my vacation with the artists' colony which every summer gathers on the Ox Bow of the Kalamazoo river, near Saugatuck, Michigan.

I want to pass on to you a little lesson in living which I learned while idling among the busily happy worshippers of beauty who spend their holiday working with brush and palette, amid the endlessly varying charms of light and shadow on the oak clad sand dunes and mirroring river surface.

One of my first friends was practising his magic upon an easel canvas on the river bank. His subject was a little group of frame buildings—the Ox Bow studio—against a background of trees. The sun and shadow on the sloping roofs of red and on the green walls constituted the lure for his brush—or rather for his palette knife. He explained to me that he preferred the latter to any brush, and I marvelled as he spread his oily pigment, butting his canvas as I might butter toast, and evolving from this seemingly primitive process a wonder of harmony in line and color such as no mere toast butterer ever dreamed of achieving.

Between him and his subject stood another artist at another easel, and my friend had put him in his picture, at the edge of his canvas, looking out toward the edge and away from the group of studio buildings.

Presently came by a third member of the colony—one whose ability and attainment had given him the right to comment upon the work of others, and whose criticism was valued as that of the seeing eye and the understanding heart.

He stood for a moment watching the palette knife as it spread the color, strengthening a high light, deepening or subduing a shadow; and then he spoke:

"So you are trying to do what can't be done!" he said. It was said half-morously, but with a kindly positiveness.

"But I think I can!" answered my friend.

"Yes," continued the critic. "We had a student at the Art Institute last year who thought it could. He took three months to learn he was mistaken."

My uninitiated mind became curious to know what was the impossible which my friend had undertaken to prove possible. I waited eagerly for the argument to disclose the cause of the controversy, unnamed as yet, but evidently understood by both.

"You cannot put a figure in your picture, on the edge of your canvas and looking out of it, and preserve its centre of interest. You are dissipating interest," said the critic.

"But this and this and this," replied my friend, indicating with his thumb the sweep of line, the massing of light and shadow in the composition of the picture, "all contribute to the interest centre, and I will tone down the figure a bit."

His defense was in reality an admission, and being a very wise man the critic knew it, so he spent no words in further argument.

"Very well," he concluded, "go on with your experiment; but it can't be done," and wandered off to speak words of wisdom to some other adventurer in the enchanted realm of Art.

Now being no artist myself, all of this might have meant little or nothing to me were it not for my habit of looking for the life lesson in such things.

But the making of a life is in many ways like the making of a picture; and in this way as much as in any other—if life is to be effective it must have a centre of interest, and everything must contribute to it. No life can be really beautiful without such a centre, and its beauty can never appeal and satisfy as it should if there be in it rivaling elements which divert and distract—figures looking out of the canvas as if there lay elsewhere an equally or more important interest.

Many lives are marred in both beauty and usefulness by failure to observe this fundamental principle. It is not that there may be only one beautiful thing, one worth while thing in life, but that there must be one thing which predominates, and to which all else that is lovely and worth while contributes interest and value.

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from which, in truth, all else in the picture derives its measure of charm and significance.

So the artist must choose what he will have in his picture and what he will leave out, you, who would make a life, must choose. First, what is your centre of interest; then, what will contribute to it—so the picture, and so the life, is made.

And as I watched these artists, I noticed this—None of them was taking himself for the centre of interest, but everyone showed any sign at all of painting good pictures was putting himself into his painting; expressing and interpreting himself in terms of the world of beauty about him, in terms of the interest to be found in other forms and other faces.

And that is also a little lesson in living which I learned this Summer—a little lesson in beautiful living. For I found that as these artists had been making their pictures of beauty they had also been making personalities of wonderful charm.—S. J. Duncan-Clark in "Success."

For Sore Feet—Minard's Liniment



Two.
"Boss, when do I get my vacations?"
"Vacations? How many vacations do you get, huh?"
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