

## Tea of Quality

# "SALADA"

is blended only from tender young leaves & buds that yield richly of their delicious goodness. Try SALADA to-day.

## Woman's Realm

### PROTECTING THE SKIN.

As wintry winds are hard on the skin, the face and hands need extra care and should be protected in every way possible. A housewife can "save her hands" in many ways, even though she may own but few of the modern labor-saving devices. A little thought, a pair of canvas gloves (to wear when doing rough work), a dish mop and scraper are great aids to presentable hands.

If hard water must be used for toilet purposes, soften it by means of borax. Another way is to mix a cupful each of oatmeal and cornmeal, with one-half cupful of almond meal. Place in cheesecloth bags (a tablespoonful in each) and add one of these bags to a basin of hot water.

Creams and lotions should be provided and used intelligently. As I have said before, it is impossible to recommend a soap, lotion, cream or powder that will suit all skins. Every woman must try these out for herself. There are, however, a few toilet preparations which can generally be used. One of these is camphor-ice, a thick waxy form of cream which is an excellent protection for the lips in cold weather. Camphor-ice should be rubbed over the lips before going out of doors.

There are innumerable uses for vaseline (petroleum jelly). If the finger nails become brittle, as they so often do in cold weather, rub vaseline well into the nails (especially around the roots) several times a day and the last thing at night. Vaseline will both darken and strengthen the eyebrows and eyelashes. It may be rubbed freely into the eyebrows, but use sparingly on eyelashes.

Rub badly-stained hands with vaseline until it has entered every crevice of the skin. Rub this off with cornmeal, then wash with warm water and soap. Every particle of stain or grime can be removed in this way, leaving the hands clean and smooth.

Should the ends of the fingers crack in cold weather, try a lotion which is highly recommended. The lotion requires two ounces of commercial (32 per cent.) acetic acid, two ounces of witch-hazel and two ounces of glycerine mixed together. Just before retiring, wash the hands well with warm water and soap. Rinse off all soap, then dry the hands lightly, and rub the lotion well into the skin. It will smart when it gets into the cracks, but the smarting will last but a moment, and the hands will soon be well and the skin becomes soft and pliable. Used in the same way, this lotion will soften the callous spots which form on the hands and feet.

### HOMEMADE FUN.

When the Christmas toys begin to pall, as they will during the long shut-in days, the wise mother will put them out of sight and offer a simple homemade substitute. Many ideas lie ready to hand.

A dozen clean rubber rings, from opened jars of fruit, will provide a jolly game of ring toss, using any convenient hook or peg. If no other is in sight four excellent ones may be obtained by turning a dining-room chair upside down on the floor.

The Christmas cards which have clear bright pictures should be slipped into a pigeonhole. Let Billy lay them on a sofa cushion and give him a large-headed pin with which to prick holes around the outlines, and he will

### "DIAMOND DYES"

#### COLOR THINGS NEW



Beautiful home dyeing and tinting is guaranteed with Diamond Dyes. Just dip in cold water to tint soft, delicate shades, or boil to dye rich, permanent colors. Each 15-cent package contains directions so simple any woman can dye or tint lingerie, silks, ribbons, skirts, waists, dresses, coats, stockings, sweaters, draperies, coverings, hangings, everything new.

Buy "Diamond Dyes"—no other kind—and tell your druggist whether the material you wish to color is wool or silk, or whether it is linen, cotton, or mixed goods.

1884 E No. 4—28.

### "I Hear It Said."

Last night my friend—he says he is my friend—  
Came in and questioned me. "I hear it said  
You have done this and that. I come to ask  
Are these things true?"  
A glint was in his eye  
Of small distrust. His words were  
—crisp and hot,  
He measured me with anger, and flung  
down  
A little heap of facts had come to him.  
"I hear it said you have done this and that."

Suppose I have? And are you not my friend?  
And are you not my friend enough to say,  
"If it were true, there would be reason in it.  
And if I cannot know the how and why,  
Still I can trust you, waiting for a word.  
Or for no word, if no word ever come!"

Is friendship just a thing of afternoons,  
Of pleasuring one's friend and one's dear self?

No. Friendship is not so. I am my own.  
And howsoever near my friend may draw  
Unto my soul, there is a legend hung  
Above a certain strait and narrow way  
Says, "Dear my friend, ye may not enter here!"

I would the time had come—as it has not—  
When men shall rise and say, "He is my friend."  
He has done this? And what is that to me?  
Think you I have a check upon his head.

Or cast a guiding rein across his neck?  
I am his friend. And for that cause I walk  
Not overclose beside him, leaving still  
Space for his silences, and space for mine.

—Barbara Young, in the New York Times.

### GREAT INCREASE IN TEA CONSUMPTION

The consumption of tea, it is estimated, increased in 1924 thirty-nine million pounds. The price, as a result, may go to \$1.00 a pound, but even then, tea is the cheapest beverage in the world—aside from water.

#### Making Most of It.

To make the most of the figure 8 turn it upside down.



Cadet Lucien Huhert has been awarded the Audrieff Grand Prix, given by the Academic de Sciences et Morales for the best book of the year in France.

### Words! Words!

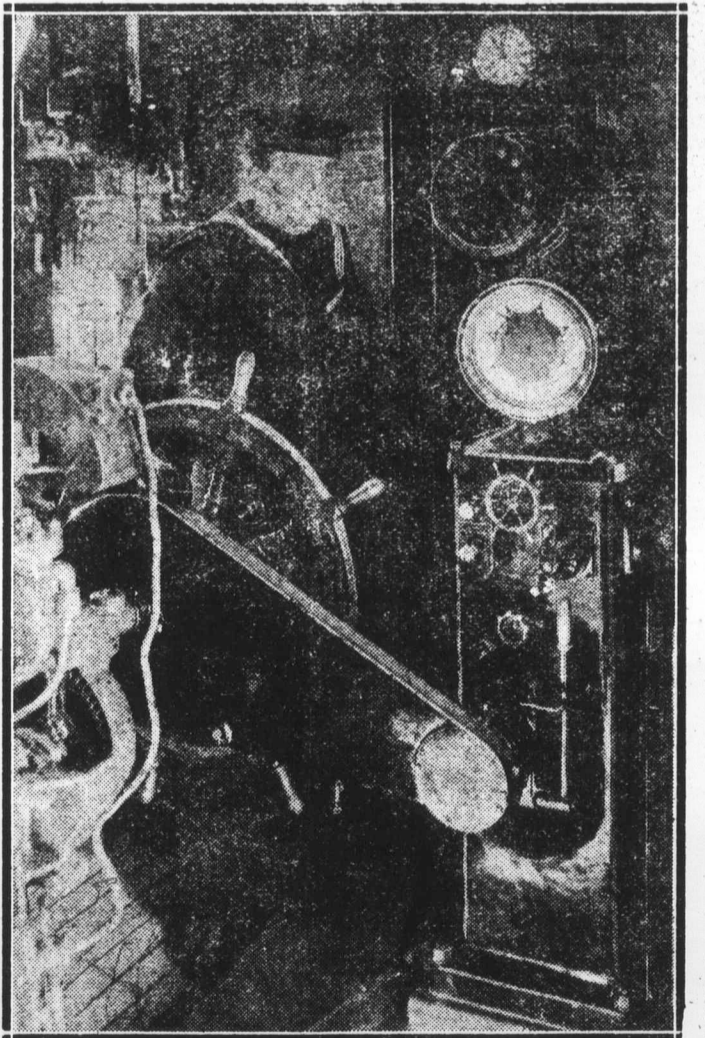
Some very beautiful choral music we heard recently reminded us of a little speech Sir Henry Wood once made to Sheffield choristers. "Now for your greatest fault!" he exclaimed. "Words! Words are your master. When you go and hear a bad comic opera and you listen with rapt attention to the principal comedian, what attracts you? You are able without effort to hear every word he sings. You forget that he has no voice. Now think when you are singing choruses at the next festival what a delight it will be to the public if they hear every word you sing!"



Proved By His Whine.  
Hubby—"I lead a dog's life I'll say!"  
Wife—"Everybody knows that by your whine!"

Minard's for Sprains and Bruises.

### METAL MIKE IS MAN AT WHEEL



#### THE HELMSMAN WITH HIS MECHANICAL ASSISTANT

"The man at the wheel!" Everyone is familiar with the phrase. A certain romance weaves its spell about the personality of the traditional helmsman: we picture a silent figure with eyes glued upon the Compass card, the light from the binnacle revealing a bearded face and gnarled hands gripping the spokes of the wheel, the only motion a light sway to the roll of the vessel and the movement of the wheel, as the ship requires him to keep her upon the set course.

But science has changed all that. In place of our tried and trusted seaman we find a trim electric instrument, which, while not entirely supplanting him, will do the work under his supervision and that of the Officer of the Watch. The Captain decides upon the course he wishes to steer. He gives his orders to the Officer of the Watch.

The Officer of the Watch sets the "Gyro-Pilot" upon the given course, and the "Gyro-Pilot" does the rest; the helmsman also receives the course and sees that the Pilot does its duty. Such is the modern way of steering, and it may be considered as ranking among the great inventions of the 20th century. The principle is not new. For a number of years past torpedoes have been directed to their mark by means of a gyroscope directing the steering gear of this instrument of death. But surely its inception with a view to ensuring the safe and rapid transport of passengers from one continent to another equals, if it does not transcend, its use in war.

The Canadian Pacific were amongst the first to install the Gyro Compass on their vessels, and following this progressive policy, they were also the first to install the Gyro-Pilot in any ship upon the St. Lawrence route.

## Love Gives Itself

THE STORY OF A BLOOD FEUD

BY ANNIE S. SWAN.

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

### CHAPTER V.—(Cont'd.)

"He was in a blind passion. You know the Garvock temper, Bobbie. And he came at me like a bull of Bashan! I suppose I wasn't ready for him. He got me clean in the pit of the stomach, and I just went down like a felled ox. I remember no more. Was he hurt, I wonder? Judy must have been at The Lees. Did she see or hear anything of him?"

Sanderson shook his head. "Perhaps we can keep it from her," he suggested. "She has had a good deal to bear, one way and another, from the Garvocks while you've been away, Alan."

"From Peter Garvock, you mean?"

"From him chiefly. I've never seen anything more splendid in his way than your sister's courage and resource."

A mist swam before Alan Rankine's eyes. "Don't rub it in, Bobbie. Don't I know it!"

"I'm glad, in a way, that she hasn't got to fight any more," pursued Sanderson, in his blunt, kindly way. "Not that she fought in the ordinary sense. She had far too much good sense for that. But the way she managed her cousin was just great! He was as gentle as a lamb with her. There were times when I wondered whether it might not have been a rather happy ending—you know what I mean?"

"Peter and Judy! Never in this world, Bobbie! That is the last thing on earth that ever could or ever would happen. They exist on different planes."

Bobbie made no answer to this. He made few errors in judgment, and though he had certainly been startled by the news of Peter Garvock's engagement to Carlotta Carlyon, he had by no means parted with his conviction that Judith Rankine, more than anyone in the world, could manage the difficult master of The Lees, and bring out all that was best in him.

Further, he was one of the unbelieving few who did not think the hastily arranged match between two such unlikely and unsuitable people would ever take place.

"Then you'll tell your sister about it, Alan—not to-night though. I think I must forbid another word being spoken. You must sleep on this night's work."

"Judy's eyes are very sharp; but I won't speak to her about this till I'm obliged, Bobbie."

"You won't, eh?"

"No; because it has nothing whatever to do with Stair."

### CHAPTER VI.

THE QUESTIONERS.

The doctor had ridden up on his bicycle, which, in an emergency call, especially on a Sunday, he generally found the quickest, as it is the handiest, means of transit.

When he left Stair, without seeing Miss Rankine again, he did not ride out by the way he had come, but, quite deliberately and slowly, began to wheel his machine over the rough track of the hill towards the march dyke and the low-lying roof of The Lees.

Bobbie was extremely welcome in most of the houses he visited, and being in constant attendance on the Garvocks, the mistress of which family he had seen only yesterday, he had no qualm about the thing he was going to do.

It was just possible that the Laird of The Lees himself would require some attention after the bout by the march dyke, and that little detour might save him a second journey from Ayr.

The twilight was closing in as he pushed the machine through the shrubbery at The Lees and there left it, leaning against the shelter of a sturdy clump of laurels. Then pulling off his gloves, he marched up to the house door. He was glad to be seen by Ramsay through the glass door before he rang the bell.

"Evening, Ramsay. Can I see Mr. Garvock?"

"Yessir. He's in the library. I'm just taking the supper in in a few minutes."

"I won't keep him; thank you, I can find my way."

Along the corridor strode Bobbie, and, after a brief knock, introduced himself to the interior of the library, where Peter Garvock was making some attempt to recover from the fierce upheaval of the afternoon.

Now these three men had all been boys together at school, and almost inseparable in their younger manhood in Ayr; therefore, both at Stair and The Lees, Bobbie was a privileged person.

"Evening, Garvock," said Bobbie pleasantly, as he closed the door. "I thought as I'd been to Stair, I would come this length and see whether you needed any patching."

Peter Garvock, very white about the gills, glared at Bobbie Sanderson's plain, freckled face sourly. "I wish you'd mind your own business, Bobbie. You presume on your position."

answered Bobbie blithely. "As to presuming—I don't do that, you know, Peter; and I thought it might relieve your mind to hear that you hadn't killed Stair."

"I wish I had!" answered Garvock, his color deepening to a purplish hue, and his voice thickening in his throat. "Don't wish that. Peterhead climate may be bracing, but the inside of the walls you and I snapped on our last cruise with the fishing smack are not too friendly. You're all right, then, and Stair got the worst of it?"

"There's nothing the matter with me, and I will thank you to keep a quiet tongue in your head about my affairs," said Garvock sourly.

"I believe I can do that," answered Bobbie easily. "May I smoke?"

"I can't prevent you," answered Peter Garvock in his most discouraging tones.

But Bobbie, who knew most of the vagaries of his uncertain temper, and had no mind to be discomfited by them, sat down and pulled out his cigarette case.

"I've had a day of sorts. I was at Cessnock on the back of four o'clock—twins, Garvock, so there will be no pickings now for the hungry hangerson at Cessnock gates! By half-past nine I had a message from the other side of Greenan, and I was just thinking I might sit down for half an hour when they came in from The Lees. Did you send them the message, Peter? It was very good of you."

"I sent no message; and understand, Sanderson, once for all, that this time I mean you to mind your own business."

"I am minding it," repeated Bobbie imperturbably. "I don't think Stair is any the worse. A night's rest will put him right if there is no internal mischief sets up. Your head must be uncommon hard, Peter, if that was your only weapon. Have a smoke? Man, there isn't anything in the world worth all this fuss! Take it from a man who sees most of the game. Ride easy, go slow, keep a calm soul! That's the best—indeed, the only philosophy of life."

Peter Garvock declined the proffered comradely smoke, and scorned the philosophy; but he was quite conscious of the soothing quality of Bobbie Sanderson's babble.

Bobbie was a healer by birthright, as well as by choice, and was as skilled in the treatment of diseases of the soul as of the body. He saw that hatred—that poisonous venom—was working in the heart of Peter Garvock, threatening to turn the little milk of human kindness it held to bitterest gall. And, naturally a healer, he made it his business in the face of much discouragement, and near the close of a long and strenuous day, to do what he could.

"I tell you, you don't know what you're talking about, Sanderson, and I'll be much obliged to you if you will make yourself scarce!"

"Presently, I haven't come for what I could get but for anything I might be able to give. Don't make a breach between Stair and The Lees, Peter. It isn't worth it. It won't pay, looked at from any standpoint. Be generous with Alan. He's a dear fellow and it's a pretty hard row he has come home to hoe."

(To be continued.)

#### A Logical Inference.

Bobby—"Pop, does 'missive' mean a letter?"

Fond Parent—"Yes, Bobby."

Bobby—"And does 'sub' mean under?"

Fond Parent—"Right, Bobby."

Bobby—"Then 'submissive' must mean a postscript, mustn't it?"

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