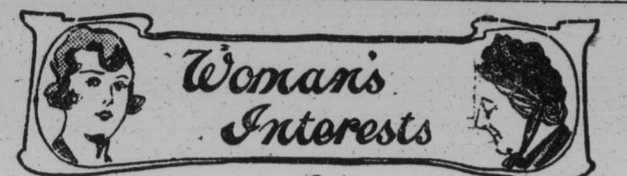


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THE AWKWARD POSE, FOOT TROUBLE.

Nothing detracts so much from one's personal appearance as an awkward or ungainly pose. It is curious, too, that so many girls affect such attitudes deliberately, under the general idea that they are stylish.

Sagging isn't pretty. There's a vast difference in looks between ease and sloppiness, relaxation and slouchiness. To be sure, the woman who sits bolt upright and along toward the edge of her chair, is an uneasy sort of person to be with; she rests neither herself nor you. But there is a happy medium between these two poses—sufficiently relaxed to be graceful, to look comfortable. (The one who sits on her backbones doesn't look comfortable either, so perhaps comfort is the key to the whole situation.)

To those who wish to know how to obtain graceful lines and pretty poses, I would not give the threadbare advice, "Forget yourself; be natural," because naturalness, in too many cases, is only awkwardness. They have grown away from natural grace, though they had it when they were children. Clumsiness became second nature as they grew up—do you know why? Because they lost the perfect control of their muscles, the thing physiologists call "perfect co-ordination." They have to acquire it all over again—and of course it must be artificial for a time. Then gradually gracefulness will become second nature—and that's all there is to it.

But of course, it's not so simple as it sounds. The first thing to do is to watch yourself for awkward positions—ways of sitting humped up, or of standing hunched in bending over your work, or "sagging," to use a more descriptive word. Then you can correct yourself gradually, straightening into a prettiest position as you remember about it, even learning to pose while standing or sitting before a mirror.

To keep the body muscles in good condition, stand at the foot of a bed, place the hands lightly on the footboard or rail and bend until sitting on the heels. Rise and repeat. At first the help of the rail will be necessary, but as the muscles grow more elastic it can be dispensed with and the exercise practiced in the middle of the room.

Begin by rising and bending for five minutes, and gradually increase the time to ten or fifteen minutes daily.

A woman is as old (in appearance) as her muscles allow her to be. Exercise alone will succeed in keeping the muscles in perfect condition, and it is invariably the woman who is inclined to take things too easily who allows herself to grow old in this way.

A foot specialist recently remarked that "No woman is beautiful who has uncomfortable feet." I would say that "No woman or girl can be either graceful or beautiful if her feet are uncomfortable."

If your shoes trouble you, consider the style of shoes you are wearing, for shoes are usually responsible for corns, bunions, and such disfigurements. You may not like the round toe, low-heel shoes, but you must wear them, for a time at least. After awhile, they'll come in style again and then you'll wonder how you ever thought the pointed toes good looking. Select shoes that allow the large toe to lie straight—as it lies when a child is barefoot. When the feet are crowded into shoes having excessively high heels, short vamps and the blunt, French, round toes, they look shorter, but they also look broader, deformed, in fact. Such shoes are responsible for a teetering sort of gait resembling that of the unfortunate foot-bound women of China, to say nothing of more serious complications.

HIDDEN POCKETS.

Good-sized patch pockets on the front of the child's gingham knickers are good carrying places for the "hanky"—not to mention wee land turtles, snail shells, pollywogs, and other treasures. And, best of all, when the dress gets torn, one of these pockets can be ripped off in a jiffy.

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"When Hearts Command"

By ELIZABETH YORK MILLER

"When hearts command, From inside the safest counsellings depart."

CHAPTER XXII—(Cont'd.)

"Because—" Alice went on, fingering one of the exquisitely embroidered shawls, her dreamy gaze wandering out across the palm trees to the sea—"she's bound to be lonely when I'm married."

"There's me," snapped Hugo, his voice shrilly defensive.

"Yes, of course. But after all, you're only her brother and you mightn't care to stay with her for ever."

"Humph!" he exclaimed. "I know what you're thinking. You're thinking that that old windbag, Gaunt, has his eye on her."

Alice laughed merrily.

"But I thought you were a great admirer of Mr. Gaunt's. Don't pretend you're not, Uncle John. You know you simply worship him."

"Do you?" Hugo asked jealously.

"I think he's awfully nice. There's something about him—I can't describe it—makes me feel a little wistful. Mumsey and he are such lonely people and once I'm sure they were tremendously fond of each other. Mr. Gaunt is in love with her now. I'm sure of it."

"And your mother?"

"She likes him, doesn't she?"

Hugo looked pained. "So do I. Nothing the matter with Gaunt. Nothing really the matter with him at all. But your mother won't marry him—not she!"

At this point Jean, who was never a moment when Hugo and Alice were alone together, intruded upon the speculations as to her future. Had she, herself, been so nearly caught by someone under such intimate discussion, her face would have betrayed her the bland smiles of perfect innocence.

"We're just dividing all the pretty things," Alice said.

"And you're to have a frock made of the two ivory colored shawls," supplemented Hugo, adding coyly: "Little crosspatch!"

"I'm sorry I was cross. Yes, it'll be lovely. I wonder if the dressmaker can run it up in time for your wedding, Alice? I think tea will be ready for a moment, John?"

She took him by the hand and led him away. There were tears in her eyes and her lips twitched nervously. Oh, why did she need always to be so worried!

"You are kind, Hugo dear," she whispered when they were out of earshot. "But suppose something happens and you don't get that money?"

Now she was worrying all over again, and Hugo refused to speak to her.

All through tea he sat and watched her with moody eyes. Several times asking him what he was thinking about. He might have told her, and it might so easily be something that she did not want him to say before Alice. For over two weeks she had been spared the party which she would have thought would have broken her heart. But Alice was now living in a dream world, and not nearly so attentive to little things as she had been. Alice's world was made of pearls and lace and yards of soft satin, of love letters, of the ring on her finger, and that other ring soon to be added to it, of wedding bells and all things bright and beautiful. And in that world she had had her being.

"Let me see, we have to think on Wednesday," mused Hugo, forgetting that Jean in one way and another was causing him quite a lot of annoyance. "This is Saturday. I suppose I'll hear from Mercer's Bank long before Wednesday. Probably on Tuesday."

So it was worrying him too. Jean was convinced that she herself would not be able to get a wink of sleep until they heard.

CHAPTER XXIII.

The wedding preparations rolled on, gathering impetus as the day drew near.

Alice lived in her dream, and Jean in a whirlwind. A talent for needlework was discovered in Hugo, who made some very clever little rosettes of ribbon for Alice's frocks and helped to drape the embroidered shawls for Jean's dress. He also made a big black lace hat for Jean which was wonderfully becoming.

On the surface they were a happy, if somewhat overworked family. Gaunt helped with the rather haphazard housekeeping which went on during this period. That is, he saw that they had enough to eat and he was always bobbing in and out. The farmer of Monte Nero could no longer be called a recluse. His interest in the Villa Charmil did not pass unremarked in the English colony, which would have been glad to see a little more of him had he chosen to be so. Consequently Jean was more bothered with callers than she liked. For Louisa always to say that she was "not at home" had its difficulties. So generally Jean would show herself and give the visitor a cup of tea and half an hour of her society, but was fretted all the while for the things she ought to be doing or had been interrupted in.

People she had met at the hotel came to see her, too, notably Colonel Derwent and Count Praga. They were both immensely curious about Hugo and the conversation concerning money between him and Mrs. Egan, which had been overheard by the knitting brigands. They wanted to know so many things, but there was no one kind enough to relieve their curiosity.

Hugo allowed himself to be kept in the background, which was as worrying as it was gratifying. There was

THE HANDY TIN DIPPER.

One morning I came downstairs a bit late and hurriedly began to assemble my implements to prepare breakfast. On my way to the closet for the usual earthenware bowl in which to mix my pancakes, I espied a short-handled, heavy tin three-pint dipper which had been bought the day before for use in the barn. I had never used one in my kitchen, but now I lifted this shining new dipper, and its handiness and lightness appealed to me at once. I washed and scalded it, and in it my pancakes are mixed for breakfast. Since then that handy dipper has been in constant use in my kitchen as a mixing utensil.

In an old cookbook of my grandmother's I had often read, "Never mix cake in a tin basin. Butter and sugar will be much darkened by the tin." I mix my lightest cakes in my handy tin dipper and can see no difference whatever in the color; but the texture of my cakes is much finer than when mixed in my earthenware bowl, for with a firm grasp on the sturdy handle of the dipper I can beat the batter without fatigue and the results are indeed satisfactory. I mix brown bread, johnnycakes, cookies, doughnuts, pie crust—in fact, anything and everything in my dipper. The perfectly round smooth bowl would sometimes get away from my rigid hand, and also bring cramps to my hand. I'll admit that we busy housewives can hardly keep house without our earthen bowls, but for mixing—just try the short-handled, handy tin dipper!

Minard's Liniment for Headache.

Dandelions

What unseen power hath wrought this wondrous change? It was but yesterday the dull brown mold Grew by some sudden magic, new and strange, Bright with these starry flakes of living gold. Ah, can it be that olden tale is true? Hath Phrygian Midas journeyed through the land, And while men slumbered and the south-wind blew, Let fall these golden discs from out his hand? —James B. Kenyon.

WRIGLEY'S



Here the lichen cling To the gray rocks, Like the faltering Ragged locks Of an old she-fox.

Here a narrow band Of water flows No broader than a hand; A black crow's Quill sailing goes.

Here's a wrinkled grape, Like a blue knot On a thread—the shape Of life caught In the death-rot.

Here—listen long— By windy word Of red, nor lacy song Of wild bird Is the dumb air stirred.

Here a man may own His bare soul instead Of a beauty blown Rose. 'tis said. But his soul is dead.



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