

None Better

"SALADA"

GREEN TEA
Is the finest uncolored green tea procurable in the world. Superior to the best Japans. — Try it.



Woman's Interests

THE NEW BABY'S WARDROBE.

When the long-expected, little-pink bundle arrives that is to upset the whole routine of the house, he should find everything in readiness for him. I always found it a good idea to begin planning the wardrobe early, so that I would not be rushed at the last minute even by minor details. Even baby clothes have fads, and at present the dresses are made about twenty inches long. These never have to be shortened and they do simplify the care of the baby a great deal. After all, the long dresses were only for show and to keep the feet warm—and there are nice soft wool hose and the cunningest kinds of booties to do that now.

Another nice little fad in dressing infants at the present time is to put tapes on the dresses, tapes on the shirts, and tapes on the bands. Everything ties which was pinned heretofore. This is a very good idea, too, if the garments are made to fit properly.

Machine hemstitching is popular as a trimming on the little dresses and is not expensive. Of course all kinds of handwork that are not too elaborate are always in good taste on baby garments. Care is always observed so that no harsh trimmings are used about the neck and wrists, where they might chafe the delicate skin.

A good list of the necessary articles needed for an infant is given here:—Three shirts, three dozen diapers, outdoor wraps, three gowns, three pairs of hose, four bands, three baby blankets, four plain slips, three flannel skirts and three pairs of booties.

The shirts should be of wool or part wool for winter, and of silk or cotton for summer. All wool is very hard to wash. One can buy the knit bands, or the first bands can be straight strips of soft cloth about twenty-six inches by five inches, and can be replaced by the knit bands with shoulder straps at about three weeks. The hose for winter are better of wool, and of cotton or silk for summer. About the most satisfactory wrap for winter is the baby bunting, and a cashmere coat does nicely for summer.

Very few mothers nowadays put a great deal of work and money into the first dresses, as they are soon outgrown.

LEMON LORE.

Put a few drops of lemon juice in the food chopper before grinding sticky fruits, such as figs, raisins or dates, and the grinder will not only be easier to clean but food will be saved since it will not stick to the utensil.

A good furniture polish can be made by adding one part of lemon juice to two parts of olive oil.

If there is no tooth paste on hand simply add a dash of lemon juice to the water with which the teeth are to be brushed and the result will be gratifying.

The discoloration so common to aluminum pans, especially when alum is present in the cooking water, can be removed by rubbing the vessels with a rag that is saturated with lemon juice.

A little lemon juice sprinkled over apples that have been chopped for salad will prevent their discoloring and add to the flavor of the dish. Immediately after dishwashing,

Whitens teeth, sweetens breath and gives the goodly glow.

It stimulates appetite and aids digestion. It makes your food do you more good. Note how it relieves that stuffy feeling after hearty eating.

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"When Hearts Command"

By ELIZABETH V. R. MILLER

"When hearts command, From minds the eager counsellings depart."

CHAPTER XII.—(Cont'd.)

Ardeyne felt as though somebody had clapped him half insensible. He stood there dazed, yet thoroughly comprehending. This man was Alice's father, this "Uncle John" whom Mrs. Carnay had kept so carefully from his sight. Less than a month ago John Baliss was Hugo Smarle, the criminal lunatic being adjudged a sane and therefore soon-to-be-free man. The medical board had "eat upon" his case for the fourth and last time, and against his better judgment Philip Ardeyne had been forced to yield to the consensus of opinion. Alice's father!

And then—as poor Jean had anticipated might happen—Philip Ardeyne's anger rose hot against Alice's mother. It was she, poor, pitiful, silly woman, who had tried to engineer this devious deception. She had brought Smarle here, or he had been forced upon her, and she thought to pass him off as another man altogether. Alice must have been in the plot. Ardeyne shuddered. Then the thought of Carrie Egan, the widow of the man Hugo Smarle had slain. She was here, too—under the same roof. No wonder Mrs. Carnay had kept Smarle a prisoner.

During the strained silence Hugo's uncanny brain leapt to a conclusion. "Ardeyne, are you the doctor Alice is engaged to?" he asked. Ardeyne nodded without speaking. Hugo groaned and slapped his knee. "That's done it!" he exclaimed, ruefully. "My wife—my sister, I mean—didn't want you to know. Well, as a matter of fact, she didn't want anybody to know. Doubtless you're prejudiced. You think because I was in that Place I must have been like all the rest of 'em. Jean is going to be dreadfully cross with me. What shall I do?"

"Nothing," Ardeyne said, finding his voice at last. "You needn't let Mrs. Carnay know that—that we've ever met before. Do you think you can keep it to yourself?" Hugo looked crafty. "Trust me. It was only that you took me by surprise. I'm not likely to fall into that pit again."

CHAPTER XIII.

Philip Ardeyne went downstairs and out into the air. For the moment he was utterly confused. As he crossed the terrace one of the lift boys ran after him and gave him a note from Alice which should have been delivered before. Had he received it half an hour earlier he wouldn't have gone up to the Carnay's sitting-room in the hope of finding her; he wouldn't have made that unpleasant discovery. For a whole week Hugo Smarle had been in the hotel, and he had arranged with the woman who called herself Jean Carnay? Hadn't she known Mrs. Egan was here? It was possible that she hadn't.

The doctor tore open Alice's note. Dearest, I've coaxed poor Mumsey out for a breath of air. She's nearly mad herself ill looking after Uncle John, as you know. While I have a little shopping to do and will be at the English tea-gardens about four o'clock. Please forgive me for not showing up for tennis. Your own, Alice.

Ardeyne realized that he had his tennis racket under his arm and had expected to spend a pleasant afternoon on the courts. He had gone to the club and, when he did not find Alice there, had resigned their place to another couple. Then he had gone back to the hotel and discovered Uncle John. He handed the racket to the lift boy and walked straight down through the terraced gardens to the Strada Romana. His feet were taking him in the direction of the English tea-gardens. He walked along slowly and presently there hove into view, coming towards him, a curious little procession. At its head walked—or strode magnificently—the farmer, Hector Augustus Gaunt, in tweed knickerbockers with a grey flannel shirt open at the neck, and an old-fashioned panama on his head. Then came two mules heavily laden with sacks of provisions, and last plodded the old, old woman of the farm, barefooted, carrying her shoes, and with an immense burden of empty flower-baskets on her head. Undoubtedly they had been to Ventimiglia for the market's supplies.

With a wave of his hand Gaunt halted the procession and spoke to Philip Ardeyne. "Did Mrs. Carnay's brother arrive safely?" he asked, without the formality of a greeting. The doctor nodded. "Yes," he replied, a little abruptly. So Hector Gaunt was in the plot to deceive him also. "Give Mrs. Carnay my kindest regards," said Gaunt. "Tell her . . . he hesitated for a second. "Tell her to bring her brother up to the farm when she feels like it."

"The little cavalcade made a forward movement as though to go on, but Ardeyne checked it. "You know Mr. Baliss?" the doctor asked. "I haven't seen him for a good many years," Gaunt replied. "I hope he's well."

Ardeyne spoke of the "flu" and Hugo's mild attack of it. "Oh—then as soon as he's better, tell Mrs. Carnay to bring him up to the farm. Good-day to you, sir."

Off they went, the tall, lonely-looking man striding ahead, the barefooted old woman bringing up the rear. It had all been most casual—too casual. Hector Gaunt knew—must have been a party to the attempted

deception; and for some reason unknown to himself the doctor was allowing Gaunt to think it was successful. He walked on, his feet continuing to take him in the direction of the tea-gardens. Alice was waiting for him there—waiting with that crafty, scheming little mother of her. But at the thought of Alice Ardeyne's heart softened and trembled. He was up against the terrible fact that he loved Alice.

This, if you like, was a form of insanity. To love a girl with the blood of a Hugo Smarle in her veins was not enough, but to argue in a sneaking way to oneself that one could risk it and marry her was downright madness.

Ardeyne halted for a moment at the head of the narrow muddy lane which led down from the Strada Romana to the tennis club and the tea-gardens. Should he go on? Should he, too, be a party to this thing and pretend that he was fooled? It seemed necessary just for the time being.

He continued down the lane. The magic call of tea was clearing the courts, and the white-clad players were streaming across to the little wistaria-embowered chalet where two enterprising English girls had established their tea house.

Alice and her mother sat apart at the back of the garden under a lemon tree. An extra chair tipped against the table awaited Philip Ardeyne. Mrs. Carnay's hands moved feverishly over a jumper she was knitting. There were scarlet spots on her cheeks. She looked breathless, and Alice looked vaguely unhappy.

Ardeyne had no more than seen them, no more than nodded, when Mrs. Egan rose up and confronted him, a startling and beautiful apparition in her short and sleeveless tennis frock, her fluffy hair repressed in a net of scarlet ribbon.

"Oh, Phil, what a beautiful apparition in her short and sleeveless tennis frock, her fluffy hair repressed in a net of scarlet ribbon. Then she turned her head and followed his glance, shrugging her shoulders and making a little moue. "Sorry! That's your girl over there—isn't it? And the woman? Is that her mother?"

Ardeyne held his breath as Mrs. Egan scrutinized Jean Carnay, whom apparently she had only just this moment noticed. Jean's cheeks were hectic now, and her hands flew rapidly but in a futile fashion. She was not counting the stitches. Hemmed in, she could not make an excuse to Alice and walk out of the place without passing close to Ardeyne and Mrs. Egan. No one but herself knew actually what she suffered, but the doctor guessed.

Mrs. Egan was staring at her in a quiet, puzzled fashion, but most intent. The shapely brown arms hung a little, her nostrils slightly dilated. Her attitude was that of some magnificent jungle animal surprised, scenting possible danger.

"What could he do or say? There seemed no way of evading it. But the mischief, if any—was already done, and one could only go on with the elaborate pretence which Mrs. Carnay had set up.

Ardeyne heard himself assuring Carrie Egan that, for his part, he would be delighted. He lingered to get the attention of one of the fluttering young waitresses and Mrs. Egan went on ahead of him. After he had settled the matter of cakes and scones, he joined them.

Everything seemed all right. Ardeyne felt that his delay might be called cowardly, but for the life of him he had been unable to force himself to be present at the meeting between those two women. He wondered if they had known each other well, or perhaps not at all in the long ago. He, himself, was abroad at the time of Hugo Smarle's trial, a student at Bonn, scarcely more than a boy. His friend, Tony Egan, was considerably older; Smarle, he had not known, except by hearsay. But those two women, Jean Carnay—as she called herself now—and Carrie Egan, would both have attend the trial. The terrible circumstances were such that they could not help remembering each other.

" . . . Oh, yes, we like it here very much indeed, but shortly we must be moving on. I don't know that the climate absolutely agrees with me. It isn't everybody's climate, I find," Mrs. Carnay was speaking. Her nervous smile included Ardeyne. She looked as though in a high fever, with her flushed face and brilliant, terrified eyes.

Their tea arrived and was disposed of very hurriedly. Mrs. Egan, too, fell upon the climate of the Riviera. Never had it received such a blasting. Treacherous, fit only for old women of both sexes who knew enough to creep indoors before sunset and always keep a bottle of quinine tablets in their pockets, said Mrs. Egan.

Then she got up with an ungainly movement which endangered the equilibrium of the table. "Clock as Savings Bank. To save money, an inventor has made a clock that has to have small change dropped in it before winding. There is but one tragedy! It is to be petty, to give up and to be afraid."

Minard's Liniment for Dandruff.

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WESTERN PIONEER TELLS INTERESTING EXPERIENCE

Frank Rikert, Who Left Illinois for California in Covered Wagon in 1864, Wouldn't Take \$100 for Bottle of Tanlac.

Frank Rikert, well-known resident of North Sacramento, Cal., who came from Illinois in a covered wagon in 1864, along with other hardy pioneers recently exhibited a bottle of Tanlac which he had just purchased, to friend at his home and remarked: "I thought this was the last bottle of Tanlac I would ever be able to buy, wouldn't take one hundred dollars for it," thus proving the high valuation in places on the famous treatment.

librium of the tea-table, and hurried off with an informal leave-taking. "Perhaps I'll see you all later. I have a set to finish, and it's getting late." (To be continued.)

"The Street O' Dreams."

I know a little Cornish street That winds down to the sea; A street of crazy cobbles, neat As cobbles-stones can be. It simply teems with life by day And yet, at night, it seems Throughout its narrow, moonlit way A fairyland of dreams.

The little houses seem, in pairs, To lean across the stones Discussing all the day's affairs In whispered undertones. Quiet shadows in the moonlight dance To music of the 'keez, (And if to see them you should chance, Do not disturb them, please).

I call my street the Street o' Dreams— The name appeals to me, Because its every cobbles seems To breathe of phantasy; The Cornish air, the Cornish skies, Explain in part—and then My street is like the dream-blue eyes Of Cornish fishermen.

I love my little Cornish street That winds down to the sea; I love its roughness 'gainst my feet— Its quaint antiquity. The timbered cottages, rose-clad, The crystal road-side streams; All those dear memories make me glad Of you—dear Street o' Dreams. —Leslie M. Hurd.

The Things I Miss. An easy thing, O Power Divine, To thank Thee for these gifts of thine! For summer's sunshine, winter's snow For hearts that kindly, thoughts that glow. But when shall I attain to this— To thank Thee for the things I miss. For all young Fancy's early gleams The dreamed-of joys that still are dreams, Hopes unfulfilled, and pleasures known Through others' fortunes, not my own; And blessings seen that are not given; And ne'er will be, this side of heaven.

Had I too, shared the joys I see, Would there have been a heaven for me? Could I have felt thy presence near, Had I possessed what I held dear? My deepest fortune, highest bliss, Have grown perchance from things I miss. Sometimes there comes an hour of calm; Grief turns to blessing, pain to balm; A power that works above my will Still leads me onward, upward still; And then my heart attains to this— To thank Thee for the things I miss. —Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

There Was Once a Road Through the Woods. They shut the road through the woods Seventy years ago. Weather and rain have undone it again And now you would never know. There was once a road through the woods Before they planted the trees. It is underneath the coppice and heath, And in the anemones. Only the keeper sees That, where the ring-dove broods, And the badgers roll at ease, There was once a road through the woods.

Yet, if you enter the woods Of a summer evening late, When the night-air cools on the trout-ringed pools Where the otter whistles his mate, You will hear the beat of a horse's feet And the swish of a skirt in the dew. Steadily cantering through The misty solitude, As though they perfectly knew The old lost road through the woods— But there is no road through the woods. —Rudyard Kipling.

The Spider Monkey. The spider monkey is so called on account of its extremely long slender limbs and long tail. Clock as Savings Bank. To save money, an inventor has made a clock that has to have small change dropped in it before winding. There is but one tragedy! It is to be petty, to give up and to be afraid."

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"I believe Tanlac really saved my life when I took it after the flu about a year ago," continued Mr. Rikert, "for the attack left me 20 pounds off in weight, and unable to turn over in my bed without assistance. I tell you, I thought my time had surely come."

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WRIGLEYS Chew it after every meal. It stimulates appetite and aids digestion. It makes your food do you more good. Note how it relieves that stuffy feeling after hearty eating. SEaled in its Purify Package. Wrigley's Doublemint Gum. R25



A POPULAR "HOUSE" OR "DAY" DRESS.

4645. Easy to adjust and without discomfort is the style here depicted. Mohair with plaid suiting for the facings would be very new and serviceable. This style is also good for gingham, linen, pongee, and wool crepe.

The Pattern is cut in 6 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size requires 4 1/2 yards of 36-inch material. Collar and pocket facings of contrasting material require 3/4 yard. The width of the dress at the foot is 2 yards.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver, by the Wilson Publishing Co., 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto. Allow two weeks for receipt of pattern.

Send 12c in silver for our up-to-date Spring and Summer 1924 Book of Fashions.

Consolation. We are consoled for the loss of those conidling persons who doffed the heavy undies two weeks too soon, by the comfortable reflection that they'd have only lived to rock the boat—or, still later in the season, carry the old fowling piece at full cock.

Mammoth Bone From Sea. The shoulder blade of a mammoth was recently dredged from the sea by a trawler and landed at Douglas in the Isle of Man.