

When Exposed to Air

tea loses its strength and flavor.

"SALADA"

TEA

for that reason is never sold in bulk. Your grocer sells this delicious blend. Try SALADA.

Woman's Realm

FIRST AID FOR CUTS, BRUISES, BURNS.

A slight injury is "slight" only when it is properly cared for. Neglected cuts, bruises and burns may become serious unless simple precautions are taken at once. The mother who knows simple "first aid" is able to prevent unnecessary suffering as well as to save on doctor bills.

Small cuts should be allowed to bleed for a short time to carry off the dirt and germs. Wash them out with a weak disinfectant. Cuts exposed to dirt or gravel should be disinfected with iodine. This is especially necessary for wounds on the knees and legs, so likely to happen to playing children. Always use fresh iodine and never apply it twice in succession in the same place, for it will burn.

A sliver can be removed thus: Fill a wide-mouthed bottle nearly full with hot water. Hold the part of the body containing the sliver over the mouth of the bottle and press down a little. In a short time the sliver will work out and the pain will cease.

Wrap wounds with gauze or a clean white cloth and fasten with adhesive tape. Adhesive tape must not be wrapped completely around any part of the body, as it tends to stop circulation and may produce swelling.

The pain of a bruise can be lessened by applying a cold knife blade to the affected part. This tends to contract the blood vessels and stop the swelling.

Burns and scalds may be cared for at home when they do not injure the deeper tissues. Plunge the burned part into cold water and then apply butter or lard. Other good remedies are a paste made of baking-soda and water, carbolized vaseline or cream. Burns which are blistered must be opened to let out the fluid, but the skin must be left on for a protection. Pierce a blister with a clean (not rusty) needle, sterilized by dipping in boiling water. Bandage burns in order to protect them from the air and lessen the pain.

DIRT IN THE EYE.

A foreign body in the eye can not be removed by rubbing. Close the eye and see if tears will wash it out. If not, close the eye and blow the nose.

Another method is to have the patient look down while you place a pencil above the edge of the upper lid and turn the lid back over it. Remove the foreign body with the corner of a clean handkerchief. To remove a cinder on the lid, bring the top lid over the under lid and push up gently. The eye may be soothed by dropping in a drop or two of castor oil.

Another way to remove a cinder from the eye: Apply a small piece of hog's lard to the inner part of the eyelid. Then close the other eye by placing the hand over it. This method of treatment will soon bring the cinder down to the corner of the eye where it

can be taken out with a clean soft-linen handkerchief. It is important to have pure lard.

PREVENT ACCIDENTS.

A little careful thought beforehand may prevent many injuries. Water spilled on the floor should be immediately wiped up, or it may cause a bad fall. Rugs on slippery floors are also dangerous. Icy steps and walks should be sprinkled with sand, ashes or sawdust as soon as possible. Tacks, broken glass and dishes should always be swept up, and sharp knives, scissors, can openers, and opened cans should be kept out of the reach of tiny hands.

In every home there should be a medicine chest or an emergency chest. It should be locked, but every older member of the family should know where the key is kept. It should include such first-aid materials as: Carbolated petrolatum or vaseline iodine, collodion (for painting slight injuries on the skin), alcohol, absorbent cotton, gauze roller bandages, a camel's hair brush, and scissors. Iodine should be labeled "Poison."

A STYLISH "ENSEMBLE" COSTUME.



5003-4839. The most popular style of the season is here pictured. It combines in this instance Ladies Coat 5003 and One-Piece Dress 4839. Broadcloth, and a wool mixture in black and gray are used together. One could have satin or faille in two shades or, in contrasting colors. The smartness of the "ensemble," depends on the combination that expresses harmony with just the right contrast. The Coat may be finished in the shorter length that is illustrated in the small view. The fronts may be buttoned to the neck, or rolled open as in the large view. The Dress is a simple one-piece "slip-on" model, with the fullness caught in rows of upright plaits or tucks.

The Coat Pattern is cut in 6 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. The Dress is cut in 7 Sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years for Misses and 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure for Ladies. To make the Costume for a 38-inch size as illustrated in the large view, will require 2½ yards of the wool mixture and 2½ yards of the broadcloth, 54 inches wide with ¾ yard of contrasting silk for facings on the Coat, or the Coat may be lined entirely, the lining to serve as a facing. This will require 4½ yards.

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PUTTY FOR LEAKS.

A wash pan of graniteware which leaked badly was successfully mended by using putty, which was allowed to dry before the pan was put into service again. Soldering is difficult with graniteware, so I hope this suggestion may help some other housekeeper. —R. H.

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 VIII.—(Cont'd.)

Judy walked by way of the march dyke to The Lees, and the delicious air, so pure and clear at that high altitude, uplifted part of the deep depression which had crept over her usually cheerful heart, coming whence she did not know. Sensible and reasonable, however, she attributed it merely to the reaction following upon a long period of strain. For the same reason, she now slept like a dead log at night, thus unconsciously recuperating her physical frame, and had invariably to be awakened in the morning by Christy with her cup of tea, whereas, formerly, she had been the awakener of the whole household.

It was the readjustment of things that was now troubling Judy. Understanding that she was not now of supreme importance to Stair, she was waiting, with what patience she might, for further enlightenment and guidance. Her faith in Alan was boundless and complete, but that very day it was destined to receive a rude shock.

It was very early when she stepped through the shrubbery path on to the gravel sweep before the house door at The Lees. But relatives are privileged, and the fact that it was only half-past two o'clock did not greatly trouble Judy. She hoped and expected to catch her aunt and her cousin before they went out for the afternoon drive which she knew to be part of their daily program.

The door was closed, and she had to ring, and wait for admittance. When Ramsay came and saw her in the porch, instead of the usual welcoming smile he looked blank and perturbed.

"Not at home, Miss Rankine," he faltered, and the words seemed to drop unwillingly from his lips.

"Have they gone out already, Ramsay?" asked Judy, in tones of frank disappointment. "It is only half-past two!" she added with a glance at the watch-bracelet on her arm, "I thought the carriage did not usually come round till three?"

"The ladies are in the house, Miss Rankine, and they saw ye comin', but them's my orders," said poor Ramsay, deciding that he had better tell the full truth and get it over. But he avoided looking at Miss Rankine's face as he uttered the unceremonious words.

"Thank you, Ramsay. You have done your duty," she said, simply and kindly, and turned away from the door.

Her face had whitened a little, and something sprang into her eyes, very different from the usual quiet kindly light which dwelt there. Mystery seemed heaped upon mystery, and now beyond doubt it was clear that something had happened between Alan and Peter Garvock which had snapped, for a time at least, the tie of friendship and goodwill.

Now Judy resented, as she had the right to do, being kept in the dark. She felt that she ought to have been spared such humiliation at the door of The Lees. She was half minded to turn back now, and walking straight into the house, demand from her Aunt Isabel or from Lucy an account of what had happened!

But what pride and prudence forbade such a course, for, not knowing what had happened, it was possible that she might be dismayed to hear it, for the first time, from their lips.

At the other side of the shrubbery she hesitated, being very loth to go back to Stair without having accomplished something. The house was very large and lonely, and her day without object until Alan should return. Quickly, she decided, as the afternoon was fine, to walk into Ayr, where she could easily pay a call. Or perhaps she might go to the station, and meet one of the afternoon trains in the hope of seeing Alan.

She turned back a few steps into the drive, and walking rapidly was soon outside the gates.

The entrance to The Lees was unpretentious, though a pretty lodge had been built; but the drive was short and uninteresting, with that made look which detracts from the dignity of new places.

Familiar since childhood with every turn and byway, Judy had a very pleasant walk into the town, and long before she reached it she had decided that the Clock House should be her first place of call.

When she reached the Sandgate it was a quarter to four o'clock, and she reckoned that she would pay a call of twenty minutes' duration and yet reach the station in time to meet the half-past four train.

She asked for Miss Carlyon at the Clock House but was informed that she had gone to Glasgow for the day. "But my mistress is in," said the girl, kindly, imagining that Miss Rankine, whom she knew well by sight, looked rather tired, "and I'm just taking up the tea. Will you not, please, come in?"

Judy thanked the girl, and said she would. She had not yet met Mrs. Carlyon, but reflected that this would be an excellent opportunity of mak-

ing her acquaintance. It was her first visit to the Clock House since the Carlyons had entered into possession.

It was one of Mrs. Carlyon's good days. It may be said here that she invariably had good days when Carlotta had to be out of the house. Perhaps Carlotta had erred where her mother was concerned, and had been too ready to take upon herself the full duties of the household.

Mrs. Carlyon, after her marriage and subsequent retirement from the stage—on which the Professor had insisted—had seemed to lose her chief interest in life. Judith, who had heard various reports about her, and who was, of course, aware that she had been an actress, was, in a manner, prepared to find her a little different from other women.

She was surprised to find her so young a woman, and it was only after she had been in the room for some little time that she realized that much of her beauty was artificial.

When Miss Rankine was announced, the mistress of the Clock House rose in obvious surprise, but with a ready welcome.

She was a small, plump woman, and wore a tea-gown of blue velvet much trimmed with lace, a string of artificial pearls round her throat, and a quantity of rings on her fingers. Her smile was quite sweet as she extended her hand.

"I am very glad to see you. My daughter has often told me how kind you were to her in the winter at the rehearsals. If it had not been for you, she never would have gone on with them."

Judy, listening intently, detected some jarring cadence in the voice and pronunciation, something which proclaimed the lack of education, and she wondered what kind of stage career Carlotta's mother had had. But she felt drawn to the woman, and even, in some odd way, a little sorry for her, realizing that never in Ayr could she feel herself at home.

"It is very kind of you to see me. I would have come long since only, of course, I was very much engaged with my father."

"Ah, yes—you poor dear! We were all sorry for you. Carlotta wanted to write, but was afraid to intrude. You'll have a cup of tea, won't you? I am sorry my husband is not in. He has gone down to the station to meet Carlotta who expected to get back by the four-thirty train. I hope you will wait till they come. I suppose you have driven down?"

"No, I walked. I can stay a little while, and I shall be grateful for a cup of tea, Mrs. Carlyon. What a very pleasant room this is! We used to know the Birkmyres who had this house so many years. They simply loved it!"

"Oh, it is a very nice house—and so cheap! But, of course, I don't feel so very much at home in Scotland. My husband does, but then he does not depend on ordinary things for his happiness. Fossils are necessary to him, and it seems there are a good many about here."

Judy laughed outright. "What kind of fossils, Mrs. Carlyon?"

A ripple of amusement crossed the pretty faded face, and one of her rings tinkled on the edge of the cup she was warming from the kettle.

"Now if I had said that, Miss Rankine, I know now why Carlotta talked so much about you. I am specially glad to see you to-day, for now we can have a nice talk, perhaps, about what has happened."

(To be continued.)

Before men made us citizens, great Nature made us men.—Lowell.



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Faggots.

I stole your faggots for my winter burning.
But give you back my candle's glow instead.
I cheated you of stones, that I might leave you
This friendly bread.

Your cloak I wore a little time, unbidden,
Your sandals borrowed for my weary feet,
And in the shielding dusk drank from your table
Warm wine and sweet.

See, now I offer carven bowls and flagons
Ivory pale, wrought through the lilled night,
Wrought through a lonely hour by moon-dipped fingers
For your delight.

My flame fills all your orange lamps at twilight,
My song upon your window curtain blows,
And where my tears fell on your garden trembles
Another rose.

—Joan Dareth Prosper.

GREAT INCREASE IN TEA DRINKING

The last few years have witnessed a tremendous increase in tea drinking. Production has fallen far behind demand. Tea now costs more than at any time in the last 75 years. It may even reach \$1.00 per pound, for the price is expected to rise still further. When such profits are being made by the tea plantations, over production and a sudden drop in prices is bound to come. It may take a year or longer or the price might fall when least expected. Not even experts can foretell what will occur.

A Last Straw.

Emily is aged three. She is an only child, and she has a friendly, sociable disposition. She adores playmates, and it has been a great grief to her that she is so often debarred from playing with her little friends on account of bad colds, whooping cough, suspected measles, and what not.

Recently a new baby cousin arrived in her uncle's family, and Emily was enjoying the prospect of a speedy visit to the little newcomer. Her father casually remarked that the baby had dimples, whereupon Emily appealed to her mother in a tone of despair, "Oh, mother, can't I go near her if she has dimples?"

Minard's Liniment Fine for the Hair.

Living the Simple Life.
The bill of fare of the Afghan is very simple and reflects the poverty of the country. Bread, fruits, vegetables, tea, sweet milk, sour milk, and cheese are the main foods. Rice, mutton fowl and sweets cooked in various ways are found on the tables of the well-to-do. The average Afghan has no particular fondness for wine or spirits.

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A great many people fail, not because they lack brains or energy, but because they do not stick to one thing. Concentration of effort and continuity of effort are most necessary.—Lord Riddell.

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