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About the House

DIANA BUYS A HAT.

"You haven't said anything about my new hat," Eve declared. "I was a goose to wear it!"

"You were not a goose!" Diana retorted. "I'd have seen it sooner or later. But you know that I think that your eyebrows are too lovely to hide."

Eve glanced in the glass; there was a shadow of discontent on her pretty face. "You look like such a freak if you don't wear things the way everybody else does. And besides, you can't get anything else!"

"It isn't the hat I object to," said Diana; "it's the angle. As for getting anything else, I had just decided before you came in that I would go on a real adventure to-morrow. It will be a search for an honest woman. You see I know that it is horribly unbecoming to wear my hats on the bridge of my nose. I'm going to see if I can find one woman who will have the courage to tell me so. Do come along!"

At ten o'clock the next day Eve, with the look of one fascinated against her will, stepped into Diana's coupe.

Diana shot a teasing glance at her as she pressed the starter. "Sure you don't want to back out?"

"Certainly not!" Eve replied. "They went to Camille's first. A wonderful young woman swept forward to meet them. Certainly she had the exact thing for mademoiselle—so simple yet so chic! She pressed the marvel slowly down over Diana's lovely hair, forehead, one eye—

"Help!" Diana gasped. "I have to leave my nose out—to breathe with, you know."

The young woman was shocked. "But, mademoiselle, the style—"

"Why should I suffer because other people are willing to?" inquired Diana. "Haven't you anything that stops a trifle above the eyebrows?"

The young woman stiffened. "But, certainly not," she replied.

Diana rose cheerfully. "Sorry," she said. "I'll come back when the fashion changes."

Eve was triumphant. "What did I tell you!" she cried.

But Diana only laughed. Two hours later in Morrow's she glanced round and chose her saleswoman, a girl with steady pleasant eyes. At first the procedure was the same, but at the third trial Diana looked up.

"I want to ask you to do something. Will you please show me where, with

due consideration for my eyes and nose and mouth, I ought to wear my hat? Do you dare?"

The girl's eyes brightened. She placed a hat quickly above Diana's clear straight brows. "For you—there," she replied firmly. "But you are the first customer who ever asked me."

Diana turned to Eve. "There's your honest woman," she said.

A POPULAR STYLE FOR SLENDER FIGURES.



4934. The Tunic in this season's most attractive feature. In this style it is shown in blouse effect, with yoke and vest portions. Black satin and embroidery are here combined. Crepe would also be pleasing with the satin. Or the blouse could be of figured or striped silk, with vest and skirt of satin.

The Pattern is cut in 3 Sizes; 16, 18 and 20 years. An 18 year size requires 5 yards of 40-inch plain material and 5/8 yard of contrasting material if made as illustrated. If the concealed part of the skirt is made of lining, 3 3/4 yards of 40-inch material will be required, with 1 1/2 yards of 36-inch lining, and 5/8 yard of contrasting material. The width of the skirt at the foot is 1 1/2 yards.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 20c in silver, by the Wilson Publishing Co., 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto.

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DOORS.

Recently I visited in a home where the pantry door lacked a knob and, fitting in closely as it did, much time was required to get it open. Yet during my stay the housewife opened that stubborn door several times, requiring at least two minutes each time in tedious pushing and moving about either way in order to persuade it to open.

I gave the lady my recipe for such cases—just a small leather loop, cut from the top of an old shoe and held firmly in place with tacks. Less than five minutes would be required for cutting and nailing in place. Or a spool sawed in half and one part of it fastened on with a screw of proper length would make a handy knob.

Another door in the same house had shrunk away from the frame until it failed to latch; this door, too, was closed a number of times, and each time a bit of cloth was folded, held in place with one hand and the door closed with the other.

I also gave my own remedy, one which I have used many times, for just the same trouble. Cut one, two or three pieces of leather one inch wide, and about three inches long; tack these firmly, one to the door, frame and one on the edge of the door at a corresponding height. This gives a noiseless closing and the leather holds the door in place. If shrinkage has been too great, two or more thicknesses of leather must be used.—L. Y.

This Baboon a Houdini.

Among an African wild animals confinement landed at London is a baboon able to untie any knot or escape from any cage.

Minard's Liniment Heals Cuts,

Love Gives Itself

THE STORY OF A BLOOD FEUD

BY ANNIE S. SWAN.

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

CHAPTER II.—(Cont'd.)

Alan did not answer. It seemed as if Carlotta bounded the whole horizon of his thoughts.

"She asked about you, Judy. Apparently the liking is mutual. She said you were the only person who had showed her any kindness in Ayr."

"They were perfectly abominable to her over these theatricals—Jean Wedderburn and Ailsa Horne, and even Lucy! I was sorry for her. Of course, it was jealousy. She could have been a great actress—in fact, she is one, Alan; and, of course, she made everybody else's attempts seem appalling."

"So they were horrid to her, were they?"

"Abominable! In fact, I had two or three good tussles with Jean about it. The trouble was, I could not always be there at rehearsals, and what not. But she behaved awfully well—Carlotta, I mean. Heaps of women would have backed out or given up the whole thing, but she simply went through splendidly. And, of course, all the success of the piece was owing to her. She is a very straight, honest sort of person. Peter saw her at the performance on the first evening, and the next night he bought five pounds' worth of tickets; and six weeks after, they were engaged."

"So that's the story? And do you think she cares for Peter?"

"I don't know. I haven't been able to call since we knew. Of course I wrote to her when Peter told me. But I will go, one day soon, now. Perhaps the marriage may be postponed for a month or two; but don't you think we should tell Peter there isn't any need to wait because of what has happened here?"

"I don't think we need say anything at all to Peter," was the enigmatical answer. "Then, you think the county won't receive Mrs. Peter Garvoek of The Lees?"

"A section of it most certainly won't—but Peter won't care."

"Why should he?" asked Alan harshly. "He gets her—"

Judy gently laughed.

"Certainly if I were a man I would think her worth fighting for. She will be very good for Peter, Alan. She's so big-hearted. She'll teach him how to use his money."

"You said Aunt Isabel had behaved pretty well over it?"

"She had to, for Peter is very masterful."

"And Lucy?"

Judy shook her head.

"I am afraid Lucy has behaved in a way that can only be called meddling. I was surprised to hear the way she talked about Miss Carlyon. She is usually very gentle and inoffensive, but neither of them, of course, will relish leaving The Lees any more than I shall relish being turned out of Stair when your wife comes home."

She smiled archly on him, but he kept his eyes moodily fixed on the fire.

"No word of matrimony for Lucy yet?"

"She has plenty of admirers," admitted Judy, and continued to regard her brother rather perplexedly. She was perfectly well aware how Lucy regarded him; that she was inclined to give, but neither of them, of course, would have intended to let old boy-and-girl flirtation that used to go on between Stair and The Lees.

"Well, let her pick and choose, then it won't matter to her who comes to The Lees," answered Alan; then he abruptly changed the subject, and once more plunged into speculation and plans for the future of the home they both loved.

When Judy rose at last to say good night—rather early, for she had had a long, trying day—she smiled a little wavering smile.

"You can't think what it feels like to have you at home, Alan. I do believe I shall have the first really sound sleep to-night I've had for years. It takes a man to get a grip of affairs. Everything's going to be right now you've come home."

"Doubtful," said Rankine gloomily. "But, Judy, promise that you won't go back on me, even if I prove a broken reed?"

"A broken reed!" The smile went more waveringly about her kind mouth. "I've had a pretty good experience of them—I'm only one myself; don't let us have any more at Stair."

They kissed one another with real affection, and Judy laid her tired head down on the pillow with a feeling of absolute security. She had the sense of a burden shared, and did not dream that darker days, even than had been

suffered yet, were about to dawn for Stair.

Alan Rankine refilled his pipe, poked up the fire, and took the chair Judy had left. He was no longer supremely interested in the problems which had met him on the threshold of his home.

He forgot, for the moment, even the serene face in the upper room, set in the majesty of death.

Something else had intervened—that old, old intervention which has made havoc in men's hearts and lives since the world began. A woman's face! The wonderful, vivid, arresting face of Carlotta Carlyon! And the deep eyes which had looked into his, and answered to the fire he could not hide!

"Peter's wife? No, by God, she'll never be that!" he muttered to himself.

But he did not add that he meant to have her for his own.

CHAPTER III.

THE SANDS OF AYR.

Carlotta, wandering on the seashore, on one of the loveliest of spring mornings, was conscious of melody in her heart.

But whence it came or whither it tended, she was not conscious, nor did she make pause to inquire. The skies were blue overhead, and somewhere, in invisible space, the larks were trilling; in the lower air there was the sound of church bells drifting out from the town, summoning all laggards and wanderers to the House of God.

Carlotta had forgotten that it was Sunday—if she had ever known it. Servants who had been employed at the Clock House sometimes carried strange stories of the Bohemian ways of that alien household; of how its mistress lay abed, and had her meals there, or roamed about in strange loose raiment, considered hardly decent; of how the Professor forgot all about his meals, and would leave the house without a collar, if he were not watched; of how completely Sunday was disregarded, having no place in a calendar where all days were alike.

But one thing they did not do—and that was to speak against Miss Carlotta, who had her fingers tightly on that odd ménage. Of her kindness, her sweetness, her capability they did speak, though sometimes unwillingly, for she had to be obeyed, even when she spoke most kindly, and obedience does not come readily to all.

The people, on their way to church, were already dotting the streets and roads, and Carlotta found herself alone on the wind-swept shore. A little later in the day there was no more popular promenade among Ayr folks, but not in church hours. Just one or two stragglers, and these, unkempt, she passed, quite near the town; but by the time she reached the mouth of the river, she found herself a unit in a solitary world.

She paused there, entranced, for Doon was a roaring flood. A rainstorm in the night—violent, and effective, as the spring storms so often are—had loosened all the burns, and now the river, swollen by their contributions, swept between the arches, brown and foam-flecked, carrying on its bosom all sorts of spoil. Here, a slim, unbent sapling it had torn from its roots, with the buds, still pink and tender, on its shivering arms; there, a dead fowl, or even a piteous little lamb, which, mayhap, had ventured too far from its mother's sheltering care—such was the toll of Doon in flood.

Carlotta watched it fascinated even more than by the sea, which lay placid as a chin under the sun's kiss. She stood a long time there, on the muddy path, with the wind in her hair, and the glint of sun and sea on her face, wondering whether Doon in flood had

not some kinship with certain stormy moods, caught fast in the coils of the thing mesh called life. She was out of love with it at the moment, and mortally afraid of the day that was coming—even of the day that had already dawned—for a few hours more would bring her lover to her side. And she knew, in her heart of hearts, that she had no use for him. She to be wife to Peter Garvoek in six weeks' time! It was unthinkable! Doon told her quite definitely, and in a voice which roared but did not croon, that such a monstrous thing would never happen.

She turned presently, for the roar and thunder of the flood were beginning to surge too insistently in her soul, and she must seek more peaceful influence, so that her being might come into line and tune with the set order of her life.

Vain endeavor, futile hope!
(To be continued.)

Carthage in England.

The ruined temple at Virginia Water, Surrey, England, is always something of a mystery to visitors to that beauty spot, which was at one time a dreary swamp. Standing in a romantic glen, its columns look as though they had been undisturbed for two thousand years. The fact is that the temple has been in its present position about a century. Its original site was ancient Carthage.

On several of the stones are inscriptions. One in Greek, on an altar stone, tells how the structure was dedicated to Jupiter and to the other gods worshipping in the temple. Others are written in Latin. One of these reads: "Marcus Julius erected this to his most beloved wife Domitia Rogata, who lived twenty-three years."

At one time a fine group of ancient Greek statuary stood near these columns from Carthage. When William IV. opened the lovely grounds to the public, however, these statues were so shamefully mutilated by visitors that they were completely ruined, and the public were again excluded until the reign of Queen Victoria.

Expence No Object.

"Madam," said the doctor, "I shall have to paint your husband's throat with nitrate of silver."

"Please use nitrate of gold, doctor," exclaimed Mrs. Moneybags. "The expense is quite immaterial."

For Sore Feet—Minard's Liniment.

Baby or Husband.

Mrs. Wilkins—"My husband is very particular whom I engage as a nurse. Have you a kind disposition, and are you gentle? Will you—"

Applicant—"Excuse me, madam, but do you want me to take care of the baby or your husband?"

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Messina 8 hrs.	Feb. 11	Mar. 21	Apr. 22	—
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