

Your Grocer Sells

# "SALADA" GREEN TEA

Have you tried it? The tiny rich-flavored leaves and tips are sealed air-tight. Finer than any Japan or Gunpowder. Insist upon SALADA.

## Woman's Realm

### HOW TO CHOOSE YOUR MATERIALS.

The odds may be against you having a becoming dress even before you put your scissors in the goods. By its very texture a fabric may flatter you or be unkind. The weave gives it a certain character. Materials have as distinct personalities as colors.

Materials with shiny surfaces are generally trying. It takes an almost perfect type of woman to wear them well. Slippery taffetas that reflect patches of light and glazed satins that glisten are just as conspicuous, even in black and dark tones, as brilliant red is in a dull soft goods. They attract attention to the proportions of the woman who is wearing them. They are downright unkind to the too-stout or the too-thin woman. Dull crepe silks that fall into graceful folds are easier to wear.

In woollens, mohair has the same quality of reflecting light and holding the eye. Linen too, when it's washed, especially if it is starched, is what I call brazen. These goods demand a pleasant face and smooth contour of form to carry them off. Woollens that are soft, as cashmere, kasha and fine twills, are easy to wear. Cotton crepes, voiles and gingham tissue are materials that drape easily, take graceful folds and are generally flattering.

Harsh, wiry materials have touchy personalities. They are not particularly friendly to the stout woman or the woman with the plain face. Organdie, while it is delightful in itself, when made up bulges, makes flippant angles and breezy curves that only youth and a pretty face can walk off with successfully. Hard-twisted serges poke out too sharply for the stout woman or the painfully thin.

A faille silk, habutai, basket-weave woollen, not too heavy, fine flannel and cotton broadcloth have more amiable characters. They will fall where you want them and stay there. They are not so apt to advertise the fact that your hips are large, your shoulders broad or your chest flat.

Bulky materials are friendly to all except the stout woman and the short woman. Little women look as if they are carrying such a load when they have on a big coat of a thick, spongy woollen. Thick goods actually add to one's size, and that is reason enough for the stout woman to leave them alone.

Thin, transparent materials, chiffons and georgettes, if handled rightly, are a blessing when it comes to veiling the too-thin or too-fat arm. But be sure you really veil them. One thickness of very heavy chiffon may do it, but two are better.

Certain materials look cool. They are the smooth ones—linen, cotton broadcloth, crisp organdie, mohair, habutai and silk shirtings. Linen isn't really cool, but there is a lot of it bought for summer—just on its face value.

On the other hand, wooly, spongy goods look warm. It is not pleasant to the eye when the thermometer is creeping upward.

I want to tack on a little color note that I have jotted down for you. It is flesh-pink, delicate flesh-pink. Even flames are being made up in it. It is lovely in voile too, and is especially becoming to the woman with gray

**After Every Meal**



Pass it around after every meal. Give the family the benefit of its aid to digestion. Cleans teeth too. Keep it always in the house.

**WRIGLEY'S**

ISSUE No. 11-25.

### HAIRDRESSERS SAY:

Here are some of the tricks the best hairdressing parlors use to make their clients' hair luxuriant.

Individual comb and brush is the first rule. If you are a regular customer you have your own comb and brush with your name taped on. If you're but an occasional visitor you get a comb and brush out of the sterilizing machine. This first rule is easy to apply at home. If you insist that each member of your family have his own brush there'll be no danger of catching dandruff from each other.

You try to keep your bob smooth. You may even wear one of those bobbinette caps at night to preserve your sleek contour. The good hairdresser would brush your bob up the wrong way, hard and vigorously, for at least fifty strokes. This gives the hair exercise and air and it will lie flat again when it is arranged.

Another trick with bobbed hair is to touch the split ends with an oil tonic. The operator barely touches her fingers in the tonic and only lightly brushes them over the dry ends. If you like that inward curve, she puts her finger under the ends of your hair and brushes them in with a brush lightly dipped in the same tonic.

When long hair is washed the good hairdresser doesn't scrimp on shampoo. Lavishly she pours it on. Four or five soappings are often used when the hair is particularly long or heavy. Just like clothes, hair washes easier with an abundance of soap.

Watch an expert dress your hair. She doesn't take it all in one lump and give it a quick twist. Even to make a simple knot at the top of the head she ties the hair firmly in place and divides it into several strands, arranging each separately. Hairpins are not her pet economy. And, notice, she never pulls the hair tight—just catches it here and there with an invisible pin.

### A COMFORTABLE OUTFIT FOR A "SMALL TOT"



5009. Voile, dimity, crepe, silk and chambray are good materials for the little Dress here portrayed and for the Slip and Drawers one could use cambric, or lawn.

The Pattern is cut in 5 Sizes: 6 months, 1 year, 2, 3 and 4 years. A 2-year size requires 3/4 yard of 36-inch material for the Drawers, 1 1/2 yards for the slip, and 1 3/4 yards for the Dress if the Dress is made with long sleeves. If made with short sleeves 1/4 yard less is required of 36-inch material. If Slip is made without ruffle 1/2 yard less is required.

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

Send 15c in silver for our up-to-date Spring and Summer 1925 Book of Fashions.

**DRIVING TACKS.**  
If you must drive a tack in an awkward place, press the tack through a strip of stiff paper and hold the paper instead of the tack. It will save time, patience and your fingers.

Fresh or Canned?  
"Ma, do cows and bees go to heaven?"

"Mercy, child, what a question! Why?"

"'Cause if they don't, the milk and honey the preacher said was up there must be canned stuff."

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, quite in the dark, rose to help with the spirit-lamp which had suddenly become obstreperous. Between them they managed to get it put out. Then Judy took her cup from Mrs. Carlyon's hand, and sat down to enjoy her tea.

"You mean your daughter's engagement to my cousin, I suppose? We hope that the wedding will not be delayed on account of my father's death. It is the last thing in the world he would have wished."

"But—my dear!" said Mrs. Carlyon, a trifle helplessly, "it is broken off! Haven't you heard?"

"Broken off?"

Judy's hand began to tremble, and she set her cup down rather hastily. Mrs. Carlyon nodded, and leaned across the table, her face looking a little pinched and wan under the rouge.

"I can't tell you how or why. All I know is that it is broken. It was done on Sunday. Peter—I suppose I ought to say Mr. Garvock now, as he isn't usual last Sunday after lunch, and Carlotta and he went out for a walk. Carlotta came back, quite soon, all by herself, and when I came down at tea-time, she told her father and me that she wasn't going to marry him."

"Did she explain why?"

Mrs. Carlyon shook her head.

"No, and with Carlotta you can't ask. A dear good girl she is to me, Miss Rankine, but there are times when I feel that I don't know her one little bit! Sunday was one. I asked had they quarrelled and said that lovers' ticks didn't last, and that, more than likely, Peter would be arriving on Monday morning with some handsome present from Glasgow—the way men do, when they've been silly or tiresome without any good reason. But she just smiled a little at that—the sort of smile that makes you feel about a minute old, and that she has lived a hundred years!"

All unconscious of the word portrait she was drawing of her daughter, Mrs. Carlyon babbled on.

"And she has been so queer ever since. Just as if she was shut up inside, like a box. Of course, we're very sorry about it. At least I am, for the Professor doesn't take much interest now. As I tell him sometimes, a beetle interests him a lot more than human flesh and blood. But I like Peter. He has been more than kind to me, and, of course, there'll be no visits to that lovely place now, but just grubbing on in the old way."

Judy listened, looking as if half-stupefied, her imagination slowly piecing the story together.

"Then you haven't any idea of the reason?" she said quickly. "There isn't anyone else?"

Mrs. Carlyon shook her head quite decidedly.

"That I can vouch for! How could there be anyone else? We hardly know a soul here. I have never lived in a place so cold and unsocial! Now at Cambridge we had a lovely circle—some came for the Professor, some for

Carlotta, and some for me. But here everybody behaves as if we were not quite respectable! Is that how they are in Scotland always? Do they try to freeze strangers out of their country?"

"No, no," murmured Judy. "Oh, you see—unless one knows something about people—"

"Well, it seemed as if the more they got to know about us, the less they liked us," continued Mrs. Carlyon pathetically. "My husband thinks it is because I belonged to the Profession. He is a very old-fashioned man, and he made me give it up when we married, and he never would allow Carlotta to have anything to do with the stage. Why, he was even quite cross about these poor little theatricals in the Town Hall last Christmas! And I think it a pity! You saw how well she could act? I know she would be a great actress, and she would love it too! But just because her father is like that she has never gone into it."

"That is very sweet of her," said Judy, "for I believe, with you, that she could make a great actress; and there are not many women who would be content to live like this, knowing of the possibilities in their own nature."

"Do you think that?" asked Mrs. Carlyon with a kind of wistfulness, which somehow made Judy want to weep.

"I think women are giving up things most of the time, and sometimes I can't help asking whether it is really worth while. It makes me selfish, I think. Not that I have anything to complain of in my husband. He is the best and dearest! But I did give up for him—how much he hasn't an idea! And, of course, a woman who has been out in the big world, and who knows what life is, finds it difficult to be content in a space so narrow as this. If it weren't for Carlotta I should let go—"

Judy, amazed at all this revelation, and infinitely touched by it, leaned forward and gave the pretty hand a little pat. It was a gesture so spontaneous, so caressing, that it warmed the heart of the woman sitting opposite to her.

"I'm sure I don't know why I should have spoken to you like this, my dear, when I never have seen you before! It's your face and your pretty eyes! And it was very good of you to come and see me to-day. Of course, I understand that it is only because you thought Carlotta was going to be related to you. But I hope that even though she is not, you won't leave off coming to the Clock House."

"Oh, no; I won't do that. Then you think there is no chance of the marriage taking place?"

"None. If you had heard Carlotta telling us you would have known that it was all quite at an end."

"I am sorry. And I am sure that my cousin Peter will feel it very much."

"Oh, yes. He was in love with her more than it is good for a man to be—though it is always best when the man cares most," observed Mrs. Carlyon, with another touch of worldly wisdom; "and I'm sure it was Carlotta's fault. Between ourselves, I don't think she is capable of caring for a man, for instance—as much as I cared for my old dear! I can't conceive of Carlotta giving up things for any man!"

"Ah, one never knows, Mrs. Carlyon!" said Judy, as she rose. "From what you tell me of your daughter, and from what I saw myself, I should think just the opposite. You see, it is really quite difficult to know people we live beside. I sometimes think we know less about them, than we do of the people we meet quite casually outside."

"That is true, too. Why—are you going already? Won't you wait for a few minutes longer until Carlotta and her father come in? They can't be long now, for, although she said she would take a look at the shops, she hadn't anything really to keep her in Glasgow after she did her business at the Registry Office."

But Judy, dreading inexpressibly a meeting with Carlotta Carlyon until she had adjusted her thoughts, said she would not wait, but would come another day.

She bade good-bye to Mrs. Carlyon very kindly, and when the kind old face was uplifted for a kiss, she did not deny it. She had the delightful effect on Mrs. Carlyon of making her appear perfectly natural, human, and lovable. But that was Judy's way. Generally, it was quite easy for her to give everyone the benefit of the doubt, which is the only reasonable way for any human being in this world to live; besides being undoubtedly one of the short-cuts to happiness.

But as Judy walked away from the door of the Clock House the fragments of the conversation slowly crystallizing in her mind, she found it a little difficult to feel kindly towards Alan at the moment.

(To be continued.)

Discretion is the better part of truthfulness.

Minard's Liniment Fine for the Hair.



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### Village Where Nobody Dies.

Salecchio, a mountain village in Piedmont, Italy, has suddenly become famous, and crowds of people are flocking there. It has been proclaimed a place where nobody dies. No deaths have occurred there during the past three years.

The Mayor of Salecchio performs the varied tasks of postman, joiner, and bell-ringer. It is claimed that nobody drinks wine, nobody quarrels, and nobody steals at Salecchio, and that perfect harmony reigns among the inhabitants.

### WHEN WILL TEA PRICES DROP?

A shortage in the world's tea supply, in the face of an enormous demand, is forcing prices up to very high levels. Tea merchants realize, however, that tea at a dollar a pound only brings the day of a drop in price so much nearer. Tea growers are making such tremendous profits that over-production is bound to come at any time.

### Average Wages of Farm Help in 1924.

Only slight changes, either in the direction of increase or decrease, are indicated in the average wages paid to farm helpers during the year 1924. For the whole of Canada, the average wages per month of farm helpers during the summer season of 1924, including board, were for men \$62, as compared with \$61 in 1923, and for women \$42, as against \$39. The average value of the board per month is placed for men at \$22 (\$21 in 1923) and for women at \$19 (\$17 in 1923). By the year, the average value for males, including board, was \$636, as compared with \$611, and for females \$461, as compared with \$422. The value of the yearly board is given as \$256 for men (\$239 in 1923) and \$217 for women (\$191 in 1923). By provinces, the average monthly wages for men and women respectively in the summer season, including board, were in 1924 as follows, the averages for 1923 being given within brackets: Prince Edward Island, \$43, \$28, (\$43, \$28); Nova Scotia \$55, \$30 (\$56, \$32); New Brunswick, \$53, \$31 (\$59, \$32); Quebec, \$56, \$31 (\$59, \$32); Ontario, \$57, \$33 (\$59, \$39); Manitoba, \$59, \$40 (\$62, \$42); Saskatchewan, \$66, \$44 (\$65, \$44); Alberta, \$66, \$45 (\$70, \$48); British Columbia, \$75, \$50 (\$76, \$53).

Never seem to be more clever than your neighbor. He will set you down as a conceited ass. But discover his talents and he will praise your discrimination.

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### Permit Required.

The attention of persons keeping Canada geese or ducks of wild species in captivity is called to the fact that a permit from the Department of the Interior is required for the lawful keeping of such game birds. There is no charge for such a permit and those without permits should communicate at once with the Canadian National Parks Branch, Department of the Interior, Ottawa, giving the full name and address, the kind and number of ducks or Canada geese in his possession and the area and location of the land where these birds are kept and whether it is owned or leased.



It Hits Bugtown.  
Mrs. Bug—"I can't get him to do a thing since those pesky cross word puzzles came out."

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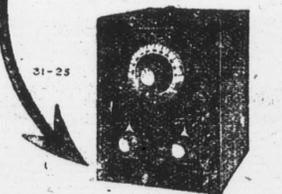


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