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About the House

SCRAP-BAG GIFTS.

Christmas is coming, so let's see what dainty gift possibilities the scrap bag holds, though, indeed, it is equally useful when birthday anniversary and hope-chest remembrances are in order.

Every bit of silk, lace, ribbon, left-over yarn and half yards of material should be used up, and there are ways for the ingenious woman to make them into unusual gifts.

There is nothing which so pleases the little girl as doll clothes. Make her a little bathing suit for her rubber or celluloid baby, using an old woolen stocking, binding it with gay red ribbon, and a little cap made from a torn rubber glove or the pieces of a discarded bathing hat.

A velvet or silk evening cape; a little feather or ribbon hat; underwear that will come off; a knitted blanket, a foot gauge made from a small ball of rose wool; a little white bedspread—these will bring their reward in a child's gratitude.

If the men are handy with tools make a doll house for the child. Partition it into four rooms with tiny doors and proceed to furnish it from the scrap bag. The pleasure one gets in making tiny draperies for the windows, choosing small pieces of silk and velvet for door hangings and cushions, dressing the pasteboard furniture in muslin sheets or gold-thread tapestry as required, is such as is never found shopping in town for the expensive doll or mechanical plaything you want to give a little girl on Christmas.

Flowers are used on so many things now that they are a most acceptable gift. Make them of organdy, velvet, taffeta or satin and trim with lace or embroidery. It is easy to pick up effective ideas for such work, and both maker and receiver will be pleased with the gift.

Beautiful pillow covers for the bed or couch can be made from half-yard pieces of silks or linen. Eye-net combines beautifully with linen—a deep rose cushion, veiled with cream net, making an ideal gift for a friend's hope chest.

The porch can always find use for any number of square, round or oblong cushions covered with cretonne, percale, gingham or rep. Plain backs of a contrasting color, using the same in applique on the front, permit using small scraps.

Don't forget aprons! One cannot make the large kitchen aprons from small pieces, but the refreshment or hostess aprons offer no end of opportunity to the scrap-bag possessor. A very quaint black satin one was made from a long narrow piece of material, wide as the width and only half a yard long. Turned about, the top slightly tucked at the waistline and ribbons attached, it became a great favorite with its gay orange velvet applique.

Bits of left-over crochet cotton may be used up advantageously in making three-inch flit initials for towels or making lace out of short lengths of rickrack or braid. One girl was pleased as could be with a half dozen initials and trimming for the end of as many towels for her hope chest.

A yard and a half of material can be cut beautifully into one of the popular bed or breakfast jackets. A combing jacket made of voile is always useful and can often be made

with a yard, if the piece is used over the head diagonally, and short under the arms.

Don't overlook the gingham luncheon sets. Perhaps by combining two kinds of material the little dollies and napkins can be made, trimmed with cross-stitch or applique. Just the lunch cloth alone, made of gingham with a plain border or unbleached muslin with a deep checked border, makes a nice gift for the busy woman.

Remember the old crewelwork in yarn and give everything a touch of it. Think over the possibilities and copy the clever work you have seen. Make a doll light, a candle lamp shade, a telephone mask, underwear, silver or typewriter covers of flannel, bookmarks of ribbon with flower end weights—anything.

Get out the scrap bag to-day!

A POPULAR STYLE FOR A MASQUERADE SUIT.



4900. This model may be developed in flannel, cambric or jersey cloth. The coat is separate, and is joined to the hood at the neck. This is a very popular costume for children's theatricals, fancy dress parties and masquerades.

The Pattern is cut in 5 Sizes: 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. A 10-year size requires 5 yards of 27-inch material. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 20c in silver, by the Wilson Publishing Co., 78 West Adelaide St., Toronto.

Send 15c in silver for our up-to-date Fall and Winter 1924-1925 Book of Fashions.

THE AFTERNOON CUP OF TEA.

If I wish to serve an especially tasty cup of afternoon tea I use orange flavoring, many people preferring this to lemon. To give the tea a delicate flavor put dried orange peel in a closed jar with cube sugar. In a few hours the sugar will absorb the orange flavor just enough to make a cupful of sweetened tea delicious. Sliced lemon served with the orange-flavored sugar adds to the tea for some people.

WATCH THE ASH PAN.

Ashes allowed to accumulate in the fire box of a stove will cause the lining to burn out. Ashes will also interfere with the heating of the rest of the stove. To lengthen the life of the stove, keep the ash pan empty. When a full pan of ashes becomes hot, it will keep the grate of the stove so hot that it will warp and burn out, and sometimes cause the oven to warp. When a housewife tries to build a fresh fire in a stove with a full ash pan, she will have to take twice as long before she gets her stove heated satisfactorily. It is also a waste of good fuel.

Oil From Locusts.

Locusts, the greatest pest to crops that South Africa possesses, provide a wonderful aeroplane engine oil. They are being exported from South Africa for that purpose.

The Railway General Managers' Bulletin of Johannesburg, states that eighty-eight bales of locusts, weighing approximately eighteen tons, were forwarded recently from Kazerne to Durban for shipment to Holland.

The locusts will be used principally for feeding livestock and poultry, while a small proportion of oil will be extracted and used in connection with aeroplane engines.

Special properties are reported to have been found in the oil, which is said to retain its liquidity at a very high altitude.

For Sore Feet—Minard's Liniment.

Love Gives Itself

THE STORY OF A BLOOD FEUD

BY ANNIE S. SWAN.

CHAPTER I.—(Cont'd.)

Peter Garvock was a long, lean, harsh-featured man, with coal-black and rather fiery eyes, a thin, but extraordinarily mobile mouth, capable of expressing far better than his somewhat slow tongue the emotions of his soul. They were chiefly aggressive emotions it must be admitted. Peter Garvock was one of those aggressively masterful men who get what they want in this world by demanding it in a very loud and no uncertain voice.

They talked briefly of the event which affected both families, but did not, of course, come to any intimate details until they were alone at the luncheon table, with no one within ear-shot.

"So you're not going back, Alan. You didn't care for Bombay?"

"I didn't care for Bombay?"

"That was the round peg in the square hole, Peter, and I daresay they've told you that. Old Mackerrow would, anyway, I'm sure. He was often enough rubbing it into me that my place was at Stair."

Mackerrow was the Managing Director of Garvock's in Bombay, and to him Alan Rankine undoubtedly owed what little success he had had in his attempts to make good in commercial life.

"Mackerrow didn't say much, but how are you going to do, Alan? Things are down almost to rock-bottom. You couldn't get better to let the place?"

"Well, he had been about to say, but something in his cousin's look deterred him," and let Judy go to Cambridge and make a home for Claud while he's at College?"

Rankine shook his head.

"I won't do that, Peter. It would kill Judy to leave Stair. She isn't going to be asked—little trump that she is! I can't speak about Judy, Peter, she's so splendid!"

"She's made a good fight, certainly," Garvock admitted.

"Then there fell between them an odd silence."

"I haven't congratulated you yet, old man," said Rankine, a trifle awkwardly. "I didn't get Judy's letter, so she threw the bomb this morning instead."

Rankine was rather surprised by the quick and vivid flush which sprang to his cousin's brow.

"It's all right. These things happen in a man's life, and the quicker they are the less time they take," he added, with a laugh at his own clumsy wit. "I suppose you'll be busy with Richardson most of the afternoon?"

"Rankine nodded.

"Then, if you can meet me at the four o'clock train we'll drive down together, and I'll take you to the Clock House before you go back to Stair."

CHAPTER II.

UNHIDDEN FIRES.

The Clock House, one of the oldest in the Sandgate of Ayr, was not much to look at outside. It stood sheer upon the street, and the lower part of it was destitute of windows, which gave the front a strange, blank look. The odd, little, round tower on the gable-end, in which a clock was fixed, explained its name.

Alan Rankine had never been inside the Clock House, although he knew it perfectly as one of the landmarks of the town. When he arrived at the door with his cousin soon after five o'clock that afternoon, he was only a trifle curious, and that merely on Peter Garvock's account. The idea that the house could contain anything that would specially interest him, certainly did not occur.

The outer door opened on a square hall with a stone floor, from which ascended a short flight of steps to the living rooms. It gave the house rather a weird aspect, but once at the landing a homely and comfortable note was struck. Rankine, indeed, was surprised at the size and brightness of the drawing-room, into which they had been shown by a maid, smiling consciously, as if realizing the importance of the visit.

Two persons were in the room—an old, white-haired man, wearing a velvet skullcap and velvet coat, and a woman, sitting behind a tea-tray dispensing tea. Afterwards Rankine could with perfect truth have said that, so far as he was concerned, the room held only her!

Her eyes had a slightly startled expression when the two men entered, and she looked at them with a smile. Her face, indeed, as Rankine afterwards recalled it, seemed grave to sadness. It was very perfect in line and coloring, milk-white her skin, tawny her hair and eyes. The type was, obviously, so alien to any house in Scotland that it was small wonder that Rankine, lover of beauty as he was, should be instantly arrested.

To conceive of her in relation to Peter Garvock was the most confusing thing he had ever met in his life. Peter undoubtedly showed at his best. He advanced to the table, and let his hand fall with an affection and pride, which certainly at that moment were quite genuine, on his cousin's arm.

"I am earlier than usual, Carlotta, for I have brought my cousin Alan. He arrived this morning from India to a s.d. house. His father died this morning."

Carlotta instantly rose. The gravity seemed to deepen on her face, but, after one startled glance, her eyes did not meet Alan Rankine's, not even when the musical voice bade him welcome and offered condolences.

"I am sorry," she said.

"Father, come and be introduced to Peter's cousin—Mr. Rankine of Stair. Mother is upstairs to-day, Peter. She has one of her very worst headaches." The old Professor came across the room with his shuffling gait, a book

in one hand, while, with the other, he pushed back his spectacles among his hair.

"Rankine of Stair? That name certainly occurs in some of the old Scottish Records," he said, surveying the tall figure with much interest.

Rankine laughed.

"I don't doubt it, sir; and not always creditably! We have been in at the death a good many times in the old days. I am flattered to think my name signifies something to your imagination."

The old man, liking the frank hearty tones of the pleasant voice, mentioned him to a chair, sat down beside him, and Peter was free to go to his sweetheart's side.

"Well, how do you like his looks, Carlotta?" asked Peter, and his slow gaze became quick and impassioned as it swept over her already changing face.

"He is a very large person," she answered, and there was a strange note of petulance in her voice. "Does he always take up all the room there is?"

Peter laughed in evident enjoyment.

"You must ask him, Carlotta. Be kind to him, poor chap," he added, with a consideration surprising in him who, until now, had had so few thoughts to spare for others. "His father died this morning, and it is a pretty tough row he has come home to."

"But he'll do it," said Carlotta, though her eyes did not travel towards Stair with the words.

"I shall tell him you said that, or would you like to tell him yourself?" asked Peter.

"I haven't much to say, when he came into the room, how surprised he was! Nobody can understand my good luck, Carlotta—myself least of all!"

Carlotta, if she heard, had no reply. Peter, least observant of men and lovers, did not see that the shapely hand, busy about the tea-cups, was less steady than usual.

"You'll be kind to Stair, won't you?" he repeated. "Don't take an unreasonable dislike to him, as you do to some folks. He needs kindness."

"I haven't much to spare, since you came on the scene," she answered, and her glance, provokingly inscrutable, left him in complete doubt as to her meaning. "I promise you I won't snarl at him. You may go and talk to father presently, and send Stair—as you call him—to get his tea from my hand."

Peter went, nothing loath. His opinion of himself, never at any time a small one, had advanced by leaps and bounds since Carlotta had accepted him.

"Carlotta wants to talk to you, Alan," he said at his cousin's elbow. "And here is your tea, Professor. How are the fossils getting on? Found any fresh ones lately?"

Alan Rankine, not willing, yet inwardly glad—if so strange a contradiction is possible—stepped to the table where Carlotta sat.

"I have come because Peter sent me. I suppose I ought to say how glad I am that soon we shall have a new cousin at The Lees, and a very charming one?"

"And you do not wish to say it. Is that what I am to infer?" she said, with a little, mocking, half-defensive note in her voice.

"Why should I not wish to say it? Now you are unkind," he said in a low voice, as he stooped to take the cup she offered. "I am a little overwhelmed, that is all."

"By what?"

"By you."

"I am insignificant, a person of no account in the world except to a very few—that old man"—she added, bending eyes that were marvels of tenderness towards the white head in the distance—"and my mother—"

"And Peter? Surely he must be included?"

She gave no answer to that.

"Tell me about your poor sister. Do you know, Mr. Rankine, that she is the only woman who has actually spoken to and looked at me in true friendly fashion since I came to this place?"

"I am glad that she happened to be that one," answered Rankine promptly. "But what you tell me is unthinkable!"

"It is true," she answered, and, leaning her elbow on the table, she permitted herself to look for a brief moment into his lean, brown, handsome face. "We are aliens here."

(To be continued.)

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A Little Bird Writes Copy.

There are many stories about Horace Greeley's handwriting, which is said to have been the worst ever seen even in a newspaper office. Perhaps the best of the yarns is the following:

There was only one compositor in the Tribune office who could read Greeley's copy. One day while the compositor was out a bird had flown into the office, walked into some printing ink and then on a number of loose sheets lying on the floor.

"Why," said one of the printers, picking up a sheet, "this looks like the old man's writing." So saying, he fastened the sheets together and put them on the absent compositor's case.

Presently the compositor came back and with all eyes turned on him picked up the sheets and to the amazement of the room started setting up the supposed "copy."

Presently, however, he hesitated at a word and asked the man nearest him what it was.

"How should I know?" was the reply. You know that you alone can read the old man's writing. Better ask him."

Reluctantly the baffled compositor took the sheet to Greeley's sanctum.

"Well," said the great man, "what is it?"

"It's this word, Mr. Greeley."

Greeley snatched the sheet from the man's hand, looked at the alleged word and threw himself back with a snort of disgust. "Why," he shouted, "any fool could see what it is! It's 'unconventional!'"

Minard's Liniment Heals Cuts.

Not His Fault.

"Why, Charles, how much you look like your father," remarked a visitor to the little 4-year-old.

"Yes'm," answered Charles, with an air of resignation, "that's what everybody says, but I can't help it."

Those who refuse the long drudgery of thought, and think with the heart rather than the head, are ever the most fiercely dogmatic in tone.—Bayne.



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