

For Flavor

Insist on
"SALADA"
TEA

Always fresh and pure. — Sold only in sealed aluminum packets.

Beatrice and the Rose

BY HONORE WILLISIE.

PART II.

Beatrice at any other time would have noticed Grandfather Edgren's suppressed excitement; but she was so engrossed with her own work that even her father's scolding voice fell on unhearing ears. Each morning she rose a long hour before breakfast, and was out in the fragrant dewiness of her garden almost as soon as the flowers spread their petals to catch the level rays of the sun. She dug and rooted, slipped and sorted and threw away, now clipping with pruning shears, now wielding her trowel, now walking back and forth with thoughtful eyes.

It was on the fourth morning after Grandfather Edgren had sent his letter that Beatrice came in to breakfast late, her face flushed, her heavy hair tumbled, her eyes wide with a new joy. "Grandfather!" she cried.

"For heaven's sake, Beatrice," interrupted her father, "can't you come to your meals on time? You've been up long enough—I heard you at work in the garden an hour ago!"

Beatrice made no answer, but her lip trembled and the joyful look faded a little. She drank her coffee in silence, then waited for Grandfather Edgren to finish his breakfast. Her father glared at the two in a baffled sort of way, then tramped from the room.

As soon as the sound of his footsteps died away, Beatrice leaned toward the eager-eyed old man.

"It has bloomed, grandfather!" she said. "The new rose has bloomed!"

"What?" cried Grandfather Edgren, "I thought it was not due for another year."

"So did I at first," replied Beatrice, "but I knew it would be several days early when I looked at it on Sunday, and since that I've been trying to keep you away from it, to surprise you."

The old man rose.

"And is it," he said with trembling eagerness, "is it as—"

"Well, I haven't named it yet," answered Beatrice, blushing a little. "I've been working over it for two years, and it only bloomed this morning."

"You don't mean that this is a new variety which you yourself have bred?"

Beatrice nodded.

"Grandfather's bees suggested it to me, long ago, and I got books, and—"

"But," the young man interrupted, "this is a wonderful thing! I never saw so exquisite a rose—and you have worked it out by yourself!"

"Well, not really by myself. I've had grandfather's help, and the view from the pasture gate, and the flowers themselves are an inspiration."

The young man looked about the garden.

"Why, the place is full of new variety," he exclaimed, and he hurried from one gorgeous bed to another. Then he turned to Grandfather Edgren, who was following in an ecstasy of delight. "Why, this is marvelous! Your daughter is a genius. She has a fortune right here in the garden. This rose alone is worth the price of the entire farm!"

The old man shook his head.

"She doesn't care for the money; but I wanted to see if all her work was worth while."

"Worth while!" cried the young man. "Is the work of a painter or a sculptor worth while?"

Grandfather Edgren's eyes filled.

"I wish her mother were here," he said. "I'm going to find her father. I've told him again and again that the Edgrens would come to something, some time! He'll see things differently now."

Beatrice was still standing by her rose when the young man returned to her. As she looked slowly up into his brown eyes, something only half hidden in their adoring depths made her own eyes waver, and a strange warmth that she had never known before entered her heart. She turned again to the rose.

"Wait!" cried Beatrice. "Wait till you see it! Come Grandfather!" They hastened out in to the glory and tangle of the garden. The air was all aglow with the yellow of the sun-shine and the flutter of dragon-fly wings, and all adrone with honeybees. Over in the far corner, near the locust trees, they paused, the old man with a quivering little "Oh, Beatrice!" and the girl with a sigh of great content.

On a slender stalk, a little removed from the other plants, grew the rose, a thing of such fragile perfection that one trembled lest the butterfly which hovered above it might mar its delicacy. It seemed to have all the briar rose's evanescent purity of coloring and the clinging fragrance of all the garden roses of all the gardens since time was.

The two stood so absorbed in the beauty of the lovely thing that they did not hear the click of the garden gate nor the sound of footsteps on the bricked walk. These sounded briskly at first, then hesitated, then moved slowly across the garden toward the locust trees.

Half-way to the trees, the young man stopped. Beatrice was worth a long pause. In the years among her flowers, she seemed to have absorbed much of their sweetness and charm, and it was small wonder that the heart of the young man stopped and then went on with unaccustomed rapidity. The slender girl, with masses of waving dark hair above the long-lashed gray eyes, with a mouth like a curled rose leaf and a chin that held the suspicion of a dimple—truly she was as lovely a thing as the rose over which she bent.

At length the young man moved forward. Grandfather Edgren gave a start, and held out a welcoming hand. He knew that the answer to his letter had come.

"I came," said the young man, after he had been introduced to Beatrice, "to see your flowers and to—"

His eyes fell upon the rose, and with a half-articulated expression of wonder he bent above it. "Tell me," he cried, "what variety of rose is this?"

"Well, I haven't named it yet," answered Beatrice, blushing a little. "I've been working over it for two years, and it only bloomed this morning."

"You don't mean that this is a new variety which you yourself have bred?"

Beatrice nodded.

"Grandfather's bees suggested it to me, long ago, and I got books, and—"

"But," the young man interrupted, "this is a wonderful thing! I never saw so exquisite a rose—and you have worked it out by yourself!"

"Well, not really by myself. I've had grandfather's help, and the view from the pasture gate, and the flowers themselves are an inspiration."

The young man looked about the garden.

"Why, the place is full of new variety," he exclaimed, and he hurried from one gorgeous bed to another. Then he turned to Grandfather Edgren, who was following in an ecstasy of delight. "Why, this is marvelous! Your daughter is a genius. She has a fortune right here in the garden. This rose alone is worth the price of the entire farm!"

The old man shook his head.

"She doesn't care for the money; but I wanted to see if all her work was worth while."

"Worth while!" cried the young man. "Is the work of a painter or a sculptor worth while?"

Grandfather Edgren's eyes filled.

"I wish her mother were here," he said. "I'm going to find her father. I've told him again and again that the Edgrens would come to something, some time! He'll see things differently now."

Beatrice was still standing by her rose when the young man returned to her. As she looked slowly up into his brown eyes, something only half hidden in their adoring depths made her own eyes waver, and a strange warmth that she had never known before entered her heart. She turned again to the rose.

"Isn't it wonderful," she said, "when one has dreamed of a thing for years, to have it come to you more perfect than you had dared to hope?"

"Yes," said the young man, but his eyes were still on Beatrice, and not on the rose.

He was holding in bravely, was the young man, considering the tide that was rising.

—AND THE WORST IS YET TO COME



About the House

MIDDY TIES.

All of my friends admire my little daughter's new middy ties, quite unsuspecting of their humble origin. When I decided that fifty cents each was more than I could afford to pay for the ties displayed in the stores, I turned hopefully to my rag bag and unearthed some odds and ends of silk of before-the-war quality which made up beautifully into middy ties. I used an old tie for a pattern and, where piecing was necessary, the seam was made where it would be concealed by the middy collar.

The remnants of long-discarded foulard dress made a lovely tie with large white polka dots on a navy blue background. Another tie cut from an old roman stripe silk scarf adds a gay bit of color to a white middy blouse.

Then there was my old china silk material which, with the aid of some bits of "dyeing soap" which I happened to have on hand, were transformed into two beautiful ties, one of brown and one of red.

Altogether I felt my rummage in the rag bag had been well worth while. —R. H. O.

A STYLISH BLOUSE.



4653. Here is Fashion's latest expression in blouses. It may be finished with square neck outline, or with the little band collar at high neck line. The sleeve is smart in wrist length, and popular and very comfortable in the short length of the small view.

This Pattern is cut in 6 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. A medium size requires 2 1/2 yards of 40-inch material.

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

Send 15c in silver for our up-to-date

BEAUTIFY IT WITH
"DIAMOND DYES"

Perfect home dyeing and tinting is guaranteed with Diamond Dyes. Just dip in cold water to tint soft, delicate shades, or boil to dye rich, permanent colors. Each 15-cent package contains directions so simple any woman can dye or tint lingerie, silks, ribbons, skirts, waists, dresses, coats, stockings, sweaters, draperies, coverings, hangings, everything new.

Buy "Diamond Dyes"—no other kind—and tell your druggist whether the material you wish to color is wool or silk, or whether it is linen, cotton, or mixed goods.

The young man turned to Beatrice. "Shall I stay?" he asked slowly. Beatrice did not look up.

"Yes," he answered softly, with a rose tint creeping down to her throat. (The End.)

Our New Serial.

The series of short stories that has been running in this column will give place next week to the opening chapter of a novel by the distinguished Old Country writer, Annie S. Swan. "Love Gives Itself" deals with a blood feud of two Scottish families. You will enjoy meeting these splendid people and following their fortunes in the old world and the new.

For Sore Feet—Minard's Liniment.

If the cold
"gets into your bones"
—drink Bovril

THIS LOVELY BIG DOLL FREE TO GIRLS



This lovely doll, fourteen inches tall. She has beautiful soft curly hair, and eyes that open and shut. She wears a lovely dress trimmed with lace, and has real shoes and stockings and hat. Her arms, legs and head all move and she is a real lady. We will give you this lovely doll free of charge if you will sell just 30 packages of lovely embossed Xmas postcards, booklets, seals and tags at ten cents a package.

Send us your name and we will send you the cards to sell. When they are sold you send us our money and we send you the lovely Doll by mail, with all charges prepaid. We guarantee the sale of every package, and take back any not sold.

HOMER-WARREN CO.

Dept. 93, Toronto

Fall and Winter 1924-1925 Book of Fashions.

A TIP ON DARNING.

Go over your old black stocking darning with some white enamel and see what a difference it makes to see the stitches when darning on black stockings.

FADELESS STOCKINGS.

A small spoonful of vinegar in the last water in which black silk hosiery is rinsed keeps the stockings from turning either rusty or gray.

Minard's Liniment Heals Cuts.

Railway Disaster.

Smythe—"Were you ever in a railway disaster?"
Browne—"Yes. I once kissed the wrong girl in a tunnel."

Every thought entirely filling our mind becomes true for us and tends to transform itself into an action.—Emile Coue.

Only Bats Live There.

Except for millions of bats the great Carlsbad cave in New Mexico shelters no animal or vegetable life.

In connection with the breeding of sponges, six of the larvae which form the different kinds have been identified.

HOUSE established 60 years.

Please write for our price list on Poultry, Butter, and Eggs. We GUARANTEE them for a week ahead. P. POULIN & CO., LIMITED. 26-28 Bonsecours Market. Telephone Main 7107. MONTREAL. QUEBEC.

Beans and Peas

Send Samples—State Quantities. Morrow & Co., 39 Front St. E. Phone: Main 1738, Toronto, Ont.

EDWARDSBURG
CROWN BRAND
CORN SYRUP

The pure wholesome corn syrup, a Standard of Quality for over 25 years—ask for it! Write for EDWARDSBURG Recipe Book.

THE CANADA STARCH CO., LIMITED
MONTREAL
A Friend of the Family

The "grain of Mustard" for health

Don't refuse the mustard when it is passed to you. Cultivate the habit of taking it with meat, especially fat meat. It stimulates the digestion and aids in assimilating your food.

but it must be Keen's

What Does This Trade Mark Mean?

You will see this shield-shaped trade mark in hardware stores everywhere. You won't see it on cheap, inferior goods. It goes only on household utensils of the highest quality, yet selling at moderate prices, because of the tremendous quantities sold each year.

Choose cooking and baking utensils that carry this trade mark. Choose SMP Enamelled Ware, with its very hard, smooth surface. Heats faster, cleans easier, imparts no metallic flavor, causes no dangerous acid reactions. Ask for

SMP Enamelled WARE

Three finishes: Pearl Ware, two coats of pearly-grey enamel inside and out. Diamond Ware, three coats, light blue and white outside, white lining. Crystal Ware, three coats, pure white inside and out, with Royal Blue edging.

MADE BY THE SHEET METAL PRODUCTS CO. OF CANADA. MONTREAL TORONTO WINNIPEG EDMONTON VANCOUVER CALGARY

WRIGLEYS

after every meal

Cleanses mouth and teeth and aids digestion. Relieves that over-eaten feeling and acid mouth.

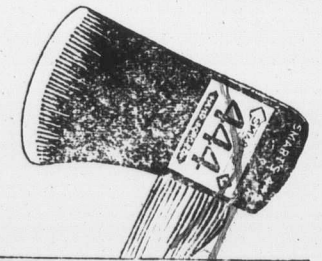
Its 1-a-s-t-i-n-g flavor satisfies the craving for sweets.

Wrigley's is double value in the benefit and pleasure it provides.

Sealed in its Purty Package.



The flavor lasts



Just Swing a "444"

Feel the perfect balance and the hand comfort of the Smart made Axe.—Hardened, toughened and tempered by men who know how to build double life and double value into every axe they make.

ASK YOUR HARDWARE MAN FOR A "444" Single Bit—Double Bit Any Shape—Any Weight

CANADA FOUNDRIES & FORGINGS LIMITED. JAMES SMART PLANT. BROCKVILLE, ONT.

ISSUE No. 43—24.