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**"COME SMILING THROUGH."** Childhood days have been told about in verse, in song—and many are the books that have been made beautiful, made life-like by those innocent, mischievous pranks of childhood.

Children are like cherry pies—the whole world loves them. All except the pessimist, perhaps. He doesn't like them because they are entirely too optimistic; he doesn't like the cherry pies "cus they ain't punkin'." Your children—are you giving your "best" to them? This does not mean giving of yourself to the point of exhaustion by the washing and ironing of ruffles, frills and starched articles—nor does it mean attaining a spotless house, a rendezvous of spic-spansness.

It means planning your work so that each day you may have a play-time, a storytime with those children of yours.

The stories and the inauguration of your games will forever be engraved on the golden screen of their memories. But, oh! those heartaches and od dressess and suits of theirs—they are bitter thoughts for children. No pleasant hours of play or sunshine are there for either of you to remember. Oh, no, you simply couldn't work all day like a slave and "Come smiling through" like a newly washed window.

Where is there a girl who has not at some time or other climbed fences and apple trees so much, or slid down banisters, that mother did not vow, "She'll be a perfect Tomboy!" Then when coast-time came, mother was sure of it.

Where is there a boy who has not at some time seemed so superlatively lackadaisical, with no apparent interest in anything worth-while, that mother did not vow—"He'll never get past the fifth grade, if he gets that far?"

Where is there a child who has not at some time or other in his or her career chewed a piece of gum so long that it should have been pensioned? Perhaps we would get a stick of gum at noon. We would chew it after lunch—then park it under the desk until school was dismissed. We would chew it going home from school, from then till supper time. After supper, when we went about our lessons for the next day, we would still be chewing it. Finally, would come that awful moment when mother would say, "Don't you think you've chewed that gum just about long enough?" Then we would have to throw it into the stove and let the fire hold a post mortem of it.

Everyone of us have done those same juvenile tricks. Perhaps we are to admit it, but nevertheless, we are all guilty. It sounds as if we had a poor upbringing; it sounds as if there had been a lack of sophistication in our homes. But it is those episodes and simultaneous ones that go to make childhood the treasured part of life that it is.

Childhood is the hour for play. Longfellow knew it; Whittier knew it; Mark Twain was sure of it. Their writings are filled to overflowing with the mirth of children out in God's "great, wide, beautiful, wonderful world." Even when their bodies had lost their flexibility and suppleness of youth; their days of neuralgia and rheumatism were upon them—they could still look upon the old halcyon days when they, too, were children.

Where are "dem young uns" of ours? I bet right at this minute their little hearts are yearning, their little lips are pleading: "Tell me another story, please"—or, "You go it for tag, mamma."

Those days of play are as the poet wrote: "You may break, you may shatter the vase, if you will, But the scent of the roses will hang round it still."

**APPLE DUMPLINGS ARE GOOD.**

To make apple dumplings you will need: 1 1/2 cups flour, 1 cup sugar, 1/2 tsp. cinnamon, 1/2 tsp. nutmeg, 1/2 tsp. salt, 2 tsp. baking powder, 4 tbs. shortening, 3/4 cup cold water, 2 1/2 cups apples.

Mix the flour, salt and baking powder together thoroughly and work in the shortening, using either butter, lard or a mixture of these fats. Add the water and roll a half-inch thick. Sprinkle the dough with chopped or sliced apples, the sugar and spice. Roll like a jelly roll, cut off two-inch

pieces and place in a pudding dish, cut side down. Pour a part of the apple syrup on them and bake twenty-five minutes in a hot oven.

**DO YOU KNOW.**

That if fresh fish are soaked for a half hour in a moderate solution of cold salt water, they will scale very easily and lose nothing of their flavor? That six or seven drops of either lemon or vanilla in a pumpkin pie, give a most creamy, delicious flavor?—Mrs. E. O. R.

**CHILDREN'S EYES NEED WATCHING.**

Mothers and teachers, especially, should be vigilant in safeguarding the eyes of infants and children, shielding them from injurious light and against use under improper conditions. It is frequently in the earlier years of life during the period of development that eye troubles have the start. Early correction and protection are most important, for if the eyes of youth are cared for, the eyes of maturity and old age will be stronger and brighter and better, and coming generations will be free from many discomforts which are so common.



**A "PRETTY" SCHOOL FROCK.** 4970. Plaid suiting will be good for this style. Collar, cuffs and pocket facing may be of flannel in a contrasting shade and bound with braid. This model is likewise attractive in velvet or in gingham and other wash fabrics.

The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. A 10-year size requires 2 1/2 yards of 36-inch material. For collar, cuffs and pocket facings of contrasting material 3/4 yard 40 inches wide is required.

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

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

**RECIPE FOR BUCKWHEAT CAKES.**

One cup buckwheat flour, 1/4 tsp. salt, 1 tbs. salt, 1 tbs. sugar, 1 tbs. shortening, 3 tbs. baking powder, 1 cup cold water, 1/2 cup milk.

Sift the dry ingredients together two times, add the other ingredients and mix. Bake at once on a hot griddle.

**Hearing Through the Spine.**

The extraordinary case of a deaf mute hearing music through his spine is puzzling Swiss scientists. Eugene Butermeister, of Berne, a young man who was born deaf, recently entered the Kursaal at Berne during a concert, and was surprised to find he could "hear" and enjoy the music, not through his ears, but through his spine.

His spine seems to become a kind of lightning conductor, and I distinctly feel waves of sound passing upwards to the brain. The sensation is very pleasant," Butermeister explains. He has been treated with music by doctors and he can distinguish the name of the opera and the instruments played. He cannot "hear," however, if people stand between him and the orchestra.

Butermeister cannot hear the human voice or a loud noise in his vicinity, and "speaks by means of the finger alphabet.

## Nine Years After

BY REGINALD WRIGHT KAUFFMAN.

**PART II.**

"What's this about this fire?" asked Edwards.

"You can search me!" "What were you sent up for?" "I don't know. I tell you I don't know anything. Lord, man, can't you understand?—can't you help?"

The superintendent gazed fixedly at his questioner. Here was something new in his experience. The man might be an ordinary impostor or a not extraordinary lunatic. In either case, how was the truth to be established? How—his eye fell upon the telephone at his elbow and he seized the transmitter. "I am going to try," he said. In fifteen minutes he was talking on the long-distance wire to the author of the letter.

"This," said he, "is the Charities Bureau of New York. There is a man here, James Flynn, released from your prison on December 21—had seven years for burglary."

"Yes, I remember him."

"Where was he sent from?" "I'll have to consult the records. Is it important?"

"It's vital."

"Very well."

There was a wait of a minute.

Then—

"Committed from Lancaster."

"What charge?"

"Robbing the Eureka National Bank there."

"Thank you." The superintendent hung up the receiver and repeated what he had learned.

But Flynn shook his head.

"Lancaster sounds familiar," he said, "but I didn't live there, I know that."

Edwards was no detective, but one success with the telephone had taught him a lesson. He turned again to the instrument and called Lancaster, Flynn gripping the arms of his chair and listening, all intently.

"Give me police headquarters," said Edwards. "Give me the chief's office. That's the chief? Well, chief, this is the Charities Bureau of New York. Yes—do you remember a robbery at the Eureka National Bank in your town about eight years ago?—Yes, I thought there wouldn't be many. Three men on the job? Well, do you remember James Flynn?—Yes, James Flynn—F-l-y-double n, Flynn, one of the three. Oh, yes. You assumed that he'd tried to jump a freight on the out-of and had fallen? Did you find any papers on him?—I wish you would look it up, please."

Edwards placed his hand over the receiver and turned to Flynn:

"The chief says that in the getaway you were hit by an engine and that the loot was found by your side."

Flynn was leaning eagerly forward.

"I'm remembering!" he cried; "I'm remembering! Ask him about a pocketbook with my name inside and the place where I lived, but whether that was before the wreck, or—Ask him! Ask him!"

Edwards raised his hand for silence. The telephone was busy once more.

"Good!" He was speaking into the transmitter now. "Was there a pocketbook? You thought he'd stolen that, too? Well, what name was in it? Very distinctly, please." Edwards looked across the instrument and gazed steadily at Flynn as he repeated the words that the telephone, over all those miles, was clicking into his ear. H-l-e-n-r-y M-a-r-s-t-o-n. Henry Marston.

Flynn had sprung to his feet.

"And what address?" persisted Edwards. "1-7-8-1 Hamilton street, Philadelphia? Yes—Oh, yes; you're quite right; he probably did steal it. Thank you very much." Edwards hung up the receiver and turned. Above him stood the ex-convict, his dry lips working convulsively.

"I'm Marston!" he cried. "I remember now! I remember!"

"Are you quite sure?" asked the superintendent.

"Sure!" gasped the visitor. "Well, I know that as well as I know my own name! When's the next train to Philadelphia?"

But Edwards once more raised a protesting hand.

"Wait a minute," he said. "Sit down again, please. That chief of police says there was some little money in the pocketbook that was found on you

and that they are sure you stole it, though they could never trace the Marstons in Philadelphia. Don't you see that—that may mean that your family had vanished long before your arrest."

"But I never was a burglar in my right senses."

"Exactly; therefore you probably haven't been at the Hamilton street address for a long time."

Marston went white, and the dirty hand that he drew across his eyes trembled. But Edwards scarcely noted that; he was cudgeling his brains for the next move. The Lancaster police had failed, they said, to find any Marstons at the Hamilton street address. That was a set-back; but had the Lancaster police really tried to get such information? Had they worked thoroughly? After all, they must have reasoned that they had all the evidence that they wanted; they could convict their man without further endeavor. Edwards knew police methods too well to be aware of the average policeman's inclination for any task of supererogation. He returned to the telephone, called the Philadelphia police station nearest to 1781 Hamilton street and asked a half dozen questions. Next he faced Marston.

"The lieutenant says," he explained, "that there's an officer in the roll-room who has been on that beat for years. He—wait; here he is now!"

He was once more talking into the phone, and Marston, his jaw set, his eyes staring, and the sweat springing from every pore, heard him continue:

"Yes, a family named Marston. What? Dead?"

The lost man cried aloud.

"It can't be!" he shouted. "It can't be!"

"Hush!" cautioned Edwards, and then over the phone: "Are you sure? Oh, the husband died and the family moved away?"

"Thank God!" whispered Marston. But Edwards was continuing:

"Married? She married?"

"That's that?" cried Marston. "Jennie!"

He rushed to the telephone and tried to wrest the receiver from the superintendent's hands. "It's not true!" he wailed. "Give me that phone!"

Edwards pushed him away.

"Look out," he said, "Be a man, keep your nerve. Wait a minute, officer," he continued into the phone.

"But if it's true," shouted Marston. "I must—I must—Good God, don't you see that then I must never come back to life?"

"Wait a minute," persisted Edwards, this time to Marston. "Who was married?" he asked of his distant interlocutor. "Oh, it was the daughter!"

And again Marston's dry lips framed the words: "Thank God!"

"Well, where did the family move?" the superintendent continued. "To relatives? Couldn't you find out where? All right. I'm much obliged, anyway." Edwards shook his head.

"We're against a blank wall," he said, "and just when the road seemed to run so straight ahead. The officer doesn't know where your family went—"

"But the neighbors? Why not ask them?"

"And the neighbors can't be got at because the whole block has been torn down to make place for a factory."

"Then there's no way?"

"Yes, there are a dozen ways—slower, but sure."

"Slower!" wailed Marston. "Don't you understand what this means to me? Don't you—Why, when I was in business if I'd been that slow selling goods—"

Instantly Edwards caught at the flying clue of automatic memory. He had heard, somewhere, of how trained psychologists treated such cases, and now he turned quickly upon Marston, whose eyes were growing glazed again. The superintendent snapped into his questions like shots from a magazine revolver.

"Traveling salesman?" "Yes."

"What line?" "Leather." "Know New York?" "Yes." "Work here?" Marston faltered. "I don't know," he said.

Edwards clapped his hands sharply upon the man's shoulders.

"Think!" he commanded.



Here's the type of homes supplied by the Dominion Coal Company for their married employees at New Aberdeen, Nova Scotia.

"I don't know, I—" Marston's gaze was wandering aimlessly about the office. Suddenly, however, it became fixed, and he pointed wildly to the wall above Edwards' head. "There!" he declared. "I know that place."

The superintendent's eye followed the pointing finger. Marston was indicating a picture of the Flatiron Building above the superintendent's desk.

"What is it?" asked Edwards.

"I don't know, but I used to pass it every day when I was here."

"Listen," said Edwards, "that is the Flatiron Building. It stands at the junction of Twenty-third street, Fifth avenue and Broadway. Do you remember now?"

"I think—I think I do—a little."

"Then you do know New York?"

"I must."

"Was your wife—was Jennie—a New Yorker?"

"I'm not sure. She had a relative who—it seems to me she had a relative."

"What sort?"

"A—uncle. Yes, an uncle."

"Where did he live?"

"On Twenty-eighth street."

"East?"

"I don't know."

"West?"

"Oh, I don't know!"

"His name?"

"Clinton—Clinton." And Marston's eyes became those of a man that wakes from a heavy sleep. "I don't know," he moaned. "Please find her! Nine years!"

But the superintendent had now the hint he wanted. He went to a row of New York directories, took up the bulky volume for 1900 and ran a rapid finger down the list of Clintons. There was only one in Twenty-eighth street—a Joseph H. Clinton—opposite to whose name was the trade phrase he sought: "Leather goods."

Edwards turned to his telephone directory. The wind of destiny was blowing favorably once more. Joseph H. Clinton was still at the old address.

The superintendent called the number. "Is Mr. Joseph H. Clinton there?"

It was evidently a servant who answered: "Yes, but he's just sitting down to his New Year's dinner."

"Well, I'm sorry, but I'm afraid I must interrupt him. I want to talk on a matter of importance."

There was a brief wait, Marston sitting the while like a prisoner who has just been told that the jury has agreed upon a verdict. Then a man's voice spoke to Edwards over the phone.

"This is Mr. Clinton," it said.

"I'm sorry to disturb you at your New Year's dinner, Mr. Clinton," the superintendent responded, "but I am anxious to learn if you know anything about a Henry Marston, who, I believe, used to be in your employ as a traveling salesman."

"Mr. Marston is dead."

"So I've been told, but for business reasons I wanted to learn something about his death and his family."

"Mr. Marston was the Western representative of my firm, but was on a train that was wrecked crossing a river in Colorado."

"And his daughter?"

"Is married to my junior partner."

"Can you give me her address?"

"Really, I don't see—"

"I shall explain everything in a moment, Mr. Clinton."

"Well, she and her mother are just now taking their New Year's dinner with me."

"Mr. Clinton," said Edwards, "was Mr. Marston's body ever found?"

"It was not. Why do you ask? Can you mean—?"

"Mr. Clinton, if she can bear a great surprise, I think you had better ask the elder of your guests to the phone."

The superintendent got his answer and beckoned to the man who had been lost.

"Mr. Marston," he said, "come here and talk to your wife."

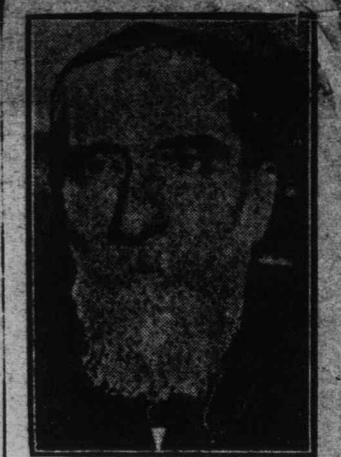
(The End.)

**Touching Wood.**

Many people, after they have boasted of their good luck, proceed to "touch wood." So did our remote ancestors, the tree worshippers.

An authority on such matters wrote: "The remarkable similarity in customs all over Europe points to the conclusion that tree-worship was an important element in the early religion of mankind, especially in the Aryan stock, and the singular uniformity of rites and ceremonies which can easily be shown to exist in widely separated countries warrants us in believing they cannot have changed much from the very remote ages; and that the practices continued down to a very recent period—some even among ourselves—were substantially identical with the rites and ceremonies observed by Egyptians, Etruscans, Greeks and Romans." The primitive belief was that spirits resided in trees. Without this basic idea being entirely lost, there came the period of the Sacred Groves and the Druids' Oaks, and then the dedication of certain sorts of trees to the earliest and simplest form of super-naturalism.

We touch wood to call the attention of the tree spirit to the fact that we recognize his influence in the good luck of which we boast, and in order that he may not feel slighted and change our good fortune into bad; at least, that is why our ancestors touched wood.



George Lecomte, journalist, author, playwright, historian and critic, has been elected to fill one of the vacant chairs of the French Academy as an "Immortal." He is president of the Authors Society of France.

**Minstrelsy of the Middle Ages.**

The performance of the wayfaring minstrel of the middle ages would hardly appeal to present day music lovers.

In his day, however, the minstrel was exceedingly popular, and the sound of his vielle (a kind of violin of fiddle with a bow), which he played as he approached castle or inn, made the occupants eager to receive him into their midst and anxious to listen to his song and story.

King and commoners both enjoyed the entertainment given by the minstrels, and no festive gathering was complete without it.

At the marriage of Princess Margaret, daughter of Edward I, there were, it is said, four hundred and twenty-six musicians and singers present, whilst at the marriage of Isabella, daughter of Edward III, one hundred pounds was allocated to the musicians who attended.

Minstrelsy were so popular that special accommodation was provided for them over the entrance of the castle hall door, in what came to be known as the Minstrel's Gallery.

Used as we are to the quiet and comfort of the drawing room and concert hall during a musical entertainment, it is almost impossible for us to picture the conditions under which our forefathers listened to the minstrel's chant and instrumental performance. The chatter of a score of busy Englishmen, the noise of dogs gnawing at bones under the dining table, and the shrill cry of the falcon, all vied with the musician's efforts, as they sought with voice, fiddle, lute, and cymbals to make melody in the mead hall.

Although the minstrelsy of the middle ages was exceptionally crude, nevertheless it served a useful purpose in that it gave music and all that goes with it to both rich and poor.

And that is why music to-day is making rapid inroads into the life of the people—because it is both democratic and aristocratic, because it has an appealing message both for the rich and poor. Music knows no class or creed. It is designed for all. It is the only international language.

That is why we hear on all sides the every-day phrase, "no home is complete without music." Whether it be in a mansion or a humble cottage, music should have its rightful place.

**Modern Fairy Tales.**

Once upon a time there was—A man who thought his wages were as much as he deserved.

A woman who never spoke a word about her neighbor.

A cook who was in one family for a whole year.

A husband who spoke gently to his wife before breakfast.

A detective who didn't wear hob-nailed boots.

An office-boy who hadn't got a dying grandmother.

An actor who didn't want to play Hamlet.

A politician who kept his election promises.

A girl who was never jealous.

A bricklayer who hadn't a Roll-Royce.

But it was a very, very long time ago, and, of course, fairy stories are seldom true.



Of Course. First Fish—"That oil fish-dammed me good."

Second Fish—"I told you he was a slippery customer."

Ancient Altar in Lincoln. Bearing an inscription, "To the Fates, Goddesses, and Deities," a Roman altar has been unearthed at Lincoln, Eng.

Minard's Liniment for the Grippe.

Minard's for Sprains and Bruises.

ISSUE No. 2/25.