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MEMORIES

By FREDERIC BOUTET.

(Translated by Wm. L. McPherson.)

The servant, an old woman with an impassive face, returned to the ante-ing and made a sign to him. He fol-lowed her through the semi-darkness of a salon, apparently in disuse. The hobmails of his heavy shoes grated on the floor. She pushed open a door for him. He entered. A gentleman who was seated at a

A gentleman who was seated at a His voice left him.

for him. He entered. A gentleman who was seated at a desk near the window got up lumber-ingly. He was tall but somewhat stoop-shouldered. He wore a short beard streaked with white and there were deep furrows in his face. His eyes were hidden behind spectacles. He put down the book which he had in his hands. "Please be seated," he said, in a politely colorless tone. "What can I do for you? I am M. Noirtier," The soldier took a teat. He had to make an effort to keep from trembl-him almost tongue-tied. His bronzed face was clouded. He could no longer what he had meant to say. He would gladly have turned and fled. Not dar-ing to look at his vis-a-vis, he gazed mechanically about the dully lighted room. Against the walls were some books in oak cases; a little fire, hardly sufficient to warm the chimney, flick-ered in the grate. Through the win-dow the November fog could be seen settling down on the trees of the Lux. mechanically about the dully lighted room. Against the walls were some books in oak cases; a little fire, hardly sufficient to warm the chimney, flick-ered in the grate. Through the win-dow the November fog could be seen settling down on the trees of the Lux-embourg Gardens. It was nearly dusk. "What can I do for you?" M. Noir-tier repeated. The soldier made an effort. "I am Louis Perrot," he stammered. "I came—"

"Oh! yes. Oh!! yes. I know..." M. Noirtier spoke quietly, but his hands were shaking a little. "You are the one to whom my wife used to write..."

"You are the one to whom my who used to write..." "Yes. That's it. She was my god-mother," the soldier answered, in a voice choked with emotion, the depth of which contrasted strangely with his simple and quite convention

"Then it is true—then it is true!" he resumed, after a silence. "You see, I couldn't believe it." M. Noirtier made no reply. He looked steadily without prophy.

M. Noirtier made no reply. He looked steadily, without seeing it, at the book which he had laid on the desk. Finally he raised his head. "I thank you for coming, M. Per-rot," he said, in his distant manner. "My wife was much interested in you. I know that. For that matter, she was always yory active your deviced was always very active, very devoted. She was engaged in many relief works. She wore herself out on them, even after she had become ill. But who could have believed—it was so suddon!?" sudde

He stopped and made a despairing gesture. "Don't let's talk about that. Let's

talk about you, M. Perrot. You must have found yourself greatly neglected in the last three months. Grief oughtn't to make us egoists—especial-ly so far as you are concerned. I

silent. "I must go," said Perrot. "Yes; I must go. But I would have liked..." "What?" asked M. Noirtier. "Well, I should have liked..... If it isn't possible you must tell me so. I should have liked..... If you have a picture? I should have liked to see her."

M. Noirtier didn't answer. He light-ed a lamp on the desk and pointed to a pastel on the wall above him. The soldier saw a delicate figure, with blonde hair and with clear eyes, in which there was an expression of sweetness and thoughtfulness. "That was made some years are?"

Now it's all ended—" He gave a sob. M. Noirtier, his head in his hands, listened. "I beg your pardon for telling you all this," Perrot went on. "I can't help it. I must say it. I have suffer-ed too much. Think of it I was on relief with my section, when I got the letter. I didn't even look at the en-welope. I was sure that it was from my godmother, since no one else ever wrote to me. I went to a quiet spot to read it, so that nobody could inter-rupt me. I wanted to be happy all to myself. And then—then I opened it and read. At first I didn't understand. Women Women Women By Old it Coats, if Each pace or mixed go teralas, spo terals, spo

changed at al." Silence fell again. They stood there, under the eyes of the pale fig-ure in the pastel, each pursuing his own memories. Then the soldier went away. (The End.) Women! Use "Diamond Dyes."

Everything.

streaks, spots, fades and ruins ma-terial by giving it a 'dyed-look." Buy "Diamond Dyes" only. Druggist has

terminates in the final triumph of Right over Might. first. My plants bloom from the mid-dle of June to the middle of September.' Here is a possibility for every boy or girl who likes flowers.

Training for Kindness,

Our new serial, "By the

Law of Tooth and Talon.'

will begin next week. The story tells of the struggle

between Bolshevism and

Justice and is full of dra-

matic situations. You will not have a dull moment while following the excit-

Training a child to be sympathetic, humane, and kind, is much more than a matter of preaching these virtues to him. In fact, it is primarily a mat-ter of giving him object lessons in kindness and surrounding him with an atmosphere of kindness.

Many parents forget this. They think they are doing all that they need to do when they rebuke a child for unkind words and acts, and tell him again and again just why he should be kind.

Possibly there is an outright quarrel.

Be sure that the child will not ig-nore this. He is all eyes and ears to drink in the impressions created



look and exercise a lasting influence on his conduct. In their relations with all who

visited their home-as with each other, with the boy himself, and with the little serving maid—both the father and the mother were unfailing-ly courteous, considerate and sympa-thetic.

Over and above all this, they set him a constant example of diligence, of that earnest activity which is itself powerful factor in moral discipline

Wedded by Eating Out of Bowl. Marriage is not a religious cere-mony among the Burmese. There is a ceremony, of course, but the only necessary and binding part of it is that the couple should, in the presence of witnesses called together for the purpose, eat out of the same bowl.

Day's Coldest Hour. The observations of meteorologists have established the fact that between

four and five o'clock a.m. is the cold-est hour of the twenty-four.

Minard's Liniment Relieves Colds, etc.

economical.

Dam With Metal Wings. A dam with adjustable metal wings that are claimed to fit lateral ditches of any size and form has been invented for checking the flow of water in irrigated land.





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Makes every dish-even breat pudding -more popular with children an

grown folks. Rich, pure, wholesome,

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Do You Like Sweet Peas? ordinary market basket would do, but Charlotte Grant is a fifteen-year-ld girl who has made herself famous rowing sweet peas. When asked by the writer why she old girl who has made herself famous

grows sweet peas, Charlotte answered at once, "Bccause I love flowers! One year I had twenty-five different kinds of flowers. Then I decided it would be but Charlotte wants the flowers to Perhaps five minutes later, and in his presence, these same parents pro-ceed to act unkindly toward each other. Cross words are exchanged. Perhaps five minutes later, and in his presence, these same parents pro-ceed to act unkindly toward each other. Cross words are exchanged. Perhaps five minutes later, and in his presence, these same parents pro-ceed to act unkindly toward each other. Cross words are exchanged.

better to make a study of one variety. Through the school I got started in sweet peas and this is my fourth year of the basket—bunches of white, purraising them." So Charlotte has been ple, salmon pink and deep pink sweet peas of the Spencer butterfly variety.

Dye Old Skirts, Dresses, Waiste Coats, Stockings, Draperies,

ing course of events which Each package of "Diamond Dyes" contains easy directions for dyeing any article of wool, silk, cotton, linen, or mixed goods. Beware! Poor dye

And

talking to himself. "We soldiers out there—we know that we are likely to be killed. We expect it. It may happen at any me-ment. So it never occurs to us that people in the rear can die. And here I am, alivel And she!" He stopped. A deep silence fell in the gloomy room, where it was fast growing dark. There was a sudden break in the silence, and the soldier noticed that M. Noirtier was sobbing. "I have made you suffer," Perrot tammered. "I beg your pardon. I shouldn't have come. But I couldn't help it." M. Noirtier didn't raise his heed. "No, no; don't apologize," he said.

help it." M. Noirtier didn't raise his head. "No, no; don't apologize," he said. He tried in vain to control himself. A. still more violent sob éscaped him. He couldn't prevent himself. from meaning:

groaning: "But I am an old man. I am alone -without hope-without her." "Yes, certainly," the soldier mur-

M. Noirtier finally collected himself. He sat there in the dark, absorbed and

M. Noirtier didn't answer. He light-

"That was made some years ago, said M. Noirtier. "But she hadn' changed at all." Silence fell again. They stoo

Now it se alking to h "We sold

silent.

should have thought of that before. I can't act myself as your correspon-dent. I am too much tied down with my work. And really, I couldn't write letters to you—not in any case. But I have some relatives—" The soldier straightened himself up

"I don't want that! I don't want that!" he cried. "I don't want any-one else! I didn't come for that pur-I came in order to find out



Fertilizer Grandfather smiles while Baby tells him how nice his beard feels and how sweet it smells.

The secret is the morning wash with Baby's Own Soap-the soap Mother uses for herself and for the children. Roses of France and other natural perfumes give their aroma to 8-1-21



"sweet-pea girl" of her neighborhood since she was eleven years of age.

Plowing

String

Seed

the neighbors.

Last year she carried two hundred and sixty-three bunches, or twenty-six All winter she plans and looks forthousand three hundred blossoms to market. The best day in the year netward to her summer garden. All the

string that comes around bundles is ted twenty-five dollars. saved for tying the summer's blos-Charlotte can pick two thousand soms, for training the vines up, also in winter there is time for reading the blossoms in an hour. When asked if that was not pretty quick work she said, "Yes, it's quick work, but I have best books and magazine articles on weet-pea culture.

a quick way of doing it. The florist showed me how to just bend the stem Charlotte's first interest is in the pleasure to be had working in flowers, the opposite way from which it leans watching them grow and bloom and and it will snap right off. This way enjoying their colors and fragrance. "you don't have the piece of the stem She walks through her garden dozens left to take up the moisture from the She walks through her garden dozens of times a day just because she is so plant."

fond of the flowers. To the boys and girls who like to make their own Of course sweet peas do not "just grow"-they require plenty of hoeing and weeding just like other plants. spending money it will be of interest to know that on five rows, one hundred feet each, Charlotte made \$150 last it:

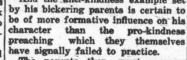
"I have the ground plowed and plant year and expects to make more this year. She has a very good system of account keeping so knows just what her expenses have been: with a hoe, drop the seeds and cover

them up not more than half an inch-\$1.50 12.00 if you cover them more it takes longer 2.50 for them to come up. Leave them 5.00 alone but pull the weeds out by hand until they get to climbing on the string. After they start climbing, you Total expense \$ 21.00 Sweet peas sold 171.00 hill them up, just keep the weeds out Less expenses 21.00 and cultivate in between the rows.

"Cultivate in between the rows and then after you have cultivated at least \$150.00 twice, take grass and put in between Besides the flowers sold, there were flowers for the house, flowers to send to her aunt in the city and flowers for has been cut from the lawn. The grass This is one of the interesting things to water my plants. After this there holds the moisture and I never have

This is one of the interesting things about her business career: Charlotte names her own price and gets it. A local florigt takes every blogsom that she has for sete, in fact she grows practically all his sweet peas for him. She gathers the blogsoms early in the morning, the them in bunches of one hundred each and takes them to marin a pretty flower basket. / The Minard's Liniment for Burns, etc.

by his environment. And the anti-kindness example set

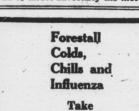


The parents then, must manage their own lives wisely if they would have their child grow to be a man or woman of kind thoughts and sympathetic disposition.

Believing as he did in the impor-tance of early environment influences of parental example, a father endeav-ored to secure for his son wholly en-

hobling surroundings. He even laid down rules to be ob-served by the maid of all work, a simple but good-hearted girl, in her dealings with the child. The whole family life was regulated with a view

ideas which, sinking into the sub-conscious region of his mind, would tend to affect favorably his moral out-



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nes the

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