

Ask Your Grocer for a trial package of "SALADA" GREEN TEA

If you enjoy green tea you will be satisfied with no other blend. — Try it today.



MY BEST POTATO RECIPE.

My best potato recipe may be rather disappointing to some housewives, especially those who are expecting something elaborate and unusual, for it is merely my way of boiling potatoes so that they are always white as flour, dry, fluffy and mealy, and, moreover, wholesome and inviting. One of my pet abominations has always been a potato that is soggy, waxy and damp. A white, or Irish, potato is really a very interesting and complicated bit of Nature's handiwork. If one could magnify it sufficiently, one would find its structure not unlike that of some great building, the walls of which are made of cellulose, in place of iron or steel. Cellulose is a woody, tough product, which is of value to the human body because it supplies bulk, but it is not so valuable as the little starch particles it enfolds. The potato is more than 18 per cent. starch, though it contains mineral matter and other qualities as well. The starch is the most important and the largest ingredient in the potato, therefore it is the one which must be considered first in the cooking of this vegetable.

Starch in any form requires intense heat to bring it to perfection, and the starch in the potato, because it is imprisoned or inclosed by the cellulose, demands plenty of heat at the very outset of its cooking. Therefore, if the potato is to be boiled, it must be plunged quickly into rapidly boiling water. Another reason for this necessity of boiling water is for the reason that the cellulose structure, for only intense heat will break down these woody walls. Therefore, it is quite plain that if the potato were to be put into cold or tepid or even fairly hot water, the woody or cellulose section would absorb the water and so toughen it that the starch particles, instead of bursting out suddenly into the floury mealiness so desirable, would become soggy and moist.

Here is my recipe, then, for perfect boiled potatoes: Place a kettle of water on the fire to come to the boiling point; meantime select sound potatoes of regular size and scrub them with a stiff brush until they are as clean as possible, then pare a ring of skin from the potato around the very centre. Now plunge them into the boiling water, adding no salt. Cover the kettle at once. Let the potatoes boil rapidly for fifteen or twenty minutes, or until they are tender almost through, but still a little hard in the centre. Now throw in a cupful of cold water and when the potatoes again begin to boil they will be ready for serving.

There is a reason for adding this cold water, just as there is for peeling a ring of the skin from the centre of the potatoes, and also for omitting the salt, all of which I will explain. The potato, which has been cooking rapidly for fifteen to twenty minutes, has become very hot right through to the centre. The cold water checks the heat on the surface of the potato, where it is always tender, but does not affect the inner portion, so the outer part will not be over-cooked while the centre is finishing. As a result the potato will not break and crumble when it is taken from the water, but will be dry and mealy all through.

Salt tends to draw out the mineral matter in root vegetables; and to re-

der them tough, so it is wise to omit it until the cooking is finished. The water should be drained from the potatoes and the kettle placed over the fire again for a few minutes so that any moisture which remains may be completely absorbed.

Then it is time to add salt; dust it freely over the hot potatoes and shake them vigorously; by following this plan the salt will penetrate the skins and season the vegetable perfectly.

As to removing the ring of skin from the centre of the potato, this is done to prevent the potato from breaking and becoming too big for its jacket, as it is apt to do during the boiling.

Potatoes boiled in this way and served hot make a most delicious dish. They may be eaten with gravy or simply with butter and salt, but it is my way of thinking they are best when mashed with butter and cream and sprinkled with salt.—C. R. K.



A CHARMING APRON MODEL

4213. Always seasonable and never out of fashion is the apron—and there is no version of this popular garment more practical and simple than the "one piece" style here portrayed. Cretone with a finish of rich rick rack was used in this instance. Satene, and percale also are desirable materials.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: Small, Medium, Large and Extra Large. A Medium size requires 3½ yards of 36-inch material.

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

CLEANING OIL STOVES. We've found that using a piece of baling wire for a ramrod and clean coal oil to wash with, coupled with a good strong automobile pump, will get anything out that is clogging the pipes of an oil cooking stove. Put on plenty of force and blow it out. Then blow from the other end of the pipe. It saves time and does a good job. The same pump can be used to blow obstructions from the gas line in auto or tractor when clogged.—E. R.

VEGETABLE FRITTERS WITH PORK.

When frying bacon or other pork that contains a good deal of fat, try making fritters to serve with it. Make a batter with two eggs, a quarter cupful of milk and two level teaspoonfuls of baking powder and enough flour to make a batter of moderate thickness. Stir in any leftover cooked vegetables you may have on hand, using a cupful or less to this quantity of batter. Fry in the hot fat after the meat has been taken up, dropping by spoonfuls. Serve on platter with the meat.

WHEN USING CRAYONS. This discovery is for the children who use wax crayons so much. My little girls have found out that by placing anything they have crayoned, face down on a thick layer of clean paper, and ironing it with a moderately warm iron, all the surplus wax which sticks up in shiny streaks is absorbed. The design is set permanently, so that it will not rub off, and the colors are made beautifully soft and delicate.—Farm Wife.

After Every Meal
A universal custom that benefits everybody. Aids digestion, cleanses the teeth, soothes the throat.

WRIGLEY'S
a good thing to remember

Sealed in its Purse Package

THE FLAVOR LASTS

The Gift Of The Gods

BY PEARL FOLEY.
(Copyright.)

CHAPTER XVII.—(Cont'd.)

The light flickered queerly over the typewritten words. They leaped up at Neil if they would blind him, then receded to mere unintelligible scratches. At last he steadied his twitching nerves sufficiently to read:

"Sincerely regret inform you Lieutenant Paul Culver killed August 11th."

Yo shrank away from the livid-faced man who staggered to his study. His faithful eyes lingered on the closed door and he heard the key turn in the lock.

Irma tarried on the verandah. The night was so glorious she couldn't go in. She stood there, her hand on the door, her heart beating wildly.

Then it was time to add salt; dust it freely over the hot potatoes and shake them vigorously; by following this plan the salt will penetrate the skins and season the vegetable perfectly.

As to removing the ring of skin from the centre of the potato, this is done to prevent the potato from breaking and becoming too big for its jacket, as it is apt to do during the boiling.

Potatoes boiled in this way and served hot make a most delicious dish. They may be eaten with gravy or simply with butter and salt, but it is my way of thinking they are best when mashed with butter and cream and sprinkled with salt.—C. R. K.

Tu Hee shuddered at the triumph in his voice.

"Let us go back, please."

"You won't visit the sacred temple to-day, then?"

"No, to-morrow will do."

"There should be two sacred rubies in that temple instead of one."

"But what does it matter?" There was an uninterested, weary note in Tu Hee's voice.

"What do you know about it?" An anxious note had crept into the man's voice.

"I heard the story from Mrs. Claymore, and then I questioned Lun, but she didn't appear to know very much about it."

"They deserved all they got. People like that have no business interfering in the affairs of another race. Let them keep to their own firesides and harm won't come to them."

"You seem very bitter against them, Chu Sing. One would almost think they had done you a personal injury."

"Chu Sing turned hard, glittering eyes on her, which softened as she met her surprised blue ones."

"Not me. If anything, they have brought me happiness."

"You talk in conundrums. But here's the door. Will you come in or—"

"Would you like me to?" The man's voice was almost pleading.

"I am really very tired, Chu Sing. Would you mind if I asked you to excuse me to-day?"

"Tu Hee laid her hand on his arm as she spoke. "You see," she added wistfully, "our ten-day wedding ceremony begins very soon now, and I'm a busy girl."

"And then you'll be mine, and I'll carry you away to the hills and have you forever. Farewell, dearest, for a day then."

Tu Hee stumbled as she entered the hall, and would have fallen but for Lun, who caught her and half carried her to a couch.

"Oh, my dear, you'll marry him if it kills you."

Tu Hee lay with closed eyes while her old nurse chafed her hands and sent a boy for a glass of milk.

"You are an old goose, Lun," smiled Tu Hee a few minutes later as she looked back the empty glass.

"But he no for you, Misses Tu Hee. He black and you white."

"Lun, you forget yourself. Remember, when you speak of Mr. Chu Sing you are speaking of my future husband. Besides, your remark is ridiculous—he is as white as I am—every bit."

Lun saw her hasty slip had been misinterpreted and heaved a sigh of relief.

"And now please send for the sewing woman. I'll be ready to try on my wedding dress in half an hour."

Tu Hee slowly mounted the stairs, while Lun hobbled away to do her mistress's bidding. Her hands were weary from speaking of her future husband, and her lips formed the almost inaudible words: "Two weeks—the Goddess of Mercy make it four! Two moons, he say—what am I to do? And no can I tell."

(To be continued.)

DON'T WASTE MELTED ICE CREAM

Occasionally because of poor packing, or the lack of a sufficient amount of ice, some of the ice cream planned for the Sunday dinner or lunch melts.

Do not throw this away. It can be transformed into a very delicious dessert, much like Bavarian cream.

Put the melted cream into a double boiler or set in a pan of hot water, and when lukewarm add one teaspoon of powdered gelatine, previously softened in a little cold water and dissolved in hot water, to each cup of melted cream. When thoroughly mixed, pour into wet moulds and set aside to become firm. When only partially cool, add fresh berries, diced fruit or nuts. Service with dip of whipped cream.

When the price of good tea is high, many poor cheap teas are offered to the public. Those who buy them learn to their sorrow that price does not indicate their cost. To the pound more satisfying and flavory cups can be brewed from a fine tea like "SALADA," hence its real economy in use.

TO CHARMIAN, UNBORN.

My body folded tawny wings
To walk with slow, uncertain feet;
My body put off alien things
For linen, humble and discreet;

My songs that were as butterflies,
So frail they bore but phantom gold.
Cling to the earth, and dare not rise
Out of the withered grass and mold;

My laugh is dumb that flattered wild,
My hands are bare of shining rings,
My soul goes fasting that a child
Be born for silk and song and wings.

—Lola Seyster Montross.

Minard's Liniment for Dandruff.

ISSUE No. 30—223.

Helping the Blind to "See."

Watching a blind pianist in Paris distinguishing the keys of her instrument by her remarkable sense of touch, so stimulated the inventive genius of Valentine Haüy that in 1784 he produced the first book ever printed with relief letters for the use of the blind.

Before producing his book Haüy experimented with different forms and sizes of letters, with a view to discovering the precise shape in which they could be most readily distinguished by the touch. At length he fixed upon a letter differing but slightly from the familiar Roman character.

Such excitement attended the first announcement of the invention that the Royal Institution for Young Blind Persons was established, and the invention of Haüy was placed at its head. Among the books he issued subsequently were a grammar, a catechism, and small portions of the Church Service, together with several pieces of music.

The institution prospered for some time, but eventually funds diminished, and the scheme looked like collapsing altogether until the French Government came to the rescue.

The books were bulky and expensive, and the letters lacked the permanence and sharpness essential to perfect tangibility. These faults not being remedied, this remarkable invention soon sank into disuse, and little more was heard of it until, in 1854, Dr. Guille made director of the institution.

Dr. Guille revived the printing, and having modified the letters, began the publication of a series of elementary works. But again most of them were ponderous and expensive to produce; yet in spite of this they formed the only literature for the blind.

Eventually relief printing made rapid strides until to-day embossed books are produced that many thousands of blind persons gain profit and pleasure from them.

Scriptural Advice on Trees.

Long ago, nearly fifteen hundred years before the coming of Christ, leaders of the people of that time knew the value of trees and their importance to human life. In the twentieth chapter of Deuteronomy the priest in his exhortation to encourage the people to battle stated:

"When thou shalt besiege a city a long time in making war against it, thou shalt not destroy the trees thereof by forcing an axe against them: for thou shalt eat of them, and thou shalt not cut them down (for the tree of the field is man's life) to employ them in the siege."

"Only the trees which thou knowest that they be not trees for meat, thou shalt destroy and cut them down."

Indian Summer.

Along the line of smoky hills,
The crimson forest stands,
And all the day the blue-joy calls
Throughout the autumn lands.

Now by the brook the maple leans,
With all his glory spread;
And all the sumachs on the hills
Have turned their green to red.

Now by great marshes wrapt in mist,
Or past some river's mouth,
Throughout the long still autumn day
Wild birds are flying south.

—William Wilfred Campbell.

Many Happy Returns.

At the close of a wedding breakfast a guest noted for his blunders rose to his feet, causing great anxiety to all who knew him.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "I drink to the health of the bridegroom! May he see many days like this!"

There are bees in some parts of the world whose honey is poisonous.

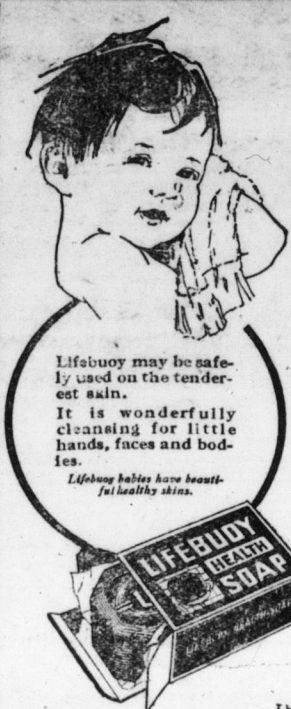
Universal Portable Bath Tub

With or without instantaneous water heater attached, permits all bathroom comforts of a millionaire in the room. No plumbing. Equally suitable for country or city. 10 days' trial. Ask about our indoor chemical clove.

Universal Metal Products Company
84 Assumption St., Walkerville, Ont.

ALWAYS ASK FOR:
EDDY'S MATCHES
Sold by over 14,000 General Stores and 16,000 Grocers
ON SALE EVERYWHERE IN CANADA

Serve Mustard with all meals
Mustard neutralizes the richness of fat foods and makes them easier to digest. Mustard enables you to enjoy and assimilate food which otherwise would burden the digestive organs.
but it must be Keen's



Down the Flume.

In the mountains of Sierra Nevada, the water chute, or flume, is used as a means of travelling from one spot to another. The flume is V shaped and made of wood. It stands on wooden trestles, sometimes, where it crosses deep ravines, of immense height. A swift and strong current of water, chiefly used for floating logs and sawn timber, is constantly running down the chute.

The boat made to navigate the flume is also V shaped, and fits inside, it can be floated down at a good speed in about an inch of water. Only one passenger is carried at a time, and he has to sit as far forward as possible in order to tilt up the back of the little craft. In steep places the pace is great, quite twenty miles an hour being reached.

Riding the flume is full of thrills, though the little craft runs smoothly and, as there is no machinery, without vibration. But when once it has started on its journey it cannot be stopped until it reaches its destination. The sensation of rushing alone through space at such a speed is wonderful. But it is a mode of travelling that only recommends itself to the strong-nerved.

Indian Summer.

Along the line of smoky hills,
The crimson forest stands,
And all the day the blue-joy calls
Throughout the autumn lands.

Now by the brook the maple leans,
With all his glory spread;
And all the sumachs on the hills
Have turned their green to red.

Now by great marshes wrapt in mist,
Or past some river's mouth,
Throughout the long still autumn day
Wild birds are flying south.

—William Wilfred Campbell.

Many Happy Returns.

At the close of a wedding breakfast a guest noted for his blunders rose to his feet, causing great anxiety to all who knew him.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "I drink to the health of the bridegroom! May he see many days like this!"

There are bees in some parts of the world whose honey is poisonous.

Universal Portable Bath Tub

With or without instantaneous water heater attached, permits all bathroom comforts of a millionaire in the room. No plumbing. Equally suitable for country or city. 10 days' trial. Ask about our indoor chemical clove.

Universal Metal Products Company
84 Assumption St., Walkerville, Ont.

ALWAYS ASK FOR:
EDDY'S MATCHES
Sold by over 14,000 General Stores and 16,000 Grocers
ON SALE EVERYWHERE IN CANADA

Serve Mustard with all meals
Mustard neutralizes the richness of fat foods and makes them easier to digest. Mustard enables you to enjoy and assimilate food which otherwise would burden the digestive organs.
but it must be Keen's

"Handsome is —"

How many times have we turned round in the street to remark, "There goes my idea of beauty!" And how often have we discussed the many different ideas of it! For to each man and to each nation beauty means a different thing.

The other day in Oxford Street, says a London writer, there passed Lu Chang with his lady, Wí Sée. Her eyes, like polished enamel, were set at a wrong angle, and her plucked eyebrows looked strange to the Westerner. Yet Lu Chang thinks that in her eyes and slender brows lies the true secret of her loveliness.

Then the Hindu girl—you may see her, too, in London. Her liquid dark eyes and amber complexion may seem not unattractive, but most of us would balk at nose hangings, nostril studs, and hair twisted in a roll over one eye. But to the Hindu these things represent beauty.

There is the Greek ideal—Venus Aphrodite. Her long down-cast nose with its straight line from brow to tip is beautiful. But some far-booted Arctic hunter would prefer the ample nose, broad cheeks and bird-like eyes of an Eskimo belle.

Now look at the girl from Assam. Her beauty lies in bright animal-like eyes, and she wears a tube and large circles of gold in her ears, and two flat discs in her nose. To us she has no beauty, but when a man of her tribe looks into her small, bright eyes and sees the flashing ornaments in her ears and nose, he is completely dazzled.

Then there is the Persian girl. Her eyes are large and languid, and her heavy black brows are drawn across until they meet over the nose. Most of us would run if we saw that single eyebrow on any British girl. But the Persian poet dips his reed pen in the inkpot and writes odes to his lady's eyebrows as fervently as did any Elizabethan gallant.

Comes the tiny Japanese, with her lacquered rolls of charcoal black hair, her nose without any ridge, her small pink mouth and tilted, tightened eyes. We agree that her hands are lovely and perhaps her hair, but we draw the line at slanting eyes and broad cheeks. Without these, however, her lover would never give her all those flower-blossom names.

Finally, look at a picture of a Saman girl. She is the color of dark honey and bobbed, as any British girl may be. But we who like the line at slanting eyes and broad cheeks, her nose too blunt, her hair too coarse and her lips too thick. Still, the man of her own kind who strikes his ukulee and begins for the hibiscus in her hair compares her with the golden moon and the calm sea for beauty.

What, then, is beauty? Is there any standard on which all may agree? Yes; wherever you see a mother bending lovingly over her sleeping child. There you have beauty—a beauty which knows no distinction of nationality or race.

The Origin of Common Expressions.

Cookery is responsible for many phrases we all use, such as "settled his hash," "That cooked his goose," "He got into an awful stew," "I gave him a pretty roasting," and "He was done brown."

It is said that when Eric, King of Sweden, attacked a town with a mere handful of soldiers, the citizens in desperation hung out a goose for them to shoot at. But finding that the affair was no joke they sent heralds to ask Eric what he really wanted. The King replied facetiously: "What I want is to cook your goose."

The question: "What will Mrs. Grundy say?" comes from an old play called "Speed the Plough." Farmer Ashfield gets so disgusted with his wife's constant references to Mrs. Grundy, a neighbor, that he breaks out: "Be quiet, wool ye?" Allus ding-dinging Dame Grundy into my ears! What'll Mrs. Grundy say? What'll Mrs. Grundy think?

The farmer's words have passed into common speech, and the mythical Mrs. Grundy has become the censor of morals and the impersonation of prudishness.

The saying, "Like Dame Partington and her mop," is not heard very often nowadays. In November, 1824, a heavy gale drove a high tide into the seaside cottage of a Mrs. Partington, who lived at Sidmouth. When she saw the sea coming in she fetched her mop and labored vainly to mop it up!

How the famous wit, Sydney Smith, got hold of the story is not known, but he used it with tremendous effect. Speaking at a meeting against the rejection of the first Reform Bill of 1831, he compared the Lords, who had thrown out the people's Bill, to Dame Partington with her mop trying to push back the Atlantic Ocean.

That's All.

Two men were walking along the beach at Brighton when one of them accidentally stumbled against a child's pail.

"My dear friend," exclaimed the other, "I cannot tell you how much I lament your sad death."

"What ever do you mean?—my death?"

"You have just kicked the bucket," replied the first, with a laugh.

"On the contrary," said the other, "I just turned a little pail."

Ask a Printer.

"And so you work in the composing room? Isn't that fine?"

"I've been here ten years."

"Won't you sing something you've composed?"