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## Good Cooking Makes A Happy Home

Is anything more irritating than to spend hours of careful thought and preparation on a dish or a meal, only to have everything spoiled in cooking? Nothing is more disappointing than to have to set such a meal before your husband—nothing is more embarrassing when a guest is present.

How different it is when everything comes out just right—done to a turn—perfect. How good and proud it makes you feel—makes up for the whole day's worries. How it cheers your husband—tired from his hard days' work. How it ends the day right for the whole family.

Why not have such a meal always. You can—easily.



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make good cooking sure. Their special patent double flue distributes the heat over every part of the oven—baking everything absolutely evenly. With a Gurney-Oxford the under crust is always done as well as the upper—both perfectly.

In addition to perfect baking the Gurney-Oxford offers many other decided advantages.

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Please send me your catalog descriptive of Steel or Cast Iron Ranges.  
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# BUT THAT'S ANOTHER STORY



## HOT BREAD.

SECRETARY WISON has issued another cook book in which he punctures the theory that hot bread is unwholesome.—Washington despatch.

Let the unfettered sing of love,  
Its joys and mystery;  
Let convict poets, leaping forth,  
Sing songs of liberty.  
But my unsentimental muse  
On solids must be fed;  
I sing of Wilson's cook book  
And the praises of hot bread.

Hot bread forever be my theme,  
Though I sing all alone;  
What love at breakfast time is like  
The love for hot corn pone?  
Fresh from the oven's fiery breath  
Bring biscuit, roll and bun,  
And choicest matin morsel yet—  
The golden Sally Lunn.

At last the judgments of my youth  
I find were based on facts,  
The food I crave can do no harm  
To my digestive tracts.  
What though the price of butter rise?  
I take no fear nor dread  
Save that there be a lack of it  
To serve with my hot bread.

Let others sing of babbling brooks,  
Of castle tower and moat,  
Of armored knight, of moonbeams  
pale;  
The nightingale's sweet note,  
Of liquid eyes, of tresses fair,  
But I will sing instead  
The praise of Tama Jim and his  
Digestible hot bread.  
—Richard Linthicum.

\* \* \*

## CONCERNING PURE FOOD.

MR. HARVEY W. WILEY, the United States Government's brilliant food expert, was talking about a notorious case of food adulteration.

"The morals of these people!" he said. "It is incredible. But I know a little boy who will grow up and join them some day.

"I was walking one morning in a meadow when I saw this little boy gathering mushrooms.

"Have you had good luck?" I asked.

"Fair," he answered, showing me his basket.

"But I gave a cry of alarm.

"Why, my lad," I said, "those are toadstools you've got. They're poison, deadly poison!"

"He tipped me a reassuring wink.

"Oh, they ain't for eatin', sir," he said, "they're for sale."

\* \* \*

## A GOOD POWDER.

A SUBURBAN chemist had been advertising his patent insect powder far and wide. One day a man rushed into his shop and said excitedly:

"Give me another half pound of your powder, quick, please!"

"Oh!" remarked the chemist as he proceeded to fill the order. "I'm glad you like the powder. Good, isn't it?"

"Yes," replied the customer. "I have one cockroach very ill; if I give him another half pound he'll die."

\* \* \*

## WHY JONES HAS NO MANNERS.

JONES had just trod on the toes of an old gentleman while getting into the tramcar.

"I beg your pardon!" he said.

"Hey? Speak louder; I'm a trifle deaf."

"I beg your pardon!" repeated Jones.

"H'm! Peggy starving? Well, I'm sorry. Who's Peggy?"

Jones was red in the face now.

"You misunderstand, sir!" he shouted.

"Hey?"

"You misunderstand!"

"Miss Underwood, is she? Peggy,

who is starving, is Miss Underwood. Well?"

"I didn't say anything about Miss Underwood!" screamed Jones. "I begged your pardon, and you misunderstood."

"Oh, now I see!" said the old man, sympathetically. "It is your Aunt Peggy who is starving Miss Underwood. Well, why don't you report the case to the police?"

\* \* \*

## GETTING A RECEIPT.

HE had run up a small bill at the village store, and went to pay it, first asking for a receipt.

The proprietor grumbled and complained it was too small to give a receipt for. It would do just as well, he said, to cross the account off, and so drew a diagonal pencil across the page.

"Does that settle it?" asked the customer.

"Sure."

"An' ye'll niver be askin' for it again?"

"Certainly not."

"Faith, thin," said the other coolly, "an' I'll kape the money in me pocket."

"But I can rub that out," said the storekeeper.

"I thought so," said the customer dryly. "Maybe ye'll be givin' me a receipt now. Here's yer money."—Lippincott's.

\* \* \*

## TOO ACCURATE.

THE mathematical professor became engaged to a charming girl, and one day they made an excursion into the country with several friends.

The girl picked a daisy, and looking roughly at her fiance began to pull off the petals, saying, "He loves me not; he loves me," etc.

"That is needless trouble you are giving yourself," said the precise professor; "you should count up the petals of the flower, and if the total is an uneven number the answer will be in the negative; if an even number, in the affirmative."

\* \* \*

## "YOU NEVER CAN TELL."

THEY were youthful enthusiasts in physiognomy. On the seat opposite in the train was a man of commanding figure, massive brow and serious expression. "Splendid face!" one of them exclaimed. "What do you suppose his life-work has been?"

"A lawyer?" suggested the other.

"No-o, there's too much benevolence in that face for a lawyer."

"Maybe a banker."

"Oh, no. A man with an expression like that couldn't have spent his life in merely turning over money—"

"He might be an editor—"

"An editor! Cutting and slashing his enemies at every turn, and even his friends occasionally, for the sake of a smart paragraph? You can't read faces. That man's a philanthropist, or engaged in some sort of public-spirited work.

Why, there isn't a line that doesn't indicate strength of purpose and nobility of character. Look at that curve there on the left!"

At the next station an old countryman took his seat beside the man with massive brow and soon entered into a conversation with him, in the course of which he asked the latter "what was his line."

The two opposite held their breath in the intensity of their interest.

"Oh, I've got a little tavern and butcher shop back in the country a bit," was the proud reply. "My wife tends to the meals, and I do my own killing."

\* \* \*

## A SAD MISTAKE.

THE newly elected mayor was about to make his first journey through the town in his official capacity. The people had arranged that from an arch of flowers under which he was to

pass a floral crown should hang, surmounted with the words, "He Well Deserves It." But the wind blew away the crown, and when the pompous mayor passed under the arch only a rope with a noose at the end of it dangled there, with "He Well Deserves It" standing out in bold relief above it.

\* \* \*

## VERY FISHY.

SHE was a fisherman's daughter, she wore her hair in a net, and she preferred love in a piscatorial way.

"My love," he whispered, "you hold first 'place' in my heart! Although I 'flounder' about in expressing myself, my 'sole' wish is that you will save me from becoming a 'crabbed' old bachelor. I shall stick to you closer than a 'limpet,' from you a 'wink'll' be the road to guide me. Together we will 'skate' over life's 'rocks,' and when I look at your hand beside me I shall say to myself, 'Fortune was mine when I put 'herring' there!'"

And then the lady dropped her eyes in sweet confusion and murmured:

"Pass the salt."

\* \* \*

## THE VILLAGE CHOIR.

Half a bar, half a bar,  
Half a bar onward!  
Into an awful ditch.  
Choir and preceptor hitch,  
Into a mess of pitch

They led the Old Hundred.  
Trebles to right of them,  
Tenors to left of them,  
Basses in front of them,

Bellowed and thundered.  
Oh! that preceptor's look  
When the sopranos took  
Their own time and hook

From the Old Hundred.  
Screached all the trebles here,  
Boggled the tenors there,  
Raising the parson's hair,

While his mind wandered;  
Theirs not not to reason why—  
This psalm was pitched too high;  
Theirs but to grasp and cry

Out the Old Hundred.  
Trebles to right of them,  
Tenors to left of them,  
Basses in front of them,

Bellowed and thundered.  
Stormed they with shout and yell,  
Not wise, they sang, nor well,  
Drowning the sexton's bell,

While the church wondered.  
Dire the preceptor's glare,  
Flashed the pitchfork in the air,  
Sounding fresh keys to bear

Out the Old Hundred.  
Swiftly he turned his back,  
Reached he his hat from rack  
Then from the screaming pack  
Himself he sundered.

Tenors to right of him,  
Trebles to left of him,  
Discords behind him,  
Bellowed and thundered.

\* \* \*

## GOOD AT BLOWING.

TO test the safety of the church steeple a country vicar climbed it with a scaling ladder—a feat requiring no small amount of nerve. He was proud of his achievement, and talked rather more about it than was, perhaps, consistent with modesty. He even, at a meeting of his parishioners, described with a wealth of detail, his feelings while aloft.

"When I reached the top and saw the huge golden weathercock gleaming in the sunlight, what do you think I did?" he asked.

An old farmer, who looked the picture of boredom, hazarded a guess.

"You cheated the weathercock," he said.

"What do you mean, sir?" sharply demanded the vicar.

"Why you did it out of the job of crowing," the unperturbed old farmer replied.