

SISTER MARY'S KITCHEN
CHEAPER CUTS

F the average house-keeper would learn to use the cheaper cuts of meat in appetizing and attractive ways she could do much toward reducing the cost of high living.

The shoulder of lamb makes a perfectly good roast and is never as expensive as the leg of lamb. The breast, shank and neck can be made into very palatable and nourishing dishes that will take the place of the expensive chops on ordinary occasions.

Roast Shoulder of Lamb.

A shoulder of lamb, 2 slices of bacon, 2 cups stock, 2 tablespoons butter, 4 tablespoons flour, 1 teaspoon minced parsley, 2 medium-sized onions, 2 carrots, 1 small turnip, 6 peppercorns, 1½ teaspoons salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper, ½ cup canned tomato juice.

Remove bone from shoulder. Cover bone with cold water, about three cupsful, and bring slowly to the boiling point. Let simmer two hours. Wipe meat with a damp cloth and trim off the thin tissue-like covering. Season with salt and pepper, roll tightly and tie.

Cut the bacon in narrow match-like strips and insert in the meat. Slice vegetables and put in bottom of casserole. Dot with butter and add meat.

Cover closely and put in a hot oven for 20 minutes. Add parsley and peppercorns. Pour over two cups stock, cover closely and roast in a slow oven for two and one-half hours.

Take out meat and remove strings. Strain stock. There should be one and one-half cups. Melt two tablespoons butter in saucepan, stir in

flour and stir over the fire until the flour is brown.

Add stock slowly, stirring constantly. Then add one-half cup canned tomato juice. Serve in a gravy boat as a sauce for the meat.

Ragout of Lamb.
Two pounds neck of lamb, 1 cup boiling stock, 2 tablespoons butter, 2 tablespoons flour, 1 onion, 1 carrot, 1 strip celery, sprig parsley, thyme and bay leaf, yolks 2 eggs, 1-2 cup cooked spinach, juice 1-2 lemon, 1-2 teaspoon salt, 1-4 teaspoon pepper.

Trim meat. Put into cold water, bring slowly to the boiling point. Drain and plunge into cold salt water, let stand five minutes. Drain and let stand five minutes. Cut into two-inch squares.

Melt butter in saucepan, add sliced vegetables and simmer without browning for 15 minutes. Sift in flour, stirring constantly and slowly add boiling stock. Add parsley, thyme and bay leaf, one-third teaspoon salt and one-eighth teaspoon pepper. Stir until the mixture boils and is perfectly smooth. Put meat in casserole and pour over sauce. Cover closely, simmer two hours in a slow oven or over a slow fire.

Heat spinach and rub through a fine sieve. Remove meat from casserole and strain sauce. Add spinach puree and when almost boiling add the egg yolks beaten slightly with two tablespoons cream. Add lemon juice to spinach when rubbing through sieve.

Cook the sauce over hot water until thick and smooth. Arrange meat on a hot platter and pour the hot sauce over it.

(Copyright, 1922.)

Spare Time Jobs for Father—



WHEN a door continually bangs against the floor baseboard it is annoying. Avoid this by tacking a small piece of rubber hose on the baseboard where the door hits.

Swagger Affairs Are Nursery Nighties

ANYBODY who visits the nursery only after its occupants are asleep misses something charming in these days, and that is a good look at the children's sleep togs, which are being furnished in such a variety of quaint and delightful styles.

Of the nightie modes of yesterday only one remains, and that is the bishop style, which is slipped on over the head. This type always looks very demure, and is especially liked by many mothers because it is so easy to launder, being flat, unspooned, and devoid of buttons to be broken by an unkindly wringer.

Strings to be pulled out of their castings, or elastic to lose its "pop" in the wash. Also, it is becoming to almost any type of little maid.

More and more, however, little girls are wearing night togs with legs rather than the long gown. For quite little children of either sex the one-piece sleeping garment with panty back is usually worn.

First, the very smartly tailored pajama in very good imitation of the kind Dad likes, and made, as his are, in all sorts of fabrics and color combinations, such as a natural pongee silk with trimming bands of scarlet

suit, or one of the very finest quality of saten in light blue with trimming of white. Both little girls and boys wear these gay pajama suits.

Vying for popular favor with the tailored sleeping garment for little



girls is the be-frilled and be-ribboned "Billie Burke," which may be made of any kind of cotton or silk fabric, is given to those flowered crepe nighties by a ribbon bow, or a belt of black velvet baby ribbon.

Rafe.

"You don't even seem able to obey orders any more," said Tip O'Gorman.

"Go easy, you two!" snapped the district attorney, as a dog in the next room began to bark. "There's somebody comin' up the path."

Billy Wingo opened the door and strode without ceremony into the office. He was followed by Riley "Tyler." The latter slammed the door behind him and set his back against it.

"I hope you boys are feeling generous tonight," remarked Billy. "The fact is," went on the calm voice, "I'm takin' up a collection—a collection for Tom Walton's niece, Hazel."

Billy thought that at the mention of the ranchman's name both the district attorney and Tuckleton stiffened their slouching bodies. "Her uncle's gettin' downed this way will be a bad blow for her. He

hates form of Judge Driver showed back against the expense of snow framed in the doorway. Again came the plea for mercy—a wild cry of "Don't shoot! Don't shoot! It's me! Driver!" as the judge, realizing only too well that any such outcry was tantamount to a confession of guilt, plunged into the room. Obviously his purpose was to escape the fire of the avenging rifles that he had every reason to believe were somewhere in the brush along the draw.

"Thank Gawd! Thank Gawd!" babbled the judge, sinking back against the door. "I thought you'd shoot me."

"I damn near did," remarked the man, whose voice Billy now recognized as that of a late arrival in town, named Silke. "If you hadn't jerked your hat off so I could see your face, I would have. When will Wingo get here and didja get him to come by himself all right? By Gawd, you're wearing his clothes! Where is he?"

"He's here," gurgled the judge. "Then you did lead him here, damn your soul! You white-livered cur, do you think I'm gonna hang on your account? What did you tell him?"

To the accompaniment of a string of most ferocious oaths, Silke shook the judge as the terrier shakes the rat.

"How many's he got with him?" "One—two."

"We'll shoot it out with 'em here, I said. I ain't kicked all the fighting blood out of you, have I? Get the gun of that fellow I downed. It's on his leg yet. You can gamble you'll fight! It's you or them, remember!"

"Suppose he comes bustin' in the back way?" quavered the judge. "We'll try to take care of him. But he'll come the other way, I guess."

But Silke guessed wrong, for Billy Wingo, judging that the psychological moment had arrived, shoved his gun hand through a window pane and shouted, "Hands up!"

"You dirty Judas," yelled Silke, and firing from the hip, he whipped three shots into the judge before he himself fell with four of Billy Wingo's bullets through his shoulder and neck.

Shot through and through, Judge Driver dropped in a huddle and died.

CHAPTER X.
"THIS" said Rafe Tuckleton, "is a helluva note."

"It's all your fault," the district attorney reprimanded bitterly. "Well, the first part worked all right," protested Rafe Tuckleton. "Dan downed Walton without any trouble. How could I tell Driver would slip up on his part? I'm glad Silke downed him. Served him right for being a fool."

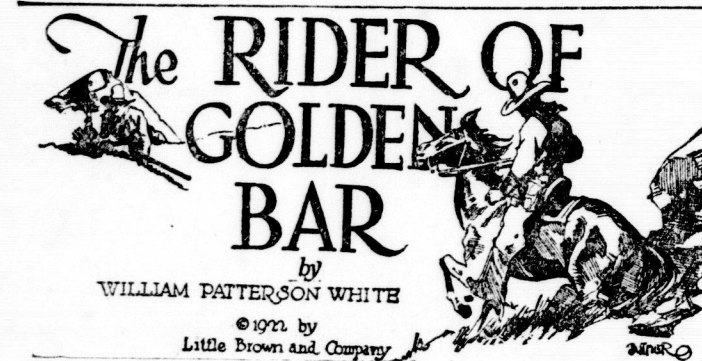
"How do we know what happened before the fracas at Walton's? We don't. We don't know anything except that Tom Driver is dead, Dan Silke wounded in the calaboose, and Skinny Shindle has skedaddled!"

"Sh-sh," cautioned Rafe. "Somebody coming—oh, it's you, Tip. Lo."

"Yeah, it's me, Tip," said O'Gorman, closing the door carefully. "Look here, Rafe, what did I tell you about downing Tom Walton?"

"I ain't downed Tom Walton," denied Rafe sullenly.

"You had it done," insisted O'Gorman. "How do you know I did?" dodged



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BEGIN HERE TODAY.

The gang of cattle thieves and politicians who elected good-natured BILLY WINGO sheriff of Golden Bar, when they thought he was too easy-going to interfere with law-breaking, have suffered a sad awakening.

HAZEL WALTON, whom Billy loves, saves him from being shot from ambush by JACK MURRAY, a member of the gang, but the lovers quarrel when Billy refuses to avoid danger by resigning from office.

RAFE TUCKLETON, wealthy cattle-thief, hires DAN SILKE, professional badman, to kill Billy and TOM WALTON, Hazel's uncle and an honest ranchman.

TOM DRIVER, local judge, and ARTHUR RALE, district attorney, are partners in Tuckleton's scheme.

TIP O'GORMAN, another politician, refuses to take part. Billy receives a note signed by Hazel requesting him to come at once to the Walton ranch. He is suspicious and forces Judge Driver to wear his clothes and approach the house on horseback. Billy crawls to a window and sees Tom Walton go on the floor.

GO ON WITH THE STORY.

He continued to stare unblinkingly into the room and after a time he made out the dim lines of another man's figure sitting on the table beside one of the front windows. The head of this other man was turned away from Billy. He was watching the draw through the front window.

On account of the soft snow Billy did not hear an approaching horse until it had almost reached the ranch house door. When the horse stopped the man inside the ranch house moved quietly to the door and stood at one side of it. His hand moved to his leg and came away.

The rider dismounted. Billy heard him rattle the latch of the door. "Don't shoot!" he heard him say in an agonized whisper. "Don't shoot, for Gawd's sake!"

Billy, watching at the window, saw the man in the room fling open the door. For an instant the tall and

ADVERTISER PATTERNS



Pattern 3730 was used for this model. It is cut in 4 sizes: 3, 4, 5 and 6 years. A 4-year size will require 2½ yards of 27-inch material.

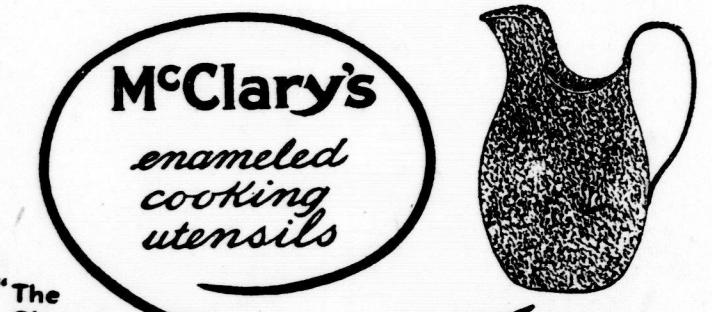
Gingham, galatea, serge, twill, corduroy and velvet may be used for this model.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

Address all pattern orders to pattern department.

Name Town Province Age (if child's or misses' pattern) Measurement: Bust Waist

CAUTION: Be careful to inclose the above illustration, and send size of pattern wanted. When the pattern is out measure, you need only mark 38, 44, or whatever it may be. When in waist measure, 22, 24, 26, or whatever it may be. If a skirt, give waist and length measure. When misses' or child's pattern, write only the figure representing the age. It is not necessary to write "inches" or "years." Patterns cannot reach you in less than one week from the date of application.



"The Clean Ware"

Made by McClary's, in London town. The big store firm of much renown.

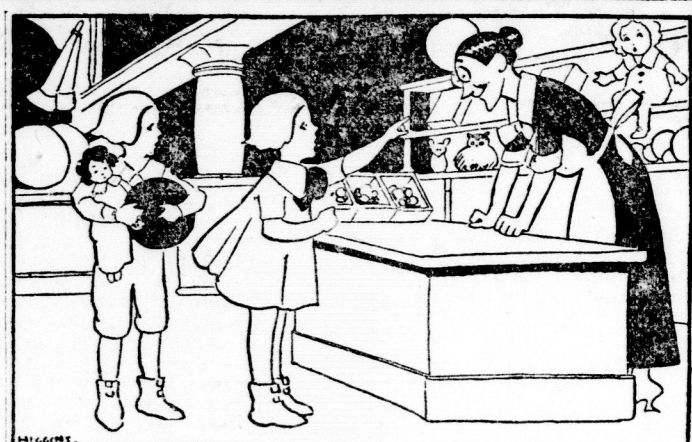
At All Good Stores

Are coated with a non-porous, flinty glazing — smooth as glass. Made to withstand hard usage—get McClary's.

Trade Mark

ADVENTURES OF THE TWINS
NOTHING OVER TEN

(By Olive Roberts Barton)



They wandered from counter to counter.

NANCY bought a doll with her dime in the five-and-ten-cent-store, and Nick bought a whistle. It had taken them hours to decide.

It was Nick who suddenly remembered their errand. "We'll have to hurry now, Nancy," he said, sticking the record under his arm and making for the door. "We shouldn't have stayed so long in here. We're not a third of the way over this mountain yet."

"Wasn't it funny about the dimes, Nick?" said Nancy, trotting along beside him. "How do you suppose they got in our pockets?"

"Magie, I'll bet," replied Nick. "No more stores for me! I'll bet Twelve Toes sent those dimes."

"Mebbe," said Nancy thoughtfully. But no sooner had they got outside the door than another five-and-ten-cent-store appeared. There it stood in all its tempting glory of red paint and gold letters, close up beside the road.

At the same time Nancy's pink fingers touched a hard object in her pocket which she immediately hauled out and discovered to be another thing.

CHAPTER XI.

"I TELL you, Rafe," said Reelfoot in a panic, "they suspect me—they think I'm mixed up in this murder business."

"Accessory before and after the fact," slipped in the district attorney. A reptile himself, he relished the wiggles of another reptile.

"If they prove it on you, you'll be hanged, sure as Dan Silke will hang."

"I ain't the only one they can hang on!" snarled Simon Reelfoot.

"Who have you got in mind?" Rafe Tuckleton said in a colorless voice. "Both of you, for instance," Reelfoot informed him.

"You do us a grave injustice," thus said the district attorney solemnly.

Reelfoot gulped. "You had me go to Wingo's office, spin him a lot of stuff about my rusted cows, so's to get him and his deputies all ready to go away with me, when Driver was to come in with that stuff about Kill-roe and keep Bill in town while the deputies went with me. Well, you know how only Shillman went. But I couldn't help that. Anyway, I suppose you thought you was foxy not to tell me the rest of the story about Skinny Shindle and the fake letter and so forth. Gents, you was foxy. But I'm foxy myself. I can put two and two together and make

four any day."

"Look here," continued the exasperated Reelfoot, "either you fellows pull suspicion off of me, or I go to Wingo with the whole story."

"What'll that get you?" demanded Rafe. "Nothin', just nothin'. Wild tales of dead cows and separatist Bill from his deputies and all ain't evidence."

Reelfoot turned, as worms do. "You fellows will have to see that I'm protected or I'll tell what I know."

"Blah!" blared the district attorney. "You wouldn't dare snitch!"

"I'm goin' now," said Reelfoot. "You fellows scratch your heads over what I've said. I ain't gonna go to the pen for anybody, and you can stick a pin in that."

When Simon was gone, the district attorney and Rafe sat in silence. "We gotta get rid of him."

Continued in Our Next Issue.

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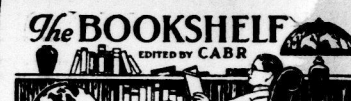
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THE SOUL OF A CHILD. By Edith Bjorkman. Alfred A. Knopf.

A analytical study of the thoughts and emotions of a small boy, from his fifth year to his fifteenth year, is presented in Edith Bjorkman's new book and first novel, "The Soul of a Child."

The volume is apparently intended principally for parents and educators. It deals with much care, and a delicacy that saves it from ever becoming offensive, with certain phases of adolescence usually ignored in fiction.

The book has no plot. It tells simply and well, if at somewhat too great length, of the entirely commonplace life of little Keith Wellander, who lived with his parents and his old grandmother in Stockholm during the latter part of the last century.

The four people lived in a flat of the first room, one of which they rented, but they employed a maid-servant—a combination which seems decidedly odd from a Canadian point of view. But then to many the most interesting thing about the book will be the detailed picture of Swedish manners and customs which it gives.

The family festivals at birthdays and on Christmas, the social ideas, the way of buying in large quantities, the absence of private bathrooms and general recourse to the public baths, the routine of everyday existence are all described in the book, though incidentally, and as a background for the mental life of shy, sensitive, intelligent and lonely little Keith Wellander.

It was Keith's misfortune to meet with real sympathy and understanding only once, and from only one person, his teacher, Lector Dahlstrom. And even the excellent and sympathetic Dahlstrom was guilty of a piece of injustice toward Keith which long rankled in the boy's mind, though Dahlstrom assured him that the injustice had been really intended only to benefit him.

The effect of his mother's timidity, her constant anxiety and perpetual alarm about his safety, upon the boy's plastic mind and character is very well worked out. Then there were the evasions regarding the family history "that produced the sensitiveness about his own backgrounds which later often influenced his attitude humbly at moments when he most needed complete self-assurance." Other evasions, too, there were, and these affected him even more deeply. For what his parents and teachers omitted or refused to tell him he learned in different and less innocent ways, ways which threatened to injure him permanently, not only mentally, but physically as well.

Carefully guarded as he was by his adoring, somewhat hysterical mother, he could not be kept entirely away from other boys and he had only seven years old when, placed in the care of a country sexton for the summer months, he learned the game the other boys played behind a certain big rock. The foul language acquired at the same time was a habit which "dropped off him as he soaped later drops of a bath when he dives into the clean waters of the lake."

The villa words were soon forgotten. "But the game he had learned to play back of the big rock could not be unlearned in the same way."

The book is well written, and the people and events it describes are all of them natural enough. Apart from the accounts of poor little Keith's sufferings when "his life was an unending conflict, and in the presence of that ever-renewed struggle within, by forces that seemed alien to his own self, all else lost significance," there is nothing especially novel about it. But the material is handled deftly, in a discreet and cleanly manner, and to those especially interested in its subject the book will no doubt prove both valuable and entertaining.

Eyes Sore?

If your eyes or lids are sore; if they itch, burn or feel dry; if your vision is blurred; if you are obliged to wear glasses; go to your drug-gist and get a bottle of Bon-Opto tablets.

Dissolve one in a fourth of a glass of water and bathe the eyes from two to four times a day. Sound, comfortable eyes and improved eyesight will make the world look brighter.

Note: Doctors say Bon-Opto strengthens eyesight 50 per cent in a week's time in many instances.



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See and feel the delightful effects.
There will be NO COST

Not Her Fault
But why not keep teeth white?

Does your dentist ever show you the film-coats on your teeth? His vigorous polishing is largely done to remove them.

Millions find that these film-coats form despite the daily brushing. But now there's a way to combat that film, and we offer you a test.

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Film starts as a viscous coat. You can feel it now. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays. It absorbs stains, making the teeth look dingy. It forms the basis of tartar. Thus the luster of the teeth is kept dimmed.

Film holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Germs breed in film, and they, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Thus most tooth troubles are now traced to film. They are due to the fact that old ways of brushing do not effectively combat it.

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Dental science, after long research, has found two ways to fight film. Careful tests have amply proved them. Now leading dentists, here and abroad, advise their daily use.

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A scientific film combatant, combined with two other modern requisites. Now advised for daily use by leading dentists everywhere. Supplied by druggists in large tubes.

Both are embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent—a scientific tooth paste. To millions of people it is bringing whiter, cleaner, safer teeth.

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Pepsodent brings other desired effects. It multiplies the salivary flow. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That is to digest the starch deposits which may otherwise cling and form acids. It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is Nature's agent to neutralize acids, the cause of tooth decay.

In these natural and effective ways, Pepsodent combats twice daily the great enemies of teeth.

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The test will be a revelation. It has brought to millions a new era in teeth cleaning. Learn what it means to you.

10-Day Tube Free

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Mail 10-day tube of Pepsodent to

ONLY ONE TUBE TO A FAMILY

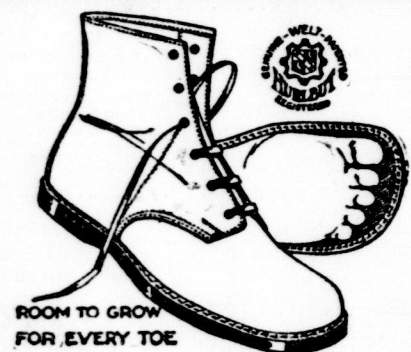
Easter
Blouses—
which tell
of Paris—
Many are typical of New York.

We have the utmost confidence in stating this fact about our Blouses, having access to the most exclusive fashion centres. We obtain the most approved styles direct from Paris and New York very far in advance. Most fastidiously these ideas carried out—hence our brilliant Easter display—far beyond anything we have seen.

All the fascinating new Russian effects—Peasant styles—latest ideas in sport blouses—stunning Tailored Blouses—all the new neck lines, sleeves and collars.

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