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It's Flavor that Makes the Meal!

And the sauces that the Libby chefs have adapted for you give flavor to the simplest dishes.

It may be eggs, or macaroni, or a cheap cut of meat—an unusual and delicious sauce will make it something you eat with delight and remember with pleasure—because of its flavor.

LIBBY'S CATCHUP and CHILI SAUCE are made from red, ripe tomatoes, grown in the fertile soil of Kent County, Ontario, picked when they are mellowed by the sunshine of long summer days, then rushed to the nearby Libby kitchen.

Here in sunny rooms the tomatoes are cooked with fragrant spices, onions, sugar and the best vinegar—cooked for hours until all the flavors are blended through and through.

Now the sauce is ready to give an appetizing relish to your steaks and chops, or a new piquancy to the meat gravy you serve with your roasts.

Your grocer has, or can get you, Libby's Catchup or Chili Sauce. Use it with your cold meat teas and note how quickly the second helping is necessary.

The delightful flavor of Libby's Beans is due largely to the wonderful Sauce prepared by the skilled chefs. Have you tried them?

Libby, McNeill & Libby

It says Paper, say The Evening Telegram.

The Fairy Tales of Science.

By F. FRANKFORT MOORE.

When nearly a hundred years ago, Alfred Tennyson took it upon him to revise the dual role of poet-prophet and made his embittered hero sing of

"The heavens all with commerce, argosies of magic hills,
Pilots of the purple twilight dropping down with costly bales"

and "The nation's airy navies grappling in the central blue," the opinion was freely expressed that he had gone too far. To whatsoever dating heights science had ascended (in that new-fangled Eastern Monday boy, the "air-balloon") the suggestion that the command of the air would be achieved by man to the same extent as his command of the sea, was accoulted too fantastic even for the most imaginative of poets.

The notion of practical air locomotion was relegated to such categories as included the Magic Carpet of the Arabian Nights and the feats of Icarus or Heracles. In 18th century the discussion of such possibilities in a serious spirit was regarded as bordering on the im-pious. If the Creator had meant man to travel through the air he would have endowed him with wings—that was the pronouncement of many generations. It would be too literally "flying in the face of Providence" for anyone to experiment in such a direction. A little earlier the cartographers were busy dealing with these visionaries who ventured to suggest the approach of a day when steam as an agent of locomotion would be widely recognized. The most ridiculous and actually indecent consequences were bound to follow the carrying out of such a craze, our great grandfathers were told; and which a prominent supporter of the "steam-coach" was killed upon the occasion of the first journey under the new conditions, there were scores of religious people who looked on the accident as a judgment upon the over-proud, presumptuous advocates of a principle which was so plainly opposed to all that was natural and proper.

The Marvellous Commonplace.

Of course the fairy tales of the science of the first quarter of the last century have become the commonplace things of to-day. What we are most concerned with now is not the extraordinary incident—the supernatural incident, it would have been thought when Tennyson wrote his "Locksley Hall"—of talking audibly to people many miles away from us, but the ridiculous charge imposed upon us by the Post Office for doing so. What forces us to write letters to the newspapers is not the marvel of a three-hundred-mile run in five hours, but the absurdity of the train being ten minutes late in arriving at its destination. What we now regard as a whim in point of veracity to fairy tales are some of the precepts of the pseudo-science of a hundred years ago. Many of the handbooks in common use in schools contained statements that we laugh at to-day, wondering how, in the face of such teaching, any progress was ever made. It would seem as if the knowledge of Nature at that time had hardly advanced since the days of Newton. To thousands of people "Nature's book of infinite mystery" had not been looked into since the archangel Raphael had made his revelations to Adam in the stern blank verse of "Paradise Lost." Indeed it is almost certain that this celestial visitant would not have been quite so explicit if Milton had not, in the course of his Continental tour, visited one of the most distinguished of the servants of his day. The general scheme of Creation was revealed by the archangel—up to a certain point, but no further; and when Adam, with that thirst for investigation which he transmitted to only too few of his sons, began to ask questions regarding some points that he thought his informant should not altogether ignore, he was sternly but quite courteously snubbed.

"Solicit not thy thoughts with matters hid,
Think only what concerns thee and thy being," said Raphael, and this was really the attitude assumed by the preceptors of a hundred years ago. The compilers of the biology "for the use of schools" of those days, were little tin Raphaels; and they took very good care that their audiences were as submissive as Adam was before lunch.

Poets as Servants of Science.
There was, I recollect, a certain "Zoology" very popular in the "Seminaries for Young Gentlemen" of a much later day, in which every chapter, with one exception, was headed by a quotation from Milton. It appeared that Milton had written nothing that, even under the persuasive garbling of the author, could be applied to the turkey, so Shakespeare was called in to supply the omission. Of course Shakespeare was equal to this emergency, as he is to every other.

"Here he comes, swelling like a turkey-cock!"

That was the text on which was founded the chapter that informed us that the bird was domesticated in England on being brought from Turkey many years ago. My faith in the expediency of zoology was severely shaken when I learned that certain "authorities" that the bird came to us from the other side of the Atlantic and not the Mediterranean, and that the word "turkey" had for many years done duty as an adjective referring to new importations—animal, vegetable, and mineral. The beautiful, blue stone now known as turquoise appears in the Shakespearean rolls as turkis and so the word was pronounced by Sir Henry Irving when he appeared as Shylock.

In the same "Zoology" we were gravely told that the brilliant coloring of certain fishes was the precious endowment of Nature in order to make them more conspicuous to the larger members of the "finny tribe" who were accustomed to feed upon them. A more ridiculous theory of one more contrary to the fixed rule of Nature could hardly be imagined. Never did I look into the wonderful shallows of some of the inland bays of the West Indies, seeing being able to detect even the most gorgeously coloured fishes by reason of the gorgeously coloured sea-weeds among which they swam without recalling my early lessons respecting the wonderful scheme of Nature in the way of averting the extermination of some of her favorites at the expense of the less fortunate. It seemed as if the author had never seen a mackerel in its own element, a fathom or so below the surface, or a place on the sand at the bottom. If he ever succeeded he should have been aware of the difficulty in doing so, owing to the protection of the coloring of each when against its proper background, so to speak.

Animals "Asking" to be Captured.

Having once promulgated his theory to account for the partiality of his "finny tribes" for frankness in the face of many enemies, it was only to be expected that we should have the amplest confidence in the good nature of the "dimness of the forest," when we came to their department and look for the deer being gaudily tinted so as to prevent the carnivora from being over-fatigued in pursuing them at supper time. What a surprise it was to find that Nature in the jungle worked on quite a different principle from Nature in the deep. Here she was on the side of the deer. The tiger was, fortunately, striped, so as to be extremely conspicuous to these painted ones who, as their approach scampered off, leaving the "mish-trous brute" to draw another covert for the sheepard. These revelations of the law of the jungle were impressed upon us—for a time; and when we grew restive and began to ask for the why and wherefore, we were met by the rebuke of our archangel (for the time being) on the lines of Raphael; and if we did not feel the rebuke as we should have done, we felt something else.

But I distinctly remember refusing to accept the plausible theory that the mice came out at night because that was the only time that owls were awake and with good appetites, and that moths were equally courteous to their enemies, the bats, for the same reason. These were some of the fairy tales of the natural science of the pre-Darwinian days, and I have found that they really have not all been buried. Several times during the past twenty years I have heard decoos of those old heresies, which were so cordially accepted by the orthodox.

The Antiquated Oar Principle.
In spite of the example of patient study and observation of Gilbert White and those who followed in his footsteps, it seems plain that people were content to work only on the surface in regard to investigating Nature. It seems to me extraordinary that for many centuries no fundamental improvement was made in the sailing of ships. They were propelled by sails, all working on the same principle since the Deluge; and when steam power was made available in place of slave power still the foolish oar principle was maintained in the paddles. It was not until it occurred to someone that possibly a fish might be worthy of consideration as an exponent of marine propulsion that a change took place, the result being the "screw" at the tail of the swimming machine, where it is likely to remain. The same refusal to accept the best model prevented any but the most meagre progress being made in the science of sailing. For thousands of years the most satisfactory exponent of the way to harness the winds was supposed to be the autumn leaf. It exposed itself to the airs of heaven, and was borne whithersoever the current chose to take it. For centuries ships could only be run before the wind. And yet all this time the gulls and the gannets and the albatrosses were showing the sailors, how they could "jam" the wind and be largely independent of its whims and vagaries. It seems extraordinary to us who have lived to sail in some of those splendid "wind-jammers"—the clip-pers of thirty years ago—making progress whether it was blowing from the north or the south, that a little over a hundred years ago, a ship might have to "stand up and on" the haven where it would be for weeks at a time waiting for a blast of wind to come from the right quarter! Truly the fairy tales of science are best when told to her children by our Mother Nature.

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Fashions and Fads.

Ornate and Georgette are being used in combination with exquisite success.
A frock of striped crepe de chine has ruffles of the same as its only trimming.
Tiny ostrich balls and swirls of glycerinated feathers trim a timbo straw hat.
A smart frock of spiral crepe is griddled at a low waist line with a bamboo belt.
The fringed dress, fringed skirt and fringed suit are all enjoying a great vogue.
A slip of rose crepe is covered with black chiffon beaded with bright beads.
Gunmetal colored lace is a novel and delightful entry in the lists for evening wear.