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Woman's Realm

TIN-CAN CANNING.

I have just finished putting up a quarter of beef, and my pride in the long row of shining tin cans is scarcely equal to my surprise at how quickly and easily it was all done.

The man who sold me my tin-canning outfit last fall told of stopping in a chance manner at the home of one of his clients and being requested to state which of fifteen different kinds of meat he would like for dinner. Then, he went on to say, she served to him twenty minutes later—roast beef with brown gravy.

While I can boast of no such variety, I could serve to a surprise guest any of the following: sirloin steak, two ways, straight and smothered in onions; porterhouse steak with pan gravy; roast beef; beef stew; meat rolls; not to mention soup.

All of the meat except that for beef stew was cooked before it was put into the cans.

Meat rolls made from the round are a real delicacy. The meat is cut about half an inch thick and in pieces wide enough to roll and tie. Pieces six inches long will just fit into quart cans lengthwise after they have been fried. Sprinkle with salt and pepper and finely chopped onions. Cut bacon in thin slices and put a slice on each piece of meat. Roll each piece up tight and tie with a string.

Now sear these well in hot fat, browning on all sides. Add water and allow to simmer for thirty minutes. Remove the strings and pack hot into the cans, pouring the hot gravy over it.

Of course you must sterilize the cans—for the rolls it takes two and a half hours in boiling water, or sixty minutes under fifteen pounds' pressure. When a can finishes cooking, I remove it to the sink and turn the cold-water faucet onto it.

All sizeable pieces from the rump, prime ribs and sirloin from around the hip bone went into the roasting pan in the oven till done. These, were packed into quart cans, covered with the browned meat juice and drippings and cooked in the cans the same length of time as the meat rolls.

The bones were removed from steaks before frying so as to get as much meat as possible into a can. All of the bones were cooked and the stock canned. Slices of onions, nicely browned, were laid between the small steaks as they were packed into the cans. Just a few of the sirloin steaks were canned this way.

The others, including the tender filets, were only seasoned with salt and pepper. The leg and scraps from the other cuts went into beef stew and goulash. With the former, the meat was packed cold into the cans, the crevices filled with boiling water, seasoning added, and the cans then sealed and cooked in boiling water for three hours.

I used this method of making gou-

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GUSTAVE TOTT, Manager

1926 No. 7-28.

lash: The meat was cut into inch squares and sprinkled with flour mixed with salt and pepper and browned in hot fat. Then chopped celery, onions and carrots were added and the whole stirred frequently. To this was added tomato soup and stock and the whole allowed to simmer forty-five minutes. After which it was put into cans, sealed and cooked in boiling water two hours.—J. W.

THE HOT WATER BATH LUNCH.

I think a school teacher of my acquaintance has solved the hot lunch problem very satisfactorily and efficiently. This school teacher was a man, and as the school had no older girl pupils he hit upon this plan of providing a warm lunch at noon.

He purchased a galvanized wash boiler and a cold-pack rack. This, with a brace the blacksmith welded on the stove, comprised the complete expenditure—less than four dollars.

Each family of one or two children bring a pint jar of "dinner." In a family of three or more, two pint jars are used. The bringing of tea and coffee is absolutely prohibited.

During the first recess the teacher places the boiler and contents on the stove, with enough water to submerge the cans nicely. By noon, the lunch is piping hot, and best of all, without any confusion, waiting, experimenting or dishwashing. Then, too, each child has for lunch just what he likes best. Mother knows better than anyone what her kiddies like and dislike.

There are endless variations: Cocoa, celery soup, creamed tomato soup, rice pudding, etc. He has used this hot lunch plan since Thanksgiving. Each day it has been a voluminous success. As one of the children said, "It's just as good as having your feet under the table at home."

A PRETTY FROCK FOR MANY OCCASIONS.



4997. Printed chiffon voile is here portrayed. The model is also pleasing in taffeta, crepe de chine or georgette. The Dress may be developed without the founces and with long sleeves.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. To make the Dress as in the large view, will require 3 1/2 yards of 32-inch material for a 12-year size. If made with long sleeves 4 1/2 yards are required. If made without founces and with long sleeves 1 1/2 yards are required.

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

Send 15c in silver for our up-to-date Fall and Winter 1924-1925 Book of Fashions.

MY GUEST MENU BOOK.

I have a notebook which I call my guest menu book. Therein are written alphabetically the names of all our friends and relatives who gather around our board more or less frequently. On the left side of the page under each name I have written a list of the foods of which I know that particular individual is especially fond. To the right of the page is the list of foods which I know he does not like.

With this list it is a comparatively easy matter to make out a menu for the guests that are coming. It is so much more of a pleasure to prepare a meal which you know your guests will relish than one you hope they will like. Looking at it from the guests'

standpoint, how delightful it is always to find their favorite dishes awaiting them.—Mrs. J. W. B.

WHAT IS A HOME WORTH?

Criminologists, says a writer in a New York newspaper, can give the answer. Criminals rarely have a home unless it is a home of the wrong kind. Parents who want their children to grow up right should learn: (1) that the ordinary person will always respect his earlier life and the example he has received at home; (2) that, if a child has no respect for his home, he will have no respect for anything else; (3) that a home that has not religion for its basis has no meaning, no security and no power; and, (4) that the home is the foundation of the community; nations that forget the truth will not endure.

"Blackie."

As yet there's not a snowdrop faint To meet the morning glances. But Blackies finds his voice again And revels in romances. They're all about life's happiness, With ne'er a note of sorrow— Dear heart! he does not stop to guess What weather comes to-morrow. Whistle, Blackie! Whistle, Blackie! You're the boy for me! The bit of blue that's over you Is all you need to see!

Oh, who would call you mad, my dear, Or hold you in derision? Oh, who would not be glad, my dear To share your happy vision? The snows are still upon the hill, And spring is hardly sighted But there's a ray of sun to-day— And bless you, you're delighted! Whistle, Blackie! Whistle, Blackie! You're the boy for me! The bit of blue that's over you Is all I need to see!

Oh, you've a dream, and I've a dream, That glids the greyest weather, And both within that little gleam Of blue were born together. And now we'll sing in Hope's employ Till doubtful days are over— Till you can take your pick of joy Till I can walk in clover! Whistle, Blackie! Whistle, Blackie! You're the boy for me! The bit of blue that's over you Is all we need to see.

—J. J. Bell.

A Witty Summing Up.

One of the very latest and most modern of orchestral pieces has for its subject a railway engine. Written by Honnegger, a French composer, one of the notorious group known as the Paris Six, its title is "Pacific 251." It was performed for the first time in England a few days ago by the Halle Orchestras, and at the rehearsal Mr. Hamilton Harty requested the players to give it their particular attention owing to its peculiar character. All sorts of strange noises were omitted, shrill whistles, the shovelling of coal into the fire-box, the thunderous shunting of wagons, the rushing of the train along the metals, the climax coming with a deafening boom. The silence at the end was suddenly broken by a sepulchral voice from one of the double basses droning out "Tickets, Please!" Incidentally, when the piece was played at night, hisses mingled with the applause, an unusual happening in England.



Speaking about summer, this silk plaid one-piece dress creation should catch the feminine eye. It features the wide belt, buckled at the side, the apron founce and velvet streamer.

Minard's Liniment for the Grippes.

Love Gives Itself

THE STORY OF A BLOOD FEUD

BY ANNIE S. SWAN.

"Love gives itself and is not bought."—Longfellow.

CHAPTER VII. ONLY WAITING.

"The marriage arranged between Mr. Peter Garvoek of The Lees, and Kinluc, Ayrshire, and Miss Carlotta Carlyon will not take place."

These words danced before Alan Rankine's eyes, and sent the blood pounding to his temples, as he turned his newspaper, in a corner of a third-class compartment of a Glasgow train.

It was only Wednesday morning—three days since that fateful Sunday destined to alter the current of so many lives.

Carlotta had spoken, then, and with no uncertain voice.

Many eyes had noted these significant words, so bald and definite, and giving no hint of the tragedy which so often lies behind.

On the whole, the expressed feeling had been one of relief and satisfaction. It is not well—they said—that a man should marry out of his class.

But what was Peter Garvoek's class, and what Carlotta's? Time would tell!

It was eleven o'clock of the day, and but few passengers patronized that train, which was a slow one, stopping at most of the stations on the way. Alan had one fellow-passenger in his compartment—a large, comfortable, motherly-looking woman of the working-class, dressed in her best, and with a substantial, roomy hand-bag bulging on her arm.

She knew him very well, and had suffered a moment of breathless excitement when he swung himself into the corner just as the train was moving out.

When the Laird of Stair had been a little curly-headed laddie, with a face like the morning, she had been a kitchenmaid in his mother's house. She had been happy there, too, and her interest in Stair had remained vivid and kindly through a life of exceptional stress and care.

"Carlotta has spoken then," said Stair to himself, as the black type danced before his eyes. "The marriage arranged will not take place. Why? Because, some day and somewhere, another had been arranged since the beginning of time."

Suddenly the narrow compartment seemed to close in upon Alan Rankine, and, with a desperate effort, he lowered his paper, and proffered a request to his fellow-passenger.

"Would you mind if I opened another window, madam? It is very close this morning."

"I dinna mind. I'd like it," she answered, with a wide, kind smile. "It's very warm for April. I walk in frae Alloway, and I found that!"

"Thank you," said Stair, and dropped the window to its lowest.

"Fine weather we're gettin', sir," pursued the lady with kindly garrulity, and encouraged by his tone and manner. "But maybe you don't find it very warm after the Indies?"

Stair could not but smile at this naive conveyance of recognition.

"I like the home climate best," he assured her. "You live in Alloway then?"

"I do—my name is Susan Simpson. My man's deid. I used to serve at Stair in your mither's time, sir, and I mind ye a little wee chap—like this!" she added, measuring the height with her hand. "Eh, sic a rascal! But the very apple o' every e'e at Stair—just as ye are now, sir, I dinna doubt!"

Stair smiled, not resenting this claim upon him; nay, responsive, as were all the Rankines, to kindness from gentle or simple. There was no aloofness about them! They were kindly, human people, conceding to others less exalted the right to live, and even to share the feelings common to humanity.

"Dear me, how interesting! I suppose you have a family of your own?"

"Ay—seven, a' scattered. I'm awa' up to the Infirmary to see my youngest—Easbyel. She had an operation last Wednesday. She's doin' fine."

"Not serious, I hope?"

"I don't know," she answered doubtfully. "I'm not keen on operations myself. I don't believe the Almighty intend us to be cut up, but I'm no sayin' that it desna do good, maybe whiles. Ye are no goin' back to the Indies, sir, I hope?"

"Not in the meantime, I think."

"That's good news. What would Stair be without a Rankine? We was a' wae for ye the ither day in Alloway Kirk, sir. He was a fine man the laird; and few was ever laid in the kirkyard wi' mair rae sorrow frae gentel and simple."

"Thank you," answered Stair quite gently, and put up his paper again to stem the stream of her garrulity.

So, with that blessing ringing, warm and comforting, in his ears, Stair went on his way.

He had need of all its comfort, for there was none in the inner room of the lawyer's office in Bath Street, where old Samuel Richardson, hard-faced, alert, and keen, waited his coming.

"Good morning, Mr. Rankine; I'm glad to see you. I've had an important communication from Skene & Blair. I was just writing to you about it."

"Yes?" said Rankine a trifle hardly as he put down his hat and stick and took the proffered chair. "And what proposal have they to make?"

Mr. Richardson looked the discomfort he felt, for in his long business career he had seldom had a more difficult proposition in front of him.

"I am hoping there has been some mistake," he continued, as he took a folded letter from under a paper-weight at his elbow. "I can't understand why Mr. Garvoek should, at this juncture, suddenly decide upon action so drastic, and, I must add, inconsiderate."

Stair took the letter from the lawyer's hand, and ran his eyes quickly over it.

"Well, what is to be done? My cousin refuses to renew the mortgage. Can you find me anybody else to renew it?"

The old lawyer appeared to consider deeply for a moment.

"I infer from this letter that your present relations with your cousin are strained?"

"They are worse, Mr. Richardson; we have quarrelled bitterly."

"But not, I hope, beyond hope of reconciliation? There have been quarrels between Stair and the Lees before, and they have been patched up."

"This one is likely to last," answered Rankine briefly. "We had better discuss it from that standpoint, anyhow. I must face the situation in all its nakedness. At the present moment it is not possible for us to live at Stair. Quite evidently my cousin wants to force a sale of the place. That must be prevented, somehow, and you must do it."

"That would appear to be Mr. Garvoek's idea. I think it an iniquitous and preposterous suggestion myself, and I told Mr. Skene that last night."

"May I ask what view he took of the situation?"

The lawyer shrugged his shoulders. "I don't know a more prudent and silent man than old Dugald Skene, Mr. Rankine. What he convinced me of, however, was that Mr. Garvoek means to stick to this."

"But Stair must be saved to the Rankines somehow, Mr. Richardson! Can't you suggest a way out?"

"I have gone over the whole ground carefully, and they have been engaged all the morning with the Stair title deeds and boundaries. You want my candid advice, Mr. Rankine?"

"Absolutely."

(To be continued.)

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After Every Meal



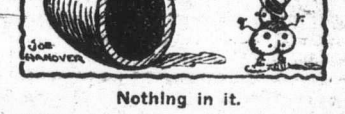
Pass it around after every meal. Give the family the benefit of its aid to digestion. Cleans teeth too. Keep it always in the house.

WRIGLEYS

West Indian Oil Flows Steadily.

The petroleum industry of Trinidad, started nineteen years ago, has shown an increase from 363,934 gallons in 1905 to 1,067,851 gallons in 1923. The total production during this period of time has been more than 683,000,000 gallons. Only twice has the steady increase in production been arrested, in 1915-'16 and 1919.

The exportation of crude and refined oil in 1923 amounted to 85,136,457 gallons.



Nothing in it. "Whatcha doin' up there?" "Hittin' the pipe, like I've heard about, but I don't see anything to it!"

Minard's for Sprains and Bruises.
His Complaint.
"I say, Tom, are you ever troubled with sleeplessness?"
"I am. Some nights I don't sleep three hours."

"I pity you, then. I've got it awfully bad. I've been afflicted now for about two years. The doctor calls it neuro insomnia paraovitis."

Tom grinned and said: "I've had it about six months; but we call it a baby."

Edinburgh's famous landmark, the monument erected in memory of Sir Walter Scott, is stated to be unsafe in its highest parts. It is 200 feet high, and was designed by a working mason.

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