

When Exposed to Air

tea loses its freshness and flavor.

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TEA

For that reason is never sold in bulk.



GAINING WEIGHT.

Underweight can be directly traced to a disturbance of the digestion or assimilation. By a careful, regulated diet, it has been possible in many cases to bring the weight up to normal and, without a doubt, a change of diet is the most important factor in increasing the weight.

Next to diet comes the mental attitude which, in many cases, is the direct cause of impaired digestion and poor assimilation. Worry, anxiety, fear and lack of self-confidence are enemies of good digestion. These negative traits should be replaced by cheerfulness, faith and confidence.

Regular exercise, daily recreation, relaxation and plenty of fresh air in the sleeping-room are of importance in building tissue.

I know of nothing better for one, mentally and physically, than to get out in the open country and tramp for miles. If you have mountains or hills near you, climb. It's hard on the knees if you're not used to it, but it's wonderful for developing the chest. You never can know how much breath your lungs are capable of holding, until you start up a mountain slope.

Walk until you are pleasantly tired. When you get home, take a hot bath if possible and lie down to rest. You will be mentally stimulated and physically relaxed and you won't know you've had a nerve in your body. Also, you'll sleep soundly even if you are naturally restless. The person who wishes to increase in weight should try to sleep at least eight hours out of the twenty-four. Ten hours would be better.

Eat nourishing food rather than rich food, for the latter taxes the digestive organs and prevents the results you are striving for. Eat rice and cereals with cream. Drink plenty of milk and add some of the milked milk to your tea or coffee. Take an abundance of salad dressing each day, using a recipe which includes olive-oil or its many substitutes. Avoid acids, even fruit containing acid. Use more butter than formerly. Eat ice cream; pure ice cream is a food, not a luxury.

Plain cake is in the same class. Rich, spicy cake or cake having rich frosting is too hard to digest. So is pastry. Eat cream soups and vegetables served with a cream sauce. Stewed oysters and clam chowder are nourishing and easily digested. Macaroni is good; so are potatoes, especially when baked. Broiled, roasted and boiled meats are good and while fat meats are recommended, friend meats should be avoided. Bread is good, so are eggs. Desserts made with milk and eggs are best. Bananas, dates and raisins may be eaten freely.

The following foods should be excluded from the diet: Vinegar, pickles, mustard, chow-chow, hot spiced sauces or relish.

THREE TIMES EVERY DAY.

Three times every day. Putting the same dishes on the table. Wondering what to have to eat. Washing the dishes afterward. Sweeping up the crumbs. Planning the next meal and making the necessary preparations. Mother knows the endless tale. It is as one mother expresses it, "nagging" to get three meals every day.

But there is another side which we do not consider so frequently. Three times every day. Every place, even to the high-chair, filled. The stew that daddy especially likes—even if he neglects to say. The salad daughter adores. The pie that makes the boys' eyes shine.

Three opportunities to listen to the children's chatter—their games, their lessons, their triumphs and troubles. The joke that brings a gale of laughter. The point that father explains which teaches a useful lesson. The needed reproof for lax manners. The happy sigh of reprieve at the end. Mealtime isn't all rush and crumbs and soiled dishes. It is not infrequently happy that it is the only time in the day when the whole family is together.

After all, perhaps three times every day isn't any too often.

AN EMERGENCY HOT-WATER BAG.

I chanced to be in a home one day where a hot-water bottle was needed and there was none, but the housewife made a very satisfactory substitute out of a piece of an inner tube.

LEARN BARBER TRADE

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After turning one end back and tying it securely, the tube was filled with hot water. The other end was then turned back and tied and it was ready for use. By having two such tubes, one could be kept in a pan of hot water to be ready for use when the other one cooled.—Ida M. K.

REJUVENATING THE KITCHEN.

Ever since I've been on the farm I've had such a dreadful time trying to keep the oil cloth on my kitchen table presentable. This summer I hit upon a "brand new" idea which saves energy as well as money.

It costs sixty-five cents for oilcloth enough to cover my table, and it is necessary to recover it at least three times each year. This summer I enameled the woodwork grey and had enough enamel left to cover three kitchen chairs and table. I gave the top of the table three coats. I find that doesn't show wear like the oil cloth did, and will not need to be painted more than once a year in order to keep it looking fine.

My kitchen is about fourteen feet square. I have painted the walls a light buff color, and made curtains of unbleached muslin trimmed with blue checked gingham. It looks so cozy we decided we would enjoy eating all our meals in it, except when there are guests. I made lunch cloths for the table of unbleached muslin, which will wear longer and are easier to launder than those I felt as though we had to use in the dining-room.

Even when I have several hired men to cook for I set the table in the kitchen. It is much warmer than the dining-room in winter. I use a small oil stove for cooking in summer. It is pleasant in here at that season, and it saves many steps.—Mrs. W. G. R.

PRESERVING EGGS.

To preserve eggs in salt, they should be packed in a large box filled with salt. The eggs should be packed in layers so that the whole does not have to be disturbed when only using a few at a time. Keep in a cool place.

When using the waterglass solution, mix thoroughly one and one-half quarts of commercial waterglass with eighteen quarts of boiled water. Place pack the eggs carefully in it, being sure that the eggs are covered by at least two inches. Cover the jar to prevent evaporation, and keep in a dark, cool place.



A DRESS WITH NEW FEATURES FOR THE GROWING GIRL.

4496. Plaid gingham with linen in a contrasting color would be attractive for this style. Printed cotton, crepe or tulle are also pleasing. The waist portions are cut with skirt sections, that are joined to plaid skirt portions. The short sleeve is cut in one with the waist. The long bell-shaped sleeve is added.

This pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. A 12-year size requires 3 1/2 yards of 36-inch material. To trim as illustrated with contrasting material requires 1/2 yard 36 inches wide.

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

Minard's Liniment for Dandruff.

The Gift Of The Gods

BY PEARL FOLEY.
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CHAPTER XXIII.—(Cont'd.)

As they swerved into the street where Tu Hee's house stood they saw another car approaching from the opposite direction. The huge gates swung open and it turned in ahead of them.

"What can it be all about? O David, I feel we're on the brink of something tremendous!"

"Pray God she's safe," came the stifled response.

"Safe. Of course she's safe, and I think somehow this means she is to be safer."

Not waiting for the assistance of David or the driver Grace flung open the door nearest to her and sprang to the pavement.

On the steps of the great house they mingled with Neil and Irma Culver, Chesterton Reynolds, and Helen Claymore. Each group eyed the other askance.

Chesterton Reynolds was the most composed. "Well, here we all are, but if you don't know any more than we do the reason, why, your minds are a blank."

Before another remark could be passed a servant opened the door and ushered them through the big hall into the French sitting-room, where he left them.

The minutes passed, only five, but to the waiting group they seemed that many hours—days to one of them.

At the end of the fifth minute David had made up his mind that suspense was a foolish, unnecessary burden, in other words that he would set forth and find out why he was there. In his impatient pacing he had reached the door, which he was about to open, when someone else anticipated him.

The servant re-entered, bowed, and motioned for the visitors to follow him.

Out into the night again the procession passed, through the heavily-scented Oriental courtyard to another building of the compound. Here they were joined by another servant, whose Eastern calm was sadly demoralized. In quick, excited Chinese he addressed the boy who had ushered the strangers in. Then turning to the bewildered group he said in hurried, broken English:

"She going fast, not much time—hurry, thanks!"

The mystery, the whole queer affair, was too much for David's overwrought nerves. Flinging himself in front of the others he grasped the Chinese servant by the arm and shouted at him in a choking, rasping voice:

"Who? For God's sake, boy, speak—who?"

The boy, startled at this rough handling, shrunk back, but instinctively obeying the command in the voice of the excited foreigner, replied:

"She, Su, she dying."

David's head spun with the shock of relief. He let go the boy's arm. Tu Hee was safe then. So great was the reaction that he wanted to laugh.

Instead, however, silently, with the others, he entered a small apartment at the end of the corridor.

It was simply but elegantly furnished, but no one paid any attention to that fact. All eyes were centred on a bed on the far side of the room, where a Chinese woman was lying, whose short, hard breathing punctuated with low moans, proclaimed she was very ill.

David's eyes were not on the sick woman more than fleetingly, and, second, however, his heart gave a great start as a slight, white-clad form rose from beside the bed and approached the visitors. It was Tu Hee. Her grave bow included them all, and then she lay she withdrew to her place beside the sick woman. But Tu Hee was not the only watcher.

Three Chinese officials now came forward. One of them, evidently the captain of the trio, approached. His English was very fair, and he spoke quickly and purposefully.

"This woman is ill unto death. In order to reach her ancestors and escape further suffering in the world, she one hour ago took a deadly poison. Her spirit will pass in half an hour. She has called for you all to hear her last words. Which are Dr. Culver and his madam?"

Neil indicated his and Irma's identity.

"Ah!" The official eyed them interestedly. "It is you especially and her young mistress, Miss Weng Toy, she has asked for. The others are merely witnesses, as are we. Please step forward, close to the bed, Dr. Culver and your madam, please. It is most important that you miss not a word of what this woman has to say."

Surprised at this strange request, Neil and Irma stepped quietly to the bedside. The kang or bed was not of the modern, Western kind. It was a typically Chinese affair, built of brick, under which a stove was constructed. The only noticeable difference between this piece of furniture and the ordinary bed of China, was its conspicuous cleanliness.

As she looked into the faces of the foreigners, Su's dark eyes lit up with satisfaction. Reaching her hand towards Irma she said haltingly:

"meant not that I harm you, madam."

"I did it for my Paul's sake—my little Paul—into my arms his own mother gave him—Master Chu Sing he promise me Paul—that why I leave you?"

Here the woman's voice faltered; she struggled for breath and a bluish tint crept over her face.

Quickly Tu Hee lifted a glass of liquid from a small table beside the bed and moistened the woman's lips. Slightly revived, her eyes sought Tu Hee's face. "She not kill Master Chu Sing—I killed him. He rob Paul's spirit of sacred ruby—I see all—Paul my child—I nurse him little baby—he promise—yes—her voice became a wild protest—"she good—she no go to prison—I tell you all—I killed Master Chu—"

Then the bluish tint became deeper. A dull glaze crept over and dulled the black eyes. In her effort to say more the woman half raised herself from the pillow, but the great reaper, death, was too near. In a moment Tu Hee had her arms around her. Tenderly she laid her back on the pillow, but the spirit had fled.

Gently Tu Hee stroked the still hands, while tears ran down her cheeks. "You were very good to me, dear Su. I owe you much."

It was with mingled feelings Neil and Irma Culver had listened to the woman's labored confession. Her words and name of course had enabled them to readily recognize her as the nurse who had accompanied Paul from his parental home, and who had deserted him and then with the rest of her servants shortly after they had lost their own child. Her remarks, however, and her evident repentance before facing her Maker. Of course the only conclusion they could arrive at was her late regret at leaving her charge in the way she had, desertion being an almost unheard-of thing in China where a nurse was concerned. Evidently the poor woman wished to rid herself of this long-remembered act of faithlessness before facing her Maker. Of course the discipline too long not to quickly regain her self-control. It required just another effort of the will, and self was again relegated to the background.

Ready to rejoice at another's happiness, Irma's attention turned to Tu Hee. She was shocked and resentful that through the narrowness and bigotry of the Chinese law this lovely child should have been made to suffer

so long and so cruelly. As she watched the delicate, sensitive face she again had the overwhelming desire to take her in her arms and comfort her. Her maternal pity did send her to Tu Hee's side, but before she could speak a word of comfort, the voice of the Chinese official sounded through the room.

"In the presence of death we are recited, but this confession clears Miss Weng Toy of the charge of murder. The house of Weng Toy is unstained in the sight of all China." Tu Hee rose to her feet. Her bewildered gaze swept the room until it rested on David. He was at her side in an instant. Words failed him, however; all he could do was to hold her hands in a tight, reassuring clasp and look his great love into her soul.

It appeared, however, that the unexpected was not yet over. From a dim recess of the room appeared Lun, wiping her eyes and sobbing audibly. Walking through the group she approached her mistress.

"It now begins last day of two moon. I bearer of sad and great news for you, Miss Weng Toy Hee."

"Surely, Lun dear, it can wait," chimed Tu Hee gently.

"No, not wait, or Lun will die, too—not another hour—minute—second."

The officials, impatient at a servant's interruption, now stepped forward. Bowing low to Tu Hee and apologizing profusely for an error of the law, they begged to be excused.

Tu Hee gravely acknowledged their sweeping courtesies and a servant again opened the door for them to pass out.

Apparently forgetting Lun's request, Tu Hee turned to her guests.

"If you will honor me by partaking of my hospitality before you depart, I will return to my apartments."

A few minutes later as they sat over their tea cups in the sitting-room the strained atmosphere relaxed somewhat and sincere congratulations were poured out on Tu Hee.

Irma Culver vied with David in the attentions she showered on the Chinese girl.

"She is so wonderfully sweet, Neil," she whispered to her husband, "and such a child to have suffered the way she has."

David, however, was too supremely content to harbor any irritation over his inability to speak any of his great happiness into two dainty ears. Wonted vision of the future occupied his mind, a future in which Tu Hee relieved of every cord of bondage would reign supreme.

The strange happenings of the night did not tend towards extended sociability, however, and conversation was lagging lamentably when Irma Culver suggested that they bring their midnight visit to a close.

(To be continued.)

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Minard's Liniment Heals Cuts.

Conserving Canada's Gas Supply

To be called upon to control and recap a gas well "running wild" and spraying gas from a distance of 75 feet in the air to do this by shooting off the broken valve by means of steel-jacketed bullets from a rifle was the recent experience of Dominion Government engineers in the course of their unending campaign to prevent a wastage of natural resources, no matter where situated and regardless of the difficulties involved. While the regulations governing oil and natural gas development explicitly state that all mishaps on leases must be corrected by the operator, it has happened that through the failing of valves and cappings or the tampering with fittings and equipment by ignorant or maliciously disposed persons, wells have become a menace to the field and wasters of gas or oil.

The case referred to above, and which may be cited as a typical example of the resourcefulness and determination of those who did the work, was that of a natural gas well reported to the North West Territories and Yukon Branch of the Department of the Interior, which is charged with the administration of the law with respect to oil and gas operations and the preventing of waste therein, the branch immediately sent its petroleum engineer to investigate and to recap the well as soon as possible.

Fighting Intense Heat.

Upon reaching the ground it was found that the opening through which the gas was escaping produced a flame of a peculiar shape with one end beating upon the ground close to the casing. The intensity of the heat generated was so great that the pipe and fittings were heated to incandescence and it was clear that nothing could be done until the fire was extinguished. This had to be done with what equipment could be improvised on the ground, far away from machine shops or other aids.

The first step in the operation was to change the shape of the flame—so as to make it possible for men to work in closer proximity to the casing. This could only be done by cutting the casing below the control valve and allowing the gas to be discharged upwards and the flame to take the shape of that of an ordinary candle.

A Lee-Enfield rifle was employed to cut the casing and this was set up on a tripod at a distance of twenty yards from the target. Steel-jacketed bullets were used, and during the firing of the first twenty-five rounds the especially dangerous features of the work were encountered. Jets of burning gas, necessarily lined directly back on the rifle, were forced through the new openings caused by the rifle fire. The noise of the gas under pressure of over two hundred pounds to the square inch, escaping through the bullet holes, was so great that cotton wool had to be placed in the ears of the workers to protect their ear drums. However, as the number of rounds fired increased and with it the size of the opening, the more spectacular and dangerous features of the operation gradually disappeared and after two hundred rounds had been used the valve separated from the casing and the flame rose like a torch to a height of seventy-five feet.

Extinguishing the Flame.

The next problem was to extinguish the flame. Roughly outlined the scheme was to drop one end of an iron smotherstick about thirty feet long, found on the ground and which had been used in the original drilling operations, over the casing, then to incline it slowly until the base of the flame was carried as far as possible to one side when, by unshipping the bottom of the stick, it was hoped to create a gap between the top of the casing and the base of the flame long enough to prevent re-ignition. As a boom derrick could not be used, a steel aerial cable was run from an old drilling derrick to a tree to which was rigged a trolley controlled by guide wires. The old stick was then suspended from the trolley and run in opposite the flame and the lower end drawn by guide wires until it was directly over and about one foot above the casing. The consequent draft caused the gas to flow into the stack and burn from the top. After this had continued for sufficient time to get the casing cool the lines holding the bottom were released, thus cutting off the gas supply at its head and extinguishing the flame. This was an anxious moment, but the operation was successful and the big flame at the top of the smotherstick died out without igniting the gas pouring out of the casing. It now only remained to cut off the gas supply at its head and cold chisels and a new control valve. The work was then completed and the well left in such shape as to be safe and at the same time ready to be again operated when the necessity arose.

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His Reply.

"Oh, Gee!" ejaculated Heloise, the waitress of the rapid-fire restaurant, who had accidentally spilled the ketchup on the trousers of a customer. "I didn't go to do it. I'm sorry, mister!"

"Aw, that's all right, mom!" courtously answered Sandstorm Smith, who was dining there.

"You see, these ain't my other pants."

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The Pest.

"My idea of zero in the nonpaying guest," said Uncle Eb, "is the lady who is praying for a freeze to relieve her hay fever when we need three weeks more of hot weather to ripen the corn."

Christmas Gifts for the Kiddies

Buy now. \$1.00 brings Dressed Doll, Cut-out Toy, Clockwork Model, Art Crayons, Painting Book, Postage Paid. Address—Rainbow Novelties, 873 Broadview, Toronto.

Why Go Abroad?

A rather illiterate Scottish magistrate decided to add a library to his newly-built mansion, so he called at a bookseller's and asked to see the proprietor.

"I want you to get me a library," he said.

"Certainly," replied the bookseller. "I shall be very pleased to supply you with books. Can you let me have a list of any particular ones you want?"

"Na, na; ye ken mair aboot bulks than me," the other told him; "ye can choose them yersel'."

"Very good," said the bookseller; "then you leave the selection in my hands. Now, how would you like the books bound?" Would you like them bound in rusia or marocco?"

"Russia! Morocco!" gasped the man. "Can ye no get them bound in Glesca?"

Quite So.

"This book says a swallow can travel six thousand miles without stopping."

"He'd have to travel farther than that nowadays."

Just Like a Man!

Mr. Younghusband had not found life a path of roses since he had led his chosen to the nuptial altar. He was always trying to please his wife, but somehow he never could succeed.

One evening, on arriving home, he said to her:

"Well, Hilda, you can't guess what I've been doing today."

"Making a fool of yourself, as usual," replied the loving Hilda, somewhat ungraciously.

"That's as you look at it, dear. But I have done something really good. I've insured my life."

"Well," was the snappy reply. "I always knew you were mean! Insured your life, indeed! Always looking after yourself first!"

The great elk once overran Britain; it lingered in Scotland until Roman times.

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CANADA'S NEW EMPIRE HOME.

The acquisition has been definitely concluded by Canada of a new overseas home in London, England. In March, 1924, the Canadian High Commissioner and his staff, as well as other representatives of Canada, will move into the new Empire home of the Dominion, situated in Trafalgar Square, the very centre of the heart of the British Empire.

There would appear to be nothing very noteworthy about such a transfer, and yet the move is fraught with a certain amount of significance and a degree of importance to Canada not to be appreciated by those without a comprehension of Canadian representation in London.

The prestige of Canada has undoubtedly suffered in the past by reason of the disadvantageous location and relatively insignificant of the building which houses the representatives of the first Dominion of the Empire. As a man is largely judged by his establishment and its appointments, so the unsuitability of Canada's home reacted to the detriment of the Canadian Dominion.

An Imposing Building.

The new Canadian building is an imposing edifice built in 1824, overlooking Trafalgar Square. When the contemplated alterations are complete, the building will be one of the finest architecturally in London. The spacious ground floor rooms after remodelling are to be used as public rooms, including reading and writing rooms and a library, where Canadians visiting in London will find every convenience at hand, making a very suitable headquarters.

Economically the location is excellent, being in the very heart of the Empire capital. All the Canadian Government activities, now scattered over London, will be housed in one building, and the High Commissioner will be able, as never before, to keep in close touch with all branches of the work. In close proximity are the offices of all the Canadian steamship and railway companies, including those of the Canadian Pacific Railway. In fact, with the new settlement in March this peculiarly desirable corner of London, with all that it means to be so conveniently situated in the Empire's capital, will be Canada's own.

Apart from this, such more adequate representation of the first of the Dominions is bound to have a beneficial effect. It is an indication of just self-appreciation and prosperous standing. Canada will no longer suffer by comparison with other Dominions more sumptuously housed and emigrants will be affected accordingly. Above all, everyone will know where to find Canada in England.

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