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H457

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NEW TOOLS YOU WILL WANT FOR YOUR KITCHEN.

One of the greatest pleasures I derive from a trip to the city, or from the receipt of a new catalogue, is the opportunity to visit stores which carry kitchen equipment, or to gaze at the pages illustrating such appliances. In perfect contentment I can wander for hours among counters of pots and pans. Likewise I spend many an evening happily by looking at pictures of these utensils. Usually a few articles are ordered while "the spirit is willing," but many others are dreamed about for months before they are bought or discarded as unessential.

The accumulation of a few kitchen devices from year to year is an excellent method of equipping any home workshop if the purse is not so fat as one wishes it were. It is in this way that I keep my kitchen up-to-date.

Since my collection of working tools has been improving during the last few years, I have decided to tell you about the additions. Every article of which I am going to relate has proved helpful in my work, sufficiently so that I consider it a good investment.

No doubt you started housekeeping just as I did, when the saucepans had but one lip. This worked all right for those of us who are right-handed, but it certainly was awkward for a left-handed guest or member of the family who tried to pour a liquid from these utensils. The procedure was not only difficult, but it also resulted as a rule, in spilling some of the food on the table or stove. All the pans and kettles I have purchased recently have two lips, one on each side.

And then there has been an improvement in the handles. I used to buy a kettle after making certain that the handle was strong, never thinking whether it would carry the heat or not. Sad experiences have trained me to look at handles, and if they are of the bail type I select one which has a wooden piece in the centre to hold to in lifting. My teakettle has a stationary handle—that is, one than cannot fall down against the kettle and become so hot that it will burn the hand.

I also have a waterless cooker which is a favorite. It is aluminum and has a lid that clamps on. Its base is of steel, and in between this and the bottom of the kettle is a layer of asbestos. This interlining does away with the danger of burning foods, so no water need be used in cooking. Consequently, all the natural flavor is retained. I place potatoes, other vegetables, and meats in this kettle without adding water, and bake them on top of the stove. Pies, cakes, muffins, and other foods are cooked in this utensil at rush times when the oven is filled. While these foods are baking, a valve in the lid is left open so the steam in the kettle will escape. This inexpensive device is fine to use all the time, as well as when there are threshers, silage and wood cutters, or any large crowd to be cooked for. It is not heavy. I prefer a utensil that is not so big and clumsy and heavy as those our grandmothers used.

Another little article that I like, even though it is not used every day by any means, is the egg slicer. Since I serve hard-cooked eggs as a garnish on salads, spinach, and many other dishes, it is fine to be able to cut the egg in thin rounds quickly—in fact, with the move of a hand. Much less disappointment is experienced by crumbling egg than when a knife is used for the cutting.

My rolling pin also is a joy. It is of glass, but I am certain that those of porcelain are equally good. Both can be washed and kept sanitary with the minimum expenditure of energy, and crushed ice or very cold water may be placed inside when I am rolling pastry, thereby thoroughly chilling it. My rolling board is covered with a piece of heavy duck or canvas which I fasten down with thumb tacks. These pieces of stout cloth can be washed in the machine much easier than I can scour the board.

I have always contended that no home-maker ever gets too many mixing bowls. At least, I know that I never shall. My last two purchases were white enamel and glass bowls. The one characteristic about both of these that I esteem highly is their shape, the conical bottom which permits me to beat one egg as easily as five or more, in other words, depth assures the capacity, while the small bottom permits one to handle small amounts with as great efficiency as large ones.

No housewife is a greater enthusiast over thermometers than I am, and I predict that another generation from now everyone will cook by temperature, not by guesswork. I started out to judge temperatures by guessing, and my results were too varied for me to repeat here. I am willing to admit, however, that I know how discouraging it is to have what appears to be a perfect cake batter or bread dough and ruin it because the oven was too hot or too cool. Likewise I have wept when the cake icing was too hard or thin to spread properly, and when the candy was not cooked long enough. It would be with great reluctance that I would part with my candy and oven thermometers.

An apple corer is another small tool that I consider worth its weight in gold. We happen to be fond of baked apples, and we like them served whole. It is much easier to twist the corer and take out the core than to dip around hopelessly with a knife, wasting energy and apple.

And if you like angel-food cake you will like to reserve a pan with a tube in the centre for use in baking this type of cake. It makes a prettier cake and permits the cake to bake in a uniform manner throughout.

A SIMPLE AND ALTOGETHER PLEASING FROCK.

4527. Light gray chambrey with bandings in blue would be good for this little model, or, brown linen with red embroidery. There is a choice of two sleeves with this style, a becoming "baby" puff sleeve, or one in flare effect.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 1, 2, 3 and 4 years. A 4-year size requires 2½ yards of 36-inch material.

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

A Long Job.

The tickets for a certain Sunday-school annual tea had been distributed to the scholars, and the superintendent was surprised when a small boy inquired how it was he had not got one.

The superintendent looked at the boy and said: "You don't attend the school!"

"Oh, but I do " replied the boy.

"When was the last time you came?" asked the superintendent.

"Last treat day, sir," replied the boy.

"Where have you been since?"

"Please, sir, I—I—I've had a bad cold."

At the Summer Hotel.

"The day is breaking."

"A day here would break most anybody."

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THE T. EATON Co LIMITED TORONTO CANADA

The Gift Of The Gods

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

In time, as the sweetness, the beauty of his child's nature saturated his soul he might come to think less harshly of the man who had flung the sinister shroud across his threshold, but who also, recognizing the great responsibility he had snatched to himself, had ever kept jealous vigilance over the purity and innocence of youth. In time this might come to pass. Who can tell?

In the meantime, anger was submerged and tortuous thoughts banished by the exquisite joy which was pouring into the temple home among the hills.

And so passed those wonderful first days for the reunited family. Reunited? Ah, no, for neither Neil Culver nor Irma, nor yet Tu Hee—who had the first day learned by heart, from his babyhood days to his last glorious achievement, the history of Paul, her young hero brother—forgot for a moment a grave in far-away France, an emblem of sacrifice of just such joys as was now theirs—love, home, the birth of a new day, the soft hush of a lark-swept twilight—yes, all the dear, familiar things that the world's young dead had loved so well and had given up for their fellowmen.

Ah, the pity of it! And the glory of it, too! And from the Culver home, as from every home where the grim shadow lies, goes up the righteous plea: Forget not, ye who go on your way, that these—the world's glorious youth—died for you. Repay? No, you never can. But at least you may help us to hold high the torch by burying deep in the bowels of the earth lust, hatred, greed—in other words, the love of self.

CHAPTER XXVI.

"Now for mercy's sake don't begin to fuss, Grace. It's nothing but a bit of dust in my eye—most likely blew in from this open window. Good gracious, the train is due to start in ten minutes and Mr. Reynolds and Helen still wandering at large."

Mrs. Ashton punctuated her remark with another dab at her eye. In spite of her assurance that it was only dust, she used the piece of linen in her hand rather furtively and blew her nose somewhat vigorously.

"Now, for Annie's sake, don't look so suspicious. If there's one thing I can't tolerate it's doubting a person's word. You'll be saying next I'm actually weeping. Goodness knows, I wouldn't blame you if you did—there's enough sentiment saturating the world for a bit of it to penetrate even me."

Grace smiled at her mother slyly.

"Bless my soul," Mrs. Ashton here whipped her handkerchief across her nose impatiently, "to think it's actually me sitting in a railway carriage in Shanghai. Who would ever have thought the day would come when I would take a two days' journey to see other people off to America? Why, I declare that girl, Tu Hee—mercy, what a heathen name!—Irma ought to change it at once—but as I was going to say, she's as much American as you are and all in a few days. It's marvelous."

"But she always was an American, mother."

"Tut, tut—nothing of the kind. She's been actually stewed and dried in heathenism—marvelous, marvelous!—and her hair—even if it has turned from black to yellow—inconceivable!"

"But you see, mother, Tu Hee's hair is naturally fair. Even her skin was stained regularly, but her old nurse used a bleach, which restored it to its natural tint."

"Nurse!" Mrs. Ashton sniffed. "Old kidnapper, you mean; and the idea of Irma employing the creature again—actually taking her with her. Irma's downright soft, there's no getting away from it, but you can't help liking her and overlooking her foolishness. Well, I'm glad she has found a little joy in life at last. She started out happy and it looks as though her last days will be a little less grey, though the loss of Paul was a severe blow. There, now, was a fine boy, the only heathen I ever cared two pence about.

"Drat that sand!" Mrs. Ashton flicked her handkerchief across her eyes. "That window should be closed."

"I'll close it, mother." Grace rose.

"And have us smother! I should say not. It's bad enough travelling in heathen lands without risking suffocation. Thank goodness, we have a private car, though.

"Well, the Culvers are on their way now, and David too, the sly young rascal. Had his eye on that girl all along. Well, thank goodness, she turned out to be white instead of yellow; though between you and me, Grace, I don't believe it would have made the slightest difference to that young hothead; no, I do not. The Marsdens were always like that—gentlemen, you understand, every inch of them, but headstrong, when their minds were once made up. Mercy, yes. And David's a chip off the old block. Do you think he would listen to me when I tried to dissuade him from pinning his coat tail to that heathen scamp of his?—what's the creature's name? Eh? Ma Two, is it? Well,thank goodness, there's only one, for if he was a twin David would be sure to hunt up the other and take him along too. All I hope is that he takes my advice and keeps razors and knives out of the barbarian's reach. Mercy, how can he do it? I've at last acquired a taste for olives, but olive skins—Pst!—they're beyond me. No, I don't feel safe a minute in this heathen country. No, I do not. I hope Rowe gets another post very soon, for I don't like to leave you here indefinitely, Grace; but I suppose a poor mother has no longer any say in such matters. But, as for myself, I've had enough of the wretched hole and if you were safely married I'd be going too."

"Poor mother, it's a shame."

"Tut, tut, child. I can stand a little inconvenience, I guess. Besides, it won't be long before you and Helen lose your identity—two weeks. And then, my dear, I think I'll leave you. The fact is, Grace—yes, I might as well admit it, sentiment's got the best of me at last—the blessed blue hills of Kentucky are tugging at me mighty hard."

The handkerchief was again in evidence.

Grace made no reply. She knew none was needed; sentiment had indeed penetrated the crust of bluff, and her mother, unabashed, was revelling in memories of the sunny South.

CHAPTER XXVII.

The great ocean liner ploughed its onward course toward American shores. On its deck a girl and man were standing; the girl's eyes were fastened wistfully on the dimming outline of China, the man's on the face of the girl.

Yes, it was Tu Hee and David, but not the Chinese maiden. Ah no—this was a typical American maiden. The only foreign trait that clung and would always be a part of her, that caused many turnings of heads and whispered comments, was the graceful, unhurried movements, the simple, unaffected manner—to sum it all up in one phrase, the charming courtesy of the East.

In her smart sporting costume of white, topped by a soft, coy tam, which did not altogether conceal hair no longer straight, lustreless, and black, but soft, silken, and of that rare shade—well, perhaps David's description is best—sunbeam gold—she looked very lovely. No wonder the man beside her drew deep breaths and marvelled again that this happiness should have fallen to his lot.

As David watched her, he knew he was not even on the edge of her thoughts, but he felt no twinge of jealousy. Yes, Tu Hee was far away at that moment in the glad, joyous cycle of her childhood and youth, which was closing, even as the outline, on which her eyes fastened, was fading from view.

"It is no use, I cannot say good-bye." Her voice was detached, as if it were her own soul she was addressing. "Something tells me he does not wish it, that his love will be mine always."

"There they are, Neil."

Irma Culver's voice had a bright, reawakened ring to it;! her step was buoyant as she approached with her husband, and the weary lines almost vanished from the face, which through all the trying years had not lost its spirituality.

When within a few feet of the engrossed pair, Irma paused and laid a hand on her husband's arm. "See, Neil," she whispered, "she is watching China fade away. I feel somehow that this is a sacred moment for Tu Hee, that even our love would be an intrusion. Had we not better go the other way?"

Suddenly Tu Hee reached forth her arms and drew them back again to her breast; the gesture was almost caressing. Her lips moved; her voice was but a murmur. "Farewell, dear land, but I am not unhappy, for your memories are locked tight in my heart David!"

"Yes, dear?" David bent closer; his hands sought hers as he waited for her lips to speak the message in her eyes.

"David, dear, the mantle of the past has slipped from me—that part of me that has fought for control so long, that has so often worried and puzzled me, now stands dominant; the blood of my fathers and the free spirit of the Western world have conquered."

Reverently she bowed her head over the hands that were clasping hers, as she softly added: "Henceforth, my beloved, thy people shall be my people and thy God my God."

And the sky and the sea met in a benediction—China, framed in a girl's golden youth, had closed from view.

(The End.)

Minard's Liniment for Dandruff.

Doctor's Orders.

"Have you any dog biscuits?" said Mrs. Jameson to the grocer.

"Dog biscuits?" asked the grocer. "Yes, but what do you want them for? You don't keep a dog, do you?"

"I know we don't," replied Mrs. Jameson, "but the doctor has ordered my husband to eat animal food."

Haunted House.

Here was a place where none would ever come
For shelter, save as we did from the rain.
We saw no ghost, yet, once outside again,
Each wondered why the other should be dumb;
For we had fronted nothing worse than gloom
And ruin, and to our vision it was plain
Where thrift, outshivering fear, had let remain
Some chairs that were like skeletons of home.

There were no trackless footsteps on the floor
Above us, and there were no sounds elsewhere.
But there was more than sound and there was more
Than just an ax that once was in the air
Between us and the chimney, long before
Our time. So townsmen said who found her there.

—Edwin Arlington Robinson.

Some Strength.

"You say she's a remarkably strong woman?"

"She is indeed—strong enough to hold her tongue."

Razors and Royalty.

It is rather odd that at a time when beards are so much out of fashion his Majesty King George should wear one. In this respect he follows the example of Edward the Peacemaker, his father, who was the first of our sovereigns to wear a beard for nearly 300 years.

We must travel back in history as far as Charles I. before coming to another bearded king. He was the last king, until what we call modern times, to wear a beard and "his own hair." Indeed, when George III. was on the throne no beard had been seen in England within living memory.

Like our present king, Charles the First seems to have copied his father. James I's beard, too, had been, in a way, rather a novelty, because his three immediate predecessors had been a boy and two women.

By the way, the predecessor and father of these three, Henry VIII., the much-discussed and much-married Tudor monarch, broke the record of a fairly long line of beardless kings by himself cultivating a beard, for none of his predecessors, from Henry V. to Henry VII., wore a beard.

All the Saxon kings favored beards, but William the Norman only wore a moustache, as did his sons and several of their successors on the throne. But Richard the Lion Heart made beards fashionable again, for his brother John, Henry III., and the first three Edwards were all razorshy. Indeed, from 1066 to 1413 no clean-shaven king sat on the throne of England.

To sum up, since the Norman Conquest, there have been thirteen beard-wearing kings, fourteen clean-shaven kings, and six who shaved the chin but not the upper lip.

Adding a New Customer.

Visitor—"But, my dear, how have you succeeded in earning so much money?"

Little Bess—"Oh, bein' paid for kisses an' takin' castor oil."

Minard's Liniment Heals Cuts.

In Madagascar, the natives have a curious superstition about the striped partridge; anyone finding a nest of this bird and not breaking the eggs, causes the death of his mother.

Johnnie Hotpoint Says

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THE art of giving lies in the appropriateness of the gift. Few things lend themselves so well, for Christmas presents, as Hotpoint Servants.

Irons, toasters, percolators, curling irons, chafing dishes, immersion heaters, all of the famous Hotpoint standard of manufacture, enable you to select a suitable gift for everyone on your list.

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WRIGLEY'S

Take it home to the kids

Have a packet in your pocket for an ever-ready treat.

A delicious confection and an aid to the teeth, appetite, digestion.

After Every Meal

Sealed in its Purity Package

"Motor traffic gets worse and worse," said the old lady in the city. "Really, nowadays it isn't safe to be a Presbyterian."

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Royal Ontario Museum

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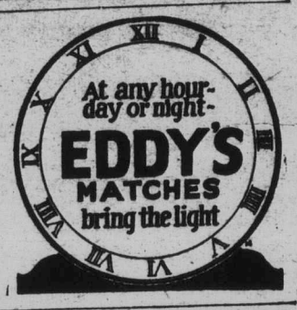

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