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and tips used in

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**ENTERTAINING MOTHER.**

"What are you giggling about in here, all by yourself?" said the voice at the door. "I've heard you laughing for an hour or more, and I'm curious." "I'm writing a letter to mother."

"What is so funny about that?" I write to my mother every day, but I never find anything in that to laugh about. On the contrary, those are solemn occasions with me, for I almost never know what to write that will interest her.

The girl at the desk looked astonished. "Not know what will interest your mother! Why, yourself of course. I write about myself, what dress I am wearing, what we had for dinner, what the teacher said when I turned in a good paper, how the girl in the room across the hall wears her hair and what she said about mine. When you heard me giggling it was because I was trying to give last night's menu in rhyme. I was glad it was fish, because of dish and wish, instead of roast beef, which doesn't rhyme with anything. Ten to one mother will make a rhyme when she replies.

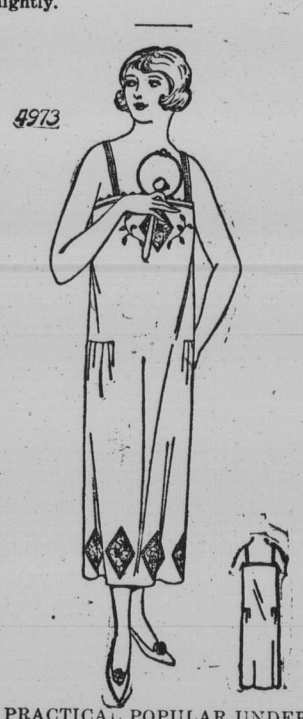
"Why," she grew more serious, "you couldn't if you tried, trying anything that would not interest your mother; she is interested in just your hand-writing on the envelope. But I want to do more than interest her; I want to entertain her. Mothers are good sports to let their girls go miles away from home to boarding school, not knowing whether they are sick or well or go out in the rain without their rubbers or have enough covering on their beds and all those things. I knew mother would wonder about the extra covering, so I drew a picture of the blanket rolled at the foot of my bed and labelled it "First Aid." Why, she knows every stick of furniture in this room, just as if she had bought it, and she knows the pattern of the wall-paper because I drew a picture of that, too. Look here, Sarah, if you can tell me something about this school and yourself that will not interest your mother, I'd like to know what it is. It is part of my school work here to make my mother laugh, and in making her laugh I just naturally boil over into giggles myself. That reminds me," she made a good-bye gesture as her caller went toward the door, "I forgot to tell her how dissipated Professor Gilder looks with that pimple on his nose!"

**EASY WINTER MENUS.**  
Breakfast—Stewed prunes with pineapple juice, cereal with top milk, creamed chipped beef on toast, coffee, milk.  
Luncheon or Supper—Cream of corn soup, toasted crackers, salad of carrots and peas on lettuce leaves, boiled dressing, canned fruit, oatmeal bread, tea, milk.  
Dinner—Plank steak rolled and stuffed, baked potatoes, spinach in white sauce, pickled beets on homemade relish, tapioca and apple pudding, hard sauce or cream, tea or coffee.  
Breakfast—Oranges, wheat cereal, top milk, omelet or poached eggs, toast or muffins, coffee.  
Luncheon or Supper—Shepherd's pie, apple salad on lettuce leaves, baked bananas, cream, Graham bread, tea, milk.  
Dinner—Scalloped salmon with tomato sauce, creamed potatoes, parsnip patties, orange short cake, tea or coffee.

**DEVILED PIGS' FEET.**  
Boil five pigs' feet until tender, in water which has had added to it two bay leaves, a pinch of thyme, a pinch of marjoram, one small carrot, one onion and two cloves.  
Let them cool in the water. With a small knife, loosen the bone so it can be slipped out of the foot.  
Stuff the feet with this mixture: One cupful of bread crumbs, one egg yolk, half a teaspoonful of chopped parsley, one saltspoonful of mustard, half a teaspoonful of hot sauce and one pinch of cayenne.  
Rub with melted butter and brown well.  
Serve with pickle sauce, made as follows: Put two tablespoonfuls of butter in a small fryer and when melted stir in two tablespoonfuls of flour. Blend well. Add one cupful of hot water and stir until creamy. Add three-quarters of a cupful of finely chopped your pickles and serve hot.

**ORANGE CAKE.**  
1 1/2 cups brown sugar, 1/2 cup butter, 2 eggs, 3/4 cup of sour milk, 1 tsp. of soda in a little hot water, 2 cups of flour, 1 orange, 1 cup seeded raisins.  
Squeeze the juice from the orange and then put the rind and pulp through the chopper. Use the juice of the orange in the cake also. Put the cake together in the usual way. Bake in layer pans and use plain white icing.

**RAISIN PIE.**  
1 cup chopped raisins, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup buttermilk or sour milk, yolks of 2 eggs (beaten), 2 heaping tbsps. of coconut, 1 tsp. vanilla, pinch of salt.  
Mix together, cook over water and pour into a baked crust. Use egg whites for a meringue and brown lightly.



**A PRACTICAL POPULAR UNDERWEAR STYLE.**  
4973. Batiste, cambric, satin, crepe, radium silk or crepe de chine may be used for this model. It may also be made of dress materials, such as faille, satin, velvet or flannel, and worn under a tunic.

The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: Small, 34-36; Medium, 38-40; Large, 42-44; Extra Large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A Medium size requires 2 3/4 yards of 36-inch material. The width at the foot is 1 1/2 yards.  
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.

**NECTAR JELLY.**  
Cook together to a pulp two pounds of sour apples and two lemons, including their juice, pulp and rinds. Strain, and to each cupful of juice add two teaspoonfuls of vanilla. Use cupful for cupful of sugar.



With Congress assembled it is, Southerner (proudly)—"Norfolk is the peanut capital of the nation, my friend."  
Englishman—"I thought Washington was still the capital, y' know."

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ISSUE No. 5—25.

**The Hypocrites**

BY ARTHUR B. REEVE.

**PART III.**

Suddenly behind us I heard a terrific crash. A huge tree had crashed over the road a hundred feet back just after we had passed along it. Suddenly there loomed up in the road ahead of us another fallen tree. No need of brakes. The snow piled up and jammed us.

Now we were in a trap, unable to go ahead, unable to go back. How long could we last in a storm like this?

Kennedy smiled a serious smile. Wind and snow were against starting a fire. "I'm going to see if there's anything that might provide more shelter than this car," he muttered, starting off to reconnoitre.

He was several yards ahead of me, floundering in the drifts, when I heard his voice above the wind in the trees. A few feet ahead of him I could just make out through the blinding flakes some low shacks.

Once the place had been a lumber camp and evidently a busy one. Now doors were hanging on rusted hinges, broken windows made no effort to keep out the snow.

Imagine the thrill when we came upon an old cross-cut saw lying on the ground in one of the shacks. Craig picked it up as solicitously as if it were a nugget of gold or the Koh-i-noor.

"A little oil and elbow grease, Walter, and we can get this saw to work. Do you know what that means?"

"Do I? Yes—we go on!"

Quickly Craig turned, made his way back to the car for oil and grease.

It had been a long time since I had taken an end of a cross-cut saw, and then only for fun. But when one's life is in danger, almost any kind of work comes easy. Kennedy and I both wanted his prayers. But this was the girl. The saw was not much, but it was good enough for us finally to get through the trunk.

With much heaving and shoving and coaxing we managed to topple the sawed-off top over the side where it hung, and it rolled a bit down the side of the mountain. Next we had to scoop the snow from about the car. Kennedy took the shovel. I used one of a couple of planks wrenched from the deserted shacks.

"We'll take the planks along, Walter. We may have to use them." It was well we did, for their usefulness lasted until the rear wheels with their chains split them into match-wood, getting us out of sloughs of snow.

It was slow traveling. Many times we had to stop and clear the way. But always we were getting on. At last we reached the other side of the mountain. What before had been a gradual ascent, hard to accomplish on the slippery road, now became a speedier descent.

We had not gone far down the other side when Kennedy suddenly drew my attention to other sounds above the wind.

"Can you make that out, Walter?" "Sounds like voices."

In a short time, in spite of being swallowed up in the storm, in the road ahead of us we could see a closed car, stalled.

Kennedy kept his motor running and we jumped out to see what was the trouble with these people. A young couple advanced to meet us. The girl showed the effects of her distressing experiences. The man nearly carried her through the drifted snow.

"A tree—across the road—just ahead of us. There are more of us stalled—two other cars ahead. The man's voice was a bit shaky.

There were two other touring cars ahead, and lying across the road in front of the first was a tree larger even than the tree we had cut through already.

I tugged at Craig's arm. There in the first car was a preacher, alone now, kneeling in the snow, praying.

But it was the second car, back of his, that caught my eye. This was the car of McDonald, a rum runner. There was no concealment about it.

"Sure, I'm bringin' it down. This is my Christmas stock for my customers in the cities down the Connecticut Valley." He jerked his thumb over his shoulder, not unkindly. "That's the Rev. Jones, of the House of Gideon, he calls it. A regular fellow, though."

Kennedy was studying everybody and everybody was studying us. As we approached we had heard the preacher praying eloquently for deliverance. It is at such times that God seems closest.

"Come on, now," cried Kennedy. "You people all get together. Let's pool our resources, and make a fight for it."

"I'm on. My name's Soper—James Soper." This was from the young man with the girl. "Traveling salesman."

Kennedy smiled and nodded. "Mrs. Soper." The fellow's face flushed in spite of the cold. I think he was going to accept it. But the girl would have none of it.

"No! I've been living a lie for the

last three days and God has punished me for it!" she exclaimed hysterically. "If my end is only a few hours off, I'll not make it worse by adding one more lie. Oh, God, forgive me. I loved him so—and I thought it was all right, that no one else would suffer for my happiness." She broke from him and threw herself in the snow. Kennedy reached down to raise her up gently. "We all make mistakes, my girl. It's the brave people who are willing to admit them. Things may not be so hopeless. We'll probably be needing your help shortly, to get out of all this trouble."

Kennedy's confidence and simplicity had stirred her. "What can I do?" she cried. "Only let me help, let me do something until the end—whatever that may be. Don't touch me. I'll get up myself."

It was McDonald, the rum runner, who brought us to a graver realization of our danger. "Did you know this region has wolves in winter? No? People scoff at the idea of it, but I know a man whose gasoline gave out one night on his pass. When they found what was left of him the coroner brought in a verdict of one word, 'Wolves.'"

Night would be on us before we realized it. Whatever was to be done had to be done quickly.

The preacher, Jones, was again on his knees in the snow. The presence of a man of God in times when death hovers near often lends courage and confidence to worldly men. I could see that Kennedy knew and felt the inspiration he would be to all the rest of us.

"Brothers, do you want me to stop praying?" He asked it gently. "Go on! Go on! Pray!" I felt we all wanted his prayers. But this was the girl. "We all need it so!" she said.

I felt sorry for that girl, no matter how foolish she had been. She was plucky.

"Soper confided to me," the rum runner had told. "She is a farmer's daughter up here somewhere. You can see she is mighty attractive. He is an agricultural machinery salesman. He came up to see her dad several times on business. That's how he met her. She fell in love with him, was wild at the thought of another winter coming on the farm. The end of it was that she up and left her home, eloped with him. They ain't married yet, and from what I figure she ain't likely to be married to him. He ain't the marryin' kind."

(To be concluded.)

**One Dollar a Pound for Tea Predicted Before Long**  
The tremendous increase in the popularity of tea as a beverage has been such that the producing countries have been unable to satisfy the demand. The price of tea has been steadily increasing for a number of years. Since, however, you can make from 250 to 300 cups of tea to the pound, even at the price of \$1.00 the cost per cup is only one-third of a cent.

**Flashlight Aids Seamstress.**  
After wearing out her patience in threading the needle of her sewing machine, an ingenious housekeeper in Portsmouth, Ohio, attached a flashlight to the arm of the machine and thus ended her troubles, says "The Popular Science Monthly." The light was clamped to the machine with a strap of brass and a pair of bolts and wingnuts in a position that throws the needle into silhouette when the light is turned on.

**Safe.**  
The awkward waiter dropped the steak on the restaurant floor. "Now I've lost my lunch," said the angry customer. "Oh, no, sir," said the waiter; "I've got my foot on it."

**Minard's for Sprains and Bruises.**

**Old Age.**

I dreamed that growing old would be so sad; I long-drawn dying, as when creeping cold.  
Drifts down damp autumn dawns bring gold  
To broken daisies and slowly fades the gold  
Of maple leaves with which the trees are clad  
To the brown monotone of forest mold—  
Yet, when I woke one morning I was glad,  
The days of dreaming, doing shone so fair  
Behind me; I was glad to leave them there,  
To learn that only little lay ahead,  
And glad at last to lose the lurking dread  
Of loneliness—this truth I had not guessed;  
When birds are flown, leaves dead, the tree can rest.  
—John Haalon.

**Forests of Floating Seaweed.**

The greatest seagoing expedition ever organized is about to start from New York to explore the Sargasso sea. Discovered by Columbus, this remarkable sea is covered by a huge gathering of seaweeds, a floating mass of vegetable growth extending for nearly 260,000 square miles, around which the North Atlantic slowly revolves. Numerous air bladders, like small berries, keep the plants afloat. Seaweeds thrive chiefly in the 100 fathom limit—within 600 ft. of the surface—but small and almost invisible forms are found everywhere in the ocean. Round British coasts a primitive variety is seen in the bright green and hair-like "crow-silks"; but no essential difference exists between the small weeds and the immense growths found in Pacific waters.

Thicker than the trunk of a large tree, the gigantic stems of seaweed near Tierra del Fuego attain the astonishing length of 400 ft. Huge fronds resemble the spreading leaves of tropical palms. There are extensive sub-oceanic forests of kelp, and floating islands of weeds swarming with live animals often measuring 8 ft. from base to tip.  
Seaweeds multiply chiefly by means of spores, but near land the waves render unique assistance. In rough weather, numerous small pieces of weed are striped from their moorings by the sea and are carried away until they become entangled and held fast. Then, if not dislodged and other circumstances are favorable, the pieces of weed settle down and become fresh plants.

**Married to the State.**  
Mr. Carr concludes that it inspires a man to better work habits, and that a wife is the best financial investment a man can make.

**Marry and Grow Rich!**  
A wife is the quickest way to wealth. Mr. Patrick Carr, treasurer of Cook County, Illinois, declares that statistics, culled from the income tax reports and personal property taxes, show that, although the married man at twenty-four has 5 per cent. less property than the bachelor, at thirty-eight he has 17 per cent. more taxable wealth, and at forty-eight 20 per cent. more than the bachelor.



**Beginning of Scraps.**  
"Why do you call the marriage certificate a scrap of paper?"  
"It's the beginning of all other scraps."

**Ghosts.**  
The Monday wash, in winter time, Will freeze so stiff with frost and rime,  
That when it's taken in at night, As rigid as a paper kite.  
A shirt will stand upon the floor For fifteen minutes, often more,  
With its uncanny arms akimbo, A ghost of some forgotten limbo.  
And as I'm wondering "Will it keep?" It falls, exhausted, in a heap.  
So soon extinguished is its glory, I always feel a little sorry.

**Blanche D. Small.**  
The Egyptian baker makes puff balls and the tourists say this product is "a hole wrapped in a crust." The dough is rolled out thin as pie-crust and the edges of two pieces are joined all around. The heat does the rest.

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**Some Stock Phrases Defined.**

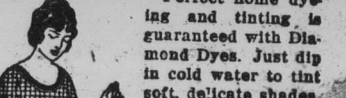
"Two or three" always mean at least three, or three and upwards.  
"One or two" seldom means one. "In a minute" means anywhere from five to fifty minutes.  
"That reminds me of a story" means: "Now you keep quiet while I tell my joke."  
"I hold no brief for" means, "I am now going to defend—"  
"While I do not wish to appear critical" means, "But I am going to have my say out anyhow."  
"Of course, it's no business of mine" means, "I am simply devoured with curiosity."  
"My conduct calls for no apology, and needs no explanation," is the usual introduction for an apology or an explanation.  
"No one could possibly have mistaken my meaning" is what we say when someone has mistaken it.

**Minard's Liniment for the Grippe.**

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