Until You Try "SALADA"

H457

GREEN TEA

you have not tasted the best. Fresh, fragrant and pure. Try it.

Woman's Interests

WITH SUGAR AND SPICE.

Pears that lack flavor are usually more abundant than the well-flavored varieties. A certain amount of such pears should be canned and used in salads. Others can be improved in flavor if two tablespoonfuls of crushed pineapple are added to each quart jar of the pears. The canned pineapple can be used if the fresh fruit is unobtainable.

Excellent pepper relish is made with one peck of green tomatoes (cut small), four red peppers, four green peppers (remove seeds), two cupfuls of celery cut in short lengths, two cupfuls of sliced onion, six cupfuls of vinegar, one-half cupful of mustard seed and two cupfuls of brown sugar. Put all vegetables through a food-chopper, add one-half cupful of salt and let stand all night. Drain and put with the other ingredients, cook until soft, pack in jars and seal.

Sweet cucumber pickles—Soak cucumbers in brine for twenty-four hours. Rinse, drain, and wipe dry. Place in a kettle, and cover with the following vinegar mixture one quart of vinegar, one cupful of brown sugar, eight whole cloves, six allspice, six blades of mace, eight whole black peppers. Heat the pickles slowly to the boiling point, and pack at once in jars, cover with the vinegar, add a piece of horseradish to each jar, then seal. Other vegetables used in sweet pickles may be added if a mixed pickle is desired.

Nine-day pickles—This is an old country recipe, and even though nine days are necessary for making them, the result is worth the time spent. Prepare a brine of four quarts of water and one pint of salt. Soak large, whole cucumbers in this for three days. Drain, then soak them in clear water for three days. Drain again, cut the cucumbers in slices one inch thick and simmer for two hours in weak vinegar. For seven pounds of cucumbers, use three pounds of brown sugar, one pint of vinegar, one ounce each of cinnamon, allspice and celery seed. Boil sugar and vinegar to a syrup. Drain the cucumbers from the vinegar, pack in glass jars or stone crocks, and cover with the syrup. Pour off and reheat syrup for three days in succession, and after the third time add covers to jars and seal.

Apple butter made of Tallman Sweets is considered especially good. Other varieties of sweet apples are not so desirable. Cook down three gallons of freshly made cider (made from acid or subacid apples) to one gallon. Pare, core and quarter the Tallman Sweets. Add to the cider and place on the back of the stove to cook slowly until done. If the Sweets, as well as the apples used for cider, are perfectly matured and have their full sugar content, no sugar will be needed. If a sweeter product is desired sugar may be added to taste. Add spices last, in the proportion of one part cloves to two parts cinnamon (ground) and according to taste, as tastes vary in this matter.

NO MORE STICKY IRONS.

To prevent irons sticking to articles which have been starched, drop a lump of alum into the starch while it is still hot, and stir slowly till the alum is completely dissolved.

A piece the size of a walnut to a quart of starch will be found about the right proportion to give the most satisfactory results.—Mrs. E. E. B.

A COMFORTABLE BLOOMER DRESS

4475. The front of this model has pocket sections inserted at the sides. The sleeve may be finished in wrist or short length. Percale with bindings of white linene was used in this instance. The model is cut in 4 Sizes: 4, 6, 8, and 10 years. An 8-year size requires 3¾ yards of 27-inch material.

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

PROBLEM OF CLEANING RUGS.

Rugs and dirt are natural affinities, but unlawful ones nevertheless, with the grievance all on the side of the rug, for the nicer the rug and the deeper its beauty as to pile and weight the more closely clings the dirt, and to destructive ends! Rug dirt is such a complex offender. It consists of the dust blown on to the rug and that which falls from the clothing and shoes, short hairs, if there is a cat or dog admitted to the house; threads and ravelings, lint and fluff, bits of paper, imbedded dirt and grit. Particularly the latter is harmful, for it works at the roots of the rug's fibres and finally destroys them from that source. The more a rug is walked on the more deeply imbedded this dirt becomes, so that surface sweepings only removes a small percentage and can't begin to loosen the grit worked into the loose fibres of an Axminster, Wilton or Chenille rug, or into the loops of a Brussels. Nor can surface sweeping extract the dirt from the woven threads of an Ingrain carpet or the braided, twisted and woven "grass" rugs.

So in the preservation of rugs there enters the immediate necessity for sweeping from the bottom up if such a thing were possible. This was arrived at in the old days by beating the rugs from the under side, and as a last resort by scrubbing them briskly with stiff brushes and a gentle soap-suds. Nowadays the suction cleaner (invented for the preservation of rugs, according to one manufacturer) not only gently draws the imbedded dirt out but removes all kinds of surface litter and dust as well. So effectively have good machines gone about their cleaning business that rug dealers sponsor their use and even urge the purchase of such cleaners.

There is much to be said from the sanitation viewpoint as well. Clean rugs mean cleaner rooms, fresher air and, in general, brighter and more livable homes. They save labor, too, for the woman who does her own housework.

Now, how to select a cleaner by looking at it. It cannot be done! Only trial in the home will tell a woman whether a cleaner will do her sweeping most satisfactorily or not. At the same time, to choose from the many models on the market is not an easy task, so a safe rule to follow is to go to an established dealer, choose from the makes which are manufactured by well organized firms of long standing, and try out the cleaner yourself in your own house. Most dealers for the standard makes of vacuum cleaners will deliver a machine to your house and instruct you in the use of all the attachments as well as of the machine for the most satisfactory cleaning. You can tell in a few trials whether it seems too heavy, or is awkward, or has a nerve-trying screech.

WRIGLEY'S

Take it home to the kids

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

After Every Meal

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

Sealed in its Purity Package

WRIGLEY'S DOUBLEMINT CHEWING GUM

ISSUE No. 37—'23.

The Gift Of The Gods

BY PEARL FOLEY.

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CHAPTER XVI.—(Cont'd.)

Undaunted by her mother's irascible greeting, Grace ran ahead.

Irma Culver stepped from a bend in the path, beaming a genuine welcome on her two belated guests.

Under the gracious reception Mrs. Ashton thawed somewhat, and allowed herself to be relieved of her hat and gloves and led to the shaded, vine-covered verandah, where sinking into a comfortable arm chair, she looked around critically.

"Isn't it a perfect Garden of Eden, mamma?" ventured Grace happily, but regretted immediately her thoughtless metaphor and fidgetted uneasily under her mother's surprised stare.

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed that lady, "it sounds as if Adam were here already."

"At your service, Mrs. Ashton." And following the voice appeared an unabashed, grinning visage at the verandah railing, which an easy vault swung into the women's midst.

Dragging a chair from an isolated corner, Rowen Strathmore sauntered with it to Grace's side, where he sank into it with a contented sigh. The comical debonnaire smile was still on his handsome boyish face as he eyed the company complacently. It was plain he had no doubt of his welcome.

"Your voices haven't yet acclaimed my presence among you, but neither do I see frowns, so now I'll proceed to break a glorious piece of news to you. Ah, me, this is life after tugging a horse up the mountain on a blistering day in August—thanks, Mrs. Culver, was hoping, but wasn't quite sure that I'd be in time for tea."

"Doesn't the diplomatic service work on hot summer days?" Mrs. Ashton's voice was severe and her look more so.

"Makes slaves of us, every one, but the little god of telepathy whispered in my ear you ladies would enjoy my presence to-day, so here I am, at your service. Jiminy, this tea's good!"

"Pause between the sips, Rowe, we're ravenous for the glorious news," reminded Grace.

"Ah, yes, and it's a real tidbit, too. The mandarin's niece is found."

"Where? How? When?"

Rowe's hand went up as if warding off a blow. "Please don't shout, girls—you make me feel kind of weak, don't you know!"

"Is she safe, Rowe? Oh, I'm so glad!"

Helen Claymore had risen and was standing before him, hugging her cup of tea rapturously.

"I can't say I know very much about the affair, but I knew a drop would be welcome, so I hied off here as soon as I got the first trickle of the news."

"Yes, yes, go on! Tell us all you know," urged Grace.

"Well, as I have already said I don't know very much, but she is home again and well, and is going to be married."

"Married?" The word came in a dismayed gasp from the two girls.

Strathmore nodded. "Yes, she is marrying some rich old Chinaman. Don't know his name. Ding Ding, or some such confounded lingo."

"Not Chu Sing?" broke in Helen Claymore excitedly.

Rowe rubbed his chin. "Well, now, I believe that is the handle. Sounds mighty familiar anyway."

"Oh, Rowe, you must be mistaken!" There was distress in Grace's voice. "You know all Chinese names sound alike to you anyway and"—

"Tut, tut, child," interrupted Mrs. Ashton. "Why are you concerned in these heathen marriages? Bless my soul, you'd actually think China was a creeping little darky, the way you girls try to nurse and coddle her. You're worse than the Northerners pampering our niggers."

"O, mother, you don't understand." Grace turned again to Rowe. "And where has she been all this time, Rowe? Did you hear?"

Rowe shook his head. "Sorry to say that is a dark mystery, which the whole household has sealed tight."

"You see?" There was a note of triumph in Mrs. Ashton's voice. "The girl, as I've always told you, is no better than the rest of her kind. My advice is to wash your hands of the whole pesky lot. Listen to me, Grace, and you, too, Rowe, when you make your home here, your best policy will be to mind your own business. Don't you think I'm right, Irma?"

"I admit it's not wise or safe to interfere too much with these people."

"Of course not."

"But it's horrible to think of that child throwing herself away on that monster," exclaimed Helen Claymore. "I can't believe it. No, I can't. There must be some mistake. It's just some foolish gossip. Why, he's old enough to be Tu Hee's father. Oh, dear, if I could only see her, talk to her!"

"I don't think it would be wise, Helen, to attempt that," said Irma quietly. "If the girl has given her consent you would do no good and perhaps endanger your life by interfering."

"Bless my soul—interfere with Celestials! Why, Helen, you're clean daft."

Mrs. Ashton raised her hands in horror.

"I declare, both you girls talk of that chit as if she were one of yourselves. Why, I'd as soon think of championing one of our own nigger wenches."

"I think your mother is right in advising you to keep out of the domestic affairs of the Chinese, Grace," said Irma Culver gently. "The girl may have a foreign strain, but at heart she is a Chinese, thinks like a Chinese, and will live her life like a Chinese. Your interfering would be treated with hospitality, and as I told Helen, your life itself might be endangered. These Chinese people you are never sure of. Give them a leader and a mob is ready made.

"Here, Rowen, make yourself at home with the popovers; and you, Mrs. Ashton, let me fill your cup. This tea is a brand sent us by a merchant we dealt with years ago, when we first came to China. The old gentleman is retired now, but he still keeps us supplied with the first pickings from his gardens."

"It is delicious," conceded Mrs. Ashton. "Their tea is the only compensation they can offer a foreigner."

"It seems hard," continued Irma, "for you girls to keep from extending a helping hand to these people. It was the way Neil and I felt, in fact feel yet, but in this case I really think you would be unwise."

"Besides," interjected Mrs. Ashton, "the little minx evidently eloped with the man. Grace, I'm ashamed that you'd think twice of such a creature."

Neither Grace nor Helen offered any defence to Mrs. Ashton's tirade. That they were decidedly upset over the news was evident to everyone, however, and neither looked as though she were paying much attention to the advice offered. They concluded it was useless to argue, as the two older women had never met the Chinese girl, and therefore could not understand the winsome charm that had firmly knotted their cord of friendship.

The dampened spirits of the two girls were beginning to affect the social atmosphere, even the sallies of young Strathmore failing to raise a smile, when Irma's head boy relieved a trying situation by announcing that Mrs. Claymore was wanted in the sitting-room.

Grace sat on in abstracted silence; all Rowe's efforts brought only absent-minded monosyllables.

"I have to be back at the Legation in an hour. What do you say to a little stroll?" he whispered at last.

But for once Rowe's company proved an ineffectual trouble-lifter, and it was with almost a sense of relief that Grace waved to him half an hour later as she watched him ride down the hill on his way back to the city.

Instead of joining the others, Grace made her way to a secluded seat in some shrubbery overlooking a picturesque, green-clad, stream-ribboned valley. Her mind's eye predominated, however, and the beauty surrounding her was *nil* as far as she was concerned. A man's gloomy brow rose before her, and a pair of keen grey eyes looked reproachfully into hers. Why had she been such a fool as to have let David fly away like that? Was it too late to do anything now? Why was it that some people had to hew their way through life, while others skimmed over smooth, peaceful surfaces. If Tu Hee were to marry that awful Chinaman, her life would of course be in bondage forever. As it was, Grace had a strong conviction that the Chinese girl's betrothal had already cut her from David's life completely. And what of David? Would he accept the news calmly? Of course he would. It would be just another lash from Fate, but Grace had an uneasy feeling that the scar would be deeper than any heretofore.

"Whoo-ee!"

Grace darted to her feet and eagerly parted the bushes. "Yes, here I am, Helen."

"Oh, Grace, I'm so glad I can have a minute alone with you. Where is Rowe?"

"Left ten minutes ago for the city."

"Thank goodness! Don't be vexed, Grace, you know it's the first time I've wished the dear boy away."

"Don't apologize, Helen. I think he recognized I was no fit company except for my own gloomy thoughts."

"Well, I don't feel very brilliant myself, so I guess it won't do any harm to spout out our fears to each other. Grace, the worst has happened."

"She isn't married already?"

"Just about as good, or rather bad—the sixth marriage rite has been performed."

"The sixth? That means she is his wife?" Grace's voice was hopeless.

"No, it seems—by the way, it was Lun who was here to see me—it appears the child was kidnapped, taken by force by that barbarian. He did her no actual harm, except to almost make her a nervous wreck. The death of the mandarin appears to have touched the invisible spot in his miserable heart, and he relented and offered Tu Hee her freedom. But she, poor child, was too miserable to think of anything but that she had been an inmate of his house, had actually crossed his threshold. This thought worried her. You know how virtuously and strictly these people bring up their girl children; the poor creatures are not even allowed to speak to a male as a rule. Tu Hee's education, to be sure, was not quite so rigid, but the fact of putting her foot in Chu Sing's house—'personal receiving' is the sixth rite—together, no doubt, with his tragic air of despair, apparently forged an iron link in his favor. At all events the results is Tu Hee considers herself bound to him and has promised to be his wife in six weeks."

(To be continued.)

The increased cost of fine teas has tempted some to try cheap, inferior teas to their sorrow. It is real economy to use "SALADA" since it yields to the pound more cups of a satisfying infusion and besides has such a fresh, delicious flavor.

Be yourself. Ape no greatness. Be willing to pass for what you are. A good farthing is better than a bad sovereign.—S. Coley.

Rosewood and mahogany are so plentiful in Mexico that many copper mines are timbered with rosewood, and mahogany is used for locomotive fuel.

Minard's Liniment Heals Cuts.

Britain's Holiday Islands.

It is probably no exaggeration to say that the Isle of Man is the most popular holiday island in the world. Its glens and even its mountains are turned into show places, whilst Douglas is, perhaps, next to Blackpool, the most enterprising seaside town in the British Isles.

The Isle of Wight is what the House of Lords is to the House of Commons, when compared with Manxland. "Man" is a democrat "Wight" is an aristocrat. "Wight" is the headquarters of the Royal Yacht Squadron, and Cowes Week is one of the great events of the season.

But the Isle of Wight has a popular side, as the fronts at Ryde, Sandown, Ventnor, and even Cowes itself can prove. It is, moreover, the paradise of the char-a-bancs, for its hills are easily climbable, and its roads are excellent. Moreover, it has some of the loveliest coast scenery to be found anywhere.

The Channel Islands belong to Britain, although they lie nearer to France, and their visiting list is correspondingly international; but the fine service of steamboats from the southern ports of England is making these lovely islands better known to holiday-makers, even from the North and from Scotland.

Jersey, Guernsey, Alderney, and Sark, not forgetting the tiny Isle of Herm, which belongs to an English novelist, are all gems set in the sea.

Then there is Anglesey, the only island which is also a county of England and Wales. Most people know Anglesey only as the first bit of the way from Holyhead to London. Yet, year by year, by virtue of splendid golf courses and fine hydros, the Welsh county separated from the mainland by the Menai Straits, and connected with the mainland by two historic bridges, is coming more and more into prominence as a holiday centre.

Kept Alive by Rust.

If a piece of iron is left out in the damp it soon becomes rusty; a red layer forms on its surface and in time the rust will eat so deeply into the metal that it becomes as brittle as glass.

What happens when iron rusts? Simply this: the air contains a very active gas called oxygen, which combines eagerly with many substances. Rust is a combination of iron and oxygen. Most metals oxidize, as the process is called. Copper and brass become green, silver turns black, whilst nickel takes on a yellow tarnish. Even an apple will rust, turning brown in a very short time when cut open.

The curious thing is that we live entirely by means of the process of rusting or oxidization. You may have noticed that though fresh blood is bright red it soon turns brown when exposed to the air; in doing so it is simply rusting, for oxygen combines very readily with blood.

Inside a man's lungs are thousands and thousands of tiny blood vessels whose walls are so thin that air can penetrate them. As we breathe air into the lungs it is brought into contact with the blood coursing through these fine channels. The oxygen of the air combines with the blood, and is carried off by the stream which is pumped by the heart to every part of the body.

During its passage the blood gives up its oxygen and receives carbonic acid gas, the waste product of the muscles. On reaching the lungs it discharges the waste and takes on a fresh supply of life-giving oxygen by the process of rusting.

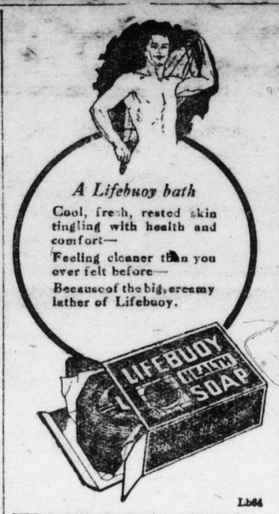
Same Thing.

Friend—"Do you read the popular fiction, dear?"

Mrs. Newlywed—"Well—er—I read my new cook book a good deal."

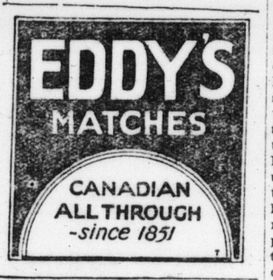
Minard's Liniment for Dandruff.

In three hours a commercial aviator dusted poison over four hundred and sixty acres of cotton near Corpus Christi, Texas, for a price of fifteen cents an acre. Whether the poison applied in that way is effective against the boll weevil is not yet known.



A man may find a woman's eyes beautiful and never know the exact color of them.

In the early days of printing, about 1500, the dash (—) or perpendicular line (|) was the only punctuation used. Later it was learned that "The art of poynting, well used, makes the sentence very light." The graceful comma (,) succeeded the awkward (|). The colon (:) was later introduced, "Showing that there is more to come." Not till about 1633 was the semicolon (;) adopted for English printing.



Northern Ontario Wilderness Now Accessible

Heretofore, Northern Ontario meant little to the holiday makers and vacationists, except that they had to pass through it on their journeys east and west. As they passed, perhaps they found what views they had of the forest on either side interesting, but more probably not. Occasionally, a break in the wall of timber would reveal a sunlit glade of alluring charm, or a bridged rivulet or wider stream, seen winding through the trees, would conjure thoughts of fish that might be had, but trees and rocks, green hills, where they can be seen in the distance, flashes of water, and little burnt over areas, are tiresome when there are so many miles of them. From the train, yes, perhaps to some; but once leave the train and the path torn by the builders of the railroad, and set foot on one of those mysterious little paths, that twist and turn and intertwine through the fragrant pine, and it is "back to the woods." Nothing is uninteresting. There are "sermons in stones, books in running brooks, and good in everything." Once leave the tracks and roads beaten by men in commerce and industry, and the tall timbers call you for their own. There you will find that life is real, and stripped of its artificialties, it brings out the best in every man.

Northern Ontario has come into its own. Those who have ventured into its wilds, whether in search of fish, game, health or adventure, being satisfied though lusting for more, have spread the glad tidings, till not only the huntsmen and sportsmen, but the mere vacationists as well have turned their eyes and their feet towards it.

And why not? There is room enough and sport enough for all. It is Canada's heritage, to be enjoyed and loved by all—this glorious timber country of the north. And only now are we beginning to realize and appreciate this, now, after the Canadian Pacific has been running trains daily through the country for thirty-five years. It is this Company which has done more than any other agency, perhaps, to call the attention of the sportsmen and nature lovers to the wealth of the district. This year bungalow camps have been established by them in the French River, Nipigon and Lake of the Woods districts, and through these camps a large number of people, who have in previous years spent their vacations by the sea or lake shore, have already been turned into devotees of the "wilderness."

The camps which were commenced in May were all ready for occupancy on July 1st, on which day and with large gatherings present, they were severally opened. The French River Camp, named "Asinka," (Ojibway for "On top of the hill") was opened very informally.

Nipigon Camp, also of the Swiss Chalet style of architecture, was officially opened in the presence of a distinguished gathering of citizens of Fort William and Port Arthur. A flag staff had been erected, and as the flag was slowly raised to the singing of the national anthem and "O Canada," the camp was declared open. The Lake of the Woods Camp was opened under similar circumstances, and the three events were not without slight historical import. As the flags were raised a new country was opened, possibly for development in the not too distant future. A country of incomparable splendor, of great sporting value, was made accessible to the average individual—a country where he may roam untrammelled—a land of plenty, a land of beauty, rugged in spots, perhaps, but none the less lovely for that, and a land where one can now enjoy the wonders and exhilarating sports of the great out doors for a day, a week, or more without losing the comforts and conveniences which civilization has made necessary to our well-being.

Predicts Women Will Have Lone Toe.

A London biologist predicts that, if women keep on wearing high heels, they will find themselves eventually with only one toe. "Horses originally had five toes, but now they have only one," warns this scientist, who adds:

"This change probably was brought about by the efforts of horses in the wild state to raise themselves a little higher, to get at the twigs and leaves of trees. The five toes of the deer have been reduced to two, and those of many birds to three.

"Women with very high heels have a gait approaching that of birds. I do not suggest it is not an elegant gait, but it is certainly not at all like that of the domestic fowl. It means that with the high heel now worn, three toes are sufficient for progressing; and, as nature always gets rid of superfluous organs, it seems likely that in the course of time women's toes will be reduced to three, and perhaps later to two, or even one."

But the biologist's warning may not be needed for smart women in London are now emulating their American sisters and favoring shoes with heels only about an inch in height.

Addressing a political gathering, a speaker gave his hearers a touch of the pathetic. "I miss," he said, brushing away a not unmanly tear, "I miss many of the old faces I used to shake hands with."

Mix Mustard this way

Mix Keen's Mustard with water to the consistency of a thick paste. Add water until the desired thickness is obtained. If a milder flavor is desired mix with milk. Mix mustard freshly for every meal.

but it must be Keen's

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