Tea of Quality

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is blended only from tender young leaves & buds that yield richly of their delicious goodness. Try SALADA to-day.

GIFTS FOR THE INVALID.

Do you remember an invalid among your friends? If so, choose the gift with special attention to its attractiveness and her needs. It is absurd and unkind to give fruit to some one who is on a restricted diet, or a book to one who must spare her eyes.

The invalid's tray will suggest various gifts. There is the tray itself, which can be of wicker, with glass top and a letter rack to one side. An embroidered tea cloth and napkin—even a well-fitted "silence cloth"—will be appreciated to make a tray attractive. Individual silver salt and pepper boxes, a folding silver fruit knife, a cup and saucer of quaint old pattern, a pressed glass goblet, a hot-water dish to keep meat and potato palatable, will any of them enhance the table service of an invalid.

Several friends can sometimes club together to buy a bedside table. Such tables are made so that they can be raised or lowered to swing over the bed, with a rack that will pull out and hold a book. Other bedside conveniences are: a flashlight, a radium clock (before giving one, be sure that the patient will not be disturbed by its ticking), a tray for odds and ends, a perpetual calendar in a leather or metal case, a shaded lamp that can be clamped to the headboard, an electric pad (if the patient can be trusted to regulate it—otherwise decidedly not!), a balsam pillow, a vacuum carafe, a silver bell, an electric fan and a barometer.

Pretty bed garments are: lace-ruffled dressing jackets of crepe de Chine or albatross, pale-tinted knitted sacques, boudoir caps, kimonos, slippers to match, sheer handkerchiefs—possibly a little filigree ball containing a tiny wad of cotton scented with a favorite fragrance, to hang about the neck. And no once except the patient herself knows what a source of ecstacy a string of beads or a little finger ring can be!

Then there are many articles of the toilet that will please: bath salts, delicately perfumed soaps, cold creams, toilet waters, sweet-smelling skin lotions, exquisite talcums. And as to fragrances, the invalid is often delighted with an incense burner and either the tabloid or the powdered incense, in lavender, sandalwood, cedar, violet or any of a dozen other odors.

In gifts of flowers there is great variety. Bulbs are always acceptable. A bowl of partridge berries is bright and heartening, or, if you live in the country, you can gather a pungent armful of spruce, pine, balsam and the trailing evergreen, to brighten the sickroom.

USE MORE MILK AND CREAM.

Some years ago a women, who had kept house for twenty years, worked for me. She had never heard of using milk when stirring up thickening for gravies and she had never made a cream pie. Many of us could serve more appetizing meats if we used more milk and cream.

Toast served with hot milk to which salt, pepper and one-half cup of cream has been added, is very palatable and nutritious as a breakfast dish.

To one can of salmon add one pint of milk and one-half cup of cream, thicken with one tablespoonful of flour Boil and salt and pepper to taste. Delicious with new potatoes or toast, or both.

Creamed Cabbage—Slice a small head of cabbage fine and boil in salt water until tender (about twenty minutes) not soft and slippery. Drain, add one cup of milk and one cup of cream and a little more salt if needed. Bring to a boil. Serve hot.

Creamed Onions—Quarter medium-sized onions. Boil in salted water until tender. Add equal parts of milk and cream, a little salt and pepper. Bring to a boil. These are delicious.

Cream Pie—One egg, half cupful sugar, one pint milk, four heaping teaspoons of corn starch.

Beat egg well, add sugar and beat again. Dissolve in milk and bring to boiling point. Add cornstarch well dissolved, in half cup of milk. Boil about five minutes, cool, add one-half teaspoon of vanilla and pour into crust previously baked. Before serving, cover with whipped cream which has been slightly sweetened and flavored.

Custard is made in the same way, with only two teaspoons of cornstarch. It may be served alone or poured over different kinds of fruit previously sweetened, such as bananas, oranges, pineapple, fresh or canned strawberries and peaches, fresh or canned cooked prunes, or fresh raspberries. Pour in individual dishes when serving with fruit. A lump of jelly placed in the top of each dish makes it very attractive as well as refreshing.

Mrs. B. R.

"DIAMOND DYES"

COLOR THINGS NEW

Beautiful home dyeing and tinting is guaranteed with Diamond Dyes. Just dip in cold water to tint soft, delicate shades, or boil to dye rich, permanent colors. Each 15-cent package contains directions so simple any woman can dye or tint lingerie, silks, ribbons, skirts, waists, dresses, coats, stockings, sweaters, draperies, coverings, hangings, everything new.

Buy "Diamond Dyes"—no other kind—and tell your druggist whether the material you wish to color is wool or silk, or whether it is linen, cotton, or mixed goods.

A STYLISH FROCK.

4986. The girl who desires "something different" will be pleased with the style here portrayed. It has the popular front closing and a tiered effect in the flounces.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. A 16-year size requires 4 yards of 40-inch material. If made as illustrated ¼ yard of contrasting material will be required for collar and cuffs.

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.

BUTTONS.

"When I get a bright idea, I always want to pass it along," said a lady, as she sat watching a young girl sewing. "Do your buttons ever come off, Lena?"

"Ever? They're always doing it. They are ironed off, washed off, and pulled off, until I despair. I seem to shed buttons at every step."

"Make use of these two hints when you are sewing them on, then, and see if they make any difference. When you begin, before you lay the button on the cloth, put the thread through, so that the knot will be on the right side. That leaves it under the button, and prevents it from being worn or ironed away, and thus beginning the loosening process.

"Then, before you begin sewing, lay a large pin across the button, so that all your threads will go over the pin. After you have finished filling the holes with thread, draw out the pin, and wind your thread round and round beneath the button. That makes a compact stem, to sustain the possible pulling and wear of the buttonhole.

"It is no exaggeration to say that my buttons never come off, and I'm sure yours won't, if you use my method of sewing."

The Hypocrites

BY ARTHUR B. REEVE.

PART II.

We drove silently over the rather neglected road a few hundred yards until we saw a man near a quaint old Quebec barn.

"Are you the nearest neighbor to Murat?" queried Craig.

The man looked up at us. Passing strangers who wanted to stop were uncommon enough and a chance to pick up some gossip was too good to let slip.

"Nigh as any." He was a lean, tall man, a Yankee who had come across the border. It seemed as if the characteristics of his farm had imbued his personality.

The farm with its stony, light-colored soil betrayed lean harvests. But there was more than the usual eagerness in this man's countenance. Now I noticed a woman and some children, and another man walking rather excitedly about near the house in the distance.

"You ain't been seein' yet any man drivin' a new flivver car, eh?" There was anxiety, annoyance in the man's voice.

"No, I haven't. But there has been dirt done down the road at Murat's." Kennedy made the announcement abruptly and solemnly.

The man's face startled, grew a shade perceptibly more haggard, I thought, and in a quick voice hoarse from restrained emotion he asked, "What was it?" Without waiting for an answer he turned and waved his long, bony arms to the others. The family and the hired man responded with an awkward lope.

"Murat's been murdered!" shot out Kennedy. "I've come to your place for help. I must go on."

The man's shoulder's squared, his eyes became slits of determination and suspicion. I may have imagined it, but I felt that the little group all at once became combative.

"He was expecting me, had news for me, but he had no chance to tell it." Kennedy unbuttoned his outside coat, turned one flap over and showed a small shield.

The old farmer leaned over determined to be certain it was a bona fide shield, that Kennedy had been regularly deputized by the provincial government.

He nodded, satisfied, straightened up. "Now, what can I do?"

"Go in your car and notify the authorities in the town."

"I can't. I tell you my car, a new flivver, was took this mornin'. That's why I was such a doubtin' man. You ain't seed it?"

The mention of his own misfortune loosed his tongue. He launched into a description of the flivver. "I sent my oldest boy jest so soon as we found it was gone. Its motor number is 10342896." As he spoke he fumbled in his pocket for an already soiled bill of sale. "We ain't got no telephones here. Most likely the fellow what took it'll get off with it. The boy ain't back yet."

"I must go on. Yet the police must know," repeated Kennedy in the dilemma.

Just then the farm-hand stepped forward, pulling at his hat. "I be Francois, eh? I like Murat. He ver' good to me. I walk over by road and tell, eh?"

So it was determined. There was much advice as to route and where to stop for shelter in case the threatening snowstorm should break, and Francois was off.

For a few minutes Craig lingered quizzing the old farmer about visitors, rum running, hunting, winter sports in particular and the country in general.

"Yeh, lots of people comes up here for shootin'. But it allus 'pears to me like as more goes back than comes up, somehow. I don't know much 'bout that there rum runnin'. 'Spose there's a lot of it, but my neighbors 'n' me bean't in it. Lots of cars goes by on this here back road loaded up, and sometimes if the cars ain't loaded up the people in 'em is!"

"Ever seen any fights with the rum runners?"

"Never seed any. Hearn of some. Most o' them folk would rather lose their loads 'n their lives, I'm tellin' ye. Why, all they gotter do is jack up prices on the next load 'n' make up the loss."

It was my turn to be the doubting man. Could this fellow know more than he was telling? Were we the gullible ones? Sometimes it is difficult to distrust folks, and this was such a case. I wanted to believe in him, yet my better judgment told me to trust no one.

"Did I hear ye right when ye said ye was going to hit over the mountain road?" recollected our farmer, pointing significantly at the row of peaks before us.

Kennedy nodded. The old fellow put up his hand, studied the sky above. "I'd advise ye not." Again a suspicion flashed over my mind. Was there some reason for which he didn't want us to go? "Them clouds means snow. A snowstorm with the wind in this quarter's awful on them mountains. I knows."

"Thanks, but I must go on. I think I'll be starting."

The old farmer shook his head dolefully. I must confess that I felt like relying on his sage advice.

"I've got to make it now, Walter," decided Craig.

"I knew it was urgent, and settled as far as Craig was concerned. We were off along the road with what speed we could make. However, Craig, who was usually so reserved in accosting strangers, now stopped a moment and passed the time of day with any he met. The conversation started with the hunting in the neighborhood, wild game and how one could best get it. Inquiries developed that no one much had gone through along the road except a traveling preacher and one or two other strangers.

Still we kept on going southward in spite of our stops to gossip for a moment at a time. At first I had an idea that perhaps Craig was following a tip I knew nothing about, but presently the inquiries as to game and the people visiting up there and passing through made me feel that perhaps Kennedy himself was losing interest in the case. Before the murder of Murat we had always seemed to be a lap behind the man-runner chief. It had been annoying. Nor was I so keen to continue this wild-goose game among the hills of the Canadian border in the face of the on-coming storm. I wanted Kennedy to get the man runner and the murderer of Murat. Somehow I felt they would be identical. But I wanted personal safety too.

Thus it was that soon we found ourselves approaching the Vermont border. Then I thought I began to see that the Green Mountains was his objective.

For some mysterious reason, it seemed to me, Craig was picking out the most wretched of roads. I had been up in this vicinity before and knew that some miles either way there were better roads.

It was getting grayer, darker all the time. What was Kennedy thinking of? I knew what the weather was up here. The winters were long and hard. It was high, and what was late fall farther down south was early winter up here. I was clinging to the side of the car, bracing myself in the seat. Still Kennedy kept on over that mountain road, which seemed to rise almost like a pass over a divide.

Suddenly I felt something wet hit my face. Snow at last! I put out my hand. There was a snowflake—on that mountain road, sinister, fraught with trouble and danger.

What if we should skid and go down the mountain side? Kennedy stopped long enough to get the chains from under the seat and clamp them about the tires.

The snow began piling up alarmingly. Soon I knew that if the road did not stall us, the snow would. But there was nothing else but to go ahead.

(To be continued.)

Frank Hodges, civil lord of the admiralty in the Labor cabinet, is going back to work in the mines, in order to regain his former position of secretary of the Miners' Federation.

FUR IS IN FAVOR.

Many discarded furs could be made use of, if properly handled. When piecing fur be sure to fit it so it all runs in the same direction. In thick fur, where the direction is not easily seen, brush or rub it and see in which direction the hairs lie. Cut fur from the skin side with a knife and never with scissors.

Sew fur, by overcasting the edges together with heavy thread which has been rubbed with wax. Use a fur needle. Make as small a seam as possible so it will not be clumsy. After the sewing is done, wet the skin side thoroughly then stretch the fur on a board, fur side down, fastening it in place with pins. When dry it will be ready to use. Line the fur with a soft lining if it is to be used for trimming.

Death Valley, California, where a shade temperature of over 134 degrees was once registered, must now yield the world record for heat to Azizia, N. Africa. On September 13th, 1922, the thermometer there rose to 136.4 degrees. Britain's highest temperature was 100 degrees, on August 9th, 1911.

"All Congo women and girls, save a few whose parents have embraced Christianity, are really slaves," says a woman missionary.

Minard's Liniment for the Grippe.

BLAZING NEW TRAILS INTO WILDERNESS

TWO DISTINGUISHED BRITISH EXPLORERS

The leaders of the Fawcett expedition, which hopes to find proof of an ancient civilization in the heart of Brazil, are shown above. They are: Col. P. H. Fawcett, D.S.O., F.R.G.S., and his son Jack. Col. Fawcett, who has spent twelve of the last eighteen years in the region he will now re-enter, is 58 years old. He joined the British army in 1886, serving in Ceylon. Later he served in Morocco, Malta, Straits Settlements and Hong Kong. In 19[illegible] Brazil and Bolivia became involved in a controversy over rubber, in the Acre district in northwestern Brazil. The matter of boundaries was left to England for arbitration and Col. Fawcett was appointed one of a commission of three to delimit the boundaries. This led to continuous exploration work in South America. In 1914, Col. Fawcett re-entered the British army and was given command of a brigade of field artillery. He was later a counter-battery staff officer. He was mentioned four times in despatches. He is a distinguished artist and an exhibitor in the Royal Academy. His son, Jack Fawcett, is also a competent artist. They plan to supplement the photographic record of their expedition with numerous sketches.—Photographs,

Miss Sherlock Holmes.

Scotland Yard has decided to admit women to the ranks of its Criminal Investigation Department. This is one of the effects of the decision announced by the Home Secretary that that the number of women police will be increased from twenty-four to fifty, says a London magazine.

Women detectives will be chosen from the ranks of those already enrolled as policewomen, or to be selected as candidates within the next few weeks. There is a long waiting list, and no fresh applications will be entertained .

Hundreds of governesses, typists, chorus girls, and girl clerks have applied for work as detectives, but without success.

The C. L. D. women of the future will be trained on the lines of her male counterpart, and she will serve a period in uniform, as every Scotland Yard man, from the "Big Five" downwards, has done.

It is intended to employ women detectives on special duties, such as observation work in connection with night clubs, shadowing suspects engaged in the drug traffic, and in obtaining evidence against fortune-tellers and charlatans.

Two women have been officially attached to the C.I.D. for months, and their work has been performed with much success.

The ease with which the Scotland Yard woman will be able to disguise her features and change her appearance will be one of the chief assets in her new career. The "Yard" woman may be called on to be a trim nurse one day and a laundress the next. Her hair may be bobbed this week, shingled the next, and the week after she may have to wear dresses like a seaside boarding-house keeper.

Match-Making as a Business.

Berlin has no fewer than 1,000 marriage brokers. They are divided into three classes: first-class brokers, who deal only with clients of high social standing; brokers of the second class, who handle love affairs of the bourgeoise; and the third-class brokers, who deal only with the workers.

One of the leading brokers, a woman with an "upper-class" following, boasts of having made thirty-six matches in three years. She says the photograph of no client has remained in her album for more than a year.

Many of the marriages she arranged, she declares, really turned out to be love affairs.

This broker admits that the most of her clients were women with dowries whose beauty did not equal their fortunes.

She said the most annoying feature of her work was the disposition, both by men and women, to understate ages. A properly authenticated birth certificate must eventually be produced, and the truth often led to the breaking off of potential matches

Heat Waves by Wireless.

That heat, light, and power will be transmitted by wireless in the near future is a prediction made by Mr. James F. Kerr, one of the managers of the recent Chicago wireless exhibition.

One of America's leading manufacturers, Mr. Kerr says, is now engaged in the development of a system for transmitting light, heat, and power by wireless. He expects to have it perfected in time for the wireless world's fair in New York next autumn.

Another wireless engineer is working out a system for transmitting refrigeration by wireless, which Mr. Kerr believes will be perfected in the summer.

Several inventors are also working on the transmission and reception of kinema pictures, and Mr. Kerr says he "knows that at least three of the systems will be a complete success."

Victoria Embankment.

The Victoria Embankment is a granite structure extending along the north bank of the Thames in London, from Westminster Bridge to Blackfriars Bridge, a distance of more than a mile. It has a roadway sixty-four feet in width and is protected on the river side by a granite wall eight feet thick. At intervals stone steps lead down to floating wharves in the river. Part of the land reclaimed from the Thames has been converted into gardens, adorned with statues and monuments of famous men. The embankment was constructed in 1864-70 at a cost of $10,000,000.

Fisherman and Farmer One.

On the coast of Norway there is no clearly defined line between farmer and fisherman. The farmer has his boat and fishes when he has the opportunity. The fisherman tends the little fields about his gaard even on the rocky islets. As the most productive fishing takes place in winter, the fishermen find time to work on the land in spring and summer, writes Camille Vallaux in the Geographical Review. The coast towns all have their fishery quarter and their fishermen, as do most towns on the Mediterranean, and are as rich in color and life as are they.

GREAT INCREASE IN TEA CONSUMPTION

The consumption of tea, it is estimated, increased in 1924 thirty-nine million pounds. The price, as a result, may go to $1.00 a pound, but even then, tea is the cheapest beverage in the world—aside from water.

THE WOMAN WHO WINS.

The woman who wins is the average one
Not built on any particular plan,
Not blessed with any particular luck,
Just steady and earnest and full of pluck.
For the woman who wins is the one who works,
Who neither labor nor trouble shirks,
Who uses her hand, her head, her eyes,
The woman who wins is the woman who tries.

Minard's for Sprains and Bruises.

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He—"I have ordered the ring, dear. What would you like to have engraved on it?"

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