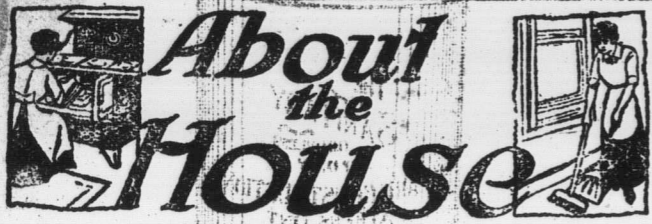


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# SALADA

TEA

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**About the House**  
Jelly and Butter from Same Apples.  
Quarter apples without peeling or removing the core. Cover with cold water and boil slowly. I find they boil down much easier without burning than if peeled, and the peel gives color to the jelly. When they are thoroughly soft pour off some of the juice for jelly.

Put the rest through a coarse colander, season to taste with cinnamon and sweeten. From a gallon of quartered apples cooked, I get about three cups of juice and have three pints of apple butter. I use three-quarters of a cup of sugar to one of juice and boil five minutes. The juice can be poured off carefully through a sieve before stirring the apples and it will need no straining.

For the apple butter I use about one and one-quarter cups of sugar and one teaspoon of cinnamon to the amount of pulp. You will find that it is better to cover the apples with cold water and not cut in smaller pieces than quarters, as this allows the juice to be extracted without the apples being broken up so soon and they do not burn so easily.

### Kimono Carelessness.

No matter how many children you may have or how much housework you may have to do, do not let yourself fall into the kimono habit. It may sound exaggerated but it is nevertheless true that this one habit alone has broken up happy homes. Once let it get its clutch on a woman and she loses all proper pride in her appearance.

It is difficult sometimes to look neat and trim and it is perilously easy to slip on a kimono. If Father is out of bed "the wrong way" and you will not burn and the son and daughter resist just a kimono.

Even in such an awful state of affairs as this, it will take scarcely a moment longer to slip into one of those convenient house dresses that one can buy very inexpensively almost anywhere. They look neat and trim—some of them are even "fetching."

Every woman and every girl owes it to herself to be neat and attractive looking at the breakfast table. Which will make a husband or son of brother the more devoted; to carry about with him all day the image of you eating the morning meal in a slouchy kimono with your hair carelessly twisted up "any old way" or the recollection of the same you neatly dressed and looking as fresh and sweet as the morning itself? I do not think it would take the average man very long to decide which picture he would prefer. It is all very well to quote the old saying about through his stomach—far be it from me to declare its fallacy—but experience has taught me that if a woman wishes to keep a man attentive, she must please his eye as well as his stomach.

It is not always the busiest woman, by any means, who is addicted to the kimono habit. For we all know that the hardest worked people somehow

Make your light food nourishing

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BOVRIL

## THE SNOWSIDE

BY W. A. BARTLETT

According to a water power company in Lewiston, Maine, which has kept a record of snowfall for many years, more snow fell there during February, 1920, than during any previous February. Philip Fales, who was thirteen years old when the snow forces engulfed the town, remembers that the ice from previous storms had filled the gutters on the south and east roofs of the Fales house, and the snow had accumulated until it was piled up in great drifts and masses reaching almost to the ridgepole.

As there was no way of getting on the main roofs, which were steep, Philip concluded that it would be necessary to start his avalanche from below. The snow hung above a roof that covered a small hall or entry at a back door; a path had been cut to the door repeatedly and the snow had been thrown up on each side until it was about seven feet high.

The sun had been shining all the morning, and the water was running down the long icicles in streams. Getting a long, round pole, Philip opened a window a little to one side of the small roof and found himself directly under the mass of dazzling white snow.

The thought of starting a great body of snow was fascinating. It did not occur to him that there was any danger. He first broke off the long icicles and sent them clattering to the ground. He then looked over the edge of the pile of snow down into the path and made up his mind to jump into the snow on one side of the path after he had finished his task. Standing as near the edge as he dared, he began to push his pole into the snow as he tunneled her way toward her boy. One minute, two minutes, three minutes the shovel went into the solid mass of packed snow, while the gasping breath of the laboring and excited woman told of the strain under which she worked.

Then something happened. With a sudden scraping roar the great mass of snow slid off the slate and came down. The swift and tremendous rush struck Philip with such force that he carried him with it as if he had been an insect in its path. Clinging instinctively to the pole in his desperation, the boy fell with a jar that knocked out his breath, and then came a sense of cold and suffocation.

In the midst of that sudden catastrophe, Philip was conscious of wondering why he was not crushed and smothered at once. He realized that he was in a sitting posture and had been thrown against the side of the path. His fall had apparently been broken by snow that had reached the bottom of the path before him. His head pained him and he became aware of the pressure of the pole against his forehead.

As the boy began to be distressed from lack of air, he turned his head a little to the right, which relieved the pressure from the pole and gave him more space for breathing. His hands still grasped the pole, but the moist and heavy snow made it impossible for him to move. He struggled desperately and tried to turn the pole in case anyone should be looking, but the beating of his heart sounded like a series of explosions in his ears, and he seemed to be fighting his own breath and trying to get away from its enveloping and stifling atmosphere. His lungs pained him.

The pole had evidently struck the bottom of the path, with its upper part resting against the wall above Philip's head, and it made just enough resistance to the damp snow immediately in front of his face to keep

him from being quickly suffocated. Only one in the house, heard the rush of snow and the thud of its fall. It occurred to her that Philip had said something about getting the snow off the roof, but she had paid little attention to the matter. Being up stairs, she hastened to a window, then stepped out on the yard, and then discovered the window open near the small roof. Her heart grew cold within her as she saw the great heap of snow that not only filled the path but rose above the windows on the lower floor. She saw the pole protruding, and it seemed to her that she could see it move a little.

Filled with terror, she ran down stairs to the back door and flung it open. A mass of snow fell in upon her, and snow still filled the doorway to the top. In her fright Mrs. Fales thought of summoning the neighbors, but remembered that the men had gone to work. Then she thought of the telephone call for firemen, but in a flash she realized that her boy would not be alive when they arrived. Then with sudden calm she determined that she must save him herself. If he was where the pole extended above the snow, it could not be more than four feet from the door where she stood. Rushing to the cellar, she grasped an iron coal shovel and raced back to the door with its wall of snow. She thrust the shovel into the mass, and was almost buried by it as it fell in on her.

There was no place to shovel it except into the little hallway and the kitchen beyond. Covered with snow and standing in it to her waist, the desperate mother flung it behind her as she tunneled her way toward her boy. One minute, two minutes, three minutes the shovel went into the solid mass of packed snow, while the gasping breath of the laboring and excited woman told of the strain under which she worked. Then the shovel hit something and laid bare a bit of cloth. It was Philip's coat. Very carefully she removed one more shovelful, and the arm and hand appeared.

Topping the shovel, she quickly removed the snow from the boy's face with her bare hands. The eyes were closed; the head drooped to one side; there was no response to her calls. The hands, which clasped the pole, were limp, and Mrs. Fales loosened their grip; then with infinite care she pushed back the snow from the boy, packed it away from his face and began to draw him out of the cavity his body had made.

Great strength seemed to be given to her hands and arms as she drew the still form to her. She heard the snow fall behind her from time to time and knew that at any moment they might be overwhelmed. At last she released the boy from his position and with one dive and rush drew him out through the snow, on through the hall and into the kitchen. There she fell down in a sort of hysterical exhaustion, but in thanksgiving that at least one peril was past. Then she listened for the beating of the boy's heart. Yes, it certainly was beating rhythmically and strongly.

She turned Philip from side to side, raised and lowered his arms to produce artificial respiration, and then dashed cold water into his white face. Soon there was a deep, fluttering breath. Philip's eyes opened, and, raising his hand and drawing it across his face, he said feebly, "Hello! What's happened?"

(The End.)

**Eggs to Order.**  
The aim of all poultry keepers is to produce as many eggs during the winter months as possible. As spring is the natural time for hens to lay their eggs, we must humor our birds and induce them to lay by producing, as far as possible, the conditions of spring. We may then hope for a plentiful supply of eggs during the winter.

To do this we should see that the poultry-houses are clean, dry, and warm. Although draughts should be avoided, a current of fresh air should pass through the house, preferably above the heads of the birds. Deep scratching litter, to encourage exercise, should cover the floor, and the houses made to face south. Never place them under trees, which have a dismal way of dripping on to anything underneath them.

As green food and insects enter largely into the spring menu, they also in the winter feeding. Add a little extra meat meal to the mash to take the place of the insects supplied by Nature; or, better still, mix some liquid blood—obtainable at the butcher's—with the water used for the mash. This brings the birds on to lay in a wonderful way.

Green food should be liberally supplied, and the corn buried deeply in the litter; this encourages scratching, and so supplies the exercise necessary for keeping the hens in A1 condition. If these points are carefully studied and carried out, the problem of winter eggs will be largely solved.

### Sailors' Blue Suits.

Strange as it may seem, up to the year 1748 officers of the British navy had no distinctive uniform, although one had been adopted in the French service as early as the middle of the previous century. An examination of the portraits in the National Gallery at Greenwich reveals "every variety of cut and complexion" of dress, and the officers appear to have been habituated according to their tastes, sometimes extremely fanciful, sometimes grotesque. G. E. Manwaring gives the story in the "Mariner's Mirror" (England). Most of the crack captains in the navy designed special uniforms for their own ships. In 1743, when on a visit to the Viceroy of Canton, Anson dressed his barges' crew in scarlet jackets and blue silk waistcoats trimmed with silver, but such was the incongruity of dress in the service at the time. In 1741 an English officer went into active service wearing a jockey cap.

In 1746 an attempt was made to obtain some uniformity, and at a meeting called to discuss the subject it was resolved that a committee should be appointed to wait on the Duke of Bedford and the Admiralty, and if their lordships approved one scheme it was to be introduced to his majesty. It was approved and prominent naval officers were invited to appear in uniforms of their own design in order that a suitable one might be chosen. Among the officers was the handsome Captain Philip Saumarez, whose blue and white uniform was eventually the one chosen.

The story goes that when it was proposed to the Duke of Bedford that the colors of the uniforms should be red and blue he replied: "No, the king has determined otherwise for having seen my dress riding at the park a few days ago in a habit of blue faced with white it took the fancy of his majesty, who has appointed it for the uniform of the royal navy."

### Madrid's Washerwomen.

The laundry women of Madrid are probably the finest of their profession in the world. Nowhere else does the laundress come home so delightfully clean and it is all accomplished with cold water. Within sight of the windows of King Alfonso's palace, any day of the week, including Sundays, may be seen acres after acre of snow-white linen spread out to dry along the banks of the Manzanares. In the turbulent waters of this creek, for it is nothing more in spite of its sonorous name, virtually all the washing for the million or more inhabitants of Madrid is done.

A closer corporation than that of

**NURSES.**  
The Toronto Hospital for Incurable and Allied Hospital, New York City, offers a three years' course of training to young women, including the required education and hospital or becoming nurses. This Hospital has adopted the eight-hour system. The pupils receive uniforms of the School, a monthly allowance and traveling expenses, and from \$200 to \$300 further information apply to the Hospital.

The Madrid washerwomen can scarcely be conceived. Some of those working here have been in the profession forty years, not always as past mistresses, for they have to serve an apprentice ship lasting many years before they are permitted to undertake work on their own account. A woeful reception meets any newcomer coming with a bundle of linen to wash. All kinds of insults are hurled at her by the regulars, her linen disappears as if by magic and is found again only after long search. An man not an ordinary dirty linen power is in even worse case. He is splashed with suds and is lucky if he escapes with his clothing intact.

### Future of Peace River Valley.

Agnes G. Leut, known as an author of books dealing with the pioneer history and development of western Canada, has returned from an extended tour in the Peace River Valley.

"The north country," said Miss Leut, "will some day be one of the great spots of Canada. It is settling fast. That is due to the home-seekers' dread of epid. But it is a beautiful place to live. In summer its lush wild meadows and riotous abundance of wild flowers suggest the tropics. In winter its climate is tempered by chinook winds. Wheat yields thirty and forty bushels to the acre. The vegetable crops are wonderful. Live stock pastured outdoors all winter. It is 600 miles long by 200 wide, and has an area equal to that of Texas, Kansas, Iowa and Missouri combined, which support a population larger than that of all Canada. The Canadian Pacific Railway recently took over the line that is the market outlet of the country and will have a rehabilitated line by summer. The rich agricultural and live stock region, I predict, will enter upon a period of rapid and remarkable development."

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JOHN E. GARRETT  
2 Kempt St., New Glasgow, N.S.

### Hospital for Sick Children

COLLEGE ST., TORONTO.  
Great Provincial Charity Makes Christmas Appeal to Friends of Childhood.

Dear Mr. Editor:  
The most vital fact in public health service throughout the province is, as you know, the tremendous strides made in child welfare work. Modern science is harking back to the ancient proverb that "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure." It has been the privilege of the Hospital for Sick Children—the greatest institution of its kind upon the continent—to find that ounce of prevention.

In bygone days dependence was put more largely in medicines. Nowadays there is a closer partnership between the pediatrician and Dame Nature. Since the erection of our Baby's Ward and the establishment of well babies' clinics the infant mortality in Toronto alone has been reduced from 155 to 82 per thousand. Further statistics which might be given would merely corroborate the actual life-saving value of the Hospital's work. And it is unnecessary to explain to you that the information to the researches which make such a record possible is at once communicated to the Health Officers and practising physicians throughout Ontario.

Consequently the Hospital has surely a claim upon the Christmas-time generosity of every friend of little children. An institution which is securing the new-born child twice the chance, not merely of good health, but of life itself, is entitled to the abundant support of the public.

During the past financial year, revenue from all sources fell one hundred dollars a day behind necessary expenditures.

It has always been the ambition of the Hospital for Sick Children to

gain not only the support but the sympathy of the people of Toronto, and so to-day, with a debt exceeding \$150,000, it appeals to your readers to help along with some gift, whether it be great or small. A contribution of \$2,000 from an individual or a society gives the privilege of naming a cot for all time; a donation of 25 cents will run the whole Hospital for half a minute. Between these two amounts there is surely some sum which can be sent by everybody to the secretary-treasurer at 69 College Street, Toronto, as a token of interest in a charity whose field is as large as this province. The Hospital for Sick Children is one of the largest and most highly regarded in the world. It is an institution in which the people of Ontario may take legitimate pride, for it is through their generosity that success has been possible.

Two hundred and fifty children, pale of cheek or with twisted limbs, will be the immediate beneficiaries of the Yuletide remembrances of your readers. Thousands more throughout the coming year will benefit by their kindness.

IRVING E. ROBERTSON,  
Chairman of Appeal Committee.

Robin Redbreast.

Sheila had just gone down to the country with her mother. It was the first time in her life she had been out of dull, drab, dreary London.

Directly after breakfast she climbed down from her chair, and ran out into the garden. Presently she came flying back again, bubbling all over with excitement.

"Oh mummy—mummy!" she cried. "Do come and look!"

"What is it, my dear?" asked mother. "Oh, mummy, there's a little outside, and it's got red cheeks right down to its knees!"

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