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SEALED PACKETS ONLY — EVERY LEAF PURE

HOME CANNED CORN IS GOOD EATING.

The Red Man set an illustrious example when he ate green corn. It is en enticing dish for which the majority awaits patiently or otherwise until it is ready to be served or until the first little white blisters appear. Those who await "otherwise" sometimes indulge in satisfying their early season appetites for this vegetable by purchasing the first ears that appear on the market. And what a disappointment it is when, with taste all set for a nice juicy ear of green corn, we bite into white kernels only to find them doughy and tasteless.

It may not be "elegant" to eat green corn from the cob, but it is the only way to get its full flavor and natural enjoyment. Our sympathy goes out to those with "store teeth" who must give up this pleasure.

We regret that Mother Nature permits us to feast on this delicious fresh vegetable but four to six weeks each year. But it is our privilege to have the next best down the line—home-canned corn.

To Can Corn—Select tender juicy corn before it reaches the starchy stage, and do not let it stand after picking, but can as quickly as possible. Blanch in boiling water from one to five minutes, according to the size of the kernels, and dip quickly into cold water. Cut the corn from the cob with a sharp thin-bladed knife and do not scrape.

The best results are obtained when one person cuts the corn from the cob and another fills the jars. A good proportion to use is half as much, by weight, of water as of corn. Put the corn into a kettle, add boiling water to cover, and one teaspoon of salt and two teaspoons of sugar to each quart of corn. Allow all to come to boiling point and pack in hot sterilized jars to within three-quarters of an inch of top, being sure that the water covers the corn. Adjust rubbers, screw top into position and take one turn back. Process under ten pounds of steam for seventy-five minutes, or three hours in hot water bath.

If your corn "flat-soured" last year, that is, had a sour taste and yet looked as if it were keeping in good condition, your trouble may have been due to the corn selected. It should be just between the milk and dough stage and should be canned immediately after picking. Do not blanch longer than five minutes, and only small quantities should be blanched and dipped at one time.

Corn, Tomatoes and String Beans—This makes a very tasty vegetable dish. Use one part corn, one part string beans, and three parts tomatoes. Blanch and cold dip corn as for canning and cut from cob. Cut string beans into convenient lengths, blanch four minutes and cold dip. Blanch tomatoes one to three minutes, cold dip, remove skin and core. Mix thoroughly, pack in sterilized jars, adjust rubbers and tops, and take turn back after top is screwed into position. Process forty minutes under fifteen pounds steam pressure.

Just creamed corn makes a delightful vegetable dish, but the following recipes give added variety to its use:

Corn Fritters—One cup of corn, half pint milk, half pint flour, one teaspoon baking powder, two eggs, salt and pepper. Add milk, eggs and seasoning to corn, and after mixing add flour sifted with baking powder. Beat thoroughly and fold in beaten egg whites, fry in deep fat, and serve with syrup.

A PRETTY FROCK FOR DANCE OR PARTY.

4384. Dotted Swiss was chosen for this model with frills of organdy. This is a pretty style for voile and for the new figured cottons, also for mull and organdy. The bertha may be omitted.

This Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 6, 8, 10, and 12 years. A 10-year size requires 4¼ yards of 36-inch material. It would be attractive in pink or crepe or crepe de chene with pipings or bandings in self or contrasting color.

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.

Minard's Liniment for Dandruff.

The Gift Of The Gods

BY PEARL FOLEY.

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CHAPTER XI.—(Cont'd.)

"Eh? What's that you say?" demanded Mrs. Ashton.

The beginning of David's speech had caused the old lady to flop rather heavily back into her chair, but the last words brought her up again like a rubber ball.

"Yes, mamma," began Grace.

"Quiet," snapped her mother. "This discussion requires brains, not sentiment. You say, David, that America has been fooled by him?"

"I said nothing of the kind, my dear aunt. You know as well as I that Uncle Sam isn't easily fooled."

"Very true, very true, but this rumor of Washington shipping Rowen Strathmore here—for the love of Annie I can't believe it—no, sir." She focussed her eyes indignantly on David. "It's just some scheme you and that girl of mine have concocted between you."

"O mother!" protested Grace.

"Not another word. This isn't a matter of sentiment."

"It's no scheme, aunt. Young Strathmore has, as I said before, been appointed to the diplomatic service."

"H'm. Marvels never cease. Fish will be developing brains after awhile. Well, as I always told Grace, if she could persuade him to stop the giggle, his brain might have a chance to grow."

"May I congratulate you then, aunt, on your future son-in-law before I leave for England?"

"Eh? What? Mercy, boy, have a care for my apoplectic tendency! I thought for a minute you were in earnest and going right now."

"You understood it right, aunt. I leave in the morning."

David found it harder work to convince his aunt than Grace of the necessity of his departure, but as for Grace, she showed no concern or regret at all. David was not a little disappointed over what he mentally termed infidelity to friendship, for somehow Grace was now the only plank in the maelstrom he had hoped might help to keep him afloat.

"Well, David," concluded his aunt, "it's the regret of my life you're Grace's first cousin. You're so like myself as far as brains go that eugenics would prohibit you for my son-in-law."

"O, mother!" came from Grace.

"Quiet!—David needs no apologies from me. This isn't sentiment. Well, David, as I've always said, money and brains are the staff of life, and you've got both. I'm as proud of you as if you were my own son."

David was touched in spite of himself by his aunt's reluctance to part with him. The light blue eyes were misty as she held his hand, and there was a wistful note in her voice as she enquired, "I suppose, David, we could never make a Yankee of you, but when I'm alone—"

"Alone? Why, aunt, what's come over us all? It's that blame word 'Good-bye'! It should never have been invented."

"Alone is the word, David," persisted his aunt. "If the American Government wants a diplomat it must be obeyed, and if the diplomat would do better work with a wife he must have one."

"Mother!" Grace made a step forward, but her mother waved her away.

"This isn't a matter of sentiment—it's better business all round for two young people to be alone; besides I'm tired to death of this heathen country. I haven't given in, but the truth is I'm just dying for a sight of the Blue Mountains of Kentucky."

But Grace had her arms around her mother and smiles and tears mingled.

David, while he rejoiced with them, felt miserably alone. A fierce desire took possession of him to toss scruples to the wind—to love and live. But the conflict lasted only a moment. Quietly he slipped from the room, glad for Grace's sake self-denial wasn't a family spectre. He had taken only a few steps down the hall, however, when the door flew open. Throwing conventionality into Mrs. Grundy's lap, Grace ran after him and flinging her arms about his neck she kissed him on both cheeks. "David dear," she whispered, "I know why you are leaving. May God bless and help you!"

For answer David stooped and kissed her forehead.

As Grace re-entered the sitting-room she said softly, "Poor David!"

"What's that?" questioned her mother.

"Nothing, mother. I was just wishing everybody was happy like me. Poor David—I—"

"David unhappy?—nonsense! He has too much brains—no sentiment about him."

CHAPTER XII.

A surprising change came over Tu Hee after David had left her. She peered out between the curtains of her rickshaw until the big gates clanged to, shutting from her view the tall form standing rigid in the centre of the road. David's idea of a quiet, indifferent Chinese maiden would have received a decided jolt could he have seen the sudden soft light in the blue eyes, heard the low laugh that rippled from between her parted lips, and the tattoo beat by her slippered feet.

These actions not giving sufficient vent to her feelings, she brought her hands together and bounced up and down like a gleeful child. Then all at once her face grew wistful, and she whispered low, as if afraid the breeze, which swayed the curtains of the rickshaw, might overhear, "My English mandarin!" and with a happy sigh lay back among the cushions.

Poor Tu Hee! already a grim, cruel shadow was over her, which was to chase the smile of youth from her lips for many a day. So happy was she in her dreaming that she did not notice the lapse of time, did not awaken to the fact that the runners had covered enough distance to arrive at her door a dozen times over. It was the shrill, piercing call of a shriek owl that aroused her. Parting the curtains, she looked out. To her amazement she was no longer in her own grounds. Instead, trees and hills surrounded her. Indignation and fright mingled in her tones as she called out, "Where are you taking me? Stop, you have—" But a wild scream finished her sentence, as she crouched in terror into the further corner of the rickshaw, away from the two evil eyes that peered in at her.

A voice which she knew only too well answered her. "Frightened? Shall I come in with you, little Tu Hee?"

With an effort Tu Hee forced herself to sit upright. She returned calmly the look of the bold eyes, but her nail shields cut into her flesh cruelly as she clenched her hands. "What does this mean, Chu Sing? My uncle, as you know, does not allow me to travel at night."

"So I said to myself when I saw the foreign devil with you."

Tu Hee decided she was using the wrong tactics. "Do you know, Chu Sing"—a half laugh accompanied the words—" you frightened me for a minute! Please tell the runners to turn back. I should be home."

"Home—ah, what a word!—just where we will be soon, my dear."

With a cry Tu Hee leapt from her seat, but before she could make another move her arms were in an iron grasp. She was forced back, and to her horror and fright Chu Sing seated himself beside her.

"Alone at last," he whispered.

For a moment Tu Hee thought merciful death had come to release her. She did not know it was merely fear paralyzing and turning numb her whole being.

A laugh broke the stillness of the night, a laugh that started her blood creeping again with horror. The evil face came nearer. She felt his breath on her face and neck. With a feeble cry she put out protecting hands. They were clasped in the hot grip of the man and she felt herself being drawn forward. In vain she struggled. She was pinioned like a helpless bird, and her captor was merciless. His arms were around her. His lips were on her neck. And then superhuman strength came to Tu Hee's assistance, and like a panther she hurled herself at him.

Taken unawares he fell back, and Tu Hee leapt past him out into the night.

The moon, which a minute before had flooded the hills with light, was now covered by a cloud. Tu Hee did not know where she was running to but she knew she must keep on. The savage shouting behind told her she was being hotly pursued. Her brain worked automatically. She longed for trees, anything that might conceal her. The ground was becoming uneven. She had apparently left the road. Her breath was now coming in dry, sobbing pants. Oh, if the gods would only let her die! Then the moon suddenly bathed the world in a silvery, dazzling glow and Tu Hee's wild eyes saw trees, clusters of them, but they were up the hill. Could she reach them in time? A wild barbaric yell told her she was seen. She dared not look around. Her strength was fast failing, but desperate fear, fear of something worse than death, gave impetus to her struggling limbs. Up, up, she stumbled, and then—it was a twisted tree root that was her undoing—her foot slipped. Physical pain mingled with her terror, and with a low moan she sank to the ground.

When Tu Hee opened her eyes the horrors of the night had not crept back into her mind. Darkness hid her surroundings from her and the softness of her bed betokened only luxury, safety, and home. Her head felt a little queer, and sleepily she turned to rest it more comfortably. A cry escaped her. Her ankle! As she raised herself on her elbow the whole horrible truth rushed over her, and in spite of the acute pain she started from the bed. Upon reaching the floor, however, she stumbled, and a chair overturned. Immediately the door opened, and Tu Hee's wide horror-stricken eyes fastened on the stream of light that crept in. Relief almost choked her as she saw a Chinese woman servant enter with a lamp.

Toddling forward on her tiny feet, she set the lamp on a small teakwood table near the bed and then prostrated herself before the pale, frightened Tu Hee.

"Please get up," commanded Tu Hee in Chinese. "Tell me where I am."

The woman rose and for answer gazed at her interlocutor in dumb, stupified amazement.

"Where am I? Please tell me." Tu Hee's question in spite of herself was a frightened wail. Still the woman did not reply.

Tu Hee moved forward a step. The pain of her foot turned her faint, but fear and will power enabled her to overcome her physical weakness. Grasping the woman by the shoulder she said sharply, "Speak—where am I?"

The woman put out her hand pitvingly. "Lie down," she said soothingly. "Lady sick. I call Master Chu Sing." She turned away as she said the last words.

"No, no!" shrieked Tu Hee, stumbling after her; "come back!"

The woman stood still. A flicker of wonderment passed over her stolid, stupid face as she crossed the room.

Tu Hee grasped her hand tightly. She felt somehow this woman was a safeguard. "You must not leave me," she pleaded. 'Tell me, is this Mr. Chu Sing's house?"

The woman nodded.

A groan escaped Tu Hee. Hope deserted her entirely now. Chu Sing might come in any minute and then—A shudder convulsed her. It seemed as though her brain would give way. A twinge of pain brought her attention to her ankle. It was neatly bandaged and she wondered vaguely who had done it, but what did it matter? Oh, if she could only escape! Was there the slightest chance? she asked herself, as her gaze rested on the woman in front of her. Well, she could at least try. "Please fetch me a drink of water," she said wearily.

The woman bowed and hobbled from the room.

When the door had closed, Tu Hee, as quickly as she was able, made her way to it. To her relief it was unlocked, but, and new-born hope turned to ice around her heart, another door confronted her. She turned the handle but the barrier did not give. She was a prisoner in Chu Sing's house.

(To be continued.)

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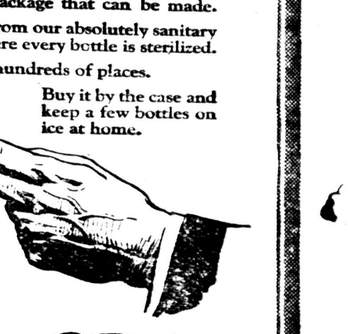

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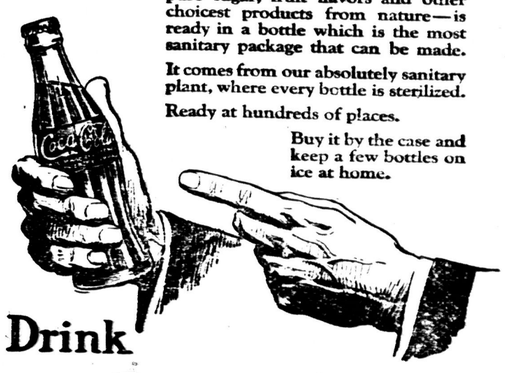

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