

# Until You Try "SALADA" GREEN TEA

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



### NEW TOOLS YOU WILL WANT FOR YOUR KITCHEN.

One of the greatest pleasures I derive from a trip to the city, or from the receipt of a new catalogue, is the opportunity to visit stores which carry kitchen equipment, or to gaze at the pages illustrating such appliances. In perfect contentment I can wander for hours among counters of pots and pans. Likewise I spend many an evening happily by looking at pictures of these articles. Usually a few articles are ordered while "the spirit is willing," but many others are dreamed about for months before they are bought or discarded as unessential.

The accumulation of a few kitchen devices from year to year is an excellent method of equipping any home workshop if the purse is not so fat as one wishes it were. It is in this way that I keep my kitchen up-to-date.

Since my collection of working tools has been improving during the last few years, I have decided to tell you about the additions. Every article of which I am going to relate has proved helpful in my work, sufficiently so that I consider it a good investment.

No doubt you started housekeeping just as I did, with the ungodly hand of a left hand. This worked all right, and I certainly was awkward for a long time.

At one time I was asked to pour a liquid from one vessel to another. The procedure was not difficult, but it also resulted as a result of my left hand. My hand was shaking so much that the liquid was all over the place or stove. All the pans and articles I have purchased recently have two lips, one on each side.

And then there has been an improvement in the handles. I used to get a little after making certain that the handle was strong, never thinking whether it would carry the heat or not. And experiences have trained me to look at handles, and if they are of ball type I select one which has a wooden piece in the centre to hold to the handle. My kettle has a sturdy handle—that is, one that cannot fall down against the kettle and become so hot that it will burn the hand.

Also have a waterless cooker which is a favorite. It is aluminum and has a lid that clamps on. Its base is of metal, and in between this and the bottom of the kettle is a layer of asbestos. This interlining does away with the danger of burning foods, so no water need be used in cooking. Consequently, all the natural flavor is retained. I use potatoes, other vegetables, and meats in this kettle without adding water, and bake them on top of the stove. Pies, cakes, muffins, and other foods are cooked in this unusual but useful device. The lid is left open so the steam in the kettle will escape. This inexpensive device is fine to use all the time, as well as when there are thousands, all and wood cutters, or any large crowd to be cooked for. It is not heavy. I prefer a utensil that is not so big and clumsy and heavy as those our grandmothers used.

Another little article that I like, even though it is not used every day by any means, is the egg slicer. Since I serve hard-cooked eggs as a garnish on salads, spinach, and many other dishes, it is fine to be able to cut the egg in thin rounds quickly—in fact, with the move of a hand. Much less disappointment is experienced by crushing egg than when a knife is used for the cutting.

My rolling pin also is a joy. It is of glass, but I am certain that those of porcelain are equally good. Both can be washed and kept sanitary with the minimum expenditure of energy, and crushed by or very cold water may be placed inside when I am rolling pastry, thereby thoroughly chilling it. My rolling board is covered with a piece of heavy duck or canvas which I fasten down with thumb tacks.

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## The Gift Of The Gods

BY PEARL POLLEY.  
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### CHAPTER XXV.—(Cont'd.)

In time, as the sunset, the beauty of his child's nature shone forth. His soul he might come to think less mainly of the man who had hung the sinister shroud across his threshold, but who also, recognizing the great responsibility he had snatched to himself, had ever kept jealous vigilance over the purity and innocence of youth. In time this might come to pass. Who can tell?

In the meantime, anger was submerged and tortuous thoughts banished by the exquisite joy which was pouring into the temple home among the hills.

And so passed those wonderful first days for the reunited family. Reunited? Ah, no, for neither Neil Culver nor Irma, nor yet Tu Hee—who had the first day learned by heart, from his babyhood days to his last glorious achievement, the history of Paul, her young hero brother—forgot for a moment a grave in far-away France, an emblem of sacrifice of just such joys as was now theirs—love, home, the birth of a new day, the soft hush of a lark-sweet twilight—yes, all the dear, familiar things that the world's young dead had loved so well and had given up for their fellowmen.

Ah, the pity of it! And the glory of it, too! And from the Culver home, as from every home where the grim shadow lies, goes up the righteous cry: Forgive, not, ye who go on your bottom permits one to handle small amounts with as great efficiency as large ones.

No housewife is a greater enthusiast over thermometers than I am, and I predict that another generation from now everyone will cook by temperature, not by guesswork. I started out to judge temperatures by guessing, and my results were too varied for me to repeat here. I am willing to admit, however, that I know how discouraging it is to have what appears to be a perfect cake batter or bread dough and ruin it because the oven was too hot or too cool. Likewise I have wept when the cake icing was too hard or thin to spread properly, and when the candy was not cooked long enough. It would be with great reluctance that I would part with my candy and oven thermometers.

An apple core is another small tool that I consider worth its weight in gold. We happen to be fond of baked apples, and we like them served whole. It is much easier to twist the core and take out the core than to dip around hopelessly with a knife, wasting energy and apple.

And if you like angel-food cake you will like to reserve a pan with a tube in the centre for use in baking this type of cake. It makes a prettier cake and permits the cake to bake in a uniform manner throughout.



4527 A SIMPLE AND ALTOGETHER PLEASING FROCK.

4527. Light gray chambray with bandings in blue would be good for this little model, or, brown linen with red embroidery. There is a choice of two sleeves with this style, a becoming "baby" puff sleeve, or one in flare effect.

The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 1, 2, 3 and 4 years. A 4-year size requires 2 1/4 yards of 36-inch material.

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

### A Long Job.

The tickets for a certain Sunday-school annual tea had been distributed to the scholars, and the superintendent was surprised when a small boy inquired how it was he had not got one.

The superintendent looked at the boy and said: "You don't attend the school!"

"Oh, but I do," replied the boy.

"When was the last time you came?" asked the superintendent.

"Last treat day, sir," replied the boy.

"Where have you been since?"

"Please, sir, I—I've had a bad cold."

"At the Summer Hotel.  
"The dog is breaking."  
"A dog here would break most any body."

"Poor mother, it's a shame."  
"Tut, tut, child. I can stand a little inconvenience, I guess. Besides, it won't be long before you and Helen lose your identity—two weeks. And then, my dear, I think I'll leave you. The fact is, Grace—yes, I might as well admit it, sentiment's got the best of me at last—the blessed blue hills of Kentucky are tugging at me mighty hard."

The handkerchief was again in evidence. Grace made no reply. She knew none was needed; sentiment had indeed penetrated the crust of bluff, and her mother, unabashed, was revelling in memories of the sunny South.

CHAPTER XXVII.

The great ocean liner ploughed its onward course toward American shores. On its deck a girl and man were standing; the girl's eyes were fastened wistfully on the dimming outline of China, the man's on the face of the girl.

Yes, it was Tu Hee and David, but not the Chinese maiden. Ah—this was a typical American maiden. The only foreign trait that clung and would always be a part of her, that whispered comment, was the graceful, unfeigned manner—to sum it all up in one phrase, the charming courtesy of the East.

In her smart sporting costume of white, topped by a soft, coy tam, which did not altogether conceal hair no longer straight, lustrous, and black, but soft, silken, and of that rare shade—well, perhaps David's description is best—sunbeam gold—she looked very lovely. No wonder the man beside her drew deep breaths and marvelled again that this happiness should have fallen to his lot.

As David watched her, he knew he was not even on the edge of her thoughts, but he felt no twinge of jealousy. Yes, Tu Hee was far away at that moment in the glad, joyous cycle of her childhood and youth, which was closing, even as the outline, on which her eyes fastened, was fading from view.

"It is no use, I cannot say goodbye." Her voice was detached, as if it were her own soul she was addressing. "Something tells me he does not wish it, that his love will be mine always."  
"There they are, Neil."

Irma Culver's voice had a bright, reawakened ring to it; her step was buoyant as she approached with her husband, and the weary lines almost vanished from the face, which through all the trying years had not lost its spirituality.

When within a few feet of the engaged pair, Irma paused and laid a hand on her husband's arm. "See, Neil," she whispered, "she is watching China fade away. I feel ashamed of this intrusion. Had we not better go the other way?"

Suddenly Tu Hee reached forth her arms and drew them back again to her breast; the gesture was almost caressing. Her lips moved; her voice was but a murmur. "Farewell, dear land, but I am not unhappy, for your memories are locked tight in my heart, David!"

"Yes, dear?" David bent closer; his hands sought hers as he waited for her lip to speak the message in her eyes.

"David, dear, the mantle of the past has slipped from me—that part of me that has fought for control so long, that has so often worried and puzzled me, now stands dominant; the blood of my fathers and the free spirit of the Western world have conquered."

Reverently she bowed her head over the hands that were clasping hers, as she softly added: "Henceforth, my beloved, thy people shall be my people and thy God my God."

And the sky and the sea met in a benediction—China, framed in a girl's golden youth, had closed from view. (The End.)

Minar's Lintment for Dandruff.  
Doctor's Orders.  
"Have you any dog biscuits?" said Mrs. Jameson to the grocer.  
"Dog biscuits?" asked the grocer.  
"Yes, but what do you want them for? You don't keep a dog, do you?"  
"I know we don't," replied Mrs. Jameson, "but the doctor has ordered my husband to eat animal food."

## Haunted House.

There was a place where mice would ever come. For shelter, save as we did from the rain. We saw no ghost, yet, once outside again, each wondered why the other should be dumb. For we had fronted nothing worse than gloom. And rain, and to our vision it was plain. Where thrift, outshivering fear, had let remain. Some chairs that were like skeletons of home.

There were no trackless footsteps on the floor. Above us, and there were no sounds elsewhere. But there was more than sound and there was more. Than just an ax that once was in the air.

Between us and the chimney, long before Our time. So townsmen said who found her there.  
—Edwin Arlington Robinson.



"You say she's a remarkably strong woman?"

"She is indeed—strong enough to hold her tongue."

## Razors and Royalty.

It is rather odd that at a time when beards are so much out of fashion his Majesty King George should wear one. In this respect he follows the example of Edward the Peacemaker, his father, who was the first of our sovereigns to wear a beard for nearly 800 years.

We must travel back in history as far as Charles I. before coming to another bearded king. He was the last king, until what we call modern times, to wear a beard and "his own hair." Indeed, when George III. was on the throne no beard had been seen in England until living memory.

Like our present king, Charles the First seems to have copied his father. James I's beard, too, had been, in a way, rather a novelty, because his three immediate predecessors had been a boy and two women.

By the way, the predecessor and father of these three, Henry VIII, the much-discussed and much-married Tudor monarch, broke the record of a fairly long line of beardless kings by himself cultivating a beard, for none of his predecessors, from Henry V. to Henry VII, wore a beard.

All the Saxon kings favored beards, but William the Norman only wore a moustache, as did his sons and several of their successors on the throne. But Richard the Lion Heart made beards fashionable again, for his brother John, Henry III, and the first three Edwards were all "razorshy." Indeed, from 1066 to 1413 no clean-shaven king sat on the throne of England.

To sum up, since the Norman Conquest, there have been thirteen beard-wearing kings, fourteen clean-shaven kings, and six who shaved the chin but not the upper lip.



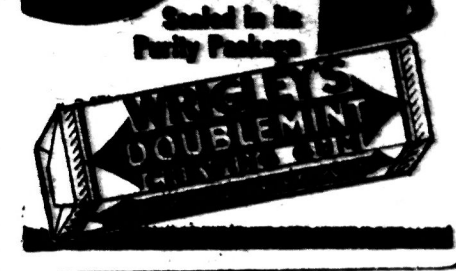
Adding a New Customer.  
Visitor—"But, my dear, how have you succeeded in earning so much money?"  
Little Boss—"Oh, bein' paid for kisses an' takin' castor oil."

Minar's Lintment Heals Cuts.  
In Madagascar, the natives have a curious superstition about the striped partridge; anyone finding a nest of this bird and not breaking the eggs, causes the death of his mother.

## WAGGERS

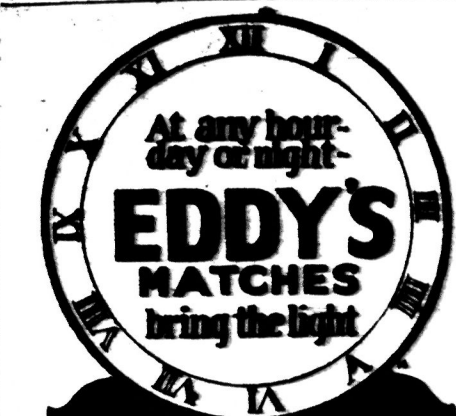
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Give a present to your pocket for an ever-ready bank.

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Fully Packaged



"Motor traffic gets worse and worse," said the old lady in the city. "Really, nowadays it isn't safe to be a Presbyterian."

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It was Christmas, and Nellie was fastening the feathered hood, and filling the hod. "It will be a wondrous gift," John Dobbs panted in his feet before she was from the floor and fragrant of Christmas cake. "Mary Dobbs! her fuming of anxiously at him! He had gone to express purpose. She sighed a resolute. "Cold, John?"

THE giver of

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