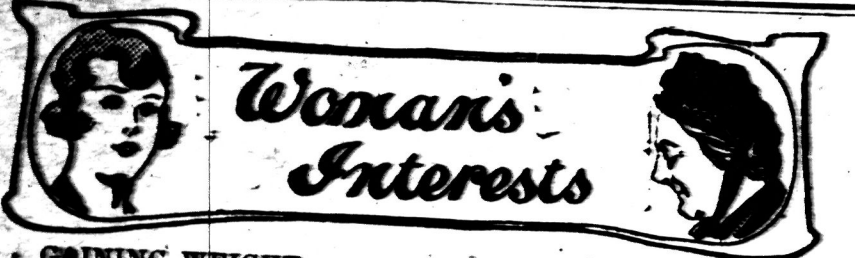


Exposed to Air
 has none its freshness and flavor.

"SALADA"

TEA

For that reason is never sold in bulk.



GAINING WEIGHT.

Underweight can be directly traced to a disturbance of the digestion or assimilation. By a careful, regulated diet it has been possible in many cases to bring the weight up to normal, without a doubt, a change of diet is the most important factor in increasing the weight.

Next to diet comes the mental attitude, which, in many cases, is the direct cause of impaired digestion and assimilation. Worry, anxiety, fear and lack of self-confidence are enemies of good digestion. These negative traits should be replaced by cheerfulness, faith and confidence.

Regular exercise, daily recreation, relaxation and plenty of fresh air in the sleeping-room are of importance in building tissue.

I know of nothing better for one, mentally and physically, than to get out in the open country and tramp for miles. If you have mountains or hills near you, climb. It's hard on the knees if you're not used to it, but it's wonderful for developing the chest. You never can know how much breath your lungs are capable of holding, until you start up a mountain slope.

Walk until you are pleasantly tired. When you get home, take a hot bath if possible and lie down to rest. You will be mentally stimulated and physically relaxed and you won't know you've had a nerve in your body. Also, you'll sleep soundly even if you are naturally rather restless. The person who wishes to increase in weight should try to sleep at least eight hours out of the twenty-four. Ten hours would be better.

Eat nourishing food rather than rich food, for the latter taxes the digestive organs and prevents the results you are striving for. Eat rice and cereals with cream. Drink plenty of milk and add some of the malted milk to your tea or coffee. Take an abundance of salad dressing each day, using a recipe which includes olive-oil or its milder substitutes. Avoid acids, even fruit containing acid. Use more butter than formerly. Eat ice cream; pure ice cream is a food, not a luxury. Plain cake is in the same class. Rich, spicy cake or cake having rich frosting is too hard to digest. So is pastry. Eat cream soups and vegetables served with a cream sauce. Stewed oysters and clam broth are nourishing and easily digested. Macaroni is good; so are potatoes, especially when baked. Broiled, roasted and boiled meats are good and while fat meats are recommended, friend meats should be avoided. Bread is good, so are eggs. Desserts made with milk and eggs are best. Bananas, dates and raisins may be eaten freely.

The following foods should be excluded from the diet: Vinegar, pickles, mustard, chow-chow, hot spiced sauces or relish.

THREE TIMES EVERY DAY.

Three times every day. Putting the same dishes on the table. Wondering what to have to eat. Washing the dishes afterward. Sweeping up the crumbs. Planning the next meal and making the necessary preparations. Mother knows the endless tale. It is, as one mother expresses it, "nagging" to get three meals every day.

But there is another side which we do not consider so frequently. Three times every day. Every place, even to the high-chair, filled. The stew that daddy especially likes—even if he neglects to say so. The salad daughter adores. The pie that makes the boys' eyes shine.

Three opportunities to listen to the children's chatter—their games, their lessons, their triumphs and troubles. The joke that brings a gale of laughter. The point that father explains which teaches a useful lesson. The needed reproof for lax manners. The happy sigh of repitance at the end.

Mealtime isn't all rush and crumbs and soiled dishes. It not infrequently happens that it is the only time in the day when the whole family is together.

After all, perhaps three times every day isn't any too often.

AN EMERGENCY HOT-WATER BAG.
 I chanced to be in a home one day where a hot-water bottle was needed and there was none, but the housewife made a very satisfactory substitute out of a piece of an inner tube.

LEARN BARBER TRADE.
 In few weeks. Positions guaranteed. Steady employment. Write for Free Catalogue. Home System of Cosmetology, 125 Queen St. E., Toronto.

REJUVENATING THE KITCHEN.

Ever since I've been on the farm I've had such a dreadful time trying to keep the oil cloth on my kitchen table presentable. This summer I hit upon a "brand new" idea which saves energy as well as money.

It costs sixty-five cents for oilcloth enough to cover my table, and it is necessary to recover it at least three times each year. This summer I enamelled the woodwork grey and had enough enamel left to cover three kitchen chairs and table. I gave the top of the table three coats. I find that doesn't show wear like the oilcloth did, and will not need to be painted more than once a year in order to keep it looking fine.

My kitchen is about fourteen feet square. I have painted the walls a light buff color, and made curtains of unbleached muslin trimmed with blue checked gingham. It looks so cozy we decided we would enjoy eating all our meals in it, except when there are guests. I made lunch cloths for the table of unbleached muslin, which will wear longer and are easier to launder than those I felt as though we had to use in the dining-room.

Even when I have several hired men to cook for I set the table in the kitchen. It is much warmer than the dining-room in winter. I use a small oil stove for cooking in summer. It is pleasant in here at that season, and it saves many steps.—Mrs. W. G. R.

PRESERVING EGGS.

To preserve eggs in salt, they should be packed in a large box filled with salt. The eggs should be packed in layers so that the whole does not have to be disturbed when only using a few at a time. Keep in a cool place.

When using the waterglass solution, wash thoroughly one and one-half quarts of commercial waterglass with this solution in an earthen jar and pack the eggs carefully in it, being sure that the eggs are covered by at least two inches. Cover the jar to prevent evaporation, and keep in a dark, cool place.



A DRESS WITH NEW FEATURES FOR THE GROWING GIRL.

4496. Plaid gingham with linen in a contrasting color would be attractive for this style. Printed cotton, crepe or ratine are also pleasing. The waist portions are cut with skirt sections, that are joined to platted side portions. The short sleeve is cut in one with the waist. The long bell-shaped sleeve is added.

This Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. A 12-year size requires 3 1/2 yards of 36-inch material. To trim as illustrated with contrasting material requires 1/2 yard 36 inches wide.

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

Minard's Liniment for Dandruff.

Minard's Liniment for Dandruff.

Minard's Liniment for Dandruff.

Minard's Liniment for Dandruff.

Minard's Liniment for Dandruff.

Minard's Liniment for Dandruff.

Minard's Liniment for Dandruff.

Minard's Liniment for Dandruff.

Minard's Liniment for Dandruff.

Minard's Liniment for Dandruff.

Minard's Liniment for Dandruff.

Minard's Liniment for Dandruff.

Minard's Liniment for Dandruff.

The Gift Of The Gods

BY PEARL FOLEY
 (Copyright)

CHAPTER XIII.—(Contd.)

As they swerved into the street where Tu Hee's house stood they saw another car approaching from the opposite direction. The huge gates swung open and it turned in ahead of them.

"What can it be all about? O David, I feel we're on the brink of something tremendous!"

"Pray God she's safe," came the stifled response.

"Safe. Of course she's safe, and I think somehow this means she is to be safer."

Not waiting for the assistance of David or the driver Grace flung open the door nearest to her and sprang to the pavement.

On the steps of the great house they mingled with Neil and Irma Culver, Chesterton Reynolds, and Helen Claymore. Each group eyed the other askance.

Chesterton Reynolds was the most composed. "Well, here we all are, but if you don't know any more than we do the reason, your minds are a blank."

Before another remark could be passed a servant opened the door and ushered them through the big hall into the French sitting-room, where he left them.

The minutes passed, only five, but to many hours they seemed that way. At the end of the fifth minute David had made up his mind that suspense was a foolish, unnecessary burden, and he found out why he was set forth impatiently pacing he had reached the door, which he was about to open, when someone else anticipated him.

The servant re-entered, bowed, and motioned for the visitors to follow.

Out into the night again the procession passed, through the heavily-scented Oriental courtyard to the building of the compound. Here they were joined by another servant, whose Eastern calm was sadly deflated in quick, excited Chinese.

The stranger in the then turning to the bewildered English he said in hurried, broken English:

"She going fast, not much time—hurry, thanks!"

The mystery, the whole queer affair, was too much for David's overwrought nerves. Flinging himself in front of the others he grasped the Chinese by the arm and shouted at him in a choking, rasping voice:

"Who? For God's sake, boy, speak—who?"

The boy, startled at this roughly handling, shrank back, but instinctively obeying the command of the voice of the excited foreigner, replied:

"Su, she dying."

David's head spun with the shock of relief. He let go the boy's arm. Tu Hee was safe then. So great was the reaction that he wanted to laugh. Instead, however, silently, with the others, he entered a small apartment at the end of the corridor.

It was simply but comfortably furnished, but no one paid any attention to that fact. All eyes were centred on a bed on the far side of the room, where a Chinese woman was lying, whose short, hard breathing punctuated with low moans, proclaimed she was very ill.

David's eyes were not on the sick woman more than a fleeting second, however. His heart gave a great leap as a slight, white-clad form rose from beside the bed and approached the bow inclined them all, and then quietly she withdrew to her place beside the sick woman. But Tu Hee was not the only watcher.

Three Chinese officials now came forward. One of them, evidently the captain of the trio, approached. His English was very fair, and he spoke quickly and purposefully.

"This woman is ill unto death. In order to reach her ancestors and escape further suffering in the world, she one hour ago took a deadly poison. Her spirit will pass in half an hour. She has called for you to hear her last words. Which are Dr. Culver and his madam?"

As they swerved into the street where Tu Hee's house stood they saw another car approaching from the opposite direction. The huge gates swung open and it turned in ahead of them.

"What can it be all about? O David, I feel we're on the brink of something tremendous!"

"Pray God she's safe," came the stifled response.

"Safe. Of course she's safe, and I think somehow this means she is to be safer."

Not waiting for the assistance of David or the driver Grace flung open the door nearest to her and sprang to the pavement.

On the steps of the great house they mingled with Neil and Irma Culver, Chesterton Reynolds, and Helen Claymore. Each group eyed the other askance.

Chesterton Reynolds was the most composed. "Well, here we all are, but if you don't know any more than we do the reason, your minds are a blank."

Before another remark could be passed a servant opened the door and ushered them through the big hall into the French sitting-room, where he left them.

The minutes passed, only five, but to many hours they seemed that way. At the end of the fifth minute David had made up his mind that suspense was a foolish, unnecessary burden, and he found out why he was set forth impatiently pacing he had reached the door, which he was about to open, when someone else anticipated him.

The servant re-entered, bowed, and motioned for the visitors to follow.

Out into the night again the procession passed, through the heavily-scented Oriental courtyard to the building of the compound. Here they were joined by another servant, whose Eastern calm was sadly deflated in quick, excited Chinese.

The stranger in the then turning to the bewildered English he said in hurried, broken English:

"She going fast, not much time—hurry, thanks!"

The mystery, the whole queer affair, was too much for David's overwrought nerves. Flinging himself in front of the others he grasped the Chinese by the arm and shouted at him in a choking, rasping voice:

"Who? For God's sake, boy, speak—who?"

The boy, startled at this roughly handling, shrank back, but instinctively obeying the command of the voice of the excited foreigner, replied:

"Su, she dying."

David's head spun with the shock of relief. He let go the boy's arm. Tu Hee was safe then. So great was the reaction that he wanted to laugh. Instead, however, silently, with the others, he entered a small apartment at the end of the corridor.

It was simply but comfortably furnished, but no one paid any attention to that fact. All eyes were centred on a bed on the far side of the room, where a Chinese woman was lying, whose short, hard breathing punctuated with low moans, proclaimed she was very ill.

David's eyes were not on the sick woman more than a fleeting second, however. His heart gave a great leap as a slight, white-clad form rose from beside the bed and approached the bow inclined them all, and then quietly she withdrew to her place beside the sick woman. But Tu Hee was not the only watcher.

Three Chinese officials now came forward. One of them, evidently the captain of the trio, approached. His English was very fair, and he spoke quickly and purposefully.

"This woman is ill unto death. In order to reach her ancestors and escape further suffering in the world, she one hour ago took a deadly poison. Her spirit will pass in half an hour. She has called for you to hear her last words. Which are Dr. Culver and his madam?"

As they swerved into the street where Tu Hee's house stood they saw another car approaching from the opposite direction. The huge gates swung open and it turned in ahead of them.

WOMEN'S WEAR

Take it home in the kids
 Show a packet in your pocket for an ever-ready treat.

After Every Meal

Doublemint

His Reply.

"Oh, Gee!" ejaculated Heloise, the waitress of the rapid-fire restaurant, who had accidentally spilled the ketchup on the trousers of a customer. "I didn't go to do it. I'm sorry, mister!"

"Aw, that's all right, mom!" courteously answered Sandstrom Smith, of Rampage, who was dining there. "You see, these haint my other pants."

WOMEN CAN DYE ANY GARMENT, DRAPERY

Dye or Tint Worn, Faded Things New for 15 cents

Diamond Dyes

Don't wonder whether you can dye or tint successfully, because perfect home dyeing is guaranteed with "Diamond Dyes" even if you have never dyed before. Directions in each package.

The Pest.

"My idea of zero in the nonpaying guest," said Uncle Eb, "is the lady who is praying for a freeze to relieve her hay fever when we need three weeks more of hot weather to ripen the corn."

Christmas Gifts for the Kids

Buy now. \$1.00 brings Dressed, Dressed, Cut-out Toy, Clockwork Model, Art Crayons, Painting Book, Postage Paid.

EDDY'S MATCHES

Remember to ask for Eddy's when you order matches

this winter go to California

Fred Harvey

all the way

Santa Fe Superior Service and scenery plus Fred Harvey meals—your assurance of a pleasant journey there

Fullmans via Grand Canyon National Park—open all the year

MAIL THIS

FT. HENDRY Gen. Agt. Santa Fe Ry. 404 Free Press Bldg. Detroit 1, Mich. Please mail to me the following: Santa Fe Booklets CALIFORNIA PICTURE BOOK—(25) CALIFORNIA CO. 1935 CALIFORNIA LIMITED Also details as to cost of trip

RAW FURS WANTED

Highest Prices Paid for Skunk, Coon, Mink, Fox, Deer-Skins, Hides, Calfskins, &c.

Ship to Canadian Hide & Leather Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

ISSUE No. 46-22