

Superior to the finest Japanese, "SALADA" GREEN TEA is the best at any price—Try it.



APPLE A DAY MEANS HEALTH.

"An apple a day keeps the doctor away," has become quite an established health maxim. This fruit, with its mineral salts, acids and sugar composition of both nutritive and medicinal value, helps to tone the system to a better digestion.

But just how to serve the apple so that it will be most tempting to the family appetite and induce them to consume their health quota of this fruit is often a problem to mother. When they become tired of just apple sauce or baked apples, try some of these tested apple recipes to add variety.

Baked apple dumplings.—Cut rich pie crust into six-inch squares. In the center of each place a small apple pared and cored, in which has been placed one tablespoonful of sugar, a little cinnamon and a whole clove. Wet the edges of the pastry with white of an egg and fold over the apple and pinch together. Bake forty minutes in a moderate oven, and just before removing from the oven brush with white of egg and sprinkle with sugar. Serve with hard sauce.

Apple turnovers.—Soak three-quarters of a cup of tapioca for one hour and drain. Add two cups of boiling water and one-half teaspoon of salt and cook in a double-boiler until transparent. In a buttered baking-dish, arrange pared and cored apples, the cavity of which have been filled with sugar and a little cinnamon. Pour the tapioca over the apples and bake in a moderate oven until the apples are soft. Serve with whipped cream.

Apple fritters.—Pare and core tart apples and slice in quarter-inch slices across the apple. Sprinkle with lemon juice and powdered sugar. Make a batter of 1 cup flour, 1/2 cup salt, 2 well-beaten eggs, 1/2 cup milk, 1 lb. melted butter. Into this batter fold the whites of two well-beaten eggs. Dip the apples in the batter and fry in deep fat. When cooked, drain on brown paper and sprinkle with powdered sugar before serving.

Apple and cheese salad.—Mix chopped apples with twice their amount of cream cheese and a small amount of cream. Season with salt and pepper and mold into tiny balls. Slice pared and cored apples crosswise into slices one-half inch thick. Arrange on a lettuce leaf and cheese balls in the center. Serve with mayonnaise. This makes a delightful salad for Christmas dinner.

Apple loaf.—Set aside enough bread dough to make a small loaf. Into this dough work 1 lb. butter, 1-3 cup sugar, 1-4 cup cinnamon, 2 well-beaten eggs, 1 cup flour. Knead lightly by hand. Divide this dough into three parts; lay one part in a buttered pan and spread with an inch of chopped soft apples. Over the apples pour one tablespoonful of butter and then add a second portion; then a layer of apples, and then the third portion. Brush the top with milk and let rise until light. Steam one hour, then place in the oven to brown. Serve with cream and sugar.

HOUSE-MANAGER'S TIME HAS CASH VALUE.

It has been stated that the crudest kind of unskilled labor is worth thirty cents an hour in the industrial world. While it is unfair to list modern house-making and housekeeping in this humble class, it is interesting to work out the housewife's time on this basis. Experts state that seventy per cent. of the house-manager's time is spent in and about the kitchen, and estimated that on the basis of an eight-hour day (though it is in reality much longer) it has a cash value of \$1.80 a day.

It is wrong to have women spending five hours over an ironing board in a hot kitchen, when the job can be

done with ease and speed in one hour on an electric ironing machine.

In like manner, at least two hours of the home-maker's time are saved when washing is done electrically—a cash saving of \$31.20 a year in addition to the saving in soap and fuel.

When it comes to sweeping and cleaning, the electric vacuum cleaner is recognized as standard equipment. It saves at least six hours a week, which is a cash saving of \$93 a year and puts an end to the semi-annual upheaval known as house-cleaning.

Yet, after all, the cash value of the housewife's time is not nearly so important as her moral and ethical influence, and the electrification of household tasks would make her a better mother, a better neighbor and a better citizen.

A WAY TO FIX YOUR WORN TABLE TOP.

Worn or damaged kitchen table tops or other working surfaces of pine can be made almost as good as new. When the surface becomes silvery and stained, plane or scrape with a piece of broken glass until the surface is smooth and clean. Then give the surface three coats of hot boiled linseed oil, allowing two days for each coat to be absorbed. Wipe with a cloth to remove any surplus oil and then give three coats of good floor varnish. It will take three days for each varnish coat to dry. To keep in good condition, all your table top will then need is an occasional coat of varnish.

CANDIED CITRON.

To make candied citron, peel the citron melons and slice, or cut, into small pieces and soak in a weak salt water over night. In the morning drain and cover with fresh water, adding a pinch of alum and cooking very slowly until the melon is clear. Drain and cool. When cold, add two cups of sugar to each two cups of melon and enough water to moisten the sugar thoroughly. Return to the fire and simmer two hours. Place the citron on platters and dry in the sun. When thoroughly dry, pack in boxes between layers of sugar. A few pieces of ginger root added to the sugar improves the flavor.



A SIMPLE "EASY TO MAKE" APRON STYLE.

4276. Figured percale in blue and white, with banding of black bias tape, is here shown. This is a good model for gingham, rubberized cloth, linen, crepe or satin.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: Small, Medium, Large and Extra Large. A Medium size requires 2 1/2 yards of 36-inch material.

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

Each pod of the wild poppy has from 10,000 to 60,000 seeds.

X-rays have been put to many uses, including the preserving of furs against moths, testing chocolate made by machinery, and killing a micro-organism which attacks cigars.

Mineral's Liniment for Rheumatism.

The Gift Of The Gods

BY FRANK POLLEY
(Copyright.)

CHAPTER XXIII.—(Cont'd.)

David was the last to take his leave. As he bent over the little hand extended to him he murmured softly, "May I call to-morrow and say how glad I am for you?"

Tu Hee raised shy eyes to his face, a soft blush covered the waxlike pallor of her cheeks, but before she could reply Fate shot a thunderbolt which shattered and constructed at the same time.

"Lun, half hysterical, hobbled into the room.

"You must not let them go, Misses Tu Hee—no—no. Say to them come back."

The departing guests followed with amazed eyes the old nurse as she burst through their midst, a huge teakwood box in her arms, which she deposited on a table near her mistress.

"See," she exclaimed in a shrill voice, "my master say I must not show it for two moon after he go. Two moon now. He say, Misses Tu Hee, that he like keep love of his child till but you love him always, Misses Tu Hee, yes?"

Lun's voice was frantic in its appeal.

"Lun, Lun, you are overwrought. Please try and calm yourself."

"No, Misses Tu Hee, Lun not wrought over. See, she open box for you."

Fumbling in her dress, she excited woman pulled out a small gold key attached to a yellow silk cord. Her trembling fingers groped awkwardly as she endeavored to fit it in the tiny lock of the box.

"We had better go," suggested Irma in a low voice.

The words, quietly spoken as they were, reached Lun. She wheeled about, her arms upraised.

"No, no, Misses Madam—you no go—this for you too."

She hurried forward and dropped on her knees before the astonished woman.

"You hate Lun—you maybe want kill her, but no, you too good. You will hate, only hate. But Lun could not help, madam. She did it for sake of little Gift of Gods. And then one day Lun stand it no more—the evil know then, I heart scratch and tear—I go to your temple—yes, I go to tell all—but madam way to America."

Tears streamed down the old woman's face and she rocked back and forth, moaning.

"Hush, Lun," Irma bent over her. "You did me no wrong, my good Lun. I have always remembered you with kindness, for you were faithful always to me and mine."

But instead of comforting, Irma's soothing voice brought forth wild, agonizing sobs.

"You kill me now—I die you say more."

"Lun," Tu Hee laid a hand on her nurse's shoulder. "Please, Lun, try and calm yourself. You are distressed, my Mrs. Culver. Come, let me take you away."

"No," Lun struggled to her feet. Her sobs ceased and her voice was decisive as she exclaimed: "The voice of the dead must be obeyed."

Curious, half-pitying glances followed the old woman's stumbling efforts to lift the lid of the box she had hid away. She waved away all offers of assistance with the strange words that it was her last duty to the dead.

At last her efforts were rewarded and the lid flew back. Lun peered into the box, a look of awe and reverence intermingled with fear on her wrinkled yellow face. Slowly she drew forth two large bluish-tinted envelopes, which she examined closely.

"Yes, yours, Misses Tu Hee, and this yours—madam. Read here—two moons now."

Irma Culver, wondering and mystified, took the big legal-looking document from the woman's hand.

Curiosity and amazement were rife now among the spectators of this curious tableau. The little scene they were witnessing suddenly vibrated with human interest, but even they had no idea of the stupendous role they were about to witness.

As Tu Hee looked at the envelope her face went deadly pale. She recognized the writing of her guardian. Tearing away the blue flap, her trembling fingers drew forth a folded oblong parchment. The people surrounding her were forgotten, as eagerly and lovingly her eyes sought the last message of her beloved relative. It was in English, all of it.

"My darling Tu Hee, my Autumn Gladness, for indeed you have been that every moment you have breathed into my life, when you read this you will perhaps turn shudderingly away. Ideals are hard to lose, dear one, but I pray the gods your pity will go out to me and that your love may not recede, for you have loved me, little one, and my one great aim in life was to protect you from the shadows, to let you live in the open, broad sunlight, where sin and prejudice should not touch you. With this purpose before me I thrust no religion, no creeds upon your white, young soul. Foreign and Chinese education had equal chances in opening the bud I had for me to say it. I must not cringe and whine, must not even fear or shrink from the cold horror, the mistrust that may fill your soul. The gods help me. And may you find it in your heart, Autumn Gladness, to forgive an erring old man, who sinned against your blood and his own soul in his great love for you."

"Are you weeping, dear one? You were suckled and trained into a beautiful blossom in the arms of China, but your birthright is a foreign land. Not a drop of my blood, flows in your veins. The gods help me to say it: Tu Hee, my beloved child, yet mine only is

love, you are a foreigner by birth, an American—"

But Tu Hee's blinded eyes saw no more. They saw not even the wondering faces surrounding her. Dumbly her hand went to her head, as if to thrust away the hideous nightmare that clutched her; then with a little moan she staggered and would have fallen had not David caught her.

Tenderly he carried her to a couch, but so startling white was the face he looked into that his heart stood still with sudden fear. Before he could voice it, however, Neil Culver pushed him aside and bent over the slight form, from which seemingly the life had fled.

"She'll be all right presently. Open the windows, please, and bring me towels and water."

Culver's voice was cool, authoritative—the voice of the capable physician.

"No, please, don't crowd around—she needs all the air—why, Irma, dear!" The last words were addressed to his wife, who had thrown herself beside the couch, laughing and crying.

"Neil, Neil, look at her—can't you see?"

"See, dear?"

"Our baby, our little Tu Hee—O, my God, I thank Thee!"

A dim light of understanding broke into the room, but dim as it was it showed that the ground was too sacred for even friendship. So we, too, will step aside as the curtain of sympathy and understanding drops to shield a mother's soul.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Autumn seemed intent on getting rid of the last remnants of summer. In one last prodigal handful of sunshine and fragrance, and out on the sweeping lawns of the Wong Tu gardens a merry group was absorbing it.

Nor was the generous bounty confined to the lawns—the swans' domain had received a goodly portion, as the smooth, clear, sun-flecked waters of the lake signified, and the graceful rulers thereof had been called upon to share up. That they did this in no kindness of spirit was evinced in the proud, indignant amazement they exhibited as they watched from an exclusive distance the little green boat that glided about without their mistress.

"They look actually vengeful," laughed Helen Claymore as she tossed pieces of cake to the wary birds. "Aren't they beauties, the darling things?"

"A little too high and mighty for me," vouchsafed Reynolds. "I like something a little more impulsive—ah—er—a little more American, don't you know?"

Helen's eyes were dancing as she made the saucy remark.

"Helen!" Reynolds reached forward, covering her hand with his own. "Helen, why do you tease me so unmercifully? Sometimes I have reached the pinnacle of hope and then—"

Helen's head was drooping, perhaps to hide something in her eyes, which she was not ready for her companion to see.

Reynolds tried in vain to peer beyond the small, round chin, but the big, wide-brimmed hat was obdurate. "Well, hang it all—the uncertainty is killing—I'll take a chance." This reckless speech, by the way, was merely mental.

"Helen," the voice was desperate, pleading. "Helen, dearest Helen, am I a conceited ass? The fact is I—"

The moment had arrived. Helen's eyes came into view, such soft, dancing, happy eyes.

"No, Helen, dear, you're—"

But she got no farther. Time—two minutes later:

"Oh, dearest, please," came a smothered voice. "This pond is ideal to be on, but not in."

(To be continued.)



Other Wedding Days Ahead

Bride (sobbing)—"Look how it's raining on my wedding day!"

Bridesmaid—"Don't cry, dear—next time it will probably be bright and clear."

Sandy Scored.

A Scotsman was being shown over a battleship for the first time in his life, and, being keenly interested in all he saw, he plied his guide with all sorts of questions.

The marines seemed to interest him, and going up to one, he pointed to the grenade in the marine's cap and asked what it was.

"Don't you know what that is?" he asked. "Why, that's a turnip, of course."

"Ach, mon," replied the Scotsman impatiently, "I was no axing about yer head."

If you have half an hour to spare, don't spend it with somebody who hasn't.

Miner's Liniment Heals Cuts.

The Dog's Savage Relations.

The dog is the most respectable member of his family. His relations include such unpleasant creatures as wolves, jackals, and foxes. Apart from these distant connections, however, there are many first cousins of our household pet whom he would not care to acknowledge.

The South African wild or hyena dog is more like a wolf. It runs and hunts in packs, sleeping half-day and half-night and hunting the rest of the time.

In the East is a great variety of wild dogs. The pariah dog lives among human beings, but will attack them if it has the chance. It acts as a scavenger and lives on offal. In appearance this animal is tawny-colored, and looks what it is—a most unpleasant brute.

The Indian wild dog is somewhat larger than a jackal. It runs in packs and is absolutely fearless. These dogs are difficult to tame, but sometimes they are used in coursing and pig-sticking.

Wild dogs do not bark, though one of the South African species utters three distinct and curious cries. As a rule, too, wild dogs hold their tails and ears erect.

When tamed they act in a similar manner to the dog which has generations of civilized ancestors behind him. The Australian dingo, however, has a habit which no amount of taming can eradicate. Its favorite food, in the wild state, is poultry.

Ships With Glass Bottoms.

An invention has been brought out by a British pilot which will have the effect of lessening the risk of a vessel running aground in shallow water or in a fog.

In the bottom of the ship is a small window of very thick glass, through which a searchlight throws a strong beam of light on to the bed of the ocean. Above the window is a gate valve which, if the glass should get broken, could be closed instantly to prevent flooding.

Towards the bow of the ship is a gun-metal chamber open to the sea at the bottom, containing a tube which can be moved from the inside. This tube is directed on to the point of light cast by the searchlight on the bed of the sea, and the angle it has to make to hit this spot is recorded.

Given the exact distance along the ship's keel between the searchlight window and this tube, plus the angle which the tube has to make with the ship (the searchlight shines at a right angle) a simple calculation will work out the length of the searchlight's beam. And so the captain knows the precise depth of water in which he is sailing.

When perfected, this new depth finder will eliminate the difficulties of sounding, and will tell the captain his depth in any condition of weather.

Wise Words from Japan.

The Japanese, who are already setting to work to reconstruct the cities devastated by the recent terrible earthquake, have many quaint national proverbs.

One of their greatest characteristics—perseverance—finds expression in their saying: "Fall seven times, stand up the eighth time." Another in the same vein declares: "A road to a thousand miles begins with one step."

The Japanese equivalent of "casting pearls before swine," is "giving gold coins to a cat," and instead of "a wolf in sheep's clothing," they say "a wolf dressed in a priest's robes."

When a Japanese wishes to explain that a thing is quite impossible, he tells you that one might as well "learn to swim in a field," or "lap up the ocean with a shell."

"A small-minded man looks at the sky through a reed," and "The heart is the same at three as at sixty," are other Japanese gems. Picturesque, too, are "At the foot of the lighthouse it is dark," and "When the hen crows the house goes to ruin." The latter saying indicates the Japanese view of feminism. Equally pithy is: "There is no medicine for love-sickness and a fool."

The Silent Guest.

A little boy visited his aunt in the country not long since.

One day, at the dinner table, the lady complained that a jar of favorite preserves had mysteriously disappeared from the pantry.

Each one present disclaimed any knowledge of the fact except the little boy, who remained studiously silent.

At length, being asked if he knew what had become of the missing fruit, he ingeniously replied:

"Papa doesn't allow me to talk at table!"

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With digestion. Always fresh. Satisfies the thirst.

For Quality, Flavor and the Quick Package.

Wrigley's
FLAVOR LASTS

Good Fun.

A well-known minister had a great reputation as a punster.

Once when he was presiding at a social gathering, as he introduced the speakers, he made a pun on each of their names.

At last a Mr. Dunlop got up to speak. "Our reverend friend," he said, "will I think, have some difficulty in making a joke out of my name."

"Not at all, my dear sir," was the quick reply. "You have only to lop off the end and it's Dun."

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EDDY'S MATCHES

render the maximum of helpful service.

CORN VS. BARLEY

In order to do a fair feeding of barleys conducted at the Al Farm during two lots of Yorks of Berkshires in character and one lot of the latter was corn lots were fed bar.

The hogs were of age when averaged about thirty days. This feeding test days the meal third barley or thirty days, one and for the rest two-thirds barley other feeds included 3 per cent oil meal and skim-milk.

During the first shire and Berk meal failed to make the corn-fed lot at least due to on barley went on days, it being the Yorkshire planation could the quality of the have been at fault noticeable from a feed.

The results follow:

Period 1—30 days:
Yorks, corn...1.1
Yorks, barley...1.2
Berk, corn...1.0
Berk, barley...1.0

During this period the made greater economical gains hog.

Period 2—30 days:
Yorks, corn...1.1
Yorks, barley...1.2
Berk, corn...1.0
Berk, barley...1.0

The results showed that in light, the Yorks fed making greater economical gains, shires fed barleys, they, however, economical gains, period it was the test with the as these were the type of hog shop hogs, which the production of

Period 3—30 days:
Yorks, corn...1.15
Yorks, barley...1.5
A comparison of for the total per shows the corn-fed made an average pound greater.

Yorks, shires, but 30 days, is eliminating the latter lot showed daily gain—0.3 of daily, and this lot the same meal corn of gain and 8 of milk than the corn.

The meal ration suitable for the of the Berkshires, ed, but apparently for the Yorkshire Yorkshires possess were slightly barley-fed lot at Both these lots for the production.

In concluding it add that barley is able to pigs than in mixtures with this is a great advantage, which of the corn which the latter were the market price.

HOW CAN THE MINE THE TO G

The Experiment out Canada gave valuable adv the most promising to grow in the dis, which a given farm.

The districts in are so immense the formation regarding a variety for a given by an expert is especially true peculiar conditions then becomes imper a further test and tions in order to o which suits those of isfactory.

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