

SALADA
be fresh
DA"

ny Corner

Custard Pie
te with a good crust
cups chopped dates,
ard as follows:
1/2 cup sugar, 1 cup
1 teaspoon vanilla
may be used in place
of this all well and
bake until firm, then
egg whites, to
of sugar and pinch
have been added.
oven.

Salad
ets until tender, or
slice, cover with 2
ar and allow them
ht. Drain off vine-
onnaise. Take 1
cup peas, 1 cup as-
mix with the red
e in little roselle
aves and garnish

Shortcake
1/4 cup sugar and
2 cups
peach baking pow-
der. Add through
the mixture. Beat
butter, add mix-
ture. Turn into 2
cake pans. Bake
to 30 minutes.
Remove from pans.
Cool. Sprinkle with
1 dozen of the
es for garnishing.
Sprinkle with potato
1 cup sugar and
1/2 cup berries be-
and the remain-
er. Whip 1 pint
powdered sugar,
teaspoon vanilla,
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Mistaken Motives

By RENE M. WORLEY

He came to No. 17, Harman Street, on a pouring wet night in a month early in the year. The unfavorable weather conditions, combined with the lateness of the hour, and the fact that Aunt Emmeline knew he was speaking the truth about other houses being "full up" proved to be his good fortune. She took him in. True, as she said to Jean, her niece and general "help," it wasn't her practice to take in strange young men late at night, without much luggage or a reference.

"But I can always be safe for a few nights, anyway, by asking for a week in advance," she ended up complacently.

Jean was in bed when her aunt came panting up the stairs. She was tired and not very attentive, and she dented her head into the comfort of her pillows and murmured sleepily: "Oh, I expect he's all right! Burglars don't pick on a small boarding-house in a side street for a good haul!"

So Jerry Stevens came to be a lodger at No. 17. He seemed a nice enough young fellow. Aunt Emmeline was completely "won over" because he didn't want bacon for breakfast, and he always stood up when she came into the room. Aunt Emmeline had kept a boarding-house for the ten years of her widowhood, and she could only recollect three other gentlemen lodgers who had treated her so courteously and cost her so little to keep.

Trust Aunt Emmeline to know a gentleman when she met one!

"You mark what I say, Jean Caroline Matthews," she said solemnly to her niece, "that young man has known better days."

By which she meant that Jerry Stevens had been brought up in a decent home, and was not one of her regular "digging" fellows. He had a nice little air about him of being able to order a taxi whenever he felt inclined, and he played golf on Sundays as naturally as you pleased without talking about it over breakfast.

Yes, Aunt Emmeline knew a gentleman when she met one, and, to tell the truth, she liked having Jerry in her house because he gave a nice "tone" to the drawing-room, where he spoke in that pleasant voice of his to everybody, from Simpson, the shop-walker, to little Miss Jordan, who sold sweets in the High Street.

Jean Caroline Matthews liked his being there as well. Directly they saw each other—she was coming up the stairs and he promptly ran back again to let her pass—they looked at each other, the sort of direct, long look that just escapes being a rude stare by reason of a little mutual "something" in the eyes of both. And when he said "good-morning," and she replied, they both passed on their separate ways with a feeling that they had known each other for ages.

"It's very funny," said Jerry, when, a day or so later, he was friendly enough with her to talk in this strain. "What is funny?" asked Jean, flushing in spite of herself.

"It's funny the way I feel towards you—I mean, as if I've known you all my life," he answered firmly.

And Jean felt her cheeks grow so hot that she dared not look up at him, but murmured an excuse and ran away to the kitchen. There, in the mirror, over the sink, she looked into her own eyes and confessed to her heart peeping through them something that a moment ago had seemed almost incredible in its unexpected wonder.

"I love him!" she told herself. Then she was confused and bothered, and started to strain off the potatoes with such agitation that they rolled into the sink.

Now this might have been quite a straightforward love story had it not been for the arrival of Madeleine Sinclair. She was an actress—tall, willowy, and blonde—and on and off for three years she had occupied the first floor front during those periods known in the theatrical profession as "resting." This time, Madeleine Sinclair told Jean ruefully that she was resting for a long time, because her voice had "croaked" and her varicose veins were so bad no manager would even look at her.

"So I shall have a nice long rest, and get myself up to concert pitch again," she said hopefully.

Jean was very sorry for her, because obviously her days for securing juvenile leads were past, and her vanity would never let her acknowledge this.

From the very first, when they met each other at dinner, Madeleine Sinclair took to Jerry as a duck takes to the water. They discovered a mutual interest in antiques—Jerry was assistant in an antique shop—and from discussing china and old gold they passed to more personal topics, and soon were on the friendliest terms.

Jean was miserable about it—not for one moment, mark you, that she thought that her chances of Jerry were slipping in Madeleine Sinclair's direction, but because, with so much monopolizing, Jerry very rarely encountered Jean on his own, and they could not speak to each other in greater detail about that "feeling-I've-known-you-for-ages" they shared.

When Jean one evening took the coffee into the drawing-room, Jerry was sitting on the settee with Madeleine Sinclair, radiant and gushing in geranium-colored silk and enormous earrings bobbing on either side of

her stuffy blonde head. She had her jewel-box on her lap, and she was showing Jerry some of its contents. Her jewels were a source of great admiration and envy among the female population of No. 17, although, as Aunt Emmeline said with a sniff: "No real lady would come down to breakfast in three different kinds of jewellery!"

"Now, this necklace!" said Madeleine Sinclair, with enthusiasm. "Count Bombasi gave it to me when I was playing Rose in 'Love Flies.' It's very precious, and almost antique, having been in the count's family for years!" Jerry looked very attentive and very polite. He even threaded the pearls in and out of his fingers and held them up to see their effect in the light.

"Beautiful!" he murmured appreciatively; but his eyes were on Jean, meeting the blue of her eyes, and she set down his cup with a hand that trembled slightly, because, though she couldn't quite be sure, she felt she wouldn't be far wrong in her guess that he meant her, and not the pearls.

It was three days later that Aunt Emmeline answered the front door and encountered the fierce regard of a police inspector.

"Mr. Jerry Stevens live here?" he inquired abruptly; and she only just restrained herself from screaming by clapping her hand over her mouth. She panted into the kitchen, her cheeks positively sagging with fright.

"Lawdy, Jean Caroline Matthews!" she gasped. "There's a policeman on the step and he's come to take Mr. Stevens!"

Jean went to investigate, and a few seconds later returned to her distracted aunt with a triumphant and smiling face.

"Silly! It was only about his firearms license—he hadn't notified his change of address!" she reproached gently. "Surely you didn't think Jerry had done anything wrong!"

It was a morning of incidents. After the inspector came a telegraph-boy with a wire for Miss Sinclair, and within a few moments of its delivery came a wild rushing of feet, and a distracted Miss Sinclair, in a no less distracting kimono, who flopped her head on Jean's shoulder and sobbed about her brother being desperately ill—wasn't it awful?

"You'll have to go to him; I'll help you to pack!" said Jean sympathetically.

The sobs increased, the weight on Jean's shoulder was lifted, and the tragic eyes of the actress, streaming tears and eye-black, looked at her. "Yes—yes, of course!" she murmured brokenly. "I'll go at once—no to-day; to-morrow, or perhaps the day after. He's in Paris, you see!"

Next day Madeleine Sinclair came down to breakfast and announced brightly that she was going to Paris. Everybody stopped eating. It was marvellous, they considered, to be able to go to Paris as quickly and easily as all that!

So Madeleine Sinclair went off, and Jean stood on the step waving goodbye to her. Then she went upstairs and started on the beds. She left Jerry's room until last. It was fun to dust his room and arrange the things on the dressing-table. She lingered a long time over his brilliantine, his comb, and his brushes.

Just as she was moving the case that held his brushes something rattled inside, and out fell a pearl necklace. She recognized it at once—she had seen it too many times, heard its story too often, to mistake it. It was the valuable one Madeleine Sinclair had been showing him a night or two ago.

It was a terrible shock. Jean recalled the visit of the policeman—his tale about a firearm license might have been bluff so as not to scare her.

Oh, what a little beast she was to distrust Jerry so easily! Still, here were the pearls in his brush case, and the policeman had called, and Aunt Emmeline had taken him in without a reference, and—and—Oh, it was too hopeless, too horrible! She didn't want to suspect Jerry—one half of her simply refused to think of such a thing—but there was the practical intelligent half of her that read of such cases in the newspapers, that had to face facts as she saw them.

Even if Jerry had—had stolen the pearls, she loved him just the same, and maybe it was only an impulsive action. She suddenly picked them up, and clasping them in her hand she walked resolutely into Madeleine Sinclair's room opposite and put them in the drawer of the dressing-table.

When he came home that night, she beckoned him into the pantry; and, pale and unhappy, she told him what she had done.

"I was dusting your dressing-table, and I found the pearls there," she said steadily. "Look here, Jerry, I've put them back in Miss Sinclair's room, I—I don't think you meant to take them; anyway, if you did, I still love you, and no one else will ever know—see?"

Then she covered her face with her hands and cried and cried, until he moved them with his strong fingers and held them tightly against his lips.

"Oh, my dear, so you saved me from being a thief?" he murmured tenderly. She raised her face to his—very pale it was, with furrows of tears on her cheeks.

"But, darling, you've mistaken my motive," he continued gently, and laughter fringed the edge of his tones. "You see, I was asked by a very distressed lady, with a brother sick in Paris, whether I would buy her valuable pearls to enable her to afford

Dive Sea and Shanks to Rescue Woman



Diving from "A" deck of the Canadian Pacific liner "Empress of Russia" into the shark-infested waters of the China Sea, midway between Hong Kong and Shanghai, on May 25, Tom Ellworthy, ship's carpenter, battled for the life of Mrs. Katherine Makaroff, one of the passengers. When he saw his shipmate in danger, D. R. Dean, intermediate fourth engineer, went over the side to his aid and the trio were picked up by one of the ship's boats. Both Ellworthy (left) and Dean (right) have been officially cited for their heroism.

Horses Honored at the Capital

By ANNE MERRILL

Great homage was paid to the horse in the Canadian capital on May 24th, when the Ottawa Horse Parade and Show Association held its third annual event. There were three hundred and sixty-two entries of splendid animals, big and little, old and young, and the gay procession took forty-five minutes to pass a given point on Parliament Hill, where the parade, which had formed at By Ward market, turned down Metcalfe Street and proceeded to Lansdowne Park, being later reviewed before the grand stand, and where some notable speeches were made, including one by the Lieutenant Governor.

Lord Willington began in a humorous vein, saying that he had just attended the Toronto races at the Woodbine, where he "had lost a certain amount of money," and then mentioned his having recently judged cattle at Brampton. He took occasion to remark that "a judge satisfies one or two people but gives the rest the impression that he is the worst judge in the world."

Striking a serious note, His Excellency recalled the days when he was "an agriculturist"—and used to farm and breed horses himself. "People tell us there is a period of depression in this country," he stated, "but just look round the world and you will find that, of all countries, Canada is the best to live in. Canada is more frightened than hurt (he went on) and it will have many years of prosperity. I have never seen farming conditions in this country more satisfactory than they are this year."

Mr. W. D. McKay, of Moose Jaw, Sask., president of the Canadian Live Stock Producers, said he was glad to see the horse given the right of way for a day on the streets of the Capital, adding that "any consideration we can give our four-footed friend will help to develop the instincts of humanity." He came, he said, from the West, "where perhaps more than in any other section they owed a great debt to the horse," and Mr. McKay made the assertion that the hundreds of millions of bushels of wheat we now produce on our prairies were largely

the trip to see him. A very proud lady it was, who didn't want anyone to know she had been forced to raise money on her jewellery.

Jean's eyes were shining. "Oh, Jerry!" she breathed, and was too ashamed, too terribly fond of him that moment, to say any more.

"It's all right, dear. I think you had every justification for thinking I was a thief. The only thing that mat-

due to the assistance of this noble and useful animal.

Mr. Bower Henry, president of the Ottawa Horse Parade Association, spoke of the horse as "mankind's greatest servant in peace or in war," and added amidst applause, "We are giving honor to the most faithful dumb animal we have."

After the parade had passed by, I was walking up to the House of Commons with Mrs. George Black, F.R.G.S., of the Yukon, when Mr. Felix Quinn, M.P., of Halifax, joined us. Mr. Quinn made the comment that he had no idea there were so many beautiful horses in Ottawa, to which Mrs. Black retorted that the recent statement of the horse having become "a museum piece" must be untrue.

The lady from Dawson, when asked what impressed her most about the horse parade, said that the men looked to be so interested in their animals, and their carts were so freshly done up with paint, and generally ship-shape.

I liked the Ottawa Journal's comment that the animals were "proudly displaying little extra decorations which to equine consciousness must have brought realization of a very special occasion."

The "little extra decorations" were fascinating. There were big black horses with rows of tiny pink ribbons or lines of red tulips stiffly perched along the ridge of their braided manes, and an additional rosette or tulip stuck at a jaunty angle in many a braided tail. A touch of humor was introduced by groups of boys riding on parade carts who made laughing faces at envious youngsters standing along the route.

There might have been livelier horses, suggested the Ottawa Citizen, but certainly none that felt superior to Liz, aged twenty-five, a roan who had seen seventeen years' service; or Barney, aged twenty-seven, with an equal number of years' service to his credit. These two four-footed heroes were given special awards by the Ottawa Humane Society—Humane Pleader.

ters to me is that you could say you loved me in spite of all!" he said swiftly. "And you can leave the pearls in Miss Sinclair's room, because I was returning them to her anyway."

"You see, darling, they're not worth a penny of the four pounds I gave her for them, poor old thing! I know, because I happened to sell them to Count Bombasi for seventeen and six!"—Answers.

International Air Rules Advocated

World-Famous Airmen Endorse Move of Geneva Organization

Geneva.—Three famous international airmen have joined in urging upon the League of Nations transit organization that the nations of the world should co-operate in establishing something like an international code for air navigation.

Communications to this end from Col. Charles A. Lindbergh, Dr. Hugo Eckener and Gen. Italo Bolbo, Italian Air Minister, were published recently by the transit section. All endorsed the move to adopt international rules for regulation of commercial aircraft. The three airmen were replying to the section's request for statements from a number of fliers who have become eminent in the science of aviation and contributed to it by their research and practical achievements.

"Aviation must be considered from the international standpoint," said Col. Lindbergh.

"An ability to cover great distances in relatively short time makes it a leading factor in world intercourse. There is a great need for international co-operation in standardization of airways."

Easy Dinners

Here's the dinner easy to prepare and satisfying: Put 1 cup of macaroni into 3 cups boiling water, heaping 1/2 teaspoon salt. Cut 1 onion in thin bits and add, also two cold ham-burg cakes (nearly 1/2 pound (5 cakes from 1 pound ham-burg). Let cook uncovered, at boiling point, till the water is absorbed, about 1/2 hour, stirring occasionally with a fork to bottom. Served hot with toasted bread, string beans and a salad composed of lettuce, shredded, a few cucumber slices, cut in quarters, and bits of cold beef (which had been cooked with butter and sweet pickle vinegar), boiled salad dressing and golden peach pie.

Another easy dinner is made with 1/2 cup rice, cooked in 3 cups water; 1/2 teaspoon salt. Cook till water is nearly absorbed, then the contents of a 7 1/2-ounce can of tuna fish is broken up and added. Then this is put into casserole and baked till well heated. Serve with tomato catsup, or if you have 1/2 cup of left-over tomato, add it to the casserole. Serve with boiled beets, raw cabbage or celery salad, and apple pie. Most men like pie. Hot muffins or biscuits may be served instead of potatoes. These are especially good with fricassee of beef or pot roast, or any meat with plenty of Boiled haddock, with butter gravy, is an inexpensive fish dish, and boiled onions, lettuce salad, apricot or pineapple short-cake go well with it.

Phonograph Music Liked By Arabs

Washington.—Arabs like phonographic chants, and there is a ready sale of Arabic music and songs among natives of Algeria, a consular report to the Commerce Department states. The romantic music of the desert is more and more coming from phonographs and less and less from Bedouins moved by the vocal urge.

Portable machines are popular, the Consul-General, L. W. Haskell, reports, even the cheapest being sold on the installment basis. The native taste for music is different from that of Europeans, Mr. Haskell warns manufacturers, much attention being paid to a handsome cabinet and little to tonal quality.

My son, if sinners entice thee consent thou not.

Enjoy the blessings of this day if God sends them, and the evils of it bear patiently and sweetly.—Jeremy Taylor.

Sunday School Lesson

July 27. Lesson IV.—Deborah (A Leader in a National Emergency)—Judges 4: 1-10. Golden Text—Say to them that are of a fearful heart, Be strong, fear not.—Isaiah 35: 4.

ANALYSIS

I. THE OPPRESSION, 4: 1-3.
II. THE CALL TO ARMS, 4: 4-12.
III. THE VICTORY, 4: 13-15.

INTRODUCTION.—It was in the period of the Judges, after the time of Joshua, that the Canaanites of northern Palestine mightily oppressed the children of Israel. The conquest of the land by Joshua had been by no means complete. The historian of the book of Judges makes that clear in chaps. 1-3. In the north, the centre, and the southwest there remained potential enemies, nations which, he says, the Lord left to prove Israel by them. The Hebrew invaders under Joshua and after made their Canaanite neighbors, sometimes on friendly terms, sometimes unfriendly, and only where they were strong did they put the Canaanites to tribute. In Joshua's campaigns he found formidable adversary in the north in Jabin, king of Hazor, who gathered a great host from the northern states and gave battle to Joshua at the waters of Merom. Joshua was victorious and followed up the rout of the enemy by burning their city, Josh. 11: 1-14. It is no wonder, therefore, that the Canaanites of the north cherished a hatred of Israel and a desire to be revenged. Their opportunity came some time later when they got the better of the Israelites in war and subjected them to cruel oppression, Judges 5: 6-8.

I. THE OPPRESSION, 4: 1-3. The writer, or editor, of the book of Judges regards the calamities which came upon Israel as a punishment for the people's sins. Compare vs. 1-2; 6: 1-2; 10: 6-7, etc. The king of Canaan here mentioned bears the same name, Jabin, as the king who fought with Joshua. He may have been a son or grandson. Hazor was in the extreme north of Palestine, just west of the Lake of Huleh, called elsewhere the waters of Merom. Sisera's home was much farther south, in the southwest corner of the plain of Esdraelon, not far from where the battle was fought. The strength of the Canaanite army may be judged by the statement that Jabin had nine hundred chariots of iron. Compare Deborah's question, Was there a shield or spear seen among forty thousand of Israel? The odds were greatly in favor of Israel's oppressors.

II. THE CALL TO ARMS, 4: 4-12. Not many women of Old Testament times had the gift of prophecy. The gift of Deborah is for that reason all the more remarkable. The people believed her to be inspired to declare to them the will of God, and gave her, therefore, the rank and authority of a judge. Her home was not far north of Jerusalem between Ramah and Bethel in Mount Ephraim. Evidently the Canaanite oppression was felt even there, though so far to the south.

Barak was a man of the tribe of Naphtali, whose home was a few miles northwest of the Lake of Huleh. His name in Hebrew means "Lightning," and may represent his character, bold and swift to strike. Deborah had heard of his fame and had chosen him as commander of the forces she determined to raise against the oppressor. He bids him draw forth with him a thousand men of his own tribe and the closely-related tribe of Zebulun. Of these men he would be the recognized and accepted leader. It is the Lord's command and Barak obeys, but he makes one condition. If thou wilt go with me, he said to Deborah, then I will go. Deborah replied, I will surely go with thee. Then with a touch of humor, chiding the chieftain's dependence upon her, she added that the honor of the enterprise would go to a woman (see 5: 24-27). Barak knew very well that the presence of such a woman as Deborah in Deborah's song of victory, 5: 24-27.

III. THE VICTORY, 4: 13-15. Barak assembled his men upon Mount Tabor on the northern side of the valley through which flows the River Kishon. Sisera gathered together his armed chariots at the river. When Deborah gave the command, Up, for this is the day, the Galilean highlanders rushed like a torrent down the slope of Mount Tabor and swept the enemy before them.—Peake. There appears to have been a heavy storm of rain which broke upon the plain at the critical moment, and the river rose in flood sweeping the enemy and his chariots away. "Kishon's torrent swept the foe off. Kishon's torrent in their faces" (5: 21, Moffatt).

The song of Deborah (chap. 5) is a fine example of ancient Hebrew poetry. It is a work of real genius breathing a fine spirit of patriotic fervor and confident faith. A well-known English essayist calls it "the greatest war song of any age or nation."—R. H. Hutton.

MRS. SOLOMON SAYS:

Neighborhood love is the sauce which makes delicious the dry bread of everyday living.

"Books and office furniture do not make a lawyer."—Charles E. Hughes.



Here is a scene in the monastery garden which a religious order known as the White Fathers have opened at Heston, England. The fathers go to all parts of Africa.