One Reason Why "SALADA"

GREEN TEA H491

is used more than any other brand is because the delicious flavor never varies. — Try it.

FREE SAMPLE of GREEN TEA UPON REQUEST. "SALADA," TORONTO

About the House

DINNERS FOR THE THRESHERS.

Planning carefully in advance will eliminate many of the threshing-time difficulties in the kitchen. To be successful, meals for threshers must taste good and be hearty enough for hard-working men—so that the crew will work cheerfully and come back eagerly the following year.

And for the benefit of the housewife, they must be easy to prepare and cooked in large quantities, for second and third helpings.

Those who know in advance the exact day and hour of the arrival of the threshers have the choice of several menus, depending on what is most easily obtained and what is most easily cooked.

Last-minute cooking, like frying and broiling, is best avoided. The last minutes are busy enough with table setting and serving.

Top-of-the-stove cooking should be kept down to the minimum, for that space will be needed for coffee and tea making and last touches on gravies and sauces, unless, however, a steamer or pressure cooker takes its triple burden of the cooking on one round of the stove space. And both the steamer and pressure cooker are admirable for large-quantity cooking in small-quantity space.

The oven is to be depended on for the bulk of the cooking.

A big pot or pan of beans may be baked the day before and warmed up as wanted. Roasts will give hot meat for dinner and cold slices for supper. Macaroni and cheese for supper is browned for an hour in the oven before serving. Even a meat stew will cook away merrily in an earthen dish in the oven and will be the better flavored for it.

The garden will supply potatoes, green vegetables and salad. The vegetables call for the top of the stove, but the cooking time is relatively short. Limit the vegetables to one variety unless a steamer is used. To save time and labor substitute packaged noodles for potatoes, which demand preparation.

The salad depends on the season—sliced tomatoes or cucumbers, radishes, onions or lettuce—and cabbage, especially the real slaw with sour-cream dressing; is a universal favorite.

For dessert nothing surpasses, to most men's mind, berry or fruit pies. Made the day before, they can be warmed up at the last moment. Fruit and cake make good alternatives for the last course. Fruit jelly—full of berries or fruit—with cream, is a day-before task and easily served, as are many other puddings. But they must be prepared a day ahead.

The woman who has an ice cream freezer with a right-sized son to turn it can serve this cooling but hearty dessert. There is nothing more delicious, and all but the freezing is done in advance.

A word as to cakes and cookies.

Put all the good things into the cake proper and omit the laborious frostings. Nuts, lots of them, cocoanut, raisins, candied cherries make a frosting superfluous. Pour the batter in a loaf or a shallow square or oblong pan, sprinkle with cocoanut or granulated sugar to give a nice finish, and bake. Serve in slices or squares.

And instead of cookies make drop cakes and the work will go twice as fast. These, too, may be full of sugar and spice and everything nice.

When the machine pulls into the field unexpectedly, the meal must be based on supplies that are on hand. One clever housewife holds over in a safe place enough of her own canned goods—meats, vegetables and fruits—to serve two or three such unplanned-for meals.

She opens a few cans and starts their contents cooking, gathers what the garden will yield for salad and fresh vegetables, and soon a real 100 per cent. meal will be ready for serving.

A few cans of corned beef plus potatoes will give delicious hash; moisten it with milk and bake in the oven until brown and crisp. A baking dish or casserole is excellent.

Baked beans are emptied into a large dish and covered with strips of bacon before heating in the oven until the bacon is crisp.

A scalloped dish of alternate layers of salmon, green peas and white sauce with bread crumbs, seasoned with onions, parsley and paprika and baked in the oven, makes a good meal.

Canned beef emptied into a big covered baking dish with new carrots, peas, diced potatoes, onions and some tomatoes, makes a corking good stew.

With a couple of packages of macaroni, a can of tomatoes or tomato soup and some cheese, a hearty supper dish of macaroni, with tomato-cheese sauce, is possible. Dried beef, sausage or canned meat is also good with macaroni.

Kippered herring or the large sardines put up in sauce offer possibilities for supper with some scalloped potatoes, salad and fruit with cake.

The fresh vegetables will depend on the season. If time and help are lacking, open up some canned ones and heat with seasoning and butter. Noodles or rice may replace potatoes if drained well and buttered generously.

Something for a salad will surely be on hand, and a bottled dressing on the shelf will replace the homemade.

If bread is lacking try cornbread—easily made and baked. Next in time of preparation come muffins and drop baking-powder biscuits.

But dessert must not be forgotten! The ingredients for gingerbread are always at hand and it is quickly mixed. Baking while the meat is being eaten, it comes out hot and spicy to go with canned fruit or fresh fruit or by itself with rich cream.

Others may prefer to make a rich biscuit dough, pat it into shape, bake it as a shortcake and cover with whatever berries or fruit are in season, or lacking either, with canned fruit and cream.

With ingenuity and foresight the emergency will be met successfully and the guests more than satisfied. And the threshing is over for another year.

Here are some good combinations:

Roast beef, browned potatoes, summer squash, radishes and lettuce berry pie.

Corned beef and cabbage browned mashed potatoes, sliced tomatoes, nut cake and fruit. Boil the corned beef the day before and finish it in a covered roaster in the oven.

Baked ham, boiled noodles, succotash, cucumbers and pickled beets green apple pie.

Baked beans with pork, brown bread, mixed vegetable salad, fruit jelly and cream.

Macaroni and cheese, buttered string beans, sliced tomatoes, fruit and drop spice cakes.

Canned red kidney beans, crisp bacon, corn on the cob, sliced tomatoes, fruit shortcake.

Creamed salmon and peas, rice, cabbage slaw, hot gingerbread and fruit.

Sliced ham baked in milk, boiled potatoes, carrots with butter, lettuce salad, fruit tapioca.

PAIL FOR PICKING FRUIT.

A "hooked" pail will make the picking of cherries and other small fruit easier and safer. Any boy or girl in a few minutes can bend a strong wire into a small hook at one end and a large hook at the other. The small hook fastens to the handle of pail or basket. The larger hook slips over a branch of the tree. This leaves both the picker's hands free, and as it may hang where the fruit is thick the pail is soon filled without bruising the fruit.

THE CURE.

Sometimes when things turn upside down and inside out and look dark brown I rush outdoors and gaze into the topless sky's eternal blue—so calm and cool—so still and deep—with soft contented clouds like sheep. I shade my eyes and stare and stare, then go back in the house, and there begin to wonder and to doubt what I was in a stew about.—Nancy Byrd Turner.

Good-Will.

Good-will is the greatest power in the world.

Good-will is the respect and confidence of other people.

Good-will is more than gold—any banker will tell you that. Only about one-seventh of the business of the world is done on cash. Six-sevenths is done on credit, which means good-will.

Every worker who is ambitious must ask—"How much respect have I earned as well as my wages? How much good-will have I stored up?"

Prescribed 3,000 years ago in Egypt there is a celebrated eye lotion which is still regarded as pretty sound.

WRIGLEY'S

Chew it after every meal

It stimulates appetite and aids digestion. It makes your food do you more good. Note how it relieves that stuffy feeling after hearty eating.

Whitens teeth, sweetens breath and it's the goody that L-a-s-t-s.

SEALED in its Purity Package

WRIGLEY'S DOUBLEMINT CHEWING GUM

PEPPERMINT

R25

ISSUE No. 33—'24.

Brothers Under the Skin

BY EUGENE JONES.

PART IV.

Cameron was leaning forward, staring at O'Grady through the pipe smoke which floated in odoriferous strata about them. A light burned in his eyes; it was as if the red-shirted, whiskey-smelling foreman had opened a door to a new world.

"Go on, tell me more."

"Well," continued O'Grady, "thim guys down in Montreal don't know about tryin' ter blast a right av way through bedrock. 'Tis me belief they've forgotten the work this same gang's done before. They went back on Uncle Stan because th' idjits thought it was his fault, whin all th' toime it waz th' fault av this blessed country. And along you come whin we've been breakin' our backs ter make good fer th' best mon thot iver lived, and you up and says: 'Men, yer not puttin' out!' . . . Awhile back ye asked me to put meself in your place. Now, Mister Cameron, put yourself in our place if it plazes ye."

Mike drew on his pipe furiously, his one visible eye blazing. "We ain't none av yer blanked Mexicans; we're white men buildin' a railroad fer th' iverlastin' fun av buildin' it. We'll work loike blazes with ye, but we won't slave under ye; and thot, sor, is me honest opinion."

For a moment the tent was very silent. Cameron passed a hand across his eyes as if sight had been miraculously given them after years of darkness. Then he got up.

"Mike O'Grady," said he, "you're right; I'm wrong. Do you think with your help I could learn to work with you fellows? So we can all see the railroad go through?"

The foreman was on his feet like a flash. He grabbed the other's hand.

"'Tis sure av it Oi can, sor! Oi waz a drunken fool to-night, but there'll be no more bozin' in this camp because Oi kin lick every mither's son av 'em—barrin' you, sor. And Oi ain't sure Oi can't do thot whin Oi'm sober."

What particular brand of magic Mike O'Grady worked before breakfast the following morning is strictly Mike's business. Suffice to say it was a totally changed construction gang that fell upon the cliff with a will. Cameron, watching them, could hardly believe his eyes.

No, O'Grady had been right; this was not a collection of drones, but a gathering of men—of brothers under the skin—giving their best wholeheartedly for a far smaller recompense than he—Cameron—received.

He looked up at the sky and thanked God for all the O'Grady's in the world; and asked God that, through the coming years, he might be blessed with a larger understanding.

Suddenly he saw the gang melt away from the cliff path. Somebody shouted "Blast!" A moment passed; then with a muffled roar a great section of rock tore itself from its bed and hurtled into the valley.

The engineer knew another blast would follow, as it had been found advisable to time the explosion of two charges, one after the other. He joined the group of waiting men, but nothing happened. A minute passed—two, three, five.

Something had gone wrong; the detonator had failed. Of course the loose rock might part at any time of its own weight, or it might remain where it was indefinitely, blocking the work.

O'Grady, in charge of operations at this particular point, swore. "Sure the domn thing's dead! 'Twill be best to go out there an take a look. Oi'm thinkin'."

The engineers practiced eye swept the cliff path, saw the mammoth crack in the rock upholding that path. The next blast would have established a new and firm bed; but there couldn't be any next blast until somebody placed a fresh detonator on the charge and connected it with the firing wire.

Of course the overhanging ledge might be firm enough to withstand the weight of a locomotive, or it might crash downward under a few pounds pressure. No way to test this except with human life.

The foreman picked up a rope preparatory to knotting it around his waist. Willing hands would hold the rope; thus, should he be precipitated into the gulf below, he could be pulled back to safety.

Safety? Something closed around Cameron's heart. After the man fetched up against the cliff, after the fragments had showered upon his body what use would there be in dragging what was left to safety?

"Hold on, Mike!" snapped the engineer.

O'Grady grinned. "'Twill be all right, sor. Jist a ticklish moment while Oi stick on another cap. Oi've done it before——"

Cameron had seen others flirt with death. He had taken some long chances himself; but now the conviction came to him that the grinning, red-headed Irishman was worth more to the road, more to progress, than a mere engineer.

Plenty of engineers, but O'Gradys were scarce!

Cameron jerked the rope from his foreman.

"I'll 'tend to that!" he snapped.

A dozen men pushed forward.

"Not on yer loife!" yelled Mike.

"'Tis me own job!" And he caught an end of the line.

One second Mike stood grinning, defiant, determined to face the rock shelf; the next he sprawled upon his broad back, catapulted there by Cameron's fist.

"I said," repeated Cameron, "I would 'tend to setting that cap. Anybody who interferes will wake up beside O'Grady!"

The men hesitated, fell away. Countless fingers gripped the rope the engineer tied about his waist. A hush fell upon the gathering as Cameron, in hand, moved toward the cliff path.

Then he stepped out from safety, on his right the sheer wall brushing his shoulder, on his left the abyss reaching for his toes.

He did not look below, but kept his eyes riveted on that portion of the rock a hundred feet distant in which was buried the dynamite charge. Every ear waited for the fatal crack which would mean probable death to the man on the path.

Pressing against the cliff, keeping his feet as far from the crumbling ledge as possible, Cameron continued to decrease the gap between him and his objective. Fifty feet—twenty—ten—five—a great sigh went up. He was leaning over the hole, adjusting the cap and making the connection with the firing wire.

Suddenly the dreaded sound cut the stillness—the sharp crack of parting rock. The men tightened their grip on the rope.

Then Cameron stood erect, waving his arm.

"I'll run for it!" he yelled. "Ready!"

Well he knew that herein lay his best chance, that the shelf could support his weight but for a moment. Crouching, he shot forward at full speed, one shoulder brushing the cliff, the other extending beyond the path rim. Somewhere below him a rumble broke forth. He had covered the greater part of the distance and the men were hoping him with a taut line. The rumble increased. He was near now——

"Jump!" somebody screamed. "Jump!" It was Mike, who had been watching the cliff through narrowed eyes.

Blindly Cameron obeyed; and at the same instant those dragging in the rope gave a mighty heave. As his feet left the ledge it parted from the cliff, spinning into the valley below. For a moment his body was whirling through space.

It was Mike O'Grady who dusted him off and pressed his dirty rag of a handkerchief over a cut on Cameron's cheek where he had struck a projecting fragment of rock; and it was Mike O'Grady who kept screeching at the top of his lungs:

"Yer a fool, sor—a blanked fool! Blys, he's a blanked fool, but we're with 'im—ivery mither's son av us!"

(The End.)

The Morning and the Evening.

The wings of the morning are silver and pearl,
With flushes of rose where the plumes half uncurl.
They're burnished with azure and dusted with gold,
And preened till they glisten with lustre untold.
They poise at the zenith and send a soft breath
Of quickening hope to the chamber of death.
O, winnowing wings, how the fog wraiths retreat
Before thy wide fanning and rhythmical beat!

The wings of the evening are sable and gray,
Though barred by the sunset and streaked by the day,
Yet they are spread at the bidding of night,
A veiling of sapphire diffuses the light,
Invests all the twilight with glamour afresh,
And 'prisons a star in its billowing mes.
O, shelterin wings, let no trouble intrude
As over in valley, you hover and brood

—Alice M. Shepard.

Advertising Laughs.

Amusing specimens of national humor in advertisements have been collected by the "Canadian Digest," which says of them that "some are conscious, some unconscious, and some merely stunned."

Some of the examples are:—

Irish.—"Hay, straw, bran, oats, and dripping sold here, and the fiddle taught after six o'clock."

French.—Inscription (or epitaph) on a tin of imported sardines: "The oil is guarantee. The fish she is very small."

South America.—Alongside a huge restaurant was a little Chinese chop-suey restaurant. The big place put out a gigantic electric sign, "We never close." The Chinaman hung out a card, "Me wakee, too."

Aberdeen.—"To let, a good shop in the Jewish quarter."

Boston (Mass).—"Keep off the grass. If you want to roam, join the Navy."

Japan.—"My marvellous paper is as solid as the hide of an elephant. My goods are forwarded with the speed of a bullet."

Backing Up Your Best.

You can't afford to lend your time, your effort, your energies, to anything but your best. What would you think of a man at the head of a big business who would go out on the sidewalk and play marbles during business hours?

There are multitudes of people who have splendid business ability and a great message for the world and yet they are playing marbles much of the time, doing things much of the time that are not worth while, that are unworthy of them.

If backing up the best thing in you with all your might will not bring success, certainly the backing up of your second best, can't bring success.—O. S. M.

Changeful Girl.

"Alice is so delightfully changeful."

"Yes; I call her the chameleon girl."

"And why?"

"She changes her complexion as often as she does her mood."

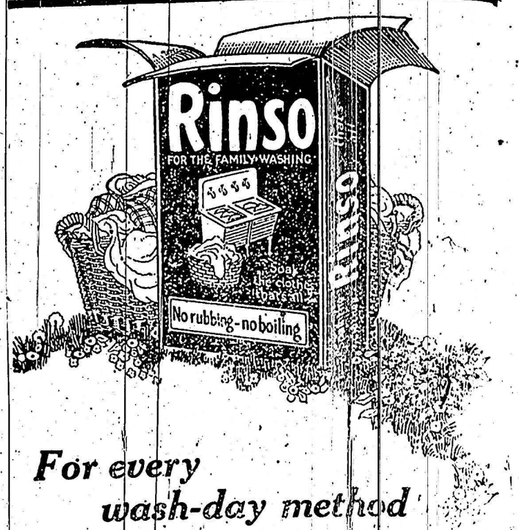
Use for Sunbeams.

Teacher—"What supports the sun in the sky?"

Bright Boy—"Its beams, of course!"

Can You Beat This One?

Here's a fish story that makes the average red-wielder look like the youthful George Washington. The gigantic musky whose portrait is seen above was landed by an Indian with his bare hand! This is the gospel truth. Some few weeks ago, setting out from Devil's Gap Bungalow Camp, on Lake of the Woods, Kenora, an ardent sportsman hooked this tremendous fellow, a 35-pounder, on a fifteen-pound test black Japanese silk line and an eight-ounce split bamboo fishing rod with a No. 3 Starr double-spinner as a lure. The captive, offering the type of battle anglers thrill to, struggled for forty-five minutes, then, at the critical moment, made a supreme effort, snapped the line and disappeared. The sportsman groaned, believing all was over. But the wily Indian guide, paddling round quietly, spotted the fish lying exhausted in four feet of water. 'Don move' he urged. 'She come up!' And, sure enough, the lunge presently rose to within a few inches of the surface. A lightning movement of the Indian instantly followed and, seizing the fish through the back of the gill, he flung him triumphantly into the canoe. Next time you swap yarns with your pals and want to cap their best efforts with something that is no less remarkable than it is correct in every particular, ask them "Can you beat this one?"



For every wash-day method

RINSO is ideal for any wash-day method you use. You do not have to change any of your usual steps—just use Rinso where you used to use ordinary soap.

If you like to boil your white cottons, Rinso will give you just the safe cleansing suds you need in the boiler. If you use a washing machine, follow the advice of the big washing machine manufacturers—use Rinso.

Just soaking with this new kind of soap loosens all the dirt until a single rinsing leaves the clothes clean and spotless.

However you do your wash, make it easy by using Rinso.

Rinso is sold by all grocers and department stores

If you use a Washing Machine, soak your clothes in the Rinso suds as usual. In the morning add more Rinso solution and work the machine. Then rinse and dry—you will have a clean sweet snow-white wash.

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED TORONTO

CANADIAN COAL PRODUCTION

The output of coal from Canadian mines in 1923 totalled 16,984,000 tons valued at $23,504,000. Alberta was the premier producing province with a total of 6,849,000 tons and Nova Scotia was a close second with 6,596,000 tons. In point of output value, however, Nova Scotia held first place, the coal production for the year being valued at $29,153,000 compared with $28,279,000 for Alberta. The value of the British Columbia production was $14,088,000, placing that province third among the coal-producing areas. Saskatchewan produced 440,000 tons valued at $918,000 and New Brunswick 227,000 tons valued at $1,065,000. Approximately 30,000 men found employment in the coal mines of Canada, about 75 per cent. of these being employed underground. The output per man-day during December was 2.39 tons.

During the year coal importations amounted in all to 22,687,320 tons, an increase of about 59 per cent. over the tonnage for the preceding year. Of this total 22,156,851 tons came from the United States and 530,469 tons from Great Britain. The import feature of the year was the importation of British coal, the grading and sizing of the Welsh product having made it much more popular, and the opinion is that the importations of coal from the British Isles will be increased as time goes on and the British producer learns more about the requirements of the Canadian market.

Against these importations Canada exported a total of 1,653,406 tons as against 1,818,552 tons in the previous year. British Columbia and the Yukon, with their shipments across the border into the United States, were substantially the heaviest exporters, accounting for 838,063 tons. Nova Scotia followed with 679,771 tons, and then New Brunswick with 115,364 tons. Alberta with the heaviest production exported only 605 tons.

Both Exporting and Importing.

The coal situation in Canada is a most peculiar one and one which has so far baffled solution. [illegible] is at the same time importing and exporting coal, which [illegible] fact that the Canadian [illegible] situated at the [illegible] end of the [illegible] and away from the great [illegible] tled industrial [illegible] into the central area of [illegible] ing the points [illegible] Quebec, Toronto, [illegible] tawa, Kingston. [illegible] in 1923, imported [illegible] 3,616,621 [illegible] anthracite and [illegible] minous. This has been [illegible] nual volume of [illegible] past five years.

The aggravation of the [illegible] comes apparent [illegible] in a certain [illegible] Dominion's vast [illegible] Canada has [illegible] try on [illegible] Globe's total [illegible] demand [illegible] per cent of the [illegible] seventh of the [illegible] world are [illegible] fuel by [illegible] Thus, if not be[illegible] at the present [illegible] great source [illegible] ply in the future.

The [illegible] so far as [illegible] 335,000,000 [illegible] United States [illegible] cent. That Canada [illegible] taining her [illegible] duction [illegible] past figures of [illegible] creasing [illegible] production was [illegible] of the total world [illegible] year. In 1920 with a [illegible] 12,617,125 tons [illegible] output of 12,617,125 [illegible] world production [illegible] 1923 was a [illegible] ing to the sharp [illegible] United States and the [illegible] crease in output [illegible] cent.

His Answer.

A young man who was [illegible] love with a girl who lived [illegible] town decided to offer his [illegible] heart. So he went to the [illegible] office and sent this message: "Will you marry me? Two [illegible] answer paid for."

An hour later he got [illegible] "You are too extravagant [illegible] for nineteen words too ma[illegible]

Surnames and Their Origin

BEVERLY

Racial Origin—Anglo-Saxon of Norman French.
Source—A locality.

This family name quite clearly belongs in the classification of those which have been derived from the names of places, for it is traceable through the early documents with the prefixed "de," meaning of.

It is paradoxical that the smaller communities in all lands have given more family names than the big centres of population. The reason for this is, in the first place, that people flocked from the small communities, where there was not so great a need for additional names, to the big centres, where there was not only need, but where the mention of a small place served the purpose of differentiation quite accurately. In the second place, the big communities gave rise to comparatively few family names because it constituted little differentiation to speak of "Roger de London," when there were thousands of "Rogers from London" to be found all over the country.

Authorities differ as to the origin of the place name of Beverly, which is in Yorkshire. Some derive it from "belvoir" (beautiful view) and "ley," a meadow or field. It is more probable, however, that the place already had been named by the Anglo-Saxons as "Beverlac," or beaver-lake.

MacCORKILL

Variation—MacCorkle.
Racial Origin—Scottish.
Source—A given name.

Here is a family name which is purely Scottish Gaelic in its [illegible] such, traces back ultimately [illegible] sources, and if you bear [illegible] there is a good chance that [illegible] a line of ancestry reaching [illegible] the Vikings through Scotland.

The name of MacCorkill or Corkle was borne by one of [illegible] branches or septs of the [illegible] which was decidedly one of the [illegible] ing clans of the Highlands, [illegible] vying with that of the Mac[illegible] records of desperate battles.

But the given name from [illegible] MacCorkill is derived is [illegible] a relic of the old pagan Norse religion and the meaning of which is "[illegible] kettle." The kettle or cauldron was a utensil which played a large part, figuratively, in the worship of the Vikings, and is found to-day as an ornament in a lot of family names and even still is given names in the Scandinavian countries.

There is a great deal of Norse blood in Scotland, principally along the north and west coasts. At one period a considerably part of the coast was in the hands of Norwegian settlers who retained their allegiance to the Norse kings, and who later took their places among the Celts of the Highlands in full Gaelic clan organization.