The Fine Qualities of "SALADA" H453

GREEN TEA

cannot be adequately described but they can be appreciated in the teacup.

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

About the House

FOR AFTERNOON TEA.

Most girls like to invite their friends to afternoon tea, especially at the close of a sultry day in midsummer, when well-iced tea, attractively served, is so refreshing. But many hesitate to do so because they think that an attractive tea service requires candies, nuts, cakes and other expensive things. Such things are not at all necessary; try serving iced tea with slices of lemon and crackers treated in some new and attractive way, and see if your friends will not ask to be allowed to come again.

To make a palatable filling for plain crackers mash hard-boiled eggs and add oil, vinegar, salt, pepper and a little onion juice. If you choose, add chopped cold meat to the egg mixture.

Crisp soda crackers covered with a savory coating of fresh butter mixed with cream cheese, crushed mint or cress leaves, mashed sardine meat or French mustard are delicious and refreshing.

Fruit filling are particularly attractive in warm weather. Chop equal amounts of candied pineapple and cherries, some blanched almonds and a small piece of candied ginger, and moisten the mixture with fresh pineapple juice or orange juice. For another fruit filling mash equal parts of raisins, candied cherries, figs, citron and nuts, and stir in a little orange marmalade.

Do not think that you need fine linen and rare china to make up an attractive tea table. The prettier your cups and saucers are the better, of course; but they need not be expensive. Use any simple, clean centrepiece that you have and set it off with a vase or bowlful of fresh flowers.

"AN APRON FOR THE BOY."

When "Brother" has to wipe dishes for "Sister," there is usually trouble. How he does hate to do girl's work! And should some of his chums call around and catch him draped in one of mother's long aprons, his masculine dignity is greatly offended.

A mother, who realized her son's feelings in regard to such a situation made for him a black sateen apron, modeled on the style of those worn by mechanics and blacksmiths—an apron having a strap fastening in the back with a buckle, holding the skirt part smooth and secure. There were neither buttons, ties nor fulness. It was a real man's work apron. Thereafter no objections were heard at dish-washing time. Brother was no longer ashamed to meet his boy friends. It was not the work he detested; it was being compelled to "look like a girl."

The plan is well worth trying by any mother with a boy helper. The apron may be of sateen, denim, duck or waterproofed material—it does not matter of what it is made so long as it is dark in color and fashioned to suit his masculine taste.

A GIRL'S PROBLEM.

My mother is dead and I keep house for father. I like to work and long to fix up the house. Father thinks it foolish and unnecessary to change anything! What shall I do? I am only Fifteen.

Just keep trying and perhaps your father will see the need of fixing up the home. Tell him that any worthwhile housewife takes pride in the appearance of her home, and that the desire to fix things up and beautify the house is natural and found in every normal girl and woman. Indeed, it is necessary to offset the monotony of doing certain things over and over again. The difference between the work done by women and men is very great. Men see the results of their work so much more; while much of a woman's work is mere routine. A room is cleaned, but does not stay clean; meals are cooked and consumed, and more cooking must be done; dishes are used, washed, put away, then brought out, used and washed again. This endless repetition of certain tasks needs the interruptions brought about by improvements, otherwise it would seem that nothing had been gained, yet the neglect of one duty shows up more vividly than the performance of a hundred duties.

Do your best to beautify your home with the means at your disposal. Cleanliness and order, a few plants, a little paint and varnish, simple curtains, and covers for tables and bureaus will show your father how sincere you are in your desires.

TOMATOES HAVE ALL THE VITAMINES.

Do you know that the greatest vegetable in the world is—the tomato? It is the richest of all foods in vitamines and in natural health acids which aid in keeping the stomach and intestines in condition.

Medical authorities tell us in just so many words that tomatoes not only have all the vitamines, but actually more of them than any other fruit or vegetable and in the form which nature uses the most.

This is the season of the year when your garden is yielding amply of this fresh vegetable. When the family becomes tired of having them sliced or of other usual ways of serving, try one of these "out of the ordinary" recipes.

Tomato Butter—Scald 20 pounds of ripe tomatoes and remove skins. Put them into a porcelain lined kettle with eight pounds of apples, pared, cored and quartered. Stand over a moderate fire to cook slowly for an hour, stirring occasionally; then add 8 pounds of sugar, the juice of 4 lemons and one tablespoonful of powdered ginger. Cook, stirring continually, until of the consistency of marmalade. Can as for jell.

Tomato Chowder—6 large ripe tomatoes, or 1 can, 1 pt. or 1 can corn, 1 cup chopped celery, 3 tb. butter, 1 large onion, 4 hard boiled eggs, 4 slices whole wheat bread, 3 tb. flour, salt, pepper. Peel the tomatoes, cut them into halves and press out the seeds. Cut each half into quarters. Put these with the corn, celery and onions into a kettle. Cover and simmer one-half hour. Dice the bread and toast in an oven until crisp. Rub the butter and flour together. Add to the kettle and stir until smooth and boiling. Slice the eggs and put them in a tureen; pour in the chowder and put the toast on the top.

Cup Baked Tomatoes—Put small peeled tomatoes into custard cups. Stand the cups in a baking pan. Remove from the oven and with two forks open the tomatoes carefully in the centre as for baked potatoes. Put in salt and pepper and a half teaspoonful of butter.

Tomatoes Stuffed with Corn—6 large tomatoes, 4 ears corn, 2 tb. butter, 2 tb. cream, salt, pepper. Boil the corn three minutes. Cut a slice from the stem end of the tomato and scoop out the seeds. Score the corn down the centre of each row of grains and with a dull knife press out the pulp. Add, salt, pepper, cream and butter melted. Fill the tomatoes, put on the lids removed and bake 30 minutes in a quick oven.

LEMON PIE.

Mrs. Arthur Roe sends this recipe for a very fine lemon pie that is made with bread crumbs:

One cupful of sugar, 1 cupful of cold water, 1 cupful of bread crumbs, juice and rind of one lemon, 2 eggs, pinch of salt, 2 tbsp. butter.

Cover the bread with the water and leave to soak for twenty minutes. Add the egg yolks slightly beaten, juice and grated rind of lemon, melted butter, salt and sugar. Mix all thoroughly.

Line a pie pan with good pastry and pour in the filling. Bake thirty minutes in a moderately hot oven, cover with meringue made of the whites of the two eggs and two tablespoonfuls of sugar; brown lightly.

IN CUTTING FUR.

Often good strips of fur for trimming coat or dress or hat may be cut out of old, worn-out fur collars or muffs. In cutting these strips lay the fur face down upon the cutting board and cut the skin with a razor blade. If scissors are used, much of the hair will be jaggedly cut off and the edges of the strip will have a ragged appearance.

Making wash day pleasant—

Just use Rinso where you used to use bar soap—for soaking, boiling, or in your washing machine.

THE hardest part of wash-day, rubbing, rubbing, rubbing, has given way to the new method of soaking the clothes clean with Rinso. This wonderful new soap gently loosens the dirt and a thorough rinsing leaves things white and glistening as you never could get them before.

Only spots where the dirt is ground-in, such as neck bands, cuff edges, and the like need a light rubbing, and a little dry Rinso rubbed on these spots quickly makes the dirt disappear.

Rinso is sold by all grocers and department stores

Rinso

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF LUX

E-4-28

They That Go Down to the Sea in Ships.

"They that go down to the sea in ships!"
Vikings and corsairs, free and bold!
Brown-bearded men with twisted lips;
Manning the caravels of old!
Sailing the seven seas to find
Land or treasures, or oceans new;
Santa Maria and Golden Hind,
Cruising over the unknown blue!

"They that go down to the sea in ships!"
Red-handed, black-hearted buccaneers!
Swaggering rascals with jibes and quips
For the prayers of men and for women's tears!
Sailing along the Spanish Main;
Sinking galleons, sacking towns;
Merciless, picturesque sons of Cain
Careless of crimes the deep sea drowns!

"They that go down to the sea in ships!"
Master mariners of to-day!
Flying the flag of peace which dips
In ev'ry harbor and ev'ry bay!
Heralds of commerce, undismayed,
Whose barques the farthest waters ride!
Hail to the carriers of trade!—
A thousand keels on ev'ry tide!

—Clarence Mansfield Lindsay.

Canada Has Immense Resources in Coal.

Attention was directed during recent scientific gatherings in England to the possibility that the coal resources of the British Empire may be exhausted within a few centuries. So far as Canada is concerned such a contingency seems to be remote. For many years the Canadian Geological Survey has been investigating the coal fields of the Dominion and it has been estimated that the reserve of coal amounts to more than 1,000,000,000,000 tons largely lignite, but including over 250,000,000,000 tons of bituminous coals. Though the greater part of the various coal fields has been studied in a general way, yet their extent is so great that detailed investigations by the Geological Survey have been limited to a relatively small part of the whole. The great extent of the Canadian coal fields is apparent when it is realized that basins of coal-bearing strata extend almost continuously for a length of 700 miles within the eastern part of the Rocky mountains and adjoining foothills. The coals of this region are largely bituminous or semi-anthracite and seams ten to fifteen feet in thickness are common. In addition, thousands of square miles of the prairie country of Alberta, Saskatchewan and Manitoba are underlain by strata holding workable seams of lignite and bituminous coals, and important coal fields occur in British Columbia both in the interior and on the Pacific coast, while highly developed coal fields occur in the east in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, in some cases at tide water.

Clever Mother.

Julian sought information from his father as to what one calls a person who "reads heads."

"A phrenologist, my son," said dad.

"Gee!" exclaimed Julian. "then mother must be one of 'em! She felt of my head this afternoon and said right away, 'You've been swimming!'"

A NEGATIVE RESULT

BY WALTER E. GROGAN.

PART II.

A granite boulder was embedded in the earth a few yards away. Was it possible that some one could remain hidden behind it? The Political Magnate, despite the sun, suddenly felt cold. He walked briskly round the stone. It was as he feared. The ground at the back was considerably lower than in front. In the hollow, propped against the granite, sat a man. And beside him that horrible thing, a hand camera. The man was staring out over the moor. His eyes were vividly blue. He turned his head as the Political Magnate approached him, and then resumed his stare over the heather.

The Political Magnate thought rapidly. The wind was off shore and both the General and himself had spoken quietly. It was almost impossible that the man could have heard anything. But the camera! He had one terrifying moment in panic.

"Wonderful view," said the Political Magnate affably.

"Wonderful," the man agreed.

"You have a camera, I see. Been a good day for that sort of thing?"

"Quite good. Perhaps a little too much light though." The man betrayed very slight interest. There was a lack of that enthusiasm which proclaims the amateur. The Political Magnate's heart sank. Evidently a professional operator; probably press.

"Have you taken many—er—pictures?"

The man smiled. It was—a most alarming matter—a peculiarly gratified smile. It suggested much to the Political Magnate. "All the plates have been exposed," the man said. "It is a pity that there were no more."

"Really." The Political Magnate thought rapidly. "I have often wished to possess a camera. A most interesting hobby—most interesting."

"Oh, yes," the man agreed idly. "One comes across a subject now and then that is well worth taking. It is a question of luck." The Political Magnate winced.

"Ah, yes. I suppose so. Is there much to be made at it? As a commercial proposition is it remunerative?"

"Not if it is merely a hobby." The man smiled again. A baffling man, a man who was cautious, who was anxious not to give himself away and yet a man who could not help smiling at his own thoughts. He was careful too not to meet the Political Magnate's ingratiating look, but stared steadily out over the landscape. "You may sell an occasional negative to a paper you know."

"Yes, I know," the Political Magnate replied quickly. "Look here, what do you want for your outfit—all of it, camera, plates, all?"

"Want for it?" The man's voice sounded puzzled.

"I should like to buy it. It's—it's a whim of mine. I have these sudden impulses. Just name your own price." He took out a large handkerchief and mopped his face. Curiously enough, although the perspiration rolled down his forehead, he felt cold and clammy.

"It is not mine to sell," the man told him. It is the property of his paper, the Political Magnate thought with a shudder. "You can get as many as you like at the chemists in Coombe Regis."

"I can't spare the time," the Political Magnate cried. "Besides, I have taken a particular fancy to yours. And the plates. That is the great inducement—I want the pictures you have taken."

"You admire this bit of wild moorland and sea?" the man asked conversationally. "It is very fine."

"No, I hate it, I mean—there is a particular reason why I want those records, as you probably guess." Why was the man fencing so absurdly? He must be well aware of the value of his negatives. Was he merely marking time while he determined the amount he would ask? "You know who I am, of course?"

"No," said the man.

"What!" The Political Magnate stared at him blankly. Was it possible that there was a man in the country who was not acquainted with his features?

"No, I don't know you. And I can't guess why you want the camera."

"Look at me." The man shifted his eyes quickly and then resumed staring. "No, I don't know you," he asserted.

"Did you say you were going to send the photographs to a paper?" The Political Magnate was mystified. The man seemed genuine enough in his assertion that he did not know him. But it really was almost unbelievable.

"If they develop all right the prints will certainly go up to a paper. There is always a chance one or two will be taken, you know."

A chance! It would be funny if it were not so horrible.

"Look here, let's talk over this matter. I want your outfit. I must have it. I can't talk to you lying down there. I'm restless. Let's stroll back. You—you will want to develop or whatever it is and time is going on." He took a few hasty nervous paces.

"I—I can't walk," said the extraordinary man. "I have to wait here until my nephew comes for me."

"Lame!" The Political Magnate's brain whirled. His hand went to his breast pocket and he drew out a wallet. "Oh, you poor fellow, I see. The war. Artificial limbs. Oh, you poor man."

"Yes." The man sighed even at the moment that his inscrutable smile twitched his sensitive lips. "I was out there."

"How sad. And you can't walk * * I must have that camera." He stooped with sudden impulsiveness and thrust a wad of notes into the man's right hand.

"What's this?" cried the man, starting, but making no effort to look at the notes.

"Payment for the outfit." The Political Magnate seized the camera and the satchel and started to run. The man swore loudly after him. The Political Magnate ran all the faster.

An hour later the man woke up at the sound of a human voice.

"Pulford," he cried. "What's happened to Tom? He went off to Coombe Regis to get more plates somewhere about eleven. I guess it's about five now."

"Just on," Dr. Pulford replied. "Tom sprained his ankle badly coming back to you. It was a long time before he made anybody hear. He's in my surgery now and will do well."

The man held up his right hand with the wad of notes.

"Look at that, Doc," he said. "Some madman gave them to me and scooted with Tom's camera and all. He must have come up here when I was asleep. He wasn't here when Tom left me. The beggar never found out what was the matter with me," he added proudly.

"Good heavens!" Dr. Pulford cried in astonishment. "Two hundred and fifty pounds."

Then he stooped down, helped the man up, and taking him by the arm, led him homeward. The man was blind.

(The End.)

World's Biggest Window Panie.

The largest sheet of plate glass in existence is to be seen at the British Empire Exhibition.

This mammoth window pane had an adventurous journey from Yorkshire to London. Being much too large for carriage by rail—for the sheet measures 14ft. by 24ft.—it had to be transported in an enormous lorry towed by a steam tractor. A special route had to be mapped out for the journey, and many detours were necessary to avoid bridges too low for the giant crate in which the glass was packed.

The area of this immense pane is 336 square feet, and the handling of so large a sheet of glass at Wembley was no light task, in spite of the fact that special apparatus had been installed for the purpose.

At the works the problem was solved by means of conveyors, equipped with huge suckers resembling the tentacles of a giant octopus.

Behind and After Him.

Tom says he has a number of citizens behind him in his business operations."

"Yes—trying to catch up with him, I hear."

Natural Supposition.

"Caterpillars are the most veracious of all living creatures," said a naturalist. "In a month a caterpillar will eat about 600 times its weight."

Whereupon an old lady who was somewhat deaf, interposed, "Whdso boy did you say he was?"

It is easier to go without a coat than without a friend.—Jenkins L. Jones.

Ice Cream on Mt. Everest.

In the Assault On Mt. Everest, the recent account by Gen. Charles Granville Bruce and other members of the expedition of 1922 of their attempt, so nearly successful, to conquer the still unconquered crowning peak of the Himalayas, nothing is more noteworthy than their experience in securing the common necessaries of life—food and sleep. They were not simple matters to obtain on the terrible, wind-swept slopes and in the rarefied air and the intense cold of the highest camps.

The highest camp of the first climbing party had to be made upon perilously steep ground, upon a smooth, sloping slab of rock, across the foot of which they hastily piled a ridge of small stones so that they should not slide off. "It was not a situation that promised for either of us a bountiful repose," says Mr. George Leigh Mallory, who, as the reader will remember, lost his life in the expedition of 1924, "for one would be obliged to lie along the slope, and the only check to his tendency to slip down would be the body of the other. However, there was the little tent making a gallant effort to hold itself proudly and well."

There were two such tents; and after a brief meal of which hot tinned soup was the important part, the four climbers went early to rest—if they could—for the morrow's final climb, in which they hoped to reach the crest.

"To the civilized man who gets into bed after the customary easy routine," continues Mr. Mallory, "the dispositions in a climber's tent may seem strangely intricate. In the first place he has to arrange about his boots. He must start next morning if possible with warm feet and in boots, not altogether frozen stiff. He may choose to go to bed in his boots, and if his feet are warm when he turns in, it may be that he can do no better. His feet will probably keep warm in the sleeping bag if he wears his bed socks over his boots, and then he will not have to endure the pains of putting on and wearing frozen boots in the morning. At this camp I adopted a different plan—to wear moccasins instead of boots during the night and keep them on until the last possible moment before starting. But if a man takes his boots off, where is he to keep them warm? Climbing boots are not good to cuddle, and there will be no room for them with two in a double sleeping bag. Mine were accommodated in a rucksack and put under my head for a pillow. It is not often that a man uses the head for warming things; nevertheless, they kept warm enough and were scarcely frozen in the morning.

Norton's entrance into our double bag was a gracious dispensation; considering how long and slim he is, it is astonishing how much room he required. We were pressed so tight together that if either moved a corresponding manoeuvre was required of the other. I soon discovered as the chief item of interest in the place where I lay a certain boulder, immovable and excruciatingly sharp, that came up between my shoulder blades. How in these circumstances we achieved sleep—and I believe both of us were sometimes unconscious in a light, intermittent slumber—I cannot explain. Perhaps the fact that we often breathless from exhaustion or discomfort and were obliged to breathe deep helped us to sleep, as deep breathing often will. In spite of everything the night was endurable; to pass the sleepless intervals thoughts were not far to seek; we were able to feel some satisfaction in the mere existence of this camp, the two [illegible] tents perched there on the [illegible] mountain side of snow [illegible] and actually higher, [illegible] thousand feet, [illegible] had been [illegible] we must [illegible] tered. [illegible]

The same [illegible] spirit persisted when next [illegible] after their attempt to reach [illegible] had failed they made their way back, supperless and exhausted, to a lower camp, where they anticipated a comforting hot meal, only to find that through an unfortunate mistake, although the food was there, not a thing was to be found to cook it in. But if they could not have hot food—

"Ice cream!" suggested Norton.

Thereupon a tin of strawberry jam was opened and then another of frozen milk. The two were compounded with snow, and they had strawberry ice cream on Mt. Everest!

The Parsee's Point.

A Parsee, on a visit to London one winter, dined with a bishop. The bishop tried to convert him.

"You're a cultured fellow," said the bishop, "you've traveled a lot, and read good books, and yet you worship the sun."

The Parsee gazed out of the windows at the thick London fog.

"But, my dear sir," he said, "you have no idea what a splendid thing the sun is. You should just see it once!"

Remember always to keep a dish of water where your dog and cat and other pets can reach it, especially in hot weather.

WRIGLEY'S

after every meal

Cleanses mouth and teeth and aids digestion.

Relieves that over-eaten feeling and acid mouth.

Its l-a-s-t-i-n-g flavor satisfies the craving for sweets.

Wrigley's is double value in the benefit and pleasure it provides.

Sealed in its Purity Package.

Automobile Ownership in Canada

If an increase in the purchase of motor vehicles is to be taken as indication of progressive prosperity the situation in Canada is particularly gratifying. The ownership of cars in the Dominion is increasing yearly at a very substantial rate, and figures published for the present year already indicate a material increment over those of 1923. Canada now takes third place in the total number of motor vehicles of the different countries of the world, Great Britain having last year assumed the second position formerly held by Canada in this regard. Canada, however, still occupies the second place to the United States in per capita ownership.

The total registration of all classes of motor vehicles in the nine provinces of Canada in 1923 was 589,679, an increase of 13.68 per cent. over that of the previous year 1922, which registered an increase of 10.9 per cent. over 1921. A feature of the registrations of motor vehicles in Canada during the year was the increased percentage of commercial trucks, amounting to 18 per cent. compared with an increase of only 3 per cent. in passenger vehicles. The importance of the motor truck as an auxiliary instrument of commerce is being realized to a greater extent in all provinces.

Of the total 589,679 motor vehicles of all classes in Canada in 1923, 515,077 were passenger automobiles, Ontario led in number with 245,515, followed by Saskatchewan with 63,017, Quebec had 60,[illegible]; Alberta 33,742; Manitoba 39,053; British Columbia 27,144; Nova Scotia 16,101; New Brunswick 15,433; Prince Edward Island 1,231; and the Yukon 69. Working on a per capita basis this means that there is a passenger car in use for every 11 persons, in Saskatchewan 10 persons, in Quebec 38, [illegible] 15; in Alberta 14; in Nova Scotia [illegible] in British Columbia [illegible] New Brunswick 25; and [illegible] Edward Island 38. Over the [illegible] one car [illegible] 31 persons.

The [illegible] apparent in a survey of the above figures is that [illegible] cars are owned in the provinces which are most [illegible] daily agricultural. Thus, with little exception of Ontario, the territory between the Great Lakes and the Pacific coast surpasses in this regard the remainder of the Dominion. A [illegible] has been made by the Government to secure information which will throw a bearing upon the extent that [illegible] tourists, as compared with urban owners, are becoming possessed of automobiles.

The only province that makes a classification of registrations of vehicles according to the occupations of the owners is Ontario, the first industrial province of the Dominion. It is significant, therefore, that in this territory, where industry leads, farmers constitute the largest single class possessing car, with 29 per cent. of the total owners. In the province 5 per cent. are owned by those in professional occupations, 39 by those in mercantile, trade and sales occupations, 3.9 by contractors, and 23.1 by others. Taking Ontario as a standard, the percentage in the Western provinces of the total cars to be found in the farming districts would be much larger.

Resenting the Charge.

Cousin Poorthing.—"You know, cousin, we have common ancestors."

Cousin Newdollar.—"There may be some common ancestors in your branch of the family, but there are no common people in mine."

Prepared for the Worst.

Jones had found a slip of paper on his lawn. It was an accurate and detailed plan of his private office. The exact position of the stairs was noted. Notes showed which doors swung in and which swung out. Even the windows were set down. Jones was alarmed.

"Some burglar must be going to raid my office," he told his family.

"Oh, that isn't it," cried his daughter, glancing at the sketch. "Those notes are in Jack's handwriting. He's coming down to your office to ask you to let him marry me."

A locust recently captured at Middelvlei, in South Africa, had tied to it a message which proved it had travelled more than two hundred miles in twenty-four hours.

A detachment of Royal Canadian Engineers hauling pontoons together for the formation of a bridge in their recent field-day manoeuvres.