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# "SALADA" TEA

## TOO SOON A BRIDE

By MARJORIE B. PEREGRINE

Lola Brewster was a high school education by working as a housemaid, but in dragged back into the sordid shanty life of her family by her mother's illness. Jerry Hughes, whom she loves, sees her there and she

sends him away. She obtains a job as singer with a small-time orchestra and makes good. She writes to Jerry to call him back to her.

### CHAPTER V

"Go as your wife? Marry you?" Lola gasped at Chase Wiley's astounding proposal. "Why, Chase! I couldn't. I don't love you."

The orchestra leader looked at her pityingly.

"Who said anything about love?" he demanded. "I'm talking business. If you're not legally of age, your father can make all sorts of trouble if we take you across State lines."

"But—couldn't Pa stop me from getting married?"

"No. Not in this State. You're not of age, but you're old enough to exchange the guardianship of a father for that of a husband."

"How funny," Lola murmured. Her mind was busy with Chase's strange proposal. He wanted her to marry him—to bind herself to him without thought of loving him. What would he expect of such a wife?

"Chase! I'm afraid," she said suddenly.

"For the love of Mike," Chase said explosively. "What are you afraid of? Things won't be any different than they are now! I'm not going to touch you!"

"You'll promise me that?" Lola asked. "You'll promise our marriage would be just what you say—a business agreement?"

Chase picked up his hat and stick. "Purely a business arrangement," he repeated. "Well, that's settled. Get your things packed. I'll call for you at eight tomorrow morning."

Lola did not tell Carol. She tried, but something inside of her stopped the words. It was as if she feared to put the plan into speech. Over and over she tried to tell herself, "It doesn't mean a thing," but some inner reasoning refuted the words.

She thought of Jerry, she wavered. Dear Jerry! If only the man who wanted to marry her had been Jerry! How different she would feel. But he had finished with her forever.

It was morning. Lola snapped down the lid of the battered suitcase Chase had lent her, and tried to smile. She turned and threw her arms around her sister. For a moment, they hugged one another silently. Then Carol spoke.

"You're going to have a great career, Lola," she said. "You're not going to be just an ordinary jazz singer. There's something bigger ahead of you."

Lola hugged her sister again. "Gee, Carol," she murmured huskily. "You're swell. I wish you were coming with me."

Carol shook her head. "I'll be safe here," she answered. "Besides, there's a new manager in the store. He's the handsomest thing you ever saw, and I've got a date with him tonight!"

A motor horn sounded under the window. Lola kissed her sister on both cheeks and grabbed her suitcase.

"Goodbye!" she cried. "Goodbye." She ran down the stairs. Carol's voice called after her. "I'll write. And forward any mail!"

Lola stopped. Forward any mail! Carol meant she would send any letter from Jerry. Lola squared her shoulders. There wasn't going to be any letter. If there were, she wouldn't be going to marry Chase Wiley.

The wedding took place at noon, in a small town six miles from the

# Woman's World

By Meir M. Morgan



### Rugby Games Sharpen Appetites

Spectators and players alike become gorgeously hungry during the games in the keen Autumn air—and this is the time to produce the richest and gayest looking layer cakes.

Supper or dinner, after the game is a meal indeed and should finish up with a very impressive confection.

**Ambrosia Layer Cake** is the perfect cake for such an occasion. Fluffy white coconut frosting topped with crescents of orange give it all such a cheerful air that everyone is pleased before even tasting it and after that—well—watch it disappear!

**2 1/2 cups sifted cake flour, 2 1/4 teaspoons baking powder, 1/4 teaspoon salt, 1 1/2 teaspoons grated lemon rind, 1 tablespoon grated orange rind, 1/2 cup butter or other shortening, 1 cup sugar, 2 eggs, well beaten, 3-4 cup milk, 1 teaspoon vanilla.**

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt, and sift together three times. Add lemon and orange rind to butter, and cream thoroughly, add sugar gradually and cream together until light and fluffy. Add eggs and beat well. Add flour, alternately with milk, a small amount at a time, beating after each addition until smooth. Add vanilla. Bake in two greased 9-inch layer pans in moderate oven (375 degrees F.) 25 to 30 minutes. Spread orange coconut filling between layers and seven minute frosting on top and sides of cake. Arrange sections of 1 orange (free from membrane) on top of cake and sprinkle 1/2 cup coconut, southern style, over top while frosting is still soft.

State line. Lola and Chase stood before the justice of the peace in the dingy office of his feed store, with two members of the orchestra for witnesses. Lola shivered.

Then, Chase was kissing her. It was a long hard kiss. Lola pushed him away violently.

Chase laughed. There was something dangerous in the sound. But all he said was: "The bride is a bit modest."

They arrived in Welver City at dusk. Chase plotted his small car to a second-rate hotel.

Lola stood close by as he registered. It gave her a shock to see him put down: "Mr. and Mrs. Chase Wiley."

She set her teeth and watched the clerk write "402" after the signature. Then, with an assurance she had never known she possessed Lola spoke.

"Two rooms, please." The clerk looked at her, surprised. Patrons were seldom so affluent.

"Excuse me. Of course, madam, 402 and 404. I'll have the door unlocked between."

Chase turned to his bride. "You go on up. Unpack my things for me, will you? I've a lot of business that has to be attended to tonight."

Upstairs, Lola unpacked Chase Wiley's suitcases and neatly put away his one shirt. She took a needle and thread from her own kit and sewed it on.

### Orange Coconut Filling

1 cup sugar, 5 tablespoons sifted cake flour, dash of salt, 1 egg, or 2 egg yolks, slightly beaten, 2 teaspoons butter, 1/2 cup orange juice, 3 tablespoons lemon juice, 4 tablespoons water, 1 tablespoon grated orange rind, 1/2 cup coconut, style, chopped.

Combine sugar, flour, and salt in top of double boiler; add fruit juice, water and egg, mixing thoroughly. Place over rapidly boiling water and cook 10 minutes, stirring constantly. Remove from boiling water; add butter, orange rind, and coconut. Cool. Makes enough filling to spread between two 9-inch layers, or 15 x 10-inch sponge roll. Coconut may be omitted if a plain orange filling is desired.

**THIS WEEK'S WINNER**  
**Nutritious Cake**  
1/2 cup butter and lard mixed (3/4 cup of lard), 1 cup brown sugar, 1 small can of tomato soup, 1 teaspoon soda dissolved in the soup, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 2 cups flour, 1 cup raisins, 1 cup chopped walnut meats, 1/2 teaspoon cinnamon, 1/2 teaspoon each of nutmeg, cloves, salt.

Bake in a moderate oven. This cake does not require icing although one can ice it if so desired. — Mrs. Edwin G. Dietz, P.O. Box 233, Caledonia, Ont.

**ATTENTION!**  
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**How To Enter Contest**  
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Just like a real wife," she thought, "miling sadly. How absent it would be if the shirt were Jerry's and the wedding had been a true marriage. She sighed and put the shirt into a dresser drawer. Then she went into her own room and carefully relocked the door between.

She was asleep when Chase came in but she heard him fumbling around his room. A knock sounded on her door. Chase spoke in a thick liquor-fogged voice.

"Op'n the door an' lemme in." Lola cowered under the covers. Chase knocked again. He tried the door and fumbled at the lock. Then he went away muttering. Lola relaxed.

"So that's the way it's going to be," she thought, miserably. "He doesn't intend to keep his bargain."

The sun was shining gloriously when Lola awoke. She washed and dressed hurriedly, letting herself out of her room quietly in order to avoid waking Chase.

The hotel had no dining room, and she hunted breakfast down the street. Afterward, she set out to explore the town. Welver City had a population of 200,000 and it was a lively, bustling place.

Lola liked it. It was noon before she finished her explorations. She turned in the direction of the hotel. Orchestra practice began at two. She would have to hurry to change her dress. She had lunch, and got out to the amusement park where the band was to play.

As she stepped up to the hotel desk for her key, the clerk spoke to her.

"Excuse me, Mrs. Wiley. Is there another girl with your name?" Lola started at the sound of the name, Mrs. Wiley. She fought the queer little tremble in her voice and smiled at the clerk.

"Why, no I'm the only singer. Why?"

The clerk reached in a pigeon hole.

"Here's a letter, special delivery, for Lola Brewster, care of Chase Wiley's Orchestra," he said, puzzled. "Oh!" Lola stretched out her hand eagerly. "That's for me. Lola Brewster is my singing name."

She seized the letter and hurried up to her room. Dear Carol! She composed such a thick letter. Probably it was full of news about her date with the new manager. Lola shut her door and tore open the envelope.

She paused, puzzled. There was another envelope inside. It was post marked from Calgary, Canada. She tore it open.

(To be continued)

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### Los Angeles Water

"Romance in the Development of the Los Angeles Water Supply" was the title of H. A. Van Norman's paper delivered at the main session on "California Day" on Tuesday morning of June 9th. He described the tremendous obstacles which had been overcome in securing an adequate water supply for Los Angeles which covers 450 square miles and includes 3,500 miles of distribution mains, varying in size from 4 to 75 inches. Sixty-two tanks and reservoirs in the municipal system can store 57 billion gallons of water. Of this amount 17 billion gallons is within the city limits. A complicating factor in the local water distribution system is the varying elevations at which water must be served. The extremes are sea level to elevation 1720. The waterworks operates 24 step-up pumping plants pumping 14 billion gallons yearly. In addition there are 15 ground water pumping plants which augment the aqueduct and Los Angeles river supplies. Thirty thousand samples are yearly tested in the city laboratories. Some 13 modern chlorination plants are used for disinfection. Equipment used for this purpose includes the first automatic residual

### Peace Proposals

"Since the war I have become a pacifist, and unwisely surrendered my position as head of the household to my wife," said a man summoned for cruelty to his wife. "I am now seeking to get back my position and have several times made peace proposals to my wife," he continued. "I love her, and wish to make her queen of the home, with myself as its proper head."

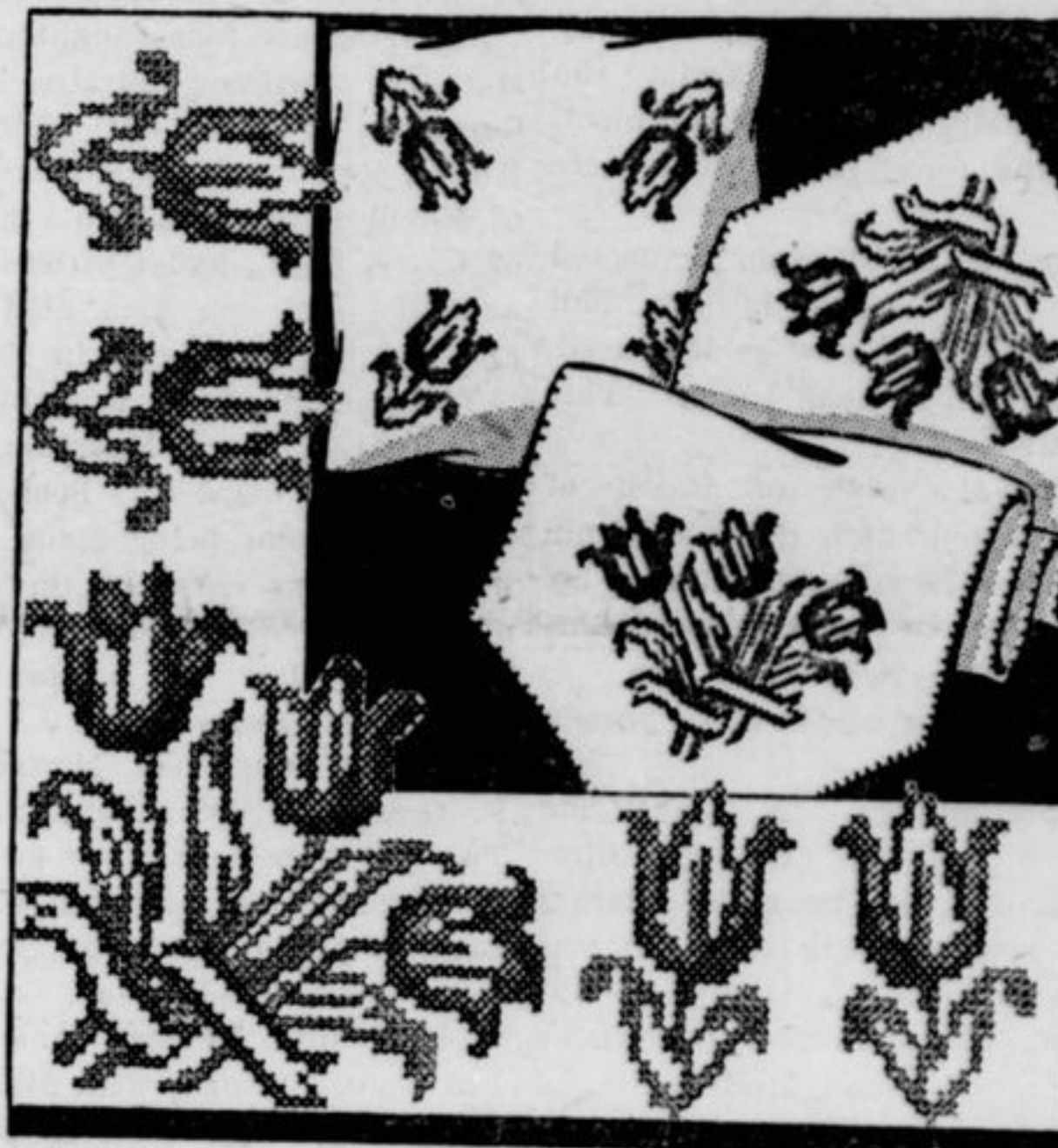
"Although my wife is given to fits of rebellion I have no wish to usurp her position."

The wife, on the other hand, said she put coats on the stairs for her to trip over.

Many of Japan's old sword makers have dropped that line and are producing cutlery.

chlorinator of its type using an "electric eye" for control purposes. The per capita consumption is 130 gallons per day, charged for at the rate of 13 cents per 100 cubic feet; less than the average rate for 100 of the largest cities in the United States. — Engineering and Contract Record.

### Laura Wheeler Offers Tulips As Smart Motifs For Your Linens



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## Dr. Gotorth, at 76, Blind, and Retires

The announcement, writes the Toronto Globe, made by the General Board of Missions of the Presbyterian Church in Canada of the retirement of Rev. Jonathan Gotorth, D. D., while it may officially close his career, does not mean to this dean of Canadian missionaries that his work is done.

It was in 1888 that Dr. Gotorth went to the Province of Honan in China to found the first missions there, and China has been his home ever since until last year when the loss of his eyesight forced him to return. At the time of Boxer rebellion in 1900 Dr. and Mrs. Gotorth barely escaped with their lives. Later, when they ventured into the untouched regions north of Changde, one of their children died from Asiatic dysentery. Only a few years ago, in 1932, Dr. Gotorth, his son and another missionary were beaten by Japanese soldiers in Manchuria. The long life of toil has been one of danger as well.

Five years ago Dr. Gotorth underwent an operation for eye trouble, and last year he was forced to leave the foreign mission field and return to Toronto at the age of 76, impaired in health and to all intents and purposes blind.

But life was not over for this missionary. During the past year he has attended some 450 meetings, and states he has so many invitations to speak that he cannot accept them all. Old age means little to a man who has spent forty-eight years in China, while there is still work to be done. He may have left the foreign field, but according to him, the missionary work needed here. "I'm going to work right now in Toronto and make people who do not believe in God uncomfortable until they do believe in Him."

Were Dr. Gotorth content to dwell on the memories of his long and useful life he would have greater cause for satisfaction and pride than most men. But he is not ready yet to rest upon a task well done. "Memories of my forty-eight years in the east I'd go back for another forty-eight years if my sight were only good."

Men such as Dr. Gotorth lay down their task only with their lives.

## Fashion Predicts Red Hair "Tons"

Expert Says Platinum Blonde and Pencilled Eyebrows Have Passed.

MONTREAL — The girl with the platinum hair and those deftly pencilled lines over her eyes has gone — the way of all styles.

In her place has come, or is coming as soon as the idea catches, one with flaming hair. The redder the hair, the more brilliant the coiffure. And with it will return the eyebrows.

At least that's the opinion of President P. Richard of the American Section of the Master Ladies' Hairdressers, who lectured here at the annual Eastern Canada Hairdressers' convention.

The reddish hair will be done in the style of Empress Josephine, according to Mr. Richard, and for evening wear there will be in the hair, ribbons, cellophane, feathers, puffs and false curls.

"American and Canadian women," to quote Mr. Richard, "must get used to the idea of having their hair shaped again every three weeks if they want to stay smart. They must get used to having special hairdressers for special evenings."

Mainly advice for the men given by another lecturer at this convention: Brush your hair "very often," and even more often if you get time, he said. Wash it often—but never in cold water. Changing temperatures are bad for the growth.

## War Cruel, Wasteful Tweedsmuir States

WINNIPEG. — Disabled returned soldiers know that war is "a cruel and wasteful thing," Baron Tweedsmuir, Canada's Governor-General, told the Amputations' Association of the Great War, in annual convention here.

In a brief address his Excellency said men who had lost a limb or an eye "may be perfectly happy and comfortable physically, yet this reminder of the war they must always have with them."

"Such men know," he continued, "that war is not essentially a noble, or heroic, or beautiful thing, but that it is a cruel and wasteful thing. So it is they who say to themselves, 'Please God, it shall not come again.' Thus, the amputations men are in a position to inspire real public feeling about the war."

The Governor-General was made member of the association in pinning his identification badge upon him, Captain the Rev. S. E. Lambert association president, addressed the Governor-General as "Comrade Lord Tweedsmuir."

## IN AIR-TIGHT WRAPPERS



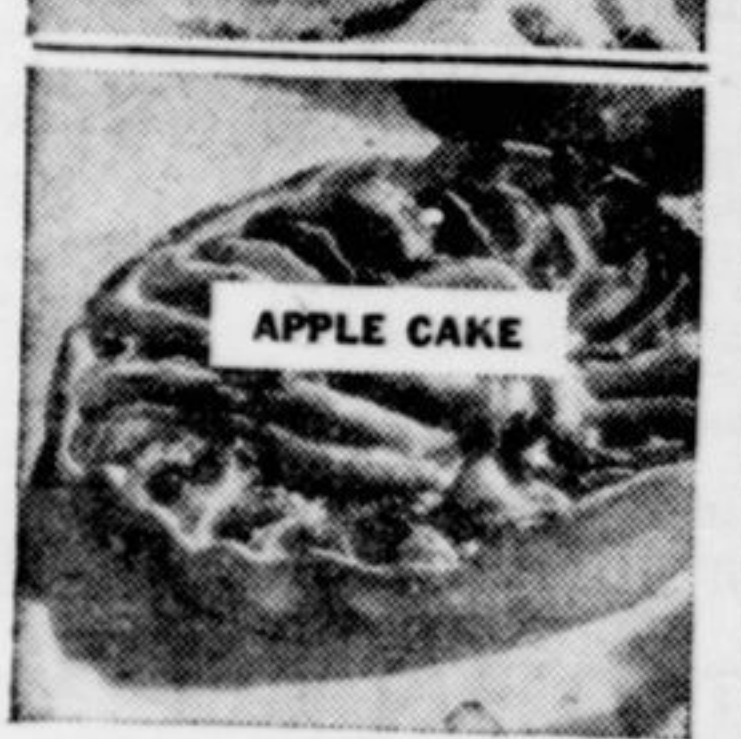
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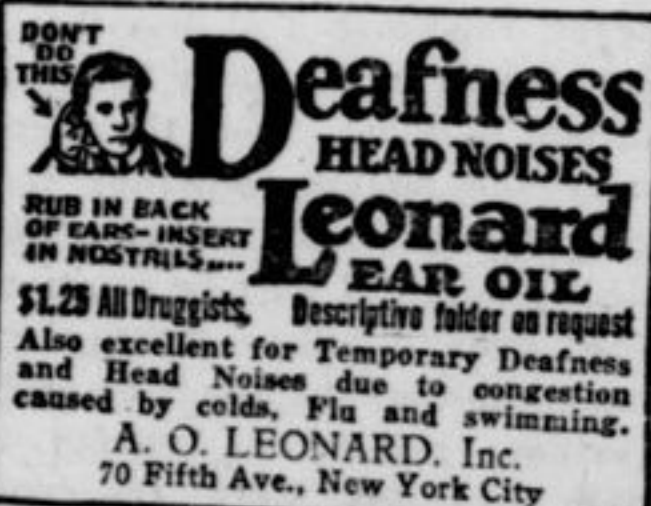
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