Tea for every Taste

"SALADA" TEA

503

Love Huntress

By H. GLYNN-WARD

Claudia Townsend meets Dick Whalen at a hockey game in Seattle one night. Her interest in Dick infuriates Wallace Bornell, rich young lumberman, who wants to marry her. To get Dick out of the way, Wallace gives him a job in one of his lumber camps in British Columbia. At the camp, Dick accidentally discovers that Bornell's men are working stolen timber lands. He asks for an explanation, but Braddock, the boss, puts him off and next day leaves for Seattle. The following day, Claudia stops in at Bornell's office and, by chance, overhears Bornell and Braddock plotting to do away with Dick. Claudia goes to the camp at Burns Lake to warn Dick. At the camp, she learns from Ching, the Chinese cook, that Braddock, who has arrived first, has sent Dick off on a long trip, with a man, Moriarty, who hates him. Moriarty has instructions to "Come back a'one!"

CHAPTER XI

What a strange white world this was, Claudia thought, nothing alive now but she—and a Chinese cook! It was a primitive world—passions unrestrained, murder, revenge, love. Mankind back again in the primeval elements.

"I t'ink you one velly clever woman, missee!" said Ching presently, turning with a chuckle. She noticed the band of ice on his muffler where his breath had frozen, put up her hand to feel the tendrils of hair under her cap all stiff with ice.

"You think they will come after us?" she asked anxiously.

"Maybe—maybe not. Not savvee where we go. No one t'ink ole Ching go with Missee! All busy with fire!"

It took about half an hour to cross the lake at the speed they were going, then Ching turned to help her up the bank. They were in the woods again, threading their way through thin timber where the going was not bad but necessarily slower. Again Ching flashed his light, showed her the tracks, winding in among the trees.

"I go ahead," he told her. "You follow."

She left it to him, following his little figure in and out among the trees. Dead silence all around them, no sound but the swishing of the snow under skis and snowshoes. . . . Would they be in time, she asked, with every heart-beat. What might be happening on ahead somewhere! The thought spurred her on, made her forget the cold, the distance they had come without a halt.

Fortunately Claudia was in excellent athletic trim, otherwise she could not have kept pace with the tireless little figure in front of her. Ching Lo went like an automaton, holding the flashlight pointed at the snow in front of him. She wondered that his hand did not stiffen, even in his woolly mittens, because her own fingers were beginning to feel numb from holding her ski-poles.

She stumbled more than once, driving her ski point into a stump, sometimes just saving herself from a fall. Always Ching turned to help her. At last she spoke, begging for a minute's rest.

"Better you keep moving, missee, freeze now if sit for rest!"

He was right, she knew. He slackened speed, and she moved after him, feeling the bitterness of the cold at once with the slower pace. They had gone now all of six miles from the camp. And still the tracks led on. . . .

All at once Ching Lo stopped dead. He held up his hand.

"Listen!" he said in a whisper.

From far off came a faint tap-tap . . . tap-tap. . . .

"Axe!" he whispered. "Quick now!"

He was off again like a gliding shadow among the trees, guided only by the direction of the sound. Claudia followed as best she could, her breath coming quickly in her excitement and effort to keep up with Ching. She felt that he had guessed something definite from that regular tap-tap that sounded monotonously—nearer now.

What had Ching Lo sensed? What was going on in the mind of that little shadow weaving his way through the trees? There were only two men in the woods here at this time—which of them was cutting a tree down? And what of the other?

Almost sobbing with anxiety Claudia threaded her way after Ching Lo. The tapping continued, nearer, louder. They must be almost upon them now.

The Chinese turned, whipped off his mitten and laid his finger across his lips. Claudia nodded. He had silenced her at the very moment when she wanted to scream out! Ching Lo had assumed naturally the position of leader. Claudia gave him her full trust. He had quickened his pace; Claudia knew somehow that he felt as she did—they must get there before that tapping stopped!

Then through the trees she caught the red glow of a fire—her heart leaped, and she sped on towards that flickering light. Ching Lo had vanished, but she no longer looked for him. She wanted only to reach the fire.

She had to skirt a thick group of poplars, and then there was a great fallen log to be negotiated. As she came up to it, she saw the flickering fire in full view, saw by its light the figure of a man swinging an axe, chopping at a tree. That man was Dick—Dick Whalen!

She stood there, weak with relief, and would have called out but that her breath was coming too quickly, and she felt the tears stinging her eyes. Also the Chinese had enjoined silence! Ching Lo, where was he? She looked round her among the dark trees—looked back at Dick swinging his axe. Then she saw a sight that froze her stiff with horror!

Another figure, a man who came out of the shadows just behind Dick—a man with an axe raised with both arms above his head—behind Dick—crept slowly nearer—nearer. Claudia tried to scream a warning, but no sound came. The man raised his axe still higher. The tree needed but one more stroke of the axe to fell it. It was swaying, and she knew that the moment Dick stopped swinging his axe and let it fall, the figure behind would strike!

(To be concluded)

Ask your dealer about the new Coleman Stoves that make their own gas, or write — The Coleman Lamp and Stove Co., Ltd., Dept. WL, Toronto, Ontario.

Mother's Role Becoming Harder

Speaker Predicts Much Hardship For Mother in 1950

WINDSOR.—Life is going to ask a great deal more of the mother of 1950 than is asked of mothers in 1937, Mrs. W. E. Mathews told a large gathering of mothers and daughters here.

"It is going to be much harder for a mother in 1950 to bring her daughter up in the fear and admonition of the Lord than it is to do so today," Mrs. Mathews said. She is the wife of a former pastor of Temple Baptist Church and is a mother. She now resides with her family in Detroit.

"Life has demanded a great more of me than I had any conception of when I was a young girl but it is going to ask a great deal more of you," she declared to the daughters assembled. "More and more, the world is becoming a place for the woman who is prepared. By that I mean we must be able to do something exceptionally well. The world is asking for specialed workers.

"If I had the opportunity to live my life over again, I would know some one thing and be able to do it in the very best possible way in which it could be done. I would also have more interests aside from my chosen career. I would have vocations begun when I was young so that I would have numerous things to turn to in later years when such things are so much needed to withstand life's knocks and bumps.

"For you who are not trained for special work it is going to be a rude awakening some day to wake up and find that your best isn't just good enough. There are t o many already like that. Positions are not waiting for such as them.

"There is not an adult today who has reached maturity without some handicap," Mrs. Mathews said, "something that if allowed to grow from youth to old age, will drag and pull the individual down all through life.

"In some it is just plain laziness, and to be quite frank, I think I could qualify very well in that class myself. But if you will take the advice of an older person, don't let that habit reach into your life. I would give all my gray hairs if I could just be a girl of 14 again and take advantage of the leisure that was mine. I had my tasks to do because I was brought up on a farm, but there were times when I had nothing to do but sit and rock time away in a chair.

"Others there are who let a snappy, quick temper ruin their lives because they will not curb their feelings. Scores of other handicaps are the common lot of all of us. You all know them.

"But there are others who seem to thrive among the thorns of life. Those who have an unbeatable philosophy. Can you find that secret? It is life's greatest gift — a philosophy of life that will not let life beat you even in its worst moments.. My wish for all of you is that you may find it."

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Harmful poisons go into the body, and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

A mere bowel movement doesn't always get at the cause. You need something that works on the liver as well. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up". Harmless and gentle, they make the bile flow freely. They do the work of calomel but have no calomel or mercury in them. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name! Stubbornly refuse anything else. 25c.

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Housewife Paying More To Fill Grocery Basket

WASHINGTON. — The U.S. bureau of agricultural economics reports the business upswing has levelled off, but commerce department officials said the industrial pace has quickened in recent months.

The bureau said in a monthly survey: "The marked upswing in business which began late last summer apparently is not continuing."

Whether the development will prove a minor setback or a serious interruption in the business upturn, it said, will depend on the amount of increase in private spending for construction and capital goods.

Parts of the present business slack may be due to expansion of consumer goods lines at a faster clip than construction and capital goods, the ureau said.

Commerce department officials agreed the heavy goods have not moved upward as rapidly as consumer goods. They asserted, however, that in the aggregate business is lengthening its stride.

Industrial production for the first 1937 quarter was 21.9 per cent. over the same 1936 period, these officials said, and this rate of increase was maintained through April and early May. This advance, they added, is greater than that during the last half of 1936.

Cost of filling the U.S. housewife's grocery basket is the highest in six years, reflecting the tribute levied against the consumer's pocketbook by the 1936 drought, a study of food prices in Chicago wholesale and retail markets disclosed.

A U.S. department of agriculture survey showed the market basket's cost is about 10 per cent. higher than a year ago and 50 per cent. higher than the low point of early 1933.

Mr. Aberhart says he has no desire for a general election in Alberta. This is one item in his policy which we can understand.—Ottawa Journal.

Crocheted Beret and Bag Make Up Laura Wheeler "Love Set"

CROCHETED ACCESSORIES — PATTERN 1181

It's a "Love Set"—this matching beret and bag! You'll love crocheting it, too—in a simple crochet stitch, alternated with puff stitches. Smart in white, or pastels, crocheted in white cotton, guimpe or yarn! Pattern 1181 contains directions for making the set shown; illustrations of it and of all stitches used; material requirements.

Send 20 cents in stamps or coin (coin preferred) for this pattern to Needlecraft Dept., Wilson Publishing Co., 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto. Write plainly PATTERN NUMBER, your NAME and ADDRESS.

To Teach Jobless Domestic Science

Young Calgary Woman Lawyer Is Advancing New Plan

CALGARY. — Establishment of a cottage school where unemployed girls would be taught domestic science is advocated by Miss Mary Duncan, young Calgary woman lawyer. Something definite, besides clubs, is needed for young girls who are jobless, she believes.

Miss Duncan expects to start such a school this summer where girls would be taught cooking, sewing, designing, interior decorating, and how to meet people and how to entertain.

"If the girls are not working," she said in an interview here, "they may as well be doing something worthwhile for themselves and the community."

At first volunteer workers will be obtained to teach the girls, if Miss Duncan is successful with her plans to establish the school, but later she hopes to interest the government in what she believes will prove a worthwhile enterprise, and secure teaching aid.

An appeal for furniture and equipment will be made. "Practically any old things will do to begin with," she said. "We'll paint them and fix them and probably learn a great deal in the process."

Not all salmon spend their lives alternately in fresh and salt water. In Maine, Canada and Norway are landlocked salmon that spend their entire lives in fresh water.

The fingerprint is a sure method of identification and files of the Bureau of Investigation of the Department of Justice, in Washington, contain more than 4,000,000 sets of them.

Woman's World

By Mair M. Morgan

Sophisticated Sweets Improve Early Summer Menus

In the early summer season, something with a dash and even "swank" should pep up the dinner menu. The desserts suggested here have a banquet air with their sophisticated flavor combinations, yet they are very easy to make. Ginger implies sunny lands, and fine preserved ginger bring a prosperous feeling—an emotion that permits forgetfulness of the long rainy season we've had.

Ginger Minute Tapioca is flavorsome and nutritious — a splendid finish for a light dinner or lunch.

- 1-3 cup quick-cooking tapioca
- 1-3 cup sugar
- 1-4 teaspoon salt
- 3 thin strips orange peel
- 1 egg yolk
- 1 egg white, stiffly beaten
- 1-4 cup orange juice
- 1 1-3 tablespoons ginger syrup
- 2 tablespoons chopped preserved ginger
- 2 cups milk
- 1-4 cup cream whipped

Combine quick-cooking tapioca, sugar, salt, orange peel, egg yolk, and mix in top of double boiler and stir enough to break egg yolk. Place over rapidly boiling water, bring to scalding point (allow 3 to 5 minutes) and cook 5 minutes, stirring frequently. Remove from boiling water and remove peel. Add orange juice, ginger syrup, and preserved ginger. Fold small amount into egg whites, add remaining tapioca mixture and blend. Cool—mixture thickens as it cools. When cold, fold in cream. Will serve 6.

New rhubarb on the market now is a little costly, but it has a welcome summery tang. This simple dessert gives a delicious fresh fruit sweet, most attractive in color and flavor.

- 1-2 cup sugar
- 1-2 cup water
- 1 pound rhubarb, cut in small pieces
- 1 pkg. quick-setting strawberry jelly powder

Combine sugar and water and heat until sugar has dissolved. Add rhubarb and simmer until tender. Measure; add water to make 2 cups. Dissolve jelly powder in warm rhubarb mixture — only quick-setting jelly powder that dissolves in warm solution will be satisfactory. Turn into mold. Chill until firm. Unmold. Serves 6.

Jellied Ginger Pears gives a fine finish to a chicken dinner.

- 8 halves canned pears, drained
- 1 pint warm pear juice and water
- 1 tablespoon preserved ginger, chopped
- 2 tablespoons ginger syrup
- 1-8 teaspoon salt
- 1 pkg. quick-setting lemon jelly powder.

Heat pears, pear juice and ginger syrup to boiling. Remove pears; add salt. Dissolve quick-setting jelly powder in 1 pint warm pear juice and water. Pour into mold and arrange pears in jelly mixture, having rounded side up. Chill until firm. Serve plain or with whipped creom. Serves 8.

SUPPER DISH

Sausage Rarebit

- 1 pound sausage
- 2 tablespoons butter
- 1-2 pound soft, mild cheese, cut in pieces
- 1 cup thin cream
- 1-4 teaspoon salt
- Few grains cayenne
- 3 eggs, slightly beaten

Cook sausage until done in frying pan. Melt butter, add cheese and seasonings. As soon as the cheese melts, add cream gradually and slightly beaten eggs. When mixture is smooth, add the cooked sausage and serve on toast points.

QUICK SALADS

These simple, inexpensive, yet very tasty and aristocratic looking salads may be made quickly for the bridge party, or unexpected company.

Starter Salad

Crisp lettuce, watercress, pineapple, grapefruit cubes, sliced stuffed olives and tart French dressing are the ingredients. Combine the fruits and greens in a salad bowl and toss lightly with dressing shortly before serving.

Meal-in-one Salad

This salad calls for shredded cabbage, tiny shrimps, pineapple, sliced celery, and tart French dressing plus curry powder (1-4 teaspoon to 1 cup French dressing). Combine the first named ingredients in a salad bowl and toss lightly with the dressing shortly before serving. Be sure the cabbage is crisp.

Beautifying The Job

Shakespeare once asked, ironically, "What's in a name?" The answer of today seems to be, "Everything".

Samuel Fassler, commissioner of buildings in Manhatan, urged the other day that master plumbers adopt for themselves the new name of "sanitary engineer," so as to make a better impression on the public.

And why not? The whole idea these days seems to be to beautify your job with a fancy title. We have seen the press agent blossoming out as a public relations counsel, the undertaken becomes a mortician, the hairdresser becomes a beautician and the movie actress becomes an artist. If the plumber wishes to become a sanitary engineer, why shouldn't he?

"How do you keep your outhouse clean?"

"I use GILLETT'S LYE regularly . . . it keeps things clean and sanitary"

Outside closets kept clean this easy way!

THERE'S no risk of offensive outhouse odors when you use Gillett's Pure Flake Lye regularly. Just sprinkle half a tin over contents of closet—once a week. There's no need to remove contents—Gillett's does it for you.

Gillett's Lye in the household saves hours of heavy work—clears clogged drains, scours dirty pots and pans, quickly flushes away ugly toilet stains. Keep a tin handy.

Never dissolve lye in hot water. The action of the lye itself heats the water.

FREE BOOKLET—The Gillett's Lye Booklet tells how to use this powerful cleanser for dozens of tasks. Send for a free copy to Standard Brands Ltd., Fraser Ave. and Liberty St., Toronto, Ont.

The Latchstring Is Out in Canada for 'Good Neighbors'

American Woman Speaks Warmly of A Vacation Trip in the Maritimes

The friendliest of stories is written by Alice Booth in the current number of Good Housekeeping, under the title "Let's Go Visiting," in which she refers to Canadians as "the nicest neighbors anybody ever had." Mrs. Booth says we are "friendly, honest and hospitable" and goes on to talk of a vacation trip she and her family took one summer in the "Evangeline" country. They put their car on the boat from Boston to Yarmouth and then took what she describes as a "circle trail" up the west shore and back by the eastern coast.

She says:

"There is a very special hotel at Digby and a marvellous old fort at Annapolis Royal, to break the trip to Wolfville, where the shop windows are crowded with amethysts and whence buses leave every hour for the country Evangeline loved. I picked larkspur seed from the old church at Grand Pre and brought it home to my garden for a blue memory of sea and sorrow."

They went on to Halifax where the man of the family found a lake with delicious trout and they had the thrill of having their own fish for breakfast. Mrs. Booth says she can still taste them with "the johnnycake and puffed potatoes and sweet butter and thick country cream that came with them."

She goes on to write, "and then, when at last we had torn ourselves away, down the eastern coast by Margaret Bay and the white little village of Chester, settled by New Englanders after the Revolution when these lands were opened to colonization. Past Liverpool, where grassy lawns slope gently to tidewaters, and a rowboat is practically the back steps of every house. Past a wild beach which is the only one I have ever seen that showed absolutely no trace of humanity. It lies there still and old and turbulent as it must have been in the days of the Vikings, or in an infinity—if you can imagine that infinity—before."

Doesn't it make you want to go venturing in our sister provinces?

Tourist Trade Means $175 for Each Family

And Butcher, Baker, Farmer and Tradesman All Share in It

The tourist trade last year meant an additional revenue to Canada of $25 for every man, woman and child in the Dominion, or about $125 per family,—a not unimportant sum.

So far as the District of Algoma and the city of Sault Ste. Marie is concerned, the revenue per person was probably 40 per cent. higher than the average for the Dominion, which gives some idea of the importance of the tourist trade to this area.

And that revenue is fairly widely spread. The U. S. Chamber of Commerce estimates that of every dollar the American tourist spends in Canada, 41 per cent goes for hotels and other lodgings or to restaurants, so that it is in turn passed on to the grocer, the butcher, the dairyman and the farmer. And what they do with the money when they get it passes it along to another large section of the population.

And an industry which brings a revenue of about $175 per family in Algoma and which holds potentialities for a much larger return is worth going after.

Buying Our Wood

Scotland, which knows good value when it sees it, is buying more Canadian timber than at any time in its history.

The year 1935 saw the beginning of trade between that country and Canada for ready-made doors. It began with doors of Douglas fir, but now includes some white pine, and has grown so rapidly that last year Canada gained by far the largest share of the Scottish trade in imported doors. Their totals, through Glasgow and Leith, amounted to 67,750, or roughly 76 per cent. The principal competitors were the United States and Sweden.

There has also been a marked increase in the Scottish consumption of Eastern Canadian spruce. It has, in fact, been the most important of Eastern timbers into the Scottish market, and accounts for three-quarters of the year's imports of Eastern Canadian soft woods.

In a large [illegible] under a sit-down strike has been settled among the workers and all interests have been halted. It would be impossible to imagine the new cult going to any further extreme than this. — Brantford Expositor.

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