

# Your Guarantee

is the name

# "SALADA"

It insures tea that is fresh, fragrant and pure - Try it.



## Woman's Interests

### WHICH VEGETABLE IS BEST WITH THAT MEAT?

Certain combinations of meat and vegetables have always appealed to the taste, due to the blending of their flavor. Try some combinations from the list given below for dinner. Choose the meat, then a starchy vegetable and a green or succulent vegetable to make a well-rounded main course to the meal.

Roast beef with cauliflower, beets, cucumbers, spinach, carrots, parsnips, squash, celery, tomatoes, onions, beans, turnips or green corn.

Beef steak with peas, asparagus, cauliflower or mushrooms.

Beef pot roasts with onions, turnips, carrots, tomatoes or beets.

Corned beef with cabbage, spinach, beet greens, string beans, cauliflower, parsnips or cucumbers.

Veal roast with turnips, beets, peas, spinach, tomatoes, new onions, string beans or lima beans.

Veal chops or cutlets with celery, string beans, tomatoes or peppers.

Pork hocks with cabbage, sauerkraut, string beans or greens.

Pork roast with apples, spinach, tomatoes or sweet potatoes.

Pork chops with apples, sweet potatoes, tomatoes, corn or celery.

Salt pork with cabbage, corn, peas or beans.

Spareribs with rutabaga, turnips, beans or sauerkraut.

Baked ham with corn, cauliflower, spinach or squash.

Boiled ham with cabbage, spinach, celery, corn or beans.

Lamb roast with carrots, peas, mint, brussels sprouts or turnips.

Pork hocks with cabbage, sauerkraut, string beans or greens.

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# The Gift Of The Gods

BY PEARL POLEY.  
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## CHAPTER XVI. (Cont'd.)

"And there is nothing we can do?"  
"Nothing that I can see." Lun, poor woman, has been imploring me on her knees to delay the wedding for at least two months. She claims Tu Hee won't marry Chu Sing; if we can persuade her to wait till then. Personally I think the poor creature is hysterical and hopes by delaying the ceremony to save the girl."

"What reason does she give for her strange request?"

"Not a word of explanation. That's why I don't feel like acting. She says Tu Hee would listen to me; but I'm afraid I couldn't make such an assinine proposal convincing enough to influence her."

"It does seem ridiculous," agreed Grace, "to delay the wedding two months, and the absurdity of it makes the old woman's request appear to have something back of it."

"But why doesn't she give me an inkling then? She was frantic; actually got down on her knees and blubbered like a child."

"Did you promise her anything?"  
"Nothing definite. I said I would call and see Tu Hee, but it's doubtful if she will see me. She's gone into seclusion for her uncle."

"Poor child, I suppose she feels nothing matters. I wonder if she really cared for David?"

"Well, if she did," replied Helen, a practical note in her voice, "I hope she will be sensible enough to forget him. I wouldn't want to see David mixed up in the affair now."

"I feel like cabling him."

"Grace Ashton, have you lost your senses?"

"But, Helen," there was a catch in the girl's voice, "you don't understand. I feel horribly responsible. Just think if Rowe and I were parted—why, it would kill me."

A misty look softened Helen's eyes. "It is marvelous what the human race can endure. I thought if anything happened to Fred I'd lie down and die, but when he was taken from me life laid obligations on me that could not be shirked and for my friends' sake I had to live on."

"Yes, but you have abnormal moral courage, Helen dear."

"Have I?" Helen smiled sadly. "It must have been given me since then, for I had none at that time, Grace dear. God! the agony I suffered, the black clouds that rolled up and settled over me layers thick until I thought the sunlight would never penetrate again. But I think God has a reserve force which He lets us draw from when the terrible moments come."

There was silence for a few minutes. Grace felt she had caught a glimpse of the real Helen for the first time and she was awed.

"Come," Helen rose. "We're forgetting we're afternoon callers. I'll have to sleep on this question. In the morning no doubt an inspiration will come. But, Grace dear, promise me you'll leave David out. I feel it would be wicked, tragic, for us to interfere now. David is a man; he's no weakling. He'll work out his own salvation some way. And, dear girl, get rid of the idea that you're responsible. Thank heaven, a good woman wields great influence, but I've a tiny conviction that David viewed all sides of this question and not even you, Grace true and sweet as you are, could swerve him one way or the other."

Grace's face brightened. "Do you really think so? If I could only believe it. Oh, Grace, he has already suffered so much, and I can't bear the thought that I have made life less sweet for him."

"You haven't. I believe that's the doctor and Mr. Reynolds coming up the path. Come, we need a laughing tonic and Mr. Reynolds never fails us."

## CHAPTER XVII.

"It's like old times to have you to myself for a whole evening."  
Neil Culver smiled across at his wife as he spoke.

The light-footed servant had slipped away after bringing in tea and dessert, and there would be no more interruptions, unless it was a chance caller.

Irma laughed softly. There was a genuine happy ring to the ripple that caused Neil to raise his head expectantly.

"Something pleasant tucked up your sleeve, my dear? Ah, there's Chess!"

Irma shook her head. "Chess was far from my thoughts, dear, but now that you mention it, there is a fragrance of romance in the air."

"Helen Graymore? I honestly hope Cupid gets more than a finger tip on her shoulder. Stars of Georgia, wouldn't it be the greatest coup imaginable if those two were to set the bells a-jingling?"

"Why, Neil, you're growing reckless," laughed Irma. "But I agree with you all the same. Helen is the sweetest thing and Chess the dearest old codger! It would be the very best thing for both of them and I believe it's going to come true."

"Culver" became serious. "Ah, you don't know Chess, my dear! The man has been dangled for him for twenty years now. If Helen lands the old boy she'll be an 'A1' angle."

"Hush, Neil! do be careful of your metaphors." Helen, I'm sure, hasn't thought of such a thing. She may like Chess, but he'll have to go pretty far to win her. We mustn't even breathe that we suspect. They're both like timid birds."

"Leave it to me. I'll be as innocent as a fawn until Chess asks for my hand-grip. And so that's why you're so perky, little woman?"

"Not altogether, Neil." Irma pushed back her chair as she spoke and glided around to her husband's side.

Neil laid aside his pipe as she drew up a small rocker and slipped her hand into his.

"In the soft light of the swinging lanterns the youth of her face caused her husband to marvel. A faint flush was on her cheeks and her eyes sparkled softly."

"Neil, dear, it took China after all to lay the healing balm of content on my heart; for the first time I am reconciled."

Neil's clasps tightened over the small hand clinging to his. He cleared his throat as if about to speak, but remained silent.

"We never studied or thought very much about Spiritualism," continued Irma, "but I have a feeling that our child is not far from us. I have not liked to speak about it before Neil. If it made me restless and unhappy I wouldn't mention it now, but as it has the opposite effect, I don't mind telling you. And," Irma's voice saddened a little, "while life is really beautiful if you do not clamp yourself shut like a pocketbook, still there are always big tragedies lurking around the corner. I think it's our child's namesake, that poor little Chinese girl, who has set me thinking. Neil, has it occurred to you that if our child were living she might be ours no longer? Nineteen is a woman's years, and a woman's heart often wanders to strange places."

Neil did not reply at once, his tight handclasp only revealing his feelings. When he spoke his voice was slightly husky.

"Yes, dear, as you say, tragedy and heartache have numerous disguises. There are many things worse than death. Death, after all, hurts only those it bereaves."

The minutes passed. With a contented sigh Irma leaned her head on her husband's shoulder. For the next half hour nothing but the soft night sounds, mingled with the mellow chimes of temple bells, broke the wavy silence. The moon rose full and silvery radiant in a starry, cloudless sky, and the fragrance of multitudinous flowers interspersed with the aroma of the pines, encircled them.

For a time Irma's mind was passively content, but Irma Culver could not close up like a pocketbook. Her heart might be soothed into tranquility, but there were always tiny tendrils at work seeking to reach and help some less fortunate mortal. One turned home now with an uneasy little quiver and startled Irma into tense consciousness.

Lifting her head, she said suddenly: "Who do you think was here yesterday, Neil?"

"Lun, dear?"  
"Lun, dear old Lun."  
"You don't say! Well, well, I should like to see her. It was thoughtful of her to drop in on you."

"Oh, she hasn't forgotten us by any means, but I had nothing to do with her visit yesterday. She called to see Helen Claymore."

"Indeed?" Neil waited for his wife to continue.

"Yes, Lun has been employed in Weng Toy's household ever since leaving us. She is nurse to the girl who has aroused so much interest."

"You don't say! And she has been with her all these years? A faithful soul."

"Yes, and she idolizes the girl. Strange, isn't it, Neil, her name should be Tu Hee—Lun calls her another Gift of the Gods. She has inherited the blue eyes of a foreign ancestor, too, English, I believe, but you have most likely heard about it, dear. I really think that is why Lun cares so much. She has had charge of her from the time baby died. I wish I had stayed and seen the child that day I called so many years ago—sixteen, just think."

"Oh, well, my dear, I wouldn't think too much about the girl. For all her foreign inheritance she is evidently more Chinese than anything else, and if she is betrothed to that wealthy Chinaman, Chu Sing, she is entirely out of our friendly reach."

"Yes, of course. I've been warning Helen and Grace against interfering, but the girl must be very uncommon to have interested them so keenly."

"As far as that goes, what Chinese aristocrat isn't patrician in bearing? Neither Helen nor Grace has had many opportunities of entering the homes of China, so no wonder their fancy has been captured. Well, my dear, what say you to a little stroll before going in?"

"Yes, you, what is it?"  
The boy in the door looked rather frightened.

"Please, sir, I like to see you." And he bowed and backed into the sitting-room.

"How strangely he acts, Neil."  
"They're easily flustered. Wait here, dear; it may be a night call." As he spoke, Neil stepped into the house after the boy.

Yo stood straight and stiff, the look of fright more pronounced than ever, and his hand shook as he held out a yellow envelope.

Neil's heart gave a heavy, dull throb as he saw the thick, black-typed word, "Cablegram." A hundred thoughts coursed through his mind, but fear predominated them all. Cablegrams were not so infrequent; why be so womanish? he admonished himself, as his trembling fingers tore open the flap and a shaking hand drew out the yellow slip of paper.

(To be continued.)

The increased cost of fine teas has tempted some to try cheap, inferior teas to their sorrow. It is real economy to use "SALADA" since it yields to the pound more cups of a satisfying infusion and besides has such a fresh, delicious flavor.

"What's this, Uncle?" "That's a zebra." "What does it do?" "Well, er—it's principally used to illustrate the letter Z."

Minard's Liniment Heals Cuts.

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No woman should have wrinkles or sagging skin before she is sixty.

Lifebuoy keeps the skin young.

The health odour vanishes quickly after use.



LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED  
Toronto, Ont.

### When the Needle Fails to Point True.

One night off the Irish coast during the war a steamer was torpedoed. The boats were provisioned and dropped over the side, and in the captain's boat was placed a small machine gun for protection. The boat carried also the ship's compass, and the captain instructed the other craft to follow him as he laid his course toward land.

But late in the morning the captain began to suspect that the needle was not pointing north. For a little while he was puzzled; then he understood. The machine gun was affecting the needle. Only when they had reluctantly dropped the weapon overboard for there was no room for it in the other boats—did they find a course that brought them to land.

How often in life something that we insist on taking out ourselves solely for protection influences the delicate needle of conscience so that it no longer points true! For example, there is money. Most of us in laying out the course of our life feel sure that we must include it, for money is such a comforting protection against so many woes and ailments. Yet how many times under its subtle appeal the needle of conscience swings away from the ideal of strict honesty or truthfulness or generosity to which God intended it to point.

And there is the desire for popularity; it is a natural desire, but it carries with it the temptation to sacrifice principle, to surrender a high conviction or a righteous ideal in order to get more of it. It is true that popular people have power of a certain kind, and on many occasions power is a great protection; but we must be sure not to pay too much for it. For the great end of life is not money or popularity or power; it is character. Whatever keeps us from attaining it had better be thrown overboard. Before the voyage is finished we shall thank God we have been wise enough to make the sacrifice.

The Reason.

Little Willie came home from school looking very fearful.

"What's the matter," inquired his Uncle John.

"I've lost the quarter the teacher gave for the best boy in the class!" wailed Willie between his sobs.

"Well, never mind," said Uncle John. "Here's another quarter. But how did you manage to lose it?"

Willie—"Because I wasn't the best boy, uncle."

The Penitent Bull.

An Irishman was walking across a field when an angry bull rushed at him and tossed him over a fence.

The Irishman, recovering from his fall and looking up, saw the bull pawing and tearing up the ground. He smiled at the animal and said:

"If it was not for your bowing and scraping and your apologies, you gaste, I'd think you'd thrown me over this fence on purpose."

Minard's Liniment for Dandruff.

Talk to women; talk to women as much as you can. That is the best school.—Disraeli.

