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Woman's Interests

### MY BEST POTATO RECIPE.

My best potato recipe may be rather disappointing to some housewives, especially those who are expecting something elaborate and unusual, for it is merely my way of boiling potatoes so that they are always white as flour, dry, fluffy and mealy, and, moreover, wholesome and inviting. One of my pet abominations has always been a potato that is soggy, waxy and damp.

A white, or Irish, potato is really a very interesting and complicated bit of Nature's handiwork. If one could magnify it sufficiently, one would find its structure not unlike that of some great building, the walls of the potato being of a product known as cellulose, in place of iron or steel. Cellulose is a woody, tough product, which is of value to the human body because it supplies bulk, but it is not so valuable as the little starch particles it encloses. The potato is more than 18 per cent starch, though it contains mineral matter and other qualities as well. The starch is the most important and the largest ingredient in the potato, therefore it is the one which must be considered first in the cooking of this vegetable.

Starch in any form requires intense heat to bring it to perfection, and the starch in the potato, because it is imprisoned or inclosed by the cellulose, demands plenty of heat at the very outset of its cooking. Therefore, if the potato is to be boiled, it must be plunged quickly into rapidly boiling water. Another reason for this necessity of boiling water is found in the cellulose structure, for only intense heat will break down these woody walls. Therefore, it is quite plain that if the potato were to be put into cold or tepid or even fairly hot water, the woody or cellulose section would absorb the water and so toughen it that the starchy particles, instead of bursting out suddenly into the floury meanness so desirable, would become soggy and moist.

Here is my recipe, then, for perfect boiled potatoes: Place a kettle of water on the fire to come to the boiling point; meantime select sound potatoes of regular size and scrub them with a stiff brush until they are as clean as possible, then pare a ring of skin from the potato around the very centre. Now plunge them into the boiling water, adding no salt. Cover the kettle at once. Let the potatoes boil rapidly for fifteen or twenty minutes, or until they are tender almost through, but still a little hard in the centre. Now throw in a cupful of cold water and when the potatoes again begin to boil they will be ready for serving.

There is a reason for adding this cold water, just as there is for peeling a ring of the skin from the centre of the potatoes, and also for omitting the salt, all of which I will explain. The potato, which has been cooking rapidly for fifteen to twenty minutes, has become very hot right through to the centre. The cold water checks the heat on the surface of the potato, where it is always tender, but does not affect the inner portion, so the outer part will not be over-cooked while the centre is finishing. As a result the potato will not break and crumble when it is taken from the water, but will be dry and mealy all through.

Salt tends to draw out the mineral matter in root vegetables and to ren-

der them tough, so it is wise to omit it until the cooking is finished. The water should be drained from the potatoes and the kettle placed over the fire again for a few minutes so that any moisture which remains may become absorbed.

Then it is time to add salt; dust it freely over the hot potatoes and shake them vigorously; by following this plan the salt will penetrate the skins and season the vegetable perfectly. As to removing the ring of skin from the centre of the potato, this is done to prevent the potato from breaking and becoming too big for its jacket, as it is apt to do during the boiling.

Potatoes boiled in this way and served hot make a most delicious dish. They may be eaten with gravy or simply with butter and salt, but to my way of thinking they are best when mashed with butter and cream and sprinkled with salt.—C. R. K.



### A CHARMING APRON MODEL

4213. Always seasonable and never out of fashion is the apron—and there is no version of this popular garment more practical and simple than the "one piece" style here portrayed. Cretonne with a finish of rick rack braid was used in this instance. Satene, and percale also are desirable materials.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: Small, Medium, Large and Extra Large. A Medium size requires 3 3/4 yards of 86-inch material.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 16c in silver or stamps, by the Wilson Publishing Co., 78 West Adelaide Street, Toronto. Allow two weeks for receipt of pattern.

### CLEANING OIL STOVES.

We've found that using a piece of baling wire for a ramrod and clean coal oil to wash with, coupled with a good strong automobile pump, will get anything out that is clogging the pipes of an oil cooking stove. Put on plenty of force and blow it out. Then blow from the other end of the pipe. It saves time and does a good job. The same pump can be used to blow obstructions from the gas line in auto or tractor when clogged.—E. R.

### VEGETABLE FRITTERS WITH PORK.

When frying bacon or other pork that contains a good deal of fat, try making fritters to serve with it. Make a batter with two eggs, a quarter cup of milk and two level teaspoonfuls of baking powder and enough flour to make a batter of moderate thickness. Stir in any leftover cooked vegetables you may have on hand, using a cupful or less to this quantity of batter. Fry in the hot fat after the meat has been taken up, dropping by spoonfuls. Serve on platter with the meat.

### WHEN USING CRAYONS.

This discovery is for the children who use wax crayons so much. My little girls have found out that by placing anything they have crayoned, face down on a thick layer of clean paper, and ironing it with a moderately warm iron, all the surplus wax which sticks up in shiny streaks is absorbed. The design is set permanently, so that it will not rub off, and the colors are made beautifully soft and delicate.—Farm Wife.

# The Gift Of The Gods

BY PEARL FOLEY.  
(Copyright.)

### CHAPTER XVII.—(Cont'd.)

The light flickered queerly over the typewritten words. They leaped up at Neil as if they would blind him, then receded to mere unintelligible scratches. At last he steadied his twitching nerves sufficiently to read:

"Sincerely regret inform you, Lieutenant Paul Culver killed August 11th."

Yo shrank away from the livid-faced man who staggered to his study. His faithful eyes lingered on the closed door and a strangled sob came from his throat as he heard the key turn in the lock.

Irma tarried on the verandah. The night was so glorious she couldn't persuade herself to leave it. Thoughts pleasant, and even dreams, brought the smiles to her lips and eyes. She raised a hand to replace a stray tangle of hair which the breeze had loosened. In the movement a paper rattled in her dress. She drew it out and held it against her cheek. It was a letter from Paul. She would read it once more before going to bed—no, she would wait. Neil would like to hear it again, too. This last thought recalled the fact that he had been gone many minutes. What could be keeping him? Perhaps it was a night call, but then he would have told her before leaving the house.

Humming softly, she opened the sitting-room door. Yo was still crouched against the wall.

"Why, Yo, what is the matter?" An icy dart shot into Irma's heart.

"Where is your master?"

A sickly smile wavered across the boy's face. He lowered his head in a jerky bow and motioned to the study door.

Irma's hand trembled as it fastened on the brass handle of the door. Heavenly Father! it did not give. It was locked.

"Neil!" Her voice was a frightened scream.

A heavy step stumbled forward. The door was thrown open and Neil caught his wife in a tight, stifling embrace.

Irma's eyes sought his face. "Neil, O Neil!" Her wild gaze roved to the desk. A yellow slip of paper lay open on its dark surface.

Black, delirious despair engulfed her. She did not ask any questions. Why should she? The truth was written in the face that bent over hers.

Irma wasn't the calm, stoic nature that can smile as the heart breaks. Her voice now rose in an agonizing scream.

"Paul, my little Paul! My God he is dead!"

With blanched face Yo crept to the door and closed it.

### CHAPTER XVIII.

"It's a hideous crime, an insult to China, for the ruby to remain in the Culver's possession."

"But what can you do about it?" As she asked the question Tu Hee paused in her walk and looked at her companion, surprised interrogation on her face.

"Sit down for a moment. You are not very strong yet, dear."

Chu Sing's voice was tenderly solicitous as he led Tu Hee to a garden seat. "No, thanks, I'd rather stand and have a full view of you. I wonder, Tu Hee, if you know how really beautiful you are! Every time I look at you my pulses go mad. You are my Goddess of Heaven!"

The last words were low and passionate, and with a quick movement the man seized Tu Hee's hand and raised it to his lips.

Tu Hee's face was a trifle paler than when he released it. She trembled, and nervously clasped her hands tightly together.

"Ah, Tu Hee, if you could only return half the love I feel for you! But then, how could you? My love has been growing for sixteen years."

"Sixteen years—a long time, Chu Sing. And then, perhaps to cover her previous confusion, she added with a nervous little laugh, "You didn't care for me, then, until I was three years old?"

Chu Sing gazed at the girl curiously a moment.

Instead of answering her, he remarked ruminatively: "Your hair was the color of honey then. Now it is like a raven's wing."

"No, not really, Chu Sing. You know this black hair is only a cap the gods would have me wear. Under it is hair that won't even lie flat—I used to compare it to my rebellious spirit. It's a queer shade, too—if it did not sound to absurd I'd say it was golden."

"So, you see, you do not altogether belong to China."

Tu Hee rose. A steeliness banished the friendliness from her eyes. Her voice was cold as she rebuked him.

"I am the niece of Weng Toy, Chu Sing."

Tu Hee shuddered at the triumph in his voice.

"Let us go back, please."

"You won't visit the sacred temple to-day, then?"

"No, to-morrow will do."

"There should be two sacred rubies in that temple instead of one. Yes, it is a crime against China and the house of Weng Toy to let that stone remain in the hands of foreigners."

"But what does it matter?" There was an uninterested, weary note in Tu Hee's voice. "They, after all, were the people he loved best. Why shouldn't they have the gift that was conferred on him? Poor Mrs. Culver! The shock of Paul's death nearly killed her. She must have loved him very much."

"Bah!" sneered Chu Sing. "These people of Christian faith are weak, watery-blooded imitations of humanity."

"Maybe, but still they have hearts, and Mrs. Culver's own child died so tragically, too."

"What do you know about it?" An anxious note had crept into the man's voice.

"I heard the story from Mrs. Claymore, and then I questioned Lun, but she didn't appear to know very much about it."

"They deserved all they got. People like that have no business interfering in the affairs of another race. Let them keep to their own firesides and harm won't come to them."

"You seem very bitter against them, Chu Sing. One would almost think they had done you a personal injury."

Chu Sing turned hard, glittering eyes on her, which softened as they met her surprised blue ones.

"Not me. If anything, they have brought me happiness."

"You talk in conundrums. But here's the door. Will you come in or—"

"Would you like me to?" The man's voice was almost pleading.

"I am really very tired, Chu Sing. Would you mind if I asked you to excuse me for to-day?"

Tu Hee laid her hand on his arm as she spoke. "You see," she added wistfully, "our ten-day wedding ceremony begins very soon now, and I'm a busy girl."

"And then you'll be mine, and I'll carry you away to the hills and have you forever. Farewell, dearest, for a day then."

Tu Hee stumbled as she entered the hall, and would have fallen but for Lun, who caught her and half carried her to a couch.

"Oh, my dear, you'll marry him if it kills you!"

Tu Hee lay with closed eyes while her old nurse chafed her hands and sent a boy for a glass of milk.

"You are an old goose, Lun," smiled Tu Hee a few minutes later as she handed back the empty glass.

"But he no for you, Missee Tu Hee. He black and you white."

"Lun, you forget yourself. Remember, when you speak of Mr. Chu Sing you are speaking of my future husband. Besides, your remark is ridiculous—he is as white as I am—every bit."

Lun saw her hasty slip had been misinterpreted and heaved a sigh of relief.

"And now please send for the sewing woman. I'll be ready to try on my wedding dress in half an hour."

Tu Hee slowly mounted the stairs, while Lun hobbled away to do her mistress' bidding. Her hands were tearing at each other frantically, however, and her lips formed the almost inaudible words: "Two weeks—the Goddess of Mercy make it four! Two moons, he say—what am I to do? And no can I tell."

(To be continued.)

### DON'T WASTE MELTED ICE CREAM

Occasionally because of poor packing, or the lack of a sufficient amount of ice, some of the ice cream planned for the Sunday dinner or lunch melts. Do not throw this away. It can be transformed into a very delicious dessert, much like Bavarian cream.

Put the melted cream into a double boiler or set in a pan of hot water, and when luke-warm add one teaspoon of powdered gelatine, previously softened in a little cold water and dissolved in hot water, to each cup of melted cream. When thoroughly mixed, pour into wet moulds and set aside to become firm. When only partially cool, add fresh berries, diced fruit or nuts. Service with dip of whipped cream.

When the price of good tea is high, many poor cheap teas are offered to the public. Those who buy then learn to their sorrow that price does not indicate their cost. To the pound more satisfying, and flavor cups can be brewed from a fine tea like "SALADA," hence its real economy in use.

### TO CHARMIAN, UNBORN:

My body folded tawny wings,  
To walk with slow, uncertain feet;  
My body put off silken things  
For linen, humble and discreet;

My songs that were as butterflies,  
So frail they bore but phantom gold,  
Cling to the earth, and dare not rise  
Out of the withered grass and mold;

My laugh is dumb that fluttered wild,  
My hands are bare of shining rings,  
My soul goes, fasting, that a child  
Be born for silk and song and wings.

—Lola Seyster Montross.

Minard's Liniment for Dandruff.

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### Helping the Blind to "See."

Watching a blind pianist in Paris distinguishing the keys of her instrument by her remarkable sense of touch, so stimulated the inventive genius of Valentine Haüy that in 1784 he produced the first book ever printed with relief letters for the use of the blind.

Before producing his book Haüy experimented with different forms and sizes of letters, with a view to discovering the precise shape in which they could be most readily distinguished by the touch. At length he fixed upon a letter, differing but slightly from the familiar Roman character.

Such excitement attended the first announcement of the invention that the Royal Institution for Young Blind Persons was established, and the inventor himself was placed at its head. Among the books he issued subsequently were a grammar, a catechism, and small portions of the Church Service, together with several pieces of music.

The Institution prospered for some time, but eventually funds diminished, and the scheme looked like collapsing altogether until the French Government came to the rescue.

The books were bulky and expensive, and the letters lacked the permanence and sharpness essential to perfect tangibility. These faults not being remedied, this remarkable invention soon sank into disuse, and little more was heard of it until, in 1804, Dr. Guilleme was made director of the Institution.

Dr. Guilleme revived the printing, and, having modified the letters, began the publication of a series of elementary works. But again most of them were ponderous and expensive to produce; yet in spite of this they formed the only literature for the blind.

Eventually relief printing made rapid strides until to-day embossed books are so well produced that many thousands of blind persons gain profit and pleasure from them.

### Scriptural Advice on Trees.

Long ago, nearly fifteen hundred years before the coming of Christ, leaders of the people of that time knew the value of trees and their importance to human life. In the twentieth chapter of Deuteronomy the priest in his exhortation to encourage the people to battle stated:

"When thou shalt besiege a city a long time in making war against it, thou shalt not destroy the trees thereof by forcing an axe against them; for thou mayest eat of them: and thou shalt not cut them down (for the tree of the field is man's life) to employ them in the siege."

"Only the trees which thou knowest that they be not trees for meat, thou shalt destroy and cut them down."

### Indian Summer.

Along the line of smoky hills,  
The crimson forest stands,  
And all the day the blue-joy calls  
Throughout the autumn lands.

Now by the brook the maple leans,  
With all his glory spread;  
And all the sumachs on the hills  
Have turned their green to red.

Now by great marshes wrapt in mist,  
Or past some river's mouth,  
Throughout the long still autumn day  
Wild birds are flying south.

—William Wilfred Campbell.

### Many Happy Returns.

At the close of a wedding breakfast a guest noted for his blunders rose to his feet, causing keen anxiety to all who knew him.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "I drink to the health of the bridegroom! May he see many days like this!"

There are bees in some parts of the world whose honey is poisonous.

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