

# When You Try "SALADA" TEA

you will realize the difference between "Salada" and "just tea."



## WASHING BABY'S WOOLENS.

Cold weather calls for woollens for the wee ones, and this means extra care with that part of the washing, for woollens will shrink at the slightest provocation.

I always buy the garments that are part cotton or silk, as they do not shrink so easily as the all wool. Then after baby has his bath and has been tucked away for a nice long nap, before putting his little tub away I fill it with tepid water to which has been added some soft flaky soap chips. These I stir into a suds and place his woollens in to soak for five minutes. At the end of that time I gently squeeze, not wring, the little garments out and then give them one rinsing in clear water of the same temperature. When squeezed out I gently pull them into shape and hang them up.

Much depends upon the way they are hung. The little stockings should have the feet stretched as far as possible and be hung on the line with a pin in the toe and in the heel. This keeps the stocking foot stretched until it is dry. The shirts should be hung up by the shoulders or, better, still, put on hangers. The flannel petticoats should be hung by the shoulders rather than by the seams of the skirt, as the hem stretches out unevenly when spinned up by the hem. And when ironing woollens, only a warm iron should be used, as wool scorches easily and is often ruined in this way. —Velma West Sykes.

## WHIPPING CREAM.

In the investigational work of the Dairy Department of the Ontario Agricultural College the following conclusions have been reached.

The temperature, richness and age of cream are important factors.

Cream rich in fat whips in less time and stands up better than does a thinner cream.

Cream containing 28 per cent fat is a satisfactory whipping cream.

Cream for whipping should be cooled to 45 deg. F., if possible, and be held for at least 24 hours.

If cream is not held at a low temperature there is danger of having too high acidity.

Lemon juice is a suitable substance to add to cream when it is too fresh. This will cause it to whip better and give a larger yield.

Cream whipped at a low temperature whips in less time and gives a larger yield than that whipped at a higher temperature.

After whipping, the cream should be held at a low temperature until used.

If cream cannot be whipped in a cool room, the dish containing the cream should be placed in very cold water.

There is no advantage in adding milk powder to cream for whipping.

## STEEL WOOL FOR SCOURING.

As a labor and time saver I believe that steel wool can't be beat. It is good not only for aluminumware but for pottery, enamel and iron wares as well. Nothing will remove the scorch from these metals so completely and quickly as a little steel wool. It will also put a polish on the paring and butcher knives and kitchen forks. By using steel wool for cleaning, the process is accomplished in about half the number of motions required when you have to dip in a cleaning compound and then back to the object to be cleaned. The different grades of steel wool give it great adaptability as a cleaning agent. —Ethel McDonald.

## MY MAN'S HOT LUNCH.

Two years ago when the graveling of the highway was in progress, the work was done mostly by farmers. They worked well into December and few of them went home for dinner.

With three small children it was impossible for me to carry a hot dinner to the pit.

A one-compartment fireless cooker and a thermos bottle would have solved the problem but they were beyond my reach.

I had a well-built egg crate with a closely fitting cover, a pile of clean old newspapers and magazines and a cast-iron foot warmer minus a handle. With these I went to work.

I lined the sides and bottom of the crate with old magazines, heated the soap stone as hot as possible without burning the papers and placed it in the bottom.

I warmed some potatoes in a one-part pan with a tight cover; put two pieces of warm, cooked meat on top of them, put on the cover and placed the

pan on the stone. I filled a fruit can with hot coffee, wrapped it in a newspaper, fitted it beside the potato dish, filled in all the space with crushed newspapers and laid a magazine on top. There was a small space at the top of the box where I put in a smaller pasteboard box of bread and butter sandwiches, fresh fruit and cookies. The heat did not reach these as the magazine formed perfect insulation.

The experiment was a success and I soon learned to pack potatoes, a vegetable and meat so that these and the coffee kept hot and, with sandwiches, cake or cookies and fruit, furnished my husband out at work with as well balanced a meal as we could serve on our home table. We noticed that his health was far better than that of the men who ate cold lunches.

Now when the men work on a farm some distance from home, I use the crate, and stove but put the meat in a six-quart kettle; the potatoes in a pan that fits into the kettle; the kettle cover fits the pan so everything is compact.

I send roast meat of some kind. Have sent roast chicken and roast duck with the dressing. The pan holds mashed, scalloped or fried potatoes. Another box or basket holds paper plates, forks, cups and other eatables. I have the middle of the day when they are away, to myself, knowing they are well fed and will not need something extra when night comes. —K. C. N.



A SIMPLE SERVICEABLE MORNING DRESS.

4523. This is a very pleasing and comfortable model. It will develop well in gingham or percale, and is also good for damask, jersey, serge and other wool fabrics. The sleeve may be finished in wrist or short length.

The Pattern is cut in 7 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size requires 4 1/2 yards of 40-inch material. The width at the foot is 2 yards.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps, by the Wilson Publishing Co., 73 West Adelaide Street, Toronto. Allow two weeks for receipt of pattern.



Joins in Their Dislikes.

"Why is she so popular with men?" "She knows how to join in their dislikes."

There is a plant found in India and Cuba named the "abrus," which is supposed to foretell earthquakes by changing its color.

Minard's Liniment Heals Cuts.

# LOVE ISLAND

BY OWEN OLIVER.

## PART III.

No one spoke for some time. Richardson filled his pipe slowly and lit it and puffed. Fortunately a box of tobacco had come ashore; but they were rationed at three pipefuls a day now.

"Anyhow," he said presently, "anyhow they've got no company but themselves, and the least of the stores. Pretty ragged when I caught sight of them last; and come to think of it, they were laughing then. They're happy together. I never thought they had their fair share, mates."

"Was you—were you, I mean. Got to study grammar nowadays, 'specially with the ladies coming to-morrow! Were you thinking of a little Santa Claus business, Tom?" Carter asked.

"A suit for him and one of the cook's overalls for her," Lane suggested. "She's a big gal and could wear it. Peace and good will, and all that sort of thing, eh, mates?"

"Might do it," Richardson proposed, "after we've taken things to the ladies."

"And get plugged if we don't mind," Carter observed. "Best go in the morning and let him see us coming, fair and open. 'Merry Christmas,' says we, 'and a truce for to-day, and there's a tinned ham and plum pudding, if you and your missus like to come to dinner.' That'll fetch him. You know; they didn't have their share of the tinned stuff."

"They didn't," Richardson owned, "and that's a fact. When a chap holds a loaded pistol at your head, it doesn't make you feel over generous, as disposed to be too friendly or fair afterward. Looked down on us, he did. Still, it's Christmas time and I'd do it; but what would our ladies say about it? Refuse to meet them, most likely, and bully us for suggesting it. I'm not going to make trouble with our ladies."

"We can't ask 'em unless the ladies agree," Carter stated decidedly. "We're not going to chuck away the good feeling with them. Most like they'd take it as showing we approved of such things, and feel nervous of us again. Mind you, it's a time we've got to be careful with them, remembering last year. That's why Tom was right to mention about the what-ism-its—'toxicants,' ain't it? But he might suggest it to them."

"I'm not going to be the one to propose it to them," Richardson refused emphatically. "Miss Green gave me a nasty knock last night. It was awful, she said, to think what drink could do with a really nice man like me; but of course it only brought out what was in people, and made them do what they wanted to do. Made even harmless little berries dangerous. We'd come upon some of those white ones; and she shook her head at them and laughed. You know the way she has of shaking her head and the rest of herself. Looked at me and laughed! All a lady, and would have my head off for doing it again, but not above tantalizing me, neither! She's specially down on the girl. 'Pears as they had a row over him. And the man's worse, she holds. She won't meet 'em."

"You never know what a woman will do," Lane thought. "As likely as not they'll think of it, and blame us for not having the proper spirit for Christmas; peace and good will and all that. There's only one rule about

dealing with a woman you want to humor. Whatever you do will be wrong! But they might have a feeling about Christmas. Miss Brien says to me the other day, 'You can't blame anybody for being kind.'"

"And had you been?" Carter asked with a grin.

"Don't be a fool! I'd be kind enough if she'd allow it; but you know she wouldn't look at me. Though, as Tom says, a lady ain't above tantalizing a chap."

"Well," Carter said, "they can't blame us for asking their opinion. You put it in your fine way, Tom, on another card."

In the end a second card was written, as follows:

"Hon'r'd Ladies—

"This being a season of goodwill, we do not know if you think we should ask the West Island people to Christmas dinner. We have nothing against them for a year, and they seem to treat each other well, and some stores of clothes are owing to them, as they are getting ragged. Considering the season, we are inclined to ask them, if you do not object, but shall strictly obey your hon'r'd wishes. If they are to come, please hang up colored handkerchief as well as duster, and we shall eat accordingly."

"Wishing you a merry Christmas from all of us, which make us sorry for them, if you don't mind."

"P. S. We do not feel we are good enough ourselves to throw stones at others; though better for your hon'r'd company which might have good influence on them, if needed, which we do not know. He appears to treat her kindly."

While the men were thus discussing the current situation the ladies were catching shellfish as a Christmas present for them; and after this they sat down and also considered the position.

"I suppose," Ruby Green said, "that what happened last year ought to make us frightened of to-morrow; but I am not." She sighed, as if it was a sad thing not to be frightened.

"Frightened of them!" Stella Raikes cried. "Why, we could turn them round our little fingers."

Molly Brien began to cry.

"And we mustn't," she sobbed. "When we're rescued, there'll be an end of everything. They're impossible, of course and— Sometimes I pray not to be rescued."

In the Third Republic the question of the season came up early in the afternoon of Christmas Eve. The Flapper began to decorate the opening of the cave with red berries; and she told the Millionaire to come and help.

"I suppose," she said, "you know it's Christmas to-morrow? I wonder how they are getting on together. It will be Richardson and Ruby, and Carter and Stella, and Lane and Molly, I suppose. I liked Molly Brien, Eric?"

"Well, kid?"

"It's Christmas time, and of course we don't approve of them, but everybody isn't so good and noble as you, you see. Don't you think we might walk down to-morrow and wish them a merry Christmas?"

"I feel more disposed to walk down and demand some more clothes," he grunted.

Early on Christmas morning the ladies set out to carry shellfish in

## Stories About Well-Known People

### The Prince's Correspondent.

In the opinion of the Prince of Wales, who is as well qualified as anyone to speak on the subject, there is nothing like travel for educating and broadening the mind, says an English writer.

As an instance of the lack of knowledge that prevails in some quarters regarding even the best-known of our Dominions, the Prince stated recently that he had received a letter from a girl of fourteen who, in congratulating him on his safe return to this country, stated that she was anxious to know what the natives of Canada look like!

### A Millionaire's Secret.

Not long ago Lord Leverhulme gave his secret remedy for "swelled head." Here it is—

If you meet anyone afflicted with a swollen head, advise him to go to some public meeting and ask himself these questions: 'How many present know me? How many have ever heard of me or my work? If I got killed right now, how many of the crowd would miss me? My work is important to me. I wonder, if it is so important that all these people would be thrown out of their stride if I were to drop?' His lordship says that this remedy has never failed. He knows. He's tried it himself!

### A Modest Princess.

The Crown Princess of Sweden is a most charming and unassuming lady, and the Crown Prince may consider himself truly fortunate in having secured her for his bride. I have just

heard a little story which accentuates her modesty.

She was working in a French hospital during the War, doing everything that was required without the slightest disinclination or snobbishness. A new doctor at her hospital noticed a nurse busily engaged in polishing the floor. He went up to her and said:

"I hear there is a princess working here. Is it true? What kind of a woman is she?"

"Oh, just an ordinary woman like myself, sir," replied the polisher.

And she spoke truly, since it was the then Lady Louise Mountbatten herself.

### Then Pandemonium Reigned.

Stories about laughable mistakes made in court by witnesses are common enough, but few are so funny as that told by Mr. Justice Rigby Swift, an English judge, recently.

It concerned a dullwitted country yokel who had been subpoenaed to give evidence in regard to a motor smash up.

The point in dispute was whether or not it was a collision, but the word collision was too much for the witness, who was obviously puzzled by it.

"When two things come unexpectedly together, that is a collision," explained counsel, and on seeing a sudden gleam of intelligence shoot across the man's face remarked:

"Tell the court what a collision is, so we may all be sure that you understand."

"Twins," was the prompt reply, given obviously in all good faith—and pandemonium broke loose.

## NURSES

The Toronto Hospital for Incurables, in affiliation with Bellevue and Allied Hospitals, New York City, offers a three years Course of Training to young women having the required education, and desirous of becoming nurses. This Hospital has adopted the eight-hour system. The pupils receive uniforms of the School a monthly allowance and traveling expenses to and from New York. For further information apply to the Superintendent.

## "Ma Name's No MacTavish!"

No one is prouder of his name and lineage than a Highland Scot. He is sensitive on the point of family above all others. In an amusing book of sporting reminiscence—'Ma, Harding Cox tells how one Highland man revenged himself on a jocosse foreigner who had made light of his family pride.

A certain French count, it seems, was a guest of a Scottish laird. After dinner the noble host called in Ronald Macallister, his very superior stalker, and said to him:

"It is my infernal luck, Ronald, that I should sprain my ankle just as the count here arrives; but you must take him out over the best ground and see that he has a fair chance."

"Oo, aye!"

"Ah, my friend," said the count, "it is sure I am zat ze good MacTaveesh—"

"Ma name's no MacTavish, yo ken!" the deestalker interrupted him.

"Ah, zat vas all right, Mac. I call you MacTaveesh because eet zounds so—so—yat you zay?—so Scotlike!"

Next day all was ready for the start; Macallister was garbed and accoutred for the hunt. The genial count slapped him on the back, exclaiming with hearty good will: "Zy foot ees on zy native 'earth; zy name's MacTaveesh!"

"Ma name's no MacTavish!" reiterated the stalker angrily, for he was fast losing patience.

In the evening when the count returned to the castle he was worn out and "fed up" with life in general and deerstalking in particular—not a stag had he seen all day. His lordship could not understand it.

Day after day the same thing occurred until at last the count was "reduced to a shadow"; the soles of his boots were worn as thin as blotting paper, and his feet were grievously chapped and blistered. He gave in at

last and departed for the south.

The laird called Macallister in and interrogated him sternly: "What in heaven's name has come to the forest since I have been laid up, Ronald? Are there no beasts left in it?"

"Oo, aye, yer lordship. Forby there's mony an' many a bonnie beastie 't the corries."

"How is it then that you have not even shown my esteemed friend the count a stag?"

Then the murder was out. "Ma name's no MacTavish!" exclaimed Macallister tersely, and, turning on his heel, he stalked majestically from the presence of his master.

## Genesis of Shears.

Shears for cutting cloth were invented in Italy about 400 B.C.; but it was two or three centuries more before scissors were made by fitting them to the fingers.

## Johnny's Dog.

"Is Johnny's new dog a setter or a pointer?" asked Mrs. Jones. "He's neither," replied her neighbor. "He's an upsetter and a disappointment."

Minard's Liniment for Dandruff.



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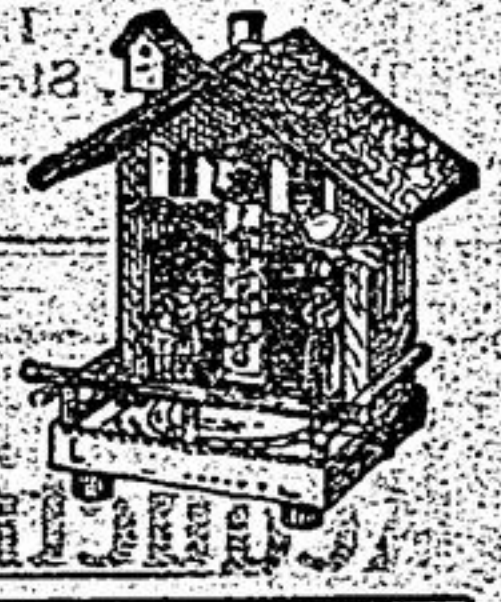
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## Order Your Farm Help Now

IN VIEW of the great demand for farm help existing in Canada, the Canadian Pacific Railway will continue its Farm Help Service during 1924 and will enlarge its scope to include women domestics and boys.

THE COMPANY is in touch with large numbers of good farm laborers in Great Britain, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, France, Holland, Switzerland and other European countries and through its widespread organization can promptly fill applications for help received from Canadian farmers.

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