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BRIGHTENING UP OUR MEALS.

Artists, physicians, dietitians, and some ministers join in recognizing the effect of color on human well-being.

It is a wholesome aim in meal-planning not only to arrange the menu as to have the food fulfill its chief aim of nourishing the body, but also, as Mary Swartz Rose so well puts it, to have it a joy to all the senses. "So long," she says, "as beauty is a part of life and the spirit more than meat, the housewife will take pride in assembling her family about a board which delights the eye and makes the mouth water."

A hungry man absorbed in business—or in love—will not suffer from any conscious lack if he eats creamed codfish and white potato with a cold white crockery plate, but why starve his sense of beauty? Just as yellow wallpaper in a north room brings in the sunshine, so does a brown crusted Johnny cake on its old-blue plate. There is a pat of yellow butter on the table, too. Imagination flies to daffodils for a centerpiece.

In our home, we already have bitter-sweet berries to dispel the winter's gloom. To brighten the scene there are orange curtains in our dining-room of unfortunate northern exposure and orange candies from the '5 and '10."

Just a little list of colorful foods will suggest an endless chain of variations from which to choose.

Reds—Beets, tomatoes, pimentos, red peppers, raspberries, cranberries, apricots, salmon, lobster, shrimp, paprika, jellies, cherries.

Orange and Yellow—Pumpkin, squash, oranges, eggs, carrots.

Green—Peas, celery, spinach, green peppers, green beans, parsley, pickles, relishes, olives, chives, grapes, lettuce.

MOCK BOUILLON.
Two 1-quart cans tomatoes, 4 stalks celery, 8 slices carrot, 1/2 onion (sliced), 1 small green pepper, 2 cloves, blade of mace, 1/2 t. salt, 1/2 t. pepper. This is a nice, bright-red clear soup.

Put all the ingredients except the salt and pepper into a saucepan, having removed the seeds from the pepper. Let simmer fifteen minutes. Strain. Add salt and pepper. Serve.

RAW CARROT SALAD.
Two c. raw carrot (ground or grated), 1/2 c. chopped raw cabbage, 1 tsp. chopped onion, salad dressing.
This is even better than it looks!

The salad dressing may be either mayonnaise, cooked or French.

Three-fourths cup grated cheese may be substituted for the cabbage. Grated raw carrot makes a delightful garnish for any pale soup or salad.

RED DRESSING FOR HEAD LETTUCE.
One tsp. chili sauce, 5 tsp. oil, 2 tsp. vinegar, salt to taste, pepper, paprika, English mustard.

Blend all thoroughly and add: 1/2 tsp. chopped yolk hard cooked egg, 1/2 tsp. chopped white hard cooked egg, 1/2 tsp. chopped pimentos, 1/2 tsp. chopped onion, 1/2 tsp. chopped chives, parsley, olives or green peppers.

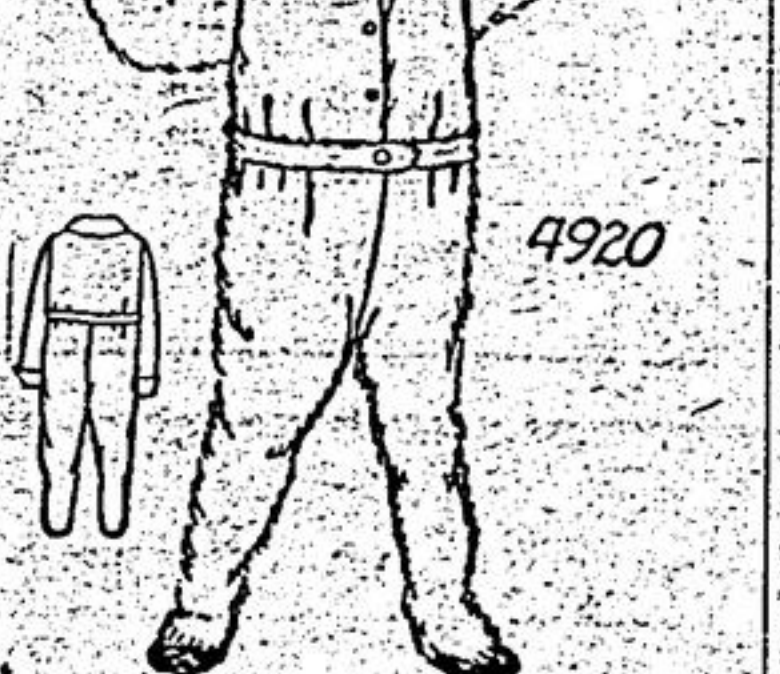
POTATO APPLES.
Two c. hot riced potato, 2 tsp. butter, 1-3 c. grated cheese, cayenne, grating of nutmeg, yolks of 2 eggs or 1 whole egg.

Mix ingredients in order given and beat thoroughly. Shape in form of small apples, roll in flour, egg, and crumbs; fry in deep fat. Insert a clove at each end. These are almost as pretty if, after shaping, they are simply brushed over with slightly beaten egg diluted with one tsp. cold water and browned in a hot oven.

APPLE-CRANBERRY SAUCE.
One quart cranberries, 2 qt. apples, 3 c. sugar.

Cover cranberries with boiling water and simmer until they burst. Strain. Add sugar and apples pared, cored and cut in eighths. Cook gently until the apples soften but retain their shape.

COVER CRANBERRIES WITH BOILING WATER AND SIMMER UNTIL THEY BURST.
Strain. Add sugar and apples pared, cored and cut in eighths. Cook gently until the apples soften but retain their shape.



A COMFORTABLE WINTER-OUTDOOR GARMENT.
4920. "Teddy Bear" cloth, elder-down, corduroy, jersey and flannel may be used for this design. It is a one-piece garment with "drop" back. The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 2, 8, 4 and 6 years. A 4-year size requires 2 1/2 yards of 36-inch material. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver, by the Wilson Publishing Co., 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto.

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SELLING EGGS IN CAKE.

If you sell eggs in any considerable quantity you are doubtless puzzled sometimes to know what to do with the unsaleable ones—those that are cracked, misshapen, too small or too large to go in the boxes. You can dispose of them in a way to make money, if you are a good baker of sponge cake. Sponge cake requires no shortening, nor milk, nor icing and is the easiest of all cakes to put together. The cull eggs made into sponge cakes will find a ready sale, often with the very ones who buy your eggs. I have found it so.

WASHING WITHOUT RUBBING.

Every thrifty housewife has practical labor-saving devices which she puts into every-day use. I use the "no-rub" method for washing clothes. The night before I wash, I put my clothes to soak in cold water, soaping the badly soiled spots. In the morning I wring out. Having my boiler ready with about two pails of cold soft water, one bar of good laundry soap (soaked the night before), and one tablespoon of kerosene oil. Add white clothes, moving them around occasionally. Let come to a boil slowly. As soon as they start to boil remove, rinse and blue.

By using this method all stains disappear. Clothes wear much longer than by constant rubbing. There is plenty of time to tidy my house while the clothes are coming to a boil.—Mrs. M. M. H.

Minard's Liniment Heals Cuts.

"When Hearts Command"

By BLIZABETH YORK MILLER

"When hearts command,
From inside the sagest counsellings depart."

CHAPTER XLIII.

That strange call of Jean to her daughter in the middle of the night—how are such things to be explained? By the all-powerful factor of love? Or would a Marconi supply us with a scientific reason? Yet it would seem that the ears of the mind must be in close touch with the heart in such instances, for always it is the voice of love that speaks, sending its imperative message across oceans and continents, with no regard for time or distance.

Something is wrong, something has happened—and the beloved name wings forth and finds its destination.

Hugo and Jean, Hector Gaunt and Tito were safely camped for the night, sheltering in one of the big caves in the ruins of the ancient castle. A fairly dry place had also been discovered for the mules, and Carlo had tucked himself away in another cave. The storm raged and the rain came down in torrents.

Gaunt found what had once been a smoke-hole in the roof, and they built a fire under it out of dry branches and masses of dead sage and ferns with which the floor of the cave was littered. It was warm and dry and cosy, but the ground was hard to sleep on and they quarrelled about the cushions. Hector and Hugo wanted Jean to have them all, and Tito tried to commandeer one for himself, and was promptly evicted from it. Hugo said he did not intend to go to sleep at all. It was too glorious, and Tito and he must keep guard at the mouth of the cave.

"Otherwise the little green men will surround us," he said. "We have taken their castle and they are now holding a council of war against us. We must be prepared. Even though they are so tiny, there are hordes of them, and if they surround us it may be another case of Gulliver and the Lilliputians."

Gaunt roared with laughter.

"And can you see the little green men?" he asked.

Hugo was slightly offended. "Of course, I see them," he said. "They're swarming all over the walls of the ruins. Every time the lightning flashes I see them. Look—there! Good Heavens, man—where are your eyes?"

Tito suddenly began to howl. He laid back his head and ears like a little fox and uttered long, mournful sounds of an unearthly quality.

"There—Tito sees them, too," said Hugo.

"Shut that dog up or I'll—"

Hugo quickly removed Tito from Gaunt's reach and admonished silence.

"Nice old fellow! Don't you mind Hector—he's a silly man. But keep quiet. We mustn't let the little green men know we're on to their game. That would never do."

Jean made an impatient gesture. "I wish you wouldn't talk such utter nonsense," she said. Her voice was sharp, as it always was when Hugo's eccentricities manifested themselves.

"There's another unbeliever," Hugo confided to Tito. "Nobody believes in anything but you and me. But we oughtn't to blame them, Tito. They really can't see the little green men, and so, of course, they think they're not there. Such a narrow-minded people! There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy." Some of the poor fellows in that Place were more intelligent than Hector and Jean, Tito. "Pon my soul, they were."

There was one chap, I remember, who conversed with the inhabitants of Mars. "He did it with a pocket torch from his window at night." But, of course, when the stupid fools discovered what he was about they took his torch away from him. As a matter of fact, they said it wasn't his torch—that he'd stolen it from one of the warders. Well, they might have let him keep it in the interests of science."

Jean tried not to listen to this mad monologue. She tried even not to look at Hugo, but where he sat the light of the fire threw his slender body into full relief, and his grotesque features rivetted her distasteful attention. She wondered at Gaunt, who took no more notice of Hugo than he did of the thunder and lightning.

Gaunt had dug a hollow for himself in the sandy floor of the cave and sat hunched up with his back to one of the walls smoking his pipe and half-drowsing. Jean twisted about trying to make herself comfortable, but de-

spite the fact that they had insisted upon her having all the pillows, she could not rest at ease. There was no room to swing the hammocks and no way of tying them.

"How long will it last, Hector?" she asked.

Gaunt removed his pipe from his mouth. "Oh, the rain. About another hour, I should think. Then the moon will come out. By midnight it should be clear and we can watch the lightning over the Esterelles."

Hugo clapped his hands.

"That will be splendid! Go to sleep, Jean, and we'll wake you up when the time comes."

"If I do get to sleep, I hope you won't wake me," Jean grumbled.

There was no more dry fuel at hand and the fire gradually died down to a glowing bed of red embers. The smoke of the dried herbs, not all escaping through the hole in the roof, filled the cave with a pungent odor as of incense. It was very pleasant, hot, and dry, compared with the cold drive of the rain outside.

After a while Jean's eyes began to droop. There was the fading glow of the fire and of Hector Gaunt's pipe, the silhouette of Hugo with the dog in his lap growing a little indistinct; the wall of the wind and rain receding to a distance. She fell asleep.

Gaunt's pipe dropped from his hand, his head nodded lower and lower. Presently he heaved over on his side, resting his hip in the hollowed sand and making a pillow of his arms.

Hugo watched him, listened, whispered to Tito.

It was getting on towards midnight and, as Gaunt had predicted, the storm began to pass over. The lightning rumbled instead of crashing violently, the rain fell with a gentle, hushed patter that gradually ceased altogether.

And then the clouds broke, one great bank rolling away to the south and another to the west, and out came the brilliant white moon, flooding the wet masonry of the old walls with an unearthly, sparkling radiance. There was a strong smell of hot, wet earth and pines; the air was as heavily scented as wine.

Hugo got up cautiously and twittered to his little dog. Let mortals sleep for him and the little green men.

Hugo advanced on tiptoes a few paces, then waited for a moment. No one called him back. They slept; those two who did not believe. He stretched out his thin arms with an exultant gesture.

"Ah, this was what he wanted! Freedom on a mountain-top, the world and the night his own. He raised his eyes to the high, broken walls that reared above their shelter. There was the outline of what had once been a tower, just a shell of three walls pierced by a window and overrun with vines, from which a thin arch flung itself as a bridge to another line of broken wall. How high was it? Thirty, forty feet? Carlo had said it could be climbed, even by mortals."

As Hugo looked, the wall and tower swarmed with tiny figures like points of green jewelled light that danced and swayed under the strong gleam of the moon. Hector and Jean, no doubt, would say they were only ivy leaves shivering in the light breeze. That was because they could not see as well as he could. Hugo knew that the little green men were out in full force. Some of them leaned down and began to beckon to him. Perhaps they recognized him for a friend. He took out his handkerchief and fluttered it like a flag of truce. Let them know that he really was a friend.

Tito whined, and he spoke to the little dog sternly but under his breath.



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"Now you be quiet. Don't you start making trouble, or I'll throw you over the cliff and you'll wake up in Heaven."

Evidently Tito had no wish as yet to become acquainted with his future home. He stopped whining and thrust out a moist, affectionate tongue, kissing his master's hand.

"That's all right," whispered Hugo, somewhat mollified. "You just do as you're told and there'll be no bad blood between us. Understand?"

They advanced forward step by step, feeling their way up the treacherous, briar-entangled path. Once Hugo's foot loosened a large stone, and it rolled down, making a great disturbance, but after one heart-quaking moment he satisfied himself that no one had heard. A sudden bray from one of the mules also startled him. It was just below him somewhere. He heard Carlo's sleepy voice grumbling harshly, and he expected Tito to bark, but nothing happened. Since once more, save for the rustling of the little green men on the tower wall.

(To be continued.)

GETTING RID OF DANDRUFF.

Practice massage of the scalp twice daily, not merely rubbing the skin surface, but lifting the scalp tissues with the finger-tips and making active massage. Brush the hair vigorously, yet not so as to wound or irritate the scalp. Once a week use a shampoo of equal parts of glycerine, alcohol, and liquid green soap. After using it, anoint the scalp with a mixture of equal parts of lanolin, glycerine and rose water. Every night apply to the roots of the hair a stimulating lotion made by adding a half ounce each of tincture capsicum and tincture cantharides to one pint of alcohol. This should be used with some caution, watching results. Avoid tight hats or caps or anything that will cause head to sweat. Don't bury the head in soft pillows but use firm ones. Try to keep yourself in good general health, with good digestion and thorough daily action of the bowels. By keeping up your standard of general health you do much to promote the health of the hair.

Wine Made From Roses.

The rose long figured in the pharmacopeia. Pliny gives over thirty remedies compounded of rose-leaves and petals and elogiabals used to drink rose wine as a tonic after his periodical bouts, while in much more recent times sufferers from nervous complaints have been advised to seek relief by swallowing rose-leaf compounds or sleeping on pillows stuffed with rose-petals.

Rose-water, too, was at one time widely used for flavoring foods and the Chinese still have rose fritters, while the Hindus delight in rose-candy.

WRIGLEYS

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Animal-eating plants are more common than one would suppose, since there are five hundred species listed in botanies. These carnivorous plants imprison their prey with their leaves and absorb the victims.

For sore feet—Minard's Liniment.

Dorothy (eating a seedless orange) "Oh, mamma, what do you think? Here's an orange born without any bones in it."

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