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PIES FOR A WEEK.

The housewife will save some valuable time if she will schedule her pies for a week in advance and do most of the work for them on one of her least busy mornings. The two-crust juicy pies which are to be used at once, mince pie which may be reheated, and pie shells to be filled when needed, all may be made and baked in one morning and whatever paste is left over will keep for several days if put in a cool place. One can make the paste for a dozen pies almost as quickly as for one, and the saving in dishes by preparing a quantity at a time is very appreciable.

Two quarts of flour will be ample for twelve 8-inch, single-crust pies. On that basis the recipe is as follows:

Two qts. flour, 2 level tbsps. salt, 3-1/3 cups shortening, cold water to make dough.

Work the fat into the salt and flour lightly with the tips of the fingers. Too vigorous mixing toughens the crust and if the lard is too finely divided the crust will be less flaky. Add about one cup of water. The amount of water can not be definitely stated because different flours differ in hardness and very cold ingredients require more water than warm. Pour the water a little at a time into small wells made in the mixed flour and fat. Lift the dry ingredients through the water on the tips of the fingers, being careful not to knead the dough. When the dough is sufficiently moist it will clean the sides of the mixing bowl. Stop at this point and handle each pie from then on separately. Materials and utensils should at all times be kept as cold as possible.

The two main bugbears to be avoided in making the juicy, two-crust fruit pie are the soaked crust and the boiling over of the juice. Soaking of the crust may be minimized in several ways. A coating of egg white or a sprinkling of flour may be spread over the lower crust or the pie may be baked at a high temperature on the bottom of the oven for the first fifteen minutes to set the crust and then changed to a more moderate temperature to cook the fruit. There are many ways of preventing the juices from running out. One way is to bind the edge with a one-inch strip of white cloth rung out of cold water, removing it the minute the pie is out of the oven. Another way is to roll paper into small funnels and place several in the holes in the top of the pie. The juice then boils up into the funnels without running over the edge. The best and simplest method, however, is to reduce the temperature after the first fifteen minutes so that the fruit will not boil and steam so vigorously within the pie. All other methods are makeshifts.

The crust for the shells may be fitted to either the inside or the outside of the pan. To place the crust inside is much easier than to turn the pan over and very little is gained by the latter method, except a slightly larger crust. Air bubbles can be prevented in either case by pricking the crust at half-inch intervals with a very sharp fork. The edge should be built up very high to allow as much of a margin as possible for shrinking.

Baked crusts keep best if stored where it is cool and dry. They should never be put in a cellar or refrigerator. Just before filling, they may be crisped by reheating.

A simple cream filling for the shells is made as follows:

1/4 c. sugar, 1/4 c. flour, 1/4 tsp. salt, 2 c. milk, 8 egg yolks, 1 tsp. butter, 1 tsp. flavoring.

Mix the sugar and flour. Stir in the milk and cook until the mixture thickens and the starchy taste disappears. Remove from the fire and add the beaten egg yolks, butter, vanilla and salt, stirring rapidly. This is merely a foundation cream filling which may be varied indefinitely.

Variations of cream filling:

1. Add a cup of shredded coconut.

2. Slice a banana in the bottom of the shell and pour over it the cream filling.

3. Spread a layer of sliced oranges in the shell and add one tablespoon of orange juice and the grated rind of an orange to the filling. Pour the filling over the oranges.

4. Drain the juice completely from one cup of shredded pineapple. When making the filling use the juice thus drained off in place of an equal amount of milk for additional flavor. Stir in the drained pineapple and place in the shell.

5. Caramelize four tablespoons of

granulated sugar and add to it four tablespoons of boiling water. When blended add to the cream filling.

6. Substitute brown or maple sugar for the white.

7. Melt two squares of chocolate with one-fourth cup of sugar and two tablespoons of water. When smooth, add to the cream filling.

After the filling has cooked sufficiently, additional cooking makes the mixture thinner instead of thicker.

When the fillings are in the shells, cover with meringue and bake in a medium oven until nicely browned.

Meringue:

Two egg whites, 2 tbsps. sugar, 1/4 tsp. flavoring.

Beat the whites until stiff but not dry. Add sugar and beat until smooth and glossy. Add vanilla, spread on top of pie and bake.

If there are small children in the family and you do not care to give them rich pastry, the cream filling in itself makes a dessert which the little tots will like quite as well as though it were in pie crust. Before filling the shell take out a sauce dish full for each child, cover with meringue and brown as you would an ordinary pie. This makes a very wholesome dessert for even very small children.

For parties individual pies or tarts are much more attractive than cuts from a larger pie. The crusts may be rolled out very thin and cut into five-inch circles, and molded over large-size inverted muffin rings. If one does not have a five-inch cutter, perhaps the top of an empty coffee can may be used or one may cut around the edge of an inverted bowl with a very sharp knife. A dull knife used for this purpose will stretch and pull the crust and toughen it. Prick the paste thoroughly with a sharp fork before baking to prevent air bubbles.

Any of the cream fillings given above may be used for fillings. In berry season the fresh, uncooked berries may be put into the tart shells and covered with a syrup made by boiling one cup of sugar with one-half cup of water to the thread stage. The syrup may be colored by the addition of artificial fruit color or by cooking in it a few of the berries.

French mustard is prepared thus: Slice an onion into a bowl, cover with good vinegar and allow to stand two or three days; pour off the vinegar into another bowl, add one teaspoonful of pepper, one teaspoonful of salt, one tablespoonful of brown sugar, and mustard enough to thicken. Smooth the mustard with a little of the vinegar, as you would flour for gravy, mix, place over the fire in a double boiler and stir until it boils. When cold, it is ready for use.

CORN OYSTERS.

Beat one egg until foamy and add one cupful corn. Mix one-quarter cupful flour, salt and pepper and add to corn. Beat well and drop by spoonfuls in deep fat. Fry a golden brown. This makes two dozen delicious oysters.



A SET OF PLEASING TOYS FOR THE NURSERY.

2970. Here is a comfortable roly poly doll and a cunning cat. Tossing stuffed with cork would make these models floating toys. Plush, felt, flannel, outing flannel, velvet, drill and crash could also be used. The doll could be made of different material below the arms.

The pattern is cut in one size. Either style requires 1/4 yard of 27 inch material.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver, by the Wilson Publishing Co., 78 West Adelaide St., Toronto. Allow two weeks for receipt of pattern.

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The Hypocrites

BY ARTHUR B. REEVE.

PART I.

"Ouvrez! Open up, Murat! Ouvrez!" I was too cold to do anything but stamp my feet and beat my hands. Craig Kennedy, his ulster drawn close from the icy dampness that penetrated to the very marrow, impatiently rattled on the antiquated latch of the door of the old farmhouse not far from the Canadian border, in Quebec, just over the Vermont line.

No sound came from within—and there should have been a welcome. Through blue lips I managed to chatter, "Force it, Craig! Let's get warm!" I, too, beat on the panels of the door.

Silence.

The sighing of the great evergreen branches over our heads made that silence only more intense, more foreboding. It seemed to suggest tragic possibilities behind that door.

Some time before Kennedy had been sent by the U.S. Government on the trail of a man running an underground railroad from Canada into the States, a gigantic and growing conspiracy for smuggling in aliens in defiance of the new immigration law.

I had accompanied him not only because my paper had assigned me to write of it but more because I wanted to be near Kennedy. Many times his intrepidity, his forgetfulness of self in hunting down a criminal had made my presence of at least some slight value in situations of danger.

We had gone from Ontario into Quebec, spent several days in and about Montreal, thence on to the city of Quebec. At the Chateau Frontenac and about, Kennedy had met up with various Canadians, mostly farmers of the better class who had dropped into town.

Always his desire was to talk to farmers, both dirt and gentlemen farmers, those of the Province preferred. I couldn't see why that was necessary. What had farmers to tell of man running? I was getting a little mystified. But in times like these during my association with Kennedy I have found that silence works better than inquisitiveness. When he is ready to inform me I find out. Never before.

Several times he had evidently thought the end of the search for the head of this conspiracy had come. He had felt he might catch his man in the next move. But the result would work out differently. The real chief seemed always to be a jump ahead of us. Craig had gone afield on many strange tips and I had become accustomed to it. This was merely the latest.

"I must see this man Murat before I go on, Walter. I'll get in—wait till he comes back." Craig turned to me with the optimism of a man who fears the worst.

Slowly he turned the lock with a skeleton key.

Somehow, neither of us hurried now. There was something unseen that deterred, that prevented us from flinging open suddenly the door even after we knew the key had shot the bolt. Just as I raised my eyes to Kennedy's, his met mine. In both was the same fear. With a shrug, Kennedy opened the door slowly now.

I gave a gasp. There, lying on the floor, such a sight! Murat, the old Canuck farmer, was dead!

That is the merciful way to tell it. For, what a story the old hunting knife which Kennedy picked up from the floor might have told. Perhaps, in a way, it is a good thing some of these inanimate witnesses are silent.

The room was small, with only necessary articles of furniture, the things ordinary and homely that would meet the requirements of a humble tiller of the soil. The ceilings were low and the floors rough. It was a man's room. There were guns on the walls, and tools and boots lying about, betraying the convenient untidiness of the owner.

The fireplace was large and in it were the charred remains of many burnt papers. Long ago the fire had burned out. The room lacked even the beautifying glow of flames and their shadows. Nothing but that gruesome thing lying in blood on the floor.

I looked about hastily. There was every evidence of a struggle, a losing struggle for the silent crumpled figure at our feet. Chairs were overturned, the little table that had been prepared evidently for a simple, frugal breakfast was upset and most of the dishes had been broken.

A closet door stood wide open as if someone in haste had searched it and had not taken time to close it. In the closet were six wooden pegs driven two in each of the three walls. I gaped when I looked at the contents of this closet. It was a puzzle to me. There on the pegs, hanging neatly, were various costumes. What earthly use could a Canuck farmer have for these things?

I studied the garments carefully. Here was a lumberman's costume hanging next that of a priest. The brightly checked plaid of red and white relieved the sombre tones of the robe. There were other costumes, too, four of them in all, hanging upon four of the six pegs, with all that went

with each costume, such as scarfs and hats and shoes, also arranged neatly each over its peg or under it. The outfit of a guide, the suit of corduroy, with fur collar and deep pockets hung just as incongruously next that worn by a Jewish peddler, with a pack sitting on the casket floor under it.

None of the costumes seemed very old or much worn, and I wondered why they should be hanging in a Canuck farmer's closet. The man couldn't have been a costumer. People up there in that section of the country certainly cared nothing for masquerades. Kennedy smiled quietly at my surprise.

Through my nervous mind ran a parody of the old nursery rhyme: "Farmer, guide, peddler, priest—lumberjack—" I stopped, unable to complete it.

Yet, what was this Murat? A suspicion flashed through my mind. Could this dead farmer have been the man runner? Or was it possible his death might have come from the hazards one meets in run running? It was strange to me that each costume seemed quite complete. Also my interest was stimulated after watching Kennedy. He examined everything most cautiously and carefully. I wondered what, if anything, he expected to find.

Next he searched through the fireplace rubbish without seeming there either to find anything. Yet his examination seemed to satisfy him.

My eyes would persist in wandering back to that thing on the floor. The man had not been dead many hours.

"Craig," I exclaimed finally, "there is more to this than appears. Surely, now, with this crime before me, you might take me into your confidence and explain."

"I might—simply," he returned, rising from the fireplace. "He knew too much. Murat was more than just an old Canuck farmer. He was one of the best and most trusted secret agents of the Canadian government, which is seeking to aid the United States in breaking up the man running across the border. That is all."

Inside, too, the farmhouse was cold. Alternately we were slapping our hands about our sides and hunting for something that might suggest a clew to the murderer.

Kennedy went to the door. "I think I had better notify the Canadian authorities immediately. We must go on. I must be on the right track—so far. He proves it." He nodded his head back toward the room. "Poor devil!"

I lowered my glance from the sullen, threatening snow clouds scudding overhead. If Kennedy had made up his mind to follow a trail when it was warm, no quantity of snow or ice could stop him. Only, the wind made me draw the collar of my mackinaw closer about me.

"How are you going to let the police know?" I asked.

"Drive to the next farm. Almost every farmer up here has some kind of car. They can get over with the news while I follow the trail Murat was to take me along."

I was not enthusiastic over traveling anywhere in the face of the impending storm. Too many times I had seen these snows in the mountains, knew the discomforts and the dangers. (To be continued.)

Man-Made Earthquakes.

It seems quite likely that some of the small earthquakes recently reported in England were man-made.

In excavating for coal, iron man cuts away millions of tons of rock and coal and piles it on the surface, thus setting up all sorts of stresses. In July, 1913, dwellers near the coast in Carnarvonshire were started out of their sleep by loud subterranean humblings, while the earth quivered over an area of many square miles. It was found that a considerable area of land lying between the Rivals granite quarries and the shore had started to slide seawards.

The fact was that the waste of the quarries which for years had been dumped on this lower ground, had proved too much for it, and had set the whole ledge sliding, producing a very good imitation of a real earthquake.

A year later inhabitants of Cradley Heath were startled by a tremor and a dull roaring sound. Part of one street began to sink. Windows of shops bulged and fell out, gas mains cracked, the catwalks twisted. The ground over a considerable area sank as much as five feet, and enormous damage was done. The cause was the falling in of old mine galleries.

Shildon, in Durham, and Abertillery, in Wales, have both had similar unpleasant experiences. At Shildon a new \$16,000 school was completely wrecked about a year ago.

At Preaton, near Preston, salt is mined. Early last year rumblings were heard. The earth shook and a big hole opened in an orchard. Week by week the subterranean humblings went on, and by degrees the hole enlarged until half the orchard had disappeared into the earth. There is now a great crater of enormous depth and the farmhouse itself seems doomed to be swallowed up.

The Royal Bank of Canada Reports Strong Position

A Gain of Over Forty Millions in Deposits and Increase of Forty-One Millions in Holdings of High-Grade Securities Features of Annual Report to Shareholders—Deposits Now Total \$461,828,769, of which Savings Deposits are \$338,299,427.

The outstanding features of the annual statement of The Royal Bank of Canada for the fiscal year ended November 29th are the increase of over \$40,000,000 in deposits and a gain in high grade securities of \$41,231,935, of which amount nearly \$34,000,000 is in Government and Municipal bonds.

As was to be expected under the conditions that have prevailed, making for lessened business activity, there is a decrease in current loans, but on the other hand the Bank has added materially to its quick assets, these now standing at \$278,024,739, as compared with \$233,125,474 at the end of last year.

An analysis of the general statement of assets and liabilities discloses the strong position in which the Bank has placed itself. Total assets now amount to \$553,789,509. This compares with \$538,353,554 at the end of the previous year, representing a gain of \$45,435,955 for the twelve months. Liquid assets of \$278,024,739 are equal to 54.5% of liabilities to the public and the largest gain in them is represented by the increase in the value of the different accounts comprising high grade securities. Dominion and Provincial Government securities now stand at \$53,039,825, up from \$28,785,050; Canadian Municipal securities and British, Foreign and Colonial Public securities, other than Canadian, amount to \$25,634,914, as against \$15,900,363.

Large Cash Holdings. Included in liquid assets are also cash holdings of \$89,961,243, up from \$81,604,539. The principal accounts covered by this item are Dominion Notes \$34,730,446 as against \$29,446,597 and United States and other foreign currencies \$27,349,189, compared with \$23,711,772. Current coin stands at \$16,831,608, down from \$16,946,169. The quieter business conditions throughout the country have resulted temporarily in a slackening off in demand for accommodation. Total current loans and discounts of \$257,225,355 compare with \$264,722,967 a year ago.

After an appropriation of \$400,000, Bank Premises Account shows a net decrease of \$209,451.

Devote More Time to Music.

Chancellor says that music ought to be one of the constants in every scheme of education. That those who have musical talent should be taught to sing as a matter of right, that those who lack musical talent should be given musical training as a matter of social necessity.

Justly we are proud of our practical achievements, of our material prosperity, of our developments along industrial and commercial lines, of our powers of initiative and invention. But I believe that we need to be reminded that "man cannot live by bread alone." "Beauty is as essential to living as bread, and we need the inspiring, uplifting influence of beautiful music to save us from death in the dust and din of trade."

If we are to have it, it must come as a definite part of our educational program, because it is only through the schools that we can reach the masses of our people and implant early in their lives a love for the best in musical art. I do not believe a more important movement has been started in the schools in recent years than the effort that has been made to teach musical appreciation. Last week, says a school superintendent, in my little city, a lady, accompanied by her eleven-year-old boy, went into a music store to purchase phonograph records. She had several played and finally selected two of the latest dance records. The son said, "Mother, please buy me a record." "Certainly, son," was the ready response. "What would you like to have?" Quick as a flash came the answer, "The Coronation March." When I heard the story from the music sales lady, I felt that the work of our faithful supervisor and teachers of music was beginning to bear fruit. I tried to imagine what the next generation may demand in the way of good music. Then I remembered that probably less than 25 per cent of the boys and girls of this state are receiving anything like adequate instruction in this important subject. It is no wonder that we are classed as an unmusical nation, when we allow musical talent and artistic ability either to go undiscovered or to waste themselves on that which is cheap and harmful.

Dr. Eliot says, "The place now held by music in the school program is far too small. By many teachers and educational administrators music and drawing are still regarded as fads, or trivial accomplishments, not worthy as substantial educational material; whereas, they are important features in the outfit of every human being who means to be cultivated, efficient, and rationally happy."

If it is true, and I believe it is, why should we not contend that every child shall have opportunity for musical training? Why not let the child in the country, as well as his brother who lives in the city, become acquainted with good music and thereby get the uplift and the socializing influence which his isolated environment often fails to provide?

I believe that through a study of music he would find himself happier in his environment, because he could understand it better, and that many of the ordinary activities of his life would be glorified with a new significance. I think it would make for peace and

Growth in Deposits.

The gain in deposits is marked. Total deposits now stand at \$461,828,769 as against \$421,344,265, a gain of \$40,084,504. Of this amount deposits not bearing interest total \$123,537,341, as against \$109,575,137 and deposits bearing interest are \$338,299,427, up from \$311,759,127.

The Profit and Loss Account shows that even with general business somewhat less active earnings have been well maintained. Net profits for the year amounted to \$3,578,976, as compared with \$3,909,316 in the previous year. The profits, added to the amount carried forward, made an amount available for distribution of \$4,964,806. This was distributed as follows:

Dividends and bonus \$ 2,856,000
Pension Fund 100,000
Written off Bank Premises 400,000
Domestic Government taxes, including War Tax on Bank Note circulation 465,000
leaving to be carried forward \$1,143,806, as compared with \$1,085,830 at the end of the previous year.

The report will be submitted to shareholders at the annual meeting on Thursday, January 8th next.

The principal accounts, with comparisons with the previous year, show as follows:—

	1924	1923
Total Assets	553,789,509	538,353,554
Liquid Assets	278,024,739	233,125,474
Cash on hand	89,961,243	81,604,539
Deposits	461,828,769	421,344,265
Loans	257,225,355	264,722,967
Dominion and Provincial Government Securities	53,039,825	28,785,050
Canadian Municipal and British and other Public securities	25,634,914	15,900,363
Railway and Other securities	17,877,563	10,486,951
Capital	20,400,000	20,400,000
Reserve Fund	20,400,000	20,400,000

harmony in the home; it would deepen his reverence for nature and for God; it would add enthusiasm to his toil, and it would whisper to him of nobility, faith and love and immortality. To provide these things for more than a half million children who have them not is a task big enough to challenge our best efforts, and one worthy of our most unselfish sacrifice.

Then the Clerks Drew a Long Breath.

Among other reminiscences of the early days of the telegraph before confidence in its practical utility was firmly established a recent writer recounts a little incident that his grandfather, an Englishman in the employ of the Bank of England, told him.

One Saturday night the clerks of the bank could not make the balance come out right by a hundred pounds. A hundred pounds—five hundred dollars—was no serious matter to the bank, regarded merely as a sum of money; but an arithmetical error, whether of pounds or shillings or pence, was never regarded lightly in that painfully accurate establishment, and the dismay was general. There was scrutiny, and examination and re-examination, addition and readdition, all to no effect. Clerks were summoned from all departments, put to work and kept at work; and some of them worked all night. But nothing was found to explain the disappearance of the hundred pounds.

Next morning at church in the middle of the service the youngest clerk had an idea. He imparted it on Monday morning to the worried and exhausted chief cashier, who agreed that there might be something in it. Some boxes of spoils had been sent on Saturday to Southampton for shipment to the West Indies; it was possible that there had been an error of excess in the packing. But if the ship had already sailed, there would be a long wait before any investigation was possible, during which, if the guess were wrong, the pursuit of other lines of inquiry would be delayed.

They resorted rather desperately to the telegraph. A message was sent to Southampton, asking whether the vessel had sailed.

"Just weighing anchor," came the reply.

"Stop her," flashed frantically back. "She must be stopped. Stop her!"

She was stopped—to the disgust and wonder of her captain, who was hardly placated by the message that followed, for it meant much trouble for no reason that he could see.

"Have up on deck all boxes marked so and so. Weigh them carefully and record weight of each."

Grumblingly but faithfully it was done; and one box was found heavier by the known weight of just one packet of a hundred sovereigns. The weights were telegraphed to the bank, and the return message came back: "Let her go."

The vessel slipped out of harbor, delayed less than an hour upon her voyage; the West India firm was debited with a extra hundred pounds; the error was corrected; and the clerks of the Bank of England drew a long breath of relief and blessed the electric telegraph.