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VARYING THE CEREAL.

Cereal is so often the main dish of breakfast to-day that it is well to vary it as much as possible, making it so tempting that there will be no need of persuasion to get the children to eat.

Besides the advertised ways to serve the cereals which are bought ready to eat, try these and see if they do not become something quite different.

For those which come in forms for individual serving, pour hot water quickly over them, allow a half teaspoonful of butter to melt upon them, sprinkle lightly with brown sugar and serve with cold thin cream. Or, instead of the butter, cover the hot cereal with apple sauce or stewed prunes, then the cream.

For the many wheat and corn cereals, heat a tablespoonful of butter in the frying pan, pour in enough of the cereal and set over a hot fire, shaking the pan constantly, to keep from burning. Serve hot from the pan with thin cream.

Though it seems a strange combination, there are those who like to fill the centres of grapefruit or cantaloupe with their favorite dry cereal, of course using no cream.

For those who favor the hot, well-cooked cereal, there is no end of possibilities.

Always prepare these cooked cereals with hot boiling water, salting to taste and sifting the dry cereal through the fingers into the boiling water while stirring with the other hand. This prevents lumping and assures a smooth, evenly cooked dish.

When fruits are used, add most of them just before serving or from a dish at the table. Raisins and currants will stand ten minutes cooking to plump, then, but most fruits lose much of their flavor by heat.

Cornmeal Mush with Dates.—Make the usual meal mush of a coarse grade of cornmeal in hot salted water, cooking at least twenty minutes. Serve in bowls with chopped dates on top, sugar and good cream. This is fit for a dessert and is greatly improved if a little caramel sauce is used instead of white sugar, under the dates.

Boiled Rice with Apricots.—Heat a quart of milk in the top of the double boiler and add a cupful of rice which has been soaked in warm water for two hours. Stir until the grains begin to take up the milk, then cover and set in fireless cooker overnight. A little longer cooking over the flame will do as well if there is no cooker. Serve with stewed apricots and cream.

Graham Mush.—Sift three-quarters of a cupful of heavy Graham flour, containing hulls, into a pint and a half of boiling salted water. Stir constantly and cook for half an hour, sweetening with two tablespoonfuls of brown sugar and adding a cupful of washed currants ten minutes before serving. Serve hot or cold with cream.

Whole Wheat with Prunes.—Buy whole wheat which has not been bolted. Make a mush with hot salted water and wheat, sweetening lightly with white sugar. Cook stoned prunes in the cereal, allowing them to mash. Serve either hot or cold with cream.

There are a number of cereals which combine well and make excellent cold molds to serve as breakfast cereal or with a custard of caramel sauce as dessert.

Rice, Buckwheat Flour, Raisins and Chopped Pineapple.—Make the mush thick with hot water, whole rice and the flour, half and half. Add the raisins and a very little sweetening half an hour before the mush is done. Cool and add chopped pineapple, pour into molds and set. Serve unmolded with cream.

Oatmeal, Bran, Graham and Dates.—Take equal parts of bran, oatmeal

and Graham flour. Sift into boiling salted water and cook until thick. Sweeten with brown sugar or maple syrup. Cool, then add a cupful of chopped dates and half a cupful of chopped peanuts, mold and serve with cream.

Cracked Corn and Rice.—Make a cereal of these two grains, cooking for a long time to make them soft. Sweeten very little and serve molded with cream and fresh sugared or stewed fruit.

A FLOOR BALL GAME.

A floor ball game adapted from "rug golf" makes an interesting indoor sport. The equipment should be chosen to suit conditions. A golf putter, a light polo mallet, a croquet mallet, a hockey stick or a homemade mallet can be used.

Ten balls are needed, which can be obtained from some golfer who finds them too worn for his use.

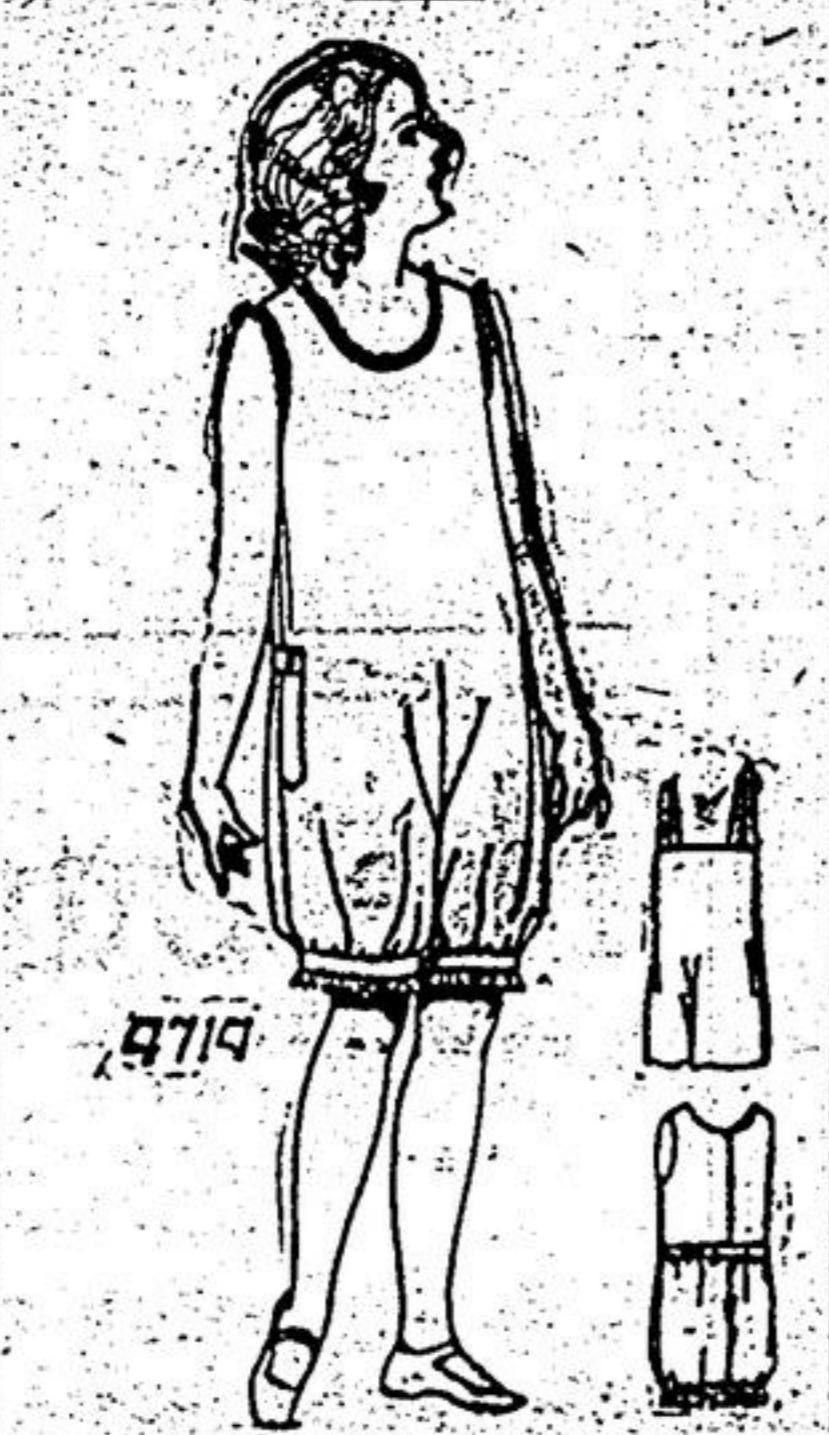
The amount of clear floor needed for the game is about six by nine feet and should be covered with a rug. If the rug has no border, use chalk or tape or define the limits. Any number of persons can play. Each in turn strikes all ten of the balls one after another, as explained below.

Assemble the balls at one end of the rug and strike them one by one, so that they roll to the opposite end. Each ball that stops in the farther border, which should be about a foot wide, counts the player half a point. Those that roll to the side borders or roll entirely off the rug count nothing. If a ball strikes any ball on the border and knocks it off the rug, one point is scored by the player. Each ball except the last one struck is therefore potentially worth one and a half points.

The last ball, if it remains within the border, scores its own half point. A ball that stops short of the border and is afterward driven into the border by another ball is thereby redeemed and scores half a point, but it counts nothing if it is thrown clear off the rug. Only border balls, when driven off the rug by another ball, count the whole point.

The perfect score for ten balls is fourteen—ten half points for ten landing within the border of the rug and nine whole points for all balls knocked off the rug by a striking ball. Six or seven points is regarded as a fair score and nine or ten as an excellent one.

To make the best score strike the first balls so that they lodge in the border close together. Then with the late balls knock the first balls off, two or more at one shot.



A PRACTICAL UNDER-GARMENT 4714. This style may be finished with shaped shoulders or a camisole top, and straight or knicker leg portions. Muslin, cambric, crepe, sateen, flannel or crepe de chine may be used for this model.

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Minard's for Grippes and Bruises.

The Hypocrites

BY ARTHUR B. REEVE.

PART IV.

I looked at the little group about us. The preacher on his knees in the snow, beseeching deliverance from on high; the bootlegger and the salesman starting toward the huge tree that blocked the road; the girl ready to do anything for all of us.

Unable to go ahead. Unable to go back. None of us had a thing to eat, nor any shelter except the cars.

I did not like the attitude of the salesman. I wondered if his elopement might not be a blind to cover some other serious offence.

I could not even yet quite get the man-running idea out of my head. I felt pretty sure that he was one who might know much about smuggling aliens, traveling about in his car as he did.

One thing Soper did not try to conceal, and that was fear. He was ready enough to do anything. But he showed a fear that all our efforts might be futile.

I did not centre all my suspicions on Soper, though. There was the rum-runner, McDonald. Here was a master of the art of running in illicit goods. He might easily know more about running in aliens who in a pinch could help themselves than bottles that could not.

Kennedy and I had not told the others yet of the cross-cut saw back in our car. Every face was disconsolate, hopeless, all except the half-frozen preacher's. Almost a light of divine inspiration radiated from his. Here, I felt, was a fine, firm character.

It was Craig who spoke. "We have something back in our car that means a great deal to all of us. I don't say we'll get through before we freeze to death, but my cross-cut saw back in the car will help."

"Glory be!" sang out the preacher. "Sweet deliverance!"

Without a word both salesman and rum-runner started through the snow to our car. They were for starting right in on the tree.

"Nay, brethren." It was the preacher who stopped them. "God has sent our deliverers. Our prayers have been answered. Shall we take time to thank Him and ask His sustaining help to continue?"

Down on our knees is this almost waist-high drift, what matters it to us? Never have I heard such simple eloquence, such absolute faith that a snarrow falls or a hair of the head is harmed.

Soper's glance would wander first to the preacher, then to the girl. His face was tense. The rum-runner's countenance was a puzzle, the face of a man penitent for the things he had done and left undone.

Through and above the wind the preacher's voice carried. "O God of the weak, the sinners and the penitent, hear Thou this prayer from Thy humble servant! Calm these winds, if it be Thy will. These poor lambs, lost in the snow on the mountainside, have strayed far from Thee. They are looking in the jaws of death! Succor them with Thy bountiful mercy. Forgive us all. We need it. If it be Thy will that we enter Thy presence in the loneliness and wildness of night and storm, be Thou our strength, our Guide. O Lord, we thank Thee for what may be our deliverance. Amen!"

The preacher stood up suddenly, arms outstretched in wild supplication. His voice rang over the mountainside. He was inspired. We watched him, fascinated.

Soper turned to the girl, still on his knees. "Jess, darling, forgive me for putting this marriage off. I love you!"

The girl looked at him, her soul in her eyes. "Jim, you mean it? If I have to die here on this mountain, I will be your wife, anyhow! I would rather be that and die—than live without you!"

They crept on their knees through the snow to the preacher.

He looked at them kindly. "What is it, children?"

Jess looked tenderly, shyly at her mate. "I'm a sinner, parson," gulped Soper. "I loved her, yes, but I was a sinner. I didn't want to be tied down to any skirt. But I want to be a man, an honest man. We love each other. If we don't get through the pass, we want to meet God right. Please marry us."

The preacher smiled. He did not hesitate. The ceremony was a simple one.

"Look, Walter." I turned in the direction Kennedy's eyes indicated. There was the rum-runner pulling the cases out of his car. Bottle after bottle of Scotch he was flinging over the precipice.

Two regenerations enacted before us. I, too, felt myself lifted to the clouds.

"I want to lead a different life!" The rum-runner had finished, approached the preacher. "I'm through breaking laws. Tell me how I can be better!"

Soon we were all busy, by turns, Kennedy and I with the alternate relief of the rum-runner and the salesman, while the Reverend Mr. Jones intermittently prayed. There was something about it that made us make quick work of the second tree.

It was a slow cavalcade of snow-covered cars that wended its way down the mountainside. On down the road into the valley of Derby we continued. So exalted were our feelings that our spirits now rose above fatigue, pain and hunger.

A few miles farther down we came upon a crowd coming up the pass with shovels and ropes, and, best of all, hot coffee in vacuum bottles and sandwiches, a relief expedition looking for stranded strangers.

By the time we reached the little town of Derby we were an exhausted group of enthusiastic converts. Only the preacher showed no signs of fatigue. We stopped in the village square before the hotel.

"I have a brother near Derby. He'll be glad to see me. I've been the black sheep. Now I'm going back to the old place."

It was the rum-runner, McDonald, who was the first to leave us. Craig let him go his way unrestrained.

"We're going across to that telegraph station and file a message with the news, even if the wires are down." This was from Jim Soper and Jess. Jim speaking. "And I'm going to take your advice, Kennedy; hunt up the local minister, get a license, have it regularly registered. Instead of no wedding, Jess, there'll be two!"

I thought I could begin to see what Kennedy was doing. He was putting these people on their new-found honor. There were only two cars left now of our little cavalcade, the Gideon preacher's and ours. Kennedy looked at his engine, then lowered the hood. "Well, mine has stood up all right. I can go on."

Then he slogged over to the car of the preacher of the Gideons. He raised the hood, looked at the motor. Slowly he put the hood down, and gravely faced us.

"That's strange—that motor number—10342896—that's a stolen car." He did not seem to be in any hurry to go on, for a moment. Then suddenly he shot out with his sharp staccato, "But it's not for that that I want you, parson. The government of the Dominion wants you for the murder of one of its most trusted agents. The United States Government wants you, too."

"You're no more a preacher than I am. Not so much. You might be an actor. But I knew it, all the time, that it was you the head of the rum-runners. Your name is Rask—not Jones. You knew I was sent to catch you, although you didn't actually know me. You felt you had to keep on playing your part."

I gazed incredulously from Kennedy to Rask and back to Kennedy. "The fire on the hearth didn't burn out, Rask. It left part of a letter which I have here, from the chief of his service to Murat about six disguises they were transmitting to him, as he had requested."

"Six?" I repeated. "But, Craig, there were only four hanging in the closet."

"You're not, Walter. Four. Six pegs. Murat wore the farmer's outfit, number five. And our fake Gideon preacher now has on number six! The outfits were itemized. I knew them all, anyhow. Only one was missing, Rask, it convicts you!"

Kennedy paused, then went on, more as if speaking to himself. "Rask, you're a fine hypocrite. But I didn't want to collar you, expose you, too soon. I didn't want those other hypocrites to backslide—not yet, anyhow. I'd thank you to go on down Burlington with me—quietly—and let me turn you over!"

(The End.)

Minard's Lihment for the Grippe.

Married on the same day in 1874, two brothers of Magor, near Newport, have recently celebrated their golden weddings in the village where they have lived all their lives.

The By-way Places.

When you are on the highway, you will think about the by-way. The narrow lane or little street where love is at the page. The little place where children race and laughter gleams on every face. And there it is you'll long to be—at home and safe again.

The highway is the travelled street where men in strife and struggle meet.

The highway leads to pomp and wealth and sometimes to despair.

The highway leads to stirring deeds, where each must fight for what he needs. But tramp the highway up and down and only shops are there!

The windows flaunt men's wares for sale, books, gowns and desks and chairs for sale.

The men and women hurry on to purchase or to sell.

The highway throng is swept along, it may not stay for jest or song. Yet it is on the little streets that all those people dwell.

And all upon the highway, with the night-time seek the by-way. And carry home the little joys which they have toiled to gain; For all they take, and all they make, is not for fame or fortune's sake, But for the love which lights at eve some by-way window pane.

—Edgar A. Guest.

A Priceless Book.

In the king's private library, at Windsor Castle, as well as in the King's Library at the British Museum, the Bibles are a very special feature, and if it were possible to imagine these treasures being put up to auction at one of the famous sale-rooms, all the collectors in the world would gather in order to bid for them.

But it is not an illuminated Bible, over which some monk spent half a lifetime, or the earliest printed Bible, or a "Breaches" Bible, or even a "Bugge" Bible—so called because it says, in a certain well-known psalm: "Thou shalt not be afraid for any bugges by night"—which is the best guarded and most honored copy of the scriptures.

This distinction belongs to a worn, even tattered, copy of the Scriptures, just the ordinary limp-backed little Bible which thousands of people take to church or keep in readiness there. This Bible lies open, upon a beautiful cushion, enclosed in an exquisite old casket, in a window in Windsor Castle.

The open pages are much soiled and thumbed, certain passages are underlined, and there are numerous penciled notes in the margin. This is General Gordon's Bible, given by his sister to Queen Victoria.

Tea Supply Inadequate

Prices Higher

Tea prices are going up mainly because tea is being demanded by millions more people. Tea is the cheapest and certainly one of the most palatable and satisfying beverages known. But the tea-growers have been unable to meet the tremendous demand. It takes three years for a tea bush to mature to the plucking stage.

Atlantic's Open Channel.

The Atlantic Ocean is the only free channel for the exchange of water from poles and equator. It is the only ocean wide open at the north, and forms a valley which extends with varying depth from pole to pole.

Cotton, so long regarded as the most suitable material for wear in hot climates, is now largely being discarded for fine wool by the people of the Oriental countries.

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GUSTAVE TOTT, Manager

Why Fish Are Slippery.

"Why are fish so slippery?" was a question put to a fishmonger the other day by a lady customer. The fishmonger did not know.

Three out of four of the people who eat fish are probably like the fishmonger; they don't know.

The reason, however, is simple. The slipperiness is due to a sort of mucus exuded through the scales. It is of the greatest importance in protecting the fish from fungus, a skin disease to which they are liable.

If the fish is so injured that some spot becomes uncovered by the protective mucus, a barely visible fungus will probably lodge there; and thereafter it spreads very rapidly, finally extending over the gills and killing the fish.

Another use of the mucus is to diminish friction when the fish is in motion through the water, and so to increase its speed.

Few people know that the correct name for "The Hague" is "S'Gravenhage," which means "the hedge enclosed space of the Count."

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Hot Bouril

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