

In the Tea Cup

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"SALADA"

H 336

TEA
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MY NEW LABOR SAVERS.

Talking to a group of farm women recently at a club meeting, someone asked me this question: "What labor-saving devices have you added to your home during the last year that you think, after thorough testing, are worthy of a permanent place in the up-to-date household?"

It is the reply I made, or a report of twelve tested tools which are favorites in my kitchen, that I am going to relate to you.

First on the list comes a butter curler, an inexpensive help which I employ to scrape over a pat of golden fat to make pretty fascinating shapes to add charm to the table and zest to the bread. Butter served in this way is an edible garnish, adding a festive touch to the board.

Then there is the pie pan with perforations in the bottom. I used to blame the oven when the under crust was not cooked enough. I have no need of excuses nowadays. These holes in the pan permit the heat to enter and bake the pastry before the filling has a chance to soak into it.

If you bake batches of cookies or biscuits you'll enjoy a baking sheet. I have two of them. When one is covered with cookies and placed in the oven, which is almost filled by it, other articles of dough are cut out and arranged on the second sheet, to be baked when the first lot is cooked. I'm still amazed at the way the time in baking has been reduced by these simple conveniences.

I have a scraper that is fine for removing the skin from potatoes, parsnips, turnips and carrots. That lovely orange hue of carrots, which makes the roots appear like nuggets of gold, is most intense directly under the skin. These color pigments frequently are discarded when a knife is used for paring. This scraper, which consists of a flat piece of stone composition with a handle that slips over the hand, avoids much waste from thick parings, especially in those kitchens where young daughters help prepare the meals.

Angel-food cake is a favorite sweet in my family, but I always disliked to sift the flour and sugar so many times until I purchased the sifter I now use. It resembles a bucket with lids, which fasten securely at both ends. The sifter is in the centre, dividing the space into two compartments. Flour or sugar placed in the bucket may be sifted back and forth quickly by turning the device up and down.

A wet mop for use in cleaning floors is another happy addition to my home. It has a handle from which the soft and durable cotton threads, which form the mop proper, may be removed for washing. I fasten the same handle to my wall brush when cleaning house.

Of course your husband may be more thoughtful about sharpening the kitchen knives than most men, but perhaps a small sharpener in the cabinet drawer will come in mighty handy when it is too cold for the man of the house to work on the grindstone, or when he is too busy to consider the knife with which his bacon is cut. I've found the appliance, which is not costly, a great saver of nerve strain during the ten months I have had it.

Ever since I bought a porcelain-topped table for the makeshift dining-room that we use on "guestless" days—it is a nook in the kitchen—I've longed for a new work table with a porcelain top. When I found that

these tops could be purchased to fit on old tables I ordered one. No oil-cloth has been bought since then; neither have I spent many minutes scouring wood surfaces.

My new can opener is a joy. It is manipulated like a pair of scissors. With its aid it is just as easy to open a can of food as it is to cut off a yard from a bolt of gingham.

In one drawer of my cabinet I keep my tomahawk—a heavy hammer, hatchet, chisel, and nail puller all combined in one tool. I've almost had to glue it to the house to prevent the men from taking it to the barn and leaving it on their work-bench.

Perhaps the greatest strength saver of all is the vacuum suction cleaner that is used in every room where there are rugs or carpets. This non-electric appliance removes the dust and dirt quickly.

Last is the set of clothes hangers I added to all the closets, even to the one off the kitchen where the work wraps are kept. I want to mention the hanger on which four pairs of trousers may be hung, and on one hook at that. These devices have made the "getting-ready" hours fairly pleasant occurrences.

Another piece of equipment needs to be added as a postscript, or as a woman's inevitable last word; it is the chest of heavy corrugated paper for storing clothing not in use. These boxes are covered with cedarized paper, the fragrance of which scares away moths. Perhaps the best part about these containers is that they may be folded flat when not in use. For a long time I dreamed of finding a solution to the home storage of woolen clothing in the summer. My dreams came true in the form of these paper chests, which I recommend to you.—N. N.

4996. Flannel, tweed, serge or jersey cloth may be used for this model. It is also good for wash materials; for velvet or corduroy.



A POPULAR STYLE FOR A BOY'S SUIT.

4996. Flannel, tweed, serge or jersey cloth may be used for this model. It is also good for wash materials; for velvet or corduroy. The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. A 6-year size requires 8 1/2 yards of 27-inch material. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver, by the Wilson Publishing Co., 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto. Allow two weeks for shipment of pattern.

Send 15c in silver for our up-to-date Fall and Winter 1924-1925 Book of fashions.

ROOTING MY HARDY BULBS.

All the hardy bulbs must root in the dark to give best results. Even the paper-white narcissus bulbs are finer when the blooms are borne on well-rooted bulbs, though two weeks in the dark is ample for these and the Roman hyacinths. I pot the bulbs with the tips just at or below the surface. I water well, and then set in a dark closet or cellar until growth begins. You can bury the pot outside if you wish and will cover them with straw over the soil covering to keep frost out until ready to bring into the windows. I bring into a weak light at first, and then gradually to stronger light, or the blooms will be forced so fast that they will hardly get above the bulbs before they attempt to open. The better they are rooted the better flowers will be produced.—A. H.

Esquimos are very fond of tea, to get which they will travel hundreds of miles.

A Touch of Chivalry

BY AMY BRUNER ALMY.

PART I.

The sound of sleigh bells came from down the street and Selma Rand hoped that it might be Anson Mayne. Although Dr. Robert Hallett had come professionally to have a look at Laura's little boy, who was choked up with a feverish cold, she was anxious to get away from the house for it was awkward to face him now that she had refused to marry him.

Her sister and Robert were coming down the stairs now; they stopped in the hallway, talking. She wondered whether Laura would invite him to come in. To her relief, she heard the front door close.

Laura came into the sitting-room. "Robert's been here," she said, with a hint of reproach in her voice.

"I know. I let him in myself about a quarter of an hour ago," Selma responded, meeting her sister's look with a level gaze.

"I'm afraid that I'm disappointed, Selma. You know how I—how all of us feel about you and Robert."

"Yes, I know," Selma replied, her color deepening. "But it's my life, Laura. You say that Mr. Mayne is irresistible and at the same time you wonder why I don't seem to find Robert more irresistible!"

Laura smiled. "I confess that Mr. Mayne has disarmed many of my prejudices. The trouble is, we have all been taking too much for granted—for years, Selma."

Sleigh bells stopped in front of the house and Anson Mayne joined them. Anson Mayne was tall, blond, with square, broad shoulders, features straight-cut, though a trifle heavy and a gracious and compelling air.

"I'm going to carry off your sister, Mrs. Stebbins, into the most wonderful out-of-doors that I have ever seen. The snow is packed half a foot on the level—smooth and hard."

"Well, I rather envy you," Laura said. "It may snow, though, before you get back. Doctor Hallett has been here to see Bobbie and he predicts a storm before night."

"All the better! Then Selma and I will have a chance to try out our mettle. I'd like nothing better than to wrestle with the elements of this prairie of yours!"

"I'm not afraid!" Selma exclaimed. "I've been out on the prairie when it's been almost a blizzard!"

"Let it storm! We're going to fly straight across the hills and on out to the prairie and there's no telling where we'll stop or when we'll come back. I want to find out for myself if there is any end to these level stretches."

Anson tucked Selma in with fur robes and jugs of hot water. "And now, we're off!" he cried jubilantly. The boys started eagerly, setting into musical chime the arch of silver bells upon the back of each. "To the horizon's rim! Shall we go there?" "Yes! Yes!" Selma cried happily.

They went through the town and up the hill to the prairie road. Although the road was scarcely broken, it was readily passable and the sleighing all the more delightful and "real" for the powdery shower they scattered as they flew along.

As the bells jingled upon the crisp atmosphere, Selma had the feeling of one who is being borne straight toward some wonderful goal. It was not an unguessed goal for she understood as certainly as though Anson had already spoken. Had he not come this long distance that he might see her a little sooner, when he might have waited two weeks longer until she should return to her work? Had his letter not as much as told her what he hoped that he was coming for? She had known it, too, for months before she had left his office to make this visit with her sister in the old home town. She had read the truth in his eyes; in the tone of his voice, upon rare occasions in the touch of his hand—for he was a man of honor and delicacy and had never taken any advantage where another feeling as he did, might have done.

Sitting there beside him, she thought of it all again, how his love for her had fairly swept into flame her first regard for him, until—though he had not spoken his love—she herself was won by his graciousness, his indomitable spirit of youthfulness although he was at least ten years older than herself, by his power, by his big, fine, physical self.

Like a wraith of the snow, the thought of another woman came to her now—then was gone. At first, when Selma had begun to work in his office, the thought of the divorced wife had presented itself quite frequently. It was vaguely disturbing.

Now, secure in her happiness, Selma faced the vision deliberately. When she had seen Claire Mayne two years ago, shortly after Anson's divorce, she had wondered how so slight and colorless a woman could have caught even the passing fancy of masterful Anson Mayne. Well, he was hers now! She would not let the thought of this other woman spoil her happiness. "I have a right to love him! We have a right to be happy!" she said, bidding the wraith begone.

Robert Hallett had asked her to marry him. She had refused. His

words came to her now and for some reason they genuinely hurt. "Since you love someone else, I must let you go. . . . I'll not ask you again. . . . I want you to be happy. . . . that above everything else. . . . I've been living my whole life with the thought of you and you have known it, always. . . . you have been bound up with everything, my work, all. . . . thank God, Selma, that I have my work!"

"It could not be helped! She knew her own heart. Anson was speaking. "Nothing but snow! Let's leave the telephone poles and strike out on this side road to the rim of the horizon!"

Selma glanced at the sky and remembered the storm prediction. "But if it starts to snow? We'd better turn back into the other road. It isn't nearly so cold as it was. It feels as if the air was just full of snow ready to fall."

"This is great! Breaking our way through the virgin sod of snow like pioneers, just you and I, alone. Alone, Selma, at last! You know why I'm saying that—alone! Tell me, Selma, that you do know!"

Selma trembled. She could not speak. But joy enfolded her. "You know, Selma!" reiterated the strong voice. "You know why I couldn't wait until you came back. I wanted to take you where we might be alone, away from people, where we might face the truth." He drew her to him. "I love you, dear, as I have never loved any other woman. Answer me, darling! I would give up anything for you—everything." He kissed her, and she clung to him. "Anything for you—everything! You love me too, darling?"

"Yes!" "The minutes passed unheeded. The horses made their own way through the unbroken snow. It was Selma who first noticed that they were going heavily. "It's hard on them," she said. "We had better turn back. It's getting dark so fast—it's the storm that Doctor Hallett said was coming!"

"All right. Though I'd like to keep on like this forever. But, wherever we are, we shall be one, from now on till the end of all time." He turned the horses. "It's frightfully cold this way. If we are bound to go back, we'll have to face it."

"Yes, we must. We must get back home as fast as ever we can, Anson. Ah, there's the wind!"

"Are you warm enough, dear? Sit closer."

"Plenty—are you, Anson? It's getting cold so fast!"

A thick, whirling darkness shut down on the prairie. "It's going to be a blizzard!" Selma cried and leaned closer to the stalwart body beside her.

"A blizzard!" There was dread in the man's voice. He was not used to blizzards.

Selma drew herself up tensely. "All we can do, is to let the horses go. Let the reins slack. They'll find a haystack if they can."

"Or go home."

"No, hardly—now. Let them go! Hold the reins loosely—this way—so!" "This is dreadful. I'm sorry. . . ."

"Dear, whatever happens, makes no difference. . . . not for us. . . . now."

"Not now, darling!" They huddled together, drawing the robes close. The horses took their own way until the sleigh, caught upon an obstruction, veered, upset, throwing them out into the snow. The horses stood still.

(To be continued.)

THE NURSERY ELF.
Dear little feet, how you wander and wander,
Little twin hants, how so fleet!
Dear little head, how you ponder and ponder
Over the things that you meet!

Dear little tongue, how you chatter and chatter,
Over your innocent joys!
Oh, but the house is alive with your clatter,
Shaking, indeed, with your noise!
Can't you be quiet a moment, sweet rover?

Is there no end to your fun?
Soon the "old sand man" will sprinkle you over,
Then the day's frolic is done.
Come to my arms, for the daylight is dying,
Closer the dark shadows creep—
Come, like a bird, that is weary of flying.
Come, let me sing you to sleep.
—Josephine Peppard.

Rubber Skin Saves Fruit.
A practical new process for preserving tropical fruits, other than bananas and pineapples, so that they may be shipped long distances, recently has been discovered, according to "The Popular Science Monthly" for January. The fruit, gathered a little before it is ripe, is smeared with a thin coating of rubber latex, which when coagulated forms a protective skin. The process of ripening is slowed up. It is said, keeping the fruit in good condition.

Forage.

A small, plump chickadee
Upon a crooked bough
Sings his winter song to me,
— Explaining how
They find the berries giving out
Upon the cedar tree,
And all the birds appreciate
My hospitality.

There are nuthatches, steely blue,
Alert and swift are they;
And little, friendly juncos
With breasts of smoky grey;
And black and white woodpeckers
That wear a flower of red,
All giving their assent to what
The chickadee has said.

The strong old weeds are bending,
Outlived upon the snow,
Their harvest is all gathered.
One reconnoitering crow
Hovers above the meadow—
"I hear his harsh cry,
And flocks of small brown sparrows
Come drifting by."

The world is grey and purple,
The world is black and white,
With sudden red at morning
And brief red at night.
Slowly the sun comes northward,
Winter stores are low,
A squirrel comes to my window,
A chickadee sings in the snow.
—Louise Driscoll.

Harnessing a Mighty River.

One of the greatest engineering wonders of the world is the great Senar Dam in Upper Egypt, where 126 white men and 19,000 natives are racing against time in an effort to harness the waters of the Blue Nile.

The agricultural possibilities of the great Libyan Desert are tremendous. The heat here is intense, at times as much as 125 degrees in the shade; so hot, indeed, that sick men have to be taken down into ice-packed cellars to be treated, the clinical thermometer being useless above ground.

The masonry put in to hold back the waters is roughly 450,000 cubic yards, and its total weight a million tons. Every day 2,600 tons of masonry are added to the structure.

Once a year there comes an exciting time for the engineers and all concerned—the period of the annual Nile flood. As a result of the heavy African rains at the sources of the Nile, the river becomes swollen and rises considerably. The floods are so regular that they can be fixed almost to a day.

At Khartoum the Nile is in flood in June and at Assuan in August. By September the floods have reached Cairo, where the waters rise 32 feet above normal at Kasr-el-Nil Bridge. It is these floods that cause the greatest anxiety to the engineers, and they watch carefully for any signs of weakness, although if disaster set in, little could be done to avert it.

"He has an eye for beauty, they say."

"I'll say he has! It's 'I-I-I' to every pretty bud he meets."

An "I" for Beauty.

Snub Not At All.

Don't snub a boy because he wears shabby clothes. When Edison, the inventor, first entered Boston he wore a pair of yellow linen breeches in the depth of winter.

Don't snub a boy because his home is plain and unpretending. Abraham Lincoln's early home was a log cabin. Don't snub a boy because of the ignorance of his parents. Shakespeare, the world's poet, was the son of a man who was unable to write his own name.

Don't snub a boy because he chooses a humble trade. The author of "Pillgrim's Progress" was a tinker.

Don't snub a boy because of his physical disability. Milton was blind. Don't snub a boy because of his dullness in lessons. Hogarth, the celebrated painter and engraver, was a stupid boy at his books.

Don't snub anyone; not alone because some day they may outstrip you in the race of life, but because it is neither kind nor right.

Take the pretty, fluted paper cups from the bon-bon boxes and use them as cups to catch the wax from candles.

A farmer's scientific training is now judged by the length of the aerials to his radio.