

In the Realm of Women—Some Interesting Features

Quality and Charm

Distinguish

"SALADA" TEA

"The most Delicious Tea you can buy"

EXCHANGE OF PREACHERS

System Urged at Methodist Conference at Toronto

Toronto, June 12.—Canadian Methodism has no alien labor law, but something resembling it may be needed to prevent undue interference with the preacher-placing system of the church.

So common has the habit become of importing ministers from outside the bounds of Canada that there is said to be danger of disorganization in the existing system. Undoubtedly there is dissatisfaction. The British Columbia conference only recently refused permission to a church to bring a pastor from the United States.

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OVER THE WIRE

A Telegraph Operator's Story

By WARREN MILLER

There is no more favorable opportunity for young people of opposite sex to poke fun at each other than over a telephone or telegraph wire. There is a fascination in operating from behind a shield rendering one invisible. A girl will delight to say things to a man who can't see her and doesn't know who she is. I was a telegraph operator when a young man, and I noticed this disposition in many a girl operator with whom I talked over the wire. I am a matter of fact sort of a fellow myself and doubt if it would ever have occurred to me to bamboozle a girl in this fashion. Had not the girl shown a disposition to bamboozle me.

She who first tried it was an operator at a station about twenty miles away from me. I was in the town of M., while the girl was out at G., a way station some twenty miles distant in the country. She had more time on her hands than I, and I suppose this is what set her on to quizzing me. She started in one night about 10 o'clock after having taken possession of me, beginning by asking me what was going on in town; how I liked M.; if there was any fun going on there and expressing her dislike at being compelled to live in a little way station like G. From this we fell to talking about ourselves and naturally, as persons of opposite sex at that age invariably do, finally drifted on to love and marriage. From love and marriage in general we dropped into specialties, at last narrowing the topic down to ourselves.

The girl led me along in the channel she laid out herself till I admitted that marriage being a lottery, I would about as lief marry a girl I had no knowledge of as one I had met and loved. All I required was to know that the girl I was to marry possessed a fair amount of good looks. One thing led to another till it was arranged that she should mail me her photograph and I should send her mine. Then if we were mutually pleased we might proceed further toward forming an acquaintance with a view to matrimony.

The next day I looked over my stock of photographs—not of myself, but of my friends—and, selecting one of Sam Atkins, the best looking fellow in the lot, I sent it to the girl. Sam was off at the Spanish-American war at the time, and I trusted to his getting shot or dying of disease so that I might not get into trouble by passing him off for myself. In return I received a picture of a rather pretty girl, who I judged from her features was full of mischief, the very one to get up just such a complication as we were entering upon. Upon her lips was an engaging smile and in her eyes a very saucy look.

After that the wires began to warm up with our conversations, till at last they came to a white heat with love passages. When we had fired a lot of such missiles at each other we began to talk about meeting. At my proposal to go to see her she cooled down a bit, and it was easy to see that her exuberance was the result of fighting behind a masked battery. I made several propositions to go to see her on a certain day and hour, but for every time I set she gave some reason why it would be inconvenient or impossible for her to receive me. At last it occurred to me to go up and look her over without an appointment. Never having seen me, she wouldn't know me.

So one day, having secured a leave, I started to see my charmer. On arrival I walked up into the village and on the street met my girl, whom I recognized at once by her photograph. I followed her into several shops and finally to a yellow house that stood back from the street. She went into the house, and, having waited half an hour for her to come out, I concluded she lived there.

I knew a man in the place, Tom Foster, and, hunting him up, told him that there was a girl in the town I wished to know. He said there was going to be a dance that evening and all the girls in the place would be there. He would take me with him, and if he knew the girl I wished to meet he would introduce me. I thought that an excellent plan since it would give me the advantage of keeping my affairs to myself. I could obtain an introduction to different girls without my introducer knowing the one I was especially interested in.

That evening I went with Foster to the hall where the dance was to take place. He asked about the girl I wished to know and why I wished to know her and all that, but I evaded his questions. I didn't propose to let the girl herself know that I was the fellow she had been making love to over the wire—at least till I had learned all about her.

She was there sure enough, looking as pretty as a picture—a brunette with a profusion of jet black hair, a stately figure and as mischievous an eye as ever I saw in a woman. When I first saw her she was talking with another girl about her own age, and that I might not give myself away to Foster I asked him to introduce me to the other girl.

She proved to be Miss Ellen Ormsby, a staid young woman whom I found rather hard to talk to. I asked her who was the girl she was with when I was introduced to her, and she said she

was Agnes Miller and, taking the hint, offered to introduce me. I accepted and was introduced.

I don't think I ever chuckled so in my life as when I found myself incognito chatting with the girl whom I had been saying soft things to over the wire. I made up my mind to stave off the denouement as long as possible. Not for the world would I give her any clew to my identity by the slightest reference to what had passed between us. And as to letting her know even that I was a telegraph operator, nothing would tempt me to risk giving away the whole thing by doing so.

I danced several times with Agnes Miller and once with her friend Ellen Ormsby. I concluded to go slow with Miss Miller, but I got in a number of compliments and several looks indicating my admiration for her. When I left her to catch my train, which I did before the dance had ended, I pressed her hand and received a slight pressure in return.

Very soon after this I received a shock at the return of Sam Atkins. The Spanish war was over, and Sam had come home in excellent health and handsome as ever. What disconcerted me was that in some way—I having sent my girl his photograph—he might spoil my fun. But on second thought it occurred to me that there was no likelihood of this since she was so far from both of us.

He did give a scare one evening when he came to my room and seeing a new and pretty face among the photographs on my table began to quiz me. He declared he would scour the country round till he discovered the original of the picture.

On my return from G. I resumed my telegraphic chat with her, enjoying it far more than before from having made her acquaintance. It was very amusing to talk with her, having seen her, while I was still unknown to her except through Sam Atkins' photograph. She continued to complain of the dullness of G., so I concluded to ask her to come to town and go with me to the theater. This would let her into the secret of my having sent her another man's photograph, but I must let that out some time, and there was no especial reason for delay.

She accepted the invitation with alacrity and delight. I procured a couple of seats and wrote her that I would meet her at the station and take her from there to the theater; she would know me by a bit of orange ribbon worn in my buttonhole. To keep up the fraud till her arrival I asked her to carry a few violets in her left hand.

When Miss Miller alighted from the train and saw me, whom she had met before, with the orange ribbon in my buttonhole she stood still for a moment; then, simply remarking that we had met before and I had deceived her about the photograph, we left the station, and, since it was a summer evening and an hour must elapse before the play would begin, we walked to a park or central square and sat down on one of the benches. She then reproved me mildly for sending her the wrong photograph, but said she didn't mind that since she had made my acquaintance at G.

When we entered the theater and took our seats but few people had arrived. We enjoyed ourselves chatting about our telegraphic correspondence and watching the audience come in. Suddenly my heart stood still.

Who should enter and take the two seats in the next row in front of us but Sam Atkins and Miss Miller's friend, whom I had met at G., Ellen Ormsby. The expression on their faces was, to say the least, peculiar. Smiles were struggling to assert themselves which the three were endeavoring to suppress. I cast a hasty glance at my companion and saw her eyes fairly dance with a mingled delight, mischief and triumph.

I knew at once that the game I had been playing had not only been discovered, but had been turned against me. "Sam, you rascal!" I exclaimed. "You're a traitor to your own sex!" My remark occasioned a burst of laughter from the whole party except myself.

"Come," I said, "explain the matter."

At this moment the orchestra struck up the overture, and in ten minutes more the curtain rose. My tormentors forced me to wait till the end of the first act before giving me an explanation; then my companion said:

"Nellie Ormsby is a telegraph operator at G. station and has been your correspondent. She sent you my photograph with my consent instead of her own and, having no more confidence in you in such a matter than herself, did not believe the likeness you sent her was your own. She went to M., taking the photograph with her, and a mutual friend of hers and Mr. Atkins there told her that it was his picture. Before leaving town she saw you at work at your instrument and knew that you were her correspondent. Then Mr. Atkins returned from the war. She went again to M., made his acquaintance and told him the secret.

"Meanwhile you had gone to G., and the moment you entered the ballroom Nellie recognized you. She saw your attention fixed on me and introduced you. Your enjoyment in the part you were playing gave us double what was evident in you. When your invitation came we decided to spring the joke on you here at the theater. We wrote Mr. Atkins to find out if possible where our seats were and get two more near them. This he learned through you.

"So you see that when a man sets himself up to outwit a girl he must sharpen his own wits on a whetstone."

It was all plain enough now. I acknowledged myself beaten and after the play invited the party to the best supper that could be obtained.

There is a sequel to this story, but not to be given here. The gist of it is that I paired off with Miss Miller and Sam with Miss Ormsby.

THE HOME KITCHEN

Here Are Recipes for Delicious Dishes to Make in Camp.

By Jeannette Young Norton

The Authority on Home Cooking.

The main feature in camp cookery is to know how to build the fire so that the cooking may be done in the very best way possible. Every cook should know how to build the fire, as a reputation as a cook depends upon it.

First, split good hard wood—green or dead—into sticks of uniform size and thickness. Lay down two bed-sticks, cross these near the ends with two others, and so on up until you have a pen a foot high. Start a fire, in the pen, then cover it with a parallel layer of sticks laid an inch apart. Cross this with a similar layer at right angles, and so on upward for another foot. The free draft will make a roaring fire that will all burn down to hard coals making a bed of fire, which is what the short-time camper most desires.

In roasting or broiling a fish or meat the folding gridiron will lift the food just the right distance above the coals. The folding oven is an invaluable aid and the quick biscuits will bake as nicely in it as at home, while the rest of the meal is being prepared. Meat pies also bake well in the oven and are very tasty outdoor fare.

As stews are essentially outdoor dainties—regardless of season—it might be well to give a few recipes for their making. No stew list would be complete without a recipe for "Mulligan," which may be made of fish, game or meat.

"Mulligan" Meat.

Cut up into pieces two inches square about two or three pounds of beef, lamb, lean pork, mutton or venison. Slice thin two large onions and place meat and onions in the cooking-pot and cover well with water. Add two scraped and sliced carrots and cook until the meat is tender. Then add potatoes cut in thick slices, seasoning, and a light dredging of flour. Continue to cook until the potatoes are done and dredge occasionally with flour until the gravy is thick and smooth. Then the feast is ready. A half-cupful of diced salt pork is often cooked with the stew in cold weather.

Game "Mulligan."

Depending upon the game secured, this recipe must be changed to suit it. Pluck, clean and joint the larger birds. It is best to leave the small birds whole or in halves. Slice one large onion thinly and put in with the game, covering it and cooking until the flesh is tender. Thicken the gravy and serve with potatoes boiled whole in the gravy just before thickening.

Indian Broil.

Cut a thick steak of beef, elk or venison. Have ready a hard bed of coals and put the steak right on them, dusting the upper side with pepper and salt. When ready to turn, lift with a long-handled fork, or forked stick, shake free of coals and fan the coals to brightness, then put the steak on again raw side down and dust the top with salt and pepper. When done, lay on a big tin plate spread with butter, sprinkle with a little finely chopped onion, letting it stand for a few minutes until it has taken up the flavor of the onion and melted the butter, then serve. This is an appetizing and delicious dish for the hearty camper and baked potatoes are excellent served

Take This Tip From Experts

Cookery experts agree that the best and most healthful baking powder is made from cream of tartar, derived from grapes.

That is why they insist on

ROYAL Baking Powder

Made from Cream of Tartar, derived from grapes

Contains No Alum—Leaves No Bitter Taste

MADE IN CANADA

with it, which are easily cooked in the ashes, greasing them over lightly before baking.

C.N.R. Earnings.

Montreal, June 13.—The gross earnings of the Canadian National Railways for the week ending June 7th, 1923, were \$4,597,931, being an increase of \$418,551, or ten per cent. The gross earnings of the Canadian National Railway from Jan. 1st, 1923, to June 7th, 1923, have been \$98,164,457, being an increase of \$13,262,348, as compared with the corresponding period of 1922.

Miss Matilda Fox, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. David Fox and William Nelson Jones, plumber, son of Mr. and Mrs. William S. Jones, both of Brockville, were married on Monday.

Every man is a debtor to his profession.

The "grain of Mustard" for health

Don't refuse the mustard when it is passed to you. Cultivate the habit of taking it with meat, especially fat meat. It stimulates the digestion and aids in assimilating your food.

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Young Canada



Needs

ENO'S "FRUIT SALT"

BRIGHT-EYED children—rugged—surging with life and noisy health—keen at their lessons—eager at their play—because they're healthy!

A dash of ENO in a glass of water is good for children in the morning. ENO contains no harsh or drastic salts—or artificial flavoring. ENO is pure and harmless. ENO is Nature's First Assistant—and, in the Spring especially—Young Canada needs ENO's "Fruit Salt."

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You feel Lifebuoy's healthiness right down into the pores.

After Lifebuoy—you feel cleaner than you have ever felt before.

The delight and comfort of using Lifebuoy are famous around the world.

The odour vanishes quickly after use.

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A Woman's Friends

Good, clear daylight and a well placed mirror are the best friends that a woman has. They place honesty before tact and tell the truth—unpleasant, if it has to be. Daylight and the well placed mirror are, too, the best friends of Peerless Erasmic Soap.

Peerless Erasmic is the daylight soap that will cause your complexion to revel in the nearness of eyes; give to it a pearly clearness and glow of youth all your own; enable your skin to meet fearlessly the scrutiny of other women, and enable your mirror to answer you pleasantly, whilst speaking the truth.

Peerless Erasmic is more than beauty to the skin. It woos the senses with its subtle fragrance. Neither pronounced nor obvious, it is the perfume of good taste—an elusive fragrance floating near.

Peerless Erasmic Soap

The Dainty Soap

For Peerless Beauty

25¢ a cake at all good stores, where you can also obtain Erasmic Shaving Stick, Solidified Brilliantine, Bath Crystals (Perfumed), Shampoo Powder, Concentrated Perfumes and Poudre de Riz.

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