

BOVRIL

Repels Colds, Chills, and Influenza

The PURPLE MASK

By Grace Cunard
Novelized from the Motion Picture Play of the Same Name by the Universal Film Mfg. Co.

FIFTEENTH EPISODE.—(Cont'd.)

Having worked their way through the bars, the Apaches lowered a rope, which Pat tied under her arms. In a twinkling the girl was hauled up to the window and was dragged through the ladderlike structure held secure a strong landing platform that came just under the window.

When Pat was hurrying to the ground an incident occurred that nearly upset the Apaches' calculations. A patrol wagon, going out of the prison yard in answer to a call, dashed around the corner and nearly collided with the rescue wagon.

There was started in a twinkling a mad scramble and wild fight between the Apaches and the police. The uproar was bound to attract attention, and Pat knew that she must make her "get away" in a hurry or stand the chance of being again in the toils. She grabbed a revolver from one of her men and started to run.

The police were too much occupied in measuring blows with their opponents for any one of them to break away from the fight and take after the escaping girl. In the few seconds that passed while Pat ran to the street corner she made up her mind what to do—if luck should be with her.

Just as she reached the juncture of the busy street that ran past the main building of the prison, a passing taxicab fitted into her purpose. Hailing the chauffeur, she had jumped onto the running-board before he had time to more than slow down.

"Go ahead, and be quick—go anywhere," and the girl acquiesced her command by reaching out, with her free hand and holding the revolver against the taxi driver's side. By the time he had gotten a little distance away from the prison, Pat had worked open the door of the cab and was safely within.

Then she leaned out of the front window and directed the chauffeur, keeping the cold steel pressed against the back of his neck.

"Keep going and you'll be all right. This thing won't go off, if you do as I tell you." Then she gave him directions, to take the least-frequented streets, on a trip that she told him would not end until he had reached West Farms.

"We have a couple of hours to make it, and you'll be well paid for the trip." Thus the journey to West Farms was made, with Pat watching the driver in every move he made.

Before Pat's release from prison was effected, secret service operatives had begun preparations for their raid on the Frenchman's hut. Officers detailed to watch the anarchists had been in the vicinity of their retreat all day, keeping an eye on the movements of the suspects.

When darkness fell, the move to close in on the Frenchman's hut and his desperate attempts to escape were left the federal building, bound for West Farms to re-enforce the

watchers who had been on duty all day. The hut was located in a grove, with thick underbrush to shelter it from the road. It was a ramshackle old place, that had been last occupied by a mysterious Frenchman, who had been found unaccountably murdered. From that time on it had never been occupied as a place of habitation.

It had been selected by the anarchists as an ideal spot for their headquarters, standing, as it did, apart from other houses, in a lonely and isolated spot. From this hut they had organized their attack on New York. The anarchists had dug an underground passage as a means of escape if they were called upon to suddenly vacate, and when they learned of the proposed visit of the secret service officials, they made sure the tunnel was clear of obstructions. Then they prepared the hut for the reception of the officers.

An explosive mine was placed under the floor. The bomb was connected by wire with the underground passage, and made ready to be discharged by electricity when pressure was applied to an exploding-key. To make sure of their work, a quantity of nitro-glycerine was stored in the tunnel as a force for vengeance held in reserve. Everything was prepared for the "welcome" the anarchists intended to give the government officials, and the beetle-browed villains waited restlessly for the arrival of their victims. Some time after dark the lookouts reported that the attacking force was approaching.

The raiding party advanced cautiously from several directions until they finally completely surrounded the Frenchman's cabin. Then the officer in command, with a few of his subordinates, approached the only door that gave access to the hut, and knocked loudly for admittance.

There was no response to repeated demands, and at last the officers pressed their shoulders against the panels of the door and forced it open. Searching the one big room that occupied the ground floor of the hut, with their electric torches, the officials made a careful inventory.

The gleam of the lights upon a wire stretched across the floor awakened suspicion. The leader of the party, concluding that the wire could not be there for any especially good purpose, promptly cut it—and thereby saved the lives of himself and his men.

Underground the anarchists were debating just how soon they should explode the mine that was intended to rid the earth of at least a few of their enemies. When one of their number settled the discussion by pressing the connecting key, and no explosion resulted, the gang knew that something had gone wrong with their plans.

The leader of the anarchists grabbed the container of nitro-glycerine and started to crawl cautiously through the tunnel, followed by the rest of the anarchists. When their mine failed to explode, one of their greatest schemes for vengeance was shattered. They had only the hand-operated explosives now to rely upon.

When the anarchists began their exit from the underground tunnel, the shot that was set off by the officers remaining outside the cabin attracted the attention of the raiders who had gone inside. Some of the secret service men rushed from the cabin and joined the fellows to repel the threatened attack.

At this instant a new and entirely unexpected element entered into the exciting situation. Pat drove up to the Frenchman's cabin, from the main road just as the anarchist in possession of the nitro-glycerine was about to hurl the deadly stuff into the group of officials who had gathered in front of the hut.

Pat had but a second to think, and in the decision to fulfill the purpose for which she had come, the girl took careful aim with her revolver and shot the anarchist at the instant his arm was drawn back to hurl the explosive. The shot was true, and when the flames struck its target the nitro-glycerine fell a few feet away from him and exploded on the ground.

The shock was indescribable. The old shanty fell in a crumbled mass, and an overturned stove set fire to the ruins. Officers and anarchists were alike thrown violently to the ground. Pat had opened the door of the taxicab when she aimed her shot, and the shock of the explosion likewise threw her to the ground. Men in such trying times have been known to be far more excitable than women, and in this case Pat was the coolest person in the panic-stricken crowd.

When the girl scrambled to her feet the first blaze of the burning cabin attracted her attention. To her utter horror she fancied that she saw, through the open door, a man in the Frenchman's hut wave his arms in sign of distress and then fall to the floor.

Pat wasted no precious time in deciding what she should do. In mad leaps she covered the ground and dashed into the burning hut. A few feet inside the door, with the flames roaring about his prostrate body, Pat saw a man who had evidently been stunned or who had been in some way overcome.

The girl dashed into the burning building and dragged the man out through the open door. The flames leaped high, and the underlike cabin was fast crumbling under the consuming flames. Just clear of the threshold, but safe outside of the radius of the flames, Pat fell to the ground, prostrate upon the body of the still insensible man she had so fearlessly rescued.

SIXTEENTH EPISODE

The Surrender. The battle with the police, beside the prison wall, was spirited, brief and decisive. The Apaches made desper-

The Housewife's Corner

A COURSE IN HOUSEHOLD SCIENCE COMPLETE IN TWENTY-FIVE LESSONS.

Lesson XVIII. Bread.

Baking. When making bread use a thermometer and scale for accuracy, so that you will have a positive knowledge of how and what you are doing. Modern inventors have made it possible for the baker to manufacture bread of a uniform quality.

The housewife's lack of knowledge of this most important part of the home cooking has resulted in the numerous large baking plants that are a feature of all large cities. Theory has caused many failures; few women really understand the underlying principles of fermentation.

History tells us that the Egyptians were probably the originators of bread. The following fable illustrates the discovery of the method of converting grain into bread.

The story goes that a slave, while grinding the grain one day between two stones, a sudden shower wet the meal. The slave fled from the storm, forgetting in his haste about the meal. When the storm was over and the sun had come out he returned to his grinding. He found that the sodden mass that was the grain before the storm had come now a very hard cake. This was the first production of unleavened bread.

Modern breadmaking dates back from the Romans, who derived the art from their Greek and Egyptian captives of war. Historians state that the Romans made unleavened bread in 200 B. C.

In many portions of the Old World this style of bread is still made. In this country unleavened bread is made into biscuits and crackers, sometimes called beaten biscuit. It depends upon the amount of air that is beaten or incorporated into the dough to give it its lightness.

Flour.

A knowledge of flour is necessary for successful baking. There are two distinct kinds. One is known as spring and the other as winter wheat. Spring wheat flour contains the large percentage of gluten. This spring wheat is ground into two distinct varieties, known as soft spring wheat, and hard spring wheat.

Winter wheat is divided into two varieties similar to that of the spring wheat flour, namely, red winter flour, which is the hard winter wheat flour, and the soft winter wheat flour. The last-named flour contains a large percentage of starch. It is used for pastry and cakes.

To get successful results the flour must be blended. The fancy patent flours that are on the market are especially prepared for all-around family baking, purposes.

Pastry flour, or soft winter wheat flour, will not make good bread, owing to the low percentage of gluten. The flour should be kept or stored in a room that averages about 70 degrees Fahrenheit and in a container which may be kept closed and away from all foods that have a strong odor. For successful results the home baker must have:

Good flour of a reliable brand.
Good, active fermentation.
Yeast food.
The proper amount of salt.
The proper temperature.
The proper manipulation.

The proper baking. When starting to make bread select a reliable brand of flour. Store it in a proper container in a place that has the right temperature. Sift the flour before using. The use of compressed yeast eliminates all doubt and uncertainty of the old style liquid and dry yeast.

For successful results it is necessary to supply the yeast with a food for active development. This food is not found in the flour, therefore it must be supplied. The food necessary for the active development of the yeast is sugar. Sugar supplies the carbon which is a necessary principle of the process of fermentation.

Salt is added to the bread for two purposes—first, to flavor the bread and make it palatable, and also to supply one of the mineral elements essential to the human body. Second, to control the process of fermentation. If too little salt is used the bread will lack flavor and be of a coarse, rough texture, while if too much is used the action of the yeast will be retarded and the bread will show a loss of volume.

Temperature is the controlling factor in successful bread-making. The room in which the bread is made must be free from all drafts. The proper temperature is 78 degrees Fahrenheit in summer and 80 degrees in winter. Use a thermometer and eliminate the guesswork.

By this is meant that the dough must be worked sufficiently by rolling and kneading, if made by hand. If a breadmaker is used the bread must be worked for the period of time as per instructions as supplied with the machine.

Time for hand manipulation is from fifteen to twenty minutes and from five to ten minutes when using the mixer.

At efforts to overcome the officers, but the police were quickly re-enforced, when other officers responded to the blowing of alarm whistles, and Pat's men were soon subdued. The driver of the electric patrol, sticking to his post through the scuffle, had watched Pat make her getaway and had seen her hail the taxi and drive away.

As soon as the Apaches were overcome, the driver told the commander of the police party what had become of Pat. The chief ordered several policemen to climb into the patrol and it was quickly driven away, headed in the direction Pat had taken when she commandeered the taxi.

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The explosion and the exciting events that had so quickly developed. The anarchists, making their way to freedom through the tunnel they had dug, were fast disappearing from the scene, fleeing in every direction.

The commander of the patrol squad quickly perceived the necessities of the occasion. Some of his men he dispersed, post haste, in pursuit of the anarchists.

The patrol chauffeur was ordered to speed to the nearest telephone and transmit a call for an ambulance—for Pat was still lying insensible upon the ground, beside the chief of the secret service men whom she has so heroically rescued from the burning ruins of the Frenchman's shack.

While some of the police busied themselves in an effort to revive Pat and the secret chief, others hurried into the underground tunnel in the hope of catching some of the anarchists who might have failed to escape. Others joined the secret service operatives in scurrying in every direction, trying to apprehend their escaping foes.

(To be continued.)

THE MIGHTY PEN

That an army of 25,000,000 people is armed with fountain pens is the amazing fact brought out in a recent issue of The Pen Prophet that gives a present day emphasis to Lytton's "The pen is mightier than the sword." This great army is growing at a tremendous rate. 2,000,000 recruits were added last year by the Waterman Ideal alone. This growth is all the more striking when it is considered that just 34 years ago Lewis Edson Waterman, a native of Dectatur, N.Y., began making fountain pens by hand in a little shop behind a cigar store in New York City. His output was 200 pens a year.

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"WOMEN OF DEATH" FIGHT FOR RUSSIA

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Accepted By All Russians As One of the Bravest Units in the Slav Army.

"A woman can fight just as well as a man and she is just as willing to die for her country."

The speaker was Mme. Vera Bochkareva, commander of the Russian Women's Battalion, better known as the Battalion of Death.

"Besides," she went on, "it's a hundred times easier to fight than to stand the agonizing wait at home, with nothing to break the awful monotony except the arrival of the dreadful casualty lists which tell you that your man has been crippled for life or killed."

Mme. Bochkareva ought to know whether fighting is easier than the watching and waiting which has been woman's traditional part in war, for she has tried both. She stood the waiting at her little home in Siberia until the news was brought to her that her husband had been killed in action, and then she could stand it no longer.

Moreover her boast that women can fight as well as men is not an empty boast; the truth of it has been demonstrated by Mme. Bochkareva and her 250 Amazons against the Germans on Russia's southwestern front. The Battalion of Death proved its mettle in its first engagement, in which twenty of its members were killed, and it is now accepted by all Russians as one of the bravest units in the Slav army.

Under Military Discipline.

Bochkareva might have had two or three thousand women instead of two or three hundred if she had wanted them. But she decided that it was best to begin with a small picked body and consequently she made the requirements so strict for membership in the Battalion of Death that many men could not have met them.

She put into effect the old system of discipline, rejecting all the lackadaisical methods which have crept into the Russian army since the revolution. As she said, "Republicanism and self-government by representative committees is all right in civil affairs, but it won't do in armies."

Of the many girls who applied to her for enlistment some were rejected at once on account of inferior physique. It was soon discovered that others were inclined to take the whole thing as a lark and these were speedily dismissed. There remained a large body of girls and women who meant business, but this number was much reduced by competitive trials and by the exactions of Bochkareva's Spartan discipline. The girls were forced to shave their hair like men soldiers, were made to sleep on hard bare boards, from which they were obliged to rise at 4 o'clock in the morning to face a day of hard drill. What bothered them much until they became hardened were the heavy men's boots which they wear.

Fight For Holy Russia.

The girls eat the regulation army food and carry the regular equipment of the infantry except that they use the cavalry carbine, which is five pounds lighter than the infantry rifle. Before they went to the front the members of the battalion were inspected by the commander of the Petrograd military district, who was enthusiastic over their enthusiasm and evident ability and skill.

Most of them are between the ages of 18 and 25. A few are married, but hardly any of them are mothers. Their social status is rather higher than one might expect it to be. A few are the daughters of nobles or avowed aristocrats, while many are graduates of the higher academies or secondary schools. The percentage of peasant and factory girls is relatively small.

In physique, however, most of them tend toward what is the recognized Russian peasant girl type; that is, short, thick set and burly rather than wiry. They look like good hand to hand fighters, and they are. They have a special fondness for the use of cold steel, but when not busy with bayonet practice they like to wrestle, jump and run races.

The sober, steadfast determination to save the fatherland at any cost, which is the feeling that actuates Bochkareva, is also the spirit which dominates her companions.

The great object lesson that the Battalion of Death is pointing out to the world is the fact that a nation's backbone never lies much deeper than the soul of its women.

Haig's Eyesight.

It is not generally known that Field Marshal Sir Douglas Haig is color blind. This at first threatened to be a serious obstacle to his career as a soldier, because he was refused entrance to the Staff College. Hearing of the circumstances, Colonel (now Major-General) McCalmont and the late Sir Redvers Buller exerted themselves to secure a reconsideration, pointing out that Haig was not likely often to seek guidance from railway signals. Eventually the decision was reversed, and the future Field Marshal passed through the college with flying colors.

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