

NOT How much a pound?  
BUT How many cups from a pound?

# "SALADA" TEA

will yield twice as much in the teapot as will ordinary tea. It is REAL economy to use it, to say nothing of the unique flavour.



**Success With Substitute Flours.**  
Almost every Red Cross meeting resolves itself sooner or later into a cooking exchange, for naturally housewives of the present time are concerned to use the supplies available as successfully as possible. We often hear complaints about the substitute flours making the food hard, or tough, or coarse grained or cakes fall. There is a reason for all this, and if we consider the matter a few minutes we will surely see why.

Most of our old tried and true recipes call for wheat flour. Now, days we have to substitute other flours, and it takes experience or exact standards of measurements to know how much substitute to put in for a cupful of wheat.

Experiments prove that substitute flours (not potato flour) and cereals absorb the same amount of moisture as wheat and require the same amount of yeast or baking powder to leaven them. By amount I mean "weight," not "measure." That is where so many people are deceived and wonder why their results are not good; so remember if you want to use substitute flours you can do so with success, if you use an equal weight of corn flour, cornmeal, buckwheat, rice, or rye flour as the recipe called for in wheat flour.

A cup of wheat flour which has been sifted and measured in a half pint cup, being filled in lightly until the cup is even full, weighs four ounces. Let us take this as our standard measurement. Two-thirds of a cup of rolled oats ground through a food chopper, four-fifths of a cup of rice flour, four-fifths of a cup of buckwheat, four-fifths of a cup of coarse cornmeal, one cup of fine cornmeal, one and one-third cups of barley flour, one level cup of corn flour, each weighs four ounces. So if your recipe calls for half a cup of wheat flour, you can use corn flour in its place, or only two-fifths of a cup of rice flour, or one-third of a cup of ground rolled oats. Measure for measure the substitutes do not produce the same results, but weight they may be interchanged, not with the same results as to appearance and taste, but as to success in lightness and moisture.

As we are likely to have to use substitutes for a long time, these are very important points to remember.

**Some Practical Suggestions.**  
When you have a stain which you think is tea, fruit, or of unknown origin and it has been boiled in and "set" try removing it with javelle water. You can get javelle water at the drug store. Put one tablespoonful into half a cupful of water. Immerse the stain in this and leave for twenty minutes or half an hour. If it has disappeared altogether, wash the javelle water out of the cloth with clear water, as to leave it in will weaken the fabric. If the stain has only partly disappeared put it in a white longer.

If your gasoline or coal oil stove shows signs of rusting and begins to look shabby, although it is still quite new, go to the stove company and get a bottle of the kind of oil especially prepared for the care of such apparatus. Follow directions and you will keep your stove looking like new.

When preparing french-fried potatoes cut them in even sections, pre-

ferably eighths. Soak them half an hour in cold water. Drain, turn boiling water over them and let stand two minutes. Drain again, dry with a cheesecloth. Have the fat just hot enough that it gives off a thin blue haze. Drop the dry potatoes in and they will cook quickly, be crisp on the outside, tender and delicious.

As fat is expensive now, it is well to remember that a small, deep container will take less material and answer quite as well for the average family as a broad vessel which requires more fat to give the necessary depth. French-fry potatoes occasionally in the kettle kept for deep frying. This will clarify it and, with the addition of a very little drippings, will give enough clear, pure material for family frying.

When canning vegetables this summer, such as asparagus, beans and peas, the three-period method may be shortened to a single period of one and one-half hours if the vegetables are blanched by dipping in boiling water three minutes, then chilled in cold water, packed into clean sterilized cans and covered with boiling water to which a teaspoonful of salt and a tablespoonful of vinegar have been added. Partly clamp down the top. Cook one and one-half hours in a water bath which comes within an inch of the top of the cans. Cover so that the steam will sterilize the tops. Remove from the water bath at once when the period is up. Open the cans, fill any space left by shrinkage, put on the covers at once, clamp tightly, set in a cool room. Do not let cool in a hot kitchen. In the winter if you desire to cook these vegetables with milk, either turn off the liquid containing the trace of vinegar or add a pinch of soda. This prevents the flat taste so many vegetables have and aids the keeping qualities.

**Use Wheat Substitute.**  
Are you insisting on getting wheat substitutes from your grocer and are you, as a housekeeper, trying them out in your kitchen? There is no use saying they are not available because with possible exceptions in some districts, they are, and if your dealer does not carry them then that is his fault and yours. The largest substitute milling concern in Canada has just been opened at Peterboro by the Quaker Oats Company. Cornmeal, oat flour, oatmeal and corn flour will be turned out at the rate of 7,000 barrels a day.

The darker the bread you have these days the more patriotic you are, so don't insist on getting light bread from your baker. On the contrary encourage him to go even further than the regulations specify in the use of substitutes.

**A Cold Reception.**  
They were newly married, according to the New York Sun, and on a honeymoon trip. They put up at a skyscraper hotel. The bridegroom felt indisposed and the bride said she would slip out and do a little shopping. In due time she returned and tapped gently on the panel.

"I'm back, honey. Let me in!" she whispered. No answer.

"Honey. Honey! It's Mabel! Let me in!"

There was a silence for several seconds. Then a man's voice, cold and full of dignity, came from the other side of the door.

"Madam, this is not a beehive. It's a bathroom."

**Safety First.**  
First Negro to Officer—How much wah insurance kin I take out, suh?" Officer—"Oh, \$500, \$1,000, \$5,000."

First Negro—"Dat's far enough, boss, just gib me \$500."

Officer to Second Negro—"And how much insurance do you want?"

Second Negro—"What's de most I can git?"

Officer—"\$10,000."

Second Negro—"Jes fix me up wit dat \$10,000 quick."

First Negro to Second—"Looky heah, man, what you mean by gettin' \$10,000 worth ob insurance?"

Second Negro—"Dat's all right, 'cause when dat ordah comes to go over de top, dey sure are going to be mighty careful of a \$10,000 nigger."

Save yourself as well as the surplus—plan your work and work your plan.

## A Man Chooses

The Story of a Struggle to Attain a Great Ambition.  
By R. W. Johnson.

Do you know that a man may think more of a mechanical creation than of his wife? Bud Barnes did, or thought he did, until the day—But that's the story.

In the Barnes family there had always been a fiddler and a fiddler. The strain dated back, perhaps, to a far-off ancestor who talked to life over a finger board, taken in such fashion as to make life itself be cleaner, sweeter, saner. The talent came down the line to its last scion, Bud, and spoiled a potential farmer. The man was not content to till his acres and make a living for his wife. He had a higher aim—a double-headed ambition. He was going to make a violin better than any the world had known. He was going to prove old Strad a back number. And he was going to master the masterpiece.

He could play Devil's Dream before his curls were shorn, and he shaped fiddles with his first jack-knife, within reach. Before the time of his marriage people began to say it might be Bud Barnes would do it. He was making close shrewd guesses on the influence smallest variations in size and shape have upon tone quality. He knew how much sanding down it takes to shake the woody response. In short, he was trailing his game.

Nadine, the girl he married, did not know a masterpiece from a gourd—but she knew Bud! She loved Bud and she loved his obsession in a queer, fierce, mothering way. She knew the lure of the pay cheque—she had been a school teacher—but she gave not one backward glance at lost opportunity. Her husband was a genius, and she was going to help him make good.

What matter that the home was crumbling about their ears? What matter that frost nipped neglected fields and ruined the corn crop? She was strong—she would lift at the load. She could mix butter and sell eggs. She could sit up nights writing bombastic articles for the papers. Privations didn't hurt. Discouragements slid off like water from the proverbial feathered back. Bud should have his chance.

Nadine had no musical faculty whatever. But she felt that Bud's knowledge of music, learned from a neighborhood teacher, was probably faulty and imperfect, so she urged upon him the need of higher standards. And she sold a pet heifer and made many pitiful personal sacrifices to enable him to make weekly trips to the neighboring city to become a pupil of a noted professor there.

Thus encouraged the man threw himself into the passion of learning. Musical terms and movements filled his days and troubled all his dreams. His evenings echoed to the wail of smitten strings, alternated by the chirp of chisel and rasp of sandpaper—he was bringing forth another wood-encased ideal, and Nadine was no more to him than the future. Sometimes her lips blushed a little as visions of her loneliness rose, like advanced and broke harmonies against the rock coast of her soul. She would not be jealous of his art. Bud should have his chance.

Some such hour was upon her as she picked her way from the creek bottoms, her basket full of late beans, she had left Bud at the last stretch, almost ready for the voice of the latest child of his skill—the little red beech. He had worked on the instrument many days, feverishly as it neared completion. Certain new theories he was trying resulted in results being unfavorable? He was banking on this violin—maybe it was the masterpiece. But so he had dreamed over each new acquisition, only in the end to shake his head and begin another.

She quickened her pace for her eagerness to reach the house. Before her was the memory of the man's eyes, brooding lovingly over the thing of wood and glue as he scrapped and polished. Her own filled with stinging tears, but she dashed them angrily away. Jealous—of the Little Red Beech? Was she so unworthy of her man? Oh, no! She must hurry, to be near to comfort him if—

She went into the kitchen, closing the door behind her, and set her basket on a shelf. Bud heard her and came from the other room. He stood regarding her in silence. He was trembling, and his lips were colorless. His eyes held strange fires. When he spoke his voice was unfamiliar. "Stay there!" he commanded. "Listen!"

He went back into the other room and Nadine listened, holding her breath. The tones of a violin came to her, soft, clear as a bell, tremulously sweet. Deep and powerful on the bass; like bird calls as the melody swept upward. After a moment there was silence, and she went to him. The new violin lay on the chair beside him, the bow dropped to the floor. He was huddled forward, his face in his nerveless hands.

Her arms went around his neck. "You've done it, Charley, and I love you." She choked, using the name so seldom it had ceased to seem his. "You have done it! There has never been another like it in this part of the country, perhaps nowhere else in the world. I'm no judge, I—but it is fine. I feel that it is fine, and altogether—different."

He raised his face at that, laughing, and drew her to his knee. "You're right, Deen," he acquiesced. "Right-to! Salute the master—the Little Red Beech!"

He followed her to the kitchen and, aimlessly fumbling all small objects in reach, watched her kindle the fire, his face still very pale. With boyish

impulse at length he reached for his hat. "I think we should celebrate, Deen," he laughed. "While you start things I'll run to town for oysters. We'll have a stew. I'll not be gone a minute, honey."

After he had gone she picked up the broom his nervousness had overturned and went to the untidy living-room. It was making close shrewd guesses on the influence smallest variations in size and shape have upon tone quality. He knew how much sanding down it takes to shake the woody response. In short, he was trailing his game.

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## HOME, SWEET HOME

The English Place a German Wished to See.

It happened, of course, before the war, when Deutschland über Alles sounded in the ears of the world no more menacingly boastful than Rule, Britannia! and Yankee Doodle. Not yet had the Hymn of Hate been sung; and Germans—plump, peaceful, inquisitive and sentimental—still visited England, arriving by the Channel boats and not by Zeppelins. Some of the things they saw they admired; and occasionally they sought others, of which they had heard interesting rumors.

He was fair, fat, spectacled and big-mouthed, and it needed not his guttural tones and Teuton accent to acquaint the experienced hotel manager that the new arrival was from Germany.

"From Potsdammerburg? I was come, sir," announced the newcomer. "A very nice place, sir," said the manager politely.

"Dere was a petter." "Yes? Berlin?" "Nein. Ohm."

"Ohm? In—er—Germany, of course?" "Donner und blitzen, nein! In England. In blitzen."

"Ohm?" said the manager thoughtfully. "Ja!" growled the German. "I was come from Potsdammerburg to see Ohm. I was at red concert in Berlin and I hear der great Engleesh soprano sing dot der was no place like Ohm, and all der Engleesh beebles in der concert gry like der leedle babies. Dot must be der wonderful place, Ohm, to make der Engleesh beebles gry, and I tell myself dot I will go and see dis Ohm vat was no place like. Now, sir, vich der vat to Ohm?"

It was a sadly disillusioned German who learned that the nearest way to "Ohm" was straight back to Potsdammerburg—sweet, sweet Potsdammerburg.

**The New Excuse.**  
"Did you mail that letter I gave you yesterday?" "No, my dear. I whistled to the man in the postal airplane, but he couldn't come down after it."

## Canuck BREAD MIXER



**Tired Workers.**  
It is apt to be forgotten that men and women are not machines. Muscles and sinews get strained and tired doing the same thing over and over again year in and year out, and the nervous system becomes frayed and worn almost to the breaking point. Under these circumstances, workers are only obeying a natural instinct when they sometimes elect to stay in bed for an hour or two extra of a morning.

A man or woman who has been working at high pressure and for long hours, by missing the "pre-breakfast" quarter of work, and by starting his or her task occasionally at 8.30 instead, sometimes saves himself or herself from a serious breakdown and much greater loss of time.

In fact, this procedure is now a recognized one among munition workers, and even employers are beginning to see the reasonableness of it, says a British weekly. Thus, the doctors at Woolwich Arsenal, to cite but one instance, are now diagnosing industrial fatigue as a recognized illness, the result being, in most instances, that these missed "quarters" no longer figure in the time-keeping records as "avoidable loss time."

Youthful criminals in Germany in 1914 numbered 51,500; last year, 177,000.

## THE MOSLEM CRESCENT

Origin of the Emblem Associated With Mohammedanism.

We naturally associate the crescent with Mohammedanism as readily as we associate the cross with the religion of Christ. That is, of course, because the crescent has long been the symbol of Ottoman Turks, who are the dominant people among the Moslems. It appears, however, from evidence produced in Mr. W. J. Gordon's *Flags of the World*, that it was originally the emblem of Constantinople, or, rather of ancient Byzantium, the city which, eight hundred years after the death of the prophet Islam, became the capital of this religion.

For the origin of the crescent as a heraldic symbol we must go back to the days of Philip of Macedon, the father of Alexander the Great. When, as the legend runs, that enterprising monarch besieged Byzantium in 339 B.C., he met with repulse after repulse, and tried at last to resort to undermine the walls; but the crescent moon shone out so gloriously that the attempt was discovered and the city saved. And thereupon the Byzantines adopted the crescent as their badge, and Diana, whose emblem it was, as their patroness. When the Roman emperors came the crescent was not displaced, and it continued to be the city badge under the Christian emperors. In 1453, when Mohammed II took Constantinople, by way of varying the monotony of the plain red flag under which he had led his men to victory, he embellished it with the old Byzantine emblem, explaining that it meant Constantinople on a field of blood.

That is the story; but there is another. According to it, the Sultan of Man, the founder of the Ottoman dynasty, a hundred and fifty years before the city fell, had a dream in which he saw a crescent moon grow larger and larger until it reached from the farthest east to the farthest west. That led him to adopt the symbol, which had been the emblem of the Janizaries for at least half a century previously, and had long been used in Constantinople.

Where the star came from is not clear. A star within a crescent was the badge of Richard I. more than two hundred and fifty years before Constantinople fell. The device was emblematic of the Crusades, and the star stood for the star of Bethlehem. In his badge Richard placed the crescent on its back and the star above it; but when Mohammedanism became triumphant the Turks made the crescent upright, and placed the star where the dark area of the moon should be. Others tell us that it is the star of piercing brightness, the morning star, Al Tarek, described in the eighty-sixth chapter of the Koran.

## TURF IS IN DEMAND

How Ireland is Supplying a Coal Substitute.

The diversion of ordinary shipping between the ports of the great coal-fields of England and the Irish ports to the needs of the war has brought about a great scarcity in Ireland of many necessary articles, and most particularly of coal. Ireland is supposed to possess vast supplies of native coal, but only in a few cases are attempts being made to work it, and then only in a small way. The railway to the Wolfhill Mine which is being constructed by the Government may not be completed for months, and this is the most extensively worked colliery in Ireland. Its normal output of coal is only about a thousand tons per week.

Formerly the east areas of bog-land provided thousands of the people in rural districts with fuel, and quantities of it have been used in the towns; but efforts are now being made to extend its use to every part of the country.

There is little doubt that these bogs, if worked on a large scale, could supply almost every household with fuel, and many people have already begun to lay in stores of it to take the place of coal during the coming winter.

On all the bogs scattered over Ireland hundreds of peat were working as they never worked before, trying to meet the heavy demand for turf, and the dealers are now reaping a rich harvest, for they are charging the consumers more than twice the old price.

Early and late the bog-dwellers are toiling down in the deep bog-hole, cutting out the sods of soft, moist peat, and throwing a git up on the bank, where it is left to dry.

Among the uneven, bumpy bog-lanes little carts, drawn by donkeys, continually pass. Some of these are driven by strong, hardy girls who have known toil since their childhood, others by small youngsters scarcely able to walk, while old men suffering from the same infirmity allow the slow ass to take its own time to reach its destination. These conveyances are taking the dried turf home, where it is built into huge ricks, from which it is taken and brought for sale to the villages and towns.

Some of the smaller industries of Ireland are arranging to convert their plant, where practicable, to suit the burning of turf, and efforts are being made to utilize it for the driving of small power steam engines.

Up to the middle of August 45,000 auto licenses had been issued for the present year in Saskatchewan.

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