

# "BELA"

He was a little man, radiating good-nature and fun. He had round, ruddy cheeks, looking as if the half of an apple had been glued to each side of his face, and a spreading, crinkly brown beard.

"Bienvenue! Bienvenue!" cried Johnny Gagnon, with sweeping obeisances.

"Well, Johnny, have you got a new one for me?" asked his lordship, with a twinkle.

The riverbank became a scene of delightful confusion; black cassocks, red tunics, orange ribbons and blue ostrich feathers all mingled. The two slender boy priests showed strange hirsute adornments. One had a face like a round white dolly with brown fringes; the other was spotted with hair like new grass.

The agent and the doctor were ordinary-looking men. They did not add to the picturesqueness of the scene, but each carried a bag which was charged with romance for the natives.

The two policemen were almost as young as the boy-priests, but bigger and redder and clean-shaven. Here the eyes of the Gagnon girls lingered longest.

The greatest sensation, naturally, was created by the blue hat. It was the last to come ashore. It lingered on the gurnawale with an appealing turn man-wards until a red arm was offered on one side, a black arm on the other, whereupon it hopped ashore with a coy waltz to the right and to the left. It was not hard to see why the boatmen had christened her the "chicadee-woman."

Young Joe, catching a glimpse of the face beneath, muttered: "School-marm!" impolitely.

The natives, however, made no such distinctions. To them she was just a white woman, only the second they had ever seen. They had no means of knowing whether they came more beautiful than this. Miss Mackall, looked, batted, and coqueted in town, was the headliner of the show.

The experience to one of her novel and a little intoxicating. The blue hat waggled and cocked alarmingly. The wearer, exulting in the consciousness that everybody was looking at her, saw nothing of this strange land she was in.

As soon as the general hand-shaking was over, Big Jack addressed himself to Sergeant Coulson. "I've got a prisoner for you, sergeant."

Coulson instantly stiffened into an arm of the law. "What charge?" he asked.

"I don't exactly know the legal name of it. He carried off a girl against her will. This girl!"—pointing to Bela. "Regularly tied her up and carried her off in a canoe, and kept her prisoner on an island in the lake."

The policeman was startled under his military air. "Is this true?" he asked Bela.

Bela, without saying anything, allowed him to suppose that it was.

"We'll have a hearing at once," said Coulson. "Gagnon, can we use your shack?"

Could he use it!

"Aristide! Michel!—Maria!" shrieked Johnny. "Run, you turtles! Carry 'em out! Outside. Tak' 'em down the stove!"

Bishop Lajeunesse went to Bela with kind eyes.

"My poor girl!" he said, in her own tongue. "Have you had a bad time?"

"Wait," murmured Bela, deprecatingly. "I tell everything in there."

"Mercy! Abducted!" cried Miss Mackall, with an inquisitive stare. "She's bold enough about it. Not a trace of shame!"

"I'm afraid this will hardly be suitable for her to hear," murmured the doctor, who had constituted himself one of Miss Mackall's gallants. "Will you wait in the boat?"

"A trial! I wouldn't miss it for worlds," she retorted. "Which is the criminal? One of her own sort, I suppose. Fancy! carrying her off!"

Within a few minutes the Gagnon household effects were heaped out of doors, and the stage set for the trial. It was strange how the squat little shack, with its crooked windows and doors instantly took on the look of a court.

All the seats were ranged across one end between the two doors for the policeman and the guests of honor. Both doors were left open to give light to the proceedings, and a great bar of sunlight fell athwart the dusty floor.

Coulson sat in the middle with a tall before him, and the other policeman at his left, with notebook and pencil to take down the evidence. Both spectators as the representatives of authority wore an air of gravity beyond their years.

Miss Mackall sat at the other side of Coulson, ever making play with the ostrich feathers. The doctor and the Indian agent were next her.

At the other end of the line sat Bishop Lajeunesse. He had sent the boy-priests back to the boat to repack the baggage. Whatever their feelings, they had obeyed with a cheerful air.

Of all those present only the bishop showed any compassion. Bela stood near him, and he occasionally leaned forward and patted her arm. She received it with an odd look, at once grateful and apprehensive.

The body of the room was filled with the natives, including the Gagnon family, the boatmen, and the servants, all squatting on the floor facing the table of justice. While they waited for the appearance of the prisoner they occupied themselves with Miss Mackall's gloves and parasol, and the artificial bouquet at her girdle. No such articles as these had ever been seen before on Musquasepi. Sam was led in with his hands tied before him. He held his head high. Jack left him standing in front of the table, and Jack, Shand, and Joe took

up positions by the door across the room from Bela.

Feeling their importance in the scene, all looked a little self-righteous. Occasionally they relieved their feelings by spitting outside the door. Sam did not look greatly concerned; his conscience was clear. True, he felt the degradation of the bound waltz, but must he not presently be triumphantly vindicated? He had been waiting for this moment all night.

"Mercy! Not at all what I expected!" whispered Miss Mackall to the doctor. "The handsome wretch! Fancy! Carrying her off like what do you call him. Much too good for her. It's her they should punish!"

The proceedings were opened by a formal questioning.

"Name?"

"Samuel Gladding."

"Age?"

"Twenty-four?"

"Nativity?"

"American. Born in Orange, New Jersey."

"No."

"First came to Canada?"

"February 18 last."

"Arrived in Caribou Lake?"

"Citizen of Canada?"

"May 2. Travelling with Messrs. Skinner, Marr, Hagland, and Fraser, in the capacity of cook."

During the course of the questioning the prisoner gradually apprehended that the sentiment of the room was against him. The suspicion crept into his mind that it might not be so easy as he had thought to clear himself.

"You are charged with having abducted this girl, Bela," Coulson went on, "and keeping her a prisoner on Eagle Island. It is your right to waive examination, in which case I shall send you out to Miwasa Landing for trial. Do you wish to proceed?"

"Yes," said Sam.

Young Coulson's legal formula failed him here. "Well, what have you got to say for yourself?" he asked quite humanly.

As Sam was about to defend himself it suddenly rushed over him what a comic figure he would make, accusing a girl of abducting him. He closed his mouth and blushed crimson. Big Jack and his pals smiled at each other meaningly.

"Well!" demanded Coulson. "It's not true," mumbled Sam.

"Didn't you go with her?"

"Yes—but—"

"But what?"

"But what?"

"I had to."

"What do you mean?"

There was no help for it. "It was she carried me off!" Sam burst out.

There was an instant's silence in the room. The white men stared at the unexpected answer. The red people hardly understood it.

"What do you mean?" demanded Coulson, scowling.

"Just what I said," cried Sam, recklessly. "Jumped on me when I was asleep; tied me hand and foot, and bundled me in her canoe."

There was a great burst of derisive laughter. The decorum of the court was entirely destroyed. Never had such an original defense been heard. Coulson and his clerk laughed with the rest. Even the bishop had to laugh, albeit indignantly. Jack, Shand and Joe fairly doubled up by the door. Sam stood through it, blushing and glaring around at his tormentors.

"I believe him!" cried Miss Mackall; but nobody heard her.

When order was restored, Coulson said, with a shake in his throat: "You hardly expect us to believe that, do you?"

"I don't care whether you believe it or not!" returned Sam, boldly. "Let me question her, and I'll show you. I guess that's my right, isn't it?"

"Certainly," said Coulson, stiffly. "Stand aside for a while and let her tell her story without interruption. You can question her when she is through."

All the white people except the white woman looked at the girl with sympathetic eyes. Bela's face was pale and one hand was pressed to her breast to control the agitated tenant there.

To be obliged to speak out before so many white people was a terrible ordeal for the girl of the lake. She suspected, too, that there would be some difficult questions to answer—and there was no Algonquin to advise her. Alas, if she had taken his advice she would not have been here at all!

"Go ahead," said Coulson, sympathetically.

Bela drew a steady breath and raised her head. Pointing at Sam with unconscious dramatic effect, she said clearly: "He speak true. I carry him off."

Again there was a silence in the court, while the spectators gaped in pure astonishment. The three men by the door scowled in an ugly fashion. Sam himself was surprised by her candor. He looked at her suspiciously, wondering what she was preparing for him.

Coulson regretted his sympathy. "What do you mean?" he demanded, sharply. "Is this a joke?"

Bela shook her head. "I tie him up and tak' him away lak he say."

"Then what is all this about? What did you do it for?" asked the policeman.

This was the question Bela dreaded. A stubborn look came over her face. "He is my friend," she said. "I hear those o'er men say they hate him. Say they going kill him and nobody know. I think if I tell Sam that, he jus' laugh. So I got tak' him away myself to save him."

The white spectators leaped forward, mystified and breathlessly attentive. Here was a brand-new story which did not fit any of the time-honored court-room situations. The bishop looked sad. He suspected from her face that she was lying. Jack, Shand, and Joe could not contain their angry exclamations.

"It's a lie!" cried Jack. "The cook was nothing to us, neither one way or the other. Of course, after we thought he carried her off, we were sore, naturally."

"She's just trying to shield him now!" cried Joe, furiously.

"Well, I can't hold him if she doesn't want him held," said Coulson. "She told me yesterday she wanted him punished," insisted Jack.

"One moment," said Coulson. "I'll get to the bottom of this." He turned to Bela with a severe air. "Is that true?"

"Yes, I tell him that," admitted Bela.

"What did you do that for?"

"He"—pointing to Sam—"run away from me." Here the spectators smiled. "I'm not strong enough to catch him. So I mak' them bring him to the police so all is known. They cannot hurt him if all is known."

The bishop, watching Bela, was sadly puzzled. Poor Bela herself, if he had known, was confused between the truths and the untruths.

"Why should they want to hurt him?" demanded Coulson.

"I don't know." Here she was evasive again.

"What were you doing in their camp in the first place?" he asked.

"I just travelin'," said Bela.

"But you stayed there long enough to make friends. How long were you there?"

"Three—four days."

"What did you stay for?"

"Noting," said Bela, sullenly.

"That's no answer. You must have known the risks a girl ran in a camp of men."

"I tak' care of myself all right."

"Answer my question," he insisted. "What did you stay there for?"

"I not stay in their house," she parried.

"Never mind that. What did you stay around there for?"

Bela was cornered. True to her wild nature, her eyes turned desirously toward the open door. The bishop laid a hand on her arm.

"Tell the truth, my daughter," he said gently. "No one shall harm you."

Bela turned to him. "I am 'mos' white," she explained, as if he were the only reasonable person present. "I lak be wit' white people."

Here a titter assed over the native audience at what they considered her presumption. Bela's eyes flashed scorn on them. She forgot her terrors.

"I am not one of these!" she cried. "I am white! I want marry a white man!"

An odd start of surprised laughter escaped the white spectators. They glanced at each other to make sure they had heard aright.

"Oh!" said Coulson. "Now we're getting down to it. The prisoner here was the one you picked out, wasn't it?"

"Yes!" answered Bela, defiantly. "He is the best man."

"Well—" exclaimed Coulson. Suddenly the richness of the situation broke on the spectators, and a gale of laughter swept through the room.

The bishop laughed, too, though he patted Bela's arm encouragingly. At least, she was telling the truth now. It was too extraordinary to be otherwise.

Only the three men by the door did not laugh. With eyes full of hate, they glared at the girl and at the prisoner.

Big Jack, the most astute of the three, was the first to recover himself. It occurred to him that unless the rest of the story were prevented from coming out, their humiliation would be complete and abject.

With a glance of warning at his companions, he threw back his head and laughed louder than any. Shand and Joe, comprehending, followed suit. Their laughter had a bitter ring, but in a gale of laughter the difference passed unnoticed.

The prisoner turned white to his lips. He preserved an unnatural calmness. Only his wild, pained eyes betrayed the blinding, maddening rage that was consuming him.

Bela, whose eyes were only for him, turned pale to match. "Sam," she whispered, imploringly.

"Cut me loose," he said, quickly.

She looked about her. One passed her a knife, with which she cut his bonds, all the time searching his face with her terrified eyes, seeking to discover what he meant to do.

"I suppose I am free to go," he said, stiffly, to Coulson.

"Sure!" answered the policeman. "I was kindly now—grateful, indeed, for the magnificent joke which had been provided."

"Sam!" Bela murmured, piteously.

The spectators eagerly watched for the final scene of this humorous and

"I wish there was a Walker House in every little town"

I wish there was a WALKER HOUSE in every little town; Then I could travel merrily, And always sit me down At night in peace and comfort, Happier than king with crown, If there was just one Walker House in every little town.

I wish there was a WALKER HOUSE in each place where I go. The comforts of my dear old home While on the road I'd know. The meals—the Cheerful Service, too, Would leave no cause to frown, If there was just one Walker House in every little town.

The Walker House  
The House of Toronto Geo. Wright  
Plenty E. M. Carroll

original drama. Bela, unconscious of everybody but one man, made a lovely, appealing figure.

"Sam," she whispered, "now you know I your friend. Don't go! Wait little while. Sam—here is the bishop. Marry me, and let them laugh!"

Sam flung off the timid arm. "Marry you!" he cried, with a quiet bitterness that burned like lye. "I'd sooner jump into the river!"

Empty-handed and hatless, he strode out of the shack.

"Sam, wait!" she cried, despairingly, flying after.

CHAPTER XV.

Into the bay that occupies the northeastern corner of Caribou Lake empties a creek too small to have a name. To the left of its mouth, as one faces the lake, ends the long, pine-clad dune that stretches along the bottom of the lake from the intake of Musquasepi.

To the right as the shore turns westward the land rises a little and the forest begins. Back of the beach the little creek is masked by thickly springing willows.

An hour after the sun had passed the meridian the branches of the willows were softly parted, and Bela's pale face looked through, her eyes tense with anxiety. She searched the lake shore right and left. The wide expanse of sunny water and the bordering shore were empty.

Reassured, she came from behind the bushes, walking in the creek, and splashed down to the beach, still keeping wary eyes about her. She carried her gun in one hand, and over the other shoulder the carcass of a wild goose hung limply.

Standing in the creek, she anxiously searched the sand of the beach for tracks. Finding none, a breath of relief escaped her. She flung the dead goose in the sand. From this position she could see down the beach as far as the intake of the little river, two miles or more away.

Careless of the icy water flowing over her feet, she stood for a while, straining her keen, anxious eyes in this direction. Finally she made out a tiny dark spot moving toward her on the sand.

She retreated up the creek and crouched behind the willows in the pose of lifeless stillness she had inherited from the red people in the first place. She watched through the leaves.

A coyote trotting with his dry gut came along the top of the dune, looking for ill-considered trifles. He squatted on his haunches a couple of hundred yards away, and his tongue hung out.

He saw the dead goose below, a rich prize; but he also saw Bela, whose human eyes could have discovered his presence. He looked away. He was prepared to wait until dark if necessary. However, the approach of another two-legged figure along the beach behind him presently compelled him to retreat down the other side of the dune.

(To be continued.)

**\$35,000 of Ambergris in a Lump.**

A prize lump of ambergris secured by the whaling brig Viola is reported by Capt. John A. Cook, of Provincetown, owner of the vessel. The chunk of ambergris taken from a sperm whale captured just south of Cape Hatteras, weighed 121 pounds, and was valued at \$35,000. Each man of a crew of sixteen will have a share in the prize.

Another odd whaling barque of the New Bedford fleet returned to port recently after a four-years' cruise. This was the Wanderer, built at Matapoiset in 1878 and still apparently as sound as the day she was launched. The Wanderer had pretty good luck on her return cruise. In all she took 6,200 barrels of sperm oil, valued at \$160,000.

Most of this was sent home via the Azores and Barbadoes. Capt. Antoine Edwards, commander of the vessel, figured that an average catch of 40,000 a year was not so bad these days.

"Did you take any desperate measures when you found the man was so ill?" "Yes, sir; we went for a doctor, sir."—Baltimore American.

**A Cure for Pimples**

"You don't need mercury, potash or any other strong mineral to cure pimples caused by poor blood. Take Extract of Roots—drugist calls it 'Mother Selge's Curative Syrup—and your skin will clear up as fresh as a baby's. It will sweeten your stomach and regulate your bowels." Get the genuine. 50c. and \$1.00 Bottles. At drug stores.

**All Europe is Hungry**

The French Eché de Paris recently published a review of food restrictions in belligerent as well as neutral countries of Europe, with the exception of France, where more severe restrictions than heretofore are being considered by the authorities and will soon be announced. Following is a condensation of the article:

GERMANY:

The figures in regard to German food restrictions are known to us in detail.

The bread allowance differs in various cities from four pounds a week for every person to five pounds (about ten ounces a day for every person).

The meat allowance is nine ounces a week for every person.

As far as grease and food oils, including butter, are concerned, the weekly allowance is two ounces, and even these are not always distributed.

The official allowance of potatoes is seven pounds a week for every person. But the distribution varies in different localities.

As to milk, adults can receive none till needs of children, sick people and nursing women are satisfied. The theoretical allowance for these three classes was formerly a pint and a half but recently it has been reduced to a pint.

AUSTRIA-HUNGARY:

The situation in Austria is no better than in Germany. The daily allowance of bread is ten ounces. Meat has not been put on allowance in Austria; only two meatless days are prescribed by the law. At present the question of increasing the number of meatless days is under consideration.

The weekly allowance of butter, grease and food oil is four and a half ounces, and consists of two and a half ounces of butter, one ounce of margarine and one ounce of bacon. In reality, however, nobody receives more than one ounce of butter.

The allowance of potatoes is three pounds per week, but the press believes that this will soon be reduced to two pounds.

In Bulgaria the allowance of bread has been set at eighteen ounces a day for every person. On the other hand, there are three meatless days each week.

In Turkey the theoretical allowance is supposed to be nine ounces a day, but it rarely exceeds five ounces.

SWITZERLAND:

In Switzerland the daily allowance of bread is nine ounces, with a monthly addition of nineteen ounces of flour. Military men in service receive thirty-seven ounces a day, and from time to time an additional three ounces.

Rice is also on allowance; amounting to fifteen ounces a person.

There are no meatless days in Switzerland on account of the lack of other commodities that could take the place of meat. On June 11, 1917, a decree was issued by the Federal Council forbidding hotels and restaurants to serve more than one meat or egg dish to a person.

DENMARK AND SWEDEN:

In Denmark the daily allowance of bread is eleven ounces a person. In Sweden it is nine and a half ounces.

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The daily allowance of bread in the Netherlands is nine ounces a person, the meat allowance seven ounces and the potato allowance fifteen ounces.

ITALY.

In Italy the Government has left to the local communities the power to determine the allowances of various food commodities. The Government only appoints allowance inspectors, whose duty is to co-ordinate the regulations of the local authorities.

**BATTLE**

Redmire's Suction  
Gather Gaiters Off a

Roaders of "Lorna Doone" can never forget the terrible drowning of Carver in the bog. That death trap is still to be seen in the Eskmoor country, and not long ago a valuable hunting horse was engulfed in the mire, and his rider barely escaped with his life. S. Baring Gould, who had a narrow escape from a similar English bog tells of it in his "Book of the West." The author was with an official from the Ordnance Survey, who was correcting the map of the country:

"In the dusk we lost our way and got into Redmire. It was winter, the bog was unusually wet, and we could scarcely trip from one stone to another. Six balloons had been lost in that very spot during the year."

"All at once I sank above my waist and was rapidly being sucked in farther. I called to my companion, but in the dark he could not see me. The water reached to my armpits. Happily I had with me a stout bamboo six feet long. I placed it athwart the surface and held my arms as far extended as possible. By quickly jerking my body I gradually lifted it, and then I threw myself forward as far as I could. Finally I managed to coast myself full length on the surface. The suction was so great that it tore the leather gaiters off my legs."

"For a quarter of an hour I lay stretched out, gasping, before I got breath enough to worm myself along to dry soil."

**A GOOD EXAMPLE**

Nothing that the C. P. R. has done in the direction of food conservation has resulted in so many letters of commendation, as the footnote printed on all menu cards on C. P. R. dining cars and hotels. This reads:

"In the interest of food conservation, young lambs, little chickens, little pigs, and their by-products, are not used in the C. P. R. service."

Given as editor of a prominent mining journal says in a leading article: "It must have required some grit, as well as a full sense of duty for an institution which includes such hotels and restaurants as are found on that railway, to put such a memorandum before their high-class patrons. But it has been done, and its moral effect has been wider than the actual wastage that has been saved. Those who have read the notice have, in some cases at all events, followed the good example of the railway, and have given up purchasing any of the immature animal food."

"If the food controller could prohibit the sale or use of these young animals it would be another means of food economy."

**LIVING AEROPLANES.**

Wherein Birds Differ From Flying Machines Made by Man.

It would be a mistake to suppose that the bird's wings enable it to fly. If wings spelled flying any of us could attach a pair and soar into the air.

The hollow bones of the birds make light bodies, but they are attached to a rigid backbone, which forms the main feature of the bird's body. This gives the central firmness, and the muscles do the rest. The wings balance their owners, and the tail acts as a rudder for steering. Often enough the bird seems to use its tail as a sort of brake.

It is interesting to compare the bird with the product of man's skill—the aeroplane. To begin with, there is no aeroplane made which copies the up and down motion of the bird's wings, all our machines having fixed wings, or planes.

But naturally man tried to copy the living fliers around him. He made wings of feathers, etc., connected them with his shoulders and legs and found that his muscles could not raise him an inch.

The muscles, or motors, which now drive him through the air, are as strong as 200 horses, so no wonder he failed at first. Even the bird, with a body as perfectly formed for flight, has flying muscles equal in weight to all its other muscles put together.—Pearson's Weekly.

**ORGAN IF BALANCE.**

When It Becomes Affected It Produces an Attack of Vertigo.

When any one feels dizzy and perhaps almost about to faint his brain cannot properly control the working of his eyes. They may move round from side to side, perhaps independently instead of together, and so it may look as if things were spinning around.

Another reason for dizziness has to do with a wonderful part of the body near the ear and without which none of us could sit upright, much less stand, though few people have ever heard of it. This organ, which used to be thought to have something to do with hearing, really controls our balance. In some people it is affected by disease, and these constantly suffer from dizziness and a feeling that everything is spinning round and round.

As every one knows, we can make ourselves dizzy and so think everything is spinning round by whirling around ourselves several times in one direction. This disturbs the organ of balance, and this disturbance gives us the feeling. If you turn round the other way you put things right by restoring the original state of affairs within the balancing organ. The name for the feeling that things are spinning round is vertigo, and "vert" simply means "turn."—Kansas City Journal.

Banker—Do you know anything about cheques and drafts? Applicant—Yes, sir. I've run our business for years.—Boston Transcript.

**In These War Times you want real food that contains the greatest amount of body-building material at lowest cost. The whole wheat grain is all food. Shredded Wheat Biscuit is the whole wheat in a digestible form. Two or three of these little loaves of baked whole wheat with milk and a little fruit make a nourishing, strengthening meal.**

Made in Canada.

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**The New Suits.**

Show. The seven coat lengths. Fitted and semi-fitted lines. Bolts simulated and bolts real. A more economical use of fur trimmings.

Wigg—I wonder why Clevefit all ways wears those pepper-and-salt suits? Wagg—I suppose because a pepper-and-salt suit should be good for two seasons.

**A FRIEND'S ADVICE**

Woman Saved From a Serious Surgical Operation.

Louisville, Ky.—"For four years I suffered from female troubles, headaches, and nervousness. I could not sleep, had no appetite and it hurt me to walk. If I tried to do any work, I would have to lie down before it was finished. The doctors said I would have to be operated on and I simply broke down. A friend advised me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and the result is I feel like a new woman. I am well and strong, do all my own house work and have an eight pound baby girl. I know Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound saved me from an operation which every woman dreads."—Mrs. Nellie Fisherback, 1521 Christy Ave., Louisville, Ky.

Everyone naturally dreads the surgeon's knife. Sometimes nothing else will do, but many times Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has saved the patient and made an operation unnecessary.

If you have any symptom about which you would like to know more, write to the

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As every one knows, we can make ourselves dizzy and so think everything is spinning round by whirling around ourselves several times in one direction. This disturbs the organ of balance, and this disturbance gives us the feeling. If you turn round the other way you put things right by restoring the original state of affairs within the balancing organ. The name for the feeling that things are spinning round is vertigo, and "vert" simply means "turn."—Kansas City Journal.

Banker—Do you know anything about cheques and drafts? Applicant—Yes, sir. I've run our business for years.—Boston Transcript.

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