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The Old Folks' Place in the Sun.
We are all seeing all sorts of things that will grow out of the war. A new civilization is to be born, we are assured, and if we are to believe all we read, every wrong will be righted and peace and justice will rule on earth. All the problems which distressed us prior to 1914, and even up to this writing, are to be solved, and no class is to have any cause for complaint.

Be that as it may, undoubtedly there will be a change in several directions, and a few of our problems will no doubt be solved. We all see the solution of a few of them, and perhaps the most marked one to be seen setting itself just now is the problem of what we shall do with our aged. It is not so very long ago that a doctor made himself famous, or notorious, by advocating the chloroforming of old men when they reached the age of sixty years. Employers set him the example by retiring their help with a pension at ages running from sixty years to seventy-two years, and the wild clamor for "young blood" was heard in all lines of business.

There didn't seem to be any place for old folks, male or female. Nobody wanted them in business, and at home young folks were inclined to think dependent parents or grand-children, uncles and aunts very much of a nuisance. They were shunned, left without anything to do to fill mind or hands, and of course they became a burden to themselves and everyone else. Sons and daughters, filled with a false pride, refused to let mother and father do any sort of work to earn a penny from others, and then grumbled because they had the old folks "on their hands."

The problem of the aged had become rather acute. And then came the war. As in everything else, the cry was for "young blood." It was our boys with their splendid strength and great powers of endurance who had to go across. Millions of places which they had filled were left vacant and must be filled. Girls sprang forward to take the place of the boys, but still there was room. There didn't seem to be girls enough to fill the places left by the young men and then there were great numbers of girls had been which must be stopped up by someone.

The problem of the aged solved itself. The old men could not go to war; the old women could not exactly take the places left vacant by the young, strong girls, but they could do their bit, and a big bit, towards making up the deficiencies. Employers, glad to get any sort of help, began hiring old men to do certain forms of light work which they had hired girls to do before. For the most part they were openly delighted with the change. One man, a job printer, declares he will never hire girls again; he'll stick to his old men. Employers, now my old men are past vanity and love-making. They stick right to business and if they aren't so swift they get more done by pegging along all day.

In the kitchen, too, a change has come about. Women who always insisted on having young, strong girl helpers, found out, when they couldn't get the girls, that a middle-aged, or elderly woman can help a great deal. And sons who wouldn't let mother work in anyone's kitchen before the war, called it war work, and gave their consent to mother's earning a little for "pin money." And if thrifty mother manages to make her money buy her shoes and stockings as well as a few thrift stamps, why there is no harm done.

One old lady strated out mending at fifteen cents an hour. John thought that was all right, sewing was a genteel occupation. Mother got started, but fifteen cents was too little for her. She yearned for twenty-five cents. Her employer would be glad to pay that to anyone who would wash her dishes and straighten up her rooms each morning and mother couldn't see that washing dishes was any more lowering to her dignity than darning yawning holes in stockings. So she just commenced to wash dishes without

consulting John. Earnings grew into a dollar a day instead of fifty or sixty cents, and when the second Victory Loan campaign was on she astonished John by pinning on a button, and flourishing a pin-up board under John's nose. She had solved her problem of being old very satisfactorily, especially as three or four women are leading for her services.

The problem of the aged would cease to perplex if we would only recognize that useful, remunerative occupation is a blessing, not a curse nor disgrace, and that speed is not the only thing to be desired in employes. Age may lack speed and endurance, but it has judgment and experience which surely are as valuable an asset as anything the young can offer.—D. H.

Thrift Recipes.

Oatmeal Betty.—2 cups cooked oatmeal, 4 apples, cut small, 1/2 cup raisins or dates or other dried fruit, 1/2 cup corn syrup, 1/2 teaspoon cinnamon. Mix and bake for one-half hour. Serve hot or cold.

Hot Pot of Mutton and Barley.—1 pound mutton, 1/2 cup pearl barley, 1 tablespoon salt, 4 potatoes, 3 onions, celery tops or other seasoning herbs. Cut the mutton in small pieces, and brown with the onion in fat cut from meat. This will help make the meat tender and improves the flavor. Pour this into a covered saucepan. Add 2 quarts water and the barley. Simmer for 1 1/2 hours. Then add the potatoes cut in quarters, seasoning herbs, and seasoning, and cook one-half hour longer.

Rice Flour and-Oat Muffins.—Rice flour, 25 per cent; ground rolled oats, 75 per cent. 1 cup milk, 1 tablespoon fat, 2 tablespoons syrup, 1 egg, 1 1/2 cups ground rolled oats (6 ounces), 4 teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon salt, 3/8 cup rice flour (2 ounces). Other combinations that have been tried are buckwheat with oats, barley and rice; barley with rice and corn flour; oats with corn flour.

Boston Brown Bread.—1 cup corn meal, 1 cup oatmeal, 1 cup buckwheat or barley flour, 1 teaspoon soda, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 cups sour milk, 3/4 cup molasses, raisins if desired. Mix dry ingredients, add milk and molasses, and steam 3 hours or bake 45 minutes to 1 hour in moderate oven. One teaspoon soda may be added if a dark bread is desired.

Scotch Broth.—1 cup Scotch barley, 1 tablespoon fat, 2 medium-sized potatoes, 2 medium-sized onions, 1 medium-sized turnip, 1 medium-sized carrot, 1 cup cooked beans or 1 cup cooked corn, 1 1/2 teaspoons salt, 3/4 teaspoon pepper. Soak barley overnight in 3 quarts water; simmer one hour. Heat fat, add chopped vegetables, cook 2 minutes, add to barley, and slowly cook until vegetables and barley are tender. Add more salt and pepper if necessary. If too thick, more water may be added.

Stuffed Cabbage.—1 small head cabbage, 2 tablespoons vegetable oil or other fat, 1 cup rice, 1-3 pound mutton, 1 cup stock, 2 cups water, salt, pepper, 2 1/2 cups tomato sauce. Scoop out the centre of a small head of cabbage (saving the material removed for salad). Parboil the cabbage until tender. Heat the fat, add rice, and when this has been partially browned add the mutton cut into small pieces. When well browned add stock, water, seasonings; cover and steam until the rice is soft and the meat tender. Drain the cabbage; fill the centre with the cooked meat and rice; remove to the saucepan. Pour tomato sauce around the cabbage and cook it in the sauce for about 10 minutes. Serve with sauce.

Follow-the-Leader.

By placing a mirror, 3 feet square, opposite the opening through which sheep were to be driven, an Australian grower has been able to get the animals to pass into pens where they were wanted without difficulty. True to its well-known habit of following the lead of its fellows, each sheep, on seeing its own likeness in the mirror, thought it was another of the flock and passed through the opening at once. While the device has been employed only as indicated, and by but one ranchman, so far as is known, doubtless there are many places where it could be used.

The Road to Understanding

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CHAPTER I.

If Burke Denby had not been given all the frosted cakes and toy shoguns he wanted at the age of ten, it might not have been so difficult to convince him at the age of twenty that he did not want to marry Helen Barnet.

Between the boy and his father all during the years of childhood and youth, the relationship was very beautiful that the entire town saw it and expressed its approval; in public by nod and admiring adjective; in private by friends and acquaintances; to wayward sons and thoughtless fathers to follow the pattern so gloriously set for them.

One word always, however, was held before the boy from the very first—mother; yet it was not as a word, either, but as a living presence. Always he was taught that she was with him, bright, gracious, gracious being, loving, tender, perfect. Whatever they saw was seen through her eyes. Whatever they did was done with her. Stories of her beauty, charm, and goodness filled many an hour of intimate talk. She was the one flawless woman born into the world—so said Burke's father to his son.

Burke was nearly twenty-one, and half through college, when he saw Helen Barnet. She was sitting in the big window in the library, with her feet on a stool, turning her wonderful hair to gold. In her arms she held a sleeping two-year-old boy. With the crimson velvet draperies behind her, she looked not unlike a picture of Madonna. It was not, indeed, until a very lifelike red swept to the roots of the girl's hair that the young man, staring at her from the doorway, realized that she was not, in truth, a masterpiece on an old-time wall, but a very much alive, very much embarrassed young woman in his father's library.

With a blush that rivaled hers, and an incoherent apology, he backed hastily from the room. He went then in search of his father. He had returned from college an hour before to find his father's youngest sister, Eunice, and her family, guests in the house. But this stranger—this bewilderingly beautiful girl—face with his father's, was not, indeed, "Dad, who in Heaven's name is she?" he demanded without preamble.

"That exquisitely beautiful girl in the library? What is her name?"
"In the library? Girl? Nonsense! You're dreaming, Burke. There's no one here but your aunt."

"But I just came from there. I saw her. She had a child in her arms."
"Ho!" John Denby gave a gesture as if tossing a trivial something aside. "You're dreaming again, Burke. The nursemaid, I presume. Your aunt brought one with her. But, see here, I am looking for you. Come into my room. I wanted to know—"

And he plunged into a subject far removed from nursemaids and their charges.
Burke, however, was not to be so lightly diverted. True, he remained for ten minutes at his father's side, and he listened dutifully to what his father said; but the day was not an hour older before he had sought and found the girl he had seen in the library.

She was not in the library now. She was on the wide veranda, swinging the cherubic boy in the hammock. To Burke she looked even more bewitching than she had before. As a pictured saint, hung about with the aloofness of the intangible and the unreal, she had been beautiful and alluring enough; but now, as a breathing, moving creature, treating his own familiar veranda and touching with her white hands his own common hammock, she was bewilderingly entralling.

Combating again an almost overwhelming desire to stand in awed worship, he advanced to her, speaking with a diffidence and an incoherence utterly foreign to his usual blithe boyishness.

"Oh, I hope—I didn't, did I? Did I wake the baby up?"
With a start the girl turned, her blue eyes wide.

"You? Oh, in the library—"
"Yes; an hour ago. I do hope I didn't—wake him up!"

Before the ardent admiration in the young man's eyes, the girl's fell.
"Oh, no, sir. He just—woke himself."

"Oh, I'm so glad! And—and I want you to forgive me for—staring at you so rudely. You see, I was so surprised to—see you there like—like a picture, and—I don't know your name, either."

"Thank you, I knew you'd understand. I'm Denby—Burke Denby."

"Mr. Denby's son?"
"Yes."
"Oh—h!"

At the admiration in her eyes and voice he unconsciously straightened himself.

"And do you live—here?" breathed the girl.
To hide the inexplicable emotion that seemed suddenly to be sweeping within him, the young man laughed slightly.

"Of course—when I'm not away!" His eyes challenged her, and she met the smile with a gleam of her own.
"Oh, I meant, when you're not away," she bridled.
He watched the wild-rose color flin-

to sweep to her temples—and stepped near.
"But you haven't told me a thing of yourself—yet," he complained.
She sighed—and at the sign an unreasoning wrath against an unknown something rose within him.

"There's nothing to tell," she murmured. "I'm just here—a nurse to Master Paul and his brother." She sighed again; and, at this second sigh, Burke Denby's wrath became reason-able and definite. It was directed against the world in general, and his aunt in particular, that they should permit for one instant this glorious creature to sacrifice her charm and her settings on the altar of special services to a couple of unappreciative infants.

"Oh, I'm so sorry!" he breathed, plainly aglow at the intimate nearness of the fierce heart-to-heart talk. "But I'm glad—you're here!"
"Come, I want you to go to walk with me. I want to show you the view from Pike's Hill," he urged.

"Me? To walk? Why, Mr. Denby, I can't!"
Again the wild-rose flush came and went—and again Burke Denby stepped near.
"Why not?"
"Why, I couldn't leave the children; besides—it's Master Paul's nab hour."

"What a pity—when it's so beautiful!" To-morrow, then, in the morning?"
She shook her head.
"I couldn't, Mr. Denby."
"The afternoon, then?"
"Is it because you don't want to?"
"Want to!"

At the look of longing that leaped to her face, the thwarted youth felt again the fierce wrath he had known the first day of their meeting.
"Then, by Jove, you shall!" he vowed. "Don't they ever give you any time to yourself?"
She dimpled into shy laughter.

"I shall have a few hours Thursday—after three."
"Good! I'll remember. We'll go then, won't we?"
To Burke Denby it was a wonderful and a brand-new experience. Never had the sky been so blue, the air so soft, the woods so enchantingly beautiful. And he was so glad that they were thus—for her.

At the top of the hill they sat down to rest, before them the wonderful panoramas of grandeur—the green of the lake, the blue of the sky, the reaching mauve and purple mountains.
"My, isn't this real pretty!" exclaimed the girl.
The young man scarcely heard the words, else he would have frowned unconsciously at the "real pretty." He was looking at her lovely, glorified face.

"I thought you'd like it," he breathed.
"Oh, I do."
"I know another just as fine. We'll go there next time."
A shadow like a cloud crossed her face.

"But I have so little time!"
The cloud leaped to his face now and became humorous.
"Sticks! I forgot. What a nuisance! Oh, I say, you know, I don't think you ought to be doing—such things in your own—own time, but do you really—have to?"
"Yes, I have to."
She had turned her face half away, but he thought he could see tears in her eyes.

"Are you—all alone, then? Haven't you any—people?" His voice had grown very tender.
"No—no one. Father died, then mother. There was no one else—to care; and no money."
"Oh, I'm so—so sorry!"

He spoke awkwardly, with obvious restraint. He wanted suddenly to take her in his arms—to soothe and comfort her as one would a child. But she was not a child, and it would not do, of course. But she looked so forlorn, so appealing, so sweet, so absolutely, that he could not resist.

Burke Denby began the very next morning to be a friend to Miss Barnet. Accepting as irrevocable the fact that she could not be separated from her work, he made no plans that did not include Masters Paul and Percy Allen.

"I'm going to take you sons for a drive this morning, if you don't mind—as you'll discover, I fear, when you find yourself with a couple of mischievous small boys on your hands!"
"I'm not worrying," laughed the youth. "I shall take Miss Barnet along, too."
"Oh—Helen? That's all right, then. You'll do nicely with her," smiled Mrs. Allen, as she rose from the table.

"If you'll excuse me, I'll go and see that the boys are made ready for their treat."
(To be continued.)

Had the Right Idea.

While the Germans were marching through a Belgian province, one of them said sneeringly to a farmer sowing seed:
"You may sow, but we shall reap."
"Well, perhaps you may," was the reply: "I am sowing hemp."
"Treat a man with as much deference as you would a picture; look at the man in the best light."—Emerson.

BOVARIE

TOLSTOI TELLS OF CZAR'S DEATH

FATE OF ROMANOFFS DECREED BY SOLDIERS' COUNCIL
No Consideration Was Shown Victims by Their Executioners—Bodies Burned in Mine.

Count A. A. Tolstoi, who recently spent some days in Berlin, furnished the Russian paper, Wremja, published there, some particulars of the murder of the Czar's family at Ekaterinburg. He said the local Soviet became convinced in the middle of July that, seeing the Czecho-Slovak and Siberian troops were making continuous advances, the city could not be held by the undisciplined Red Guards. It then began to remove arms, food and supplies from the city in all haste.

At the same time it spread the rumor, apparently intentionally, that the Siberian troops wished to liberate the Romanoffs in order to restore them. This silly story attained its object. The Red garrison became worked up and demanded that the Czar's whole family and all those sharing his captivity should be put out of the way. July 16 the Red Guards held a meeting where passionate reproaches were made against the council of people's commissaries, and the Workmen's and Soldiers' Council. They were accused of having allowed themselves to be bribed by the Czecho-Slovak and Czaristic conspirators.

The Workmen's and Soldiers' Council of Ekaterinburg held a meeting the same evening under the influence of these events. The meeting was also attended by persons empowered by the republic. It lasted until 1 o'clock in the morning. The fate of the Czar and his family was then sealed.

All Signed Death Sentence.
The chairman of the Workmen's and Soldiers' Council, a worker named Bellobodoff, voted first for execution. After him voted Jurofski, chairman of the extraordinary commission. The sentence had been pronounced it was signed by all the members. Jurofski and Bellobodoff went to the house of an engineer named Ignatieff, where the Czar with his companions lodged, to witness the execution.

A detachment of Red Guards was charged with the carrying out of the execution. The guard did not ask to see the sentence or authority. They greeted the verbal announcement with a loud "hurrah." Whereupon the Red Guards, stamping hard and with clattering arms, stormed toward the bedroom of the Czar's family.

When the Czar and Czarina heard the noise they understood immediately what was afoot and hastily donned their outer garments. The Czar himself dressed the Czarvitch in his military uniform. All then knelt in prayer.

Terrified Grand Duchesses clasped each other. The Czarvitch burst into tears and tried to stand, but fell, whereupon the Czar broke off his prayer to take his sick son in his arms. The Czarina continued her prayer.

The door was then opened and Jurofski, followed by the armed Red Guard, entered the apartment. Baroness Buxhaven, alarmed by the noise, hastened to the Czarina and fell beside her in hysterical convulsions. Jurofski, with a devilish short laugh, turned to the Czar and said: "I see you already are prepared."

"Yes, I am ready," answered the Czar.
"Our visit does not concern you alone, however," continued Jurofski roughly. "We shall exterminate your wife and your whole breed also." He then made a gesture to the Red Guards, pointing out to them the Czar's family and Baroness Buxhaven, and shouted:
"Out with them and no compliments."

Shot to Death in Cellar.
The Red Guards surrounded the condemned persons and drove them out the door. The Czar went first with his son who had fallen in a swoon in his arms. He was deathly pale and swayed, but quickly recovered himself. The Czarina followed him with firm step, praying softly all the time.

The Grand Duchesses and Baroness Buxhaven wept convulsively and had to be dragged to execution in the cellar of the house.

At the staircase which gave access to the cellar the condemned persons met another group, consisting of Botkin, the Czar's personal physician; Madame Schneider, reader to the Czarina; Prince Dolgorouky and Count Tatseff.

"You, too?" said the Czar to Botkin, who bowed very low, unable to utter a word.
As the Red Guards feared rifle bul-

lets would rebound in the narrow cellar covered with tiles, they shot the condemned persons down with their revolvers point blank, one after another. Jurofski and the Red Guards said later the Czarina was first shot dead, then the Grand Duchess and last of all the Czar. Their bodies were placed in a transport motor car and conveyed the same night to a deserted mine shaft outside the city, where they were soaked in petroleum and burned. The ashes and charred bones were covered with earth.

Folk.
I'm glad for tired people,
Who still know how to smile;
I'm glad for laughing people,
Who pause to talk a while—
The blessed bluffing brave folk
Whom worry can't beguile.

I love some little children
With smiles that still are youth,
Like sweet old-fashioned flowers,
Their eyes so pure with truth,
That keep their faith in fairy
And fairland, forsooth.

I'm glad for gentle aged folk,
Who leisurely may stray
About indigent duties,
That keep their trifling way—
The well-content-with-age folk
Who loved their passing day.

I'm glad for busy people
Who do not waste your hours
Nor theirs, with endless details,
But just like hidden powers
They trace you unexpectedly
Where lurking weakness cowers.

And for the young-in-heart folk
Who never lose their cheer,
The optimistic, glad folk,
Like sunshine all the year—
I think of all earth's fine folk
They are perhaps most dear.

The Fall of the Air-Guild.
He was so young—the stripping that we lay
In this stern box—his mother, were she here
Would choose a white one; tie a spray of dear
White roses with a ribbon white as they.

But war's for men, not children, and the grim
Sad trappings of a soldier's death are dark;
Yet something glorious wraps this lad, for mark
The rippled bands of scarlet over him.
Was the air jealous of supremacy,
Unwilling men should dare its trackless ways,
That it should fail his light keel, in the blaze

Of a clear sunset—hurl him earthward, still?
This boy died nobly, though he died while slim,
Scarce hardened, laughing, and this side the sea;
So, placing him in hero company,
We bring our best—our flag—to cover him!

False Reports.
Mark Twain has been outdone. When his death was prematurely reported, he complained that the report was "grossly exaggerated." Now Mr. W. H. Helm, the author, airs a similar grievance, as follows: "In the new edition of 'Who's Who,' it is stated that I died on March 20th last. So far as I know the only foundation for this inaccuracy is that on that date, in common with many thousands of other elderly persons, I was buried in war work!"

This is as neat a denial as one could wish, and reminds me somewhat of another man who, on reading of his death over his breakfast, immediately wired: "Please send date of funeral—wish to be present!"

A Light Burden.
The driver of the jaunting car of Ireland is always ready to excuse himself if he is reproached for the condition of his horse.
"I say, Paddy," said a tourist one day, "that is the worst looking horse you drive I ever saw! Why don't you fatten him up, is it?" queried the fatten him up?

driver, as if he could not believe his ears. "Fats, the poor beast can hardly carry the little mate that's on him now!"
Sugar has been known to the Chinese for at least 8,000 years.

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BONDS

SERBIA DEMANDS FULL RESTITUTION

HUNS AND OTHER VANDALS MUST PAY FOR DESTRUCTION

Farms and Vineyards Laid Waste, Homes and Factories Destroyed—Loss Four Billions.

Losses sustained by Serbia during the war are estimated by Milos Savic, member of the central committee for Serbian reconstruction here, to aggregate 10,000,000,000 francs (\$2,000,000,000). This is exclusive of war expenses incurred by Serbia and the war loans Serbia received from the Allies.

M. Savic asserts that present value of Serbian property would be double what it was at the time of its destruction, or 20,000,000,000 francs (\$4,000,000,000).

"Serbia and Montenegro have suffered greater losses in lives, materially speaking, than any of the other allies," declares M. Savic. "Serbia alone lost about 320,000 men up to the arrival in Corfu in 1916. One-half of its tax-paying citizens and one-third of its population perished from sickness, epidemic diseases and the unprecedented savagery of the enemy at the time of the invasion of 1914 and during the three years of domination of the Bulgars and Austro-Magyars.

Restoration Will Require Time.
"Our enemies sought not only to destroy Serbia economically, but to exterminate its people, so as to rid themselves once and for all of the barrier which blocks Germany's way from Berlin to Bagdad.

"Restoration of Serbia will require much time. The enemy must return everything he plundered from the Serbian museums, libraries, universities, churches and schools, and whatever has been destroyed must be replaced. Germans, Austro-Magyars and Bulgars must return the livestock they drove away and pay for the timber, vineyards and orchards they cut down and ruined. Agricultural implements and industrial machinery must be replaced in kind.

"The Allies must supply us with food as quickly as possible, likewise with textiles and medical stores, all of which are completely lacking in Serbia. Devastated towns and villages must be rebuilt. Banks, loan societies and savings banks must be supplied with money so that economic enterprise may be revived."

"Estimating damages inflicted on Serbia, M. Savic, who was former Serbian Minister of Public Works, places the value of one year's harvest in Serbia at 1,600,000,000 francs (\$320,000,000), and adds that the enemy seized three harvests. The invaders destroyed 130,000 horses, 6,000,000 sheep and goats, 2,000,000 pigs, 1,300,000 cattle and more than 8,000,000 poultry.

Losses Are Very Heavy.
Manufactured goods to the value of 750,000,000 francs (150,000,000) were carried away or destroyed, he says. Damages to property, such as furniture, machinery, etc., he estimates at 400,000,000 francs (\$80,000,000). The enemy carried off from Serbia silver currency amounting to 30,000,000 francs (\$6,000,000), and jewelry of about the same value. Requisitions, enforced subscriptions to enemy war loans and damages sustained by private financial concerns are estimated at 800,000,000 francs (\$160,000,000).

There are about 100,000 disabled persons to be cared for and more than 150,000 orphans to be fed, clothed and educated. Pensions must be provided for the very large number of widows and orphans, says Mr. Savic. "Our allies must compel the enemy to repair roads, bridges, tunnels, railroads and to return the shipping and rolling stock which was removed."

ROUMANIA PILLAGED BY HUN
Bridges, Rails, Wires Destroyed, Rolling Stock Carried Off.

Telegraphing a description of present conditions in Bucharest, a special correspondent in Bucharest says that the present liberal government has a very delicate and laborious task before it. The Germans systematically pillaged the country during the whole time of their occupation and on their departure destroyed all bridges and means of communication, taking with them almost the entire rolling stock of Roumania and cutting off the telephone service.

Out of 1,400 engines Roumania possessed before the Germans came, the correspondent declares that only 120 now are of any use and these are more or less in a defective state. The consequence is that even the small available stocks of provisions in the country can only with great difficulty be transported to the different centres.

Although the oil fields are producing about half the pre-war production, which is more than sufficient for home consumption, there is still a shortage of fuel throughout the country owing to the transportation question. Firewood, which is abundant in the mountain districts, also has become a luxury because of the inadequate means of transportation, while coal is almost unobtainable.