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## The Double-Walled Secret

By Edwin Beard

### CHAPTER II.

"Ah, father!" he heard the girl say, and a deep voice answered. Then the door closed and he could hear them talking just outside in lower tones. It seemed to Keley that an age had passed—an age of suspense, pain, uncertainty and bewilderment—before the door opened to admit a tall, broad, white-haired man of indeterminate age. His ruddy skin and unclouded eye denoted a life lived largely out-of-doors, yet the lines in his face were plainly put there by suffering or hard toil, or both. As he came briskly into the room he removed his coat and then, sitting beside the leather couch, he rolled up his shirt-sleeves and fell to work on Keley's broken arm without speaking a word. His daughter stood behind him holding splints and bandages. His sinewy fingers moved with precision and skill, and presently Keley's arm was set as firmly by a military surgeon could have done K. The man signalled to his daughter to leave, and when she had gone he spoke to Keley for the first time. "What pen did you break from?"

"Joliet," came the prompt answer. "When?"

"Last night. I had friends outside. They got these clothes for me."

"And the shirt?"

"They got that, too. I was an aviator before I was sent up. Keley winced inwardly at the untruths, and felt thoroughly ashamed of himself. Was life worth purchasing at such a price?"

The white-haired man frowned and said: "I believe you're lying. You don't look or talk like a jailbird. However, I'll soon know." He rose. "In any case," he flung over his shoulder as he started from the room, "you don't leave this house. Understand that. If you're telling the truth you won't want to leave."

Keley lay staring at the frescoed ceiling, his mind busy with the things that had happened since that 2,000 foot drop. All of his thoughts converged at one point and that point puzzled him; his imagination, though fertile, could fashion no reason for the strange behavior of these people, into who a home ill luck had brought him.

He tried to rise, but a rush of blood to his head checked the impulse. In moving his feet to the floor he saw that his shoes had been removed, and stood in his wadded incarceration. He smiled thoughtlessly at the thought. He was sitting on the edge of the couch, his throbbing temples pressed between right thumb and fingers, elbow resting on his knee, when the girl came in to him.

"You didn't convince father," she said. "He's gone ten miles to the nearest telephone to disprove your preparations."

Keley said listlessly: "Let him. What do I care?"

She stood with her back to a heavy oak table, her hands resting lightly on the edge, her compelling eyes on him curiously, speculatively. He noticed that she had changed to a house dress of Nile green silk and foamy lace, and a little girl it came over him that she was one of the most striking girls he had ever seen—and quite as nice as usual.

"Did you follow my instructions?" she asked.

"Not all of them. I hadn't time." He looked up, met her eyes. "I'm tired of guessing at puzzles," he said. "Won't you clear things up for me, please?"

Again he saw that troubled expression on her pliant face. She hesitated momentarily, then walked over and sat down near him.

"Did you ever, she asked, looking at him, 'hear of Redmond Stryker?' And when he shook his head: "He's my father—the man who was here a little while ago. When I was three months old he was arrested for murder. He was innocent, but the evidence against him was strong and he was sent to prison for fifteen years. It killed mother. He left the penitentiary after serving ten years. And he was a different man." She paused and sat staring broodingly at the rug, her chin cupped in her palm.

After a pause he asked: "Didn't they ever find the right man?"

She answered with an almost imperceptible shake of her head. "Sitting beside her, regarding her bowed head and girlish figure, outlined slenderly in the gathering dusk, young Keley mused upon what she had told him; the tragedy of a lifetime compressed in a few brief sentences. But the thought of his own predicament soon drove all others from mind. "I'm still in the dark," he protested. "Why should your father feel savage toward me?"

She glanced up swiftly, her blue eyes kindling. "Why shouldn't he?" she flared. "You are a member of the society, civilization—call it what you will—which made those barbar-

ous laws that sent him to prison. Why shouldn't he hate you? Why shouldn't he?" She leaned toward him, fists clenched, eyes blazing. In that instant he thought her superb. "And you?" he countered, striving to speak lightly. "Are you also a member of that society?"

"No," she struck her little fist into the leather seat. "I am on father's side, now and always! I am opposed to the law and all it stands for. It is rotten to the core, unjust, heinous! And you—" She checked her runaway tongue and drew slightly away. She was breathing rather more rapidly than normal, for she had spoken fiercely, and her mounting emotion had sent an excess of blood to her cheeks, richly flushing the five-grained skin.

"Well?" bantered he, trying to fancy her in his mother's living-room. "What's to be done with me? Am I to be decapitated?"

She did not respond to his smile. Instead, she stared at him silently; and he noticed that her bosom was rising and falling less tempestuously now.

"I think I told you," she said presently, "that your arrival marked a precedent."

"Then my punishment is problematical."

She nodded unsmiling acquiescence. "I can only throw myself on your mercy," he said, leaning back in his corner of the couch and studying her. He was beginning to enjoy his adventure in a mill sort of way. Some day, he could not take the thing seriously. "If my arm and monoplane weren't disabled I should bid you adieu and fly away. As it is," he lifted his right shoulder and sighed.

Her big, solemn eyes were on his face again. "I am sorry you view your position with levity. It will anger father."

He pretended to become sober. "And if I should—what do you suppose he would do to me?"

"I don't know. You can not leave here without his consent—that I do know. The place is well guarded by men with rifles."

And he would hold me against my will, against all law?"

She interrupted sharply: "We're cognize no law except our own."

"But where's the sense in that?" he demanded. "What am I to him? What can he gain by making a prisoner of me? If it's money—" But a flash from her eyes stopped him.

She got up abruptly, took a turn about the room, touching a statuette here, a book there, her brows knitted, eyes troubled. Suddenly she faced him. "When you fell—did you—see anything unusual?" The words came jerkily, but her gaze was as steady as blue steel.

"Nothing more unusual," said he, "than a huge double-walled thing without windows nor any decent roof. If there's a door I didn't see it. And I'll bet it's damp inside."

"You didn't see what was inside?" Her voice, though low, was keyed to its highest tension.

"No," he shook his head, puzzled by the way she looked at him. "I couldn't see through the grating. I was falling too fast, and the light wasn't right."

She said nothing for a minute or two, but he could see that she was relieved. She stood beside the table toy with a book.

"Perhaps," she said finally, "I may be able to save you. Let me warn you to be guarded in what you say to father. It is too late now to assume an archaic pose. He will know who you are when he returns. Above all, show no curiosity in what you have seen or may surmise. Say as little as possible. If I succeed in prevailing upon him to let you go he will probably enjoin you to silence. You must swear to say nothing of your stay here." She replaced the book on the table and, glancing at him briefly, started from the room.

A new phase of the situation struck Keley. "I suppose you think I'm a cad," he began, "for showing such a pronounced dislike for you—shall I say hospitality?—but the unusual circumstances—" he halted lamely. She had stopped at the door, her hand on the knob, and her attitude seemed to say: "If you are trying to be funny you are a ridiculous failure. If not, you display ill-breeding." Then, without speaking, she went out and closed the door quietly behind her.

Laboriously, Keley stretched his length on the divan again. He was frowning. His bandaged arm, held rigidly in the splints, was aching with a steady, dull throb. He tried to see the humor in his predicament, but it escaped him somehow. The girl's demeanor was amazing, very. He had either fallen into a madhouse, or that much was certain!

The ache in his arm increased its tempo, rising and falling, rising and



**The Housewife's Corner**

How We Cook in War-Time.

The girls of to-day hear their grandmothers and great-grandmothers tell how they made their own books of tried recipes, handing them from family to family, and down from generation to generation; directions for richly-compounded cakes, savory meats, jams, pickles, sauces, and all the more or less, heavy, delicious "eats" of the long ago.

Yesterday's girls could cook but today's girls have a work to do that combines responsibilities in food, chemistry, food production, food cost, food storage, food-economy, food-preparation—almost startling responsibilities. But the girls can do it—they are doing it.

Here are some tested recipes:—

**Apple Catsup.**—1 quart apple sauce, 1 teaspoon ginger, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon cloves, 1 pint vinegar, 1 teaspoon pepper, 1 teaspoon mustard, 1 teaspoon onion extract, 2 teaspoons salt. Simmer slowly until thick, bottle and seal. A similar catsup can be made from plums or grapes, and spiced to taste. Molasses may be added if a sweet sauce is liked.

**Cucumber Catsup.**—1 dozen large cucumbers, 1 quart vinegar, 1 tablespoon salt, 1/2 teaspoon cayenne. Gather cucumbers before sun strikes them and keep in a cool place until used. Peel and grate the cucumbers and drain off the water. Heat vinegar and spices to boiling point; pour at once over the grated cucumber, bottle and seal. Cucumbers bottled in this way retain their freshness and make a particularly good sauce for steak.

All the year around there is a place on the home table for cold meats. Don't depend on tin cans for these meats. You can prepare delightful dishes without drawing on the national reserve of canned meats. It is a good plan, too, to pile up your own reserve of home-canned meats.

**Pickled Tongue.**—Boil a fresh tongue by placing it in hot water, let come to boil and boil gently for three hours or until tender. When cooked remove from water, skin, put back into water and let get cold. Slice in thin slices, put one layer of sliced tongue in bottom of an earthenware crock, then one layer of sliced onions, a few thin slices of lemon, salt, pepper a little sugar and mixed spices. Repeat until all material is used up, leaving the onion and lemon on top. Cover all with vinegar. If vinegar is too strong, use two-thirds vinegar and one part water.

**Pressed Beef Tongue.**—1 beef tongue, 1 veal shank, cayenne, salt, pepper, 2 tablespoons catsup. Boil tongue and veal shank together for three hours, putting it on to boil in cold water. This will draw out all the gristle of the deal bone. When tender, skin the tongue, cut in slices, or put through a coarse meat grinder. Add salt, pepper, cayenne and catsup, put into a mold and cover mixture with the liquid in which it has been boiled. When cool, turn out on a platter, slice and serve.

**Calf's-Head Cheese.**—1 calf's head, 1 tablespoon chopped herbs, pepper, salt. Put calf's head in enough water to cover, let come to a boil and boil gently until meat leaves the bone. Take up with a skimmer, put into an earthen bowl, season with salt, pepper and chopped herbs. Lay a cloth in colander, put minced meat into it, fold a cloth over the top, weight down with a plate. When cold, slice and serve with mustard.

**Potted Liver.**—Wash and cut up two pounds of beef liver. Cover with cold water, let come to a boil, and simmer until tender. Press through a potato ricer; add one-half cupful of butter, one-half teaspoonful of salt, and a dash of pepper. Beat the above mixture to a smooth paste. Mince a good sized onion and a few sprigs of parsley and stir into the mashed liver. Put in jars in a cold place and it will keep for some time.

**Pork Loaf.**—1 lb. chopped ham, 1 lb. chopped fresh pork, 3 table-

spoons onion, 1 tablespoon salt, 1 tablespoon pepper, 1/2 teaspoon curry powder, 1 tablespoon sage, 1 egg, 1-3 cup cream. Chop meat—and onion and mix together. Add egg and cream. Shape into loaf and tie in cheesecloth. Simmer 2 1/2 hours in 3 quarts of boiling water, to which 1 teaspoonful of salt and 4 table-spoons of vinegar have been added. Drain, press and cool.

If the children of the family are enrolled with the wheatless, reward them with a treat now and then. Little cakes mean so much to little people.

**Hermits.**—1/4 cup fat, 3 tablespoons corn syrup, 2 tablespoons molasses, 1 egg, 1/4 teaspoon salt, 1-3 cup chopped raisins, 1-3 cup chopped nuts, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1/4 teaspoon cinnamon, 1/4 teaspoon cloves, barley flour to roll. Combine the ingredients as for cake. Roll thin. Shape with small cookie cutter and bake on tin sheet. For drop cakes use less flour.

**Brownies.**—Substitutes two squares of melted chocolate for the raisins in above recipe and flavor with vanilla instead of cinnamon or cloves.

Do you know all the dainty ways of using corn meal? You can cook it three times 365 ways and then have enough recipes left to fill a book. Here is a group of Corn Royal desserts—warming desserts—made with cornmeal that are a little bit different.

**Cornmeal Puffs.**—1 quart milk, 1/2 cup cornmeal, 4 tablespoons syrup, 1/2 teaspoon nutmeg, 6 eggs. Bring milk to boil, stir in meal, sugar and nutmeg and boil five minutes—stirring constantly. Allow mixture to cool, when stir in the eggs beaten very light. Place in custard cups and bake 30 minutes in a moderate oven. Serve with lemon sauce or fresh fruit sauce.

**Delicate Indian Pudding.**—1 pint milk, 4 tablespoons syrup, 1 tablespoon butter, 1/4 cup cornmeal, 3 eggs, salt. Boil milk and sift meal in slowly; add butter, sugar and salt. Set aside to cool, then add beaten eggs. Bake in baking pan 45 minutes.

**Corn Short-Cake.**—Make an egg cornbread, fill two buttered layer cake pans one-quarter full and bake. Turn out, butter and pile up with berries that have been cut in half and allowed to stand covered with sugar. Shredded pineapple, or stewed fruit may be used. Serve hot with whipped cream.

Most housekeepers know that in some recipes eggs replace baking powder and that the lightness of sponge cake depends on well beaten eggs; but not every housekeeper is familiar with cornbreads that are made without baking powder or soda. This is the way that plain cornbread and delicate egg breads are often made in the cornbread belt. Only coarse white meal is used in these breads; the same results cannot be obtained with bolted white meal or yellow cornmeal.

Don't expect cornbread to look like wheat bread. Spoon breads are soft but not row; corn ponies are hard but not heavy. Eat cornbread for what it is—it has served millions of people for many years.

**Sponge Cornbread.**—1 quart milk, 2 cups cornmeal, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 eggs. Bring the milk to boiling point and pour it on the meal; add butter and salt and set mixture away overnight. In the morning beat up and add two well-beaten eggs. Pour in well-greased earthen plates and bake 25 minutes.

**Batter Bread.**—1 quart milk, 2 cups cornmeal, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 teaspoon salt, 3 eggs. Batter-bread or spoon bread, the name tells the story. It should be soft like a pudding, and like a pudding served with a spoon. Bring the milk to the boiling point and pour over the cornmeal, mix and allow to cool a little; add salt, beaten yolks and butter (batter may be omitted); fold in well beaten whites, bake in pudding dish 45 minutes or in shallow dish 25 minutes.

falling. He closed his eyes tiredly. His face, in the paling light of the dying day, looked drawn, waxen.

Listlessly, indifferently, he became aware that several persons had entered the room; and then he heard the sly of a button—and raised himself slightly, blinding his eyes against the dazzling light that filled the room. Stryker stood near the door, his finger still on the electric button. Behind him, filling the doorway, were the three Africans and a fifth man, whose dead-white skin, bullet-shaped head and hangdog look proclaimed the habitual criminal.

The button clicked again and the room was thrown back into darkness. He heard Stryker say something in a quiet voice, heard a tramping of feet, and the coach on which he lay was lifted from the floor and borne toward the hall. He muttered something—he knew not what—and attempted to rise, with some wild idea of leaping to the floor and dashing to the windows. But a hand closed upon his throat and crushed him back. He struck out smartly with his right fist and dislodged the strangling grip. He felt a roose tighten about his ankles. He drew his feet toward him and lashed back with all his strength, loosening the rope, which was immediately drawn taut again. (To be continued.)

## NEW BRUNSWICK TIMBER

To Be Disposed of on Stumpage Basis Instead of Under Lease.

New Brunswick has made a radical change in its method of disposing of timber of Crown lands. Heretofore long leases were given resulting in any increase of value going to the lumber operator. Now, timber cutting privileges will be offered at auction on a straight stumpage basis of so much per thousand feet. The Provincial Government will scale all the lumber cut. It is likely that the change will result in a substantial increase in forest revenue.

Another progressive move on the part of New Brunswick has been the recent organization of a technically-trained forest service.

**She Pinched 'Em.**

Queen Mary sent a beautiful bouquet that had been presented to her to a soldiers' hospital. To show their appreciation the inmates commissioned one of their number to stand at the hospital gate the following morning, holding the gift, when the queen passed. He did so—with hither unexpected results. Queen Mary, standing in her car, saw the soldier bearing that bouquet in hand, and assuming that he wished to present it to her, she reached out and took it. After she had thanked him her car passed on.

The soldier stood quite dumfounded—then, recovering his speech, he said: "Well, she pinched 'em."

**Cold—Very!**

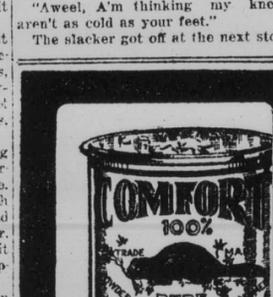
The car was boarded by a husky soldier in the picturesque Highland uniform. On the car was a young slacker with his best girl. The girl cast admiring glances at the attractively uniformed "kiltie," much to the displeasure of the slacker escort. So he endeavored to make fun of the uniform by remarking:

"That fellow's knees look as if they were frozen."

The kiltie, overhearing the comment, glanced contemptuously at the dude's civilian clothes, then scornfully replied:

"Aweel, I'm thinking my knees aren't as cold as your feet."

The slacker got off at the next stop.



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