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A Business Bride

By Hilda Richmond

CHAPTER I

Some of the neighbors at old Mrs. Grayson's funeral remarked that Jessie Potter "took it hard," and wondered why she should feel so sorry to lose the old woman; while others were sure that Jessie was "putting on" her grief. Still others were sure that she was tired and worn out with the care of the poor old lady, and so could not help crying from sheer weariness. But they were all wrong.

When Jessie Potter went to the farmhouse to do the housework and care for Mrs. Grayson, the latter had been bristling and able to manage the work; but for the past two years she had been falling until she had been a heavy burden to both John Grayson, her son, and to Jessie. Indeed, during the very last of the old lady's lifetime, Jessie had been obliged to send her two children to an aunt to be cared for while she gave her time and attention to Mrs. Grayson. John was a busy stock buyer and often stayed away from home two or three days at a time, so he was thankful to have a reliable person to care for his mother, and he paid Jessie well for her work.

"Now I'll have to go, Mr. Grayson," said Jessie as they returned from the funeral. "I have my things packed and the undertaker is carrying me to the station for the five-thirty train. I thank you for your kindness to me and I hope you will find somebody to look after your house for you."

"Have to go!" said John, rousing himself from his reverie. "Why?"

"Because it will be impossible for me to stay and keep house for you," said Jessie impatiently. "I must go back home." She had often felt irritated because John Grayson was so absorbed in his business affairs that he paid little heed to anything else, though he was always kind and patient with his mother; and now worn out by hard work she was vexed at his lack of common sense.

"There's no reason," said John. "I don't think it's fair to go away and leave me without a little notice."

"Well, then, I'm going because peo-



The Present Day Sugar Bowl. Sugar is scarce. There are fewer ships to carry supplies from the East Indies. The West Indies, from which Canada draws her supplies, must furnish sugar for twice as many people as last year. If we put ships into the sugar trade, and if we continue to use that second needless spoonful of sugar in tea and coffee we shall have to, it will lengthen the time needed to bring our boys home. Therefore, save sugar. Use strictly no more than two pounds for each person in the family in a month.

Sugar is the best of the "quick energy" foods to stimulate blood and brain of soldiers in the grim campaign. They must get it. Manufacturers and all large users have been strictly limited by the Food Board in the use of sugar, and they are now using substitutes in large quantities in a splendid effort to conserve, yet serve the public as well as before. Private homes should follow their example and use substitutes, especially corn syrup and glucose.

"As much candy in the shops as ever," you say? Perhaps, but do you know most of them are made with substitutes for sugar? Candy makers, with manufacturing confectioners, public eating places and others, have splendidly responded to the call.

War Bread.—4 cups mashed potatoes, 4 cups boiled rice, 4 cups rolled oats, 2 cups corn meal or corn flour, 2 tablespoons of sugar or one cup of corn syrup, 2 tablespoons salt. Put in a large pan and pour boiling water, stirring it until it is thin enough for sponge. After cooling to the right temperature add two and a half dry yeast cakes or one compressed yeast cake. If bread is set in the afternoon, mix in stiff loaf with wheat flour and let raise over night. Mix down and let rise again and put in greased tins, greasing between loaves, and bake in a slow oven until done. In mixing at first make quite stiff, it may stick to the hand. In mixing down the second time and putting in tins, don't put in more flour, use a little flour on hands and board. If wanted, can use about one-third barley flour in place of wheat flour. Can use more rolled oats in place of potatoes or corn meal. The sponge, when thinned, makes good griddle cakes.

Foes of the Home. The two worst enemies with which the housewife has to contend are the bedbug and the clothes-moth. Against the depredations of the latter she is never safe; and as for the bedbug, eternal vigilance is the price of security.

CHAPTER II. At supper that night Jessie tried to realize that she had just been married. She looked across at John eating heartily the good ham and eggs she had prepared for a hot, hearty, undisturbed meal tasted good to him and, manlike, he enjoyed the nourishing food. They very smell of the food seemed to sicken her and she ate next to nothing but John never noticed that. He knew there was plenty on the table and if she was hungry she would probably eat, so he finished his meal in silence and he took himself to his room, leaving his affairs until late in the evening.

"I'll stay long enough to pay all the debts and get the children well started in school," was Jessie's final conclusion, as she turned the matter over and over. "If I get the butter and egg money, which I feel I have earned this long time, I can soon pay up everything. It's very evident that he doesn't want the children here, and there are advantages in leaving them with Aunt Mary, so I'll 'dig-in' as hard as possible. Grace is nine now and Bobby seven, so it won't be long. Dear me, in eight more years Grace will be as old as I was when I married Sam! If never had lived things might have been different—but there! nothing is gained by fretting over the past. I have a chance to pay all debts and to give the children a nice start in life, then I can be free. If I had been taught to do any one thing well I might not have to be grateful for John's matter-of-fact proposal to-day, and a marriage before Squire Longbaugh—but, it won't last for ever. I'm only a little past thirty and—" and then her thoughts trailed off into restless slumber.

It was midwinter when they were married, and the rest of the cold weather slipped away as if by magic. She was alone a great deal in the old house, but that suited her exactly. Having few housekeeping cares she was free to care for the chickens and to do the much needed sewing for her children. For herself she did next to nothing, but as the eggs began to roll in, the debts were paid one by one; she even invested a little of her wages in some new clothes, and began to venture back into the world from which she had so long been shut out.

"I'm going over to Grantville this morning and I'll take you in the automobile," said John one Sunday morning. Usually he hitched up old Fanny for her and she left early, as Fanny was none too swift and the distance was long. "I'll not be back till night," he called for you this evening about five."

He was amazed to see her coming out of the house in a pretty new suit and stylish hat; for he had never seen her before except in the shabby and dulled of garments. Even his slow perception took in the fact that she looked ten years younger. He said nothing, except the most commonplace things about the weather and the crops, to which she replied in the briefest possible manner. (To be continued.)

Make a little meat go a long way.

Even a small quantity of meat goes far and becomes most nourishing and satisfying, if combined with BOVRIL.

Canada Food Board, Licence No. 13-442.

taining definitely the most effective means of fighting these insects.

The bedbug experiments were made in two ways. One might be described as a laboratory test of various insecticides, twenty bugs being placed in each of a number of glass jars (with paper scraps or excelsior to afford opportunity for hiding), and dusted or sprayed with different powders and fluids.

The other was conducted on a practical scale by spraying or dusting rooms that were badly infested with bedbugs.

The experts tried out dozens of things for the purpose and they found the ideal and perfect remedy. It is kerosene.

Kerosene is the sure killer. One advantage it has is that when used as a spray it will penetrate every crack and crevice. With powders and most liquids it is very difficult, if not impossible, to reach the bugs, which in the daytime are hidden in cracks in the beds or behind wallpaper, washboards and molding. Kerosene, however, easily reaches them in such places.

But it does more than that. It destroys the eggs, saturating them so that they cannot hatch. The business is all over in twenty-four hours. All the bedbugs are dead and the eggs likewise. The premises are clear of the pest.

The results obtained in dealing with clothes-moths were not less definite and conclusive. To housewives the decision reached ought to be of substantial value.

In each of many wooden cages ten to twenty moths were put. Inside of each cage were three boxes with sliding covers, nearly closed. Each box contained a piece of flannel—a kind of fabric specially attractive to the moths. The flannel in two of the boxes (for a "check") it was untreated.

The moths, having an aversion to light, were attracted into the nearly shut boxes. When naphthalene flakes or "moth-balls" (which are made of naphthalene) were put with the flannel, all of the moths died, and none of their tiny caterpillars or eggs were found.

Various insecticides were put with moth-infested flannel in trunks. Results differed; but when naphthalene or moth-balls were tried, all of the moths promptly died.

The conclusion drawn is that the proper and really effective remedy for clothes-moths is naphthalene, whether in the form of flakes or moth-balls. Housewives have been accustomed to lament the rise in the price of camphor, but naphthalene (a relatively cheap coal-tar product, though now much higher in price than in peace-times) is declared by the experts to be decidedly superior.

Fish And Potato Pie.



To make a fish and potato pie line a deep greased dish with well-seasoned mashed potatoes to a thickness of one inch. Fill to within an inch of the top with creamed fish. Cover with potato, brush with melted butter and bake in a hot oven until brown. Garnish with parsley and lemon.

The tree knows its fruit and drops the unsound and squirrels take no stock in unsound nuts and rats desert a sinking ship. Yet a man with his God-given faculties will keep cows that produce less than 150 pounds of butter-fat in a year.

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Delicious for Making Desserts and on Cereals.

The Canada Food Board has issued a book of recipes and suggestions for using Corn Syrup. Write to the Food Board in Ottawa, for a copy, and in the meantime go to your grocer for the LILY WHITE Corn Syrup, or CROWN BRAND Corn Syrup and try some of the following recipes:

APPLE SAUCE
5 apples 1 cup sugar 1/2 cup water
Wash, pare, core, and slice apples. Put into sauce pan with water, syrup and cinnamon. Cook over a medium flame until soft.

CAKE WITHOUT SUGAR
1 cup shortening 1/2 cup milk 1/2 cup flour
1 cup Lily White Corn Syrup 1 teaspoon salt
Cream the shortening, add the syrup and the egg and mix well. Add the flour, sift the baking powder and flour together, add it slowly to the mixture and beat. Bake in a moderate oven, as a loaf or layer cake or small drop cakes. One-fourth cup of raisins added to the batter give more flavor and sweetness.

MARSHMALLOW
1 grapefruit 10 cups Lily White Corn Syrup 1 lemon
1 cup water
Cut fruit in thin slices and allow to stand in water for 38 hours overnight. Separate seeds and soak them in part of the water. Cook fruit until tender and add Corn Syrup. Continue cooking until jelly is obtained.

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HUNS WANTONLY SHOOT PRISONERS

STORY TOLD BY BRITISH WAR CAPTIVE

Flogged, Tied to Posts Until Unconscious, Robbed, Starved, and Frozen to Death.

This is the story of a British prisoner of war who escaped from Germany in May last after nearly four years captivity.

He belonged to the Collingwood Battalion of the Royal Naval Division, and he was captured at Norbeck, near Antwerp, on October 10, 1914. When he and his companions were captured they were more or less exhausted, though now much higher in price than in peace-times) is declared by the experts to be decidedly superior.

The prisoners were being marched in fours to the cookhouse, and as they were passing through a certain gate the sentry on duty fired into them. The bullet hit a man in the region of the heart, killing him instantly, and wounded a Russian. The informant, who was within five yards of the man at the time, states that the men were quite orderly and that there was no reason whatever for the guard's action. Several German officers were present at the time, and soon afterward the sentry who had committed the murder was promoted to corporal.

Prisoners Flogged.

The commandant at Doberitz was named Alforti. The ruling of the camp, however, was really in the hands of the German lieutenants and corporals. In May, 1915, the under-officer named Schreiber gave a seaman of the Collingwood battalion a flogging with the cat-o-nine-tails for not working and the man was also tied up. Tying up to poles was a usual form of punishment in this camp, and in addition to this, men were laden with sacks and bricks and compelled to double round and round the barrack yard.

While the informant was at Doberitz he met a soldier belonging to the East Surrey regiment, who gave him details concerning an outrage which had been perpetrated on a captured British seaman. This man was tied up to a post for punishment, and, by way of increasing his sufferings, the German guard opened the man's shirt so as to let the mosquitoes get at him. He was taken down unconscious and afterwards an under-officer tried to choke him, but some of the other prisoners intervened.

As a result of this treatment the man is now subject to epileptic fits, and when these fits are on him the marks of the under-officer's fingers appear upon his throat.

A few months after this the prisoners were transferred to Libau, where they stayed until the end of February, 1917. They worked at a dock unloading ships. Here the punishment of tying up to posts was done away with, and the men were put into dark cells instead, but a man always had a trial before he was put into the cells.

Uhlans Rob Captives.

Toward the end of February, 1917, the prisoners were taken to Mitau, where a party of fifty Uhlans took charge of them, and they started off for Kottbus on the Riga front, about twenty-two and one-half miles away. They had no food whatever on the way. Outside the town they came to the River As and followed its course.

After three hours the men were beginning to get tired, but if a prisoner slackened his pace the Uhlans used their lances. A sailor was thus speared in the back of his ear. He collapsed, and later was placed on a sledge. He lost everything, however, as he was robbed by the Uhlans. These Uhlans used to single-out men whom they thought worth robbing, and would drive them until they collapsed, when they would take everything out of their haversacks or pockets. Some of the Uhlans had whips, and as many men collapsed from the whippings they received as from fatigue. In the course of that terrible march 130 men collapsed out of a party of 500.

After three weeks behind the lines, out of the 500 men only thirty could stand up. Forty had died of starvation and cold; some were frozen to their beds. Men pulling off their socks would pull off their frost-bitten toes as well. The informant lost part of his toe and had his leg slit up to let out the frost. The tent in which the prisoners lived was shelled constantly. There was an old barn near this tent and the Germans had mounted a machine gun in it. One night they played the gun over the tent, which was riddled with bullets, just to show what they could do!

To save time for draftsmen an eraser has been mounted at the end of a flexible shaft that is driven by an electric motor of one-fiftieth horse-power.