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The PURPLE MASK

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FOURTH EPISODE
Facing Death.

"Behold the new but uncrowned Queen of the Underworld," said Phil Kelly, the famous detective, as he stepped from the girl's figure, seated in the big arm chair, the cloak that covered her head and shoulders. Kelly's assistants looked on in admiration. Loosely bound blond curls covered the girl's head, and a purple mask hid the upper part of her face when Kelly threw aside the cloak. Under the mask the girl's mouth was radiant in a broad smile. She sat quite still and unresistingly permitted Kelly to strip the disguise from her face. "Fueled—and by a woman!" Kelly exclaimed at the face smiling at him. "Who are you? Tell me your name?" demanded the Sphinx in angry tones.

"I'm the Queen of the Sewer," said the girl as she burst into outright laughter. Kelly stood for a moment contemplating the highly amused young woman and then opened the door. "You may go—and go quickly," he commanded. Meanwhile Patricia, safely home from her adventure at the Cafe Cafe Noir, was consulting with Jacques, in her boudoir. Her chief assistant was all interest and attention.

"We must act fast, as Kelly now suspects me of almost everything. The picture must be disposed of, and we must plan some more raids. To-morrow I will go to old Jakobski and get the way of the land, and then you will take the Mona Lisa to him and make the sale."

She was one of a dozen young men and women who waited for an interview with Jakobski, early the next afternoon.

Jakobski drove many a crooked deal in his sumptuously furnished offices. Besides trafficking in stocks and bonds, making investments or buying mortgages, he made great profit in purchasing the works of art students, marking them with fraudulent signatures and selling the counterfeit canvases to art collectors for fabulous sums.

While Pat waited in the reception room, one young man emerged from Jakobski's office who expected to attract Pat's sympathetic interest. He was gazing dejectedly upon a few francs Jakobski had put in his hand as payment for a painting he had bargained for.

"You seem to be disappointed," Pat ventured to say to the young artist. "Disappointed, miss? Why, that doesn't half express it. This old miser makes a million per cent profit out of the work we poor devils are compelled to sell him, and treats us like dogs besides."

"Perhaps I can help you, if you will confide in me," said the girl in her sweetest tones. For some time they chatted freely in Jakobski's reception room.

"Here I have only a few francs for my hard work—and I need money to fulfill my ambition. I want to paint a picture for the Academy of Arts, and I have no money to buy materials, let alone pay for the services of a model."

"Don't be so discouraged, my boy," Pat said consolingly. "I believe I can furnish the money to buy the materials for your painting, perhaps I can advance your expenses and—well, we shall see about the model."

Pat's interview with Jakobski was brief, while the old rogue was affability personified. "I am sorry that I must foreclose on the Orphan Asylum your aunt is so interested in," said Jakobski during his brief conversation with Pat, "but I am in need of funds, and must realize on my mortgage and must sell the property."

Having terminated her call upon Jakobski, and before giving herself time to reconsider her sudden determination, Pat hailed a cab and was driven at once to the studio of the young artist who had so strongly impressed her with his necessity for aid—and a model.

Paul Duvelle's joy knew no bound when Pat, so promptly keeping her promise, entered his studio. "You shall have your model," Pat quietly said, as she approached Duvelle, radiant in her beauty. "That is, you shall have a model—if I will serve."

"Oh, my darling luck!" exclaimed the young painter in ecstasy. "If you are agreed, we will begin our sittings at once," she continued. They worked hard, Pat and Duvelle, to finish the picture—for there was

none too much time to have the canvas ready for the Academy.

"The prize is mine," Duvelle would exclaim, as he contemplated his canvases.

At last the canvas was finished, and Pat's trying and tiresome ordeal was at an end. The work was done just in time to hang the "Purple Mask" at the Academy for prize competition. Mrs. Van Nuy accompanied her niece to view the collection on the opening day.

"In my opinion," said Pat, "it should get the grand prize."

"It means a fortune to you, gentle- man," if the picture I have spoken to you about should get the prize. You have the right to do it, and you will be liberally rewarded."

"But the public has selected 'The Purple Mask' as favorite," said one of the men who Pat knew to be the chairman of the committee of judges. "How can we make 'The Dawn of Liberty' win the capital prize with popular opinion against us?"

"You decide, that's all. What you say will be final—and you will be individually rich all the rest of your lives. Don't that mean more to you than public opinion?" urged the crafty Jakobski.

"We are taking a great risk, but the money should pay for loss of public respect," said another member of the committee. "I for one am in favor."

The rest of the conversation was lost to Pat, as Jakobski and the committee moved away.

"The prize shall not rob us of the prize," she declared, stamping her pretty foot in excess of her wrath.

And that evening Jacques and Pat were hidden away, in safe seclusion, when the doors of the Academy closed. The prize was to be announced the next morning, when the public would be admitted to await the decision.

Groping their way through the darkness, after the watchman had gone to another section of the display, Pat and Jacques soon arrived at the spot where "The Dawn of Liberty" hung behind the heavy curtains. Only a few feet away "The Purple Mask" was similarly secluded behind thick drapes.

(To be continued.)

NOVELTIES IN WARFARE.

Devices May Serve Useful Purpose to the British Empire.

General Smuts, Minister of Defence of the Union of South Africa, said some interesting things recently about the new features in the history of warfare which this war has supplied.

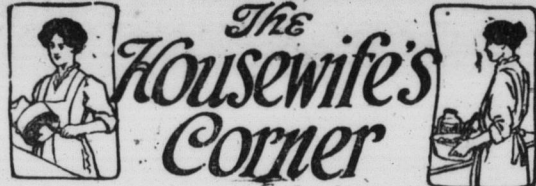
There was the submarine, which had proved one of the most deadly instruments of warfare ever invented, and we saw how far it was going, in its recent developments, to undermine the very foundation of sea-power. He was not a pessimist at all, and he was sure this weapon, too, would be fought efficiently to its end, but until that was done we were passing through an anxious period, and a period during which those who were in command of our machine would have to turn every attention to this problem.

Another great innovation in this war had been wireless telegraphy. He had had special experience of that in his campaign in East Africa. No telegraph or telephone could ever follow these mobile troops over swamps and mountains and rivers, and the wireless was the only means of keeping up communication.

The third novelty in the present war, the aeroplane, was probably going to prove the most important of all, not only from the military point of view, but afterwards, in time of peace, from a commercial point of view.

Time and space are the two enemies in the development of the human race, and one of the most efficient instruments ever discovered to help in the struggle against time and space was the aeroplane. When the war was over we would have an immense number of aeroplanes which could be switched on to better uses than war, and for this reason he was glad that the Government had appointed a committee to investigate the commercial uses of aeroplanes.

Ours is a commonwealth of nations. This Commonwealth was scattered all over the world; and this trouble of space and time was a greater trouble to us than it was to any other State. If we could turn these war devices to uses in peace we would do a very great thing for this Commonwealth to which we belonged.



How To Cook Asparagus.

The early spring vegetables have many desirable qualities. They come to us in the spring, after the winter season of heavy eating. Of these vegetables, asparagus is particularly good. It is diuretic in its properties, its mineral salts are of a solvent nature; it has a decided beneficial result in its action upon the liver, kidneys and bile. Because it carries many of the rich mineral elements one may eat it freely, knowing that it will remove many impurities from the body.

Scrape the stalks or brush them well with a stiff vegetable brush. Wash well, shaking them, especially the tips, in plenty of water to remove the sand. Careless preparation will detract from this delicious green.

Trim and shape, then tie the asparagus in small bundles. Cover with boiling water and cook until tender. Remove from water, drain well and then serve them in any manner desired.

Epicurean Asparagus.—Prepare, cook and drain the asparagus. Serve on a thin slice of toast with butter sauce prepared as follows: One ounce butter, one teaspoonful salt, one-half teaspoonful white pepper, one teaspoonful vinegar. Melt the butter, add salt, pepper and vinegar. Bring to a boil, then pour it over the asparagus.

Asparagus may be steamed or boiled, well drained and served with either cream, Hollandaise or Bernaise sauce.

Asparagus and Macaroni.—Cook one cupful of macaroni in boiling water for twenty minutes. Drain and wash by pouring over the macaroni plenty of cold water. Drain, chop fine and add: One teaspoonful salt, one-half teaspoonful paprika, one cup heavy cream sauce. Mix thoroughly and pack in a well greased mold. After greasing the mold, sprinkle with fine bread crumbs before filling. Bake in a moderate oven for thirty minutes. Serve with Mouseline sauce.

Mouseline Sauce.—Two tablespoonfuls butter, two tablespoonfuls flour, one and one-half cups asparagus water, yolk of one egg, one teaspoonful salt, one-half teaspoonful white pepper. Blend butter and flour, then add water and bring to the boiling point. Cook for three minutes, then take from fire and beat in yolk of egg and seasoning.

Do not throw out the water in which the asparagus is cooked. It contains many of the valuable soluble mineral salts, and it can be used for cream soups. Added to stock pots it can be made into sauces and gravies.

Soup Stock. Soup stock, is the meat cooked to a jelly, ready to use for making soups. The outside of the meat should be wiped with a perfectly clean wet cloth. Then chop the meat, and saw the bones into small pieces. Place half meat and half bone in a kettle of cold water, the proportion being one pound to one quart of water. Add seasoning, either spices or vegetables, or both. If only herbs and spices are used, the soup stock will keep longer. For such stock the following proportions may be used: To each quart of water add one even teaspoon of salt, half teaspoon of pepper (if desired), half teaspoon of celery seed, two whole cloves, two allspice berries, four or five bay leaves, a little parsley, one teaspoon of mixed herbs, such as thyme, marjoram, summer savory and sage.

If vegetables are used, they should be cut into small pieces, so as to be easily measured. For soup stock made with vegetables, the following proportions may be used: To each quart of water add one tablespoon of chopped carrot, turnip, celery and onions.

The kettle should be covered and water should simmer so that the stock may cook slowly for about three or four hours. It is better to make the stock the day before using it, if possible. After cooking, allow to cool and remove fat.

To clear soup stock, pour it into a saucepan, stir in the whites and broken shells of eggs—one for each quart.

of stock; boil for two or three minutes, stirring constantly, then set back on stove; keep it hot without simmering for fifteen or twenty minutes; strain through a fine sieve and then through cheesecloth.

Boning Ham. Have you ever noticed how hard a ham is to carve with the bone in it, how the slices are spoiled, and how much meat is really wasted?

That can easily be avoided if you are sure to cook the joint thoroughly and while it is hot take the bones out. It is not so hard as it sounds. There is only one bone with which you will have any trouble. Locate that bone with a fork from the under side, cut a slash through the meat until the bone is exposed, and with a little dexterous working of fork and knife the bone is out. I treat my shoulders in the same way, and my friends can't tell whether they are eating shoulder or ham, the slices cut so well and the meat tastes so good. After once serving boned hams and shoulders, you will never serve them any other way.

Do You Know. That lemons will keep almost indefinitely if packed in salt? That every bit of uneaten cereal can be used to thicken soups, stews or gravies? That stale bread can be used as the basis for many attractive meat dishes, hot breads and desserts?

That every ounce of skimmed milk or whole milk contains valuable nourishment? Use every drop of milk to drink or to add nourishment to cereals, soups, sauces and other foods. If you do not want milk to sour, keep it cool, clean and covered continually. Remember, too, that sour milk, buttermilk and sour cream are valuable in cookery, so do not waste any. Sour milk and buttermilk can be used with soda in making hot breads, or sour cream can be turned easily into cottage cheese, cream cheese or clabber. Sour cream is a good shortening in making cakes and cookies and useful for salad dressings and gravies for meat.

MILESTONES AT SEA. An Invention to Create a New Era in Sea-war is Needed.

If Nelson could only awake, what milestones in the sea would he describe, says the Sunday Pictorial. In 1914 men thought we had the perfect knowledge of the sea, but our first discovery was the deep-sea mine and mine-laying boats of the Germans, the sinking of one of which craft marked the first blood.

In 1915 the discovery was submarines—as an instrument of blockade, the first merchant ship to go down being the Tokomaru, on January 30, 1915; and men started as from a long dream.

In 1916, the milestone was our discovery of how to deal with small submarines operating off the headlands; then came the ocean submarine; now, in 1917, we have aerial torpedoes, now, Gena being blown up by a seaplane torpedo on May Day.

The reason, of course, is that there is no finality, even on the seas. A few months before the war, Admiral Sir Percy Scott staggered us with his famous pronouncement that submarines had rendered the Dreadnought obsolete. We laughed. We derided. We dismissed him. To-day submarine warfare is our crisis.

British experts expect every man to use his brains, for that is the milestone of sea-war in 1917, and such his duty.

A New Jersey inventor has patented a window shutter, the upper half of which can be opened in the usual way or lifted from the bottom to serve as awnings.

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Kills Lice, Mites, Fly-eggs, and the Germs of Diseases such as roup, white diarrhoea, cholera, glanders and the many others that sap the vitality and reduce the production of poultry and livestock and sometimes cause severe human disease. Carbola comes in convenient sized packages, doesn't spoil by standing, so can be kept on hand ready to use when convenient or on a rainy day. It has no disagreeable odor and can be applied to wood, brick, stone or cement surfaces or over whitewash. Endorsed by agricultural colleges and experimental stations.

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Can Be Applied With Brush or Sprayer

Rural Sarcaasm.

A farm hand who had worked hard in the fields for dawn until darkness day after day, and had been obliged to finish his chores by lantern light, went to the farmer at the end of the month and said:

"I'm going to quit. You promised me a steady job of work."

"Well, haven't you got one?" was the astonished reply.

"No," said the man, "there are three or four hours every night when I don't have anything to do except to fool my time away sleeping."



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"Pure and Uncolored"

makes clear, delicious, sparkling jellies. The purity and "FINE" granulation makes success easy.

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A Toronto Hotel Flirting With Rural Ontario For Business.

Rather a unique way of stating it, but it will attract your attention and that's the first duty of a flirt.

The matter of Hotel Accommodation is a serious problem just now. Since September last, many hotels have found it necessary to close.

THE WALKER HOUSE (The House of Plenty) has actually been doing an enormous business since last September. Its wonderful service, and every detail connected therewith have been responsible for its tremendous patronage. The house is more like a home than a hotel, so skilfully and wisely it is managed. When you come to the city stay at the WALKER HOUSE, where home-like comforts are the dominating characteristics.

Special attention paid to Ladies and Children travelling without escorts, at Toronto's Famous Hotel.

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Look trim and neat—enjoy yourself—and save money, by wearing Fleet Foot this summer.

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ESCAPED BRITISH TELL OF CRUELTY

FOOD FROM ENGLAND STAVED OFF STARVATION.

Prisoners Among Germans Poorly Fed and Flogged if They Refuse to Work.

Further stories of German cruelty to British prisoners have been told. The story below of cruelty to Australian prisoners is unlikely to make the fighting less grim or the determination to see the war through to a crushing finish less pronounced, writes a visitor in London. With casualties published for May slightly above 100,000, as compared with slightly under 40,000 for April, the English people are wonderful. It would be untruthful to say that one never hears the wish that the war were over; but it is strictly true to say that one never hears such a sentiment without the qualification "and the Germans jolly well licked." There is no war weariness. It seems as if the British public might go ahead in the same stolid, superficially indifferent way for an indefinite period. The whole nation is now showing the same characteristics as the fabled Englishman was taught from his first term at public school to control his feelings. It gives the temporary sojourner an overwhelming sense of latent dogged power. As the London Times expresses it editorially: "All classes have conquered the homesickness for an easy past and trouble little about the ultimate future. They accept what is new. They ask only whether it will keep on until we win the war."

Playing the Game. Another remarkable fact is also noticeable that notwithstanding the continuous provocation, there is no change in the dominating ethics of the people. So strong is the sporting spirit rooted into the very soul of the people that judging from the comments of public men it would appear little less than a national catastrophe to play the game as low down as the Germans are playing it.

In other words, this spirit reveals the fact that the people are not getting rattled by any provocation, but are playing with the steady nerves and cool faculties which might be called for with the last ball in the last inning. The latest prisoner's story, referred to above, appears in a late edition of the Times. It says: "Eleven British soldiers and three French officers, all of whom escaped from German captivity within the last fortnight, arrived in an English port Friday. Although all came from different internment camps, the men escaping in couples and threes, there is a general agreement in their stories. The British are treated with greater severity than prisoners of other nationalities. 'It was Gott strafe England every day,' they said. 'One party of British were told that England was the chief enemy.'

"In one camp there were Serbians who were badly bitten in the legs by dogs which the German sentries set on them. Food conditions were utterly bad. Parcels sent from England virtually kept the men going. Food parcels show 'No Starvation.'

"It was a nasty knock to them every time we received our parcels," said one prisoner.

"The Germans boasted much about their submarine blockade, declaring England would be starving in a few weeks, but they said less and less upon the subject when they saw our parcels of food, and what they contained. These parcels had a greater effect on the civilians than upon the soldiers, for they knew the statements made in the papers were not true."

"Housing conditions are very bad. In one place 260 men were located in a room twenty-five yards by ten. They slept in hammocks infested with vermin.

"A Yorkshire man and Gordon Highlander escaped from Westerhalt in the Rhineland, where they had been to work in the coal mines. The former was captured in Mons in August, 1914. He had been in different camps, but declared he had not seen a proper piece of meat until two months ago. They sent him with 400 British prisoners to work in the mines at Westerhalt, but they refused to do the work. The Germans divided them into small parties, selected one from the number and flogged him with lengths of rubber hosepipe. They also ill-treated him with rifle butts. These men had never worked in the coal mines before."

Highland Logic. When Lord Tullibardine, son of the Duke of Atholl, was seeking election to the House of Commons he was accompanied by his Parliamentary agent, who introduced him to many of the visitors. According to Pearson's Weekly, the agents said to one old Scotsman:

"This is Lord Tullibardine. Of course you know him?"

"Na, na; I dinna ken him," was the reply.

"At all events," continued the agent, "you know his father, the duke?"

"Oh, ay; I ken the duke. He's a gran' man, the duke."

"Then you will surely vote for his son?"

"I'm no so sure about that. It's a braw coo has a cawf like hersel."