

NOT How much a pound?
BUT How many cups from a pound?

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The Housewife's
Corner

Success With Substitute Flours.

Almost every Red Cross meeting resolves itself sooner or later into a cooking exchange. For naturally housewives of the present time are concerned to use the supplies available as successfully as possible. We often hear complaints about the substitute flours making the food hard, or tough, or coarse grained or cakes fall. There is a reason for all this, and if we consider the matter a few minutes we will surely see why.

Most of our old tried and true recipes call for wheat flour. Nowadays we have to substitute other flours, and it takes experience or exact standards of measurements to know how much substitute to put in for a cupful of wheat.

Experiments prove that substitute cereal flours (not potato flour) and brans absorb the same amount of moisture as wheat and require the same amount of yeast or baking powder to leaven them. By amount I mean "weight," not "measure." That is where so many people are deceived and wonder why their results are not good; so remember if you want to use substitute flours you can do so with success, if you use an equal weight of corn flour, cornmeal, buckwheat, rice, or rye flour as the recipe called for in wheat flour.

A cup of wheat flour which has been sifted and measured in a half pint cup, being piled in lightly until the cup is even full, weighs four ounces. Let us take this as our standard measurement. Two-thirds of a cup of rolled oats ground through a food chopper, four-fifths of a cup of rice flour, four-fifths of a cup of buckwheat, four-fifths of a cup of coarse cornmeal, one cup of fine cornmeal, one and one-third cups of barley flour, one level cup of corn flour, or one and one-third cups of rye flour, you can use corn flour in its place, or only two-fifths of a cup of rice flour, or one-third of a cup of ground rolled oats. Measure for measure the substitutes do not produce the same results, but weight they may be interchanged, not with the same results as to appearance and taste, but as to success in lightness and moisture.

As we are likely to have to use substitutes for a long time, these are very important points to remember:

Some Practical Suggestions.

When you have a stain which you think is tea, fruit, or of unknown origin and it has been boiled in and "set" try removing it with javelle water. You can get javelle water at the drug store. Put one tablespoonful into half a cupful of water. Immerse the stain in this and leave for twenty minutes or half an hour. If it has disappeared altogether, wash the javelle water out of the cloth with clear water, as to leave it in will weaken the fabric. If the stain has only partly disappeared put it in a white longer.

If your gasoline or coal oil stove shows signs of rusting and begins to look shabby, although it is still quite new, go to the stove company and get a bottle of the kind of oil especially prepared for the care of such apparatus. Follow directions and you will keep your stove looking like new.

When preparing french-fried potatoes cut them in even sections, pre-

ferably eighths. Soak them half an hour in cold water. Drain, turn boiling water over them and let stand two minutes. Drain again, dry with a cheesecloth. Have the fat just hot enough that it gives off a thin blue haze. Drop the dry potatoes in and they will cook quickly, be crisp on the outside, tender and delicious.

As fat is expensive now, it is well to remember that a small, deep container will take less material and answer quite as well for the average family as a broad vessel which requires more fat to give the necessary depth. French-fry potatoes occasionally in the kettle kept for deep frying. This will clarify it and, with the addition of a very little drippings, will give enough clear, pure material for family frying.

When canning vegetables this summer, such as asparagus, beans and peas, the three-period method may be shortened to a single period of one and one-half hours if the vegetables are blanched by dipping in boiling water three minutes, then chilled in cold water, packed into clean sterilized cans and covered with boiling water to which a teaspoonful of salt and a tablespoonful of vinegar have been added. Partly clamp down the top. Cook one and one-half hours in a water bath which comes within an inch of the top of the cans. Cover so that the steam will sterilize the tops. Remove from the water bath at once when the period is up. Open the cans, fill any space left by shrinkage, put on the covers at once, clamp tightly, set in a cool room. Do not let cool in a hot kitchen. In the winter if you desire to cook these vegetables with milk, either turn off the liquid containing the trace of vinegar or add a pinch of soda. This prevents the flat taste so many vegetables have and aids the keeping qualities.

Use Wheat Substitute. Are you insisting on getting wheat substitutes from your grocer and are you, as a housekeeper, trying them out in your kitchen? There is no use saying they are not available because with possible exceptions in some districts, they are, and if your dealer does not carry them then that is his fault and yours. The largest substitute milling concern in Canada has just been opened at Peterboro by the Quaker Oats Company. Cornmeal, oat flour, oatmeal and corn-flour will be turned out at the rate of 7,000 barrels a day.

The darker the bread you have these days the more patriotic you are, so don't insist on getting light bread from your baker. On the contrary encourage him to go even further than the regulations specify in the use of substitutes.

A Cold Reception.

They were newly married, according to the New York Sun, and on a honeymoon trip. They put up at a skyscraper hotel. The bridegroom felt indisposed and the bride said she would slip out and do a little shopping. In due time she returned and tapped gently on the panel.

"I'm back, honey. Let me in!" she whispered. No answer.

"Honey, honey! It's Mabel! Let me in!"

There was a silence for several seconds. Then a man's voice, cold and full of dignity, came from the other side of the door.

"Madam, this is not a beehive. It's a bathroom."

Safety First.

First Negro to Officer—How much wab insurance kin I take out, suh?"

Officer—"Oh, \$500, \$1,000, \$5,000."

First Negro—"Dat's far enough, boss, just gib me \$500."

Officer to Second Negro—"And how much insurance do you want?"

Second Negro—"What's de most I can git?"

Officer—"\$10,000."

Second Negro—"Jes fix me up wit dat \$10,000 quick."

First Negro to Second—"Looky heah, man, what you mean by gettin' \$10,000 worth ob insurance?"

Second Negro—"Dat's all right, 'cause when dat ordah comes to go over de top, dey sure are going to be mighty careful of a \$10,000 nigger."

Save yourself as well as the surplus—plan your work and work your plan.

A Man Chooses

The Story of a Struggle to Attain a Great Ambition.

By R. W. Johnson.

Do you know that a man may think more of a mechanical creation than of his wife? Bud Barnes did, or thought he did, until the day— But that's the story.

In the Barnes family there had always been a fiddle and a fiddler. The strain dated back, perhaps, to a far-off ancestor who talked to life over a finger board, taken in such fashion as to make life want to be cleaner, sweeter, saner. The talent came down the line to its last scion, Bud, and spoiled a potential farmer. The man was not content to till his acres and make a living for his wife. He had a higher aim—a double-headed ambition. He was going to make a violin better than any the world had known. He was going to prove old Strad a back number. And he was going to master the masterpiece.

He could play Devil's Dream before his curls were shorn, and he shaped fiddles with his first jack-knife, within reach. Before the time of his marriage people began to say it might be Bud Barnes would do something some day, for he had invented a bass bar which at once rescued his work from mediocrity. He knew why some instruments below and some talk through their noses. He was making close, low variations in size and shape have upon tone quality. He knew how much sanding down it takes to shake the woody response. In short, he was trailing his game.

Nadine, the girl he married, did not know a masterpiece from a gourd—but she knew Bud! She loved Bud and she loved his obsession in a quiet, fierce, mothering way. She knew the fire of the pay check—but she had not a school teacher—but she gave not a backward glance at lost opportunity. Her husband was a genius, and she was going to help him make good.

What matter that the home was crumbling about their ears? What matter that frost nipped neglected fields and ruined the corn at the load. She was strong—she buttered and sold eggs. She could sit up nights writing boom-orang articles for the papers. Privations didn't hurt. Discouragements slid off like water from the proverbial feathered back. Bud should have his chance.

Nadine had no musical faculty whatever. But she felt that Bud's knowledge of music, learned from a neighborhood teacher, was probably faulty and imperfect, so she urged upon him the need of a higher standard. And she made a pitiful personal sacrifice to enable him to make weekly trips to the neighboring city to become a pupil of a noted professor there.

This encouraged, the man threw himself into the passion of learning. Musical terms and movements filled his days and troubled all his dreams. His evenings echoed to the wail of smitten strings, alternated by the chip of chisel and rasp of sandpaper—he was bringing forth another wood-encased ideal, and Nadine was no more to him than the future. Sometimes her lips blushed a little as visions of her loneliness rose, tide-like, advanced and broke harmlessly against the rock coast of her soul. She would not be jealous of his art. Bud should have his chance.

Some such hour was upon her as she picked her way from the creek bottoms, her basket full of late beans. She had left Bud at the last stretch, almost ready for the voice of the latest child of his skill—the little red beech. He had worked on the instrument many days, feverishly as it neared completion. Certain new theories he was trying out—would results be unfavorable? He was banking on this violin—maybe it was the masterpiece. But so he had dreamed over each new acquisition, only in the end to shake his head and begin another.

She quickened her pace in her eagerness to reach the house. Before her was the memory of the man's eyes, brooding and lovingly over the thing of wood and glue as he scrapped and polished. Her own filled with stinging tears, but she dashed them angrily away. Jealous—of the Little Red Beech? Was she so unworthy of her man? Oh, no! She must hurry, to be near to comfort him if—

She went into the kitchen, closing the door behind her, and set her basket on a shelf. Bud heard her and came from the other room. He stood regarding her in silence. He was trembling, and his lips were colorless.

His eyes held strange fires. When he spoke his voice was unfamiliar. "Stay there!" he commanded. "Listen!"

He went back into the other room and Nadine listened, holding her breath. The tones of a violin came to her, soft, clear as a bell, tremulously sweet. Deep and powerful on the bass; like bird calls as the melody swept upward. After a moment there was a silence, and she went to him. The new violin lay on the chair beside him, the bow dropped to the floor. He was huddled forward, his face in his nerveless hands.

Her arms went around his neck. "You've done it, Charley, and I knew you would." She choked, using the name so seldom it had ceased to seem his. "You have done it! There has never been another like it in this part of the country, perhaps nowhere else in the world. I'm no judge, I—but it is fine. I feel that it is fine, and altogether—different."

He raised his face at that, laughing, and drew her to his knee.

"You're right, Deen," he acquiesced. "Right-oh! Salute the master—the Little Red Beech!"

He followed her to the kitchen and, aimlessly fumbling all small objects in reach, watched her kindle the fire, his face still very pale. With boyish

impulse at length he reached for his hat.

"I think we should celebrate, Deen," he laughed. "While you start things, I'll run to town for oysters. We'll have a stew. I'll not be gone a minute, honey."

After he had gone she picked up the broom his nervousness had overturned and went to the untidy living-room. It was always untidy, a condition at which she made no demur. It always had its litter of dust and fine shavings, its array of clamps, scrapers, and bits of sandpaper on floor, chairs, and table. It was Bud's workshop, as was every room in the house.

When he came back the stock had been fed, the cow milked, and the house closed for the night. Bright lamplight shone on the spread board, warmth and comfort reached out a welcome. He sat his basket on the table and took from his pocket a couple of letters. "Yours and mine," he smiled. "The world remembers me. Mine is from—why, yes, from Ember, the old teacher!" He began reading the enclosure aloud:

"Dear Charley: I've been here at Summerland, at my son's, for a week now, and I thought you might like to hear from me. Say, boy, you ought to be here! There's a big music school and they are turning out men and women of talent who are going to do things. My son's oldest boy is attending, and, say, I'd love for you to hear his fiddle talk! We're not in it, Bud, you and me, though we think we know a lot."

In my family, just as in yours, there has always been love of music, a hankering for the out-of-reach. But this grandson of mine is going to get there. If I were young I'd get there, somehow. I think of you with your youth and talent.

Can't you make it some way, Bud? I'm going to send you one of their catalogues. It will show you their course, cost of books, tuition, and other things. My son says he would board you cheap, and his house is close to the college. If I had the money, Bud, honest, I'd let you have it, give you the boost; but I haven't, so what is the use?

Maybe you can raise the wind yourself. I know if you had your chance you'd make good, like the old fellow way back who founded your name and is still mentioned in musical writings.

Bud read to the signature, then folded the letter and returned it to his pocket. A new hunger was burning in his eyes—a hunger Nadine saw and understood.

"You'd like to go, wouldn't you?" she asked, and he nodded.

(To be continued)

MAD INVENTORS

Novel War Ideas That Are Sent to British Inventions Board.

The morning post at the Inventions Board supplies good proof that a large percentage of the writers, though undoubtedly actuated by excellent motives for the country's good, are scarcely to be credited with sound common sense, says a London writer. One of the letters recently sent in suggested that the Board should describe all the birds.

The writer's plan was to train cor-morants to fly to Essen and pick the mortar from Krupp's walls until they crumbled to dust.

For aerial defence, another wise-acre asked for the moon to be blackened out. He enclosed a multitudinous mass of notes and diagrams. Boiled down, it was found he desired a black beam to be thrown on the face of the moon each evening at eight o'clock precisely.

Someone with an intimate knowledge of the Reptile House at the Zoo wanted snakes to be hurled by pneumatic propulsion into enemy trenches, in lieu of bombs.

Shells supply endless fields for the invention maniac.

One recently submitted specification of a shell showed how dry gravel could be showered on muddy trenches; another, how irritant powder of a sticky substance could hamper machine-guns; a third provided for many thousand feet of wire, weights, and even a clockwork motor to be enclosed within the limited capacity of a shell.

But some of the writers keep their ideas more within the bounds of practicability.

One ventured the suggestion that anti-aircraft guns should combine searchlights, so that while the latter projected light on the target, shells could shoot along the beam.

Unfortunately for us, shells will not follow the path of light.

A novel idea comes from East Anglia. The last coach of every train should drop a little line of blacking on the rails, to prevent them shining at night and thus acting as a guide to hostile aircraft!

For humorous satire, the following would make an excellent cartoon: "Why not allow balloons," asked somebody, "to glide several hundred feet above the ground, and trail huge magnets that will snatch rifles, etc., from the hands of the Huns?"

Prisoners of war in Britain are allowed to purchase three-quarters of an ounce of tobacco per week.

In pre-war days one big British firm of biscuit-makers produced over 100 different varieties. To-day the number has been reduced to 50.

HOME, SWEET HOME

The English Place a German Wished to See.

It happened, of course, before the war, when Deutschland uber Alles sounded in the ears of the world no more menacingly boastful than Rule, Britannia! and Yankee Doodle. Not yet had the Hymn of Hate been sung; and Germans—plump, peaceful, inquisitive and sentimental—still visited England, arriving by the Channel boats and not by Zeppelins. Some of the things they saw they admired; and occasionally they sought others, of which they had heard interesting rumors.

He was fair, fat, spectacled and big-moustached, and it needed not his guttural tones and Teuton accent to acquaint the experienced hotel manager that the new arrival was from Germany.

"Vrom Potsdammerburg I vas come, sir," announced the newcomer. "A very nice place, sir," said the manager politely.

"Dere vas a petter."
"Yes? Berlin?"
"Nein. Ohm."
"Ohm? In—er—Germany, of course?"

"Donner und blitzen, nein! In England. In dis gountry."
"Ohm?" said the manager thoughtfully.

"Ja!" growled the German. "I vas come from Potsdammerburg to see Ohm. I vas at red concert in Berlin and I hear der great Engleesh soprano Sing dot der vas no black like Ohm, and all der Engleesh boobles in der concert gry like der leedle babies. Dot must be der vunderful black, Ohm, to make der Engleesh boobles gry, and I tell mineself dot I will go und see dis Ohm vat vas no black like. Now, sir, vich der vat to Ohm?"

It was a sadly disillusioned German who learned that the nearest way back to "Ohm" was straight back to Potsdammerburg—sweet, sweet Potsdammerburg.

The New Excuse.

"Did you mail that letter I gave you yesterday?"
"N-no, my dear. I whistled to the man in the postal airplane, but he couldn't come down after it."



Tired Workers.

It is apt to be forgotten that men and women are not machines. Muscles and sinews get strained and tired doing the same thing over and over again year in and year out, and the nervous system becomes frayed and worn almost to the breaking point. Under these circumstances, workers are only obeying a natural instinct when they sometimes elect to stay in bed for an hour or two extra of a morning.

A man or woman who has been working at high pressure and for long hours, by missing the "pre-breakfast" quarter of work, and by starting his or her task occasionally at 8.30 instead, sometimes saves himself or herself from a serious breakdown and much greater loss of time.

In fact, this procedure is now a recognized one among munition workers, and even employers are beginning to see the reasonableness of it, says a British weekly. Thus, the doctors at Woolwich Arsenal, to cite but one instance, are now diagnosing "industrial fatigue" as a recognized illness, the result being, in most instances, that these missed "quarters" no longer figure in the time-keeping records as "avoidable lost time."

Youthful criminals in Germany in 1914 numbered 51,500; last year, 177,000.

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