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The PURPLE MASK

by Grace Givard
Novelized from the Motion
Picture Play of the Same
Name by the Universal Film
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TWELFTH EPISODE.

The Sunken Vault.

Aware of Phil Kelly's approach to the House of Mystery, Pat was fully prepared to give him a reception that furnished him with the surprise of his life.

When Kelly arrived he investigated every available entrance, and decided to adopt the expedient of climbing a tree that stood beside the house and grew tall enough to give him access to an open window.

One man remained under the tree as a look-out, while the other two climbed to the window. After they had entered the room through the window, they stopped to investigate.

The room they were in was perfectly devoid of any furnishings and the one door providing entrance and egress was the only interesting feature of the place. Kelly jerked open the door and found a second room, exactly like the one they had first entered inviting further investigation.

Opposite was a door leading into still another room. And when Kelly turned the knob, his surprise party made a speedy beginning.

Pat was sitting in one corner of the room, in a large armchair. Other than this one piece of furniture the room was empty.

Kelly made a move to approach the elusive girl whom he was now determined to capture. Pat pressed a push-button in the arm of her chair.

In a twinkling two swiftly-moving partitions were run out from the wall, coming together in such a manner that they shut Pat behind their shelter as completely as though she were locked in an entirely separate room.

Kelly and his man stood dumbfounded, for a second, and then tried to leave the room the way they had entered. The door was locked.

Suddenly the floor dropped from under them. They landed in a great wooden box that had been placed under the trap-door through which they had fallen.

Before they could make a move, some of Pat's men rushed forward and slammed down the cover of the box securely imprisoning the detectives. Then strong hands pushed the wooden case toward an opening in the wall. Down a chute the sleuths proceeded, riding in their moving prison. The box and contents presently emerged through an opening in the outer wall of the building.

There was a motor truck waiting to receive it, and immediately the box shot through the wall and landed on the truck. The driver started his engine and drove away. At the same time, with Kelly and his assistant still inside, the box was shoved off the truck, landing in a ditch.

When the Sphinx and his man had kicked their way out of the box, sometime later, they found themselves far out in the country, near an infrequently used trail that led across the fields.

"I'm not going back to the chief to report this fiasco," said Kelly. And then the two men started to walk back home.

There was a period of quiet, lasting a month, after Kelly's adventure. "I must start something pretty soon," Pat said to her chief lieutenant one morning when he had called to learn if she had any instructions for the Apaches. "This peace and quiet is getting monotonous."

The Apache had called while the girl was at breakfast. As she talked to him, sipping her coffee, she occasionally glanced at the headlines in the morning paper.

She finally discovered an item that fixed her attention. It referred to a handsome, wealthy man who had contrived a vault that he believed would be absolutely burglar-proof.

"Here's something I want investigated," said Pat to her lieutenant. "We may be able to start a little excitement if we can find out how this man gets so much money. If he doesn't get it honestly, I may decide that he is a good subject for your attention. Learn all you can about him, how he makes his money, and report as soon as you can confirm your facts."

After several days, spent in careful investigation, Pat received a full report from her lieutenant. The information made it clear to the girl that it was a case worthy of Apache action.

Johnson was one of the most dangerous men in the city. For years the authorities had tried to invest the suspicious man with legal evidence. Nobody doubted but what his immense wealth came from the most despicable illicit means known to the law. But to be suspicious was one thing and to "get the goods" on the crafty Johnson was another. Head of a syndicate of the worst kind of crooks, Patsy's men reported that he lived and profited immensely upon the downfall of weaklings who fell under the evil influence of his subordinates.

Money rolled in to Johnson from every part of the country—and it always came in cold cash. For the reason he found it not alone advisable but necessary to build the sunken vault.

With this report from Pat's men came the statement that, seeing strange figures moving about his grounds late at night, Johnson had called in Phil Kelly to consult him.

The "strange figures," it need hardly be said, were Pat's Apaches who were on mission of investigation.

The knowledge that she was thus once more to be involved in an adventure that would bring her in competition with the Sphinx was good news to Pat. A smile of intense satisfaction overspread her beautiful face as she issued an order for her men to meet in consultation in the House of Mystery and get their orders.

Johnson lived in a stately mansion surrounded by spacious grounds in a part of town not far from Pat's headquarters. It was in this house that Johnson made his business headquarters and here he was having built the sunken vault. Workmen were putting the finishing touches on the wall of water-tight masonry that was to form the outer shell for the flood that was intended to baffle the craftiest of crooks.

One of Pat's investigators intercepted the foreman of the men who were doing the work, and by a generous bribe obtained a place for an expert Apache investigator to become one of the bricklayers on the job. This man was Pat's most skilled assistant and his keen wit and intelligence soon provided the Purple Mask with all the details she needed.

Measurements were taken, the ground was mapped and a plan of Johnson's home was drawn. And while he was in the vault at work, the Apache managed to interest Johnson's housekeeper in a scheme to add vastly to her income.

The final report that her "bricklayer" made to Pat especially delighted her. It concerned Phil Kelly's visit to the vault, when Johnson brought him in to show how cleverly the old villain had planned to protect his wealth.

"When they left the vault," said Pat's informant, "Johnson told Kelly that it was important that Kelly should get on the job at once, and I heard Kelly say he would call this evening at nine o'clock to go over all the details with Johnson."

"Good boy!" said Pat approvingly. "Everybody has their instructions and it only needs for them to know the time to begin operations. We will start on the job to-night at six o'clock, and be ready to put Kelly where he cannot interfere."

That evening the apache in the vault managed to hide when time came for the workmen to leave. And the housekeeper also got her instructions.

(To be continued.)

HIGH FLYERS.

The Aeroplane Has Not Yet Attained a Record-Height.

Only a very few years ago it was recorded as a wonderful feat that a flying man had soared to a height of four thousand feet. Now, so amazing are the developments of the aeroplane, we read with little surprise that Lieutenant Guidi, on an Italian machine, has reached an altitude of 26,500 feet—two miles higher than the summit of Mont Blanc, and about half a mile higher than the foot of man has ever scaled in the Himalayas!

This easily surpasses the Zeppelin's altitude record. The Zeppelin commander considers he is doing excellent work at half this height, and even then is not travelling so fast.

But magnificent as is the performance of the aeroplane, its pilot must take a much higher flight before he rivals the record of the balloonist. On two occasions a hydrogen-inflated balloon has left the earth more than six miles beneath it, and on one of these occasions it is said to have reached a height of 37,000 feet—a shade over seven miles!

When the descent began the thermometer registered 44 degrees below freezing point, the barometer had fallen from 29 to 7 inches, and one of the two balloonists had lost consciousness.

The Japanese are a nation of fishermen, and their diet is principally fish. A harder, healthier race does not exist.

To scale a fish quickly, cover with boiling water; let it remain in the water half a minute, then scrape with a knife, and the scales will come off readily.

The Housewife's Corner

A COURSE IN HOUSEHOLD SCIENCE COMPLETE IN TWENTY-FIVE LESSONS.
Lesson XII. Cereals.

The grains used in preparing cereals are wheat, corn, oats, rye, buckwheat and barley. Cereal foods contain protein, carbohydrates, fats, mineral salts and water.

Protein builds the bodily tissues; carbohydrates (starches and sugars) furnish warmth and energy; fats supply warmth and mineral salts and water are necessary for the performance of the bodily functions. Therefore it will be seen that the cereals are most valuable foods.

Oats is the richest cereal in protein and fats; wheat ranks second, and corn third. Rice contains very little fats. Cellulose is also found in cereals. It has no food value but is useful in aiding digestion. Long cooking of cereals is necessary because of the presence of cellulose. The starch, which is present in the grain, is enclosed in a cell-like structure, and long cooking is necessary to soften this cellulose so that the digestive juices may act upon the cooked starch.

Following is a table of proportions in preparation of breakfast cereals:

Cereal	Water	Salt	Time
cupful	cupful	teaspoon	min.
Rolled oats	1-1/2	1/2	60
Corn meal	1-1/2	1/2	60
Oatmeal	1-1/2	1/2	30
Rolled wheat	1-1/2	1/2	30
Cream of wheat	1-1/2	1/2	60
Rice	1-1/2	1/2	60

A double boiler should always be used for cooking cereals. A fireless cooker is the best method. Boil cereal for five minutes, place in fireless cooker and in the morning it will need only to be heated through. Poorly cooked cereals will cause intestinal troubles. For small children and invalids the cereals should be strained through a fine sieve to remove the coarse cellulose.

Oatmeal Goodies.—Mix in this order: 1 1/2 teaspoon baking soda, 1 tablespoon water, 1 cup cooked oatmeal, 1/2 cup sour cream, 1/2 cup molasses, 2 tablespoon cocoa, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1/2 teaspoon each of nutmeg and cloves, 1 cup flour, 1 cup dried bread crumbs. Mold into small balls, flatten between the palms of the hand and place on pans as described for crumb crackers. Bake in hot oven for ten minutes.

Crumb crackers: 1/2 cup bread crumbs, 1/2 cup white flour, 1/4 cup Graham flour, 1/4 cup sugar, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1/4 teaspoon nutmeg, 1/4 teaspoon ginger, 6 tablespoons lard. Mix dry ingredients, rub in shortening and dissolve 1/2 teaspoon baking soda in 1/2 cup sour milk and add 3 tablespoons molasses, 1 well-beaten egg and 4 tablespoons finely chopped citron. Mix to dough, roll 1/4 inch thick. Cut and then brush the top with granulated sugar. Bake in hot oven from 8 to 10 minutes.

Use level measurements. Always bake cookies on up-turned baking pan; grease well and then rinse well with cold water before placing the cookies on it to bake.

A cup of cold cooked cereal added to pancake batter improves it. Cooked cereal may also be added to muffin mixture.

A hot oven for twenty-five minutes. Cut in quarters and serve with cream sauce.

Swedish Braised Cabbage.—Shred a head of cabbage fine. Wash in plenty of cold water. Drain, place in a saucepan and then add one-half cupful of water and steam gently until the cabbage is tender. Now add: two teaspoonfuls of salt, one-half teaspoonful of white pepper, one teaspoonful of grated onion, one-half cupful of sour cream. Heat until the cabbage is very hot. Serve with triangles of toast.

Alpine Baked Cabbage.—Wash and chop fine one medium-sized head of cabbage. Cook until tender in boiling water. Drain and then grease a baking dish. Cover the bottom with fine bread crumbs. Place in a layer of the cabbage, season slightly with salt, paprika and a sprinkling of grated cheese. Now put in a layer of bread crumbs, then the cabbage, until the dish is full. Pour over the cabbage a thick tomato sauce. Sprinkle with bread crumbs and grated cheese. Bake in a hot oven for twenty-five minutes. Serve in the dish with tomato sauce made by rubbing through a fine sieve one cupful of stewed tomatoes, one cupful of water and six tablespoonfuls of cornstarch. Cook until very thick and add: one large onion, grated, one teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of pepper, one well-beaten egg. This dish can be used in place of meat and will furnish a delicious meal when combined with baked potatoes, string beans, cucumber salad, stewed fruit and tea.

There is also the "Varied Ration," which means that each Canadian soldier in England receives his food prepared according to dietary sheet, the dietary sheet being issued by one central authority which insists on rigid adherence to it. This system ensures that the soldier receives variety in his eatables, and it also means that the rations are prepared on the most economical basis possible.

Dietary sheet is a term which has a forbidding ring. Call it "menu," though which is just as truthful and which sounds more attractive. Here

is the menu for two days, for every Canadian camp in England.

The Canadian Menu.
Monday, Aug. 27.—Breakfast: Rolled oats, mutton stew, bread, butter, coffee. Dinner: Canadian pot roast, turnips, potatoes, Jack Law dumplings, bread. Supper: Pork and beans, jam, bread, butter, tea.

Tuesday, Aug. 28th.—Breakfast: Rolled oats, beef olives, bread, butter, cocoa. Dinner: pea soup, beef steaks, blue peas, potatoes, bread. Supper: Scotch cheese, currant fritters, bread, butter, coffee.

These dietary sheets are distributed to the areas well in advance of the actual day they are to be used. At the bottom of the sheet are printed recipes for the making of every dish mentioned. The sheets are prepared by Major R. G. Ross, Chief Inspector of Canadian Catering, who in working them out so many weeks in advance has to keep an eye on what kindly fruits of the earth will be forthcoming in due season.

Canadian Dishes.
A special endeavor is made to provide Canadian dishes. Look through a file of these dietary sheets and one finds cropping up such items as sweet corn, maple syrup, pork and beans, raisin pie.

All these dietary sheets are approved by the medical authorities as to food value of the articles contained therein. A double check in regard to their food value is ensured by the diet being finally approved by an expert attached to the Supply and Transport Department. The Navy and Army Canteen Committee also certify that the commodities required will be available at the time for which the diet sheet is intended.

In peeling onions place them in a bowl of water, and peel them so that the water covers the onions, to prevent the eyes from smarting.

If you get a grass or fruit stain on a white dress, rub it with a little paraffin before sending to the wash, and that stain will come out in the boiling.

Send Them To
PARKER
Anything in the nature of the cleaning and dyeing of fabrics can be entrusted to Parker's Dye Works with the full assurance of prompt, efficient, and economical service.

Make a parcel of goods you wish renovated, attach written instructions to each piece, and send to us by parcel post, or express. We pay carriage one way. Or, if you prefer, send for the booklet first. Be sure to address your parcel clearly to receiving dept.

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"Redpath" stands for sugar quality that is the result of modern equipment and methods, backed by 60 years experience and a determination to produce nothing unworthy of the name "REDPATH."

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2 and 5 lb. Cartons.
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250 Seems a very large number of cups to get from a pound of tea. But that proves the fine quality of Red Rose Tea, which goes further and tastes better because it consists chiefly of rich, strong teas grown in the famous district of Assam in Northern India.

A pound of Red Rose gives 250 cups.

Kept Good by the Sealed Package



THE COST OF SOLDIER'S FOOD

LESS THAN IN IMPERIAL ARMY BY TWO PENCE PER HEAD.

"Varied Ration" Served to Canadians in England is Prepared by a Dietitian.

"The cost of feeding Canadian troops in England is nowadays two pence per head per day less than the cost of feeding Imperial troops."

This interesting assertion was recently made to the Canadian Associated Press, with the further assertion that the Canadian soldier in a training area in England has the advantage over his brother of the Imperials in securing a greater variety in his victuals, which enables him to obtain the fullest measure of satisfaction out of them. Obviously the legitimate saving of two pence per man daily in feeding the Canadian Army in England means the saving of a huge sum yearly for the taxpayer of the Dominion.

Through the courtesy of Brigadier-General McRae, Quartermaster-General, I have been enabled to gather some particulars of the manner, in which the Canadian soldier is rationed in England, says a war correspondent. The feeding of thousands of men spread over seven different training areas is a complicated business—so complicated, in fact, that the ordinary civilian, whose knowledge of catering is confined to what is placed before him on the domestic dinner table, or what he pays for in the restaurant, would be unable to follow it in its details.

Various Rations.
To put the matter briefly. There is the "Long Ration," which is served to Canadian troops in Canada and in France, the principle of which is that food commodities are supplied in bulk on a standard scale to each company. There is also the "Modified System," which is in force among the Imperials in England, where the soldier gets a portion of his allowance in actual rations and the remainder in cash to spend as he chooses. Both these systems, it is asserted, are wasteful; the men do not frequently get the food they would fancy, and the food is often squandered.

There is also the "Varied Ration," which means that each Canadian soldier in England receives his food prepared according to dietary sheet, the dietary sheet being issued by one central authority which insists on rigid adherence to it. This system ensures that the soldier receives variety in his eatables, and it also means that the rations are prepared on the most economical basis possible.

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From the Ocean Shore

BITS OF NEWS FROM THE MARITIME PROVINCES.

Items of Interest From Places Lapped By Waves of the Atlantic.

The price of potatoes in Charlotte-town is expected to be lower this fall than last.

The Supervised Playgrounds field day held at Halifax August 23rd was a great success.

Travel out of Sydney on the Canadian Government Railways last week was exceptionally heavy.

The Sydney, C.B., Board of Works hypotheated \$20,000 of sewer bonds for work on the different streets.

John Mallan, of the C.P.R. telegraph staff of Halifax, has been transferred to the Glace Bay office.

Lance-Sergeant F. J. Tyler, of St. Mary's, who has been missing for almost two years, is now reported wounded.

Wallace Downey, president of the Shooter Island Shipbuilding Co. of New York, will assist Sydney, C.B., in building ships.

The Sydney City Council refused the application of the Imperial Oil Company to erect a new gasoline tank on King's Road.

Hon. Daniel MacNeil, K.C., of Inverness, has been appointed to the vacancy in the Antigonish district caused by the death of Judge Macgillivray.

There is a milk famine in St. John, owing to the deadlock between King's county producers and the dealers over the farmers' increase of two cents a quart.

Judge Chipman, who sits for the district of Kings, Hants and Colchester, has been retired, and his successor will be Mr. Barclay Webster, K.C., of Kentville.

August 25th was a red letter day in the history of the Halifax branch of the Canadian Great War Veterans' Association, when the returned soldiers held a huge picnic.

The launching of the Lewis Brothers, the largest schooner-rigged vessel ever built in the Maritime Provinces, took place at East River, Sheet Harbor, N.S., last Saturday.

One of Fredericton's oldest men, John T. Clark, died Sept. 5th. He was of U.E.L. descent.

The Fredericton City Council is at present in an awkward position, and the voters' list for the city in a queer mess on account of the lists being prepared by two men acting as three. One of the aldermen was appointed Government revision, and his office, in the spirit of the statute, if not in the letter, should not be held by a member of the City Council.

NO SCARING HER.

A Brave Frenchwoman Unafraid in the Midst of Bursting Shells.

For several weeks at the beginning of the war, Pont-a-Mousson, although it was directly on the frontier, saw no soldiers, French or German. It was a time of dramatic suspense. The best description of it, says Mr. Henry Sheahan in A Volunteer Poilu, came from the lips of the housekeeper of Wisteria Villa, a splendid, brave Frenchwoman who had never left her post.

She was short, of a clear, tanned complexion, and always had her hair tightly rolled up in a little classic pug. She was as fearless of shells as a soldier in the trenches, and once went to a deserted orchard, virtually in the trenches, to get some apples for messieurs les Americains. When asked why she did not get them at a safer place, she replied that she did not have to pay for these apples, as the land belonged to her father.

Her car for shells was the most accurate in the neighborhood, and when a deafening crash would shake the kettles on the stove and rattle the tencups, she could tell you exactly from what direction it had come and the probable caliber. I remember, one morning, seeing her wash dishes while the Germans were shelling. The window over the sink opened directly on the dangerous area, and she might have been killed any minute. Standing with her hands in the soapy water, or wiping dry the blue-and-white dinner service of Wisteria Villa, she never even bothered to look up to see where the shells were landing. Suddenly two "seventy-sevens" went off with a horrid pop.

"Those are only 'seventy-sevens,'" she murmured, as if to herself.

We next heard a fearful swish and the house rocked to the din of an explosion.

"That's a 'two-hundred-and-ten'—the rogues! Oh, the rogues!" she exclaimed, in the tone she might have used in scolding a boy.

At night, when the kitchen was cleared up, she sat down to write her daily letter to her soldier son, and, once this duty finished, liked nothing better than a friendly chat.

First or Last.

Henry, aged five, was told of an arrival in his uncle's family, and earnestly inquired whether it was any relation to him. "Why, certainly," replied his mother. "He is your first cousin."

After thinking it over for a few minutes the little fellow said: "Well, perhaps you know, but I should think he was my last cousin."