"BELA"

Sam appeared trudging through the sand, hareheaded, coatless, tight-lipped. His eyes likewise were fastened eagerly on the dead goose. Reaching it, he stirred it with his foot. Dropping to his knees, he smelled of it. So far so good. Presently he discovered the cause of its death, a wing shaftered by a bullet.

shattered by a bullet.

Seeing no tracks anywhere near, he concluded that it had fallen wounded from the sky. As such it was treasure trove. He set to work to gather bits of driftwood, and started a fire. His bright eyes and the celerity of his movements testified to his bunger.

his franger.
From her hiding place Bela watched from her hiding place Bela watched him with avid eyes. No mask on her face now. The eyes brooded over him, over the fair hair, the bare throat, the pale, hard young face that skowed the lassitude following

on violent anger.

Her whole spirit visibly yearned to-Her whole spirit visibly yearned to-ward him—but she was learning self-control in a hard school. When he began to pluck the goose she set her teeth hard and stole silently away up-

stream.

In the Indian village beside Hahwah-sepi litle, crooked, Musq'oosis was squatting at the door of his teepee, making a fish net. This was work his nimble fingers could still perform better than any in the tribe. Meanwhile, he smoked and dwelt on the seree remiscences of a village. the serene reminscences of a wellspent life.

While he worked and meditated nothing in the surrounding scene esthe glances of his keen old caped the glances of his keen, old eyes. For some time he had been aware of a woman's figure hiding behind the willows across the stream, and he knew it must be Bela, for there was no canoe on that side, but he would not give her any sign.

In Musq'oosis, as in all his race, there was a coy streak. Let the other person make the first more was his

person make the first move was his

guiding maxim.

Finally the mournful, idiotic cry of a loon was raised across the stream. This was a signal they had used be-fore. Musq'oosis started with wellsimulated surprise, in case she should be watching him, and rising, waddled soberly to his dugout. Nobody in the viliage above paid any particular attention to him. He crossed the

stream

Bab stepped into the bow of his boat. No greeting was exchanged. Each had the dir of having parted but a few minutes before. Bela had learned Musq'oosis own manner from him, If he wouldn't ask questions, neither would she volunteer information. Thus the two friends played the Mule comedy out.

the Mile comedy out.
String at the door of his teepee,
Rela caid: "Let me eat. I have no-

thing since I get up to-day."
He put bread and smoked moose mean before her, and went on knotting bis cords with an unconcerned

air.

By and by Bela began to tell her story with the sullen, self-conscious air of a child expecting a scolding. But as she went on she was carried away by it, and her voice became warm and broken with emotion. Musq'oosis working away, gave no sign, but the still turn of his head persuaded her he was not missing anything.

manded.

Bela came to a pause and hung her ead. Tears dropped on her hands. I don't know," she murmured "He look so pretty sleepin' on the sand— so tretty! Moon shine in his face. I am pain in my heart. Don't know w'at to do, want him so bad. I tink die if I go 'way wit'out him. I k-I don' know w'at I t'ink. Want him, that

White woman!' said Mus-

glockis disgustedly.

Buring the rest of the tale he muttered and frowned and wagged his head impatiently. When she came to the some of the hearing in Gagnon's shack he could no longer contain himself.

Fool!" he cried. "I tell you all was to do. Many times I tell you not let a man see you want him. But you him marry you before all the people! What you come to me for

Befa hung her head in silence You got white wemans sickness!

cried the old man with quaint scorn. 'Tcha! Love! "Well, I am 'mos' white," muttered Bela suddenly, "Why you not tell my bout this sickness? Then I look

"There is no cure for a fool," growled Musq oosis.

Bela finally raised her head.

"I am cure of my sickness now," she said, scowling. "I hate him!" "late!" said the old man scornfully. "Your face is wet."

She dashed the tears from her checks. "When he ran out of Johnny Gagnon's," she went on, "I run after. I hold on h'm. He curse me, for throw me down. Since then I hate him, I lak make him hurt lak me. I want see him hurt bad!"

The old man looked incredulous. Guestiening her sharply, he drew out the incident of the dead goose. He haugee; scornfully.

TET augman case your suffering. I want you to write, and let me tell you of m's simple nethod of home treatment, send you ten days' free trial, postpoid and put you in touch with woren in Canada who will gidly tellwhat my method has done for the m. If you are troubled with weak, tired freelings, head-sche, back-cashe, back-gang down pain in the sides, regning of the regning down pain in the sides, regning to the sides of th

Mrs. M. Summers, Esx 8 Windsar, Que

"You hate him, but you go put food in his trail."

Bela hung her head. "I hate him:" she repeated doggedly.

Musq'oosis filled his pipe, and puffed at it meditatively for a while.
"You could get him," he said, at last.

Bela looked at him with a new

"But you got do w'at I tell wou. Cryin' won't get him. Mak' a dry "But you got do wat I tell wou. Cryin' won't get him. Mak' a dry face and let on you don't care 'bout him at all. All tam laugh at him. You can't do that, I guess. Too much

Bela frowned resentfully. "I can do it," she declared.

"All right said Musq'oosis. "Let him go now. Keep away from him a while. Let him forget his mad."

"All right," agreed Bela.

"Now go, see see.

"Now go see your mot'er," commanded Musq'oosis. "She sicken for you. She is white, too."
Bela, however, made no move to go. She was painstakingly plucking blades of grass.
"We'll wat to well."

"We'll, w'at you waitin' for?" de-manded Musq'oosis.
"Sam walkin' this way," she said with an inscrutable face. "Got no blanket. Be cold to-night, I think." "Wa! More foolishness!" he cried. "Let him shake a little. Cure his hot mad maybe."

mad maybe."

"White man get sick with cold," persisted Bela. "Not lak us. What good my waitin if he get sick?"

Musq'oosis held up both his hands. "There is not'ing lak a woman!" he cried. "Go to your mot'er. I will paddle by the lake and give him a rabbit robe." rabbit robe.'

Bela's eyes flashed a warm look on

Bela's eyes flashed a warm look on him. She got up without speaking, and hastened away.

About half past nine, while it was still light, Sam found himself walked out. He built a fire on the pine nee dles above the stony beach and sat down with his back against a tree The goose provided him with another meal. He was two hours journey beyond the mouth of Hah-wah-sepi. Wading across the bar of that stream, he had guessed his proximity to the Indian village as described by Bela, but his pride would not allow him to apply there for sheiter.

He had no reason to suppose that Bela had already got home, but he feared she might arrive before he could get away. Anyhow, he had plenty to eat, he told himself; it would be strange if he couldn't last a night or two without a covering.

could get away. Anyana, plenty to eat, he told himself; it would be strange if he couldn't last a night or two without a covering.

He lay down by his fire, but, tired as he was, he could get no rest. Whichever way he lay, a cold chill from the earth struck to his marrow. He fell into a wretched, half-waking condition, tormented by images he

could not control.

When he edged close enough to the fire to feel its warmth it was only to be brought leaving to his feet by sparke burning through his clothes. He finally gave it up and sat against the tree, hardening himself like an Indian to wait for dawn. His fagged nerves cried for tobacco. He had lost his pipe with his coat. could not centrol.

his pipe with his coat.

The lake stretched before him still warm and broken with emotion Mustrocsis working away, gave no sign, but the still turn of his head persuaded her he was not missing anything.

When she came to tell how she had fallen upon Sam while he siept the old man was betrayed into a sharp movement.

"What for you do that?" he de-

ment was laid on his heart.

Suddenly he perceived that he was not alone. Close under the pine-walled shore a dugout was swimming toward him with infinite grace and smoothness. At the first sight his breath contracted, for it seemed to have sprung out of nothingness—then his heart joyfully leaped up. At such a moment anything human was welcome. A squat little figure was huddled amidships, swinging a paddle from side to side with long, stringy

arms.

Sam perceived that the paddler was the aged hunchback who had once visited the camp at Nine-Mile Point across the lake. "Old Man of the Lake" they had called him. They had not learned his pane.

Lake" they had called him. They had not learned his name.

A certain air of mystery enveloped him. When he stopped out on the stones with his long hair, his bent back, and his dingy blanket capote he looked like a mediaeval grotesque—yet he had a dignity of his own, too.

"How?" he said, extending his hand. Sam, dreading the inevitable questions, received him a little nervously. "Glad to see you. Sit down by the fire. "You travel late."

"I old," observed Musq'oosis calmly

fire. "You travel late,"
"I old," observed Musq'oosis calm!y,
"I go when men sleep."

He made himself comfortable by the fire. To Sam's thankfulness he did not appear to notice the white man's impoverished condition.

man's impoversage condition. He had excellent manners.

"Are you going far?" asked Sam.

The old man shrugged. "Jus' up and down," he replied. "I lak look about.

He drew out his pipe. To save him-self Sam could not help glancing en-viously toward it.

"You got no pipe?" asked the Indlan. "Lost it," admitted Sam ruefully.

tan.

"Lest it." admitted Sam ruefully.

"I got not'er pipe," said Musq'oosis.
From the "fire-bag" hanging from his waist he produced a red-clay bowl such as the natives use, and a bundle of new reed eterns. He fitted a reed to the bowl, and passed it to Sam. A bag of tebacco followed.

"A gift." he stated courteously.

"I say," objected Sam. blushing, "I haven't anything to give in return."
The old man waved his hand. "Plaintee tam mak Musq'oosis a gift some day," he said.

Sam looked up at the name. "So you're Musq'oosis?" he asked, hardening a little.

"Wat you know about me?" queried the other mildly.

"Oh, nothing!" returned Sam.
"Somebody teld me about you."

"I guess it was Bela." said Musq'oosis. With kindly guile he added:
"Where is she?"

"You can search me!" muttered Sam.

The tobacco was unexpectedly fragrant. "Ah, good!" exclaimed. Samwith a glance of surprise.
"Imperial Mixture," said Musquossis complacently. "I old. Not want moch. So I buy the best tobacco."

They settled down for a good talk They settled down for a good talk by the fire, Musq'oosis continued to surprise Sam. On his visit to N'ée-Mile Point the old man had been received with good-natured banter, which he returned in kind. Alone with Sam, he came out in quite a different character.

Sam made the discovery that a man

may have a dark skin, yet be a philoscoher and a gentleman. Musq'oosis talked of all things from tobacco to the differences in men.

"White man lak beaver. All tam work don' give a damn!" he observed. "Red man lak bear. Him lazy. Fat in summer, starve in winter. Got no sense at all." Sam laughed. "You've got sense."

Musq'ocsis shrugged philosophically. "I not the same lak of'er men. I got crooked back, weak legs. I got work sittin' down, So my head is busy."

sittin' down. So my head is busy."

He smoked with a reminiscent look.
"When I yo'ng I feel moch bad for
cause I got crooked back. But when
I old I think there is good in it. A
strong man is lak a moose. Wa! So
big and swift and 'an'some. All tam
so busy, got no tam t'ink wit' his head
ioside. So w'en he get old his son put
him down. He is poor then. But a
weak man he got nottin' to do but
look lak eagle at ev'ryt'ing and remember what he see. So w'en he is member what he see. So wen he is old he rich inside. Wen a man get old bad turn to good. Me, wen I was yo'ng I sore for cause no woman want me. Now I glad I got no old wife beat a drum wit 'her tongue in

beat a drum wit 'her tongue in my teepee."

"Women! You're right there!" cried Sam, explcaively. "They're no good. They're savages! Women confuse and weaken a man; spoil him for a man's work. I'm done with them!"

A slow smile lighted Musq'oosis' ugly old face. "W'en a man talk lak that," he remarked, "I t'ink pretty soon some woman goin' get him sure."
"Never!' cried Sam. "Not me!"
"I t'ink so," persisted Musq'oosis.
"Man say woman bad, all bad. Come a woman smile so sweet, he surprise;

woman smile so sweet, he surprise; le say this one different from 'Oh, I know how it is with most

fellows!" fellows!" admitted Sam. "Not with me. I've had my lesson."
"Maybe," agreed Musq'oosis, polite-

ly allowing the matter to drop.

By and by the old man yawned. "Ptink I sleep little while," he said.

"Can I sleep by your fire?" "Sure!" returned Sam. "Make Yourself at home."

Musajoosis brought his blanketifrom the dugout, "You goin' sleep, too?"

asked.
"In a bit," replied Sam uneasily.
"Where your blanket?"
"Oh, I lost that, too," confessed Sam, blushing.
"I got a rabbit-skin robe," said Mus-

Returning to his boat, he brought Sam one of the soft, light coverings ceuliar to the country. The foundation was a wide-meshed net of cord, to which had been tied hundreds of the fragile, downy petts. Sam could stick his finger anywhere through the

nterstices, yet it was warmer than a blanket, double its weight.
"But this is valuable," protested Sam. "I can't take it." "You goin' to the head of the lake," said Musq'oosis. "I want trade it at french outfit store. Tak it to Mah-

French outfit store. Tak it to Mahwoolee, the trader, Say to him Mus-4 loosis send it for trade."

"Arca't you afraid I might steaf it?" asked Sam, curiously.

"Steal?" said the old man, surprised. "Nobody steal here. What's the use? Everything is known. If a man steal everythody know it. Where he goin' to go then?"

Sam continued to protest against using the robe, but Musq'oosis, waying his objections aside, calmiy lay down in his blanket and closed his eyes. Sam presently followed suit. eyes. Sam presently followed suit.
The rabbit skin robe acted like a charm. A delicious warmth crept into his weary bones, and sleep overmas-te. If his senses like a delicious per-fume

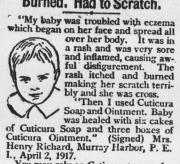
When he awoke the sun was high over the lake, and Musq'oosis had gone. A bag of tobacco was lying in

At this era the "settlement" at the head of Caribou Lake consisted of the "French outfit," the "company yost," the French Mission, the English Mission, and the police barracks, which hast housed as many as three troopers.

These various establishments These various establishments were strung around the shore of Beaver Bay for a distance of several miles. A few native shacks were attached to each. The principal group of buildings was comprised in the company post, which stood on a hill overlooking post, which stood on a hill overlooking the bay, and still wore a military air,

CUTICURA HEALS

Spread Covering Body. Awful Disfigurement. Itched and



which connects Beaver Bay with the lake proper, and was the first establishment reached by the traveler from outside. It consisted of two little houses built of lumber from the mission sawmill; the first house contained the store, the other across the road was known as the "Kitchen."

Mahooley pointed to them with pride as the only Mouses north of the landing built of boards, but they had a sad and awkward look there in the wilderness, notwithstanding.

Within the store of the French outwhich connects Beaver Bay with the

Within the store of the French outwithin the store of the French out-fit, Stiffy, the trader, was audibly to-ting up his accounts in his little box at the rear, while Mahooley, his associ-ate, sat with his chair tipped back and his heels on the cold stove. Their proper names were Henry Stiff and John Mahool, but as Stiffy and Ma-hooley they were became here.

hooley they were known from Miwasa Landing to Fort Ochre, The shelves of the store were sadly depleted; never was a store open for business with so little in it. A few canned goods of ancient vintages and a bolt or two of colored cotton were all that could be seen. Nevertheless, the French outfit was a factor to be

astute Stiffy and Mahooley were con-tent to let custom pass their door. Later on they would reach out for it. Mahocley was bored and querulous. This was the dullest of dull seasons,

started.

Stiffy and Manooley were a pair of "good hard guys," but here the resemblance ended. Stiffy was dry, scanty-haired, mercantile; Mahooley was noisy, red-faced, of a fleshly temperantat, and a wag, according to his lights.

"I'd give a dollar for a new news-

the scow and I'd push off, and when I got in the middle I'd say, 'Lord, crack this nut if you can! It's too much for

me!' and I'd step off."

"Ah, shut up! You've made me lose a whole column!' "Go to hell!"

staring.
Stiffy came quickly out of his little

outh, diffidently.

"Is the york boat in? Nobody told

me."
"No. I walked around the lake."
Mahooley looked him over from his
wornout moccasins to his bare head
"Well, you didn't bring much wit" ou," he observed.

post, which stood on a hill overlooking the bay, and still wore a military air, though the palisades had heen torn down these many years.

The French outfit, the rival concern, was a much humbler affair. It stood halfway on the short stream

The stood halfway on the short stream

The stream (To be continued.)

ECZEMA ON BABY Burned. Had to Scratch.

I., April 2, 1917.
You may rely on Cuticura to care for your skin, scalp, hair and hands.
For Free Sample Each by Mail address post-card: "Cuticura, Dept. A. Boston, U. S. A." Sold everywhere.

reckoned with.

There was no fur going now, and the

for the natives were off pitching on their summer grounds, and travel from the outside world had not yet

paper," growled Mahooley.
"That's you, always grousin' for nothin' to do!' said his partner. "Why don't you keep busy like me?"

"Say, if I was like you I'd walk down to the river here and I'd get in

Thus they bickered endlessly to pass the time. Suddenly the door opened and a stranger entered, a white man. As a rule, the slightest disturbance of their routino was heralded in advance by "moccasin telegraph." and this was like a bolt from the blue. Mahooley's chair came to the floor with a thump.
"Well, I'm damned!" he said,

box to see what was up.
"How are you?" began the stranger

"Who the hell are you?" asked Mahooley. "Sam Gladding."

Sam frowned to hide his rising blushes. He offered the rabbit-ski

robe to create a diversion.

"Musq'oosis sent it, eh?" said Ma hooley. "Put it on the counter."



Two Dudes Who Came to Stook

writing the friend to send out a couple more men. The letter follows:
Dear John,—I take my pen in hand to let you know we are all well and rite in the midst of the harvest, but the main thing I want to tell you is about the two dudes from Winnipeg that came down to help with the stooking. I rec'd word from the employment bureau in Winnipeg that they was coming at \$2.75 a day and brd, so I was down to the Station to meet them. Well Sir there was two kids got off—long about 18 or 19 years old they was. They was wearing old they was. They was wearing white shirts with big white collar over their coats, and button boots with cloth tops on 'em and nifty suits and

cloth tops on 'em and nifty suits and checked caps.

One of them he was the freshest guy of the two come up to me and he says Hello Rube, how is the little old alfalfa this fall flippin his fingers ofen the end of my whiskers. The other lad says to me stand right where you have kidde and let me feast on your are kiddo and let me feast on you— Oh Alfred isn't that makeup perfect he says, couldn't he step right onto the stage now without ever going near the dressing room. I didn't know what he was talking about cause I only had my working clothes on. I said are youse young guys looking for work. They said they had come work. They said they had come down to pick up a sittle easy money and secure some relief from the strain of the city. Do you think you can stand stookin I said and they told me

they thought they were in pretty good condishun as they had been playing pool all summer. Each of them had a nice new suitcase and I thought they was kind of light when i was throwing them in the democrat. Afterwards when they were at work the missus looked in them and all there was was all kinds of cigarettes, a safety razor and a sweater. When we was driving and a sweater. out to the farm they was asking kinds of foolish questions about the work. The Smart Alex one said it ought to be pretty good sport, beat tennis all to nothing. He asked me what was the name of the gee gee on the Starboard side and he had the gaul to ask me if he could have \$50 salary in advance.

Well that night they kind of opened

their eyes when I showed them the their eyes when I showed them the way to the hayloft to sleep and threw em a horse blanket. One of them said something about Mary Garden perfume to woo the God Morpheus.
Well I had to take a big splash out of them 80 acres of cats dead ripe so I called the beys along about 3 o'clock in the morning. I went out to the stable with a lantern and holo'clock in the morning. I went out to the stable with a lantern and hol-lered up to em. After a while I heard a noise and one of them came down the ladder carrying his suitcase. He seemed to be half asleep. Did you call, mother—he says you seem to be

calling early this morning. Calling early this morning.

Where are you going, I says.

"I'm going some place to stay all night," he says—"you disturb my rest—what's the matter, couldn't you clean?"

sleep?"
I told him this was the time we usually got up in harvest time we usually got up in harvest time and he says why waste so much time in sleep. I told him it was time to go to work. "What's the idea," he said. I told him we were going to cut oats. are they wild he says. I told him no, and he says why take adventees of

them in the dark?
Afterwards the other fellow came
iown and asked me if I believed in
aylight saving, he said I seemed to be

a good hand at it.
After breakfast we got into the field hem oats was the tallest you ever een right up over the horses heads was showing them dudes how to stock and one of them asked me if he and one of couldn't get the loan of a stepladder to stand the sheaves up. I could see it was going to be heavy work alright. Well Sir there was a heavy dew on the ground and it wasn't long till. the ground and it wasn't long till them fellows was as wet as though they had been wading in water. come close to the smart Alex one when I was passing with the binder once and he says Hey, Pop, is there any danger of submarines around I'd hate to get torpedoed just as I was leaning over to pick up a

After a while one of the lads hailed After a while one of the lads halled me when I was passing. "How is the time," he said. I looked at my watch and told him a quarter to eight. "Gawd," he said, "I thought it was near I o'clock. This is about the time I roll off the little cld ostermoor; in town," he said. We were the life to the little cld ostermoor. in town," he said. We went to eat along about noon with the sun red hot and them two lads had faces on them like the comb of our turkey gobbler. They was clean faded and they just dragged themselves up to the pump. How do you feel says one of 'en in weak voice. I feel says the other just like Jim Jeffreys felt after he was down for the third count. I feel like I'd bed ten turkish baths one after another and then been pulled through a knot hole. You could wring a tub of water out of me right now. Well Sir we went into dinner and the missus had the table piled high with new potatoes and opinion and the respectively. tatoes and onions and homemade bread and fried eggs and prunes. Those city yaps just lit into that as if they had been starved for a month. About eight eggs each they et. to one of them is your legs hollow. I understand he says right back that the board is thrown in with this job. es I says and you seem to be throw-ing it in allright. Why don't you get a pitch fork. Well anyway they felt a pitch fork. Well anyway they felt better after they had fed up a bit and smarty says to me Alfonso could you have the chef bring in some French vintage and a couple of perfectos. The

The following letter was written by a farmer near Yorkton to a friend in Winnipeg in reference to a couple of youths who came down from the city to help with the harvest. The youths at home "assisted" in a bank for a few hours each dey and thought they were working. After putting in part of a day in an oat field their desire to help to win the war by working in the harvest got a serious setback, and they hurriedly departed for the busy haunts of trade. The farmer is writing the friend to send out a couple more men. The letter follows:

Dear John,—I take my pen in hand to let you know we are all well and the main thing I want to tell you is about the two dudes from Winnipeg that came down to help with the stooking. I rec'd word from the employment bureau in Winnipeg that they was coming at \$2.75 a day and brd, so I was down to the Station to meet them. Well Sir there was two of oats and the sun sending down heat mountains. And all the time they was wrestling with them big sheaves of oats and the sun sending down heat like you was standing next to a red hot stove. Well by and by I missed them. I made another round of the field and then went over to where I saw them last. Hello I shouted and then I saw one of them stand up behind a long row of sheaves they had but up to keep off the sun. "Advance friend and give the password," said Mr. Smart Alex. I was plum disgusted, so I said ithe password is for you fellows to get out of here. They looked at me surprised like and then one of them says three cheers, we're fired, hurrah, hurrah, hurrah. The other lad was sure tuckered out. He first faised his head a little said other lad was sure tuckered out. He fast raised his head a little and said in a weak voice—Tiger—hurrah—mo-ther was right. And inside of an dour they was on the train going to Win-

Yours truly, HANK. P.S.-Send me down two MEN.

Nature's Sanitary Cop. When an animal dies in a garden or in the woods and decomposition begins, carrion bugs come from tfar and near. A dead bird, a mouse or a harmless snake wantonly killed by a narmiess shake wantomy kines by some wanderer, provides a banquet for hundreds of insects. Among thes the "grave-diggers" are found, embracing 43 species, 12 of which are

found in Europe, the rest in America.
You can identify these beetles, says the Popular Science Monthly for July, by the two jagged yellowish-red or reddish transverse bands upon their black wing-covers. Their scientific name (Necrophorus) means no more "buriers of the dead." As under takers, the insects have legs especial-

ly adapted for digging. A grave-digger beetle has a most extraordinary sense of smell. He can detect the peculiar odor of decomposition a long distance away, and flies to the dead thing as straight as an arrow. His remarkably keen nose is situated in his club-like feelers.

As a rule several grave-diggers are found near a dead body. They crawl under it and scratch the supporting earth away, so that the body soon lies in a hollow. Gradually the body is lowered until it sinks below the surjusted. Then it is convend with Then it is covered with earth. The female lays her eggs around the interred form, thus insuring for the newly-hatched larvae a plentiful food supply.

Worth Knowing.

Tomato catsup, a correspondent says, must be eaten bot to get its real flavor." Nobody knows how good that is who pours it out cold from a serve it in a small syrup pitcher.

When thin tamplers stick together and there is danger of breaking them, do not try to pull them apart, but put

onem into a pan of warm suds. In a short time they can be easily sep-would find that the worms would leave the apples and come to the surface

A teaspoonful of winegar beaten into boiled frosting when the flavoring is added will keep it from being brittle and breaking when cut, and it will be as moist in a week as the day it was made. Also, a teaspoonful of vinegar added to each pint of home-made symp will proper it from home-made syrup will prevent it from candying after it stands.

The Real "War Bread" must contain the entire wheat grain-not the white flour center - but every particle of gluten and mineral salts—also the outer bran coat that is so useful in keeping the bowels healthy and active. Shredded Wheat Biscuit is the real "war bread" because it is 100 per cent. whole wheat prepared in a digestible form. Contains no yeast, baking powder, seasoning, or chemicals of any kind. Food conservation begins with Shredded Wheat Biscuit for breakfast and ends with Shredded Wheat Biscuit for supper. Delicious with sliced bananas, berries, or other fruits. Made in Canada.