

carrots. Edith adopted a milk diet, as that seemed to offer the best chance of acquiring the desired plumpness. Hearty breakfasts were a thing of the past. In place of the sausages and buckwheat cakes, they now had prunes and dry toast. Mrs. Warne and Christina ate no lunch. For dinner there would be eggs in some form, together with "unspoiled" vegetables, as "Rational Rations" called them in their uncooked form.

Mr. Warne accepted the change with surprising docility; the only point on which he proved stubborn was in regard to the "unspoiled" vegetables.

"I'm not Nebuchadnezzar," he said grimly, "and I draw the line at munching raw carrots."

So his wife gave way to a certain extent, potatoes she refused to countenance in any form, but she agreed to cook the non-starchy vegetables. She was soon able to boast that she could cook tomatoes in twenty different ways.

"And each way is more loathsome than the others," Tom confided to his chum, Fred Davis. At first the boy had been frankly rebellious, but his father's meekness had cut the ground from under his feet.

In spite of all their efforts, Christina and her mother could not get the scales to alter their verdict by so much as an ounce. Perhaps this was the cause of their increasing irritability. Edith was more successful. She was growing much plumper, but her temper seemed to be taking on a keener edge. Her old nickname had been dropped in favor of the new one of "spitfire." Tom, too, was moody and grumpy, and only Mr. Warne preserved his accustomed geniality.

It was not only in the matter of weight that Mrs. Warne was disappointed. The magazine had promised that a rational diet would cut household expenses in half, but instead of this they had increased hugely. It was the beginning of winter, and fruits and green vegetables were naturally high in price.

She went with her difficulties to Mrs. Grey, who assured her that time was needed for a cure. "I didn't notice a bit of change in Mr. Grey for the first two months," she said. "But after that he got thin very quickly. I'm afraid, though I shall have to change his diet again, as he has been gaining weight lately."

Shortly before Christmas Mr. Warne received a letter from a brother whom he had not seen for many years.

"Eben is in New York," he said. "He is up here for the winter. We must ask him here for Christmas, of course."

Eben Warne, an elderly bachelor, owned a ship-broking business in Rio Janeiro, and was quite wealthy.

"Why not invite him at once for a long visit?" Mrs. Warne suggested. "I will get the south room ready."

"About the food," Mr. Warne hesitated. "Would it not be well to make a change while Eben is visiting us?"

"Probably he will prefer our simple diet," his wife said, hopefully. "I have heard that in hot countries the people seldom touch meat, but live chiefly on fruit."

"As you like," said her husband with a resigned air. "I'm certain of one thing, though; if Eben doesn't like the food he will mention it. Extreme frankness is one of his outstanding qualities. By the way, have you ordered the Christmas goose yet?"

"No goose shall be cooked in this house this year," Mrs. Warne said firmly. "For once, we shall have a rational Christmas."

"Just what does that mean?"

"There was a model menu in the last number of 'Rational Rations.' Poached eggs, with mushrooms, onion and tomato salad, baked cabbage, nuts and raisins." Mr. Warne stifled a groan.

Two days later Uncle Eben arrived. He was tall and spare, and as yellow as one of his niece's carrots. He greeted his sister-in-law with gruff friendliness.

"Plump as ever, I see Mary. And this is Christina, I suppose. And can this buxom young lady be little Edith? Your girls certainly take after you, Mary. The Warnes are thin."

Dinner began with a clear soup, in honor of the guest. Having consumed his portion with an air of appreciation, Uncle Eben leaned back in his chair expectantly.

Chocolate the Ready Luncheon

WHEN business prohibits your leaving the office at lunch time, yet you are hungry and tired—eat chocolate! for chocolate is a sustaining food.

All through the war the value of chocolate has been demonstrated.

The Allied soldiers found that when fatigued, eating chocolate renewed their energy, and thousands will testify how bars of chocolate used as emergency rations supplied them with strength to "carry on" in many a tight pinch.

Chocolate has proven its vitality-restoring qualities to every Canadian soldier. Profit by this war lesson. Apply it to civil life.

Eat chocolate as a luncheon—it satisfies—and will help you through the business hours.

Chocolate is a food product which the human system craves and demands. It fills a real need.

Keep a few bars of chocolate in your desk drawer. Eat them when you feel fatigued—they will help relieve the strain of your work.

"Chocolate is a most nourishing fat food and a delightful stimulant, especially valuable in cases of extreme fatigue or exposure."

—Canada Lancet.

It is a Splendid Food.

THE CONFECTIONERY AND CHOCOLATE INDUSTRIES OF CANADA

