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The Revolt From Four Walls

By C. COURTENAY SAVAGE.

CHAPTER VI. (Continued).

They went across the grassy field towards the house. To Guy's surprise, the front door was wide open and a lamp still burned on the table. He ran upstairs to the bedroom. The bed was untouched. He ran to other rooms but Madeline was not in any of them. He went down stairs again. A paper lay on the floor beside her favorite chair, as if it had fallen from her lap when she jumped to her feet. He looked about for a note. There was none. He thought of the small gun that he had given her and which she always kept on one corner of the old-fashioned mantel. It was missing. Madeline had left the house in a hurry, not even waiting to turn down the lamp and had gone—where?

CHAPTER VII.

Guy Wardell had the happy faculty of not giving away to excitement. When he realized that Madeline was capable of taking care of herself, he made a pot of coffee, fled away the iron hand around Smith's ankle and changed to dry clothes.

"I guess we'd better take a further look around the grounds," said Guy, when John Baker came around the corner of the house. Madeline was with him.

Guy ran down the steps toward her. "Madeline! what happened?" She laughed.

"Oh, I can have my little adventure—just as you can have yours. I'll trade you last—what happened to you?"

Briefly he told his night's adventures; then it was Madeline's turn. "It was about ten o'clock," Madeline explained, "and Rose had gone home instead of spending the night here, when I decided that I would go in—floors and read for an hour. Naturally, I was just a little worried because you didn't come home to supper."

"So I lit the lamp and tried to read, but fell asleep in the arm-chair. I woke with a start and found that it was almost twelve. I had a feeling that there had been a noise or that someone was near me so I picked up the gun and went quietly out on the verandah and listened and then from off near the sap house, I heard a faint clang and then silence.

"It was too much for my curiosity. I simply had to do a little scouting on my own hook! I heard a strange sound. I went closer, and while I could not actually see anything, I knew by the sounds and the bits of whispered conversation that there were two men digging. One of them kept saying, 'Careful—careful!'"

"Soon they finished digging and started off through the woods. From what they said I guessed that they were carrying something valuable. They went to the sap house and lit a small lamp. They were very careful to shut out the light but they did not stop talking and I knew by what they were saying that they were fixing time clocks on bombs."

"No?" shouted Wardell.

"Yes—and in about ten minutes they came out and hurried away. I was right after them, keeping close."

"The first place they went was John's—and they put a bomb under the old toolhouse back of the barn. Then they went over to El Moran's place and put a bomb in his corn crib. The next place was Hamilton's—inside the door of their old carriage house. I got quite close to them when they were at Hamilton's, and I heard one of them say, 'Thank God this job's done!'"

"The next thing I did," she hurried on with her narrative, "was to run all the way to John's place and wake him up. We got a couple of pails of water, and took a chance of being blown up by dousing the barn bomb with water. We could hear the clock they had with it ticking just as plain. The clock stopped—and we had a look at the bomb. He said that it wasn't very big, or didn't look very dangerous. Then we hurried to the other places and spoiled both of those bombs."

"Any man could be proud of her!" John Baker said quietly, "I certainly am. What do you make out of this business?"

"Well," Guy paused long enough to think it over. "It looks mostly like a stunt to frighten the community. The bombs were small?"

"Yes."

"Then I rather imagine it's a case of frightening people, and probably use the scare as a start for some bigger scheme."

"Exactly. And we've got to be exactly one jump ahead. In the meantime it might be a good idea to send word to a few of the more reliable men around here—the fellows you are sure you can trust, to drift down this way."

CHAPTER VIII.

One thing was certain to the group of ten men and two women that met at the Wardell place later than morning, and that was that the results of the night before, the escape of Smith and the failure of the bombs to explode, would surely precipitate matters and the agitators would make a radical move at once.

They talked for an hour and arrived at a few decisions of importance. One was that it would be better to tell the sheriff, and have a lot of Joe Doe warrants filled out. Wardell and Gregory Smith, because of their actions of the night before, were to remain at Wardell's house, under cover, and keep their guns handy. The Wardell house was to be the headquarters, and, as far as possible, all the telephone lines were to be kept free for instantaneous communication. A code signal was to name the place of meeting.

The group of men dispersed watchfully. Baker was to notify the sheriff, and get the warrants, half a dozen men were to tell the neighbors chosen to take part in the raid on the meeting.

To the four that remained at Wardell's house, Rose Baker, Madeline Wardell, Gregory Smith and Wardell himself, the hours dragged miserably. But dusk turned to darkness and the night hours slipped by without anything happening. It was as if a pall of inertia had fallen over the Point. Nothing moved. Finally, about eleven, the four who were waiting at the Wardell house, just as others waited in their homes, gave up their vigil in disgust and went to bed.

A hammering on the side of the house woke Guy with a start.

"What was that?" Madeline cried. "Someone knocking," and, in his hand, Wardell hurried downstairs. He was cautious enough to peer out through the glass door before exposing himself to anyone who might be lurking in the shadows. He saw none one but something white, paper like, on the floor of the verandah, held down by a stone. He hesitated just a moment, then he picked it up. It was a message, written in a scrawling hand:

If you wish to help your country, come at once to the maple grove at the end of the Point. The meeting begins at sunrise. I need your help. Come armed, and bring other help you can trust.

"What do you suppose it is—a trap?" Smith asked. "Or possibly there is a stool pigeon on the inside."

"Certainly—but—imagine our having a friend in that crowd—one who would bother to write that note and leave it here?"

Ten minutes later, heavily armed, they plunged off through the woods along the shore, headed north towards the end of the Point. From other houses men were starting in the same direction. It was an ideal location that the agitators had chosen for in the heart of a dense wood of cedar trees, was this open grove, surrounded by maple trees.

And, in the maple grove, the man with the face of a ferret climbed to a fallen log and started to address the farm hands who had assembled at his bidding, while the fat man who had lived in the sap house watched the expressions on the men's faces, and scowled at what he found there.

CHAPTER IX.

The first rays of the sun were piercing the clouds as Guy and Gregory Smith skirted the heavily wooded shore of the Point at a pace that was almost a trot.

It occurred to them both, as so often occurs to men who make hasty plans, that their little band would lack organization. The sheriff, of course, could not get out from town on ten minutes notice, though John Baker had the warrants for the arrest of the agitators.

(To be continued.)

Sugar From Sawdust.

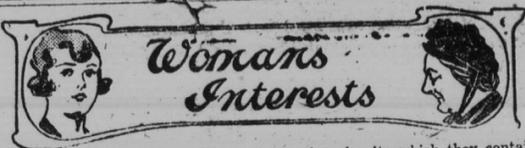
One of the latest triumphs of science is the production of glucose, or grape sugar, from sawdust.

The sawdust is treated with acid by a new process, and enormous supplies of sugar may be anticipated from the results obtained.

Quantities of motor spirit are obtained from sawdust and wood, and the production of sugar is only another example of the way in which chemists to-day are obtaining useful products from almost every kind of waste material.

The tongue of a giraffe measures, on an average, two feet in length.

Minard's Liniment Relieves Colds, Etc.



Women's Interests

Choosing the Day's Food.

While it is essential that every one have foods from the five food groups in order to be kept in the best physical condition, it is not necessary that we have all five classes at every meal, or even every day. There can be occasional lapses of a few days when the family goes without some one class without any special harm resulting, but no one can eliminate one class for several weeks or months without suffering. For example, the quickness with which under-nourished children who never had milk, add flesh when they drink two quarts of milk a day—or even one quart—shows the necessity of milk in the dietary of growing children. However, while we do not require vegetables or fruit, meat, eggs or milk, cereals, fats and sweets at every meal, we should aim to have all five every day.

The typical Canadian breakfast is a good one for the best physical development. In the average home it consists of fruit, cereal with milk or cream, bacon and eggs, or one of these, toast or rolls and coffee or cocoa. If it is necessary for economy, the toast could be eliminated, as we have the grain in our cereal and are simply duplicating foods. If plenty of milk is taken, eggs are not necessary. If the supply of cream is lacking and buttered toast is not served, bacon would furnish the fat. Fruit should be included if possible, either fresh or canned. Cooked fruits, the scientists tell us, lose their vitamins, but as generations staggered along on canned fruit before vitamins were discovered, it is an open question whether or not mother's canned fruit isn't as beneficial to the human race as the fresh fruit.

For dinner, if possible, give one of all five classes. Meat or eggs you will have. Potatoes take care of the vegetable dish, though you always plan on a side vegetable; bread furnishes the cereal; your dessert, cake, pudding, pie or cookies provides the sweet, butter and the quantities of meat fat outside workers consume in gravy, furnishes the fat.

Supper may be a light meal again. Warm potatoes, fried or creamed, perhaps cold meat, or eggs or tinned fish, plenty of whole wheat bread and butter, cake or cookies, and if you have it, a salad vegetable, such as lettuce, celery, radishes, endive, any vegetable that may be eaten raw. Raw vegetables are too often passed by because they do not seem to furnish the actual nourishment that heartier cooked vegetables do. But they are necessary to good health because of

the mineral salts which they contain. Furnishing a balanced ration is not a difficult thing. It is merely a question of keeping away from one sort of food to the exclusion of other sorts. Do not, as too many families who are far from supplies of fresh meats and vegetables, run to starches and give the family baked things, while abstaining from vegetables, fruits, meat and eggs. Plan during the summer to have a cellar full of root vegetables and canned fruit and vegetables.

Then in place of an over-supply of baked stuff, use generous quantities of vegetables and milk. If the family will not drink milk, see that they get it in cornstarch pudding, rice, tapioca and bread pudding, custard, and in creamed vegetable soup. Cook the vegetables until they will go through a strainer, and add to it the scalded milk. If you have nothing else, make cream potato soup and flavor with onion juice.

Small Economies.

A practical use can be made of old silk garments, petticoats, bloomers, waists and so forth, by making them into a baby afghan.

Cut in strips about one-half inch wide and crochet or knit, if preferred, small blocks, six or eight inches square; if you crochet them, use the double stitch, taking into back part of stitch, which gives a ridge. After you have crocheted the number of blocks necessary, arrange the blocks so the ridges run vertical in one row and horizontal or crocheted together. Starting at one corner, place a block with ridges running horizontally; place a second block, ridges horizontal, above this, and one each side of second block, a block with vertical ridges. The next row consists of five blocks and they may be alternated, as directed, beginning and ending with vertical ridges. Add other rows the same, to the width of the slumber-robe, diagonally; then decrease the blocks, each row. This arrangement gives a pointed edge, which may be finished with a crocheted border. This is a pretty thing.

A broken window-pane can sometimes be repaired by placing a smaller pane of glass over the opening, cementing it in place with Canada balsam, the sticky, yellow-colored liquid used by opticians for cementing bifocal glasses. Be careful not to get the balsam on any part of the glass save where you want it, as it does not dissolve. When possible, place the window down flat and pour a few drops of the balsam around the broken edges. Pressing the smaller pane slowly and firmly in place is all that is needed to spread the cement.

A Test of Nerve.

While hunting in the Canadian Rockies one day a woman showed a rare presence of mind. With her guide and companion, she was spending the day on a high mountain waiting for a grizzly bear that they had sighted the day before. About five o'clock in the afternoon they saw the bear far down the mountain feeding on moss berries, and they immediately started on a wide detour to stalk him. After they had dropped down to a lower altitude they followed a little ledge round the steep mountain.

Meanwhile brul had changed his plans, and was climbing the mountain to the same shelf on which the hunters were walking. As they made their way cautiously round a projecting point, with the woman in the lead, they met him face to face at a distance of less than thirty paces. The moment he came into full view the woman threw her rifle to her shoulder and took a quick shot. The bear crumpled up and rolled far down the mountain side, and when the hunters reached him he was stone-dead. What would have happened if the shot had missed is hard to conjecture. No hunter would choose to shoot a grizzly at thirty paces. The guide was well armed, but if the woman's shot had failed, he would have been at too close quarters to have done anything effective. It all happened so quickly that there was no chance for comment or advice.

Increase in Fur Values.

Five years ago the wholesale price of a good muskrat skin was thirty-seven cents. To-day it is \$5.10. Other kinds of furs have gone up in an astonishing way.

The United States Biological Survey cites the case of a man who in 1913 bought a mink-lined coat for \$500. After wearing it four years he sold the lining for \$1,000 and replaced it with nutria at a cost of \$150. In 1917 he sold the nutria lining for \$250 and put in a muskrat lining at a cost of \$75. Last year he sold the muskrat lining for \$300 and he still has the coat, with a clear profit of \$845.

Naturally, the high prices obtainable for furs have incited trappers and gunners to extra efforts in the pursuit of fur-bearing animals, which in consequence are decreasing in numbers at an accelerated rate. The draining of marshes has a tendency to wipe out the muskrats. The only hope for fur-bearing animals lies in their domestication—i.e., in establishing preserves for them where they will be safe from molestation.

"Keep Sweet and Keep Movin'."

Hard to be sweet when the throng is dense,
When elbows jostle and shoulders crowd;
Easy to give and to take offence
When the touch is rough and the voice is loud;
"Keep to the right" in the city's throng;
"Divide the road" on the broad highway;
There's one way right when everything's wrong;
"Easy and fair goes far in a day."
Just
"Keep sweet and keep movin'."

The quick taunt answers the hasty word—
The lifetime chance for a "help" is missed;
The muddiest pool is a fountain stirred.
A kind hand clinched makes an ugly fist,
When the nerves are tense and the mind is vexed,
The spark lies close to the magazine;
Whisper a hope to the soul perplexed—
Banish the fear with a smile serene—
Just
"Keep sweet and keep movin'."
—Robert J. Burdette.

France to Preserve Battle-fields.

Certain sections of the French battle fronts, including dugouts and trenches, are to be preserved as historic monuments if the proposal being prepared by Senators of the devastated regions get Parliament's approval. Whether this will include any of the ruined cities is not yet known, but it is not considered likely, in view of the fact that the State would have to pay the owners of the land involved huge sums without having any definite assurance that it would be refunded by the Germans in indemnities.

There is a constant demand that future generations have something definite to see of the war's horrors besides a depleted treasury, and the Senators believe this is possible by buying several thousand acres and appointing caretakers to prevent the trenches, tunnels and mine craters from being worn away by the ravages of time or filled with weeds, as now is the case all along the battle fronts.

The cost of purchase and operation would be recovered by imposing a fee on all visitors to the reservation, this to be increased by a systematic organization of visits of school children from all parts of France. The tentative arrangements call for at least 500,000 francs from this year's budget allowances, which seems to be the only argument against Parliament's approval.

Big Medical Fees.

The \$60,000 fee said to have been paid to Dr. Deblet, the famous French surgeon, for attending the late King of Greece, although a big sum as medical payments go, by no means establishes a record.

A famous British physician, Sir Morell Mackenzie, received just about double this—\$100,000, with extras for travelling and hotel expenses—for attending the Emperor Frederick of Germany.

Dr. Lorenz, of Vienna, the "bloodless surgeon," was paid \$160,000 by Philip J. Armour, the Chicago "meat king," for curing his little daughter of hip disease. But then he was detained in America for four months over the job.

Another famous bloodless surgeon, Dr. James Gale, was offered \$250,000 by a wealthy patient suffering from lameness, on the principle of "no cure, no pay." Gale accepted the conditions, effected a complete and permanent cure, and received his fee—probably the biggest on record.

The first Baron Dimsdale, for a very brief attendance on the Empress Catherine of Russia, received his title, \$50,000 in cash, an annuity of \$2,500 a year for life, and \$5,000 for the expenses of his journey between London and St. Petersburg and back.

"Work hard, play hard!" is the motto given to Scottish Boy Scouts by Earl Haig.

Money Proverbs.

Time is money and one should save as well as the other.

The time to save money is in the morning of life.

Don't put off until afternoon what you can do in the morning.

The way to make money is to take advantage of every opportunity to earn—the way to save money is to put it in a bank on interest.

Can you imagine the satisfaction of the man in an armchair in front of a fire in his home who knows he has a savings account in a bank every dollar of which is working for him night and day.

The first dollar deposited in a bank may be the first brick in the new home you've dreamed of.

Money in one's pocket burns a hole and drops through; money in a bank earns interest every day in the year.

The secret of making money is the saving of it.

It is not what you earn, but what you save that makes you rich.

Put your savings in a reliable bank and let it earn interest for you.

By saving something every week, you begin each week richer.

Spending all you earn now does not mean future prosperity.

Live within your means, and put something away for the future.

Harnessing the Sun for Power.

Any physicist will tell you that this talk about converting the static electricity of the atmosphere into dynamic current is just silly nonsense. Pure bunk, in other words. But the question of transforming the energy of sunshine into electrical energy is wholly different, and the hope that this will eventually be accomplished economically to furnish power for running machinery, etc., is not without substantial basis.

Prof. A. A. Campbell-Swinton urges that, by methods analogous to those which have produced such fruitful results in wireless communication, it may be possible to convert the energy of sunshine directly into usable electrical energy.

The glowing surface which the sun presents to us (considering it as a flat disk) has the enormous area of 585,750,000 square miles, each square foot of which emits energy equivalent to 12,500 continuous horsepower. The average radiant energy delivered on the surface of the earth at noon on a clear day in middle latitudes is about 5,000 horsepower per acre.

Although as yet no great success has been obtained in the utilization of solar energy for mechanical purposes, steps in that direction have undoubtedly produced worthwhile results. The most remarkable sun engine built up to date is located and operated at Meadi, near Cairo, in Egypt. It consists of five 205-foot boilers placed on edge and in the focus of five channel-shaped mirrors. Its best run for an hour yielded 1,442 pounds of steam at a pressure of nearly sixteen pounds to the square inch—equivalent to sixty-three horsepower per acre of land occupied by the plant. The latter is used in connection with irrigation work.

In some tropical regions, where coal is scarce—as in Egypt, the Punjab and the African, Karoo—teakwood boxes blackened inside, fitted with glass tops and properly insulated are in common use for cooking, baking and other purposes. These sun ovens, which have the advantage of eliminating cost of fuel, afford a temperature of 240 to 275 degrees Fahrenheit in the middle of the day. Provided with a mirror for a reflector they will run up to 290 degrees.



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Home is the place where the laughter should ring,
And man should be found at his best.
Let the cares of the day be as great as they may,
The night has been fashioned for rest.
So stand at the door when the tolling is o'er
And leave all your burdens behind,
And just be a dad to your girl or your lad—
A dad of the tolling kind.

The work-place is made for the tasks you must face;
It is built for the toil you must do;
You may sit there and sigh as your cares pile up high,
And no one may criticize you;
You may worry and fret as you think of your debt,
You may grumble when plans go astray,
But when it comes night, and you shut your desk tight,
Don't carry your burdens away.

Keep daytime for toil and the nighttime for play,
Work as hard as you choose in the town,
But when the day ends and the darkness descends,
Just forget that you're wearing a frown.
Go home with a smile! Oh, you'll find it worth while,
Go home light of heart and of mind;
Go home and be glad that you're loved as a dad,
A dad of the fun-loving kind.

A Desert Ice Pack.

With the thermometer registering at noon one hundred and thirty degrees Fahrenheit, says Popular Mechanics, a party of professional men made ice near an oasis in the Sahara Desert and saved the life of a comrade who suffered from malignant fever. At seven o'clock in the evening the men shoveled down through the hot sand to a cooler stratum and formed a pit about eighteen inches deep. On the level bottom of the depression they placed a blanket that measured about five by eight feet. Then, drawing on the supply of camel fodder, they covered the blanket with chopped straw. From the oasis they drew water and covered the blanket to a depth of half an inch. As the night advanced the temperature fell, and at midnight frost crystals formed on the floating straw. At three o'clock the straw was embedded in a sheet of ice.

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