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they rang the bell, but their repeated rings met with no response.

Come out into the garden, Betty, Mr. Gray Man always gives us flowers and he wouldn't mind if we took a few. Come on," he coaxed as Betty hesitated. It was almost dusk when two tired, happy children trudged their homeward

way carrying an armful of June roses.
"Bobby Masson, I'm positively ashamed of you," Madge scolded, when she heard

the explanation. The next morning two subdued little culprits bearing the evidence of their guilt in their arms and also a brief, business-like note expressing regret for the act committed and a promise that it should not occur again, started for Mr. Gray Man's. An hour later they returned laden with the choicest flowers of the wonderful garden.

"I just knew Mr. Gray Man wouldn't care a bit," declared Bobby triumphantly. "He's the nicest, bestest man in the whole world, isn't he, Betty?"

"Auntie Madge, are you going home to-morrow?" queried the twins almost tearfully, for Madge had announced her intention of returning to the city on the two-thirty train providing their mother arrived earlier in the day.

"Yes, dear," replied Madge, regret-fully, "but we're going to have a nice, long car ride this evening." Madge was beginning to revel in the green freshess of the country, the broad fields and the years, but had in mind the real bread, that blue sky, the sense of freedom too ap-

Madge made no reply. browner and handsomer than ever standing there in the dusky twilight. She had often rehearsed their first meeting to be in readiness for the occasion when 13 should arise, but now it was in vain that she tried to recall those formally polite phrases, instead she found herself con-tentedly listening to his deep rich voice as he told her of his wonderful plans for the future.

"Why Auntie Madge is cryin'," observed Bobby in an awed whisper.

"Yes, but she's laughin', too," said etty, "and Mr. Gray Man looks most awful happy. I just heard him askin' her to come to the garden and help him 'range the 'lyssum border.'

"Let's go and see Polly parrot," sug-gested Bobby, leading the way to the wide verandah where a very sociable Polly flaunted her gay plumage and chatted senselessly to anyone who chanced

"Say, Auntie Madge, do you like Mr. Gray Man, too?" queried Bobby as he tumbled off into dreamland that night. And Auntie Madge's only answer was a soft kiss on his round, rosy cheek.

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Bread, the Staff of Life

Whoever first said that "bread is the staff of life" did not have in mind the white bread to which man has become accustomed the last twenty-five or more which was made from the whole grain



Prince Arthur of Connaught and party, with their catch, at Robinson Pool, Nipigon, C.N.R.

pealed to her. To-morrow she would flour, such as whole wheat, whole rye, be hemmed in by brick walls.

"I wonder," she began half aloud as she put the car on low gear, but her soliloguy was destined to remain unfinished for with a deafening report the

back tire went down.
"Well," said Madge, optimistically, "perhaps we can call on someone who lives in this house to come to our rescue." "Why, this is where Mr. Gray Man cried Betty, clapping her hands

gleefully.

"And there's Mr. Gray Man coming down the walk now, and he looks just as nice as ever," added Bobby joyfully.

The twins ran eagerly to meet him. "Gee! Mr. Gray Man, it was a real blow-out and Auntie Madge is tryin' to

"Auntie Madge!" repeated their companion slowly, giving a hand to each. He was walking with long rapid strides now for the slender figure kneeling by the battered tire looked strangely familiar.

'Could it be?" he wondered. Madge was so intent on making a thorough examination of the gaping rent that she was unaware of his approach until Bobby announced proudly. "This until Bobby announced proudly. is our Mr. Gray Man, Auntie Madge."

"Oh! If I had only known," he murmured, taking both her slim, white hands in his own brown ones. "Two whole weeks wasted! I fancied Bobby's aunt was a very austere maiden of fifty or thereabouts and instead I have found

"Oh! Madge, it was cruel not to let me

whole corn.

More than likely, he who wrote it had in mind the tasty and nourishing corn breads made from the whole corn, because there is no better bread to be made

than this. At the present time, necessity demands that we should give up the use of wheat for breads, and that we should use substitutes, the best of which we have in corn. It is a great pity that mankind generally is not aware of the fact that the neglected corn is far richer in the nutritive elements than wheat, that it contains a greater amount of nitrates, and a greater amount of fat than wheat flour does.

When we mention wheat flour, we have in mind the whole wheat flour and not the denatured white flour which is totally deficient in food value and is, without doubt, the cause of the rapid increase of consumption, anaemia, cancer and other fearful diseases, because while these white flour products satisfy the appetite and fill the stomach, they fail to feed the

system. Stern necessity demand that we use substitutes in place of wheat, but even if this necessity did not exist, if there were no war to win, it would still be of the greatest importance to mankind generally to use corn, barley, rice and other products in place of the wheat flours formerly so extensively used, and if the American people learn to do this, they will thereby save more lives within a decade than will have been killed during the entire war. This is saying much, but it is a great