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A Business Bride

By Hilda Richmond

CHAPTER III.—(Cont'd.)
John watched Jessie narrowly the day the letter came telling of an offer for the stock she had always considered worthless. To all intents he was busy reading a newspaper, but he saw the tears coming in her eyes, and she gathered up the mail in her gingham apron and retired upstairs to take in the details of the offer. When she came down there were traces of her recent emotion, but her face was calm and her voice controlled.

"I have had a surprise," she said calmly. "I received an offer this morning for the stock Mr. Potter owned in the Black Diamond Coal Company and which I always thought was worthless. It comes through Mr. Dobson who is a lawyer in Richmond. Can you tell me if he is reliable?"

"Absolutely," said John, trying to say it carelessly. "If he has made you an offer you can be sure it is all right."
"It is for a client of his, rather than for himself. He offers me \$5,000 for my shares and wants an immediate answer. I think I shall accept." "It seems to me you would be wise to do so."

"I think so, too, and I shall write him at once. It will enable me to do the things that I imagined it would take years to accomplish. I can get a little home and have my children with me." John's eyes stared straight ahead, but she did not seem to see him. "I have had an offer from the Elm Park Church to be their organist, and when I am settled I can get some music pupils to help out." She seemed to have forgotten John and was talking to herself. "It's wonderful—wonderful! I can hardly wait to carry out my plans."

"And what about me?" gasped John.
"Oh, I shall give you plenty of time to look for another housekeeper, of course," she said promptly. "I shall probably have to wait some time for this money, and I may as well stay here as to go away. You can be looking around for another woman and I'll have the house all cleaned by that time. Almost any one can easily learn what you like to eat, and that is all you care about."

"I—I thought you'd want to stay here always," faltered the miserable man. "That is—we're married. Fella will say—"

"Stay here always!" said Jessie with fine scorn. "What for, I should like to know? You yourself said it was a mere business transaction and—"

"Spare me!" groaned John. "I know I had no sense in those days but I've acquired some since. I want you, I need you. I love you."
"I guess if you get your meals regularly and don't have to gad over the country with any woman, you'll be perfectly content," interrupted Jessie. "I wonder if you think it has been such a joy to stay here in this house that I want to stay always? Which sounds ungrateful, but I'm not ungrateful. You gave me a place to stay and a chance to earn a living for my children and pay my debts, and I thank you for it. But when you talk about our marriage, that's a different thing."

CHAPTER IV.
Jessie and her children were soon settled in her new home, which was a very tiny rented house on a back street. The months passed and at last came Thanksgiving. A small round table with its modest little glass dish of fruit for a centerpiece (and to look "Thanksgiving," a Grace said), its cheap but pretty china looked very dear and homey to the three, and they were just sitting down when a knock at the door interrupted the proceedings. It was John Grayson but he would not enter.

"Read that!" he said, thrusting a folded newspaper toward Jessie. "I've come to say good-bye. I'm going West to start all over again. When a man has lost everything he can begin in a new place better. There! Go back to your dinner. I'm sorry to interrupt your Thanksgiving meal, but it will soon be train time and I've got things to do before I go."
"John Grayson makes assignment for the benefit of his creditors," read Jessie aloud, and then held out her hand in sudden sympathy.

"Good-bye," he muttered, gloomily. "But John—how did it ever happen?"
"My fault," said he gruffly. "I neglected things—speculated. I don't seem to be much good lately."
"You come right in and have dinner with us," said Jessie. "There is plenty of time before your train goes."



Conservation Cakes.

Cake is classed as a luxury, and while some folks may feel that many of us do not need it, on the other hand there are quite a few persons who feel that they would rather have a piece of cake and less meat, eggs and other expensive foods.

Do not use butter, sugar or wheat flour for cakes. Aside from the actual cost, these foods are required to feed the starving people of Europe. Honey, maple and corn syrups may be used in place of sugar. Any vegetable shortening will replace the butter. Corn, barley, buckwheat, rice, potato and oat flour can all be used in place of wheat.

How to Mix These Conservation Cakes.—Select a bowl large enough to permit the mixture to be thoroughly beaten. Then start at the top of the recipe and add each ingredient just as it is named. When all are added then beat hard to thoroughly incorporate and pour into pans and bake.

Fruit Cake.—Use level measurements only. $\frac{3}{4}$ cupful honey or syrup, 3 tablespoonsful shortening, $\frac{1}{4}$ cupful water, $\frac{1}{4}$ cupful corn flour, $\frac{1}{4}$ cupful cornstarch, 4 tablespoonsful baking powder, 5 tablespoonsful cocoa, 1 teaspoonful cinnamon, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoonful cloves, 1 cupful raisins. Mix in the order given and then pour into prepared pans and bake in a moderate oven forty-five minutes. Cool and set away for two days to blend. It may then be used. Almost any kind of shortening may be used in these cakes—beef suet, chicken fat or a blend of mutton, pork and chicken fat.

Spice Cup Cakes.— $\frac{3}{4}$ cupful syrup, 4 tablespoonsful water, 4 tablespoonsful shortening, 1 egg, $\frac{1}{4}$ cupful buckwheat flour, 1 cupful corn flour, 1 cupful cornstarch, 1 cupful raisins. Beat together in order given and then bake in well-greased muffin pans for eighteen minutes in a hot oven.

Sponge Cake.— $\frac{1}{4}$ cupful syrup, 2 tablespoonsful water, $\frac{1}{4}$ cupful eggs, 1 cupful rice flour, 2 eggs, 1 cupful corn flour, 1 cupful cornstarch, 1 cupful raisins. Beat hard to mix and then carefully fold in the stiffly beaten whites of two eggs. Bake in a tube, layer or square pans or muffin pans.

Conservation Crullers.— $\frac{1}{4}$ cupful syrup, 6 tablespoonsful water, 1 egg, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoonful nutmeg, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoonful cinnamon, 2 cupfuls buckwheat flour, 2 cupfuls barley flour, 8 level teaspoonfuls baking powder. Work to a smooth dough and then roll or pat into a tube, layer or square pans or muffin pans.

Oatmeal Macaroons.— $\frac{1}{4}$ cupful syrup, 1 egg. Beat thoroughly and then add: $\frac{1}{4}$ cupfuls rolled oats, 4 tablespoonsful cornstarch, 1 teaspoonful baking powder. Mix thoroughly and then form into small rounds on a well-greased tin. Bake in a moderate oven twelve minutes.

Cream Puffs.— $\frac{1}{4}$ cupful water, 4 tablespoonsful shortening. Place in a saucepan and bring to a boil. Now while the water is boiling, sift to thoroughly mix $\frac{1}{4}$ cupful rice flour, $\frac{1}{4}$ cupful corn flour, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoonful salt. When water is boiling add the prepared flour all at once and stir to prevent lumping and cook until mixture forms in a ball upon the spoon. Cool and then add yolks of 2 eggs, one at a time. Then the whites of the eggs, one at a time, now add one teaspoonful baking powder. Beat hard to thoroughly mix; usually about five minutes, after adding the last white of egg. Drop in large spoonfuls on well-greased pan about four inches apart. Bake in a hot oven thirty minutes.

Note.—Do not open the oven door the first twelve minutes. This is frequently the cause of the failure in making the puffs. Fill with custard or fruit whip, adding three tablespoonfuls of chopped nuts and a bit of jelly on top of the puff.

Jelly Roll.—1 cupful syrup, 4 tablespoonsful water, 2 eggs, $\frac{1}{4}$ cupful rice flour, $\frac{1}{4}$ cupful cornstarch, 2 tablespoonsful baking powder. Beat hard for five minutes to blend and then pour in one-half inch deep in an 8-inch long pan that has been lined with paper. Bake for twelve minutes in a hot oven and then remove and turn out on a cloth, dusted lightly with cornstarch and then spread with jelly and roll while warm.

Note.—Grease the paper in the baking pan before pouring in the mixture.

Keeping Flowers in the Dining Room.
Said a woman whose flowers are always admired by her neighbor, "All through the snowy days of last winter I kept my dining room bright and cheery with potted plants and flowers. Not one of them died, and they were so strong and healthy when spring came that I set them out in my garden, where they quite outgrew themselves and became such husky fellows that I have imprisoned them in pots again and put them in winter quarters. This is the first real

success that I have ever had with flowers, and I attribute it all to keeping the earth loose around the roots, watering them regularly, allowing the sun to shine on them as much as possible, and most of all to what I term the 'Flower Tonic.' This I administer every two weeks, and it is composed of one teaspoonful of household ammonia mixed with two quarts of lukewarm water. Whenever the plants began to fade or took lifeless this would revive them in a short time, especially when they were in pots, for then they had less nourishment to draw from as well as having to contend with the artificial heat."

Helpful Hints.

Scalloped rice with eggs makes a good main dish.
The old-fashioned Indian pudding, seasoned with molasses and spices, should be revived. It is so nourishing and so cheap.

Scrubbing brushes will last much longer if after using they are washed thoroughly in strongly salted water and dried in the open air.

A soft, curled edge rug may be made stiff and new looking by placing a damp cloth underneath the rug and another one on top and pressing with a hot iron.

The oftener the dough is rolled, the tougher the crackers will be.
In cases of burns, powdered charcoal soothes the pain and heals the sore very quickly.

Steamed puddings and steamed breads can very well be cooked in the fireless cooker.
It improves mashed turnip to beat it with an eggbeater until it is creamy smooth.

Three-quarters of a cup of raisins and one-quarter of a cup of walnut meats put separately through the meat chopper, then mixed, salted, shaped into small, flat cakes, and wrapped in paraffin paper, are concentrated nourishment for children or grown-ups who take lunches.

To fill up nail holes in woodwork make a stiff paste of sawdust and glue. Press this into the holes and after painting or varnishing they will be undiscernible.

When the glue dries up in the bottle add a little vinegar and it will resume its liquid state.

Baked apple sauce is delicious. Pare and chop the apples put in pudding dish, sprinkle well with sugar, add enough boiling water to one-third fill the dish. Bake slowly for two hours.

To have approximately the same sweetness, in place of one cupful of sugar use one cupful of honey or one and two-thirds of two cupfuls of corn syrup.

Corn syrup contains one-quarter cupful of liquid, therefore when substituting for sugar, reduce the original amount of liquid in the recipe one-quarter cupful.

CANADA'S WAR WORK

An Appreciation by a Writer in the New York Herald.

An inspiration for American workmen and American industrial managers is found in the magnificent record of Canada in supplying munitions and other war material for the cause of democracy, says the New York Herald.

Never a great manufacturing nation, Canada nevertheless recognized early in the struggle that it was up to her to send not only men and food to the Allies, but munitions as well. She rose splendidly to the task and the efforts of her workingmen and industrial leaders have resulted in the sending of 60,000,000 shells thus far. The value of the munitions supplied in \$1,000,000,000, and another \$200,000,000 worth soon will have been sent overseas.

In shipbuilding the Canadian government has outlined an ambitious plan, which is being carried out admirably. This year will witness the turning out of about 500,000 tons of new shipping, two-thirds of steel, and the rest of wood—about one-fourth of the British output for the year 1917.

Canada is also doing her share in aircraft work. Entering this unexplored field within a year, she is now turning out about 350 airplanes a month, with a total to date of 2,500. And Canada is manning the planes, too.

Altogether Canada's war product effort is a notable one and is calculated to stimulate American workmen to renewed effort to do their larger part in war work.

The Foundations of Damascus.
When we speak of Damascus as the oldest city in the world we do not mean the first of cities. Many a Damascus must underlie the present one, the earliest record of which dates back to the time of Abraham. But there was an incredible civilization in Crete thousands of years ago, and long before the first mention of Damascus the people of Upper Egypt had built the pyramid of Cheops, which, as to man, remains infinitely the greatest creation of man's hands. Egyptian civilization was old before that of Syria was young.

HOW SAILORS WON VICTORIA CROSS

DETAILS WHICH COULD NOT BE DISCLOSED DURING WAR

"Panic Party" Formed—Gun Crews Concealed Themselves and Awaited Sub's Approach.

Details are published in the Official Gazette of acts for which naval officers and men were awarded the Victoria Cross during the war and could not be given out earlier for obvious reasons, says a London despatch.

The Victoria Cross was awarded to Lieut. William Edward Sanders on June 22, 1917. In command of the topsail schooner, Prize of 300 tons the lieutenant sighted a German submarine on April 30, 1917. While the German approached a "panic party" left the ship and the gun crews on the Prize concealed themselves. When the submarine had got within 70 yards of the schooner the British guns opened fire. The U-boat sank in four minutes and three of the crew were captured.

Lieut. Ronald Neil Stuart and Seaman William Williams, of H.M.S. Pargust, were given the Victoria Cross for bravery in a manner similar to that in which Lieut. Sanders of the Prize participated. Another case in which a "panic party" lured a German submarine to approach a vessel with disastrous results for the enemy was that of H.M.S. Stockforce, in command of Lieut. Harold Auten. Lieut. Auten was awarded the Victoria Cross on September 14, 1918.

The Victoria Cross also was awarded posthumously to Skipper Crisp of the smack Nelson, who, although terribly wounded, continued to engage a submarine until his ammunition was almost exhausted and his vessel sinking.

A tablespoonful of either borax, turpentine or kerosene added to a pan of starch will prevent the iron sticking.

Have a place on each floor where articles to go downstairs or to go upstairs are invariably placed. Take these with you when you go and put each article where it belongs, thus saving many steps.



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THE AFTERMATH OF BATTLE

AS DESCRIBED BY A BRITISH NEWSPAPER MAN

The Whole Dread-Panorama of the Battlefield Stretched Afar, Grim and Tragical.

The salvage and burial parties had already cleared a large tract of land, and it was only when I had left that behind that I came up on the real aftermath of battle, writes H. E. Rogers in the London Daily Chronicle.

Then, all at once, I was in a country strewn with pieces of equipment, rifles, machine gun parts, mounds of rags, "dud" and unused shells, hand grenades, wire of all kinds, cans and tins and here and there a telegraph pole to which the tangled wires were still fixed. In one spot I found a homely looking tin teapot and in another a walking stick.

Tank tracks zig-zagged hither and thither, and, following one of these, I came upon a bundle of muddy clothing and discovered it held the remains of a Fritz. The particular tank in whose wake I was treading had apparently next charged a gun-team broadsides on, for three dead horses and a broken limber and a gun lay straight in front of me. It had passed over a big dugout, crushing it in and leaving eight enemy dead to mark the achievement.

An Astounding Sight.
I came to a road leading down a hill, the banks rising high on either side, and here I found the tank itself. It had evidently tried to side-slip down one bank, but had nose-dived into a deep shell hole, for now it was firmly imbedded therein.

I followed the road downward and came upon what was perhaps the most curious sight of all. Sitting on a wooden bench, their backs leaning against a wall behind, were two Hun artillerymen. Both had shrapnel bullets through the brain, but this was not visible when one stood in front of them, and there was a peaceful expression in their faces quite out of keeping with death. One paused in awe on seeing them and wondered if they were prisoners. There they sat, side by side, their arms folded across their chests. "Just like two figures in a blooming wax-work show," as a Tommy put it.

A little further on I discovered two big enemy howitzers in a deep pit, their ugly looking muzzles pointing up towards the sky. Two or three artillerymen lay stretched out beside them. The other members of their crew had either been made prisoners or else had done the same as the gunners of a battery of fieldguns near by and run for it before it was too late.

A Desecrated Cemetery.
The land was everywhere dotted with holes of all sizes and shapes, some dug to serve as outposts and observation pits, many more dug for having been made by shells. In the majority were grey clad bodies. Our own dead lay almost always in the open, showing the rapidity of our advance, and it was the one consolation of the whole dread panorama to find there were so few.

In the little French village, where seven months ago hard working people had been leading the ordinary peaceful daily round of existence, there was left nothing but a mass of rubble and broken walls, with distorted and bent rafters and roofing. In the cemetery was a big vault which was open to the winds, and one could look down into a broken coffin, hardly covered by a torn wreath. Was it a shell or human hands that had torn open the village tomb and dragged the poor bones into the light of day? I cannot say. But this tomb was the best in the little cemetery, and was crowned with an elaborate little chapel, only the bent framework of which remained.

"Morning Papers."
A customer had overhauled a large number of clocks of all shapes, sizes and descriptions, but nothing seemed exactly to suit his tastes. At length the jeweller, in despair, fetched out a massive timepiece of complicated design.

"Here, sir, is a clock which will, I think, suit your aesthetic taste. At precisely ten o'clock every morning the tiny bells chime and a bird pops out and sings a carol."

"I will take that if you will make a few changes in it."
"With pleasure!" the jeweller said. "I have a daughter," went on the customer, "and I want the clock for the room where she entertains her company. Make it so that at eleven o'clock at night a milkman's bell will ring and a newboy will skip out and shout, 'Morning papers!'"

What the Drill Sergeant Said.
The new recruits were very keen. One man especially did everything with energy. The order was given to march. The enthusiastic one, who was in the front rank, set off with a will.

He strode out, arms swinging, head erect, and eyes strictly in front, never noticing that he had left his comrades behind.

The drill sergeant swallowed hard, then called sweetly: "Say! You! When you get there, send us a picture postcard!"