



The Secret of Good Pies

PIE CRUST, more than any other delicacy of the oven, ought to be tempting and appealing to the taste.

You do not eat pie as a nerve tonic or to strengthen your appetite. You eat it for *pleasure* mostly.

You want it, of course, to taste good, at the same time you want the crust to be light, flaky, wholesome. Now, pie crust properly made from

Royal Household Flour

is *always* good food, the absolute uniformity of this best of all flours eliminates failure entirely. You get the same delightful results every time and your pies are more healthful and nourishing than if made from ordinary flour.

The reason is that "ROYAL HOUSEHOLD" having a larger percentage of high quality gluten, assimilates more readily,

is more satisfying than ordinary flour, comes out of the oven flakier, more tender and more digestible.

Be sure to try "ROYAL HOUSEHOLD" when next you make pies. It is the finest flour in the world not only for Pastry but for Bread and *all* family baking.

"Ogilvie's Book For A Cook" containing 125 pages of tried and tested recipes will be sent free to any user of Royal Household Flour who asks for it.



THE OGILVIE FLOUR MILLS CO. LIMITED.

is the most you can buy. will make a cup fragrant, nutritious flavor that is characteristic of Cowan's.

economical that Half a teaspoonful of cocoa — rich, —with the delicious

THE COWAN CO. LIMITED, TORONTO.

HOLBROOK'S

WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE

The Sauce that makes the whole world hungry.

Made and Bottled in England

THE ISLE OF BIRDS

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the puffin of his fish came in sight of his nest. At his approach the female, who had grown impatient, rose from her handsome, greenish brown, mottled eggs, sprang into the air, and sailed off toward the sea. For just about ten or a dozen seconds the precious eggs were exposed, while the male swept down on them.

But in those brief seconds Fate struck. With an exultant yelp a huge saddleback dropped out of the sky, directly upon the nest, and plunged its beak into one of the eggs. The eggs were not far from hatching. He dragged forth the naked chick and swallowed it ravenously. Before he could turn to another egg the skua had fallen upon him.

Now the great gull, fully two feet and a half in length, from the tip of his punishing yellow beak to the tip of his tail, was not far from twice the size of his fearless and furious assailant. Moreover, having just had his own nest destroyed, he was in fighting mood. Ordinarily, being a thorough bully, he would have cowered and fled before the skua's swift rage. But now he turned and struck back savagely. More nimble than he, the skua evaded the blow and caught him by the neck.

It was close beside the nest that the struggle went on; but meanwhile the two remaining eggs were lying uncovered to the eyes of prowlers. They did not lie there long. Two more big saddlebacks straightway pounced upon them, crushing them flat in the scuffle. Engrossed though he was, the skua saw them. He was only a shameless robber; but his mettle was of a temper of the finest, and he knew not fear. Tearing himself free from his heavy foe, he

pounced frantically upon these new assailants of his home. Startled, they hesitated whether to fight or flee. Then, seeing the odds so far in their favour, they turned to fight. The first saddleback joining them, they presently succeeded in pulling the skua down. Then, against their great weight and overpowering wings, his courage availed him little. Smothered, beaten, trodden upon, he disappeared from sight beneath the yelping turmoil. The odds had been too great for him. In half a minute the battle was over, and his dark body, with the throat completely torn out, lay unresisting beneath the webbed feet of his conquerors.

SUDDENLY, as if at a signal, all three saddlebacks lifted their heads and stared about them. They marked their victim's mate winging upward toward them from the sea, swiftly, as if a prescience of evil had summoned her. They saw two other skuas sailing down from the cliff top as if to demand their business in skua territory. They had no stomach to face that demand. They had no heart for a fight on anything approaching fair terms. Flapping heavily into the air, they flew off in haste, to lose themselves in the myriads of their screaming fellows.

The female skua, returning, hovered low; but she did not alight. In silence, her head thrust downward, she circled and circled endlessly on dark wings above the scattered ruins of her nest, the bedraggled and tattered body of her slain mate. And the stiff ranks of the puffins, like fantastic toy birds carved in wood and painted, stared down on her solemnly from the slopes nearby.

A SECRET OF THE SKY

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mon ami, unless you want to be hurled to instant death. My assistant was disabled this morning and it was on what you call the spur of the moment that I picked you up. You Englishmen are so delightfully thick-headed and brave, you are useful to men of brains."

He paused and laughed again as he saw the lad writhing beneath his contemptuous words.

"They will know how to silence you in Russia," he added. "It is a land of beautiful silence, Russia!"

"You forget that I have you in my power," Walter answered with a coolness he was far from feeling. "If I choose I can plunge this machine to instant destruction."

"Death for us both!" shouted Corri hoarsely. "You would not be such a mad fool."

"I would rather die than aid in a piece of fiendish treachery that may plunge the world into war and end in Britain's destruction!" the lad roared in reply, and he drew from his pocket the revolver that Corri had given him. "Down we go!" he yelled, levelling the bull-nosed weapon at the man's head. "Down, or I fire!"

Corri sent a glance of horror shooting below.

"We are already over the English Channel!" he screamed. "We shall be drowned—the machine—"

"Down!"

"I will not! Curse you for a mad Brit—"

Crash!

WITH a swift motion Walter had sent the revolver spinning into the motor, where the seven-cylinder engine whirled with blinding speed. A sickening scrunch shook

the airship from elevators to rudder. Then came a sudden silence, nerve-racking and awful after the turmoil that had gone before.

It was broken by a shriek from Corri as the monoplane reeled, careened, and dropped like a shot bird. For a few moments he worked madly with the levers, the sweat of fear bedabbling his brow, but without any appreciable effect.

With ever-increasing violence the heavy machine shot downwards. Walter, gripping his seat and glancing over the edge, saw the sea leaping swiftly to meet them—a boiling smother of green and froth-capped waves.

He rose in his seat as the airship veered and sped, propeller first, into the sea, stood balancing for a moment, and then leapt with all the strength of his limbs.

Of what followed he had but a dim recollection. A lurch of the planes added velocity to his leap, and he struck the water twenty yards away, just as the monoplane sank with a crash like thunder. A towering fountain of foam rose from the explosion of the engines, and he thought he heard a human scream mingled with the roar and hiss of the steam. But two seconds later he was alone on the wide expanse of sea, with nothing in sight save the propeller, to which he was clinging. It was formed of super-imposed wood, and rode the waves as easily as a raft.

And soon as the dawn broke he found himself drifting in towards the east coast of Cornwall, while behind him the waves frothed and frolicked over the spot where, twenty fathoms deep, a traitor sat tangled amid the ruins of the greatest airship the world had ever seen.