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or Mixed } but be sure it's "Salada"

## The Making of 'Val' Pierce

By CONRAD RICHTER

II.

The flush had left his face. It felt curiously cold. His nostrils flinched from the pungent smoke of powder. He glanced dazedly at the ring of well-dressed men and women so suddenly transformed from light-hearted merry-makers to mutes with appalled eyes and white faces.

"Stone dead, Val!" gasped Lou from his knees beside the men on the floor. The next moment he had hastily risen, caught Val by the arm and, wielding the revolver wrenched from the other's hand, hurried him out through the wretched crowd to the bery of parked machines.

"Not yours, Val!" he chattered. "Everybody knows it. Take the machine of the fellow you plugged. Over here somewhere. I was at the window with Sylvia when he came. Here she is. I'll drive her if she's got selective gears. All right. Crawl down on the floor in the back. Wait. Help me get this self-starter started. All right. Get back. Keep low for Pete's sake!" The engine had broken into a roar. Backing violently around a green sedan, they went shooting out into the pike.

It was fifteen or twenty minutes later when the car stopped. Val, lifting his head from the rug of the tonneau, found himself in the green leaves of an apple tree. They were still in the country.

"Listen, Val," said Lou, hurriedly, turning from the front seat. "I've been doing this thing out. We can't go back to town. Every cop will be looking for you."

"Lou!" begged Val wretchedly. "I didn't want to kill him!"

"Too late now, man, to talk about that!" declared Lou. "The thing is to get away before they hang you—if you can. If they catch me, I'll probably mean ten years as an accomplice. But I'm going to help you as I promised. A minute ago I thought of a place in Dauphin county. Just the spot for you. Nothing but good-for-saken rocks and trees and mountains lined up one beside the other. I was up trout fishing with Jim Crisman over Easter vacation. Saw a fellow cutting timber, who said he couldn't get enough help. It's ten miles to a saloon and fourteen to an ice cream parlor. Get down! Here comes somebody's lights. I'm going to try to get you up there to-night."

For an hour Val lay on his back on the bottom of the car, his head thumping from rock, rut and gutter, his calves jolting on the slanted tonneau cushions. He heard nothing above the roar of the car, saw nothing but a continually dark sky and an occasional flashing tree, smelled only a blend of leather, varnish, rubber, rug dust and occasionally a whiff of Lou's cigarette. His back grew mangled with aches and cramps. His shoulders seemed caked with rheumatism.

Suddenly he heard Lou give a sharp exclamation. He opened his eyes. The illuminated branches of trees above the car told him they were passing through a city or good-sized town. The tires were purring softly on asphalt. Gradually the car came to a stop.

"Hello!" he heard Lou say nervously. "What's the matter?"

Hurging the door he heard no reply for a moment, then felt the heave of a heavy foot on the running board.

"Sorry, but I'll have to get your name."

"James Barth," fabricated Lou smoothly. "What's the idea?"

"Where are you going?"

"Up the country, fishing."

"Sorry to be personal, but that muscle—excuse me. Seems to be genuine all right. Sorry to have annoyed you, but we've got orders to look for a smooth-faced young gunman in a machine. Murdered a man in cold blood down near the city to-night. If you happen to see a bird of that description, call me up, will you? City Hall. Ask for Judson. We'll take care of the charges. Reward of \$5,000 out."

"Sure thing," answered Lou nervously. "Have a cigar. Hope you get that coin."

The engine spun, and the car leaped forward. Some minutes later Lou turned his head soberly. "He must have been blind not to see you," Val didn't answer. His senses were stunned with the realization that there was \$5,000 reward on his head. In vivid sequence he saw himself in a cell—his name and picture on the front page of the Journal, his stand in the crowded courtroom, his mother crying down below, the judge's impartial black frock, the unperturbed, placid jurors, the foreman rising to deliver a verdict. Feverishly he forced his eyes apart, pushed up on one elbow and tried to blot out the mental scenes with the actuality of passing country.



## Woman's Interests

### The School Lunch.

If your school is not one of the progressive sort which provides a hot lunch, plan a month's lunches now. Bear in mind that the child needs certain foods to keep it growing, as well as to repair daily waste and furnish energy, and see that your child has a substantial lunch. Plan to furnish some fats, some sweets, a good proportion of starch and some protein, and in addition fruit or a vegetable, like lettuce, celery or ripe tomatoes. The fat may be in the form of butter in the sandwiches or in a bottle of whole milk. The sweet may be pure honey or simple cookies or a sandwich filling of homemade jam or jelly, or, if you are sure it will only be eaten with the noon lunch, a piece of pure candy. Starches will be provided in the bread and cake, and the protein will come in the sandwich filling—meat, eggs, cottage cheese or store-bought, or perhaps in baked beans or peanut butter. If you use the latter use it sparingly, bearing in mind that the oil is very difficult of digestion. Use bananas very seldom if at all. Bananas properly ripened may do no harm, but as this condition seldom exists it is better to avoid them. If you spend two hours now planning lunches for the school days, you will save yourself time later when you are hurried, and add to your child's probability of good health. Don't let your child's future be spoiled by a snatched lunch, made up of what is left on the breakfast table.

Never put your plants in pots too big for them under the supposition that they will expand to fit them. Rather put them in smaller receptacles. When they outgrow these repot them. In order to do this take out the plant with all its soil and place it in a larger pot and apply more soil around the edges, but be careful not to put in too much.

More house plants are grown from slips than from seeds. To do this take a branch half ripe and cut a slip three inches long. Take off all the leaves except the upper two and root it well in wet sand several inches thick, putting one and one-half inches of the slip under the sand. Keep this thoroughly moist. When the roots begin to grow put your plant, with its sand, into a pot provided with other soil. Some slips, such as oleanders, lemon and ivy, will root in water.

Perhaps the greatest enjoyment in raising plants is derived from planting bulbs. Order your bulbs this month—hyacinth, tulip, narcissus, daffodil and lily—whatever you prefer—and put them right into a soil composed of one part ordinary garden loam, one part old cow manure or bone meal and one part sand, all thoroughly mixed. Keep them well watered and allow them to remain in a cool, dark place till their roots are formed. This process usually takes about six weeks. If you use new pots, soak them thoroughly before using.

### Sugar-Beet Syrup.

We have had several inquiries asking how to make sugar-beet syrup. Here is the method:

When ready to make syrup the topped beets are cleaned by soaking a few minutes, then scrubbed with a coarse, stiff brush. The next step is to cut them into slices as thin as one-sixteenth of an inch, if possible. A butcher-knife may be used, but a cole-slaw cutter or some other slicing device is more convenient.

The sliced beets are placed in a tight barrel and just enough hot water to cover them—boiling water, if possible—is poured in at once. The barrel is then covered with several thicknesses of canvas to hold the heat. The sliced beets are allowed to soak for about an hour. The barrel is agitated from time to time without being uncovered to bring out the sugar from the beets. The liquid is then drawn off, strained through several thicknesses of cheese-cloth, and placed in a kettle or other vessel, in which it is boiled to the thickness desired. It is important that the boiling be slow and the process will take several hours. The work may be done outdoors, if desired. Be careful not to scorch the syrup. The scum which rises to the surface of the liquid is skimmed off to remove the strong, beet-like flavor. The syrup is then bottled or canned while hot and sealed to prevent molding. It is dark in color, but has a pleasant flavor.

Cider Apple Butter.

Peeled and sliced apples may be cooked in the boiled cider to make the butter in one operation, or they may be made first into apple sauce, which is then cooked in the boiled cider. With apples of coarse texture the latter method is no doubt preferable, but both make equally good butter.

Cooking should be continued until the cider and apples do not separate, and the butter, when cold, will be as thick as good apple sauce. The thickness is determined at frequent intervals by cooling small portions. It usually takes about equal quantities of sweet cider and peeled and sliced apples to make butter of the right consistency. Two of the essentials of making good apple butter are long, slow cooking (four to six hours) and constant stirring.

If sugar is used it should be added after the cooking of cider and apples is two-thirds done. About a pound of either white or brown sugar is the usual amount to each gallon of apple butter, but more or less (or not any) may be used, to suit the taste.

Apple butter is spiced according to taste, a half teaspoonful each of ground cinnamon, cloves and allspice being used for each gallon. These are stirred into it when the cooking is finished.

While still boiling hot, apple butter should be packed into sterilized glasses, glass jars, or hermetically sealed stone jars, with tightly fitting covers, and should be sterilized.

### The Sunflower.

The sunflower is no orchid. It is coarse. But it is homely and cheerful. Things which are homely and cheerful are best worth while. This smiling sentinel of the backyard fence corner does not fascinate like an orchid. It is not wrapped in its own beauty like a rose. It is a friend! Champlain found the first growing in three centuries ago when he explored the country of the Great Lakes. They used oil from its seeds to mix war paint. He took the sunflower to Europe. From there it was distributed throughout the world, Italy, India, Turkey, Russia, China, South America.

Russia has been growing a million acres of sunflowers annually, for oil, fodder, fuel. They munch the seeds as other people do peanuts. From Russia the sunflower, grown to mammoth size, has been brought back to the States.

A few years ago a woman gave the world the red sunflower. A little later came the pink sunflower, both of which are excellent garden plants. This year still another new sunflower is being introduced under the name of Dazzler. It has blossoms fully four inches across, rich chestnut in color, but tipped with orange. Altogether they look very much like galliardia blooms, and should be excellent for house decoration. If you want sunflower seeds for your chickens, however, you must still grow the old-fashioned kinds.

"Truckportation." This is a new word that is very descriptive. It has been added to the English language by the motor-truck industry. Truckportation is easier to handle than "truck transportation" and we save some letters.

Plants need fresh air as much as people do. The windows in the room where they are growing should be frequently opened, but a direct draft must not be allowed to blow across them. Neither can they thrive in a very dry atmosphere. Place a

### Power From Sea Waves.

In a paper published in a recent issue of the College of Engineering, Tokio, Mr. I. Hiroi describes some experiments made with a wave motor. He states that taking the coast line of Japan to be 1,500 miles in length, power amounting on the average to at least 5,000,000 h.p. is being wasted in actions which are only destructive. The above figure, he states is equivalent to two-thirds h.p. per linear foot of shore, and were it practicable to devise means for utilizing it efficiently and without excessive capital expenditure the advantage would be very great.

With a view to gaining some idea as to the feasibility of utilizing some of the wave energy now wasted he erected within reach of the waves a board 6 ft. wide, and suspended from a hinge fixed 18 ft. above the lowest point of a bed of concrete, shaped to conform to the path of the lower edge of the swinging board. In order to keep down the cost of the plant the concrete bed was not carried down below low-water mark, its lowest point being in fact 0.8 ft. above mean sea level.

The tides of the site selected have a range of about 5 ft. at springs and 2 ft. at neap tides. The shore is shelving and large waves are broken up at a considerable distance from the shore, and even in storms the height does not exceed 6 ft. at 1,500 ft. from the shore line where they break. The waves formed as a consequence of this breaking were again broken up at 200 ft. from the shore line. On the other hand even in the calmest weather there are always waves reaching the shore, having a height of about 2 ft. length of 160 ft., and a period of from 8 seconds to 15 seconds. The pendulum board was loaded with stones and it was found that the effectiveness of the device varied considerably with the load, but at the best the output was small, the best result being equivalent to the production of mechanical work at the rate of 140 ft.-lb. per second. This was obtained with a pendulum weight of 1,155 lb., a wave height of 2 ft. with a mean period of 9.8 seconds. The amplitude of the swing ranged from 20.5 deg. to 47.5 deg.

### All "Setting."

"Where were you boys when I called for you to help me an hour ago?" asked Farmer Jones at the supper table.

"I was in the barn settin' a hen," said one.

"And I was in the loft settin' a saw," said another.

"I was in grandma's room settin' the clock," came from the third boy.

"And I was up in the pantry settin' a trap," said the fourth.

"You're a fine set!" remarked the farmer. "And where were you?" he asked, turning to the youngest.

"I was on the doorstep settin' still!"

### A Long Journey.

A train-load of colored troops from Texas en route to New York for embarkation stopped at a rural station. A blue-black private stuck his head out of a window and asked:

"What station dis?"

"Plainfield," answered a yokel on the platform.

"Plainfield wheah?" pursued the traveler.

"Plainfield, New Jersey," explained the native.

"Heavens!" wailed the Negro. "Ah've bin travellin' foah day an' foah nights; whar's dis hych France?"

### BUY "DIAMOND DYES"

#### DON'T RISK MATERIAL

Each package of "Diamond Dyes" contains directions so simple that any woman can dye any material without streaking, fading or running. Druggists has color card—Take no other dye!

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You want him good and healthy. You want him big and strong. Then give him a pure wool jersey. Made by his friend Bob Long. Get him now—wear him long. He's the best boy in the land. And he'll always be bright and smiling. If he wears a Bob Long Brand.

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For Dad and the Lad Pull-over or Button Shoulder Style

Made for Hard Wear, Comfort and Smart Appearance

R. C. LONG & CO., Limited Winnipeg TORONTO Montreal

Bob Long Brands Known from Coast to Coast

That "Out-of-Sorts" Feeling.

You should be equally well fit for your work every day, unless you do things which impair your health. We all know the man who declares himself one day as "tired," and the next as "under the weather," "off-color," "run down," "grumpy," and so on.

The state of the weather has a certain influence for good or evil on daily variations in health, but by far the majority of these cases, of quick change from high spirits to mental depression are due to foolishness on the part of the sufferer.

Possibly his temporary lapse from good health may be due to some indiscretion in food. He may have eaten too much, or too little; the food itself may have been unwholesome, badly cooked, or overseasoned.

Not only have the nerve and brain cells been deprived of absolutely necessary rest, but the heart itself, on which all good health and efficiency is primarily dependent, is done out of its rest. A man, young or old, with a tired heart can put no energy into his day's work.

Grain Unloader Empties Car in Ten Minutes.

Patterning, perhaps, after the car tippers now in general use for unloading coal cars, one American firm has just brought out monster mechanisms which unload a box car full of grain in 6 to 10 minutes. These machines consist essentially of a rocking platform and a tipping cradle. When the filled car has been pushed upon the rails of the cradle, the operator starts an electrical motor and so causes two clamps to rise from between the rails and press tightly against the coupler at both ends of the car. Other motors then push in the temporary door and tip the car upon its side. The grain is now flowing out of the door and down the hopper, but as little waves from the ends of the car, another motor is started and the car is tilted longitudinally at an angle of 45 deg. first to the right and then to the left.

After you have finished starching, if you set the basin or bowl aside until the sediment settles, and pour off the water and leave the white substance for a day or two, it will harden into crystals again, and can be used repeatedly.

Shiny Stove Pipes You can counteract the effect of heat and rust now and keep stove pipes black with

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## CANADIAN TOMMY AS AN ADVERTISER

### SANG PRAISES OF LAND OF THE MAPLE LEAF.

### Civilian Soldiers Were the Best of Immigration Agents in Europe.

Before the war, despite active propaganda, a lamentable ignorance of Canada, her conditions of life and opportunities, existed among the masses of people in the British Isles; while on the Canadian side, was an equal lack of understanding with England, her people, their characteristics and their country. With the continuous presence of Canadian troops, their intermingling with the people and their daily intercourse, both sides discovered agreeably that there was much to learn of the country of the other and that the long-cherished ideas of existing differences were largely imaginary.

Discussions on Canada, Canadian life and its opportunities were remarkably popular with people who anticipated the upheaval which would attend the aftermath of the war, and as a result, not only were settlers unconsciously recruited, but unlike pre-war immigrants, set out for a land they felt they knew, and—thanks to those discussions—largely understood.

Wonderful Alluring Tales.

In France and Belgium wonderful tales, none the less alluring because of their veracity, were told in Village huts, and Canada became the Mecca of thousands of French and Belgian farmers tilling their tiny pieces of land who dreamt of the big productive areas they could hold in the new land. As a consequence, many of them are coming and they may be classed among the finest citizens a country could desire. The war bringing men of all nations and pursuits together gave the majority a hitherto unprecedented opportunity of each comparing his own land with that of others, summing up its advantages and of making a just appraisal.

Certainly there were never better immigration agents than these civilian soldiers who had left the country they bragged of to aid Europe in time of trouble. Canada has been well advertised, and in the best way. Great as immigration from the British Isles has been since the termination of hostilities, we are told it is nothing to what the next few years will show when transportation facilities are more adequate to the demand. Not a little of this flood can be attributed to the unconscious advertising of the Canadian soldier, and best of all, they came as to a home they know, and to people they understand, whose friendship they made in the dark days past.