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The Double-Walled Secret

By Edwin Baird

CHAPTER VIII.

An Unforeseen Happening

They were 500 feet in the air before Kelsey had time to look at the girl beside him. She was leaning against the back of the seat, her feet braced, her eyes big and frightened. The roar of the motor forbade speech, but with his eyes he comforted her. Soon she nestled closer to him, partly forgetting her fears in her admiration of his coolness and masterly handling of the biplane.

They sailed on and on and higher and higher into the blue sky; all

though, when she leaned forward and looked down it seemed as if the earth stood still and the earth receded. Above the incessant hum of the propellers and the deafening reports of the engine it was impossible to carry on a conversation, and it was largely for this reason that he had suggested the trip—he wanted to lift her out of her brooding.

But with the passing of her first ecstatic thrill of confidence he saw he had failed. The sparkle in her eyes was replaced by inward fear, and it was not the sort of fear he would have seen in any other girl he knew, under similar circumstances. It was too profound, too dull, too melancholy, to be actuated by any present or immediate concern. He reflected that her apprehension must be powerful indeed to override the sensation of this her first aerial adventure.

He went as far as Lake Michigan, flying at an altitude of 2,000 feet, skirted the shore for a mile or two, then turned back inland and took a diagonal course toward their starting-point. As they dipped gradually toward the ground she saw her father's house in the distance, and with a start she awoke from her brooding abstraction.

"Don't go too near!" she cried, with her lips close to Kelsey's ear. Even then she did not divine his purpose. "I'm going down," came his answering shout above the roar of the machine. She read the words on his lips, rather than heard them.

In vain she mutely pleaded with him, pressing closely to his side, her white face uplifted, very earnest, very tragic, her gestures easy to understand. He had made up his mind to get at the bottom of the mystery surrounding her father, and he was resolved to go to the source.

But an unforeseen happening turned his plans awry in a horrifying fashion. They were within 800 feet of the house, and she was still clinging to him entrancingly, still warning him of his danger, still begging him to turn back, when he saw some men running about near the double wall as though maddened to a frenzy. Some waved their arms frantically about their heads, and some fell screaming to the ground, where they lay as if dead. Others fired revolvers and turned and ran, firing over their shoulders. One—a huge African—stood with his back to the stockade, clawing at something that apparently

clung to his neck. All at once he sank to his knees, then plunged, face downward, into the grass.

Bewildered, Kelsey turned to Bonnie for enlightenment. "What is it?" he shouted.

"Higher!" she motioned, leaning forward and scanning the air. He steered upward into the air, wondering if she, too, had gone mad. When he glanced beneath him he saw several of the men lying motionless on the ground. The others were surging in a headlong, disordered rush toward the house.

Then he saw, close at hand, the outline of a swift-flying thing—a horrid, but-like thing with venomous eyes—a thing that seemed flying straight at Bonnie. Before he could move it dashed past her face—missing her by a miracle—and was instantly churned to pieces in the propeller; but in that instant he knew it was something he had never seen before, a something uncanny, menacing, loathsome. But he had noted that its body was black and shiny, that its wings were pointed and very powerful, and that it had a murderous beak that made him shudder.

"Higher! higher!" she waved excitedly, and the plane shot upward and away.

CHAPTER IX.

The Secret of the Walls

They soon had flown several miles to the west, and while he could not grasp the full significance of what he had seen, he kept the biplane sweeping on as if fearing pursuit. It was nearing sunset when finally he turned back—all because of one word from her—"father!"

They found the place unnaturally still. There was no sign of life anywhere. He circled in big figure 8's back and forth above the double wall and at last ventured to alight. As he stepped cautiously forth she shuddered and followed. Not ten feet away he came upon the body of one of the hideous bat-like things. A little farther on he found the body of another, and nearby lay two of the Africans.

They found her father. He lay with his face to the sky and his skin was quite black. A dagger, clutched in one hand, was buried to the hilt in the body of the thing that had slain him. Kelsey managed to get past Bonnie to the house finally. The door was opened by Toto, who evidently had watched them from a window. Behind the hideous little hunchback crowded several of the ex-convents, and behind these stood three of the Africans. Most of them were armed but as he was agreeably surprised to see that none of them made a hostile sign. Indeed, their welcome was as sincere as it was cordial. He soon perceived this because of their master's daughter, for whom they would have done anything, braved any danger.

From their rambling, excited talk Kelsey learned that four of the deadly flying things had escaped, and these because of a bungling African, who had paid for his carelessness with his life. The rest were still securely locked behind the double wall. And from Bonnie he heard, between her sobs, the following astounding story:

Her father, a confirmed man-hater, had conceived a desire to destroy all human life in America and thus avenge the wrong that had been done to him by organized society. He had learned that in the interior of Africa there was a species of vampire whose bite was as venomous as that of a cobra. He went there and, after a lengthy hunt, he captured a pair of the creatures and brought them in a cage to Wisconsin, where he began to breed them. Free of all natural enemies, the things multiplied with frightful rapidity. The giant cage—the grating-covered double wall—that Kelsey had seen was the incubator, and it was crowded to the utmost capacity. It was expected that when free they would propagate far faster than they could be destroyed, and that their swiftness, ferocity, and ability to attack at night, would enable them to kill everything in sight. Stryker had estimated that in three years, or five at the most, America would be a desolate waste.

"We were to have left to-night," she ended, "and the cage was to be opened by a clock-work device the day we sailed from New York."

"It looks," said Kelsey, feeling as if he had listened to the narration of a nightmare, "as though your father had changed the date—"

"No, No!" she cried. "It was a blunder—an accident." "It was an hour later she stood on the porch with Kelsey and watched the men carry bales of waste-paper and cans of kerosene to the long double wall where so much death and destruction was stored. Then when the wooden cage burst into flames that soon destroyed everything within it, they, with their arms around each other, watched the red glare melt into the dusk. And when they turned and looked into each other's eyes they saw no shadow of parting there.

(The End.)

What He Wondered. Little Frederick went with an aunt through the cemetery. Upon his return home he went to his father and said: "Father, I went for a walk with auntie through the cemetery to-day, and we read the inscriptions on the tombstones." "And what were your thoughts, my son, after you had done so?" asked the father. "Well, father," replied the child, seriously, "I wondered where all the wicked people were buried."

A bottle containing lime water and linseed oil (equal parts), should always be kept in the house for the treatment of burns. By applying it directly to a burn it will allay pain and keep the skin from blistering.

Paris is farther north than Quebec. Pittsburgh is a trifle farther west than the Panama Canal. Sitka, Alaska, is farther south than Petrograd, Russia.



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You do not have to forego sweet things because of the present shortage of sugar. Corn Syrup is available, and for years has been available, as a perfect alternative for sugar for cooking in puddings and preserves, in the making of desserts, and on cereals.

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The Housewife's Corner

A Non-Essential Industry.

I have never been overly fond of poetry and crocheting, two things which poetic and artistic readers of this department have frequently noted and taken me to task for. I do not know that I ever owned up to it before, but I'll admit it now, and confess it's a blemish in an otherwise perfect character. Not that I've anything against either poetry or lace, in their place. I have a sneaking fondness, in fact, for "Danny Deever," when some robust baritone grows it out. But when friend Browning smugly tells me, "God's in His Heaven, all's well with the world," I don't like poetry, because it doesn't look that way to me.

Lace, too, is all well enough in its place. I like lace on clothes and handkerchiefs and window curtains and in nice smoothly-rolled bolts in stores. But I don't like to make it. In fact, I think it is perfectly senseless to make it if you are a busy woman, already worked beyond the limit. And, personally, I should scream and tear my hair if I had to sit down and count stitches and make the right number of holes in the right places in a "scallop" after having done a hard day's work. That sort of thing would wear my nerves to a frazzle. But we're not all made alike and maybe it soothes the nerves of the lace maker. Perhaps that isn't so hard on them as rattling the keys of a clicking typewriter would be. Every man to his trade, and woman to her hobby, so ordinarily I let the lace makers alone so long as they return the compliment.

Lace is all well enough in its place, as I said before. But there has come a time when its place is not on any Canadian woman's work table nor in her knitting bag. There is only one bit of pick-up hand-work which has any business there now. That is knitting. It marvels me much how any woman can square it with her conscience when she spends hours and hours crocheting lace for herself, while soldier boys are in need of socks, mittens, helmets, sweaters and other knitted comforts.

The plea is, I know, that the knitted things are so heavy they tire one's arms and hands, while the lace is light and easy to handle. But surely a pair of wristlets or of mittens are not so heavy as a crocheted bread-spread. And I've known at least one woman to complain of the weight of the yarn while she calmly crocheted a slip for her spread, using heavy cotton and a large hook. And there is the plea that they simply can't learn how to turn the heel and make the thumb. Yet the most intricate

pounds 60 days later, if given a little extra feed towards the end of that period.



Canada's Fisheries.

The fisherette idea is taking strong hold in the East and the number of girls now engaged in cleaning and skinning fish for the market is increasing. Clad in oilskins and sou'westers they are bravely plying knives on cumbersome, slimy fish. They are taking the places of brothers and sweethearts who are overseas.

The King.

Where is the King?
Walking through the hospitals, cheering, comforting,
Sympathizing with his fellow-men, Making them forget awhile, the sufferings they endure.
They only yearn to fight for him again.

Kind is the King.

Where is the King?
Gone down to the shipyards and finding for himself
What the grievances and troubles are about;
Discussing man to man the wisdom of this thing or that,
And ways and means to straighten matters out.

Wise is the King.

Where is the King?
Studying conditions of his country and its needs,
Ordering his household to perform The strict and firm economy that others have to do,
That he may bear his share of stress and storm.

Just is the King.

Where is the King?
Off across the Channel waves to better understand
The wonders of his fighting men in France,
Geing midst the shot and shell, regardless of himself,
Taking, like other men, his chance. Brave is the King.

Where is the King?

Everywhere and anywhere that his duty calls
(He remains on duty every day)
Working ever for the Kingdom, rather than the King;
So for King and all he stands for, let us pray
God save the King.

A simple milk and potato soup may be given relish with celery salt.

CANADIANS FIRST IN VALENCIENNES

CAPTURE OF TOWN FINE PIECE OF GENERALSHIP

Dominion Troops Received Joyous Reception from Freed Civilians of "City of Laces."

Valenciennes was captured by the Canadians on the morning of Nov. 2, releasing thousands of residents who had been in bondage for four years.

The final link in the encircling chain of troops thrown around the city was forged at 7.50 o'clock, when converging infantry met east of the invested place and began a further advance on enemy territory. Marly was occupied at an early hour and patrols were pushing up the road leading to St. Saulve.

The greater part of the German troops had been withdrawn from the bottled-up metropolis of Valenciennes during the night, but machine gunners, who had been left behind to give battle until they were killed, were still sniping from houses, and street fighting followed the entry of the British forces. During the two days fighting more than 5,000 prisoners were taken.

German troops on November 3 threw explosives and gas into the defenceless city, which the British had carefully avoided bombarding because of the danger to civilians.

Despite the danger the streets were filled with people cheering with hysterical joy at their release and acclaiming their deliverance.

Fine Piece of Generalship.

The capture of Valenciennes was a fine piece of generalship. In their drive of Nov. 2, the Canadians pushed across the Rhonelle and established their lines east and west below the city, then turned sharply southward. Above the city's northern limits the whole country had been flooded so there was no possibility of attacking across it.

Thus the Germans were cut off by water to the north and by the British to the west and south. The eastern exit from the city was the only one left open. The other possible means of escape was by smashing off the point of the Canadian salient to the south of the city.

Then the Germans rushed out by the eastern gates of the city all possible material, leaving snipers and machine gunners who have given their lives to protect the rear of the main German line. German transport and troops raced to the northeast, along the highway leading to Mons. Meanwhile British guns were working destruction in the retiring ranks of the foe.

German machine gunners were widely hidden about the city. Aviators flying over the city reported that the civilians were giving the Canadians a great reception.

German Losses Appalling.

South of Valenciennes where the Canadians have been operating the German losses were tremendous. More German dead are strewn on the battlefield than the Canadians ever have seen before in a similar area.

There were no bridges and the Germans were holding the eastern bank with machine guns. In face of a murderous fire the Canadians coolly plunged into the river and waded across, the water being up to their waists.

Hand-to-hand fighting developed at many places, but the British got through without a serious hold up. There was especially hard fighting west of Mont Houy and about the Poirer station and at Aulnoy.

One Canadian brigade took more prisoners than its total strength of infantry.

HARVESTING SEAWEED

Large Quantities of Potash of Great Purity Are Thus Secured.

A good deal has been written about the use of the seaweed kelp for the production of potash, and a good deal of extravagant dreaming has been indulged in. However, the kelp industry has put itself on a solid and prosperous footing, and gold in the shape of the indispensable potash is being harvested from the waters of the Pacific. The cutters or harvesters are ocean-going boats and stay out at sea all the time, while the barges carry the macerated kelp back to the wharf, where it is pumped from the holds into fermenting tanks. Foreign matter, such as bolts, nuts, etc., brought in with the kelp are removed by electro-magnets before the pumps are reached.

Harvesting consists in cutting the plant about six feet below the surface of the water. It has actually been found that this treatment improves growth and stand of the beds to such an extent that they may be cut over about every ninety days. The area cut at present extends from Concepcion south to the Mexican line.

The potash is all used for chemical purposes, owing to the unique purity, and there is not enough of it to supply this demand. The total quantity of the pure product is not great enough to be considered seriously for fertilizer purposes. There are, however, a number of residue products containing potash which amount to quite a tonnage.

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