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the Most Critical Tastes——

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Black—Green or Mixed . . . Sealed Packets Only.

WAR-TIME CARE OF HOUSEHOLD LINEN.

The careful housewife looks well after her linens at all times, but in periods like the present when they can scarcely be replaced for love or money it certainly behooves us all to redouble our vigilance in this direction.

First let us see how certain conditions shorten the usefulness of such things as sheets, pillowslips, table cloths, napkins and towels. Much wear comes from laundering when by friction the dirt is rubbed out. Vigorous rubbing, such as is necessary when linen is badly soiled, wears it out much faster than when only partially soiled. Hence it is economy to wash it before the first named condition is reached. A gentle rubbing preserves the fabric longer than a vigorous one. Strong washing fluids cause disintegration of the threads and should be avoided even though they facilitate cleansing.

The careful housewife understands, too, how the wind can injure articles while hanging on the line to dry. An hour in a stiff wind will shorten the period of usefulness more than a month's wear. The rays of the sun and a gentle breeze are harmless, but avoid allowing the clothes to flap in the wind. This not only whips out hems, but actually breaks threads and does much damage to any fabric.

Hemstitching should be mended as soon as the first thread gives way. It is then easily repaired so the break will scarcely be noticed. Neglected it means a bad place.

Each week the pieces should be gone over carefully and the tiniest break mended. Darn linen pieces back and forth with ravelings or threads drawn from the best parts of old linen. This becomes invisible after laundering. Don't leave it until a patch is required. A patch is unsightly while a darn is not.

A well darned table cloth, towel or napkin will wear twice as long as a neglected one and look none the worse for the stitches. Fold linen pieces differently from time to time to avoid wear in the same places.

Turn pillow slips before slits come in them. Rip the bottom ends and resew with the corners as first made half way along the sides. This brings the wear in a fresh place. Single width sheets must have a seam in the middle if turned, but neatly folded in a flat seam this will not look badly, or the centre may be overhanded. The sides will have to be narrowly hemmed but that is a trifling matter in war time.

So far nothing has been said of underwear, but care will result in a saving here also. As suggested, washing before a garment becomes badly soiled saves wear, even though it means more pieces. Watch for breaks and mend them before they become large. Dry all colored clothes in the shade to prevent fading.

Sometimes an ugly tear can be mended so it does not show. To do this follow a thread in cutting out the part to be removed, mitre the corners and use tiny stitches and thread of the color of the goods. A plain material can be so mended as to almost defy detection. If new goods must be used to repair that which has been worn, the new may be placed in the strong sunshine for a few hours, or more if necessary, to bring it to the same shade as the garment This method will do away with the difference in appearance and renders the patch less conspicuous.

As patriotic citizens we will each endeavor to save every bit of cotton and wool goods by using carefully what we have on hand, thus helping to conserve the amounts needed for war purposes. A search of attics and store rooms would probably bring to light a good many articles still usable. Fortunate indeed is the housewife who has a stock of household linens to last until the close of the war. I know of no more discouraging task than an attempt to buy new at the present time.

What Not To Can.

Our canning problem needs to be reduced to a very sound common-sense basis this year and only those products canned which cannot be better kept in some other way.

During the furious canning campaigns of the past few days, I have found parsnips, carrots, onions, cabbage, sweet potatoes and even Irish potatoes canned—all of which is sheer nonsense as each of these could have been kept as effectively in a much simpler way.

Stone jars of small size with stone covers or with paper or cloth covers pasted on, can be used for preserves in which the sugar acts as a preservative or for any type of pickle in which vinegar and spices act as preserving agents. These containers are out of the question for fruit or vegetables which are not preserved or pickled.

It is wasteful to put into large containers any sort of preserve or relish that is used in small quantities only, since there is sure to be waste when the product stands long unsealed and is used frequently.

Glazed earthenware jars are good for putting down egge in water glass. They should be furnished with tight covers to prevent the solution from becoming dense through evaporation.

Every housewife should study the ways and means for the storage of root crops, such as trenhces for cabbage and turnips, which are kept from freezing by alternate layers of straw and earth. Sweet potatoes can be stored in baskets in a warm attic. Navy beans and lima beans and other legumes it would be wiser to store dry than to attempt to can.

CONCERNING PASCAL.

Famous French Mathematician Invented Many Modern Conveniences.

When Blaise Pascal, the famous French mathematician, was sixteen years old, he wrote a treatise on conic sections. His sister, Jacqueline, at twelve years of age, was the author of a book of poems. In the French Ideal, Mme. Duclaux tells of the further triumphs of those wonderful children of the seventeenth century.

Etienne Pascal, their father, being compromised in a rising against the Chancellor Seguier, fled from Paris in 1638, leaving his children in the charge of a faithful housekeeper. But the children were already personages. Jacqueline, about twelve years of age, meeting Cardinal de Richelieu one day, asked her father's pardon so prettily in verse that Richelieu not only recalled him to Paris but soon afterwards gave him the important post of adjutant to the intendant of Normandy and sent him to Rouen in 1639.

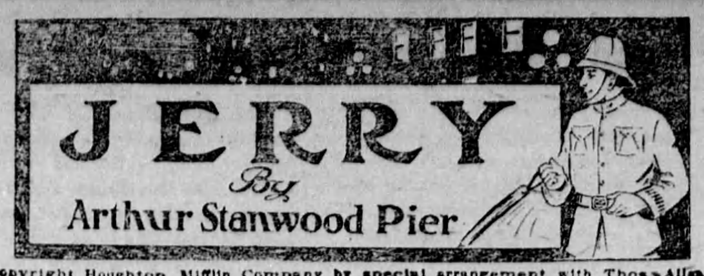
Impressed into the business of his father's office at Rouen, young Pascal, at sixteen years of age, conceived the idea of a mechanical ready reckoner, independent of the will, and energetically gave himself to this invention, which occupied him for more than two years. He devised fifty different models, and personally managed the work of the artisans who were making the machines. Some one has happily termed him "the knight-errant of geometry, wandering hither and thither in search of questions worthy of his steel."

The calculating machine of Pascal is the ancestor of all our modern multiplicators, the little boxes that hand out change on the counters of shops, the mechanical computators of taxicabs and the mathematical machines used in scienific laboratories. Later, Pascal designed or perfected the barometer, the hydraulic press, the wheelbarrow, the omnibus and the dray.

Canada's Cold Storage Stocks

Canada's cold storage stocks of provisions, though large when measured in pounds, comprise but a very small fraction of the amounts required overseas. Canadian Companies reporting to the Cost of Living Branch of the Department of Labor, held on June 1st, the following stocks in storage:— Butter, 1,689,260 pounds; cheese, 2,190,098 pounds; beef, fresh and pickled, 17,203,938 pounds; pork, fresh and pickled, 29,458,903 pounds; bacon, hams and smoked meats, 13,113,967 pounds. How shall these stocks compare with the British requirements may be understood by noting how long they would last as the source of total supply in Great Britain. The amounts mentioned would supply Britain's requirements as follows:—Butter, 21 hours; cheese, 2½ days; beef, 2 1-5 days; pork, 14½ days; bacon, ham and smoked meats, 5 3-4 days.

"Who speaks sows—who listens reaps."—Persian Proverb.



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CHAPTER XVII.—(Cont' .)

They were interrupted with startling suddenness. He had just turned into a street of small shops when he heard some distance away a terrified cry for help followed by a shot. As he ran in the direction of the sounds, he saw two men emerge from a lighted doorway half a block ahead, dash across the street, and dart round a corner. Jerry gave chase; passing on the full run the lighted doorway from which the fugitives had come, he glanced inside, but saw nothing except an apparently empty grocer's shop. He turned the corner and was exultant at finding his men again in sight. This was to be the first important, the first exciting arrest that he had made since joining the force. He felt exhilarated and confident. He was fast on his feet, as Sheehan had said, and he did not doubt his ability to run the criminals down.

Before gaining the next cross-street one of them was lagging. The other turned the corner; Jerry rapidly overhauled the second of the fugitives, who ran more and more weakly. And at last Jerry's hand fell heavily upon him.

"I didn't do the shooting, honest to God I didn't do the shooting!" The man gasped the words, almost in collapse.

Jerry swung him round and looked with dismay into his face.

"Dave!"

For an instant he held him; then he gave him a shove and ran round the corner in pursuit of the other fugitive. But the man had disappeared; Jerry raced for two blocks, looked down cross-streets, and searched alleyways, to no purpose. He hastened back to the store that had been the scene of the crime. In the doorway stood three women, frightened, awe-struck, afraid to enter. From within came the sound of weeping; Jerry went in and saw a white-haired, kindly-looking man behind the counter bending over some one invisible ,some one who was sobbing in the low, monotonous key of utter grief. Drawing a little nearer, Jerry saw the woman; she wore a dressing-gown; her hair was unbound; she knelt beside the body of a man who had been shot through the head. The woman looked up, and at the sight of Jerry she got to her feet. She was a comely woman of middle age; the tears rained down her cheeks; she cried to him imploringly, "My husband hadn't an enemy in the world! Who could have done it!" And then she cast herself down again beside the body and gave way to a fresh burst of sobs.

On being released by Jerry, Dave again started to run; he had taken the first turn that he came to and had run promptly into the arms of a policeman. The policeman was Sheedan; he looked Dave over deliberately.

"I've seen you before," he said. "Why are you running through the streets at such a clip?"

"I was in a hurry to get home," Dave answered.

"What have you been doing?"

"Just out seeing some friends."

"Where do you live?"

"On Burke Street."

"If you're in a hurry to get home, why were you running away from Burke Street?"

"Away from it?"

"Yes. It's back in that direction."

"I guess I must have got turned round somehow."

"What's happened to excite you so? Why should you be in such a hurry to get home that you run until you're near ready to drop?"

"Well, I—I run a good deal for the exercise."

Sheehan took a grip of Dave's left arm and passed a hand over him, searching for a weapon.

"I've seen you at Tony Lapatka's place more than once," he remarked. "Your conduct is suspicious. I'll take you along to the station house and give you a chance to tell a straighter story there than what you've been giving me."

CHAPTER XVIII.

Overwhelmed in spirit, Jerry left the store soon after midnight. The widow had been led upstairs to her apartment over the shop; two detectives had made a careful study of the premises, the medical examiner had come and gone, and finally the body had been borne away. Jerry, who had been standing guard all the while, was free to resume his interrupted task.

The sight of the unoffending slain and of the grief-stricken wife caused him to lament bitterly his failure to capture the murderer. That Dave was the guilty man was to Jerry absolutely unthinkable, but that Dave had been a witness and in some degree a partner to the crime there was little room to doubt. And Jerry, as he walked and pondered, was perplexed as to what he ought to do. He did not in the least regret having let Dave go; it was the other fellow, the really guilty one, that it had been his business to catch. And anyway he couldn't, he simply couldn't have arrested Dave—his oldest and best friend. That is what he repeated to himself, yet his conscience was not easy. He knew that he had now done what he had hoped and believed he never should do—violated the oath that he had taken when he was sworn into the service. He said to himself defiantely that it was the only decent thing to have done. Yet because he had done the only decent thing he questioned if he was, after all, the right kind of man for the police force. The right kind of policeman would have arrested Dave, even if he had been his brother.

Now Jerry recognized the complications resulting from his act. If the real criminal was to be run down, it could in all likelihood be done only through information furnished by Dave. And nothing could be more improbable than that Dave should elect to remain in the neighborhood, however certain of Jerry's loyalty. Jerry resolved that the moment he was off duty that night he would hasten to the Scanlans' rooms and if, as he hoped, he should find Dave there, he would compel him to tell the full story of the crime.

At three o'clock his tour of duty ended; and he reported at the station house. The sergeant at the desk greeted him with interest.

"Do you know a fellow named Scanlan—David Scanlan?" the sergeant asked.

"Yes," Jerry answered with a sinking of the heart. "Why?"

"Sheehan brought him in a few minutes after the murder to-night. Found him running just three blocks away from Walsh's store. All out of breath and not able to account for himself. He said he knew you and you'd vouch for him. Just the same, they're still at it, giving him the third degree."

"I've known Scanlan for years; I was brought up with him; we worked together in the Purroy Mills. He's been down on his luck for the last year—but the idea of his murdering any one—it's absurd. What do they think they've got against him anyway?"

"Sheehan says he's been traveling with a bad gang, and his behavior was mighty suspicious. And being in the neighborhood of the murder at just that moment—running away from it—they seem to think he knows something."

"I guess I'll go up and have a look at him," said Jerry; and slowly he ascended the stairs to the top floor of the building. His thought was that he might perhaps be allowed to take over the questioning of Dave, and then, if left to deal with him alone, might draw from him all the facts which the merciless persistence of Sheehan and the lieutenant would probably wrest from him otherwise. And Jerry had some idea that if Dave confessed to him he would be able to help him.

As he drew near the top of the stairs, he heard Dave's voice raised in desperation: "Can't you go away and let me sleep? I've told you all I've got to tell, and I'm played out; for God's sake, let me sleep."

"I wouldn't mind a bed myself," said Sheehan. "But we're not going to let up on you till you've made a clean breast of it."

"Not till you've told us all you know about how that man Walsh was killed," affirmed the lieutenant.

"I've told you I don't know a thing about it," cried Dave.

By that time Jerry had reached the top of the stairs; the voices had come to him through an open transom. He stepped to the door and knocked upon it; the lieutenant opened it, and Dave and Jerry faced each other. There was a moment of silence during which Jerry looked steadily into Dave's eyes and Dave stood haggard and motionless.

"Lieutenant," Jerry said, "I'd like to have a word with you about this man."

The lieutenant came out into the hall and closed the door behind him. He and Jerry talked in low tones.

"I know Scanlan," Jerry said. "He's an old friend of mine. He might tell me things he wouldn't tell any one else. What would you say to my questioning him?"

"You can come in with us and ask him any questions you like" said the lieutenant.

"I think I'd get more out of him if he and I were alone."

The lieutenant considered a moment.

"You wait here; I'll see how he meets the idea," he said; and he returned into the room.

Then Jerry heard him say:—

"Officer Donohue tells me he knows you from the ground up, and says if he is allowed to question you he's sure you'll make a clean breast of it. Shall we have him come in?"

Jerry listened eagerly for the answer. When it came, it startled him.

"Oh, I might as well tell you the truth. I was with the fellow that did the shooting. But I didn't know he was going to do it, I didn't dream of it—and that's God's truth, every word."

The lieutenant opened the door triumphantly. "Come on in, Donohue," he said. And then as Jerry entered, he turned to Dave and spoke persuasively. "Now just get it off your chest. What's the whole story?"

(To be continued.)

Stuffed Calf's Heart

If the price of roast beef and veal is high try stuffed calf's heart with vegetables. Wash the heart, remove the veins, arteries and any clotted blood, and stuff with dressing, consisting of ½ cup of flaked hominy, ¼ cup bread crumbs, 2 level teaspoons of molted fat, 1-8 teaspoonful of salt, cayenne pepper and a few drops of onion juice mixed with ¼ cup of hot water or stock. Skewer or sew,dredge with flour and fry slightly in fat, adding to the fat one atalk of celery, 4 slices of carrot, 2 slices of turnip, 1 bit of bay leaf, 2 cloves, ½ teaspoon of pepper corn. Turn occasionally until well browned. Put a bit of fat on the top, add 1½ cups of hot stock or water and cook in the oven slowly for two hours. Serve with carrots and turnips.

Food Control Corner

The Canada Food Board, makes the following statement:

"Recent announcements that the food situation oversea has been relieved by the special efforts of Canada and the United States are being interpreted in some quarters as indicating that special food production and conservation efforts no longer are necessary.

"All optimistic reports relative to the easing of our Allies' food position are based on the assumption that the utmost effort to maintain and to increase production, and also to conserve food, will be continued on this continent as well as oversea.

"Fortunately, there has been an unusually large grain crop in the United States, leaving a surplus over present consumption which, with the available surplus from Canada, and with continued conservation in both countries, should meet our Allies' import requirements from North America this year. The large supply of food for live stock, which also seems assured in the United States, will be reflected in increased production of pork and, to a lesser extent, of beef also.

"Hopeful though recent developments in the food situation have been, it will not be safe until enormous wheat reserves have been accumulated on both sides of the Atlantic, and such reserves are not yet in sight. A comparative crop failure on this continent next year would, in the absence of hold-over reserves, make our Allies' position almost as desperate as it was last winter.

"Canadians cannot afford to relax in food production or food conservation because all that can be grown or saved will be needed. Nothing could be more dangerous than to assume that our position is yet safe. The Food Board wishes to emphasize especially the necessity for the utmost effort to save this year's harvest from waste or loss. The responsibility resting upon city and town men to see that the farmers have sufficient help to bring in the crops is still pressing, and must not be ignored."

As an additional sugar conservation measure, the Food Board has ordered that, until further notice, manufacturers of canned fruits for sale must not use more than an average of twenty-five pounds of sugar to one hundred pounds of prepared fruit. The Order is now effective. It does not apply to jams, jellies, or marmalade.

Insects as Aeronauts.

According to Lieut. Depret Bixio, of the French Army, who is a naturalist as well as a flying man, many insects follow captive balloons in their ascent. He has seen flies go as high as 2,970 feet, after which they die. Grasshoppers cling to the basket of the balloon until the air becomes too rarefied for them, when they let go and fall. He says the swallows have a glorious time catching these insects.

A Song of the Air.

This is the song of the Plane—
The creaking shrieking plane,
The throbbing, sobbing plane,
And the moaning, groaning wires—
The engine—missing again!
One cylinder never fires!
Hey,ho! for the Plane!

This is the song of the Man—
The driving, striving man,
The chosen, frozen man—
The pilot, the man at the wheel,
Whose limit is all that he can,
And beyond, if the need is read!
Hey, ho! for the Man!

This is the song of the Gun—
The muttering, stuttering gun,
The maddening gladdening gun—
That chuckles with evil glee
At the last, long drive or the Hun,
With its end in eternity!
Hey, ho! for the Gun!

This is the song of the Air—
The lifting, drifting air,
The eddying, steadying air,
The wine of its liimtless space—
May it nerve us at last to dare
Even death with undaunted face!
Hey, ho! for the Air!

—"Observer," Royal Flying Corps.

Young Men on the Farm

Who Cannot Go to War

CANADA Must Have Greater Agricultural Production.
CANADA Needs Men Trained in the Best Agricultural Practices.

YOU will be of greater value to your country and to yourself if you acquire all available information regarding your business as a farmer. You can obtain this information during the Fall and Winter months at the

Ontario Agricultural College
Guelph

THE COLLEGE TERM.—The College opens September 20th and closes April 12th. This is convenient for most farm boys, as the hardest work of the summer is completed before the commencement of the term and students can return to their homes for the spring seeding.

COURSES.—The Two-Year Course is particularly designed for young men intending to be good practical farmers. It includes studies which are of practical value in all the work of the farm. The Four-Year Course for the degree of B.S.A. is a two-year continuation of the two-year course.

EXPENSES.—In order to encourage young men to attend the college, the fees are fixed at the lowest possible figure. Board, $4.00 per week; Tuition Fee, $20.00 per year.

Public School Education is sufficient for admission.

COLLEGE OPENS SEPTEMBER 20TH

Write for a Calendar giving full particulars

G. C. CREELMAN, B.S.A., LL.D., President

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