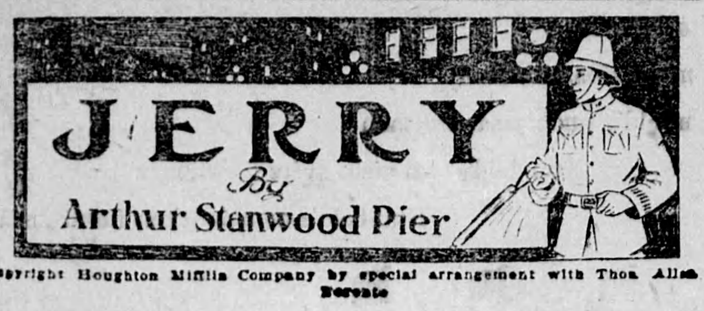
Economy !

"SALADA" TEA

is not only the most economical on account of its great strength but you have the refreshing and delicious qualities as well.

Ask your Grocer. In Sealed Metal Packets.



Copyright Houghton Mifflin Company by special arrangement with Thos. Allan Toronto

CHAPTER XXIV.—(Cont'd.)

"I don't believe it did. I think it probably depressed him; I think he was probably unhappier after it than before. If I could have assumed something I didn't feel while I was with him—but I couldn't. Sitting in that place I felt as if I was polluted. I don't do Dave any good by going to see him, and I do myself harm."

Jerry questioned that assertion, but she insisted that it was true. Of course, she explained, she did not mean that she would entirely give up going to see Dave. And perhaps in time she might get used to the surroundings and not mind them so much.

Again Jerry had a vague desire such as he had felt when Dave had intimated disappointment over Nora's attitude—a desire to defend and protect her—this time against herself. He knew that she did not do herself justice when she talked in such a strain. He withheld, however, that peculiarly irritating comment, and contented himself with feeling sorrier for her than before. Poor little soul, with her sensitiveness and her softness, it was not to be wondered at that she rebelled so bitterly against this last, this uttermost sordid and squalid experience.

He did not go to see her very often. As he said to himself quite truly, he had no time for calling on people. But his real reason for staying away as he did was that he did not want to expose his effections again to capture, and he feared her power, even involuntarily, to annex them. It would be most unsettling if he again found himself thinking of her and looking at her with desire in his heart, and this was too critical a period in his life to justify his running the risk of such unsettlement. Even as it was, he had her for a while too much on his mind.

Not until the next autumn did Nora finally secure employment, and then it was desultory and not very remunerative. Twice a week she served as pianist for a children's dancing-class. Among the pupils was Patrick Maguire's little niece Laura O'Brien. Maguire came occasionally with his sister to look on, and was introduced to the dancing-teacher and to Nora, who was ignorant of what a privilege had been hers until afterwards, when the dancing-teacher enlightened her. Nora at once grasped an idea. Patrick Maguire was a power, a political power. Everybody knew that in some mysterious way he had but to command and his bidding was done. He could get Dave pardoned if he chose to. She must improve her acquaintance with Patrick Maguire; she must win his friendship and smypathy and prevail on him to use his influence in Dave's behalf.

She did not think it worth while to confide this brilliant inspiration to Jerry. Fortune favored her intentions; one day when she was the first to arrive at the hall, Patrick Maguire came without his sister, leading his niece by the hand. Mrs. O'Brien, it appeared, was not well—no, nothing serious, thank you, just a bad cold; and as Laura had wanted to come, he had volunteered to bring her. Nora agreed that it would have been the greatest pity if the little girl had stayed away—she was such a good little dancer—one of those that Nora liked especially to watch. It was quite unusual for a child so young to show such a sense of time; she must be very musical. Mr. Maguire thought likely; she had never taken any lessons. Nora suggested that she sit down at the piano and try a little fingering; the young lady, in an amiable frame of mind after so much flattering, was nothing loath, and almost immediately won surprised, enthusiastic admiration for her natural talent, her manner of touching the keys, the tone that she produced—it was almost as if she had an instinct for the instrument. What a satisfaction to be such a child's music teacher! Patrick Maguire beamed and nodded his approval of such appreciation.

"You really think she's something remarkable?" he asked.

"Think!" exclaimed Nora. "All I can say is, I'd rather teach that child than any ten ordinary children. I know what I'm talking about," she added. "I've studied both piano and voice at the Conservatory for four years. I always thought that if I could find just the right kind of beginner I'd love to teach.

Mr. Maguire made no response to that, and Nora had a fear that her remark had lacked subtlety. But at the next meeting of the dancing-class he approached her with the proposal that she had longed yet hardly dared to hear.

"I've talked things over with my sister," he said. "She wants to know if you'd be willing to come to the houes a couple of times a week and give our little girl lessons on the piano."

"Why, Mr. Maguire!" exclaimed Nora. "How did you ever think of such a thing! Of course I'd love to do it! Why, I never had the least idea of being asked. I know I shall be so proud of my little pupil some day—shan't I, Laura dear?"

She caressed the child affectionately, and the child looked up at her with a serene, self-confident smile.

In her heart Nora felt a little ashamed of her subterfuge. But, as she said to herself, who wouldn't be just as disingenous, scheming, and tricky as necessary to get a brother out of prison—a brother unjustly sentenced for twenty years?

How she was going to accomplish her purpose she didn't yet know: but already she felt certain that Patrict Maguire would be her tool.

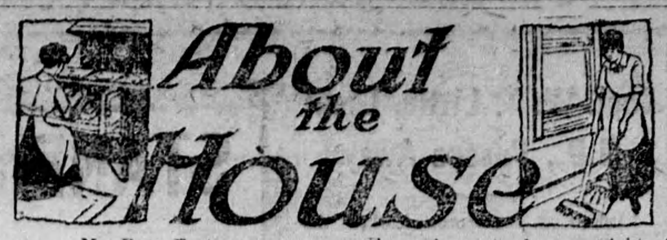
CHAPTER XXVI.

Just what burden Nora had taken upon herself in engaging to give music lessons to Laura O'Brien she very soon learned. The child, so far from proving a prodigy of promise, revealed a singular inaptitude and a disposition, after the first novelty of interest wore off, frequently sullen and at best indifferent. To teach a stupil pupil is a supportable trial, one of the commonest, endured creditably by quite unheroic persons; but to maintain the pretense, against all the evidence of one's senses and the conviction of one's spirit, that the dullest of scholars is brilliantly endowed and is making extraordinary progress—that was the task that Nora had recklessly assumed and that grew daily more oppressive. Either Mrs. O'Brien or Patrick Maguire—and sometimes both of them—sat within hearing of the lesson; and Nora soon wondered at the blindness to obvious facts that maternal and avuncular affection could engender—wondered at it, was irritated by it, and grateful for it. Without its assistance she could never have carried through her part; it seemed almost right to trade upon such serene, complacent ignorance; the only thing that was really wrong was having to submit to such a strain upon the temper. Always to be pleasant, encouraging, and flattering, even when she wanted to scold and slap, was humiliating to her spirit and detracted from her sense of personal dignity. But she kept her great aim always before her, and knew that to accomplish it she must win the liking of Patrick Maguire. And to do that she must always be nice to the little girl, even in the child's most detestable moments, and she must never tell the truth about her.

Finding the man so gullible caused her both to like him and to be contemptuous of him. He was both a nicer and a stupider person than she had supposed one of such political power could possibly be. Men were queer creatures to let themselves be bossd by that kind of a prson. Boss—yes, that was the word usually applied to Patrick Maguire. She knew he deserved the name, because he sat at home and had men come to see him—policmen, tough-looking, roughly dressed men, and sometimes well-dressed men too—she saw them all when they passed the open door of the parlor where she sat giving the lesson. Then the door of Patrick Maguire's little room at the end of the hall, where he was an unseen auditor, would be cloesd, and—if Mrs. O'Brien was not somewhere about the house listening—Nora's manner could relax. She was careful, though, never to let it collapse; Laura, even though feeling resentful at times of the inexplicable alteration in treatment, never had any grievance to treasure up and make a ground of complaint.

When Nora knew that Maguire was at home and unoccupied with callers, she would finish the instruction period with a singing lesson—which always meant that by way of illustration she would sing a song to her pupil. She did not confine herself to songs of a nursery or juvenile character; they were such songs as "Father O'Flynn," "Kathleen Mavourneen," and "The Wearing of the Green." They would draw Maguire from his retreat as a hurdy-gurdy draws a child; he would come in and seat himself to listen, and at the end express his satisfaction and his hope that Laura would some time learn to sing like that. Then Nora tried omitting this feature of the lesson; and promptly the pupil's uncle appeared and asked her as a special favor if she wouldn't sing something before she went home. He listened with rapt attention to the old Irish melodies. Nora spent a considerable part of the interval between lessons in committing to memory and practicing other Irish songs, of a kind likely to please his taste rather than her own.

(To be continued.)



My Poor Feet.

When my sister last visited me she gave me a new name, Woman Who Walks. I said that a better name would have been, Woman Who Weeps, for I was suffering so much with my feet that I had frequent crying spells. There were countless reasons in the countless steps I have to take every day, a long day of fifteen hours that repeats itself seven times a week because chores and housework have a way of claiming one with deadly regularity even on Sundays and holidays.

The night before sister's visit ended I was unusually footsore. I threw myself on the lounye and cried so hard that she was alarmed. A few days later there came from her a package and letter. I opened the letter first and read:

"Dear Sister: For the first time since you were 'Big Sister' and I was Baby, tugging at your skirts, I find you down and out—down as to courage and decidedly out-at-heel as to common sense, so here I come with a lecture and a present.

"Since those two feet of yours form the actual physical connection between your body and your daily 'path of duty,' why don't you take as good care of your feet as I saw you take of the litter-carrier, the day it screeched on its cable and ran hard? You cleaned and oiled the bearings and observed while you worked over it, 'I always feel sorry for neglected machinery. It is made to give service and since it cannot repair itself I am always condemned when I do not give it a chance to do its best work.'

"Please use the contents of the box I am sending to give your feet a chance!"

Here is what sister sent me.

A shoemaker's iron last; a shoemaker's hammer and sharp-pointed awl; a keen, strong-bladed knife for cutting leather; a bow of shoemaker's nails; an extra large bottle of sweet oil and a dozen pairs of new stockings.

Every article bore a tag and the sentences on the tags were characteristic of the writer. This was on the tag fastened to the iron last:

"When the engine of your lighting plant broke down you were provided with tools and knew how to make the simple repairs needed. Why not straighten up the rundown heels on your shoes and hammer down the nails that bruise your soles? A woman's feet are more precious than a shop-made machine. Take care of them."

This was fastened to the stockings: "These stockings are a gift. A woman's feet—but perhaps you now can say the rest for yourself!"

I was touched by my sister's thoughtfulness. A bit of resentment too crept in as I hurried away to the barn to see if the latest lamb was prospering. No one was to blame because Martin, my husband, had to leave the charge of all the young stock to me. It was our farm and our work. If my feet ached from the miles I walked every day, let them ache—one must do the best she can. Martin had not built the big inconvenient house or planned the location of the farm buildings. We had bought the place and it was a valuable place.

It was time to feed the pigs. With sister's preachment sounding in my thoughts in spite of my flash of resentment, I set myself to counting my steps. It grew interesting. By bedtime I had begun an imposing array of figures:

From barn to house, eighty-four steps.

From barn to windmill, thirty steps.

From barn to pigpen, one hundred steps.

From windmill to pigpen (laden with two pails of water) one hundred and thirty steps. (Lovely when it rains and blows!)

From pantry to kitchen table, fourteen steps.

From kitchen table to dining table, ten steps.

From kitchen upstairs to my bedroom, fifty steps.

I could go on piling up figures by counting the steps I took every day back and forth and criss-cross, over and over, with heels run down, shoes not well adapted to my work, stockings roughly darned and wrinkled, feet none too well bathed, nails not always trimmed. But the time! How find time for fussing over my feet? Sister's labels insistently answered me and I realized how I had been foolishly wasteful of my strength and nerves.

"I will reform," I resolved, "and I will reform methodically and sensibly." It would take resolution and time but if it saved me from fits of crying and crossness, if I could do my work better, if I could be a better partner and wife, surely it was worth while.

That night I bathed by feet in hot water, plunged them for a minute into cold water, dried them thoroughly and then gave them a good massaging with oil. What relieved feet! My whole body felt the comfort. I slept like a baby.

In the morning I put on a pair of the new stockings and my best shoes, resolving to cobble the crooked heels of the old ones as soon as breakfast was over. I am handy with tools so in an hour the heels were straight and I had mastered the sharp nail on the inside of the shoe over which I shift lessly had been keeping a pad of folded paper to protect my flesh.

After dinner my feet were not so tired as usual. I had some sewing to do. Off came my shoes and for five minutes I vigorously pinched and slapped and limbered them, leaving my shoes off until again I had to be on the run.

"What in the world are you doing?" asked my husband, coming in as I was putting away the bottle of oil after bathing and rubbing my feet that evening. I told him the whole story. He listened thoughtfully.

"This house certainly was not built for a step-saver," he said when I concluded. "I could move the pigpen and I've been thinking how to pipe water to the barn and the poultry yard—maybe to the pigs too."

"Oh, if you could, Martin, there'd be so much less to do I could raise turkeys! There's money in turkeys. When we are out of debt—"

"Now isn't that like a woman! Take one load off her and she goes hunting for another!"

There was a world of tender affection in his voice.

"That's the way to advance, Martin."

The next time I went to town I bought walking shoes and decided that it was poor business to use worn-out best shoes to work in.

Life looks better to me now! The nightly bathing, the every-other-night oil rub, the shoe heels kept in repair, the piped water and the fine brood of young turkeys are reasons enough for my gain in flesh, in nerve and in good temper. I am still the Woman-Who-Walks and my husband says I am also the Woman-Who-Smiles.

Food Control Corner

"How can we help the Food Board?"

The question is the most frequent in the correspondence with which the central staff at Ottawa and the Provincial Commitees of the Food Board deal. It is an expression not merely of individual good will, but of an underlying desire, a restless aspiration, felt in a far wider circle than those who say it, to do something towards bringing the war to the only end we dare cantemplate.

Beyond question, the most pressing thing for which the Board now can ask the aid of outside workers is the combating of the misconception that we may "rest on our oars." Further food saving and greater farm production are as imperative as ever. The clearer one sees the world's needs, the more does methodic saving seem requisite.

Tension in the food situation in Europe, let it be repeated, has been eased. The acute shortage of last winter is not present. But they have not relaxed a particle of their strict individual rationing in Great Britain, France or Italy.

Besides there is the gaunt fact that nearly 5,000,000 people have died of starvation or malnutrition through the war. Can we, dare we, in Canada ignore a decimation which would total over one-half of our own population?

Food workers at the beginning of the winter season can do nothing better, nothing more patriotic than to repeat again and again that our share of food war work is only just beginning. Measured by our unprepardness of fifteen months ago, we have done well. But a higher standard than ever has been set by our own success. To-day we have the organization; we have a much better understanding among the people, and we have, consequently, a far greater obligation. The work must be carried on.

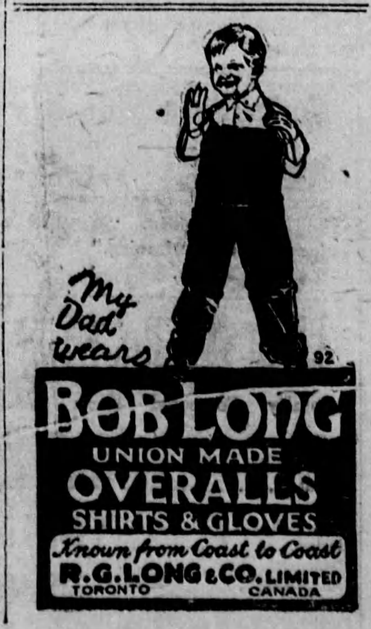
You surely have not missed the little less wheat in your bread? Yet it has reduced our Canadian consumption by 200,000 barrels a month, or 12,000,000 bushels a year.

We sent 125,000,000 pounds more pork and 75,000,000 pounds, more beef to the Allies last year. We saved that at the table too.

We hope to save 100,000 tons of sugar a year by spoonfuls.

All this has been done just as "Little drops of water, Little grains of sands, Make the might ocean, And the pleasant land."

Will you remember it is in your hands?



FROM CAPTIVE HUNS

Thoughts of Home Amid the Comforts of Prison Camps.

The excellent treatment received by German prisoners of war in Stobs, Scotland, can be gleaned from the columns of the Stobstade, a little periodical issued in the prison camp in their own language. A recent issue which has arrived here tells of theatrical performances in the camp theatre, of concerts, dancing and laughter. But now and then the merriment gives way to sadness and melancholy, as the following extract shows:

"Despite all our comforts and conveniences here, thoughts of home now and then overwhelm us. Are we to remain here forever? Yonder is a prisoner standing on the hill, calmly smoking his pipe. He is thinking. He looks around at the vista before him and he sees the houses with the red roofs in the valley. Then he thinks of home, of wife and children. Those red roofs remind him of little houses on the Rhine. Yet how long back that wondrous happy time now seems? His heart is heavy and gloomy thoughts overwhelm him. Those red roofs have brought back memories, and he turns slowly and walks down the hill, still thinking."

NURSING

Earn from $10 to $25 a week. Learn without leaving home. Booklet sent free. ROYAL COLLEGE OF SCIENCE, 700 RS Spadina Ave., Toronto, Can.

Described.

"What sort of a patriot is he?"

"He's the kind that will cheer the boys marching off to war, and then grumble about having to pay an income tax."

Parker's will do it--

By cleaning or dyeing—restore any articles to their former appearance and return them to you, good as new.

Send anything from household draperies down to the finest of delicate fabrics. We pay postage or express charges one way.

When you think of
CLEANING or DYEING
Think of Parker's

Our booklet on household suggestions that save you money will be sent free of charge. Write to-day to

Parker's Dye Works, Limited
Cleaners and Dyers
791 Yonge St. - - Toronto

Ingram's Velvcola Souveraine Face Powder

A Picture with Each Purchase

Each time you buy a package of Ingram's Toilet aids or Perfume your druggist will give you, without charge, a large portrait of a world-famed motion picture actress. Each time you get a different portrait so you make a collection for your home. Ask your druggist.

You need never be embarrassed by an oily, shiny skin. Just apply a light touch of Ingram's Velveola Souveraine Face Powder. It is so delicately textured that you can scarcely see it and yet it hides tiny blemishes and gives the complexion a smooth, soft appearance. It adheres until washed off even though the skin becomes moist from perspiration. 50c.

Ingram's Milkweed Cream is an ideal preparation for softening and cleansing the skin and keeping the complexion clear and youthful looking. It has a pronounced therapeutic quality that "tones up" the complexion. Two sizes, 50c and $1. There is a complete line of Ingram's toilet aids, including Zodenta for the teeth (25c), at your druggist's.

F. F. Ingram Co., Windsor, Ontario (118)

Victory Loan

5 and 15 YEAR BOND

$50 $100 $500 $1,000

Subscribe for Canada's War Loan—The very best security we can offer. You can subscribe for any amount of Bonds and pay for them out of earnings through our

Partial Payment Plan.

H. M. Connolly & Co.
(Members Montreal Stock Exchange)
105-106 Transportation Building M. 1345-6
MONTREAL, P.Q.