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"SALADA" TEA

None other is so economical in use or so delicious in flavour.

B441

Hearts in Khaki

By Claire Wallace Flynn

CHAPTER I.

Fanny wore her only party frock, a sea-green taffeta, out of which her slim young throat and her small dark head rose as imperiously as though it were a cloth-of-gold costume. No one had sent her flowers. She herself had gone quietly and with the least little twinge of bitterness, to the florist at the corner of her street and bought herself half a dozen sunrises roses, a ruthless but beautiful extravagance.

"How sweet you look, Fanny," Mrs. Mason said. "Green is becoming to you. Why don't you wear it oftener?"

Fanny looked at Mrs. Mason, smiling, and asked simply;

"Where?"

Mrs. Mason launched at length into a narration of the different places where a person of twenty-four, with no social outlet and with her mornings spent doing secretarial work in a doctor's office, might present herself arrayed in all shades of green. It was in the midst of this that the car reached the country club, a low building lying like a bright crescent against the dark hillsides. The breathless summer night caught Fanny up in its warm arms, as she stepped from the Mason's car, and lifted her into fairyland.

The clubhouse was filled with young men in khaki. The dawning look of heroes was in their faces. Many weeks of training had set their shoulders well back and had tanned their faces. They looked almost ready for France; they sounded as though they had just come from high school. Everyone was on such good terms with everyone else, that suddenly green frock and sunrise roses lost their magic and Fanny Billington became shy and sensitive and strange.

Mrs. Mason's voice caught her:

"Here's Tom Blain! So nice to see you, Tom. Fanny, this is one of our oldest friends, dear!" With that, Mrs. Mason, disappeared, doubtless feeling that she had done all that a young matron could be expected to do for a girl who was proving rather a "drag".

Mr. Blain did not cut a romantic figure in formal black evening clothes. The gentlemen in khaki were in the limelight that night. Attached firmly and exquisitely to each soldier was a young creature in shimmering net or misty lace or gleaming silk.

"It's the first time in my life I ever longed to be a kid," Mr. Blain was saying. "They turned me down at Kingston in the spring on account of something the matter with my feet. Now, it's just potatoes for mine, and food conservation and wearing a patriotic button."

He dug his hands into his pockets and fell to thinking about himself. There was no suggestion of his asking Fanny to dance; yet, in her green frock and with the strange veiled radiance in her eyes, she did not look an "undancy" person. They seated themselves in a corner of the big club living room where the dance was in progress, and threw out a few words to each other from time to time but there was no hiding from her that all his pent-up eagerness was with the young reserve officers who were piloting their sweethearts around the floor to the enchantment of Poor Butterfly. Soon the little wisps of conversation that reached Fanny enchained her attention.

"We'll be in the trenches in a month. Daisy, you won't forget—"

"Fred's made a record for himself in camp. I heard the Major say—"

"Billy, it's too thrilling to have you a lieutenant and—"

"It's a great life. I'm dying to get across—"

"No, I'm not going to cry when the time comes. I'm not such a slacker as all that—"

They would whirl on, leaving behind them just enough words to make Fanny realize that their lives were thrilling and beautiful and linked together in an ideal. She clasped her cold hands in her lap. The flowers drooped a little on her bodice. For all the joy that life had given her, for all the contact she had with the deep stirring currents of the world, the flowers might have been lying on the breast of a dead person. Then the voice of Tom Blain broke in this time with a question that stabbed her quickly and poignantly:

"You've got some one going? Is he in camp or did he come along tonight with Mrs. Mason and you?"

The girl who had no sweetheart looked up quietly into his face and lied.

"No, he isn't here to-night. I wish he were. You'd like him awfully, Mr. Blain."

Blain turned around and looked at her. A little color had mounted to her cheeks.

"What's he in?" asked Blain.

For a moment she hesitated then looking him full in the eyes once more she said softly:

"The engineers."

"Ah!" said Blain. "That's good stuff. I hope you're not awfully cut up about his going? A girl has to be pretty brave about it."

Fanny gazed across the roomful of dancers. There seemed to be no sorrow abroad in the clubhouse. They were all thousands of miles away from the fighting; still, on several of the most beautiful and serious of the women's faces the girl caught a shadow of tragedy but it was the kind of tragedy that laughs.

"Oh, of course, I'm terribly glad he's going! He isn't the kind that would be happy if he stayed at home."

She suddenly rose to her feet. It did not seem possible she could stay there beside this stupid man and lie much longer, but she would finish it well. So as she moved toward the big verandah that hung over the hillside against which the clubhouse was built, she went on with a high little persistence in her voice:

"As I said, I'm terribly glad he's going but, of course, you can't help worrying. He's the kind, you know, Mr. Blain, who would lie wounded on the field and give his last drop of water to some beastly German."

Blain laughed. "That's a good kind, anyway," he said. "Do you want to stay out here for a while? I didn't ask you if you wanted to dance. Somehow you didn't seem to look as though you did."

The slightest shrug of Fanny's shoulders accepted this.

"It's all right," she said. "I'd rather not to-night, somehow."

"I understand," said Mr. Blain with an attempt at delicacy and intuition.

Various groups on the verandah gave up trying to find sheltered nooks and corners and at last sat openely in whole rows talking about the war. The voices rose and fell and it seemed to Fanny, after the space of a few short minutes, that, after all, loneliness is often made up of many persons and much talking, despite the definitions given in the dictionary. Suddenly a little brass-buttoned boy came out on the verandah with a message from Mrs. Mason to them.

"You go," said the girl. "I'll wait here. You'll be only a second, perhaps." No sooner had he vanished like a black moth against the brilliancy of the clubroom, than Fanny grasped her skirts high above her ankles and fled down the steps of the verandah, around the curving side of the house and into the orchard that spilled its perfume down the side of the hill. It was sweet and quiet there and she leaned against one of the trees and covered her face with her trembling hands.

The lie she had told seemed in a way right; it was Fate who made it wrong by not letting it be true. She did not cry. She had a ghastly knowledge of just what she looked like after she had given way to tears, and just what the Doctor would say to his secretary, the next morning when she appeared in his office. The ritual went something like this:

"Hello, Miss Billington. There's some boracic acid in the other room. I'd get to bed earlier, nights, after this, if I were you."

Alone in the orchard she flinched at the thought. Life is not always gentle.

Then very quietly a voice beside her said:

"Is that you, Fan? What are you doing? Playing hide and seek with some one?"

She took her hands down from her face and looked at the speaker. He was young and fair; indeed, he was ridiculously young-looking despite his thirty-two years. Over his sloping shoulders and thin chest he wore a gray sweater. For that place he was a strange figure and he felt her eyes appraising him.

"I came up with one of the fellows this afternoon," he explained, "and we stayed to dinner. He had his togs here so he's dancing with somebody. I'm waiting for him to go home. I'd rather go back in his roadster than do it alone in the train."

Fanny looked at him.

"Yes, I know you would. Cleve, why are you a slacker? Why don't you go home by yourself instead of letting whoever you came with know you would wait like a regular hanger-on just for the sake of going back in his car? Why don't you work hard and get a car of your own? It's not an impossible thing to do. Have you looked in through the window of the clubhouse? Have you seen the men in there? Every one of them panting to get over to France and into the fight. Why aren't you doing something even if you weren't eligible for the draft? That's no reason for slacking.

"Plenty to go without me," said he. "Besides, I've got Joan to look after. A sister's an obligation. Then there's my brother Arthur's wife. She's giving Arthur no end of trouble. I don't feel like cutting and running and leaving Art to go through anything like that alone."

He found a tree near her and leaned up against it. A horrible feeling of spiritual helplessness fell upon the girl.

"They are good excuses," she said, "but that's all they are. Cleve—" she moved close to him and put her hand upon his arm, "Cleve, I can't bear to think that you don't care enough about yourself to strike out for the stars all along the line."

(To be continued.)

Little Things.

It was only a little camp fire, but it blackened that beautiful spot.

It was but a little match that burned the farmer's lot;

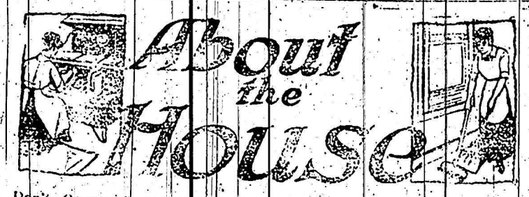
It was only a cigarette, so the tourists say;

It was only a little spark, but you and I had to pay.

PUT IT OUT—PUT IT OUT.

Crowded strawberry plants mean a poor crop next June. Thin 'em out!

"Where was the Magna Charta signed?" asked a school inspector who was conducting an examination in history. "At the bottom, sir!" answered one of the boys.



Don't Overwork the Children.

In the country, on the farm children are often required to work in the field and garden to help at a time, or to carry water and other weights too heavy for their strength and often to work under a baking sun. Such early work interferes with growth and development, which is the one great business of childhood. Many men and women, whose physical strength is impaired, might trace their ills to sickness, underfeeding or overwork during the formative years of early childhood.

The tasks children are given to do should be suited to their years, and varied by frequent opportunity to rest, and to play. At the same time food should be good and plentiful and there should be long hours of sleep. The harm which heavy work can cause little children can be ill afforded at any time, and least of all now. For the children must be kept well and strong to meet the demands which will confront them when they come to maturity and face the tasks of reconstruction in the critical years to come—work which will demand physical well-being as well as efficiency and character.

Threshing Dinners.

With threshing days come threshing dinners. Now, a threshing dinner does not mean the same to everybody—not even to every farm woman. Some fret and worry over the preparation of the meal, while others apparently enter upon the work with as much pleasure as if the task were that of preparing a picnic lunch. The viewpoint, the ability to manage, and the cooking and refrigerating facilities have much to do with these differences. Then there is the help.

System comes first whenever any unusual task is to be looked after, and this is especially true of preparing the threshing dinner. One woman has chickens killed and dressed in advance, if chickens are to be served as a part of the meal, while another waits until the last moment.

Nor is the latter woman necessarily to blame. Probably she would have prepared much of the dinner in advance had it been practicable. Perhaps she had no ice to keep fresh meat and other highly perishable foods. With ice, half the dinner may be started or made ready the day before. Even where ice is not used regularly it will pay to have it at threshing time.

As to the dinner, it should be plain but good and served in an appetizing manner. Men who handle pitchforks on do other heavy work all day want something more substantial than "fancy fixings." This does not not imply, though, that boiled cabbage, fat meat, and other heavy foods, important as they may be, are all that is required. There should be a variety. In such seasons as this, when vegetables are plentiful threshing crews often get practically the same things day after day until their stomachs rebel. Under these circumstances it is a wise woman who provides at least a few dishes that are different.

Of course there must be as the basis of every threshing-day dinner plenty of good meat, preferably two kinds, and an abundance of bread. If one of the meats can be such as is not commonly served in the country it will be all the better. Something sweet in the way of preserves or jelly is a good addition to the meal, appealing as it will to the delicate eater or to the man who is "too tired to eat." Desserts need not be heavy, but a carefully prepared dessert is desirable.

Promptness and cleanliness are important in serving the threshing dinner. The men must not be kept waiting, nor should they, while eating, have to fight flies. If it is necessary to set the tables out of doors instead of in a screened dining-room, everything should be covered so far as possible and fly brushes should be kept going.

Training Children.

Study your children. Develop in them emotional control, unselfishness, an alert interest in the world around them. Keep them from becoming morbidly self-centred. Do not let them become too dependent on you, but at an early age foster in them the spirit of initiative.

Remember always the old saying that an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure.

An Outdoor Bed Built In.

The delight of sleeping out of doors, and of sniffing the fresh, clear air during the night, is denied many people because no sleeping porch is practicable in their home. To build such a porch is often both inconvenient and expensive.

A way to combine an indoor and an outdoor bed has been devised by a large school for boys and is so simple and feasible that it might well be adopted in private homes, as it is possible to build it into any room.

The bunk is built into a corner of the room, below a wide window. A similar window separates the bed from the room. Both windows may be raised or lowered by means of pulley ropes at the head of the bunk. The youngster gets out of his daytime clothes and into his snug sleeping suit in the warm room. When he is ready to turn in, he lifts the window between the room and his bed, slips into the bunk and lowers the inner window again. He then reaches up and pulls the rope which raises the outer window. He is outdoors, yet protected by the warm walls of the bunk.

During the day an attractive couch cover transforms the sleeping bunk into an inviting window seat.

Accuracy First.

Accuracy is one of the first essentials of successful canning. Do not look for short cuts for there are none. Always follow a reliable guide and remember that in canning there is one best method, which will ensure uniform success year after year.

The thermometer and clock are indispensable to canning operations. For full information as to the time and temperature required in the preparation of fruit and vegetables write to the Canada Food Board or any of its provincial committees for booklet entitled "The canning, drying and storing of Fruit and Vegetables." Enclose five cents for same.

WHAT "DOUGHBOY" MEANS.

Old Term Dating Back to the Mexican War.

The term "doughboy" as a nickname for the American infantryman is a very old one, dating back to the Mexican War of 1846.

In that year the United States regular soldiers first made acquaintance with the houses of mud-colored, sun-dried bricks that are seen everywhere, even to-day, in New Mexico, Arizona and the southern part of California.

These bricks are called by the Mexican adobes (pronounced "dobies") a term also applied to the small, squat, flat-roofed houses built with them.

When the American invaders entered what was then Mexican territory, the infantrymen found these dwellings—mostly deserted by their panic-stricken inhabitants—handy as billets, and promptly occupied them as such. But the cavalrymen who had to be near their picketed horses out on the open prairie, were unable to avail themselves of similar accommodation.

Partly in envy, and partly in good-natured chaff, these christened their more fortunate comrades "dobie-dodgers," afterwards shortened to "dobies," a good, round-sounding nickname, that was bound to stick, and which in course of time became corrupted into "doughboys."

Scotland has a mill making 200 tons of paper weekly from sawdust.

A FEARLESS HERO.

Canadian Chaplain Brought in Five Wounded Men Under Heavy Fire.

The following despatch from Fred James, official correspondent with the Canadian forces in the field, has been received:

The men coming out from the battleline in front of Arras are telling stories of individual heroism and self-sacrifice. To-day I heard of a Chaplain, or padre, to use the more affectionate name, of a Quebec unit, who made five trips into No Man's Land in broad daylight under a hail of fire from the enemy's machine guns and artillery, and brought back thence to our lines five helpless wounded men who had been struck down while they were reconnoitring ahead of the main forces of their units.

This padre saw the men fall, and unhesitatingly advanced cautiously to where they lay. The first one he half carried, half dragged, back to our line, and placed him in good hands. Back he went again, ignoring danger and death that literally rained all about him, and soon returned with another. Three times more he made his perilous return trip. Only Providence can explain how he or the wounded men escaped death. When he had delivered the last of the five to the stretcher-bearers, to whom and to no one else did he intimate what he had done, he quietly turned his attention to helping in whatever way he could, consistent with his calling, the troops in action along the main line of the attack.

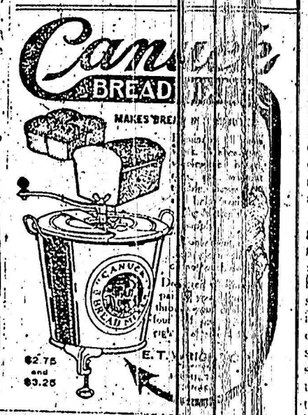
FARM BOOKKEEPING.

Tribunal Judge Urges Farmers to Keep Books.

Bookkeeping by farmers to show just what their farms are producing and if they are materially increasing their outputs, was advocated recently by Mr. Justice Masten, in addressing his exemption tribunal at Toronto. He pointed out that the keeping of such records would be of great value to the farmers if, on the expiration of their exemptions, they appeared again before a tribunal to seek further extensions of time.

The Commission of Conservation has designed a simple [illegible] Farmers' Account Book, [illegible] sent free to bona-fide farmers [illegible] press their intention [illegible] cords of their farm [illegible] farmers do not know [illegible] re making or losing [illegible] too late to avoid financial [illegible].

California irrigated [illegible] covering 2,664,104 acres.



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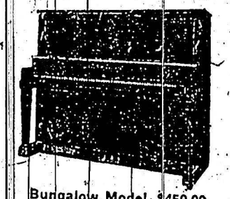
WILLIAMS New Scale PIANOS



THE outward beauty that distinguishes Williams New Scale Pianos is an index of its inherent worth. Ideals are built into every one of these famous instruments—ideals of craftsmanship that make for the most enduring quality.

Bungalow Model, $450.00

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Ingram's Velvola Souveraine Face Powder

No matter how clear and colorful your complexion may be a few minutes work or an hour in a hot kitchen will bring forth the perspiration and make the skin oily and shiny. To prevent this use Ingram's Velvola Souveraine Face Powder. Just a light touch and it stays on until washed off. And it overcomes the shine and hides skin imperfections. 50c.

Ingram's Milkweed Cream is a delicate preparation that is cleansing, softening and soothing to the delicate skin tissues. It also has an exclusive therapeutic quality that "tones up" the skin and keeps it in a healthful condition. Two sizes 50c and $1.00. At your druggist's you will find a complete line of Ingram's toilet aids including Zodenta for the teeth, 25c.

F. F. Ingram, Windsor, Ontario

Food Control Corner

Householders to Blame if Sugar Supply Fails.

The Canada Food Board [illegible] ment just [illegible] upon [illegible] so limiting [illegible] sugar, as to [illegible] ply for preserving [illegible] that a family [illegible] more than a [illegible] ter of a [illegible] for cooking [illegible] purposes [illegible] other foods [illegible] limit [illegible] "There will [illegible] if it is consumed [illegible] homes to the [illegible] former years, [illegible] the homes [illegible] saved by [illegible] ers," the statement [illegible]

The Board adds [illegible] very considerable [illegible] manufacture [illegible] securing sufficient [illegible] er, and that it [illegible] er's plain duty to [illegible] vagant use of sugar.

"Candy manufacturers [illegible] their allowance [illegible] one half of the sugar [illegible] last year. Candy [illegible] have been placed [illegible] tion basis and [illegible] and other avenues [illegible] large extent. [illegible] are even using [illegible] are not permitted [illegible] low or brown [illegible] and only a [illegible] at that. [illegible] tensively as a [illegible] manufacturers [illegible] day except on [illegible] certificate [illegible] stances to a [illegible] allotment made.

"But even [illegible] gulations [illegible] gar to provide [illegible] serving requirements [illegible] householder, [illegible] sacrifices. If [illegible] ada would use [illegible] of sugar [illegible] stead of two [illegible] saving for [illegible] thousand [illegible] times the [illegible] lowed to [illegible] Confectionery manufacturers [illegible] ion for one [illegible]

"Public [illegible] on a ration [illegible] for [illegible] it is the duty [illegible] serve a [illegible] There simply [illegible] ed sugar [illegible] domestic [illegible] also to prevent [illegible] serving. [illegible] ers reduce their [illegible] last part [illegible] be brown [illegible] ated."

Among the public are [illegible] in addition [illegible] ration of [illegible] per person [illegible] ing:

Use when [illegible] canning [illegible]

Use no more [illegible] spoonful of sugar [illegible] cup of tea [illegible]

Discontinue [illegible] pastries.

Use no more [illegible] preserving than [illegible] sary.

The packing [illegible] serves is not to be [illegible] stopped.

"The greatest [illegible] not occur in [illegible] candy, or in [illegible] which are now [illegible] tions. Instead [illegible] and excessive [illegible] homes," says the [illegible] time has come [illegible] Canada must [illegible] consumption [illegible] reasonable [illegible] sufficient to [illegible] ing requirements [illegible] necessary demand [illegible] of the year [illegible] available, [illegible] ared by reduced [illegible] tion. If extravagance [illegible] in the homes, [illegible] the blame [illegible] Householder."

For manufacturers [illegible] the sole of the [illegible] regulations of [illegible] board, and for not [illegible] amount of wheat [illegible] cense of Frank [illegible] Mines, Ontario, [illegible] for 7 days, [illegible] September [illegible] he must not, either [illegible] directly purchase [illegible] any food commodity [illegible] sell or deal [illegible] ducts of wheat or [illegible]

For selling wheat [illegible] required amount [illegible] Board has suspended [illegible] N. Tarrabain, Grocer, [illegible] berta, to 15 days, [illegible] September 6th.

The Canada Food Board [illegible] licensed dealers that [illegible] will be taken in all cases where dealers are found selling wheat flour without the required amount of substitutes, namely, one pound of substitute flours to four pounds of standard wheat flour.

Save every grain of sugar.

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Markdale, [illegible]

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All correspondence [illegible] firm should be addressed [illegible] Markdale Standard, [illegible]

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DR. J. A. McARTHUR [illegible] Dentist [illegible] Office in Artley Block [illegible] hardware store, [illegible] west corner of [illegible] street.

C. L. G. CAMPBELL (L.D.S., D.D.S.) [illegible] Dental Surgeon, [illegible] College of Dentistry [illegible] of Toronto. Office [illegible] Office hours, 9 a.m. [illegible] calling after hours [illegible]ence by telephone [illegible] of dental office.

FRATERNAL

A. F. & A. M.

Hiram Lodge, No. [illegible] Markdale, meets in Masonic Farland Block, on Tuesday [illegible] or before the full moon [illegible] Visiting brethren [illegible] H. C. Duff, W.M.; Ben [illegible] tary.

C. O. C. F., No. [illegible]

Markdale Council, [illegible] Chosen Friends, No. [illegible] Tuesday in the month [illegible] at 8 o'clock. A. Jackson, [illegible] cellor; Herb. M. Irwin, Recorder.

SAUGEEN LODGE, [illegible] I.O.O.F.

Meets first and third Wednesday [illegible] the month at 7.30 p.m. [illegible] Main street. Visiting brethren welcome. Herb. M. Irwin, [illegible] McEachnie, Sec.

COURT GREY, 1151, [illegible]

Meets every last Wednesday [illegible] month in Matthews' Hall. [illegible] Visiting brethren always [illegible] welcome. P. J. Thompson, C.R.; [illegible] nie, Fin. Sec.

MARKDALE, L.O.L., No. [illegible]

Meets in Sarjeant's block [illegible] day evening on or before [illegible] each month. Visiting brethren [illegible] welcome. J. Johnston, W.M.; [illegible] McFadden, Secretary.