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. 8438

The Sealed Room

By Edwin Baird.

CHAPTER III.

Ignoring him, Tom turned to the girl.

"I gather you're looking for someone here," he said. "If I can help you—"

The girl flushed and stood hesitating, evidently reluctant to accept help from a stranger, and yet in dire need of that help.

"I, I—yes. A friend," she stammered. "If you—if you—" Something of her predicament dawned on Tom, and he interjected quickly:

"It really isn't safe for a woman to be in a place like this. Can I find your friend for you?"

The girl hesitatingly, and they started down the pier. Neither knew, of course, that Lo was signalling unobtrusively behind their backs, to another Chinaman who stood in the doorway, and who, as it chanced, failed to observe these signals.

As they approached, this second Chinaman took his house a little back, on which was pencilled three address, and silently gave it to Lo, who nodded angrily. Lo then ordered the man to write a message on a yellow slip, and he started down along the pier. Neither knew, of course, that Lo was signalling unobtrusively behind their backs, to another Chinaman who stood in the doorway, and who, as it chanced, failed to observe these signals.

As they approached, this second Chinaman took his house a little back, on which was pencilled three address, and silently gave it to Lo, who nodded angrily. Lo then ordered the man to write a message on a yellow slip, and he started down along the pier. Neither knew, of course, that Lo was signalling unobtrusively behind their backs, to another Chinaman who stood in the doorway, and who, as it chanced, failed to observe these signals.

"Yes, I'm a queer lot—Chinaman. Full of mystery and strange ways. Maybe he thought you intended to harm me or perhaps he supposed—But who can fathom their minds? They're an eternal riddle to me—we Caucasians."

"Well, at any rate, I'll take no chances with 'em after this. And now," said Tom, fanning his face with his hat, "it's not as pleasant here, and I propose we move that we move."

The little minister's eyes dwelt regretfully on the shapeless bundle lying at their feet.

"I was just on the point of departing," he explained to Tom, "with some of Miss Kirk's belonging. No doubt as you perceive. This bundle," he added, stooping to pick up a shapeless bundle from the dust, "proved me no small difficulty in the life of me I couldn't see how I'd carry it without crushing the thing. Then I solved the problem by wearing it, meanwhile pocketing my purse."

"I think it will be a better simpler solution," suggested the Girl with the Wistful Eyes, "if you'd let me carry the bundle."

No unkward incident marred the progress through the restaurant—Quong having returned to the kitchen while he served chop suey to a fabulous patron—and presently they emerged to the street. Tom looked at his watch.

"Unless there is something more I can do," he said, a note of regret in his voice. "I suppose I may as well leave you here."

"No, no!" protested Rev. Webb. "Surely you will come with us to the mission?"

Tom looked at the girl as if to say: "Do you want me to come?"

She, however, said nothing; nor did she look at him. She was gazing off down the street, in that wistful way of hers, and apparently she had forgotten the existence of both the men.

The minister continued, looking eagerly at Tom:

"I am anxious to show you the great work we're doing. Do please come. Are you an out-of-town man?"

Tom, who had already decided to go—with her rather than him—murmured an acquiescence, and the three set off together.

(To be continued.)

"UNSINKABLE" SHIP SUNK

Buoyancy Boxes Fail When Torpedo Hits the Lucia.

The "unsinkable" American cargo steamship Lucia has been sent to the bottom by a U-boat in mid-Atlantic. She was equipped with buoyancy boxes and was supposed to be invulnerable to torpedoes.

The Lucia was formerly under Austrian registry under the same name. She was at Mobile, Ala., when the United States entered the war and was taken over by the Government and equipped at a cost of more than $200,000 with the unsinkable device. It took several months to line her holds and cabins with air-filled boxes. The inventor claimed that they would keep the ship afloat, no matter how much water came into her hold as a result of a torpedo attack or shell fire.

The Lucia had made several voyages without incident, and the attack which sank her was the first one attempted. She was of 6,744 gross tons and was built in Austria in 1912. Before the war she was in the cotton trade between Gulf and Austrian ports.

About the House

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 lounge 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 letter-carrier, the day it scorched off 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 box 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 run-down 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 on 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 spunling 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 my 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 slightlessly had been keeping a wad 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 circled and stooped and limbered them, having my shoes off until again I had to go 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 barn 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 contemplate.

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 unpreparedness 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

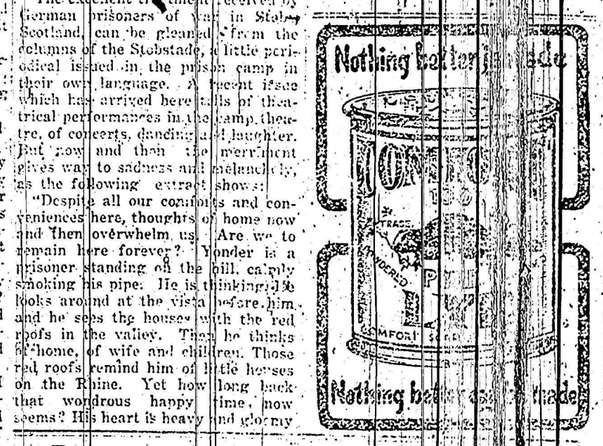
Thoughts of Home Amid the Comforts of Prison Camps.

The excellent treatment received by German prisoners of war in Stobs, Scotland, can be gleaned from the columns of the Stobstadt, 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. There 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 overcom[illegible] roofs have brought [illegible] memories, and he turns [illegible] the hill, still [illegible]

NURSING Earn from $10 to $25 a week [illegible] home. Booklet sent free. [illegible] COLLEGE OF SCIENCE, 759-K S. Spadina Ave., [illegible] Can.

Nothing better made



Nothing better made

Parker's will do it-

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

Send anything from household [illegible] down to the finest of delicate fabrics. [illegible] postage or express charges one way.

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

Our booklet on household suggestions [illegible] you name will be sent free of charge [illegible] to-day.

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

Ingram's Velvora Souvenir Face Powder

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

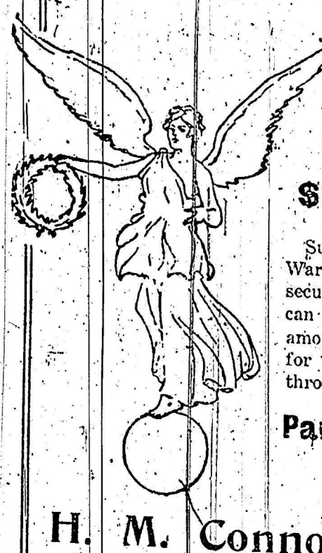
Ingram's Milkweed Cream is a preparation for softening and clearing the skin and keeping the complexion clear and youthful looking. It has pronounced therapeutic qualities upon the complexion. Two sizes. We also have a complete line of Ingram's toilets including Zodenta for the teeth, at all druggists.

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.

F. F. Ingram Co., Windsor, Ontario

Victory Loan



5 and [illegible] YEAR BONDS
$50 $100
$500 $1,000

Subscribe for Canadian War Loan—The very best security we can offer. [illegible] 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
MONTREAL, P.Q.
M. 1345