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## The Sealed Room

By Edwin Baird.

CHAPTER VIII.  
"Help yourself to the red-plush rocker, Mr. McKay. And pass the me, please, for my mistake with last week. It was really sure, no call to your father, Henry, who you had named Tom Stookey, but not as naturally as Winifred's will tell you. I'll first run up and tell her you're here." She bustled importantly away.

Approaching the red-plush rocker, he moved unhesitatingly about the room, pausing to frown at a gray chair or a deep basket of calicoed gypsum. He was not a man of nervous frills, and was half inclined to flee.

A feminine footstep crossed the threshold behind him, and his heart leaped and pounded riotously. Desiring to hide his perturbation, he blindly opened a book on the table and not looking toward the door, he signed an inscription in the volume. He would let her speak first. Thus, he would have the initial advantage.

However, it was only Mrs. Stookey, come to inform him with delicious news.

"Miss Winifred's dressmaker herself, she says she is in for her bit of a wait, I'm thinking. She's taking such elegant pains with her toilette. She wants to look her best for you. I'll lift the pair of 'em—her kind. Miss Plum's waiting away like a tomcat. I don't want to see so long."

"Tom, who had tucked his hand behind his back and now held the book and now for the first time, he read the gold lettering thereon: 'The Truncated Lamp'—by O. Henry, and promptly he was whisked by the agreeable inner glow, such as one feels upon meeting a beloved friend in a strange country.

"Have you read the stories in this book, Mrs. Stookey?"

"I have not," said she. "It belongs to one of the fellows—a young shipper, Dick named Mack."

"You could read them, mightn't you?" she said, looking through the simple lamplight. My foreman (George Youan, and I have read them through again and again. We read them night and day. They deal with the romance and adventure in a field, and we agreed that the next time one of us came to Chicago—"

Miss Stookey, seating herself on the piano stool, ruthlessly interrupted.

"To the devil's own stamping ground—the city. Miss, see what I done to poor Don. And she so sweet and trusting when first she come to it. Did ye know, Mr. McKay, this Winifred come from the country too?"

Mr. McKay, not knowing that, her ever dreaming it could be true, abruptly dropped O. Henry's book, all interest in it gone, and the expression on his vile face and in his sparkling eyes persuaded Mrs. Stookey who needed slight persuasion—to tell him the story of Winifred Spow.

How Winifred was born on an Italian farm, and how she lived there till her mother died, and her father sold out and went to Texas, and how she had come to Chicago for a course in a business college—these and kindred matters were related by the garrulous woman with pleasure as deep as the delight of her hearer.

During this time Winifred and her room-mate were happily employed with the "pignon" toilette, and the furnished room presented a chaotic aspect.

"And now at last she stood before the crinkly mirror and, slowly turning her slender body, surveyed the finished result. Miss Plum, kneeling beside her to contribute a final touch to the skirt; now rose, removed three pins from her mouth, and viewed the radiant girl admiringly.

"You look jes' beautiful, Win," said she, her rate eyes shining, her own angular lack of beauty quite forgotten. "No wonder he's crazy about you. Any man would be."

Winifred smiled over her shoulder at the adoring Henrietta.

"That's awfully sweet of you, Hen," and then, as her long blue eyes took in the mad display of the room: "My, but this room's a sight! I think I'd better straighten things up."

"Not much you won't," asserted Henrietta. "You go on down to him. I'll attend to this mess."

"That's dear of you, Hen," but really—

"Oh, I'm expectin' my reward," bantered Hen. "When you're married and livin' on yer farm you gotta send me a week-end invite, because maybe that foreman of his—"

"Henrietta Plum!" Winifred was startled to the temples. "Why, you're perfectly outrageous. He may not even be dreamin' of marryin' me."

"Then what's he doin' here?" demanded Miss Plum.

"Well, if he's not thinkin' of marryin' you, he ain't fit to be yer husband."

Descending the stairs, a minute later, Winifred puzzled her mind over that as Tom had puzzled his own. Yecum's reply, and also like Tom, she constructed it favorably.

But when, moving with the little buoyancy of youth, she came to the "pignon" room, all thoughts of herself vanished. Seeing him there, she thought only of his wonderful good-nature, of his great kindness to Dorra, and she thrilled with a nameless emotion. In that quivering instant she knew that she loved with all her soul.

As he rose from his chair she went swiftly toward him, start-eyed, her hands outstretched, a delicate flush in her face, smooth cheeks. Claspng both his hands, she lifted her humid eyes to his.

"It was so kind of you to come to see me, and I appreciate it more than I can say."

Gazing down into her upturned face, the power of speech deserted him. He who could face any physical danger with an unshakable pulse and a steady eye, was now tongue-tied with trembling fright.

(To be continued.)

A Little Prayer.  
Where'er thou be,  
On land or sea,  
Or in the air,  
This little prayer,  
I pray for thee—  
God keep thee ever,  
Day and night—  
Face to the light,  
Thine armor bright,  
Thy scutcheon white—  
That no despite  
Thine honor smite!  
With infinite  
Sweet oversight,  
God keep thee ever,  
Heart's delight,  
Sweet body, soul,  
And spirit high,  
That live or die,  
Thy glory  
His Majesty;  
And ever be,  
Within His sight,  
His true and upright,  
Sweet and stainless,  
Pure and sinless,  
Perfect Knight!

10 CROSSES WON BY CANADIANS.  
Many Foreign and Other Distinctions in List.

A list of honors and decorations won by members of the Canadian Expeditionary Force, compiled by the Military Department, shows that 10 Victoria Crosses, the highest award obtainable, have been awarded to soldiers of the Dominion. The Distinguished Service Order was won by 491 Canadians; and 1,957 Military Crosses were awarded to officers of the C.E.F. The Military Medal, corresponding to the Military Cross, but granted to N.C.O.'s and men, was awarded to 6,549 Canadian soldiers and the Distinguished Conduct Medal to 1,028. Canadians mentioned in despatches numbered 4,333.

Of foreign honors awarded to Canadians, the Croix de Guerre heads the list in point of number; 305 members of the C.E.F. won this decoration. The Cross of St. George (Russian) was given to 102 men from the Dominion, and the Medaille Militaire to 45. Twenty men from Canada won the Italian Bronze Medal for military valor.

A number of other distinctions, including 125 C.M.G.'s, were also awarded to members of the C.E.F.

Ready to Start.  
The smart young man whose school honors thick upon him, and his intention to teach the world in general, and his father in particular the manner in which up-to-date commerce should be conducted—stood earnestly holding forth in his father's office.

"You may rely upon me," he was saying, with perfervid emphasis, "I will devote my whole life to the interests of the business. It shall be my aim and ambition to keep the family name free from stain."

"Good!" said the old man, gruffly. "That's the spirit. Tell the office boy to give you the whitening and ammonia; then go and polish up the brass name-plate at the door."

Full plowing of timothy or bluegrass sod will generally prevent insect attacks, such as farmers experienced with white grubs, wire worms, sod web-worms, cut worms and bill bugs during the past season.

# About the House

God! Citizenship.  
Has it ever occurred to the majority of those precious things—ideas of liberty and justice that live—can be neither bought nor sold? They are not heinous and ungodly can hand them down (that is, if the like government bonds of exchange, like jewels, in a strong box. They may be "recommended" and even insisted upon but are adopted voluntarily or not at all.

These facts offer food for serious thought on the part of those who are responsible for Canada's future. Whatever ideals it is desirable for the citizens of to-morrow to possess, must be instilled into the consciousness of the children of to-day. The process is the tedious one of "line upon line, precept upon precept, here a little, there a little"—a process at times inspiring but more often than not discouraging. It is a process, little realized in the main because its workings are unseen. Not until the generation stands ready for citizenship can it be seen that damage has been done. Only then is one aware of the existence of the harmful influence. Human errors are too precious to be submitted to this exploitation—and the most serious duty confronting patriots to-day is the provision of influences that will produce high standards of living for generations to come.

Had this truth been recognized from any other than a largely theoretical stand point by the men and women of the preceding and the present generation it would not have been possible for the vicious theories promulgated by Frederick the Great (wrongly so called) to be working themselves out to-day in Prussian atrocities. There can not be too vigorous (pushing of) baby welfare movements or the establishment and maintenance of supervised playgrounds. By Scout movements, national health boards, carefully considered housing schemes, city planning and every other movement that centres in the cleanest finest living, an examination into the things of which all were most keenly concerned a decade ago will not result in a list of these things as national interests. Every one of them must be absorbing interests if Prussianism is to be stamped out forever.

Delicious Carrot Cookery.  
Delectable dishes are made from the "despised" and humble carrot. It is health-giving food, blood purifying and is truly delicious when the taste for carrot cooking has been acquired.

Carrot Butter.—Sift one pint each of stewed carrots and stewed dried apricots, add one pint of white sugar and one-half teaspoon each of ground cinnamon and nutmeg, mix well and cook slowly until thick, like apple butter. Seal in tumblers. This is good all the year round.

Baked Carrots.—Scrape as many carrots as desired, cut in halves lengthwise. Arrange in buttered baker on a bed of cracker crumbs, grate over them one large onion. Cover with beef stock, season with salt and pepper and one teaspoon of minced parsley. Bake one hour, or less if carrots are small and tender.

Carrot Salad.—Dice four tall boiled carrots, two cold boiled potatoes and chop four hard-boiled eggs and two stalks of celery. Arrange on bed of shredded lettuce and dress with mayonnaise or French salad dressing.

Carrot and Celery Soup.—Parboil until tender four medium-sized carrots that have been scraped and sliced and one head of well-blanched celery that has been cut in half-inch pieces. Drain and add one cup of milk and one cup of cream and one-half cup of butter. Cook until quite thick. Seal while hot. This is delicious with carrots, also makes a delicious jam.

Carrots with Canned Corn.—Chop three boiled carrots and add to them one-half cup sweet corn. Fresh may be used and is better. Season with salt and pepper, add one cup of milk, one tablespoonful of butter and one cup of bread crumbs. Bake one-half hour.

Carrot Chopped Pickle.—Six raw carrots cleaned and chopped, one cucumber grated, two onions grated, one tablespoonful fresh grated horseradish, two cups of green tomato chopped and two cups of cabbage chopped fine. Cover with vinegar, two cups of sugar, salt and spices to taste. Heat and seal while scalding hot. I usually add whole white mustard seed, whole black peppers, cloves, cinnamon, celery seed and a half dozen pimento or one red pepper shredded. This makes a delicious sauce for meats.

Carrots Candy.—Roast three cooked carrots through potato ricer while hot, add one-half cup of sugar, one cup of chopped nut meats one package of lemon jello, one-half pint of boiling water. (Dissolve the jello in the boiling water.) Mix. Let set cold, when quite solid cut in squares five by five.

Carrot and Beef Meal.—One cup of dried beet pulp or one cup of dried beet meal has been accumulated at certain sugar refineries in Ontario, and is being quoted at \$55.00 a ton, f.o.b. Chatham, Wallaceburg and Kitchener. It is a view of the market demand for finished cattle feeders could be well advised to acquire into the value of this material and to utilize it wherever obtainable to advantage. It is the desire of the Food Board that this feed be used in Canada rather than to permit its export.

Earmers and live stock men are advised to form co-operative groups to purchase car load lots of government feed or feed from the regular trade, without delay, so as to avoid difficulty and delay incidental to winter transportation. Government feed will be supplied upon application to the Feed Division, Live Stock Branch, Department of Agriculture, Ottawa. Bran and shorts, upon which there has been no basic advance upon the prices fixed some months ago, are handled by the regular trade, and not by the Feed Division.

From information as to live stock deficiency in Europe the Canada Food Board urges that no live stock be marketed until it is finished, as there will be a steady demand for meat and breeding stock from Europe with the re-establishment of normal communication and the release of ships from war services.

Blessed is he who keeps his troubles to himself.

## THE CROWNING ATROCITY

Devilish Trick of Retreating Germans Just Before War's Close.

A young tank officer whom I knew before the war and whom I know to be truthful, tells me an honest-appearing British sergeant in turn, told him that a week or two before the war's end the British, having cleaned up a nest of enemy machine guns, sent a detail out to bury the dead.

The sergeant says an American writer had buried two Germans from their own ranks who had fallen in the fighting of days earlier, when the British made their first attack upon the German lines. The sergeant who effected the burial of these two men, as he wrote, he saw something was fastened to the dead man's neck. This something was partly hidden under the body. Becoming instantly suspicious, he watched the other man to stand back and then, cautiously, he came upon a bomb, so devised that a slight jar or a slight pull would set it off.

Before they fell back, the surviving Germans had attached this devilish thing to the corpse with the benevolent intention of blowing to bits the first man among the victors who should undertake the near duty with intent to give it decent burial.

As I know, have been warned against gathering up German bodies and German rifles in places from which the enemy has retired, because such a souvenir has a way of blowing up in the holder's hand by reason of the hidden grenade that is attached to it, with the eye so arranged that a tug at the wire-on connection will set off the charge.

Let this crowning atrocity, coming from British sources, show that they had made improvements in their system. From sawyer jaws fruit trees, from shoveling filth into the drinking wells, from wantonly destroying the things that for years had sheltered them, from laying waste the lands back into the hands of their rightful proprietors, the ingenious Hun had progressed in his inhuman education to where he had learned to serve his purpose.

No man can bleach a dead by turning it over in his mind.

Recita generated a crop farm this year on which 5,100 bushels of wheat and 1,000 of oats were raised.

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