

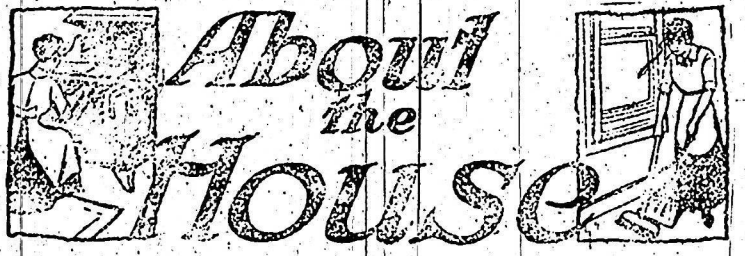
After a Trial

Consumers are possessed with a faith and enthusiasm entirely lacking before the quality was actually demonstrated.

"SALADA"

is the best flavored and the most economical tea ever offered for sale.

But you must insist } On getting the } Genuine



About the House

Our Children's Health—Or Unhealth?

Here are a few extracts from the report of a physician on conditions as he found them in a certain State to the south of us. Do these conditions also prevail in our own fair land? I am afraid they do. This is what he says:

"Not to bring up a child in the way he should go, physically, mentally and morally, is a terrible sin of omission.

"That the physical condition of our children is deplorable appears in the statistics of every medical inspection that has been published.

"Who are the children who are getting proper care? But are our neighbors? Their tubercular children are a menace to ours. Is it our right to see that they are taken care of?"

Helping Our Returned Men.

Writing on "Invisible Wounds," Carl Arvid H. Samuel, says that the greater percentage of soldiers passing through reconstruction centers are suffering from internal injuries, and that surgical injuries, such as those suffered from shell shock, for instance, they look fit. "It will be difficult," he says, "in many instances for the business manager to open his door to the returned fighter to understand why men who look hale and hearty enough will be unable to go into certain jobs involving heavy indoor work. They must not be passed by because their 'wounds' are not obvious."

Breakfast Cereals.

This is now an appropriate time to add the breakfast cereal to the morning meal. The body for the next six months will require considerably more starches, sugars and fats to maintain sufficient heat and energy. An ideal manner of supplying this need will be found in the breakfast cereal and milk.

Table for Properties.

One cupful of oatmeal to four cupfuls of water; cook for 3 hours.

One cupful of rolled oats to three cupfuls of water; cook for 2 hours.

One cupful of farina to four cupfuls of water; cook for 2 hours.

One cupful of cracked wheat to five cupfuls of water; cook for 2 hours.

One cupful of hominy to six cupfuls of water; cook for 3 hours.

One cupful of cornmeal to four cupfuls of water; cook for 3 hours.

One cupful of barley to five cupfuls of water; cook for 4 hours.

One cupful of rice to four cupfuls of water; cook for 3 hours.

One cupful of rye meal to four cupfuls of water; cook for 3 hours.

For variety add any of the following:

One-half cupful of seeded and chopped dates.

One-half cupful of seeded and chopped prunes.

One-half cupful of peanuts put through the food chopper.

Three tablespoonfuls of peanut butter.

Try serving cereals with the following in place of sugar: Place one-half cupful of syrup in a small pitcher and add two tablespoonfuls of butter. Heat until very hot, stirring frequently until creamy.

Full silos mean big winter milk.

CHRISTMAS will be happier for you if you have provided the first step for your children's future. Begin saving for them now by purchasing good stocks on our PARTIAL PAYMENT PLAN. So much laid by monthly actually gives them ownership in any securities specially favored by you. Write at once for copy of our free booklet telling you all about this splendid saving plan.

H. M. Connolly & Co. Members Montreal Stock Exchange 108-109 Transportation Building MONTREAL - QUE.

The Sealed Room

By Edwin Baird.

CHAPTER IX.

Mrs. Stookey, knowing a propitious moment when she met only quietly withdrew, closing the folding doors behind her.

Tom moistened his lips.

"I'm going back to-night," he thought, perhaps I came to see—I wouldn't go home with me?"

For all his nervousness, there was a thrilling infection in his voice which caused her to lower her eyes, and the warm blush in her cheeks mounted higher and higher still, until it bathed her white brow in a crimson flood.

The Great Moment had arrived! He loved her! He wanted to marry her! And yet—who can fathom the heart of a girl?—she did not answer his question, then. Instead, she asked another—a question so wholly unexpected that it left him gasping utter bewilderment.

"Do you happen to know if that un-tatched foreman on your ranch is susceptible?"

"Why—what on earth! You say what? What do you mean, anyway?" he demanded, staring at her with Heaven knows what wild thoughts in his mind.

She could meet his eyes now, smiling. Having succeeded in perturbing him, her own palpitation promptly subsided.

"I was only thinking," she said, "of a very particular friend of mine, who feels strangely drawn to country life, and I was wondering—Mr. Phillip Webb, Mrs. Stookey and Mrs. Buckle and the Zuckermans and Mrs. Kirk were among those there."

"And the little minister still tells of the splendid donations—checks of four figures each, no less—which the hideogrooms made to 'the cause'?"

"The End"

IN FULL MARCHING ORDER

Soldier's Vivid Description of An Army March.

Was just thinking I have often spoken of marching, and I will give you an account of a march with full marching order, as you might like to have an idea of what it means. These marches, however, are not all as bad as I'll find this one.

First, we are warned to fall in at 6 o'clock, in full marching order. Let me tell you that "full marching order" is the skeleton equipment, that on which the various articles of gear, consists of a wide, heavy, ribbed canvas belt with two shoulder straps; in the front, attached to the belt, are the cartridge pouches, holding 120 rounds of ammunition; on the left on right side are the bayonet, attaching to the rifle and having a strap; the last contains your shaving outfit, cleansing and eating utensils, etc.; on the right side is the water bottle. Then comes the real load: the pack, a canvas valise slung on the back by straps round your shoulders. It carries a greatcoat, sweater coat, extra underwear, socks, handkerchiefs, ground sheet and house-ware. Then add to that the box respirator, or gas mask, on their chest, a trenching tool at back on belt and in your rifle; and you are ready. The pack is always outside a seemingly unnecessary amount of standing ground in platoons which is rather spring. While standing, a good way of easing the load is to place middle of rifle under the pack butt on the ground, and let your shoulders down. You have only then to keep the pack balanced. At last we get the word and start off. One's sensations and pains of mild torture experienced are so varied that I'll describe them to you.

First of all, we march at east, that is to say, one may chat with his pal on left or right, sling the rifle, instead of carrying it at a slant, and smoke, although it is bad policy to smoke, you need all your wind. One period is usually three-quarters of an hour with a ten minute rest after.

The first five or ten minutes all goes well; you trot along humming or chatting, making more or less humorous comments on the various, and what seem to us, peculiar houses and vehicles, etc., which we see on the way. We have apparently forgotten that we are human pack mules. Soon, however, one begins to realize he is carrying something. You feel a heavy or choking sensation, like an attack of indigestion as though your lungs are being squeezed slightly. But that is a trifle, you think. You feel straight up, take a deep breath and it is forgotten. In a minute or two the right shoulder begins to ache a little with the heavy backward pull on it. You shift your rifle to the left shoulder—that's easier for the right, but soon the left starts to keep company and you cannot shift any weight anywhere else.

Then you slip a hand behind you and underneath the pack, raising it and shifting the weight to your arm. This is a great relief, but only momentary as the strain on the arm is too great, and one lets the pack down again. Next commences across the back of the neck and reaching into both shoulders a dull, heavy pain. This steadily grows worse. Another way of easing yourself is to slip a thumb under each set of shoulder straps and raising the whole equipment a little. But, as you can imagine, you can only hold it for a very short time.

From this time on it is a series of various changes in shifting of weights, none of which ever give you only to the extent of lessening it in one place and increasing it in another.

One which has reached now that dull state in which he has but one desire and that is to lie down and get off that infernal load anywhere, anyplace, but the man in front of you can't through misty-eyed dimness, eyes see his legs, the heels of his boots seem to be coming back to you but never getting any closer; he is plodding along, and through your mind runs the thought: "He is carrying the same load, full of that same rain. If he can keep up, I can, and still your legs monotonously forge ahead. I can't explain it, but you are in a state of semi-consciousness, like one walking in his sleep. Then you try to think of something pleasant. In my case I try to picture myself at home, and you may not believe it, but it helps a lot. Some chaps have fallen out, but you plod along. To fall out means the extra exertion of stepping out of the ranks, your legs do not seem capable of changing direction, so you stay in your place praying for the welcome words of command: "Fall out!"

Perhaps one chap with a little more pep" left in him informs us that we have ten minutes to go before the rest period. That ten minutes magnifies itself into an eternity of time, in your mind, but here's where the old thought of mine is often comes in: "There's an end to all things, and so will be this march."

When that time is up you stagger out to the right and let yourself down, lying on the pack. You find a back rest and also so that the weight is all taken off your back and shoulders. Then for a moment the sudden flow of blood seems sharp, shooting pains around the cords of the neck, but that is over and the blessed relief then. In a moment you feel fit enough to reach for a cigarette. A drink would taste all right, but it is not wise, as you have another walk ahead of you, to take one. The ten minutes soon pass, and you halt yourself on your knees, then to your feet and step into your section of fours.

Then comes another spell of a little worse as you start out tired, but you know that at the end is an hour's rest for dinner, so you carry on.

I want to say this, but that I'm in the infantry, not at all, for I've seen every kind. Here's what I mean: Of all the units in France the difference in corps, etc., the rank and file of the infantry have the most hardships, hardest work and absolutely the least comfort, whether in or out of the line, and are lowest in grade of units. The most credit is due to them, for outside of fighting, which all do, they, as I said, endure the most.

The aviators fly so many hours per day and go way back of the line to comfortable billets and lots to eat, with things ready for them. The artillery have greater chance for sleeping places and for carrying grub. The infantry throw their load off their back and probably dig a hole in the side of a trench at night and eat out of their mess tin, which they are lucky enough to have!

I'm not complaining for I've not experienced much of it, just enough to realize what they won't get—the most credit after the war.

"Judge not without knowledge, nor without necessity, and never without love,"—Alex. Whyte.

Ex-Empress Eugenie of France, widow of Napoleon III, has lived to see the day she prayed for—the fall of the Hohenzollerns.

THE SOLDIER'S LAST MESSAGE

HOW TRAGIC LETTERS REACT ON THE HOMELAND

The Courtesy of the British Soldier is Shown in His Care of a Fallen Comrade's Treasure.

I was warned for a time, that was likely to prove a "poor man's hour."

Therefore, I wrote a card to be put on the envelope, "Be careful of the contents of this envelope."

"I understand," he said. "That letter did not have to be sent, for I was unlit."

A Fallen Comrade.

We were waiting near a camp. An officer of another regiment came up and said:

"There's a poor laddie of your regiment lying out on the grass. I thought you might like to know."

I followed his guidance and found the body. I felt in the breast-pocket and found an envelope. It was a fearsome task, but when I read in the bright moonlight the words, "In the event of my death kindly forward," I was glad I had found courage to do it.

Later two comrades were killed, and for several days I moved about a battlefield carrying those three precious letters, and in danger of losing West" myself. I did not worry about the safety of the letters. I knew that if I "stopped" it, others would take and carry them until the chance came to send them to the loved ones in Blighty.

Some weeks later I was wounded, and came home. For four months a comrade carried a packet of old letters, which I had left in my pack when I discarded it on the battlefield. When he at last achieved leave he brought them to me in England.

"I knew they were personal, old chap, and I wouldn't trust 'em to the post," he said.

Those letters were doubly precious to me after that.

Risk Life to Recover Taken.

I wonder if those at home who have received the personal treasures and letters of their dead know that great courtesy of the British soldier? How men risk their lives and crawl into No Man's Land so that a dear pal's wife or mother, it is his woman, folk that the soldier usually addresses, that sacred letter—small have the very last message he ever wrote. Through what inferna of shelling they carry those letters! How they will add to their overburdened kit some token that Bill, or George, would like his "missus" to have, and how they carry such a treasure, and will not part with it until they can find a certain messenger to take it to the beloved woman!

No; there is no glory in war, but there is love.

CROSSING CANAL DU NORD

How "Tanks" Enabled Infantry to Rush the Hindenburg Line.

The floundering of the early Tanks in the deep mud of Flanders roused joy in German hearts. Surely this mighty engine of war, could be defeated by a zone of soft earth, or by shallow pools of water? Therefore a line of trenches was cut, and flooded at intervals, and failed. For, while the Tanks were churning and digging, their mechanics were planning new stunts for their unpopularity, including the carriage of a strong bridging hurdle to repair raps and split trenches. The great rail of the Canal du Nord was anticipated deep enough and wet enough to stop the British rush to the Hindenburg line. Accordingly, all bridges were breached and the banks pulverized by shallow mines. Then the enemy retired, lining the further bank with machine guns.

Next morning the first Tank plunged up the shell-torn road, and reached the elements of a bridge. The great "drummed," as was expected, and the great steel monster set down heavily in the ruins, jammed, the target for every rifle and Maxim that could be brought to bear. Under power of a smoke-bomb, the crew scrambled out of the upper manhole, and took shelter where they could in the lee of the fallen giant. Then a second Tank waddled up. There was a halt, and its team of engineers, rising apparently from the earth, deftly reached down certain steel joists which were laid as a pathway from terra-firma to the tortoise top of the abandoned machine in front.

With a mighty churning and grinding Tank No. 2 crawled out over No. 1, bumped on to the centre pier of the bridge, made a few more bounces, and then crashed the crown of the further arch, sinking to the canal level. Tank No. 3 was on the heels of its predecessors, its Maxims and six-pounders belching shells by the string against the enemy's posts, and covering the working-party. Again the bridging material was laid, and right smartly our third Tank bumped and waddled across the improvised span of steel, and came into close action, paving the way for our infantry to complete the breach.

Promises to many folks are like pictures—only made to be broken.

Use PROPER FOOD

Put in plenty of vegetables, rich in vitamins. Even milk, stock of snags made by a dealer.

BOV

Feed Continually

Get Government Government Food

Government Food is the best and live stock men of the Department of Agriculture has issued a different distribution.

It cleaned eleven 200 pound sacks of Fort William. It cost \$1.50 per sack. It cost \$1.50 per sack. It cost \$1.50 per sack.

Linseed oil cake (Montreal in 1914) 200 pound sacks. It cost \$1.50 per sack. It cost \$1.50 per sack. It cost \$1.50 per sack.

It would be well together and order above feeds before affect transportation. It cost \$1.50 per sack. It cost \$1.50 per sack. It cost \$1.50 per sack.

Brain and shorts is an absolute fact. It cost \$1.50 per sack. It cost \$1.50 per sack. It cost \$1.50 per sack.

There is also a supply of pulp or sugar beet. It cost \$1.50 per sack. It cost \$1.50 per sack. It cost \$1.50 per sack.

Ontario, selling at \$35.90 per ton. Chatham, Kitchen, plus a charge of \$1.50 per ton. It cost \$1.50 per sack. It cost \$1.50 per sack. It cost \$1.50 per sack.

The existence of Siberia is reported. It cost \$1.50 per sack. It cost \$1.50 per sack. It cost \$1.50 per sack.

Recruiting Office for the Army. It cost \$1.50 per sack. It cost \$1.50 per sack. It cost \$1.50 per sack.

FOR CHRISTMAS!

Must Coat. It cost \$1.50 per sack. It cost \$1.50 per sack. It cost \$1.50 per sack.

Fur Seal. It cost \$1.50 per sack. It cost \$1.50 per sack. It cost \$1.50 per sack.

Fur Lamin. It cost \$1.50 per sack. It cost \$1.50 per sack. It cost \$1.50 per sack.

CUMMINGS & CO. 108a St. Paul Street, Montreal. It cost \$1.50 per sack. It cost \$1.50 per sack. It cost \$1.50 per sack.

BOB LOIC

UNION MADE OVERALL SHIRTS & CLOTHES. It cost \$1.50 per sack. It cost \$1.50 per sack. It cost \$1.50 per sack.

My Dad wears 'em. It cost \$1.50 per sack. It cost \$1.50 per sack. It cost \$1.50 per sack.

Known from Coast to Coast. R.G. LONG & CO. TORONTO. It cost \$1.50 per sack. It cost \$1.50 per sack. It cost \$1.50 per sack.

STORY OF THE PINK-TAILED TANK

A BRITISH LAND SOLDIER'S STORY

When I was in the infantry, I was in the infantry. It cost \$1.50 per sack. It cost \$1.50 per sack. It cost \$1.50 per sack.

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