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TOMMY
Joseph Hocking

Author of "All for a Scrap of Paper" "Dearest Than Life" etc. Published by Hodder & Stoughton, Limited, London and Toronto

CHAPTER VI.—(Cont'd.)

"That's something like," said many of Alice's friends; "Alice will make a splendid minister's wife."

But when at length Mr. Skelton proposed to Alice, she had no difficulty in answering him. He could offer her a far better position than Tom dreamed of; the work was interesting and a minister's wife, too, would be thoroughly in accord with her tastes and desires. But Alice cared nothing for Mr. Skelton. Her heart was sad when she saw how pale he looked at her refusal, but she had no hesitation, however, was not so easy to settle. Young Harry Briarfield was not a comparative stranger like Mr. Skelton; she had known him all her life, they had been brought up together in the same town, they had gone to Sunday School together, they had sung duets together at concerts, and although she had never looked at Harry in the light of a lover she had always been fond of him.

Harry was in a good position too; his father was a manufacturer in a fairly large way, and he had just been admitted as a partner into the business. He was twenty-four years of age now, was highly respected throughout the town, and was looked upon as one who in a few years would hold his head high among commercial men.

During the last few weeks Harry had come often to Mr. Lister's house, ostensibly to talk about business, but really to see Alice.

Mr. and Mrs. Lister had nudged each other and smiled at Harry's frequent visits.

"I know," said Alice, "you would do the right thing," said Mr. Lister to his wife; "for a time she went silly about that Pollard boy, but she threw him over her own accord. Harry's a nice lad, and he's making a tidy bit of brass, while George Briarfield has about made his pile. In two or three years Harry will have the business entirely in his own hands, and then there will not be a better chance in Brunford for her."

Mrs. Lister sighed.

"I don't think our Alice has forgotten Tom Pollard, though," she replied.

"Nonsense," replied her husband, "what is the good of her thinking about Tom? I thought he would have done well at one time, and if he hadn't taken up with that Pollard fellow he might have got on; but he did, and then he went for a soldier. What is the good of our Alice thinking about him? Even if the war were to finish next week and Tom were to come back, it would take him years, even if he had luck, to make five pound a week, while Harry's making a thousand a year. I know," replied Mrs. Lister, "but you can never judge a lass's heart. You know how it was with us George; at the very time you asked me to be your wife you were only making thirty-three shillings a week, and William Pot was making hundreds a year. He was making a better chance nor you, George, and people said I was a fool for not taking him; but I couldn't."

"That was a different thing," said George Lister hastily. "That Pollard boy went wrong. Besides, we need not think about that now; Alice gave him up, and very likely he will be killed."

On the night when Tom was alone in the trenches, Harry Briarfield made his way to Mr. Lister's house, and it was not long before Alice and he were left alone together. Harry had made up his mind to make his proposal that night, and he had but little doubt as to the result.

"Look here, Alice," he said presently, "I want to say something to you, something very particular. You must have seen for a long time how fond I am of you, and perhaps you have wondered why I haven't spoken. I wanted to badly enough, but I waited until father took me into partnership. You see," he went on, "at the beginning of the war things were going bad with us; there was a boom in the cotton trade about a year ago, but when the war broke out there was a regular slump, and we thought we were going to be ruined. Now, however, things are going very well again. We have got some war contracts, and we are making money."

Alice's heart beat wildly, although by an effort she appeared calm.

"I wonder you have not joined the Army, Harry," she said; "every day there's a call for more men."

"Not if I know it," replied Harry. "At one time I did think of trying for

About the House
DOMESTIC SCIENCE AT HOME

Sixteenth Lesson. Rolls, Tea Biscuits and Buns.

Rolls and tea biscuits make a delightful addition to the daily bill of fare. The regular bread dough may be used in making them.

Parker House Rolls

Use the recipe for white bread, the sponge method. When the bread is ready for the pan, roll on a slightly thick. Cut with a four-inch cookie cutter, brush them with melted butter, then fold over in pocketbook style, pressing firmly. Set on a well-greased pan two inches apart. Set to rise for thirty minutes. Then brush with egg minutes in a hot oven. Quickly brush the tops of the rolls upon their arrival from the oven with melted butter.

Tea Biscuits

Prepare the dough as for the Parker House rolls. Roll it one-quarter inch thick, then brush with melted butter. Fold over the dough and beat with a rolling pin for three minutes. Cut with two-inch cookie cutter. Set in warm place to rise for eighteen minutes. Then brush with egg wash. Sprinkle with granulated sugar and bake in a hot oven for fifteen minutes.

Cinnamon Cake

Use the recipe calling for straight dough method in the bread recipes. When the dough is ready for the pans, roll it three-quarters of an inch thick. Cut the size of the pan. Place in a well-greased pan and set to rise for thirty minutes. Brush the top with egg wash and cover one-quarter of an inch deep with one-half cupful of brown sugar, one-half cupful of flour, two tablespoonfuls of cinnamon, five tablespoonfuls of lard. Mix the dry ingredients well, then rub in the lard until crumbly. Place on the dough in a moderate oven and bake for twenty minutes.

Cinnamon Buns

Use the straight dough mixture. Take the dough as ready for the pans and roll it on a slightly floured pastry board one-quarter of an inch thick. Then spread it with brown sugar, cinnamon and currants and one ounce of butter to every pound of dough. Roll like jelly roll, but in slices one and one-half inches thick. Place so that the buns barely touch

MUSIC IN THE HOME

Music a Necessity in Wartime.

In time of war everyone expects to sacrifice a certain amount of luxury. By a simple process, of taxation such sacrifices are automatically systematized for the entire community. But the question arises: "What is a luxury, what a necessity?"

It has been proposed that musical instruments should be classed as luxuries. In other words, music is to be classed with liquor and tobacco as one of those utterly useless frivolities that every serious and patriotic citizen should be glad to give up.

What an anomaly! Music, always a necessity, becomes in time of war absolutely indispensable to a nation. When the nervous system of every individual is working under constant strain, the calming, sustaining influence of music should be given every opportunity to make its presence felt. When patriotic emotions demand expression and encouragement, it is music that will supply it. When thousands of people have to be brought together to one common purpose, music is the only universal language, the only oratory that reaches every heart. We want "O Canada," "The Maple Leaf" and the National Anthem to be sung in every home, in every public place. Yet some so-called economists limit the possibilities of music by placing an embargo on the instruments that should lead us in singing.

The musical sense is one of the highest and noblest possessed by man. It is also one of the earliest stages of civilization and the lowest orders of intelligence. The savage goes to war with the beat of the tom-tom in his ears, and the greatest religious and political movements have equally owed their impulse to strains of music.

Time was when music, no matter how universal in its appeal, could be heard at its best only by the rich, but the last ten years have changed all this. The tremendous advance in the manufacture of all kinds of musical instruments, both of the old kind to be played by hand and of those that reproduce the work of great artists, has put the highest type of music into every home.

People are learning better every day the great truth that music is not a luxury but a necessity.

Here in Canada where we have a composite of classes, races and traditions, to be welded into a nation and into an army, we have only one language that all can understand, one means of expression that is common to all. Music to create and foster national spirit and consciousness, music to stimulate recruiting, music to brace and inspire those who march to war and rush to battle, and finally, music to sustain those who have to remain behind and wait—our need is for music, and music, and still more music.

Let us do nothing to discourage the one most powerful influence in the

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SIGNAL FOR DAY OR NIGHT.

Improvement on the Flags Now Used For Semaphore Signaling.

Flags are not very satisfactory for semaphore signaling. Their "range of visibility" (for obvious reasons) is much diminished in a strong breeze; and under such circumstances a flag often becomes entangled with the staff.

An important improvement has been invented by Sergeant H. A. Pierce, formerly of Battery A, First New York Field Artillery. It is a rigid semaphore, fitted with an illuminating device for use at night—when, of course, flags would be invisible.

Take a wire ring fifteen inches in diameter and stretch within its circumference a circular piece of white bunting with a red centre. Provide the ring with a straight handle consisting of a brass rod and wooden grip. Furnish yourself with two of these, and they will give you a semaphore as serviceable in a high wind as in a dead calm.

So much for daytime signaling. For night use, there is an electric lamp adjustable in such a way as to protrude through the centre of each red disk. The lamps are energized by a small battery-box hung from the operator's neck.

These two lamps (affixed to night use by screwing them into place) are white. A third lamp, that gives a red color, is fixed in a socket on the front of the battery box, which the operator, in a squatting attitude, places between his feet. He has thus two whites and one red, and, by waving his circular "flags," he can send any message desired.

If You Are Not Already Acquainted

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AIRCRAFT'S PART IN FUTURE TRADE
THE WORLD'S AIR ROUTES AND THEIR REGULATION.

Suggested Commercial Routes and National Rights to be Observed in Aerial Navigation.

We in Britain, whose interest has so long been centred on the all-important progress of aerial navigation for defensive, as well as offensive purposes, have not, perhaps, given much thought to the significance of such progress when peace arrives, says a writer in London Answers.

Some folk declare they never wish to see another aeroplane again as long as they live, since the sight of such winged monsters has portended horror and disaster to many who shelter within these isles.

But there can be no possible doubt that the enormous development made by the aviation of the present will go on after the cessation of hostilities.

Fantastic though some of the reading may seem, Lord Montagu of Beaulieu's book, "The World's Air Routes and their Regulation," is a fascinating study, and one where sound common sense and practicality have not been swamped by the imagination.

The Right to the Sky.

The preface of this work contains certain interesting allusions in regard to aerial legislation in pre-war days. It tells of the International Aeronautical Conference, which sat at Nancy in 1899, and which decided that "only warfare could reveal the abuses to which the airplane could be put." Prophetic words, those!

Mention is also made of the first Act of Parliament passed in regard to the regulation of aviation on June 2nd, 1911—which provided for the protection of the public against dangers arising from the navigation of aircraft. The first two sections gave power to the Secretary of State to prohibit the navigation of aircraft over prohibited areas, and to inflict penalties for offences. The list of prohibited areas included railway centres, dockyards, farms, churches, piers, forts, etc. This law, however, Fritz seems to have taken pleasure in violating.

Turning from the historical to the practical side of the book, Lord Montagu gives a sketch of suggested trade routes and national rights to be observed in aerial navigation. British law allows the owner of private property the right to the sky above that property. In the same way, national air rights, Lord Montagu contends, should extend over the whole land area of that country, and, in the case of nations possessing a seaboard, the usual three-mile limit round the coast, as is afforded seaward.

Aerial Police Craft.

Aerial traffic could be regulated as follows: Private airplanes up to 2,000 feet, the space from 2,000 to 4,000 for silenced aircraft used for commercial purposes and passenger traffic; the upper heights, say from 8,000 feet upwards, to be reserved for Government purposes, and the international levels from 10,000 feet.

In order that this traffic shall be well regulated in the air as in our London streets, air police will be required. Aircraft will be registered at Lloyd's aerial register, and landing stages, captive illuminated balloons for the benefit of night flyers, and mountain ranges or any great heights, will be definitely indicated to ensure safety. Lights on aircraft will be similar to those used on the sea and on the land, and the rules of the road will be observed.

Regarding the actual routes themselves, these are so arranged as to waste the minimum of time in actual travel. What do you say, for instance, to embarking at Croydon aerodrome at seven in the morning, calling at Marseilles for lunch, and arriving in Naples at six p.m., in time for dinner?

Annihilation of Space.

A short trip from St. John's, Newfoundland, to County Kerry in Ireland—a matter of 1,800 miles approximately—should be accomplished in sixteen hours.

Fantastical as all this may sound to our limited intelligence, and still more limited imagination, when one considers that an aeroplane nowadays is easily capable of a speed of eighty miles an hour, added to which is the immense assistance rendered by the wind currents—many of which flow at a rate of anything from thirty to sixty miles—one can soon run up the speed for a commercial plane to 110 miles per hour.

The calm assurance of the book makes one gasp occasionally. Yet, should we not all have gasped if present-day happenings could have been revealed to us twenty years ago?

No mistake will be made in increasing Ontario's flocks and herds. A great mistake will be made if care is not taken to breed quality as well as numbers.

Already in many regions timber shortage and high prices have followed the exhaustion of the local timber supply. From the public standpoint there is a real need for growing forests vastly larger than are now planned for.

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