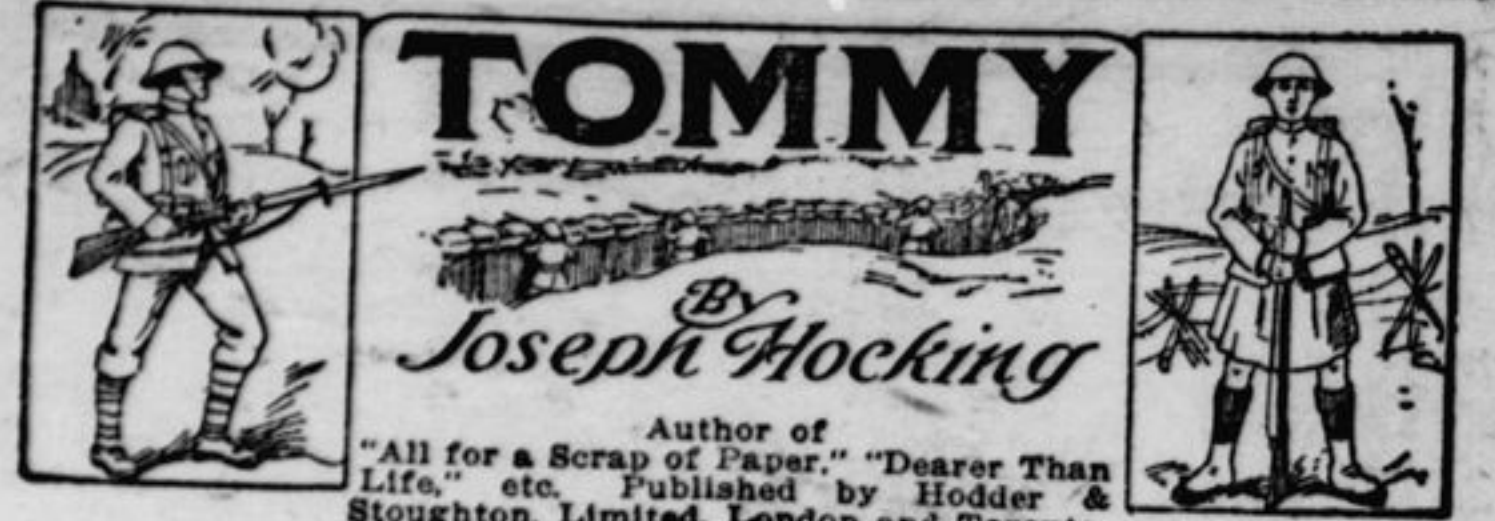


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TOMMY
Joseph Hocking
Author of "All for a Scrap of Paper," "Dearer Than Life," etc. Published by Hodder & Stoughton, Limited, London and Toronto.

CHAPTER VI—(Cont'd.)
"But surely she can't be such a fool as to refuse Harry! Why, there isn't a better chap in Brunford! He's an only son, and his father's brass will go to him when he dies."
But Mrs. Lister did not speak a word; in her eyes was a far-away look, as though she saw something which her husband did not see.
As for Alice, she sat for a long time thinking in silence.
Harry's words still rang in her ears; the memory of the look on his face as he left her still remained. Still she could not make up her mind. Yes, she liked Harry, in a way she admired him. He was a teacher in the Sunday School, he was a good business man, he was clever, and he was respected in the town; and yet she hesitated.
Hour after hour passed away, and still she could not make up her mind. In spite of Harry Briarfield's words she had not forgotten the lad from whom she had parted months before. Why was it? She thought she had forgotten him. He had been unworthy of her; he had taken up with a girl whom she despised, a coarse, vulgar girl, and she had been walking out with a number of young men. And Tom had preferred this kind of creature to her love. Her pride had been wounded, her self-respect had been shocked, and yet even now, while she was thinking of Harry Briarfield's proposal, her mind reverted to the boy who had gone away as a soldier.
The Town Hall clock boomed out the hour of midnight. Alice found herself mechanically counting the strokes of the deep-toned bell. Then she fell on her knees beside the bed, but the prayer which she had been wont to pray did not come to her lips. Her thoughts were far away; she pictured a distant battlefield; she imagined the boom of guns; she heard the clash of bayonets; she thought she heard the cries of wounded men, too; then a prayer involuntarily came to her lips: "O God, save him! O God, help him and protect him!"
Thus it came to pass at the time Tom Pollard tried for the first time in many months to pray, and to formulate his distracted thoughts, Alice Lister was kneeling by her bedside also trying to pray.

CHAPTER VII.
Tom Pollard's mind was suddenly brought back to mundane things. It was now nearly one o'clock in the morning, and the night was chilly; a breeze having sprung up, the clouds had rolled away.
He distinctly heard a shout, and as far as he could make out it came from the German trenches, which were not far away.
"Holloa!"
"Holloa!" said Tom, "what is it?"

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About the House

DOMESTIC SCIENCE AT HOME

Seventeenth Lesson—Meats.
Meat is a bundle of lean, muscular fibers that are held together by connective tissue, containing albumen, or protein, gelatinoids, or gelatine, and extractives or flavoring.
There are two factors to be remembered when cooking meat:
First. When making soups, broths and teas, the meat is placed in cold water and brought slowly to boil and then cooked on the simmering burner at a temperature of 165 to 180 degrees Fahrenheit. By using this method, a rich delicious broth is obtained which contains all the nutriment of the meat.
Second. When searing the outer surface of the meat, quickly use a strong heat. This keeps the juices and nutriment in the meat. Then continue cooking the desired length of time. By using this method all the gelatinoids and extractives are kept in the meat.
It is a known fact that albumen, gelatinoids and extractives or flavoring in meat are soluble in cold water.

Marketing
Many housewives try to eliminate this feature of the household regime as much as possible and order by telephone or leave it until the last thing, before cooking. The purchasing of food supplies should be the most important duty of the housewife. In this day of advancing prices it behooves us to husband very carefully each penny spent.
By this I do not mean purchasing cheap foods, but that you must know just what you want and the time to get it. Cook in an appetizing manner and serve temptingly and you will feel well repaid by the hearty appreciation of your family.
Do not order by telephone if you can possibly help it. Slip on your hat and coat and see for yourself just what you are paying for. Under your own personal supervision you are sure to get the best.

Casserole of Shin Beef
Prepare two pounds of shin beef by broiling quickly in two tablespoons of fat in hot frying pan. Then put in casserole dish or baking dish and add four medium-sized onions, six potatoes, one pint of water. Put the cover on the dish and bake for one hour in a moderate oven. Or use a saucepan that can be covered tightly and then cook on the simmering burner. Thicken the gravy with browned flour. Season with salt, pepper and finely chopped parsley. Then serve.

his voice, that the affair was regarded as serious. Tom, although not brilliant, had a good deal of common sense. He was able to put two and two together, and his Lancashire gumption led him to see further than many gave him credit for. He kept his own counsel, but he had become alert to the finger-tips.
Altogether that night was the most wonderful in Tom's history. In a way he could not understand, it formed an epoch in his life; that time he felt the reality of God. It was not an impression which came to him for a moment and then passed away, it was something which became permanent. God was a personal Power, ever present with him. He was not simply some great Eternal Abstraction, but

ing the attack was made. From what Tom learnt afterwards, it had been conceived and prepared for in secret. None but those in high command had any knowledge whatever of it. As he evidently the enemy knew. As the German soldier who had warned Tom said "they were ready for them," and when the attack was made they were met by a storm of bullets. Indeed the whole adventure would have been disastrous had not the subaltern to whom Tom had spoken reported the matter to a superior officer, who had hurriedly given orders for a number of the Black Watch to be brought up. As it was, although our loss of life was heavy, we did not have to yield any ground.
When the affair came to an end the Colonel of Tom's battalion sent for him.
"Now, my man," said the Colonel, "tell me exactly what you heard."
Tom told his story straightforwardly. It was little he had to say, and although the Colonel cross-questioned him very closely he was not able to shake him.
"This is very strange," said the Colonel to the Major when Tom had gone; "no one breathed a word about our plans, and as you know I was everything before the General at the Divisional Headquarters. They were good plans too, and if the Germans had not got hold of them we should have made a big haul. What is the meaning of it?"
The Major shook his head.
"It was the biggest thing we had planned for months, went on the Colonel, and I can't tell you how sick I am. We had everything in our favor too. There must be some treachery somewhere."
"Where can the treachery be?" asked the Major. "You know what the Staff General said. It was to be kept absolutely quiet; the men were to know nothing about it until an hour before the time, and all the junior officers were to be kept in darkness. You know how careful the General is too."
"But the fact is there, man!" cried the Colonel, "we have the evidence of this lad, who could not possibly have been mistaken. He seemed an intelligent lad too; you saw how closely I cross-questioned him. Who is he?"
"I will send for his Sergeant," was the Major's reply.
A few minutes later Sergeant Ashworth appeared on the scene. It was the sergeant to whom Tom had spoken when he first came to Ypres.
"Tell me what you know of Private Pollard," said the Colonel.
Sergeant Ashworth spoke freely about Tom.
"A smart lad, sir," he said, "intelligent, and well-behaved. I spoke to him about whether he would like his lance-corporal's stripes, but he didn't seem to want it. He would make a very good, non-commissioned officer, sir."
"He seems a lad of some education," replied the Colonel.
"Yes, sir, a lot of those Lancashire lads are very well educated; they are quick and sensible too, and Pollard is one of the best of them. My opinion of him is that he is utterly trustworthy and intelligent."
"Now then, Blundell," and the Colonel turned to the Major, "what do you think?"
"Of course we must report it to Headquarters at once," replied the Major, "but for the life of me I can't see through it."
The incident as far as the men were concerned was simply regarded as an affair which had mislaid fire. How, they didn't know. But there it was, a number of their comrades had been killed, and many more had been wounded. Still it was what they had come to the Front for. Many of their attacks had failed, and no one seemed to know why.
As may be imagined, Tom thought a great deal about it. He knew by the Colonel's questions, and by the tone of

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GERMAN THEORY OF THE RED CROSS

DIFFERS FROM THAT OF ALL CIVILIZED NATIONS.
British Officer Scolds Foes Into "Fighting Fair" by Addressing Snipers of Red Cross.

In the mud wilderness where the armies now confront each other there are many German dead and wounded out in front of our lines, writes a war correspondent from the British Headquarters in France. German stretcher parties are continually at work retrieving the latter. They come close to our posts and are never by any chance molested, but when they come close to our line our men have more than once seen them hit by German shells.
Our stretcher parties also have been moving about, but so far from being respected, it is a fact that in some units the proportion of casualties among the stretcher bearers has been higher than among the infantry on the fighting line. Some of these casualties, of course, are caused accidentally by shell fire, but a much greater number are the result of deliberate sniping by the Germans who know well whom they are shooting.
Two days ago a stretcher party was at work, when German snipers deliberately shot three out of four members, killing each one at short range. A British officer in a shell-hole jumped from the hole, seized a Red Cross flag, and waving it conspicuously marched straight to where the snipers were hiding. He floundered in the mud till close to the German position, and the Germans, presumably out of curiosity, held their fire. Our officer spoke German well, and he lashed those Germans as they had rarely been talked to before, pointing out that German stretcher parties were moving about unmolested.

A Lesson in Mercy.
The Germans listened in silence, and when the officer had finished he floundered back, tossed away the flag and resumed his place in the shell-hole.
That party of Germans stopped their sniping at stretcher bearers. I do not think the world in general has ever understood how completely the German theory of the Red Cross differs from that of all civilized nations. All international Red Cross workers in neutral countries are aware that the German Red Cross is not an organization of mercy, but as much a part of the German military machine as the artillery.
You have been told how the Germans have been of purpose bombing hospitals and torpedoing hospital ships. It unquestionably shows a deliberate policy, the Germans arguing that in attacking our Red Cross they are striking at a legitimate military object. It is a mere truth that the German people and army authorities never had and have not now such a conception of the Red Cross as we and other people have. The saddest thing is that after the war the Red Cross societies of other nations can never treat the German organization again as an equal or admit its representatives to conventions as members of the same sisterhood of mercy.

COMMON COLD.
One of the Greatest Enemies of Mankind, Say the Doctors.
"Only a cold. Nothing in the least serious."
How often does one hear that sort of remark. And yet, as any physician will testify, the common cold is one of the greatest enemies of mankind.
Your friend Jones is very deaf. It is a bore to try to talk to him. What made him deaf? Colds. Nearly all cases of deafness are due solely to that cause. Old people are more apt to be deaf than young folks because they have lived longer and have had more time to suffer from colds.
The common cold is very dangerous. Smith, an acquaintance of yours, died week before last. What carried him off? Pneumonia. Ah, yes. But it was a cold that did the mischief. The germs invaded his lungs, and now he is in the graveyard.
Heart disorders, kidney troubles and rheumatism are liable to be engendered by colds. Remember the case of your friend Brown? He died of an infection of the frontal sinus—the cavity behind the brows. A cold started it.
Common colds (says the Public Health Service) are very contagious. Everybody has noticed how they will run through a family. They sweep through a city, through a whole province, attacking nearly everybody and carrying off the aged, the very young, the weak and the debilitated.
Not until very recently has it been realized that colds are invariably caused by germs. The latter are so tiny that a million of them could rest on the head of a pin. Their favorite breeding places are dusty, unventilated rooms. Fresh air is their worst enemy.
The best way to avoid colds is to keep the body in "fit" (meaning disease-resistant) condition; to keep away from dusty, ill-ventilated places, and to avoid chilling of the body by cold or wet. Such chilling lessens the resisting power of the body, and so may conduce to colds. But, barring this point, the open window is the best of preventives.

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