

The saving in the Soup Tureen

Bovril makes soups and stews so much more nourishing that they can often take the place of expensive joints. It saves many dollars in the kitchen. Bovril is the concentrated goodness of the best beef—so strong that it cannot possibly be manufactured in cheap cubes. Insist upon the real thing—Bovril in the Bovril bottle.

When the Bay Burned

By GEORGE C. LANE.

The fire had started early in the afternoon on the oil docks at the upper end of the bay. Two of the big tanks of the Bergen Oil Company had already exploded, and their burning contents, spreading out on the surface of the bay, had driven the fire boats and everything else that was afloat to the lower end. Among the warehouses that lined the water front, the flames were already beyond the control of the firemen.

Carl Fuller, at the wheel of the Bullet, threw in the reverse and backed the swift boat to a less dangerous position. An hour ago he had brought over his new employer, Mr. Hollister, the president of the company, from his house on the east shore. Mr. Hollister had told Carl to wait for him at the upper wharf.

In the dense, suffocating smoke and the heat, the boy had waited as long as he dared. Then, when every other craft had left the upper bay, and when he saw that Mr. Hollister could no longer reach the moorings at the end of the dock, he had at last backed off. It was high time, for the flames were advancing rapidly toward the end of the wharf.

When Carl was scarcely a quarter of a mile out one of the big oil tanks exploded. As its contents of thousands of gallons began to spread over the bay, the boy advanced his spark lever to the last notch and sent the boat at high speed beyond the reach of the flames.

Then another tank exploded and added its contents to the burning surface of the bay, and, in order to avoid the heavy clouds of smoke and the increasing heat, Carl had to withdraw still farther. Directly across from him now was the oil company's lower wharf. Between the rifts of smoke he could see the last of the tank steamers leaving it. Flames were already creeping out from shore along the wharf. It was evident that this wharf, too, with its three great tanks, was doomed to go.

A low, drifting cloud of dense smoke momentarily hid the lower wharf. As it lifted Carl caught a glimpse of a man running down the wharf and waving frantically at the departing steamer. But apparently no one on the steamer noticed him, for she kept on her way.

Several other boats a little farther down the bay had seen the man's predicament, however, and one of the fire tugs had started to the rescue. But the burning oil was spreading rapidly. Scarcely breathing, Carl watched the tug for a second or two; then he knew that she could never reach the lower wharf and get safe back again. And now the flames at the shore end of the wharf had completely cut off the man's chance of escape by land.

For the space of a minute only Carl



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with Tomato Sauce and Cheese is Great.

Ready to serve. Just heat and eat.

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Woman's Sphere

Soup Makes Low-Cost Meal.

How does the average family regard soup? Is it not as a small cup or plate, a separate course at the beginning of a hearty meal which is to follow? Regarded from this standpoint, the making of soup seems to the housewife only an additional pot to "bother with."

But in these high-cost times we should give soup the place it has long held in European countries, namely, the main dish of the meal. Many of the national dishes of other countries are a soup, as the famous "chee" soup of Russia, fish soups of Japan, the French "pot-au-feu," etc. But what national soup has Canada?

Now, a thorough understanding of soup-making shows that by this slow process of boiling every ounce and cent of nourishment may be extracted from meat, vegetable and cereal. An economical one, to cook an inexpensive pot of meat by itself, a dish of vegetables by itself (wastefully pouring off the water down the sink), potatoes or other cereal separately or the method of cooking all together in one pot, where juice, flavor and nourishment are left on one of the plates, a spoonful of rice in the dish, some butter unsightly to serve again—where they go in the garbage pail. But not if the housewife has a soup-pot on the stove. No, indeed; that is just the place to scrape every left-over bit of gristle, meat, etc., No one who has kept a permanent soup pot going can appreciate the saving. Also how many times a well-made soup will be

once advanced the lever to full speed and look out his watch.

The heat now seemed almost unbearable; only a little ahead, directly in their course, was a barrier of flames. Mr. Hollister got down on the floor of the cockpit, and Carl hastily threw a corner of the tarpaulin over him.

With her tiller amidships, the Bullet was off on a straightaway course, south-southeast, and her sixty-horsepower engine was driving her at thirty-five miles an hour, the limit of her speed. Shielding his blistering face with an arm, Carl seized the compass. A wave of dizziness came over him, and gasping painfully in the acrid smoke, he staggered to the after-end of the cockpit.

All about him now was the flaming, reeking surface of the bay. The Bullet had burst into the advancing field of flames. Carl dropped down on his stomach, and watching the compass carefully, saw that the swift boat still held to her course. Pulling the tarpaulin over him, he looked out his watch. Thirty seconds had passed. The Bullet leaped ahead; her engine was working perfectly, her speed was undiminished.

A minute passed, and Carl raised the tarpaulin cautiously from his face. The heat was still unbearable. He looked again at the compass. The Bullet had veered from her course to one nearly south!

With his bare hand Carl reached up and seized the tiller rope. The rocks of Middle Clump he knew were dangerously close. With a quick pull he sheered off a few points. He hoped that it would be enough to avoid the Clump. The next moment he forgot the rocks, as he suddenly became aware of a greater danger. The forward deck of the Bullet had caught fire. How long the flames had been eating into her he did not know. At any moment the gasoline tank might explode. Carl looked astern. The Bullet seemed to have crossed the field of burning oil and the heat surely was less intense, although smoke still surrounded the boat.

Carl was wondering whether they should ever reach the breakwater, when, through the murky air ahead, he saw a looming line of rocks. With a frantic pull on the tiller rope he brought the Bullet's prow into the east and sent her speeding alongside the breakwater thirty feet out from the rocks.

As Mr. Hollister crawled out from under the tarpaulin, Carl shut off the engine and, leaping toward a locker, pulled out a pail. With one foot over the edge of the cockpit he leaned downward, scooped up a gallon of water and threw it toward the flames. Three times he dashed the pailful at the fire; and when the last spark had sizzled and gone out, he jumped for the engine and started the Bullet once more. A few seconds later they circled the end of the breakwater and were out of danger.

The bay burned for three hours longer. Mr. Hollister's losses were heavy, but for his misfortune he did not forget to reward Carl generously for his coolness and courage. At the end of a week the Bullet was cutting the waves in a fresh coat of paint. She showed no effects from her race with the flames, and the only marks of the experience that Carl bore were a few freshly healed blisters on his face and hands.

(The End.)

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down or across the goods. Cut your new cuff facings out and remake your cuffs. Attach the cuffs to the shirt. Now, you've a new shirt, but there are two holes in the back. That's easily remedied. Just patch them carefully with a piece of muslin. No one will see them, so who cares?

Of course, this all takes time, but think of the money you'll earn, because, you know, nowadays as never before, "a penny saved is a penny earned."

The Oldest Bridge.
The new London bridge was opened on August 1, 1831. This replaced the celebrated old bridge, built more than eight centuries before. It had 18 solid stone piers, with bulky stone arches, and was covered from end to end with buildings. On the "Traitors' Gate," at one end, the heads of traitors were shown. It was removed on account of its obstruction to navigation.

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OTTAWA PLANS GARDEN SUBURBS

MODERN TOWN PLANNING TO BE EXEMPLIFIED.

Development in Capital City Will Lead to Extension of Movement Throughout Canada.

The laying out of grounds, said Wordsworth, may be considered, in some sense, a liberal art, like poetry and painting. The exercise of the art in the past has been largely for the benefit of royal persons, the aristocracy and the wealthy few. The foundation and development of garden suburbs for the common people, where children may play in safety in outdoor schools in touch with beauty and the wholesome influences of nature, where house-holders may have the opportunity of growing flowers and vegetables and have an outdoor home in the hot summer months, where the noise of traffic and the ugliness of industrial life may be banished for a time, where adults may indulge their tastes for sports and find common ground for social and intellectual interest in the winter time in club-rooms and community halls—this is a new movement and has for its inspirator that better life for the people that has been promised and prophesied as one of the results of the struggle and sacrifice of the war.

Success in England.

The garden suburbs in the Old Country—such as Hampstead—are no accomplished facts, and the testimony to their sociological importance is written in a score of books and in thousands of articles. Canada cannot lag behind in this movement and continue to justify its claim to be governed by the people and for the people. A beginning has been made in the capital city and before the present year has closed substantial progress will have been made with the developments of two garden suburbs, east and west of the city, called Lindenlea and Parkdale. The Ottawa Housing Commission has bought two estates of about twenty acres each, which have been laid out on town planning lines by Mr. Thomas Adams, Housing and Town Planning Adviser to the Commission of Conservation. The estates have been bought at a reasonable figure, and lots will be sold to the future residents at from \$240 to \$500. The applications for lots at Lindenlea have exceeded the number available, and there is practical assurance that the sites of the Parkdale estate will all be allotted within a very short time. The estates contain many beautiful trees which have all been plotted, and most of them will be preserved for the adornment of the new settlements.

Encourage Community Spirit.

On the Lindenlea property a winding boulevard has been planned to intersect the grounds, which will command many beautiful views. Provision has been made for tennis courts, bowling green, children's playground and wading pool, sites for community hall and public garage, and the residential streets have been planned to discourage through traffic, so as to ensure absolute safety for children and preserve quiet and home-like amenities for the residents. No lot will have less than a thirty-foot frontage, and in these cases semi-detached houses will be encouraged to economize space for garden purposes. The houses will be arranged under Mr. Adams' supervision, with a view to architectural harmony and to agreeable aspect and prospect, and much will be done to encourage a civilized community spirit in the social organization of the estates.

The development of the garden suburb in the capital city will have the obvious advantage that representatives from the cities of the Dominion who have frequent occasion to visit Ottawa will be able to study the movement on the spot, and thus Lindenlea and Parkdale may serve as object lessons that will lead to extension of the garden suburb movement over the whole of Canada.

The Most Ancient Egg.

Just before the war began, during excavations in the ancient Moguntiacum, under the auspices of the Archaeological Society of Mayence, there was found a hen's egg which was estimated to have lain buried in the earth for something like nineteen centuries.

Moguntiacum was built by Drusus, the son of the Roman Emperor Augustus, in the year 14 B.C. Upon the site of the ancient Roman castrum or encampment near the city the excavations in question brought to light many water cisterns of Roman make. It was in one of these, which was located some twenty feet below the surface, that a damaged Roman clay-pot was discovered, containing the shell of a broken egg and also a whole egg that had been kept from being smashed by a shred of the damaged pot, which covered it. The ancient egg was deposited in the municipal museum.

Australia's Brown Coal

Australia has vast deposits of a form of brown coal that burns well when mixed with wood or black coal, some of the beds being more than 700 feet thick.

A Thanksgiving

"I cert'n'y do think," observed Mrs. Todd, "Green is the queerest ever made."

Mrs. Jones, a neighbor, "dropped in" to spend the afternoon, and she and Green's eccentricities had years been the subject of among her acquaintances.

"There she goes!" exclaimed the next in line off to the bakery. "I'll of them greasy pastries wouldn't give a cent for any 'sh' 'long."

"You know as well as I," Mrs. Jones, "I've seen half what she does for the specialty, even the 'kitten' up to the 'kitchen' where, for a year or so, she just won't cook the good food of yesteryear that house-since she's years ago."

"Prize she can't afford," Mrs. Jones suggested.

"You know as well as I," Mrs. Jones, "I've seen half what she does for the specialty, even the 'kitten' up to the 'kitchen' where, for a year or so, she just won't cook the good food of yesteryear that house-since she's years ago."

"Land! I wouldn't be Mrs. Jones' dearest madder's home."

But further reminiscence short by the entrance of a fragile little woman, who had been sitting in a chair, if Mrs. Jones' remarks had not been just facts. Mrs. Green was both "sassy" and "greasy" and she greeted her two old friends with a smile that had in it a touch of fulsome, a touch of puffed-up Mrs. Todd's invitation pleasure. Moreover, she served the partook of a peck shortage with a casual shrug to Mrs. Jones.

When Mr. Todd and Mrs. Todd departed on the way to shop and school, Mrs. Todd "dropped good" to the kitchen, and after Loren's work in the garden to fetch the work—a sweeter destination—homeless children men settled down to eat the pleasant living morsels of harmless proffering. Todd cleared her throat, that caused Mrs. Jones, easily in her chair, the lady smiled herself on Mr. Todd's "kick," and she began tentatively.

"Say, Loren, I'd feel about you if you'd safe your 'home' all the Smiths was telling me day that they'd had a stale out of their 'home' they're sure there's a 'dog' of theirs that's call to set a trap for a replied Loren on the way she was a means of come to 'em. I had a removed on my mother continued, carefully dropped stitch, "an' one her husband woke up a burglar standin' right told 'em, civil, to leave shoot. My concern, like a man on the face of the done, covered up her bedclothes and kept still hand was so abundantly jump right at the bullet. The bullet struck the half a inch above my It was the Lord's mercy killed—not no fault of 's. Thanks be, if I've got a lars in my house I'd husband roared to be with his forthrightly."

"He's awful broad," Mrs. Todd admitted, "kind of 'handy' to have in real. But anyway, Jones an' me said a they we have ever, but I a husband if you want."

At this Loren's acquiescence, Mrs. Jones allowed herself to under 'chick' and her expression remained.

"An' Jones of 'em," Todd, "there's talkin' got to be a woman."