

Kitchen Economy

If you consider its body-building powers Bovril is probably the most economical food you can buy. No other food, no matter how high its price, has been proved to possess Bovril's wonderful body-building powers. Bovril saves butchers' bills and is a great economist in the kitchen.

Knowledge Is Power

By FREEMAN TILDEN.

II.
The "Pan-Continental Encyclopedic Dictionary" came by fast freight. Mr. Coppins bore the treasures to his room, and manufactured a number of reasonable excuses for being in possession of them when Mrs. Coppins should make the inevitable enquiries. He entered the item on his check-stub as "investment," for the benefit of his wife's splendid eyesight; and then he began to absorb knowledge, which is power.

Down in the rear of the barber-shop the game of Kelly-pool was proceeding with the usual abandon. Mr. Coppins was not present. The twelve ball got the money; the six-ball captured the ten-cent stakes; the ivory cue-ball left the table and went into the corner of the room with its accustomed vigor; but Mr. Coppins was not there.

There was a light burning in Mr. Coppins's favorite corner of the house at night. There was a man absorbing the truths of the universe from limp-leather volumes. There was a man accumulating a fund of deathless information. There was a man trying to write ninety-six dollars and fifty cents' worth of knowledge out of twenty-one volumes that sprang from the brains of one thousand of the world's greatest savants.

The man was Caleb Coppins. The volumes were the "Pan-Continental Encyclopedic Dictionary." One bright morning Mr. Coppins emerged from his home with an eager look in his eye. He pounded down Main street until he got as far as Calkins's Cash Grocery, where he met Mr. Hemmingway, manager of the canning factory.

"Morning, Caleb," was the latter's salutation.
Mr. Coppins nodded and then took the other man by the coat-collar and spoke to him crisply.
"What is the temperature of the ocean at a depth of three thousand fathoms?" he asked.
Mr. Hemmingway backed off to a safe distance.

"What difference does it make?" he parried.
"How much is a fathom?" continued Mr. Coppins, cocking his head on one side knowingly.
"I don't know."
"Mr. Coppins gave a triumphant snort. "You ought to know, Alec," he said. "A man in your position!"

Then he proceeded on his way. He had already picked out another victim. It was the principal of the high school, on his way to duty.
Before he received that box of books by fast freight Mr. Coppins had always regarded this man—Sterling Wendell—with awe. Now he stepped up to him with an air of affable ease and said:
"Mr. Wendell, do you happen to know what is the Algorquin Indian word for summer?"

"Why, I don't recall it just this minute," replied the schoolmaster, as if it had slipped from his mind during the last few seconds.
"Perhaps you can tell me what is the chemical symbol for ice-cream?" suggested Mr. Coppins.
"Really, Caleb, I'm a little late for school as it is. I'll be glad to talk over those matters with you some evening. By the way, do you know the chemical symbol for ice-cream?"

"I should say I do!" replied Mr. Coppins, hastening onward with a serene heart.
Then Mr. Coppins entered the butcher shop.
"What can I do for you this morning?" asked the butcher. "Some mighty fine pork just came in."
"Wells," said Caleb sharply, "probably you can tell me the meaning of the word 'endosperm?'"

"I'm afraid I can't this morning, Mr. Coppins," replied the butcher reluctantly. "Did you say you'd have a shoulder or a loin roast?"
"No, I didn't. At what temperature would water boil at an altitude of nineteen thousand feet above sea-level?"
"Mr. Wells was silent.
"You don't know?" prodded the man of parts.
The butcher shook his head.
"You ought to know, in your business," was the commiserating remark. "I pose you know," said the butcher.
"Pretty likely I do!" replied Caleb Coppins, in triumph.

Mr. Coppins visited the bank, and asked to be informed to the date of the discovery of argon. He also requested information concerning the treatment of anthrax. The cashier threw up his hands and hid behind his card index.
Mr. Coppins then assailed the clothing store employes, clamoring for the specific gravity of dried prunes. The employes fell down wearily on this problem. Mr. Coppins smiled genially.

"I know!" he cried.
Then he went home. He felt that things were coming his way. He knew that before supper he would be the talk of the village. He felt that there would be a movement on foot to deal with him. He was equally sure that he could be dealt with only at the expense of the dealer.
"The fellow was right," ruminated Mr. Coppins. "I've got 'em all thinking. Knowledge is power!"
His sudden flare of erudition gained for Mr. Coppins all the popularity of a game warden. Not since the smallpox epidemic of 1871 had Brookfield been

visited by such a pest. The male residents of voting age learned how to disappear around corners or into doorways when they saw Caleb Coppins approaching. The principal of the high school discovered a circuitous route from his home to the school that took only ten minutes longer to travel. Children instinctively shunned the proximity of information, because Caleb had been spirited away from the parlor, to turn to some harried young male victim and say:
"Mr. Peters, wouldn't you like to ask Mr. Coppins a question?"

In such cases Mr. Coppins would sit back comfortably into the upholstery and cock his head attentively, while Mr. Peters would shrink to the size of a dwarfed child, cough nervously, and ask to be excused from such a wild adventure. Whereupon the forty-third degree bibliophile would say nonchalantly:
"Oh, go on, Mr. Peters, ask me something difficult!"

And then, falling to arouse the fighting spirit of his paitry opponent, Mr. Coppins would ask himself questions and answer them with careless celerity.
"Days at the pool table one night Mr. Calkins paused over his shot and remarked to the smoke-embalmed gathering:
"Say, what do you think of this fellow Coppins, anyway?" responded a slender youth. "I've been thinking it over, and I come to the conclusion that he don't know the answers to half the questions he asks. You notice he always says he knows, but he never tells what it is."
"Well, why don't you call his bluff?" asked Mr. Calkins.

The slender youth hitched nervously and replied:
"He's making a great hit with the women," said another man. "You can't go to a party, or anything, these days, without having Coppins rubbed into your nose. We go to do something to that wise gent, or he'll have us back in the peg-top class, or rolling hoops, or something!"
"Where'd he get all that information?" asked some one.

"Goah, I dunno," replied the grocer. "He never used to know beans; and all of a sudden he launches out as a regular college president!"
"Somebody's got to call his bluff, if he's bluffing. If he isn't, somebody's got to investigate him into a vacant lot and wallop him," said the grocer.
"He's bluffing all right," affirmed the slender youth.
"Well, who's going to call him?"
The slender youth thought for a moment and then replied:
"What do you say we get young Harold Hussey?"

"Harold Hussey?" echoed half a dozen sneering, raucous voices. "That little shrimp?"
"He may be a shrimp," was the reply, "but what makes him a shrimp? Ain't it because he studies too much? Ain't it because he spends so much time playing the piano and reading magazines and things? Ain't it because his head is so loaded with information that he don't have any time for the pleasures of life? What more do you want?"
"By thunder, he's right!" admitted Calkins. "Harold is the boy. If there's any one in this town that can hand it to Caleb, it's little Harold Hussey. But will he do it? Harold hasn't got the nerve of a chipmunk."

"He'll do it," continued the slender youth, "if you can get him on a subject he's interested in. You just mention music and you'll see his eyes looking almost human. He knows more about music and musicians than Caleb Coppins could learn in the rest of his lifetime. Me for Harold Hussey!"
"Somebody go get him," said the grocer. "He won't be in bed yet, I guess. It's only quarter of eight. Bring him here to talk it over."
"No, he couldn't stand the atmosphere of this room," objected Wells, the butcher. "He'd faint. We'd better appoint a delegation to wait on Harold and groom him for the occasion. We'll promise him a box of the best fudge if he'll do it."

"There's a great chance coming the night after to-morrow," said the youth. "Mrs. Hastings is going to have a surprise party for George Hastings, and everybody's going to turn out to see George try to look surprised. You see, George was the only one that was thought of. Everybody that comes is supposed to bring something to eat, and it'll stoke up the Hastingses with pie and cake enough for a month, at least. That's the time to spring little Harold Hussey on Coppins."

Half an hour later a couple of the men returned to the barber shop with the glad news that Harold had con-

sented to propound a number of questions on the momentous occasion. At least, Harold's mother had consented to permit Harold to consent, which was just as good, if not better.

Whereupon a dozen strong men, each shouldering a cue, formed in line and marched around the pool table, pausing now and then to slap one another on the back and utter some honorable impression against Caleb Coppins.
(To be continued.)

Woman's Sphere

Can Your Daughter Earn Her Living?

Last June your boy or your girl passed the High School Entrance School in the country is done.

According to your ideas, school is done for good. The child now has to great deal more book learning than you ever had, and you've got along and made money. There's no sense in sending children to high school unless they are going to teach. You might send a boy if he wanted to take up a profession and just wouldn't stay on the farm, but a girl—what's the sense of her going to high school or college and getting a lot of high-falutin' notions that just turn her head and make her feel above her family? If she would go on and do something afterwards you might do it, but she'll only get married and there's all that money thrown away.

This is your line of argument. But what of the child? Is your child perfectly contented with the very, very little bit she knows? For the work in public school is really not even a drop in the bucket. Is she perfectly satisfied with the future you have mapped out for her—to stay at home and help mother until some boy asks her to marry him and she goes into a home of her own? Or has she ideas of a life a little fuller than one concerned merely with material things, money, clothes and food? Does she love books, pictures, music? Has she a mania for taking care of sick folks and animals?

Has she been "maggin'" you to send her to high school so that she may be able to do the thing she likes best? Is she ambitious for something outside the kitchen. Of course, we want her to know all about home-making, but does she crave something more?

And is her expressed desire for higher education based on a real desire for knowledge, or does she just want to go because her chum is going and they can have a gay time in town, free from parental eyes? If she is sincere in her desire, what are you going to do about it? Are you going to arbitrarily refuse her the opportunity, because you never cared for such things yourself, or are you going to give her all the help you can to improve her God-given talent? Are you going to let her be herself, help her to be herself, or are you going to force her into a mold of your liking, a life of material things, making of money, cooking of food, things entirely of the earth earthy?

Is she to grow into the sort of woman God meant her to be or the sort of woman you think she ought to be? Isn't she entitled to a choice of the sort of life she'll live. After all, she will have to live it. You may die in five years, during which time you do something for her life. Will you die more cheerfully knowing that her life-long thought will be, "If father and mother had only let me follow my natural bent how much better life would have been."

The idea that because a girl is to marry and become a home-maker, her education is wasted, is really so absurd it should have died long ago. But like all bad things, it dies hard. Isn't it true in your case that the more you learn about everything the more you are able to do your own line of work? The broader your knowledge the greater your success. And doesn't it follow that an educated woman is better fitted to bring up the right sort of citizens than the uneducated one? Would you rather your son would marry a girl who left school at the third book, or one with a high school education? Wouldn't you feel that the last girl would, after being treated equal, make him the better helpmeet? Hasn't your prospective son-in-law the right to demand that you do as much for his wife as you want someone to do for your son's wife?

Is a woman a poorer mother because she can select the best in books and music for her children? Will it be better for the children to hear Beeethoven or ragtime? Won't you feel prouder to have children who choose such works as Shakespeare than to have them turn to "Deadwood Dick"? Is money wasted which helps a girl to make better men and women out of her children?

If you want a more practical reason, there's the very good one that every girl should be able to earn her own living before she is allowed to get married. If she could, there would be fewer widows left stranded. Just a typical instance. There's the college woman who teaches Latin in our school. Her father thought it was all nonsense to send a girl to college, or beyond the fourth book, she'd only get married. But this particular girl knew how to handle her father and she got her education. Then she got

married, just as he said she would. But shortly after the arrival of her only son the husband contracted tuberculosis. If father had not educated his daughter he would have had the three to care for. As it was, the young wife went into the school room, cared for her husband until his death, and is now sending her boy through the University. Father admitted several times that his judgment about educating girls was not of the best.

If your boy or girl shows talent, help bring it out. Give them their chance now, rather than an inheritance later. We can't take material things into the Beyond, but the things of the spirit live always. That is partly what Christ meant when he said, "Lay up for yourselves treasures in Heaven."
When Setting the Table.
It is not necessary to have trained servants to set the table correctly and to serve the meals nicely. Any housewife can do it, and with no more time and energy expended, if she will but train herself.
Setting the table correctly three times a day is an art, but it is one which everyone may acquire. Simplicity is the keynote in all table decorations. In no other point is the taste and culture of a housewife so observed as in the table service which she offers her family and friends.

The table should not appear crowded, and, as far as possible, china, glassware, and silverware should harmonize—that is, they should all adhere strictly to the note of simplicity.
The arrangement of the plate, glass, napkin, and silverware for each person is called the "cover." Each kind of meal has its own particular pieces of silverware necessary for it, but the same general rules apply to all.
In all cases the plates and silverware should be placed one-half inch from the edge of the table. The dinner knife and fork are always placed nearest the plate. The knife, with the blade turned toward the plate on the right of the plate, the fork with times up, on the left of the plate.
The other pieces of silver are placed in the order in which they will be used, beginning with the outside. The left of the fork, with the loose edge parallel to the edge of the table and fork; or it is rolled and placed in the same position.
The butter plate is placed at the tip and slightly to the left of the fork. The table linen may vary for the different meals, as a lunch cloth or doilies for breakfast and luncheon, and a tablecloth for dinner. These should bear out the same keynote of simplicity as the table decoration.

Fruits of Experience.
There are different ways of removing scorch. One is to make a paste of cornstarch and water; hang near the fire after applying the paste to the scorched part. Some people are successful in removing scorch stain, if they dip the place in cold water immediately, and lay it out of doors on the clean grass to bleach. If the scorch is deep, use Javelle water as a bleach.—Z. I. D.
To Avoid Odors of Cooking Vegetables.—When cooking cabbage, onions or mushrooms, to prevent the odor from permeating the house, place a good-sized piece of bread in the bottom of the kettle in which the vegetable is cooking.
When Stitching.—If the belt on your sewing machine is a little loose and slips when operating the machine, rub the belt thoroughly with a piece of resin.—F. F. W.
Oil the Machine.—Sometimes my sewing machine becomes gummed and refuses to move, so I pour coal oil into the oil holes, take the thread out of the needle, and run the machine. The coal oil soon cuts the dirt and gummed oil. Then I wipe off all the coal oil and oil with a good quality machine oil. This knowledge has saved me sending for the repair man a number of times; it also has saved me much time. It is a very simple thing, and yet many women neglect it.—F. F. W.
Economy in the Use of Lemons.—Submerge the lemons in hot water and let them stand for five or six minutes covered. Then use in the customary way and you will find that you will get almost twice the amount of juice and flavor as when they are used without the "hot bath." This method is also useful when the lemons have become hard and dry. If only a few drops of lemon juice are needed, insert the prongs of a carving fork in one end and squeeze out the desired amount. The holes will close up, leaving the lemon intact.—M. J. S.
A smooth ironing board is the greatest help to the laundress. If in covering the board the outer cover is drawn tightly over on the bias, it will always remain straight and smooth. This is not the case when

Tone

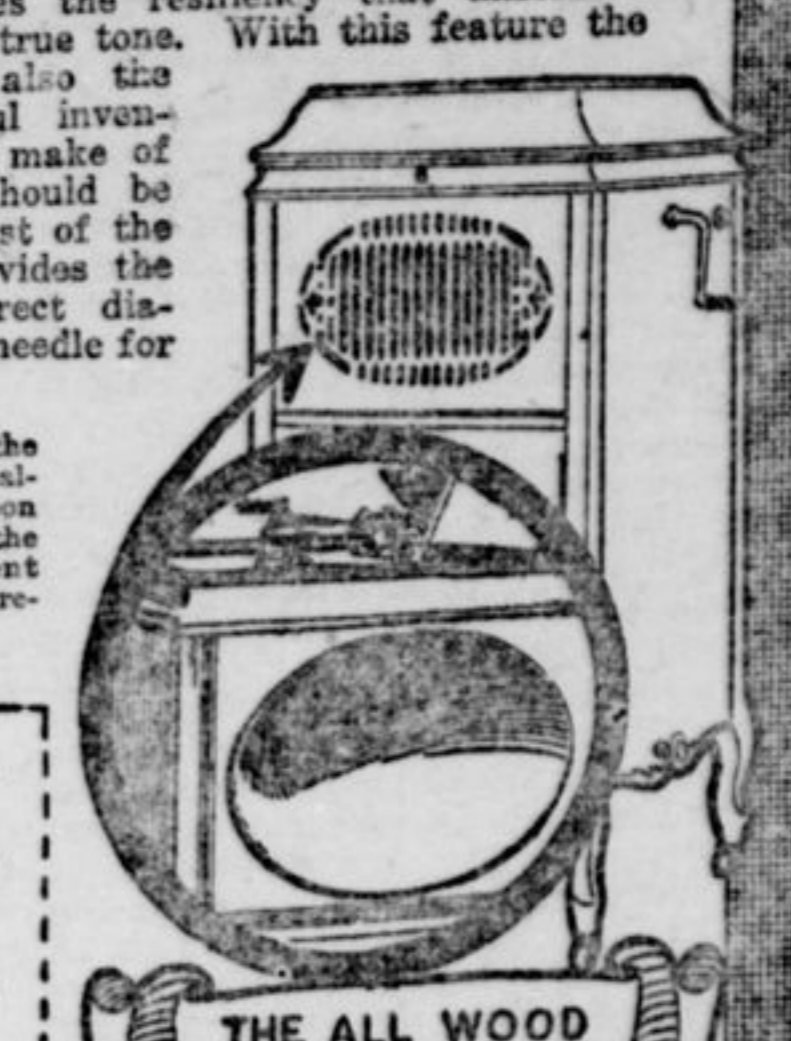
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THE ALL WOOD OVAL TONE CHAMBER BEHIND THE GRILLE

Facts.
Two rats will increase in twelve months to 4,000.
Queen Maud of Norway can claim to be the first woman pilot of a flying boat.
Britain's gift to Belgium of part of "German" East Africa includes 3,000,000 natives.
The cost of living has risen in France, according to district, to from 100 per cent. to 250 per cent. on pre-war prices.
The train used by the Prince of Wales for his Canadian tour comprised seven saloon-cars, dining-car, and two luggage-vans.
The model of the first tank was made in August, 1915; the first real tank, nicknamed "Mother," was finished in January, 1916.

Superfluous.
Little Arthur: "I say, father, is it true that Nature never wastes anything?"
Father: "Yes, Arthur, quite true!"
"Then what's the use of a cow having two horns when she can't even blow one?"

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ABRAHAM, JACOB AND ALLENBY

TRAVELLED OVER THE ANCIENT ROAD.

Abraham Took Southward Journey While Conquering General Marched North.

On October 2, 1918, General Allenby, at the head of the British army, marched into the city of Damascus. Damascus is the oldest named city of the world. Its origin seems lost in antiquity, although Josephus says it was founded by Uz, the grandson of Shem. Abraham, on his way southward from Harran to Canaan, tarried for a short time there. It was then a populous centre. In the time of David the King of Damascus sent his troops to assist the King of Zobah in resisting the encroachment of the Israelites, but David defeated the allied armies and slaughtered 22,000 Syrians of Damascus. It was near Damascus that Paul of Tarsus was struck blind and converted while on his way from Jerusalem to persecute the Christians, and it was from the walls of Damascus that the same apostle was let down in a basket to escape the wrath of the infuriated Jews. And, outside the city walls, lies the body of Buclic, the famous English hero.

Heary With Age.
Damascus is located in one of the most beautiful spots on the earth. In the bosom of a luxuriant bed of verdure, thirty miles in circumference, lies this most ancient city of the earth. Wide spreading orchards surround the city in all directions. An endless variety of fruits and crops spring out of the soil—apples, peaches, lemons, citrons, plums, grapes, figs and mulberries. The numerous able productive gardens, the shade of exuberant trees, the song of gorgeous birds, the fields of waving grain, the sparkle of limpid waters, the scent of voluptuous flowers and the music of babbling brooks, constitute a veritable paradise to the eyes of the roving Bedouins of the desert.

And thus, in the midst of this sumptuous loveliness, stands Damascus, as it has stood for fifty centuries proud, hoary, venerable, immutable, defiant of time.
But General Allenby did not dally in the charms of this paradise. Northward he marched, relentlessly pursuing the Turks. He followed substantially the same route, only in an opposite direction, that Abraham pursued on his journey southward into Canaan. On October 6, the British commander captured Zahleh and Rayak. On the 18th he entered Tripoli, on the 15th he occupied Hama. With tireless energy he pushed on over the route of Abraham and on October 26 the victorious captain entered the city of Aleppo.

Road of the Patriarchs.
Four days later, October 30, 1918, the Turkish Empire collapsed and the war in the Holy Land came to an end. General Allenby, with his troops, remained quartered at Aleppo. This important city, lying sixty miles eastward of Antioch, is, likewise, a habitation of great antiquity. Abraham also stopped there on his journey southward. Then it was known as Hebron. Centuries afterward Ezekiel spoke of the "wall of Hebron." General Allenby was on the direct road to Harran, the city from which Abraham started on his celebrated journey into Canaan. Had the Turks not capitulated it is possible that the British commander would have crossed the Euphrates and marched to the birthplace of Rachel, the mother of Joseph.

Thirty-seven centuries before General Allenby's campaign, Jacob travelled northward over practically the same route that the British general took not to conquer cities, but to capture a bride.
The Council of the League of Nations, established for France, composed of a Cabinet, and a Council, who will be elected by the Assembly of the League.

72-MILE RANGE OF BIG BERTHA
When First Test Made Germans Thought 45 Miles Would be Limit.
When Big Bertha, the German long-range cannon, was manufactured at Essen there was a great deal of speculation which she would have to be fired to hit Paris. Artillery experts calculated that she would carry 75 kilometers (45 miles), but powder experts said the piece would carry a good deal farther.
Elaborate preparations were made for an actual test! This took place on the artillery training grounds at Meppen, with the muzzle of the big gun pointing north toward East Prussia. Numerous detachments of artillerymen were stationed at intervals in the heatland east of Emden to report the location of the shell upon impact. When the first round was fired, to everybody's amazement none of the detachments made a report, and for some time the landing of the shell remained a mystery.
Three more rounds were fired, with the same negative result, and the experts began to wonder whether the shells had descended anywhere at all. It was discovered eventually that all four rounds had burst on one of the Prussian Islands, a distance of 121 kilometers (72 miles) from the gun.

MINIMUM VI
The Choice of Bearing Int In Full of

A despatch from Sir Henry Drayton, since, has made the forthcoming Y prospectus asks for a count of \$300,000.00 accept all or none in excess of the first years, subscribers choice of material due Nov. 1, 1924. carry interest at 10 cent. per annum, to Nov. 1, and the 100 and accrued interest, making 1 1/2 per cent. per month may pay in full on five instalments, at Ten per cent. on Oct. Dec. 9, 1924; 20 per cent. 9, 1925; 30 per cent. 21.21 per cent. Mar. last payment of 31.2 1.21 per cent. repaid interest at 2 1/2 per cent. due date of the month. An additional

IRELAND
An ex-Soldier's mitter has been toward. The Castlers dried up, and the without water found Captain Fitzpatrick, on behalf of a suitably engraved. The death toll Newmarket, Co. Wick, Stowmaster of the and chairman of the Official news. In the south in Omeau. Joseph White, Allen Mill, walking pillars at Rathlin, Prof. Adams, fell on feet, and was serious. A meeting was recently to consider the Killalea sh... Daniel Mc... was accidental... tempting to reac... dressing in the...
The King's collection Royal... been deposited in a... A jersey... Sligo to Private... first Sligo... to Cross.

Fiume to be Gr
President

A despatch from National Council of Oct. 30, 1918, for... presenting Italian... has made public the solution, which will ly on the election... ssembly by anti... D'Annunzio.
The Council... establishes the... for Fiume, comm... and a Cabinet, and who will be elected by the Assembly of the League.

Earl Curzon as F
Balfour as Fo
A despatch from Sir Henry Drayton, since, has made the forthcoming Y prospectus asks for a count of \$300,000.00 accept all or none in excess of the first years, subscribers choice of material due Nov. 1, 1924. carry interest at 10 cent. per annum, to Nov. 1, and the 100 and accrued interest, making 1 1/2 per cent. per month may pay in full on five instalments, at Ten per cent. on Oct. Dec. 9, 1924; 20 per cent. 9, 1925; 30 per cent. 21.21 per cent. Mar. last payment of 31.2 1.21 per cent. repaid interest at 2 1/2 per cent. due date of the month. An additional