

A Money-Saving Bottle

A Bottle of Bovril in the kitchen will cut down butcher's bills. It enormously increases the nourishing value of food—in fact, its body-building powers have been proved ten to twenty times the amount taken. It must be Bovril.

The Two Guardsmen

By BANISTER MERWIN.

III.
Billy moved back to his apartment that night. He packed his trunk lazily, made slow work of settling with Mrs. Cressup—in short, delayed as long as he decently could; but there was never a sign of Dorothy Fitch. Evidently she had meant what she said.

When at last he departed and realized that she was not going to relent, he became sullen and moody. He was to await her bidding like a child. He was to go about his duties in Montreal until she chose to summon him.

And yet he gradually became more cheerful. Had he not made great headway in a week? And he had her promise. He was to have his chance! What puzzled him most was her unwillingness to talk of her business with Dorothy. Why so much secrecy about a plan which she believed to be honest? He did not doubt, her, however. Her reasons, whatever they were, were her own; he would respect them. If she lost money through Dorothy, what of that?

The next day dragged for him. By evening he felt that he must have a glimpse of her. She would not know; he would keep out of her sight. He went, therefore, to the vicinity of Shea's at the dinner hour.

Through the window he saw her. He took up a position across the street and watched her until she came out and walked away with that firm, brisk step of hers. He would have liked to follow, but that, he felt, was beyond honor. So he went into Shea's and took the table she had left. At least he could talk to Jimmy.

"She's just gone, Mr. Miles," said Jimmy.

"I know," Billy nodded. "It's no use, Jimmy," he continued. "I've been banished. I'm not to see her again till she gets ready."

"Is that it, sir?" asked Jimmy, his forehead wrinkling.

"That's it. Bring me a sea-bass. I suppose I've got to eat it, Jimmy. It's got to a point where I can't but in. Pronty'll get her money—probably all of her savings!"

"Yes, sir."

Jimmy hurried away to the kitchen. His old eyes were filled with doubts and questions. When he returned he said:

"She seemed to be quite cheerful this evening, sir. She said a man was coming to see 'er this evening, an' then 'er business'll be done."

Billy's heart leaped. He was not to have long to wait. Was her cheerful mood due to her knowledge that his banishment was soon to end? Or was it that it ain't just lost! The money, sir, Jimmy went on. "It's the good name, Mr. Miles."

Billy had not thought of that. "In her name?" he muttered.

"Yes, Mr. Miles. She told me quite a bit about it. She was quite colloquial this evening, sir!"

Good Lord! And she's got me tied! Billy lapsed into moody pondering. Jimmy went about his duties. He seemed troubled to-night, and his hand trembled as he poured the water. He had made a decision; but he waited till Billy was going before he told him.

"It's no use, Mr. Miles," the old man said. "I can't let it alone. I'm goin' to interfere."

"How?" Billy turned in his chair.

"I'm goin' to go over there, sir, an'—an' warn 'er."

"You?"

"I may cost me my place, sir, but I'm goin'. I've interfered with folks here, an' generally I was right. Maybe she'll forgive me."

Jimmy sighed.

"You're a good sort," said Billy shortly.

He pushed back his chair and rose. He wanted to think.

As he wandered through the streets he tried to steady his mind to a clear view of the situation. He had no right to interfere; he had already done his best. But her good name! Dorothy Fitch, catspaw of Pronty! It was one thing for her to lose her money. Her name was another matter. He pictured it all—crafty circular letters; five-dollar bills from farmers' wives; Pronty's report of investments that had not gone as he had expected; complaints from clients whom he could delude no longer; the intervention of government inspectors; notoriety; perhaps arrests and imprisonments.

Well, Jimmy was going to warn her. Jimmy, the idea of his leaving for to Jimmy! He drew himself up, turned on his heel, and made straight for 133 West.

Mrs. Cressup's front door was not latched. It yielded to Billy's hand, and he did not wait to ring, but pushed into the hall. He stood still for a moment. From the reception room at the left came the sound of a voice—her voice.

"You're a good old man, Jimmy," she was saying, "but this is something you don't understand. Thank you just the same."

"I understand about 'im, miss," came from Jimmy. "I know 'ot 'is game is. It ain't so much the money, miss; it's the good name."

"I think, my man, that Miss Fitch



Peril to Creeping Baby.

Does your baby play on the floor, Mrs. Youngmother? Are you very careful to see that he comes in contact with no unclean substances? Do you know that a deadly disease lurks in dust and dried spout carried into the house on people's feet?

Doctors who have studied these matters carefully tell us that most persons who contract tuberculosis are infected in childhood. In fact, eight of ten persons have the germs at some time in their lives. Every year 12,500 persons die of the white plague in Canada. This means about 83,000 active cases in the country right now. A large percentage of these victims are suffering needlessly. "As many of these patients became infected in babyhood, mothers should be made to realize the great responsibility that is placed on them by the germs at the time of their birth," says Victor Vaughan, an authority on tuberculosis.

During the first few months of a child's life there is very little sign of tuberculosis. If the newborn babes and the tuberculosis germ could be kept far apart the country would eventually be rid of the white plague. Therefore, a serious duty rests with the mother.

"It is just about the time a baby begins to play on the floor and so have a change in his diet that the tuberculosis infection begins to occur," says Doctor Vaughan. "The mother places the child on the floor unthinkingly, perhaps, and wholly unthinkingly of the germs which may be lurking there. The child's impulse to put everything into his mouth does the rest. Clean material should first be placed on the floor as a protection. Only sanitary toys should be given him and under no circumstances should he be permitted to have a 'pacifier.' The latter has no merits whatever. On the contrary, it is a germ carrier and often works untold harm to a child."

Another matter which Doctor Vaughan lays special stress upon was that of allowing a child to drink from the same cups as the grownups or biting from the same morsels of food. "Each child should have his individual dishes and receptacles," he continued. "This is the most common cause of infection and the quickest way in which disease is spread."

Soups From Left-Overs.
Soups may easily be divided into three classes: Purees or cream of vegetable soups, meat-stock soups and meatless vegetable soups.

The first class is usually made with a single vegetable, such as peas, corn or potatoes as a base. The vegetable, after being cooked, is pressed through a sieve or colander, added to the required amount of milk, or milk and water, boiled up, thickened with flour and seasoned.

The second class has, as a foundation, meat stock to which the vegetables are added. Every particle of meat, bone and gristle should be made into its last act of nourishment in soup with which to begin every day's dinner. It is not necessary to serve much at a time, for more substantial food follows. Put the scraps of meat and bone in an earthenware or porcelain-lined pot, place over the fire and just cover with cold water, letting it heat gradually and simmer long and slowly. Let stand over night and next morning skim off fat. The flavor may then be varied by different vegetables or seasoning. There are in the meat, qualities that are needed in the meat.

The third class is perhaps simplest and most economical of all. It may be made entirely of left-over vegetables, or it may include both left-overs and newly-cooked vegetables. Perhaps there are some cold potatoes (any kind), a little gravy, a few spoonfuls of peas or shelled beans and a little turnip or onion. Put in a kettle sufficient boiling water to make the required amount of soup for your family. Into the kettle slice one or two onions, two or three carrots and a few more raw potatoes if needed. Cook until tender, add the left-over vegetables, gravy, and some salt, pepper too if liked, and boil up, then use a wire potato masher to reduce the vegetables to a smooth mixture.

A pleasing variety of soups may be had by varying the ingredients. Tomatoes in any form may be used, even to the rinsings of the catsup bottle. Boiled beans, baked beans, squash, corn, a little cabbage, a bit of parsnip, celery, macaroni, rice, oatmeal or the left-over meat pie (crust and all) may all be utilized in this way. Celery makes a most delicious soup. The celery itself may be used; or crushed, dried leaves, or celery stalks can be used for flavoring. When a straight vegetable soup is made, add milk or a little cream, to give the desired richness. Lacking these, butter or a little good cooking oil may be used.

A delicate soup for children and invalids is made thus: Put one quart of chicken broth over the fire, wash two heaping teaspoonfuls of rice and add it to the broth. Cook slowly for half an hour, thicken with a tablespoonful of butter and two of flour rubbed to a paste. Add a pint of new milk, which has been scalded. Serve very hot.

The Last Word on the Subject.
A lawyer, examining a witness, asked him about the character of a dead man who figured in the case.

"He was a man without blame, beloved and respected by all, pure in all his thoughts, and—"

"How did you learn that?" demanded the judge.

"I read it on his tombstone," was the reply.

Somebody Was Careless.
A gasolene lamp in use in a creamery at Moose Horn, Manitoba, exploded, and half the village was wiped out by fire, causing a loss of \$100,000. Gasolene lamps are a serious fire hazard when they are not kept thoroughly clean. The cleanliness depends upon the carefulness of the human element and no one can afford to invite a fire by lack of care.

Milard's Eminent Cures Diphtheria.

Dingoes.
In Australia are found the only bark-less dogs. The wild dogs of that island continent, called "dingoes," can do howl, but they never bark. It used to be supposed that the dingoes must be descended from dogs fetched to Australia in early times and long before the first human beings appeared on the earth, inasmuch as fossil bones of recognizable dingoes have been found that apparently date back to the Pliocene.

To Freshen Furs.
Many owners of furs, on receiving them from cold storage or on taking them from their summer packing boxes, are distressed to observe that the fur—even the most handsome—appears dead and lusterless, a condition most noticeable when subjected to the test of comparison with a new set. Furs in this condition are not attractive, and it is well worth the trouble of applying the Russian remedy, which both cleans and freshens.

The dead appearance of fur, as a rule, is due simply to the fact that it is soiled. It never seems to occur to most persons that any but white fur becomes soiled, but it does. To clean the Russians, who use more fur than any other people, take eye-brow hair which is heated in an earthen pot until it is as hot as the hand can stand, being stirred all the while, and pour it upon the fur in liberal quantities, rubbing it in thoroughly. They then brush out all particles of bran with a clean brush, or shake and pound the fur.

Minard's Eminent Cures Colds, &c.
Fresh laid eggs should not be shaken. Handle them carefully and they will keep fresh much longer.

An iron should never be directly applied to black stockings, or it may discolor them. Instead, place a piece of thin material over the stocking before pressing.

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J. ALCOCK, Capt., D.S.C.

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Back on the Line.
In one instance a man was concealed for a time by French peasants, and subsequently made his way to a certain port, whence he was smuggled back into England. The day after he landed he re-enlisted, and in less than six months from the date of his desertion he was in the fighting-line again. Yet he has long since been presumed dead, and to this day his relatives do not know that he is alive.

How many are the cases in which men have been seen—often in our own lines—by their comrades, long after they were reported missing? They number hundreds, if not thousands. And, as a natural result, the belief is entertained in homes all over the Empire that men officially dead will surely reappear sooner or later, and not as men who have disgraced themselves and their relatives, but as victims of some combination of circumstances such as no sensational novelist ever imagined.

Chicken a Reptile?
"Pluck a chicken and you have a reptile."
This remark of an anatomist was meant to imply that the only very important difference between a reptile and a bird lay in the fact that the former has scales, whereas the latter is feathered. But feathers and scales are but modifications of the same thing.

The earliest birds on the earth were very reptile-like and had teeth. Indeed, there seems to be no doubt of the fact that all modern birds are originally descended from reptiles, which may have started to acquire power of flight by jumping from house to house of trees.

MYSTERIES OF "THE MISSING"
AMAZING CASES OF MEN WHO CAME BACK.

Even Yet "Lost" Soldiers Are Taking Their Friends by Joyous Surprise.

Alive or dead? The ever-anxious question is again raised by the discovery in England the other day of a soldier who, two years ago, was reported "missing" and subsequently presumed dead.

Here is a real, and not imaginary, incident. A letter for a soldier who has been missing for many long, weary months is delivered at his home. It is from a chum—a patient in a military hospital in London—who writes on the assumption that he has been discharged.

Pale and trembling, the parents in South London receive a letter from her husband to say that he is a prisoner in Germany. Other letters quickly follow, till at last there comes the joyful news that he is to be exchanged.

But the silence lengthens again. What has happened? Nobody knows. Finally, the wife receives an official communication. The soldier reached Switzerland, and there all trace of him is lost.

Huns' Lack of System.
Beyond question, numbers of poor fellows for whose return relatives are still faintly hoping passed to their rest in such plague spots as Wittenberg, where the Germans, when typhoid broke out among the prisoners, fled, leaving them to their fate.

Here—and similar horrors occurred elsewhere—our men died like flies in autumn, and were buried without any record being registration there was none. A man might have gone to a camp like Wittenberg, died there, and descended to a nameless grave.

Any Chance is Seized.
On the other hand, nothing is more certain than that some of the missing are alive and well. In saying this, I do not wish to raise false hopes.

At certain stages of the war, particularly during the retreat in 1914, and again last year, numbers of soldiers lost touch with their regiments, some returning to our lines after a longer or shorter interval, and others going to swell the total number of the Lost Legion.

After Majuba, a number of the "presumed dead" cut a dash in various parts of South Africa. One man, having conceived a bitter hatred of his company officer, slipped away during the confusion, and long afterwards was met in Johannesburg by some of his old comrades.

In the Foreign Legion.
Events in South Africa, indeed, led to many double lives. Perhaps the most astonishing instance was that of a man who was missing after Paardeburg, and for whom inquiries were made for years by newspaper advertisements, notices in messes, etc.

An Englishman—himself a very "hard case"—who was serving in the French Foreign Legion in Algeria, one day recognized in a comrade who had come over in a new draft the long-sought mystery man of Paardeburg.

Both fell on the Western Front in the early part of 1916, the "missing" soldier carrying his secret with him to the grave, for no questions are asked in the famous Legion.

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EFFIC

Care of the Many stockmen would save enough to pay their taxes if they devote more attention to the time of the bird.

The pregnant fatted and measured adequate amount of them healthy to very health to heavy with food, have them well, fully thinking that developing young will.

One of the reasons for the vigorous, normal embryo is that, from the nutrition of the form and constant, the mother be so fed that her vitality is.

The circulation is channeled through the most recent of the body by the vigorous, normal embryo is that, from the nutrition of the form and constant, the mother be so fed that her vitality is.

Someone should be at the time of the offspring important first necessary to strong and supply be.

A blanket and be at hand to dry, necessary keep it, the young become fetal membranes of suffocated. These and if the contents severed with the body, this, tying the body with a stout pure linture of in operation by point the severed cord to.

If the little them up to navel rectum with cut two ounces, warm water (100 deg. F.) for a based action the subsequent life young.

If the mother is asked, artificial order. This is a difficult problem for except the cold. It must be fresh, should be made up.

For each pint, ounces, sugar one milk, twice daily, for the subsequent life young.

Orphan colic may be treated in this way: The sugar in regular feeding, three times in the end of two to drink readily.

Cold, caused carefully guarded, indigestion, so the delicate for others.

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