tmas es

norial Part of elebration.

emorial a tree the Christmas y be seen butmangers in the aintings of the school. In are seen angels nging out of a d nd Good Will 'Glory, Glory,

nan Christmas angel or a opmost branch, it the end of a time fairy, and o a very orthousually at its oup representbirth in the

e tree are said igin, In the Jewish gear, twenty-fifth eir temple. It d on that day was dedicated s, and then, acsh legend, sufd in the temple ven branched en days, and it seven days to ccordingly the n the 25th of use to light a day two, and venth and last seven candles ouse.

fix the exact ty, but it fell he last day of Jewish house Jerusalem was ts. It is worthy German name Veihnacht Sthe), as though it th this feast. Christmas the d, indeed, this Change the Change by ork Main and

Jokes.

r joke which d in any pany of the world which appearcorner of the 1845, It wad: as about to t would be inwho was its ounded on a s the "Advice ave 'faller in One of the s that ever aptemporary was between are inhis impatient mind?" No is matter?" --- Westimester

about eratory rks are delivered

edy

the eights were eer, and Gibbs' v to Gibbs: ect shame, Josdn't take any eigars and that should have

h smiled his said : " ve, never mind by them." said Josiah's

iah smile more st cuckle. But

repeated Mrs. n't he? You told me that r choose cigars resent to her an knows noth. lity, so I asked heard you save ellent judge of select a box for uld get—and he

d instant busi-ffice, where he flung his pipe of the window. Spicer without ut his knowing ill wore his

"BELA"

Same appeared trudging through the "You hate him sand, farcheaded, coatless, tight-lipped. His eyes likewise were fastened Bela hung her h she repeated doggedly.

Musicosis filled his Dropping to his knees, he smelled of it. So far so good. Presently he dissovered the cause of its death, a wing last. hattered by a bullet.

Seeing no tracks anywhere near, hope. he concluded that it had fallen woundtrove. He set to work to lace and let on you don't care 'bout him at all. All tam leugh at him. His bright eyes and the celerate his movements testified to foo!"

From her hiding place Bela watched do it," she declared.

"All right said M face now. The eyes brooded over him go now. Keep away from him him, over the fair hair, the bare a while. Let him forget his mad." throat the pale, hard young face that clawed the lassitude following

on violent anger. Her whole spirit visibly yearned to you. She is white, too." ward tim-but she was learning seifcontrol in a hard school. When he began to pluck the goose she set her teeth hard and stole silently away up-

In the Indian village beside Hahweb-sept litle, crooked, Musq'oosis was equatting at the door of his teepee, making a fish net. This was work his nimble fingers could still perform better than any in the tribe. nwhile, he smoked and dwelt on the sereme reminscences of a well-

While he worked and meditated nothing in the surrounding scene escaped the glances of his keen, old eyes. For some time he had been sware of a woman's figure hiding beaind the willows across the stream, and the knew it must be Bels, for there was no canoe on that side, but he would not give her any sign. In Musq'oosts, as in all his race, there was a coy streak. Let the other

person make the first move was his guiding maxim.

Finally the mournful, idiotic cry of s loop was raised across the stream. This was a signal they had used before. Musq'oosis started with wellsimulated surprise, in case she should be watching him, and rising, waddled soberfy to his dugout. Nobody is the village above paid any particular attention to him. He crossed the

Bels stepped into the bow of his. him, is he wouldn't ask questions, neither would she volunteer information. Thus the two friends played Whichever way he lay, a cold chill

the fittle comedy out.

cords with an unconcerned

By and by Bela began to tell her But as she went on she was carried away by it, and her voice became warm and broken with emotionic Musqueets working away, gave no persuaded her he was not missing

When she came to tell how she had failen upon Sam while he slept the

"What for you do that?" he de-

Bels came to a pause and hung her head. Tears dropped on her hands. I dow't know," she murmured. "He look as pretty sleepin' on the sandso pretty! Moon shine in his face. I am vain in my heart. Don't know wat to do, want him so bad. I t'ink I die if I go 'way wit'out him. I him, that's all!"

Teha! White woman!' said Musd'oosis disgustedly. During the rest of the tale he muttered and frowned and wagged his head impatiently. When she came to the scene of the hearing in Gagnon's shack he could no longer contain him-

"Fools" he cried. "I tell you all w'at to do. Many times I tell you not let a man see you want him. But you go ask him marry you before all the people! What you come to me for

Befa hung her head in silence. You got white womens sickness!" cried the old man with quaint scorn.

Tchat Love!" "Well, I am 'mos' white," muttered Bela suddenly. "Why you not tell me bout this sickness? Then I look

'There is no cure for a fool," growled Musq'oosis.

Reia finally raised her head. "I am cure of my sickness now, "I hate him!" she said, scowling. 'Hate!" said the old man scornfully "Your face is wet."

She dashed the tears from her cheers. "When he ran out of Johnny Gagnon's," she went on, "I run sfter. I hold on him. He curse me. He throw me down. Since then I hate him. I lak make him hurt lak me. 9 want see him hurt bad!"

The old man looked incredulous. Questioning her sharply, he strew out the incident of the dead goose. He laugher scornfully.

LET a woman case your suffering. I want you to write, and let me tell you of my simple method of home treatment, send you ten days' free trial, post-paid, and put you in touch with women in Canada who will stuffy tell what my method has done for them. them subled sensations, bladder weakness, constipation, catarrhai conditions, pais in the sides, regularly, bloating, sense of falling or misplacement of internal orms, nervousness, destress cry, ration, but flarban, dark rings paint, nervounces, decreto cry, pulpitation, but flarben, dark rings under the eyes, or a less of interest fe, write to me to-day. Address: by, the flammer, for a Window, fat.

"You hate him, but you go put

Bela hung her head. "I hate him!" Musq'oosis filled his pipe, and puffed at it meditatively for a while. 'You could get him," he said, at

Bela looked at him with a new

"But you got do w'at I tell wou. ed from the sky. As such it was Cryin' won't get him. Mak' a dry treasure trove. He' set to work to face and let on you don't care 'bout

Bela frowned resentfully. "I can "All right said Musq'oosis.

"All right," agreed Bela. "Now go see your mot'er," com-

manded Musq'oosis. 'She sicken for Bela, however, made no move to blades of grass.

"Well, w'at you waitin' for?" demanded Musq'oosis. "Sam walkin' this way," she said with an inscrutable face. "Got no blanket. Be cold to-night, I think." "Wa! More foolishness!" he cried.

mad maybe." "White man get sick with cold," persisted Bela. "Not lak us. What good my waitin if he get sick?" Musq'oosis held up both his hands. There is not'ing lak a woman!" he cried. "Go to your mot'er. I will paddle by the lake and give him a

Let him shake a little. Cure his hot

rabbit robe." Bela's eyes flashed a warm look on him. She got up without speaking, and hastened away.

About half past nine, while it was still light, Sam found himself walked out. He built a fire on the pine needles above the stony beach and sat down with his back against a tree The goose provided him with another meal. He was two hours journey beyond the mouth of Hah-wah-sepi. He was two hours' journey Wading across the bar of that

stream, he had guessed his proximity to the Indian village as described by Bels, but his pride would not allow him to apply there for sheiter. He had no reason to suppose that Bela had already got home, but he feared she might arrive before he

best. We greeting was exchanged could get away. Anyhow, he had been that the air of having parted but a few minutes before. Bels had learned Musq'oosis own manuer from hight or two without a covering.

from the earth struck to his marrow. Sitting at the door of his teepee, He fell into a wretched, half-waking thing since I get up to-day."

He out bread and smoked moose meat shore her, and went on knot- fire to feel its warmth it was only to

be brought leaping to his feet by sparke burning through his clothes. He finally gave it up and sat against story with the suilen, self-conscious the tree, hardening himself like an In-air of a child expecting a scolding dian to wait for dawn. His fagged dian to wait for dawn. His fagged nerves cried for tobacco. He had lost his pipe with his coat.

The lake stretched before him still and steely in the twilight. Fo-night sign, but the still turn of his head the sun had withdrawn himself modestly and expeditiously, and the clear, cold face of the sky had an ominous look. The world was terribly empty Sam received a new conception of soilold man was betrayed into'a sharp tude, and a heavy hand of discouragement was laid on his heart.

Suddenly he perceived that he was not slone. Close under the pine-walled shore a dugout was swimming toward him with infinite grace and smoothness. At the first sight his breath contracted, for it seemed to have spring out of nothingness—then his heart joyfully leaped up. At such a moment anything human was welcome. A squat little figure was hudtink—I don' know w'at I t'ink. Want | come. A square little lighter was multink—I don' know w'at I t'ink. Want | dled amidships, swinging a paddle from side to side with long, stringy

Sam perceived that the paddler was the aged hunchback who had once visited the camp at Nine-Mile Point across the lake. "Old Man of the Lake" they had called him. They had not learned his name.

A certain air of mystery enveloped him. When he stepped out on the stones with his long hair, his bent back, and his dingy blanket capote he looked like a mediaeval grotesque -

yet he had a dignity of his own, too. "How?" he said, extending his hand; Sam, dreading the inevitable questions, received him a little nervously. "Glad to see you. Sit down by the fire. "You travel late."

"I old," observed Musq'oosis calmly. 'I go when men sleep.' He made himself comfortable by

the fire. To Sam's thankfulness he did not appear to notice the white man's impoverished condition. He had excellent manners.

"Are you going far?" asked Sam. The old man shrugged. "Jus' up and down," he replied. "I lak look

about." He drew out his pipe. To save himself Sam could not help glancing enviously toward it. "You got no pipe?" asked the Ind-

"Lost it," admitted Sam ruefully. "I got not'er pipe," said Musq'oosis.
From the "fire-bag" hanging from
his waist he produced a red-clay bowl such as the natives use, and a bundle of new reed stems. He fitted a reed to the bowl, and passed it to Sam. . bag of tobacco followed.

"A gift," he stated courteously.
"I say," objected Sam, blushing, "I haven't anything to give in return." The old man waved his hand. 'Plaintee tam mak' Musq'oosis a gift some day," he said.
Sam looked up at the name. "So you're Musq'oosis?" he asked, hardening a little.

"W'at you know about me?" queried the other mildly. "Oh, nothing!" returned Same.
'Somebody told me about you." "I guess it was Bela," said Mus-

cools. With kindly guile he added: Where is she?" "You can search me!" muttered

grant, "Ah, good!" exclaimed Sam.
with a glance of exprise,
"Imperial Mixture," said Musd'oosis complicently, "I old. Not.
want mash San I have the want mech, So I buy the best to-

They settled down for a good talk by the fire, Musq'oosis continued to surprise Sam. On his visit to N'ée-Mile Point the old man had been received with good-natured banter, which he returned in kind. Alone with Sam, he came out in quite a different

Sam made the discovery that a man may have a dark skin, yet be a philosopher and a gentleman. Musq'cosis talked of all things from tobacco to the differences in men.

"White man lak beaver. All tam work don' give a damn!" he observed. "Red man lak bear. Him lazy. Fat in summer, starve in winter. Got no

Sam laughed. "You've got sense." Musq'ocsis shrugged philosophically.

"I not the same lak of'er men. I got

crooked back, weak legs. I got work sittin' down. So my head is busy." He smoked with a reminiscent look. When I yo'ng I teel much bad for cause I got crooked back. But when old I think there is good in it. A strong man is lak a moose. We! So

big and swift and 'an'some. All tank so busy, got no tam t'ink wit' his head neide. So wen he get old his son put him down. He is poor then. But a go. She was painstakingly plucking weak man he got nottin' to do but look lak eagle at ev'ryt'ing and remember what he see. So w'en he is old he rich inside. W'en a man get old bad turn to good. Me. w'en I was yo'ng I sore for cause no woman'want me. Now I glad I got no old wife beat a drum wit 'her tongue in my

teepee." 'Women! You're right there!" cried Sam, explosively. "They're no good. They're savages! Women confuse and weaken a man; spoil him for a man's work. I'm done with them!"

A slow smile lighted Musq'oosis ugly old face. "Wen a man talk lak that," he remarked, "I t'ink pretty soon some woman goin' get him sure."
"Never!' cried Sam. "Not me!"

"I t'ink so," persisted Musq'oosis. Man say woman bad, all bad. Come a woman smile so sweet, he surprise; he say this one different from the "Oh, I know how it is with most

fellows!" admitted Sam. "Not with me. I've had my lesson." "Maybe," agreed Musq'oosis, polite-ly allowing the matter to drop. By and by the old man yawned. "I

t'ink I sleep little while," he said.
"Can I sleep by your fire?" "Sure!" returned Sam. fourself at home." Musq'oosis brought his blankettfrom

the dugout, "You goin' sleep, too?" "In a bit," replied Sam uneasily. "Where your blanket?" "Oh, I lost that, too," confessed

lam, blushing. "I got a rabbit-skin robe," said Musgood hard guys," but here the rewhat was the name of the see see on the starbeard side and he had the starbeard side

tion was a wide-meshed net of cord, lights. to which had been tied hundreds of the fragile, downy peits. Sam could stick his finger anywhere through the interstices, yet it was warmer than a blanket, double its weight. But this is valuable," protested

am. "I can't take it." "You goin' to the head of the lake," said Musq'oosis, "I want trade it at French outfit store. Tak it to Mahwoolee, the trader. Say to him Musl'oosis send it for trade."

"Aren't you afraid I might steal " asked Sam, curiously. 'Steal?" said the old man, surprised. "Nobbdy steal here. What's the use? Everything is known. If a man steal everybody know it. Where

ne goin' to go then?" Sam continued to protest against using the robe, but Musq'oosis, waying his objections aside, calmly lay down in his blanket and closed his eyes. Sam presently followed suit. The rabbit skin robe acted like a charm, A delicious warmth crept into his weary bones, and sleep overmase. 11 his senses like a delicious per-

When he awoke the sun was high over the lake, and Musq'oosis had gone. A bag of tobacco was lying in

At this era the "settlement" at the head of Caribou Lake consisted of the 'French outfit," the "company post," the French Mission, the English Mission, and the police barracks, which last housed as many as three trooders.

These various establishments were strung around the shore of Beaver Bay for a distance of several miles. A few native shacks were attached to each. The principal group of buildings was comprised in the company post, which stood on a hill overlooking the bay, and still wore a military air, though the palisades had been torn down these many years.

The French outfit, the rival concern, was a much humbler affair. It stood halfway on the short stream

ECZENIA ON BABY

Spread Covering Body. Awful Disfigurement. Itched and Burned. Had to Scratch.



which began on her face and spread all over her body. It was in a rash and was very sore and inflamed, causing awful disfigurement. The rash itched and burned making her scratch terri-bly and she was cross. Then I used Cuticura Soap and Ointment. Baby was healed with six cakes of Cuticura Soap and three boxes of

Cuticura Ointment." (Signed) Mrs. Henry Richard, Murray Harbor, P. E. L. April 2, 1917. You may rely on Cuticura to care for your skin, scalp, hair and hands.
For Free Sample Each by Mail address post-card: "Cutieura, Bept. A,
Boston, U. S. A." Sold everywhere.

which connects Beaver Bay with the lake proper, and was the first estabshment reached by the traveler from outside. It consisted of two little houses built of lumber from the mission sawmill; the first house contained the store, the other across the road was known as the "Kitchen."

Mahooley pointed to them with pride as the only houses north of the landing built of boards, but they had a sad and awkward look there in the wilderness, notwithstanding.

Within the store of the French outfit, Stiffy, the trader, was audibly toting up his accounts in his little box at the rear, while Mahooley, his associate, sat with his chair tipped back and his heels on the cold stove. Their proper names were Henry Stiff and John Mahool, but as Stiffy and Mahooley they were known from Miwasa Landing to Fort Ochre.

The shelves of the store were sadly depleted; never was a store open for and secure some relief from the strain business with so little in it. A few canned goods of ancient vintages and a bolt or two of colored cotton were all that could be seen. Nevertheless, the French outfit was a factor to be

reckoned with. There was no fur going now, and the astute Stiffy and Mahooley were content to let custom page their door. Later on they would reach out for it. Mahooley was bored and querulous. all kinds of cigarettes, a safety razor This was the dullest of dull seasons, for the natives were off pitching on their summer grounds, and travel from the outside world had not yet

Stiffy and Mahooley were a pair of

"I'd give a dollar for a new newspaper," growled Mahooley. "That's you, always grousin' for nothin' to do!' said his partner. "Why

dont you keep busy like me?" down to the river here and I'd get in the seow and I'd push off, and when I got in the middle I'd say, 'Lord, crack this nut if you can! It's too much for

me!" and I'd step off." "Ah, shut up! You've made me lose

whole column!" "Go to hell!" Thus they bickered endlessly to pass

the time. Suddenly the door opened and a stranger entered, a white man. As a rule, the slightest disturbance of their routine was heralded in advance by 'moccasin telegraph.' and this was chair came to the floor with a thump. "Weil, I'm damned!" he said.

staring. Stiffy came quickly out of his little box to see what was up. "How are you?" began the stranger

youth, diffidently. "Who the hell are you?" asked Mahooley.

"Sam Gladding." "Is the york boat in? Nobody told

"No. I walked around the lake." Mahooley looked him over from hi wornout moccasins to his bare hear "Well, you didn't bring much wit

you," he observed. -Sam frowned to hide his rising blushes. He offered the rabbit-ski robe to create a diversion "Musq'oosis sent it, eh?" said Ma hooley. "Put it on the counter." Sam came back to the red-faced

man. "Can you give me a job?" he asked, firmly. "Hey, Stiffy," growled Mahooley. "Look what's askin' for a job!" (To be continued.)

The following letter was written by other fellow says when do we take our a farmer near Yorkton to a friend in winnipeg in reference to a couple of an afternoon nap. I says right back youths who came down from the city | you hit them oats and hit them in a to help with the harvest. The youths hurry too, it looks like rain. Oh very at home "assisted" in a bank for a well Carlos, very well, do not be peevfew hours each day and thought they ed I pray of thee. were working. After putting in part
of a day in an oat field their desire
to help to win the war by working an hour than those two did in the in the harvest got a serious setback, next two. After a while I stopped to and they hurriedly departed for thee fix the binder over in one corner and busy haunts of trade. The farmer is and I heard the two lads talking. How writing the friend to send out a couple, would you like to be up to your neck more men. The letter follows: Dear John,-I take my pen in hand to let you know we are all well and ing in the hammock out on the versu-

Two Dudes Who

rite in the midst of the harvest, but about the two dudes from Winnipeg thin glasses said the other. Think old they was. They was wearing hot stove. Well by and by I missed white shirts with big white collars ver them. I made another round of the cloth tops on 'em and nifty suits and checked caps.

guy of the two come up to me and he says Hello Rube, how is the little old alfalfa this fall flippin his fingers ofen said Mr. Smart Alex. I was plum disthe end of my whisners. The other gusted, so I said ithe password is for lad says to me stand right where you | you fellows to get out of here. They are kiddo and let me feast on you-Oh Alfred isn't that makeup perfect one of them says three cheers, we're he says, couldn't he step right onto fired, hurrah, hurrah, hurrah. The the stage now without ever going near other lad was sure tuckered out. He the dressing room. I didn't know what he was talking about cause I in a weak voice—Tiger—hurrah—mo-only had my working clothes on. I ther was right. And inside of an hour said are youse young guys looking for they was on the train going to Winwork. They said they had come nipeg. down to pick up a little easy money of the city. Do you think you can stand stookin I said and they told me they thought they were in pretty good condisirun as they had been playing pool all summer. Each of them had a nice new suitcase and I thought they was kind of light when I was throwing begins, carrion bugs come from far

them in the democrat. Afterwards when they were at work the missus and a sweater. When we was driving out to the farm they was asking all kinds of foolish questions about the bracing 43 species, 12 of which are work. The Smart Alex one said it ought to be pretty good sport, beat tennis all to nothing. He asked me the Popular Science Monthly for July, what was the name of the see see on by the two jagged yellowish-red or

their eyes when I showed them the way to the hayloft to sleep and threw ly adapted for digging. em a horse blanket. One of them. said something about Mary Garden perfume to woo the God Morpheus. "Say, if I was like you I'd walk of them 80 acres or oats dead ripe to the dead thing as straight as an o'clock in the morning. I went out situated in his club-like feelers. to the stable with a lantern and hollered up to em. After a while I heard a noise and one of them came down the ladder carrying his suitcase. He seemed to be half asleep. Did you call, mother-he says you seem to be

calling early this morning. Where are you going, I says. "I'm going some place to stay all

-what's the matter, couldn't you sleep? I told him this was the time we usually got up in harvest time and ike a bolt from the blue. Mahooley's the says why waste so much time in sleep. I told him it was time to go to work. "What's the idea," he said. told him we were going to cut oats. re they wild he says. I told him no,

> them in the dark? atterwards the other fellow came lown and asked me if I believed in

good hand at it. een right up over the horses heads. I arated. has showing them dudes how to stook and one of them asked me if he ouldn't get the loan of a stepladder to stand the sheaves up. I could see it was going to be heavy work alright. Well Sir there was a heavy dew on the ground and it wasn't long till them fellows was as wet as though they had been wading in water! come close to the smart Alex one when I was passing with the binder once, and he says Hey, Pop, is there any danger of submarines around here. I'd hate to get torpedoed just day it was made. Also, a teaspoonas I was learning over to pick up a

After while one of the lads hailed

me when I was passing. "How is the time," he said. I locked at my watch and told him a quarter to eight. "Gawd," he said, "I thought it was near 1 o'clock. This is about the time I roll off the little old ostermoer in town," he said. We went to eat along about noon with the sun red hot and them two lads had faces on them like the comb of our turkey gobbler. They was clean faded and they just dragged themselves up to the pump How do you feel says one of 'en in weak voice. I feel says the other just like Jim Jeffreys felt after he wa down for the third count. I feel like I'd had ten turkish baths one after another and then been pulled through a knot hole. You could wring a tub of water out of me right now. Well Sir we went into dinner and the missus had the table piled high with new potatoes and onions and homemade bread and fried eggs and prunes Those city yaps just lit into that as if they had been starved for a month About eight eggs each they et. I says to one of them is your legs hollow. I understand he says right back that the board is thrown in with this job. es I says and you seem to be throwing it in allright. Why don't you get a pitch fork. Well anyway they felt better after they had fed up a bit and emarty says to me Alfonso could you have the chef bring in some French vintage and a couple of perfectos. The 1 1 Made in Canada.

Came to Stook

in water down at the beach one said. And how would you like to be swingdah on Carlton street with the maid the main thing I want to tell you is bringing you out long cold ones in that came down to help with the of sitting in one of those ice houses stooking. I ree'd word from the em- over in Norwood. Yes or think of beployment bureau in Winnipeg that ing up one the snowfields in the they was coming at \$2.75 a day and mountains. And all the time they brd, so I was down to the Station to was wrestling with them big sheaves meet them. Well Sir there was two of oats and the sun sending down heat kids got off-long about 18 or 19 years like you was standing next to a red their coats, and button boots with field and then went over to where I saw them last. Hello I shouted and then I saw one of them stand up be-One of them he was the freshest hind a long row of sheaves they had but up to keep off the sun. "Ad-vance friend and give the password." looked at me surprised like and then just raised his head a little and said

> Yours truly, HANK. P.S.—Send me down two MEN.

Nature's Sanitary Cop.

When an animal dies in a garden or in the woods and decomposition and near. A dead bird, a mouse or a harmless snake wantonly killed by some wanderer, provides a banquet for hundreds of insects. Among thes the "grave-diggers" are found, emfound in Europe, the rest in America. You can identify these beetles, says the Popular Science Monthly for July,

A grave-digger beetle has a most extraordinary sense of smell. He can detect the peculiar odor of decomposi-Well I had to take a big splash out | tion a long distance away, and flies go I called the boys along about 3 arrow. His remarkably keen nose is

As a rule several grave-diggers are found near a dead body. They crawl under it and scratch the supporting earth away, so that the body soon lies in a hollow. Gradually the body is lowered until it sinks below the surface. Then it is covered with earth. The female lays her eggs around the interred form, thus insuring for the night," he says—"you disturb my rest newly-hatched larvae a plentiful food supply.

Worth Knowing. Tomato catsup, a correspondent says, must be eaten hot to get its real flavor." Nobody knows how good that is who pours it out cold from a and he says why take advantage of bottle. Heat a small quantity and

serve it in a small syrup pitcher."

When thin tumblers stick together aylight saving, he said I seemed to be and there is danger of broaking them. do not try to pull them apart, but put After breakfast we got into the field. | them into a pan of warm suds. | in hem nats was the tallest you ever a short time they can be easily sep-

If housewives and dislike to find worms when cutting apples would first put the fruit in cold water they would find that the worms would leave the apples and come to the surface

A teaspoonful of vinegar beaten into boiled frosting when the flavoring is added will keep-it from being brittle and breaking when cut, and it will be as moist in a week as the ful of vinegar added to each pint of home-made syrup will prevent it from candying after it stands.

The Real "War Bread" must contain the entire wheat grain-not the white flour center — but every particle of gluten and mineral salts—also the outer bran coat that is so useful in keeping the bowels healthy and active. Shredded Wheat Biscuit is the real "war bread" because it is 100 per cent. whole wheat prepared in a digestible form. Contains no yeast, baking powder, seasoning, or chemicals of any kind. Food conservation begins with Shredded Wheat Biscuit for breakfast and ends with Shredded Wheat Biscuit for supper. Delicious with sliced bananas. berries, or other fruits.



Bright, Clean Knives

are the sure result of using