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A Novel a Week
 A standard, high-class, best-selling complete this week in this paper.
 No long waiting; a full installment will come to you every day.

'North of Fifty-Three'
 By Bertrand W. Sinclair—Copyrighted, 1914, by Little, Brown & Co.
 NEXT WEEK—"THE LITTLE FORTUNE" BY ARNOLD FREDERICKS

A Great Feature
 Besides all the other good things this paper has to offer, there is a standard-price novel. Nothing better for evening reading.

The President's Stand

NOBODY wants war—unless a few munitions manufacturers are considered. The United States does not want war with Germany or any other nation. President Wilson does not want war. At any time in the past two years, the president could have easily plunged the country into the world carnage had he so desired. Instead, he has pursued what many people have criticized as altogether too pacific a course.

Yet today we have the spectacle before us of United States senators and representatives who, out of the smallness of their hearts and souls, now make the wanton and miserable charge that the president's motive in presenting the ultimatum to Germany yesterday was for political effect.

According to Rep. Mann of Illinois, republican leader in congress, the president "wants to bring us into a war with Germany so as to insure his re-election."

And with what shame the people of this state must read the miserable insinuation of Sen. Jones, who said: "I cannot understand why the president should take this course. All he did was to call us together and tell us what he had done, not asking advice or assistance or submitting any proposition for our action."

Small men with small thoughts! Politics! Politics! That's all they can think of.

Thank God, the average citizen of the United States is not so dwarfed and pitifully small as some of his "representatives" in congress.

Still More About Gasoline

GASOLINE'S long flight skyward begins to show the expected tragic results. Among the "innocent victims" of the present gasoline raid are a Baltimore motor transportation company which went out of business last week on account of the increased cost of motor fuel, and one of the largest of the New York taxicab companies which failed the other day for the same reason.

It is not only the owner of a small car who can qualify as the innocent victim of the soaring cost of gasoline. Department stores in some of the large cities use over 10,000 gallons of gasoline a month for which they are now paying in the neighborhood of \$2,400 a month. Thus all shoppers are "innocent victims" because the extra charge must of course be paid by them as their share of the cost of delivery of the goods they buy.

That is why EVERYBODY is tremendously interested in Uncle Sam's present investigation of gasoline.

The federal trade commission is now working on this inquiry with the department of justice. Among other points which will be considered is "the exact relation between the several companies into which Standard Oil was dissolved in 1911."

That is exactly what the "innocent victims" want most to know. According to Herbert S. Bigelow of Cincinnati, who has studied the subject, "the Standard's privilege of taxing the American people is worth three times as much as it was when the trust was prosecuted."

If indirect methods of controlling the big oil corporations only result in tripling the burden of the people, why should not Uncle Sam try DIRECT COMPETITION?

He owns his own gas lands. Why should he not develop them?

VICTOR INNES and wife, charged with the murder of Mrs. Elois Nelms Dennis and her sister, Beatrice Nelms, who have been confined for 18 months in the San Antonio, Tex., jail, have been extradited from Texas upon request of the governor of Georgia, particularly significant is the fact that the officers in charge of the Innes couple refused to disclose the route of their journey or the time of arrival, for fear of mob violence. It will take Georgia a long time to live down the reputation it earned in the Frank case.

THAT DANIELS man is fixing to get himself dislaid. Now he makes the direct accusation that the private armor plate manufacturers sold plans to Russia at \$250 per ton at the same time they were taking Uncle Samuel \$550. Daniels' policy seems to be just one darned disclosure after another.

"CHEER UP! We'll soon have strawberries," says the Columbus, O., Citizen man. In raising means to meet the preparedness expense, congress should not overlook incomes of Ohio editors who can have strawberries in April.

AS TO seizing mails, Britain says Germany has done it, too. Georgia isn't any worse than Willie. Anybody who has raised a flock of children has heard that sort of a defense.

AN INTERESTING coming event in the Dublin home of Richard Croker is announced. Part Tammany Indian, part Cherokee Indian, what a politician that hopeful will make!

'North of Fifty-Three'

(Continued from Our Last Issue.)

"COME on little woman," he said gently. "I know you'd be tired, and I made camp down below. It isn't far."

Obediently she followed him. "How did you manage to find me?" she asked suddenly—the first voluntary speech from her in days.

"I answered over his shoulder. 'Find you? Bless your soul, your little, high-heeled shoes left a trail a one-gang man could follow.'"

In a short time they reached camp. It was borne in upon her that short of actually meeting other people her only recourse lay in sticking to Bill Wagstaff, whether she liked it or not.

"Do you realize," she broke out one evening over the fire, "that this is simply abduction?"

"Not at all," Bill answered promptly. "Abduction means to take away surreptitiously by force, or violence any human being, to kidnap. Now, you can't by any stretch of the imagination accuse me of force, violence, or kidnaping—not by a long shot. You merely wandered into my camp, and it wasn't convenient for me to turn back. Therefore, circumstances not my own remembering—made it advisable for you to accompany me."

"Anyhow," he went on, when she remained silent, "you'll have to lay the blame on nature for making you a wonderfully attractive woman. I did honestly try to find the way to Cariboo Meadows that first night. It was only when I found myself thinking how fine it would be to hike thru these old woods and mountains with a partner like you that I decided—as I did."

"And aren't you better off? I could hazard a guess that you were much better off from yourself—or something—when you struck Cariboo Meadows. And what's Cariboo Meadows but a little blot on the face of this fair earth, where you were tied to a deadly routine in order to earn your daily bread? You don't care two whoops about whether you're free or not, are you—free in every sense of the word. Is there any comparison between this sort of life, for instance—if it appeals to one at all—and being a stenographer and backing up against the things any good-looking, unprotected girl gets up against in a city?"

"You're right," she said. "You're frank, that's true."

After a lapse of time they dropped into another valley, and faced westward to a mountain range, which Bill told her was the Rockies. The next day a snow storm struck the mountains, not particularly cold, Bill wrapped her in a heavy canvas coat, and plodded on. Noon passed, and he made no stop. If anything, he increased his pace.

Suddenly, late in the afternoon, they stepped out of the timber into a little clearing, in which the blurred outline of a cabin showed under the wide arms of a leafless tree.

Roaring Bill halted at the door and called out to Slick back without the formality of asking her leave. He pulled the latchstring, and led her in. Beside the rude stone fireplace, wood and kindling were piled in readiness for use. Bill kicked the door shut, dropped on his knees and started the fire. In five minutes a great blaze leaped and crackled into the wide throat of the chimney. Then he piled on more wood, and turned to her.

"This is the house that Jack built," he said, with a sober face and a twinkle in his gray eyes. "This is the man who lives in the house that Jack built. And this"—he pointed mischievously at her—"is the woman who goes to love the man who lives in the house that Jack built."

"That's a lie!" she flashed stormily thru her chattering teeth.

"Well, well see," he answered cheerfully. "Get up here close to the fire, and take off those wet things while I put away the horses."

And with that, he went out, whistling.

CHAPTER X
A Little Personal History

Hazel discarded the wet coat, and, drawing a chair up to the fire, took off her sopping footwear and toasted her bare feet at the blaze. Her clothing was also wet, and she scorned the idea of putting it on, managing with only the garments on her back—and those dirty and torn from hacking thru the brush for a matter of two weeks.

She had never seen a room such as the one she now found herself in. There was a fireplace of a sort unknown to her, tables and chairs fashioned by hand with infinite labor, massive in structure, upholstered with the skins of wild beasts common to the region. Upon the walls hung pictures, dainty black and white prints, and a water color or two. And between the pictures were nailed heads of mountain sheep and goat, and antlers of deer and caribou.

All around the walls ran shelves filled with books. A guitar stood



The table was set. To her surprise it was spread with linen.

in one corner, a mandolin in another. The room was all of 16 by 20 feet, and it was filled with trophies of the wild—and books.

Wagstaff came in while her gaze was still roving from one object to another, and threw his wet outer clothing, boy fashion, on the nearest chair.

"Well," he said, "we're here."

"Please don't forget, Mr. Wagstaff," she replied slyly, "that I would much prefer not to be here."

He stood a moment regarding her with his odd smile. Then he went into the adjoining room. Out of this he presently emerged, dragging a small steamer trunk. He opened it, Hazel, looking over her shoulder, saw that the trunk was filled with woman's garments, and sat amazed.

"Say, little person," Bill finally remarked, "it looks to me as if you could outfit yourself completely right here."

"I don't know that I care to deck myself in another woman's finery, thank you," Hazel returned perversely.

"You'll feel a lot better able to cope with the situation," he told her smilingly, "when you get some decent clothes on and your hair fixed. That's a woman. And you don't need to feel ashamed about these things. This trunk's got a history, let me tell you. A bunch of simon-pure tenderfeet strayed into the mountains west of here early this summer. There were two women in the bunch. The younger one, who was about your age and size, must have figured on changing the beds and the moose. Anyhow, she had along that trunkful of stuff."

"They got into a deuce of a pickle finally, and had to abandon a lot of their stuff, among other things the steamer trunk. I lent them a hand, and they left their stuff to me. That's how you come to have a wardrobe all ready to your hand."

He dragged the trunk back into the room, and came out carrying a great armful of masculine belongings. Two such trips he made, piling all his things onto a chair.

"There!" he said at last. "That end of the house belongs to you, little person. Now, get those wet things off before you catch a cold. Oh, wait a minute!"

He disappeared into the kitchen and returned with a wash-basin and a pail of water.

"Your room is now ready madam, as it please you." He bowed with mock dignity, and went back into the kitchen.

There was nothing to do but submit. Hazel closed the door and busied herself with an inventory of the tenderfoot lady's trunk. In it she found everything needed for a simple change and a variety of garments to boot.

Perhaps with a spice of malice, she put on a few extra touches before she went into the living room to the cheerful glow of the fire.

Presently Bill came in with a pair of candles which he set on the mantel above the fireplace.

"By Jove!" he said, looking at her. "You look good enough to eat! I'm not a cannibal, however," he continued hastily, when Hazel flushed pink.

"The table was set. Moreover, to her surprise—and yet not so greatly to her surprise, for she was beginning to expect almost anything from this paradoxical young man—it was spread with linen, and the cutlery, silver, the dishes, china, in contradistinction to the tawdry of his camp outfit."

After a time, when her appetite was partially satisfied, she took to glancing over his kitchen. There seemed to be some adjunct of a kitchen missing. A fire burned on a hearth similar to the one in the living room. Pots stood about the edge of the fire. But there was no sign of a stove.

Bill finished eating and resorted to cigaret material, instead of his pipe.

"Well, little person," he said at last, "what do you think of this joint of mine, anyway?"

"I've just been wondering," she replied. "I don't see any stove, yet you have food here that looks as if it were baked, and biscuits that must have been cooked in an oven."

"You see no stove for the good and sufficient reason," he returned, "that you can't pack a stove on a horse—and we're 300-odd miles from the end of any wagon road. With a Dutch oven or two—that heavy, round iron thing you see there—I can guarantee to cook almost anything you can cook on a stove. Anybody can if they know how. Besides, I like things better this way. If I didn't, I suppose I'd have a stove—and maybe a hot-water supply, and modern plumbing."

"Maybe I'm a freak. But, barring the inevitable stressfulness that comes now and then, I can be happier here than any place I've ever struck yet. This country grows on one."

"Yes—on one's nerves," Hazel retorted.

Bill smiled, and, rising, began to clear away the dishes. Hazel resisted an impulse to help. She watched her finger to another task, she reminded herself. He had put her in her present position, and he could wait on her. So she rested an elbow on the table and watched him. In the midst of his work he stopped suddenly.

"There's oceans of time to do this," he observed. "I'm just a wee bit tired, if anybody should ask you. Let's camp in the other room. It's a heap more comfy."

He put more wood on the kitchen fire, and set a pot of water to heat. Out in the living room Hazel drew her chair to one side of the hearth. Bill sprawled on the hearken robe with another cigaret in his fingers.

"No," he began, after a long silence, "this country doesn't get on one's nerves—not if one is a normal human being. You'll find that. When I first came up here I thought so, too; it seemed so big and empty and forbidding. But the more I see of it the better it compares with the outer world, where the extremes of luxury and want are always in evidence. It began to seem like home to me when I first looked down into this little basin. So I stayed. Stayed and

bully. I dare say that's one reason the Meadows give me such a black eye. In the first place, the superior inhabitants look me over particularly the first time I blew into town, and they made it so unpleasant that I had to teach them a thing or two.

"That may sound to you like real depravity," he concluded, "but it's a fact in nature that a man has to blow the steam off his chest about every so often. I have raised all manner of disturbances in Cariboo Meadows, partly out of pure animal spirits, and mostly because I had a grudge against them. Consequently I really have given them reason to look askance at any and every party a mile broad from the East—who would have anything to do with me. So you can see what a handicap I was under when it came to making your acquaintance and courting you in the orthodox manner."

"You've made a great mistake," she said, bitterly, "if you think you've removed the handicap. I've suffered a great deal at the hands of men in the past six months. I'm beginning to believe all men are brutes at heart."

Roaring Bill sat up and clasped his hands over his knees and stared fixedly into the fire.

"No," he said, slowly, "all men are not brutes, any more than all women are angels. I'll convince you of that."

"Take me home, then," she cried, forlornly. "That's the only way you can convince me or make amends."

"No," Bill murmured, "that isn't the way. Besides, I couldn't take you out now if I wanted to. Do you realize that it's fall and we're in the high latitudes? This snow may not go off at all. Even if it does it will storm again before a week. You couldn't wallow thru snow to your waist in 40-below-zero weather."

CHAPTER XI
Winter—and a Truce

In line with Roaring Bill's forecast, the weather cleared for a brief span, and then winter shut down in earnest. Successive falls of snow overlaid the earth with a three-foot covering. Daily the cold increased till a half-inch layer of frost stood on the cabin panes.

But within the cabin they were snug and warm. Bill's ax kept the woodpile high. The two fireplaces shone red the 24 hours thru. Of flour, tea, coffee, sugar, beans and such stuff as a ranch packer carries, the outside he had a plentiful supply. Potatoes and certain vegetables that he had grown in a cultivated patch behind the cabin were stored in a deep cellar. He could always sally forth and get meat. And the ice was no bar to getting, for he could cut a hole, sink a small net, and secure overnight a week's supply of trout and whitefish. Thus their material wants were provided for.

As time passed Hazel gradually shook off a measure of her depression, thrust her uneasiness and resentment into the background. As a matter of fact, she resigned herself to getting thru the winter, since that was inevitable. The spring might bring salvation. As much as possible she refrained from thinking wisely, contenting herself with getting thru one day after another.

And in so doing she fell into the way of doing little things about the house, finding speedily that time flew when she was busy. During some task in the intervals of delving in Roaring Bill's library.

She could cook—and she did. Her first meal came about by grace of Roaring Bill's absence. He was hunting, and supper time drew nigh. She grew hungry, and on the impulse of the moment, turned herself loose in the kitchen—largely in a mood of experiment. She had watched Bill make all manner of things in his Dutch ovens, and observed how he prepared meat over the glowing coals often enough to get a good idea of it.

Wherefore, her first meal was a success. When Roaring Bill came in, an hour after dark, he found her with cheeks rosy from leaning over the fire, and a better meal than he could prepare all waiting for him. He washed and sat down. Hazel discarded her flour-sack apron and took her place opposite. Bill made no comment until he had finished and lighted a cigaret.

"You're certainly a jewel, little person," he drawled then. "How many more accomplishments have you got up your sleeve?"

"Do you consider ordinary cooking an accomplishment?" she returned, lightly.

"I surely do," he replied, "when I remember what an awful mess I made of it on the start. I certainly did spoil a lot of good grub."

(Continued in our next issue.)

MOST ANYTHING

BACK FLEMING'S IDEA OF A NICE, SOFT JOB

WHAT! NO CARPETS ON THIS NAKED FLOOR?—I'LL REPORT THIS TO THE HUMANE SOCIETY!

SELLING CARPET SWEEPERS IN A DANCE HALL

Congressman Hadley received almost daily letters from a certain constituent asking for garden seeds, with emphasis on peas. The demand for peas got so heavy that the congressman was moved to write this letter:

"I am sending you a half dozen more packages of peas as requested. Say, what are you trying to do down there, plant the whole state in peas?"

The reply came a few days later. It read:

"No, I'm not planting them, but they make bully soup. Send along some more."

THINGS THEY MISSED

Alexander the Great never had his skin shined.

Gen. Sheridan was never pinched for speeding.

Gen. Sherman never smelled poison gas.

Lucretius never ate a chocolate nut sundae.

Peter the Hermit never heard Billy Sunday.

Hulob never wore a Panama.

A Sign

"Is your sister at home, Bobbie?"

"I think she is; I heard her say she wasn't expecting you."—Judge.

FAMILY OF WHAT?

Notice—I understand there are a few old, long-haired, talking women and some half-raised men, telling that I have deserted my family and run off with another woman. Well, to say it is a lie, and the people that are talking this are more apt to do that than I am. I have not deserted my family, nor ever will. You can find me at the Hampton & Allen livery barn at all times.—J. P. Hampton.—Advt. in the Kennebec (Me.) Democrat.

And yesterday we learned that a woman walked 2,500 miles to get married in Seattle.

IT ISN'T CLEAR, EVEN NOW

Three cases were reported for Arthur Bruce and Alfred Whiteside, and this column reported them simply by taking in the thing instead of their birth anniversary.—Susanne Valley Cor. the Lusk (Wyo.) Herald.

AIN'T NATURE WONDERFUL!
 An Unnatural Series by Gene Ahern

THE RHINO

Dear children, this remarkable photo shows a rhinoceros minus his horn. It is probably a native of our country has it on his home-made phonograph.

Notice the Tick Tick bird on his back. As the rhino is a very delicate animal the tick bird is warning him that danger is near; it may be an aloe worm that is coming to strangle the rhino.

The rhino has but eyesight, and can't see that dainty little morsel, the shoe brush flower growing in front of him.

There are no oculists in his country to take care of his eyesight, but he should worry. He knows he can get a job in America any time as a policeman.

FACTS YOU DON'T KNOW

That you can scold a flea easier than the Washington monument.

That if a seal had feathers like an ostrich it would be a much more valuable animal than it is now.

That if a hen laid as many eggs as a shad, you could have a hard-boiled egg every half minute for a week if you could hard-boil them in a half minute.

THE BOARDER IN LUCK

That night out in the hallway the gas was flickering low; The boarder slowly passing, Was wearing soft and slow. The widow from the kitchen, Put her eye in her hair, For this young and handsome stranger, So truthful, naive and smart, She stopped out slightly blushing. And winked her other eye. Since then he's lived on turkey, And cake and pumpkin pie.

NEWS FROM BUVIGLIE

Mrs. Housefly—(To debutante daughter)—My dear, it isn't proper that you should marry an old hound like Winger. He's at least 120 minutes old and he's over 19.

"How's that boy making out with you, Sambo?"

"I've done taught him all Ah know, boss, but he's still a bloomin' fool!"

A DISTRESSING EXPERIENCE, EITHER WAY!

Six hours later we were finally picked up by the Primrose and the Magnolia and arrived at Queenstown, Ireland, many of us half-naked, others half dressed,—Panama Star and Herald.

Take Iron, Says Doctor, if You Want Plenty of "Stay There" Strength Like an Athlete!

Ordinary Nuxated Iron Will Make Delicate, Nervous, Run-down People 200% Stronger in Two Weeks' Time in Many Cases.

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Most people foolishly seem to think they are going to get renewed health and strength from some stimulating medicine, secret nostrum or narrow-known specialist, who has studied widely both in this country and Europe, when, as a matter of fact, real and true strength can only come from the liver you eat. But people often fail to get the strength out of their food because they haven't enough iron in their blood to enable it to change food into living matter. From their weakened nervous condition they know something is wrong, but they can't tell what, so they generally commence doctoring for stomach, liver or kidney trouble or symptoms of some other ailment caused by the lack of iron in the blood. This thing may go on for years, while the patient suffers untold agony. If you are not strong or well you owe it to yourself to make the following test: See how long you can work or how far you can walk without becoming tired. Next take two five grain tablets of ordinary nuxated iron three times per day after meals for two weeks. Then test your strength again and see how much longer you can work or how far you have walked. I have seen dozens of nervous, run-down people who were ailing all the while, double and even triple their strength

and endurance and entirely get rid of all symptoms of dyspepsia, liver and other troubles in from 15 to 14 days' time simply by taking iron in the proper form, and this after they had in some cases been doctoring for months without obtaining any benefit. But don't take the old forms of iron, iron acetate or tincture of iron simply to save a few cents. You must take iron in a form that is as easy on the stomach as assimilated iron nuxated iron. If you want it to do you any good, otherwise it will do you no good at all. Many an athlete or prize fighter has won the day simply because he knew the secret of real strength and endurance and filled his blood with iron before he went into the arena. Many another who had gone down to inglorious defeat simply for the lack of iron.

NOTE—Nuxated Iron recommended above by Dr. Seuer is one of the newer organic iron compounds. Unlike the older inorganic iron products, it is easily assimilated, does not injure the teeth, make them black, nor upset the stomach; on the contrary, it is a most potent remedy in nearly all forms of indigestion, as well as for nervous, run-down conditions. The manufacturers have such great confidence in it that they offer to forfeit \$100 to any charitable institution if they cannot take any man or woman under 40 who lacks iron and increase their strength 200 per cent or over in four weeks' time provided they have the opportunity to return your money if it does not at least double your strength and endurance in 14 days' time. It is dispensed in this city by Owl Drug Co., Bartlett Street, and by C. J. Swift's Pharmacy and all other druggists.

Protein

Is the vital, tissue building nutrient of food, and for that reason it has been customary to measure food value by the quantity of protein contained. Thus ten cents worth of white flour contains 32 pounds of protein, while ten cents worth of meat contains 68 pounds. Add to this consideration the fact that bread is more easily digested than any food except milk, and the food value of pure white bread is appreciated.

Well-made white bread, from perfect white flour, is the most healthful and least expensive food to be found in the home. Make it with

Fisher's Blend Flour

"The Perfect Flour for Every Purpose"

Enjoy life! Your system is filled with an accumulation of bile and bowel poison which keeps you bilious, headachy, dizzy, tongue coated, breath bad and stomach sour—Why don't you get a 10-cent box of Cascarets at the drug store and feel bully? Take Cascarets tonight and enjoy the nicest, gentlest liver and bowel cleansing you ever experienced. You'll wake up with a clear head, clean tongue, lively step, rosy skin and looking and feeling fit. Mothers can give a whole Cascaret to a sick, cross, bilious, feverish child any time—they are harmless—never gripe or sicken.

Star Want Ads cover the entire Northwest.

FEEL FINE! TAKE 'CASCARETS' FOR LIVER, BOWELS

Spend 10 cents! Don't stay bilious, sick, headachy, constipated.

Can't harm you! Best cathartic for men, women and children.

Well-made white bread, from perfect white flour, is the most healthful and least expensive food to be found in the home. Make it with

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Star Want Ads cover the entire Northwest.

DRUGGIST RECOMMENDS FINE KIDNEY MEDICINE

We have been selling Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root for the past seven years and during the time we have never heard a complaint. All of our customers speak in the highest terms of the results obtained from its use and all are well pleased with it as a kidney, liver and bladder medicine. We think it is a fine remedy and we sell a great quantity of it.

Very truly yours,
 E. E. HARRAH & SON, Druggists,
 Dec. 17th, 1915. Golden City, Mo.

Letter to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

Prove What Swamp-Root Will Do For You

Send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample size bottle. If it cures you any one. You will also receive a booklet of valuable information, telling about the kidneys and bladder. When writing, be sure and mention The Seattle Daily Star. Regular fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles for sale at all drug stores.

You may be famous for your cooking, or just a "beginner"

In Either Case KG BAKING POWDER will help you. Its goodness recommends it.

KG BAKING POWDER

will help you. Its goodness recommends it.

KG BAKING POWDER

will help you. Its goodness recommends it.