The Empire's most delicious beverage

LIPTON'S TEA

SOLD IN AIRTIGHT PACKAGES ONLY

HOME

DAINTY DISHES.

Pepper Pot.—Two pounds tripe, four calves' feet, one red pepper. Cover with cold water, bring slowly to boil, and cook until the meat is tender. Take out the meat and skim the liquor. Cut the tripe into small bits and return it to the liquor, adding boiling water if needed. Stir in one half teaspoonful each of sweet marjoram, basil, and thyme, two sliced onions, two sliced potatoes, and salt to taste. When the vegetables are almost done add a lump of butter rolled in flour, drop in some egg balls, boil for fifteen minutes more, and serve.

Cheese Cakes.—Press all liquid from one and one-half cups of cottage cheese, and beat it light with two tablespoonfuls of cream and three eggs, whipped hard. Sweeten with one-half cup sugar and flavor with the juice and rind of a lemon. Beat mixed and put into a pie plate lined with puff paste. Bake in a good oven until set and lightly browned.

Potatoes au Gratin.—Parboil potatoes and peel. Slice crosswise and butter a pudding dish, placing each layer with salt, pepper, and bits of butter. When dish is full pour in a cupful of hot milk in which a tablespoonful of butter has been melted and thickened with flour. Cover the top layer of potatoes with grated cheese, and add fine buttered crumbs over the Bake covered, until heated all through, then uncover and brown.

Graham Gems.—One cupful of granulated sugar; half a teaspoonful of cinnamon and the same of grated nutmeg; one tablespoonful of lard and the same of butter; one cupful of sour milk or buttermilk in which has been dissolved half a teaspoonful of soda; one and three-quarter cupfuls of graham flour; one quarter of a cupful of white flour; two teaspoonfuls of baking powder; one egg. Mix the spices with the sugar; cream butter and lard and sugar together, add the egg, then the milk, and the flour into which the baking powder has been sifted twice. This should make a rather stiff batter. Bake in gem pans. Top each with a raisin or two. This will make a dozen gems.

Bavarian Cream.—A quart of sweet cream, yolks of four eggs, half ounce of gelatin, one small cup of sugar, two teaspoonfuls of flavoring extract. Soak the gelatin in just enough water to cover it for one hour. Drain carefully in a colander or strainer and stir it into a pint of the cream, made boiling hot. Beat the yolks smooth and light with the sugar and beat into this the boiling mixture a little at a time. Heat again until it begins to thicken, but do not let it actually boil. Remove from the fire and while it is still hot stir in the other pint of cream which has been whipped to a stiff froth. Beat the whole until fresh. Beat the whip a spoonful at a time into the custard until it is of the consistency of sponge cake batter. Dip a mould into cold water to wet the inside, pour in the mixture and set in the ice to form. When you serve it dip the mould into hot water for a second to loosen the cream, but not until it is ready to turn. Cast reverse upon a chilled glass dish and serve with whipped cream about the base. It is a delicious summer Sunday dessert. Eat with

Liver.—Boil a calf's liver in slightly salted water and let it cool. Then cut into dice, and fry a light brown in a little butter. Add a cupful of stock, a tablespoonful of tomato sauce, and two table spoonfuls of chopped onion. Brown the butter, stir into it a tablespoonful of flour, and stir over the fire until it thickens. Add gradually the stock and cook, stirring continually until it is smooth and properly thickened. Now put in the liver, a dozen stuffed olives, and a dozen capers. Simmer for fifteen minutes. A glass of brown sherry is an improvement and makes a really elegant dish of homely ingredients. Calf's liver may be used as the principal element in the family dinner. It begins de novo, as here directed, with the whole raw liver. In making it from the leftover portion of a breaded and baked liver one omits, of course, the boiling mentioned in the first line of the recipe. The cooked liver is cut into dice and not added to the rest of the ingredients until it goes in with the catsup and olives at the last.

SUMMER DESSERTS.

Fruit Salad Served in Grapefruit Shells.—Halve a grapefruit and pink the edges of each half neatly after taking out the pulp and membranes. Then lay them in iced water while you prepare the filling. Cut the pulp of the grapefruit into small bits, taking care not to tear or bruise it. Cut the inside of a juicy orange in the same way, and a couple of peeled bananas into dice. If you have a few bits of pineapple they will add zest to the salad. Mix all together with a silver fork, crushing as little as may be, and fill the halved fruit with the mixture, having taken these from the water and wiped off the wet. Heap the contents high in the improvised bowls; stick three or four maraschino grapes in the top and leave in the ice until you are ready to serve the dessert. They cannot be too cold. Five minutes before they go to the table, sift powdered sugar over them and pour upon each a tablespoonful of sherry wine.

Fruit Salad in Cantaloupes.—Select ripe melons and extract the seeds. Notch the edges prettily, cutting through skin and flesh. Fill with the mixture just described and set on ice for at least two hours before serving. Then sugar and add the wine as directed in the last recipe. Although, for lack of a better name, we call these "a salad," they are served as appetizers in the first course of luncheon or dinner, or as a dessert.

USEFUL HINTS.

To mend torn leaves in books paste over with tissue paper. The print will show through this.

A lump of sugar placed in the bowl of a paraffin lamp will prevent the lamp from smoking.

A pan of charcoal in the larder keeps the meat and other perishable goods sweet and fresh.

To prevent soup from turning sour add a pinch of carbonate of soda to every quart of soup, and it will not turn sour for several days.

When polishing stoves add a teaspoonful of powdered alum to the polish and the stove will keep bright twice as long.

To remove mud from clothes scrape with the edge of a penny. This will not destroy the nap of the cloth and will quickly remove the mud.

To remove the smell of onions from a saucepan or fry-pan place a little oatmeal in the pan and put it on the fire till the meal scorches. Turn out and wipe with a damp cloth.

To clean the collars of coats, mix a teaspoonful of essential oil of lemon with a wineglassful of spirits of turpentine and keep in a tightly-corked bottle. A little of this mixture should be dropped on a flannel and rubbed over the greasy portion of the collar.

If starched clothes become wet with rain on the line do not take them down. Allow to remain till dry, and they will retain their original stiffness.

To stiffen muslin dresses dissolve a tablespoonful of gum arabic in three quarts of water. Use instead of starch; dry, sprinkle, and iron in the usual way.

To renovate leather that has become dull and shabby looking, rub over with the white of an egg well beaten.

To remove marks from wallpaper rub gently with a piece of dry bread, on which powdered French chalk has been sprinkled.

Orange peel should be saved, as it makes a delicious flavoring for cakes and puddings. Dry it, and then pound and bottle it for use.

When beating chairs and sofas cover with a damp cloth while beating, and the dust will adhere to the cloth, and not rise in the room.

When shaking heavy rugs hold by the sides. If possible spread them wrong side up on the grass and beat to dislodge the dirt, then brush off and hang up to air.

A great beauty expert says that nutriment has more to do with a woman's good looks than anything else. A poor, starved, wrinkled face, says this lady, cannot be beautiful.

When washing glassware, try dropping a few drops of blue into the soapsuds. Then wash the pieces in the ordinary manner. You will like the way the glass will sparkle, and how clear it will look after this simple yet most effective treatment.

NEEDED.

The meek-looking man walked up to the book counter. "I want something to keep me home at night, show me my faults, tell me how to spend my——"

"Hold on, old man," said the clerk, "you're in the wrong department. Matrimony bureau on the left, three stairs down."

EXCITEMENT.

Husband (cheerily)—"Well, love, have you had a pleasant day?"

Wife—"Oh, splendid! After I dressed the children and got them off, washed the dishes and made some pies, cleared away the luncheon table and answered some letters, I still had time enough left to darn my stockings."

OUTGROWN HIS CAR.

"So you've sold your automobile?"

"Yes. I've outgrown it."

"Outgrown it? Do you mean you've tired of it?"

"Not at all. I've simply grown too stout to crawl underneath it any more."

SMALL BLAZE.

Mr. Dubb—"My brain is on fire."

Miss Keen—"I hardly think we need call out the fire department."

THE WHITE LADY;

OR, WHAT THE THRUSH SAID.

CHAPTER III.—(Cont'd)

That night I slept in another brickfield within sight of London, and at ten o'clock next morning entered the great city, and walked on, wondering and bewildered by the bustle and the noise, until I stood at the foot of Ludgate Hill.

As I stood in the middle of Ludgate Circus and watched the human river flow round in converging and diverging streams, the embers of my hope died out, and a sense of utter loneliness came over me. All that vast city round me, all those teeming millions of fellow-creatures so near to me, and amongst it all I had not a friend, not one soul to speak to.

For an hour I stood and watched the crowd. No one noticed me. No one seemed to notice anything. Everybody was eager, and self-contained, and in a hurry. On all the faces there seemed to rest the same grey shadow of care; in all the eyes there seemed the same cold light of suspicion, and at length I became conscious of a strange feeling, half shame and half fear, as a grim fancy grew upon me that if I dropped dead there in that street the men and women I saw would simply step over me without looking down, and that my death would make no more lasting impression on that awful human river than the fall of a stone into a troubled stream.

This was my first experience of London, and it has clung to me. Even at this day I could not pass that spot without shivering as a man shivers when a cloud covers the sun. London people are much like other people I know, but the sight of a vast and busy crowd is terribly depressing. The huge grey columns of Russian infantry, which used to come down upon us in the night outside Sevastopol, did not appear to me nearly so hostile or tremendous as the people in the London streets appeared that day. It was with a slum face and a heavy heart that I continued my walk towards the post office.

There was a letter for me, addressed in a strange hand. I went out under the portico to read it.

Dear Sir,—Your sister, Miss Alice Homer, is very ill, and wishes to see you at once. Please come quickly. Her condition is serious.—Yours truly,

HELEN ARMITAGE.

I stood looking blankly at the paper after I had read it. Alice ill. Come at once. Condition serious. You had passed within a few miles of Bedford. And now Bedford was full forty miles away, and I was hungry, weary, penniless, footsore, and almost shoeless.

I looked at the post-office clock. It was twelve noon. I put the letter into my pocket, and asked the way to the nearest railway station. There I found a map, and by it discovered what route I must take. I also begged a bit of string from a porter, and, having fastened my broken boots together as well as possible, I set out on my walk at a few minutes to one.

CHAPTER IV.

It was still very close and hot, and what with the heat, and the crowd, and my lameness, I made very poor progress for the first four or five hours. But I did not try to force the pace. Anxious as I was not to lose one single minute of time, I was yet well aware that it would tax my powers to the utmost to get through it all, and that my only chance was to go steadily so as not to break down before the end of the journey.

I left London by Highgate Hill, pushing on thence through Finchley, Mill Hill, and Elstree to St. Albans, which place I passed about six o'clock, and feeling very faint, sat down by a bridge across a little brook to rest and bathe my feet in the cool water.

While I was sitting there two little girls came along the road. They were poorly, but cleanly clad, and were eating bread and apples. They glanced at me with some apprehension and hurried by; but when they had gone some little way stopped, and after a few words of talk the bigger of the pair, a round-eyed, ruddy-faced child of seven, came slowly back, and, approaching me timidly, held out to me her piece of bread.

I took it without speaking, and she never looking in my face, ran off to her sister, and both went skipping and laughing down the road together.

It was a little thing, but it meant much to me. I ate the bread, about four ounces, took a drink from the stream, and resumed my journey. There were still thirty miles between me and Bedford, and, but for that crust, I think I should have died upon the road.

And I did not want to die. Alice was ill and longing to see me. I must go on. With painful distinctness I recalled the weary hours of illness when I had lain at home, weak and querulous from fever and hunger, counting the ticking of the clock and listening for my sister's step. And she had never failed to come, nor to comfort me by her coming. And now she lay sick, amongst strangers, listening for me. I looked along the dusty road, now half covered by the blue shadows of the hedges, and I tightened the strap round my waist and tramped doggedly on.

With the exception of the short rest near St. Albans, I never halted once from the time I left the city until nearly midnight. By this time I was just beyond Harlington, about twelve miles' walk from Bedford, and being fairly exhausted, I threw myself upon a patch of grass by the roadside with the intention of taking a full hour's rest. But before I had been there many minutes I felt a great spot of rain upon my face, and, looking up, noticed for the first time that the sky was entirely overcast, and that a chill wind was puffing in the dust in the road and causing the tree under which I lay to shiver and sigh.

Then, in the distance, a low rumble of thunder. The big rain-drops splashed down thicker and faster, and a faint flash of lightning showed across the fields, revealing for an instant a silhouette of poplar tree and steeple against a background of coppery cloud.

There was going to be a storm. For a few moments I knelt there in the dark, thinking what I had better do, but a sudden idea that the lightning might kill me before I had accomplished my task decided me, and I scrambled up and staggered forward.

Within a minute I was in the thick of one of the most tremendous storms I have ever seen. The rain fell in torrents. The road became a muddy stream, the footpath almost too greasy to walk upon. I was drenched to the skin before I had gone a furlong. The water ran down my breast and back, trickling from my fingers and face, and through the holes in my boots. Then thunder burst over my head, peal after peal with sudden detonations, like the explosion of heavy shell, and the lightning rent and flooded the sky from end to end with blinding sheets and dazzling sizzags of flame. Twice the bolts struck trees close by me, rending and smashing the boughs and sending the leaves and twigs about me in showers. Once the lightning seemed to blaze right in my eyes so that I could not see for many minutes, and that time a thunder-clap exploded, as I thought, within a yard of me, with a noise like the discharge of a great gun and a shock that made the earth shiver. But through it all, for two awful hours, I limped and staggered along with head bent low, teeth and hands clenched, and in my mind nothing but the thought of Alice, ill and miserable, and hoping against hope for the sound of my voice.

A little after two I heard a clock strike in a village I was nearing—the storm subsided into hollow ramblings and fitful flashes, though the rain fell, if anything, more heavily than before. I was not hungry now, nor thirsty, only faint and giddy, and so tired that I could hardly force myself to drag one foot behind the other. I stopped for a minute, and, taking off the muddy remnants of my boots, threw them into the road, and went on barefooted, and suffering severely at every step, until at last, more dead than alive, I passed the first villas on the south side of Bedford, just as the clocks were chiming the quarter after five.

It was broad daylight, the rain had ceased, the sky was blue, and almost cloudless, and the air was rich with the scent of the summer flowers. I had accomplished my task. The night and the journey were over, and I was in Bedford.

I found Mrs. Armitage's house a few minutes later. It was called Fern Lodge, and stood in a pretty garden just off the main road. I stopped and leaned upon the gate. The blinds were drawn; the door closed. Nobody seemed to be stirring. There was no light visible in any window. The gravel all around the porch was strewn with the yellow petals of the tea roses beaten down by the storm; on the left a bed of scarlet poppies hung their dripping blooms like wet flags, and in the little thicket of laburnums a thrush was singing cheerily as thrushes only do sing in the early morning.

I don't know how it was, nor why, but now, when I stood for the first time within sight of the house I had come so far to find, the conviction suddenly came upon me that I had come in vain. Too late, too late, too late!" seemed to be the burden of the thrush's song, and the raindrops on the roses looked like tears.

Well, I must know the worst. I went round to the side-door and rang the bell. The door was opened immediately by a stout, middle-aged woman in a servant's dress and cap. She started back in alarm when she saw me, and would have shut the door, but I put my bare foot over the threshold and managed to croak out the words, "I am William Homer. My sister—Alice—is she——?"

The woman appeared bewildered. "I'll go and call missis," she said, holding the door irresolutely in her hand.

"First answer my question," said I—"Is my sister dead?"

The woman looked at me, and I saw the answer in her eyes, and it was Yes.

CHAPTER V.

Having read my answer in the servant's eyes, I did not wait to hear it from her lips. My sister was dead. What, could more talk avail? Without a word I turned away from the door, and limped down the gravel path, between the quenched flame of the poppy bed and the rain-crushed sweetness of the mignonette. The thrush still sang in the tree. I heard his note. "Too late, too late!" All around me the world was hushed in the tranquil stillness of the early dawn; all above me stretched the liquid blueness of the summer sky. It seemed to feel those things as in a dream. I reached the road, turned to look at the house again, saw all the picture as through red glass, heard a strange buzzing like the song of swarming bees, felt the earth heaving under my feet like the deck of a ship at sea, and then something struck me across the temples, and I knew no more.

I had fainted, and had fallen heavily on my face in the road, gashing my forehead deeply.

When I recovered consciousness I was sitting on the path, with my back against the garden wall, and the servant kneeling beside me, staunching my wounds with a napkin, and pressing me to drink from a glass of water she held in her shaking hand.

I wetted my lips, and pushed the glass away.

"Are you better?" said a voice, which sounded a long way off. I turned my heavy eyes and saw a tall, grey figure, like the shadow of a woman, standing between me and the trees. I tried to speak, tried to rise, and fainted again.

After a blank space of time, whether of minutes or of years I could not judge, I found myself once more. I was lying on my back, and staring at the ceiling of a strange room. It was a yellow ceiling, and upon it was a raised pattern of flowers and leaves in gold. The sunlight slanted on the edges of the mouldings and hurt my eyes. I shut them and lay silent for a while, wondering where I was, trying to recall my own name, until there fell faintly on my ear the sound of a bird's song, which said, "Too late, too late, too late!" and I realized at once that Alice was dead that I was lying in the sofa in the drawing-room of her mistress's house, and that the portly woman in black, sitting on the edge of a handsome chair and holding my hand in his, was a doctor.

My first feeling was one of shame my next feeling one of pride. I remembered my soiled and shabby dress, my shoeless feet, my weakness and my destitution, and my heart burned with the thought that these rich people should see me, and perhaps regarded me coldly as a burden on their charity.

I struggled into a sitting posture, snatching my hand away from the doctor, and said rudely, "What are you doing? Let me go."

The doctor smiled good-humoredly. "All right," he said; "no one will detain you. Get up and march."

I tried to do this; but struggle as I would I could not drag my heavy limbs from the couch. My back seemed broken, my arms hung down like bars of lead. I sank back, helpless, and tears of pain and mortification filled my eyes.

"Clara," said the doctor, in a rich, thick voice, "ask Mrs. Armitage if she can spare us a moment of her time."

I lay back upon the cushions and closed my eyes. I did not want to see the fine lady of this fine house. I remembered the young girl who had refused me a drink of water. I wished that the lightning had struck me dead rather than that I should live to see the cold glance that told me I was an intruder.

Then I felt a cool, soft hand stroking my face, and heard a woman's voice, such a low, sweet voice, saying "Poor fellow! what an awful thing! and he is but a boy, a mere boy," and I looked up and saw a tall lady, dressed all in grey, and with grey hair and grey eyes, who was leaning over me with a look of gentle sadness, just as my sister did in the years when I was still a child.

They fed me, and nursed me, and clothed me, those kind people, in spite of my repeated protestations; and when my poor sister was laid in the earth, I felt comforted by the assurance that the last years of her life had been made bright by love and tenderness, and that in the valley of the shadow of death kind hands had upheld and sweet words cheered her spirit.

I went through the funeral ceremony calmly and without emotion. I had no pang of anguish at the thought of my sister's death. My spirit seemed to be steeped in a strange, unnatural tranquillity. I saw the yellow earth piled up at the graveside with daisies peeping through it where it lay the thinnest. I heard the dull droning of the parson's voice, and the joyous trills and cadences of a skylark's song filling up the pauses in the solemn service. I looked up at the glistening sky and thought that the fluttering bird might be my sister's soul glorifying in its release from the muddy flesh. I heard the parson beg forgiveness for the sins of our dear sister departed, and felt tempted to laugh. It was grotesque: the idea of a mere mah in intercession with God on behalf of the white-souled, golden-hearted Alice! What was there to pardon in her blameless life? What mortal spirit could deserve a brighter crown.

And then the earth rattled on the coffin, and the parson closed his book, and the lark sang out a fitting requiem, one of joy and triumph for the death of a woman and the birth of an angel, and we moved away in silence through the sheeny grass, and amongst the lichened tombs where so many of the strong and the frail lay dead—forgotten of the sons of men.

That night Mrs. Armitage came to me as I sat in the garden watching the swallows play, and laying her hands upon my shoulders said, "My poor boy, you have not yet told your trouble, and when it comes upon you it will not be well for you to be alone. I have gone through it all myself, and I know the bitterness of the trial. You will stay here. We will find you work. Promise me that."

But I shook my head and answered that I must go my way—I felt that I must press on.

The good widow reasoned with me in vain. I would go, and I would accept no help in money except one sovereign, and that but as a loan. So she said, "God bless you, my poor boy. Be good, my dear, be good," and I set out once again for London.

CHAPTER VI.

In the loneliness of the great city my grief began to make itself felt. Day after day as I went from place to place seeking work, or lay on my bed listening to the distant roar of the traffic and the tolling of the bells, the shadowy cloud of sorrow assumed more definite shape, and the two awful ideas that I was utterly alone, and that I should never see Alice again—never never, never—took such hold upon me that I began to hate my life, to shrink from contact with my fellow-creatures, and to brood upon the thought of death.

One night, as I sat in the dismal coffee-room of the place where I lodged, with my head in my hands and my heart and eyes, I grad ually became conscious of a boy's voice pleading for "just one chance—just this once," and of a gruff voice, known to me as the waiter's, answering, "no," and "no," and "no."

I got up and called the waiter to me. "What's the matter?" I asked.

The waiter shrugged his shoulders. "Ow, it's nothin'," he said; "only a boy as wants a bed, an' 'as no brass to pay for it. Common enough, that there in our business."

The waiter brushed an imaginary crumb off the table, and set the castor straight.

"Where is the lad?" said I.

"He's gorne out a-lookin' for a copper," he answered. "It's rather early times, it is. 'Cos 'e's only an 'penny short of 'is price; 'e is; an 'e's been a hour a-tryin' to collect it in the Strand, 'e 'ave; which nobody don't give nothin' away as they wants in London, they down't."

The idea that he might have given the boy the halfpenny did not seem to have occurred to the waiter at all. I asked him to call the boy back and send him to me.

Then I counted my money. I had two shillings and a penny. Unless I found work to-morrow, I should be soon destitute. But this was a cheap house, and the beds only sixpence, so that I was still rich enough to entertain a guest.

The boy came back in a minute with the waiter. His name was Harry Fielding and he appeared to be about fourteen years of age. He was very thin and pale, and his clothes were covered with white dust. I asked him to sit down, ordered him some tea, and waited for him to tell his story.

He had no parents. His mother had been dead five years. His father, a soldier, discharged as unfit for service, had died in Dover workhouse a month ago. The boy after trying to enlist for a drummer, and being rejected, owing to a defect in his left hand, had lived upon the charity of the soldiers in the Shorncliffe Camp until the provost had expelled him, when he set off and tramped to London.

He had walked twenty-five miles that day along the dusty roads without food, and had sold his waistcoat and neckerchief for fivepence to a Jew clothes-dealer. He told me, with the ghost of a smile, how he had spent an hour in fruitless efforts to persuade the Jew to give him another penny; and how the waiter in the coffee-room had sent him out to beg for the same amount. "But," said he, with a sigh, "I could only get a halfpenny and he wouldn't let me until I had sixpence."

(To be continued.)

PREFERS THE COUNTRY.

As a writer of fiction, Mr. Max Pemberton enjoys great popularity both in England and on the continent. Thousands of schoolboys have revelled in "The Iron Pirate," Mr. Pemberton's first great success. Since then he has written over a score of novels which appeal to lovers of wholesome, exciting fiction.

Mr. Pemberton, who lives at Bury St. Edmunds, is of the opinion that creative work done in the country is decidedly better than that done in the town. Describing his methods, he states:

Mr. Max Pemberton.

"I do my work between eleven and one o'clock in the morning and five and seven in the evening. The two hours before dinner are the best in the day, but I generally get my ideas when I first awake in the morning. This is all very commonplace, but it is true. My experience tells me that you can do in the country, three hours, do a bad day's work in London you do a bad day's work in seven. That is why I have cut myself free from telephones, and gone where the taxis are at rest."

SHE WAITED.

Clerk—"But you just bought this novel and paid for it."

Customer—"Yes."

Clerk—"Then why do you wish to return it?"

Customer—"I read it while waiting for my change."

OBEYING ORDERS.

Employer—"You're late again."

New Clerk—"Well, you said you didn't want a man who watched the clock."

WHAT THEY ESCAPE.

Willie—"Paw, what is the middle class?"

Paw—"The middle class consists of people who are not poor enough to accept charity and not rich enough to donate anything."

HARD BUT TRUE.

"Have you any relatives living in the country?"

"No; whenever we take our vacation we have to pay our board."

A HOT ARGUMENT.

"Who's getting scolded in your house now?"

"Nobody. That's just ma telling pa a few reasons why women ought to vote."

VARIETY IS THE SPICE OF LIFE

The preparation of appetising and nourishing food is often a perplexing matter, but variety in food is essential and the troubles of the housewife have been greatly lessened by Bovril which is the most convenient form in which a complete food can be prepared. In a minute you can have comforting and nourishing bouillon or Bovril Tea. Bovril Sandwiches, thin bread and butter with Bovril spread lightly between, or hot buttered toast with a little Bovril are positive delicacies. Bovril is excellent for gravies and soups and a little used in reheating meat adds a choice piquancy and improves digestibility.

MAGIC BAKING POWDER

MADE IN CANADA
CONTAINS NO ALUM
CONFORMS TO THE HIGH STANDARD OF GILLETT'S GOODS

MAGIC BAKING POWDER NEW STYLE LABEL

MAGNIFICENT KAIETEUR.

Fall is 741 Feet High, Four Times the Height of Niagara.

In the equatorial jungle of British Guiana, so far from the travelled ways that only a few white men—perhaps a dozen or two at most—have even looked upon it, there is a wonderful waterfall, one of the greatest natural wonders of the world. It was discovered forty years ago, but so great are the difficulties of the trip that it has been visited very infrequently since. A writer in the National Geographic Magazine, Mr. L. Kennedy, who has seen these falls of Kaieteur, gives a very picturesque description of them.

They are upon the Rio Potaro, a tributary of the Essequibo, where the river plunges over the continental escarpment that overlooks the coastal plain. The valley through which the river flows, below the fall, is quite impassable. So far as I know, no one has ever reached the bottom of the fall. Our way lay up the steep side of the gorge, along a trail that I could not recognize as such, but that to the Indian is the highway to Brazil. The journey resembled climbing a ladder of stone.

At length the top was reached, and we plodded over the plateau to a clump of bushes that lined the brink of the precipice. Through these we pushed, and stood upon the edge of a cliff that dropped eight hundred feet straight down beneath us. To the right, five hundred yards away, I saw the fall.

It is impossible to describe the sensation of awe that came over me as I stood there with my single Indian guide and gazed upon that hidden wonder of the world. The guide was talking in his peculiar "baby" English.

"The Fall of the Old Man," he said, "in our talk kaieteur. Long ago an old man above here had so many 'piggers' in his feet that he was no more use. So they tied him in his canoe and let him go. He and his boat turned to stone. You see him?" It is true that in the turbulent mass at the foot of the fall two boulders show a rough likeness to an old man and a canoe.

The fall is seven hundred and forty-one feet high, more than four times the height of Niagara, more than three times the height of Bunker Hill Monument, two hundred feet higher than the Washington Monument, and three hundred feet higher than St. Peter's Dome. The top of the Metropolitan Life Building tower in New York is not as high by almost fifty feet.

I was greatly impressed by the noiselessness of the monstrous fall. A smooth but rapid river, nearly four hundred feet wide, flows quietly to the brink, and turns quietly downward. In its fall it breaks into soft white mist, and reaches the bottom in a chaos of seething clouds. There is a gentle roar. Only now and then, from the hidden caverns at the bottom, a deep thunderous growl arises that gives some hint of the forces contending there.

Above, I could follow the course of the Potaro for a mile or so between the trees. Farther off the country became rolling, then mountainous. The precipitous banks of the river curved in a semicircle with the falls at the head. Directly below me the river rushed among huge boulders, as if terrified by the shock it had just received. The gray sandstone of the gorge was covered in many places with brilliant green moss watered by the spray, which constantly rises in clouds from the bottom of the fall. The radiant color of that moss was almost the only bright touch I saw in the Guiana bush.

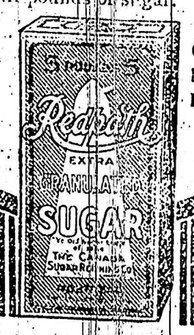
Refined to absolute purity—sealed tight and protected from any possible contamination—

Redpath

Extra Granulated Sugar

in this new 5-Pound Package is the cleanest, purest sugar you can buy. Each Package contains 5 full pounds of sugar.

Ask your Grocer for it.



Canada Sugar Refining Co. Limited.

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FROM MERRY OLD ENGLAND

NEWS BY MAIL ABOUT JOHN BULL AND HIS PEOPLE.

Occurrences In The Land That Reigns Supreme in the Commercial World.

There are now mo[re] children in the Dr[.] Homes.

Lord and Lady Sa[lis]bury celebrated their silver wed[ding] at Hatfield House.

Benjamin Peacock, a mi[ner] in Durham, shot himself at Farnham, Surrey.

The body of a Swe[de] was found shut in a railway [wag]on at Charing Cross.

The body of a wo[man] has been taken from the Medway at Maidstone.

Serious outbreaks of mouth disease are reported in the north.

A carved font, the [gi]fts of pirates, has just been put in the Isleham Workhouse chapel.

Mr. John Burns pai[d a] visit to the London Fire Brigade's great display in Battersea Park.

The King has conferred a good upon the widow of the late Mr. Edward Ta[ylor], and Mr. John Nagle, a veteran of the Crimean and Indian wars, died at Colchester, aged three.

Cabbages which were exhibited recently 10¼ lbs., [and] have been grown at Ashford.

The profits of the Royal Horticultural Exhibition are stated to have been £5,000.

A spike of liquorice fifty inches long is growing by the roadside at Chant, Kent.

The Lady Mayoress has paid a visit to the Queen's Roehampton Cripples' Training College, at Alton.

A thief has visited the new church of St. Mary Magdalene, Bermondsey, and took a cross and chain.

A young woman in Yorkshire has been struck by lightning for the fourth time. She has been struck twice at Southchurch, near Southend, and Durham.

A young married woman, Frances Darlington, of Gateshead, has been appointed child in the Five.

A moving stairway, [or] "escalator," station on the Paris railways. Bill.

A large percentage of the coffee imported from Ceylon is lacking in proper strength. Analysts of other parts of our tea and we. Go to any dealer and ask for tea from another part of the world. Henry Kitchen was given on their marriage, two months' hard labor for stealing the key of the prison and locking the governor in his own cell.

While excavating for the new drainage workmen found ancient barge buried for over 600 years.

Several doctors in Rutland have been fined by friendly societies for prosecutions against them.

At the Windsor Police Court, Edward Clarke, a boy forty-eight times convicted, was sent to prison for seven days by Messrs. Price & Sons.

A Greenock Chamber of Commerce has passed the King's birthday as a holiday.

Mr. William Baker, Mr. Burns's successor, reports that 2,000 children who were in Canada, 98 per cent. were successful.

POISONS IN OUR DAILY FOOD

FAKED AND DOCTORED TO ALARMING EXTENT.

Talk on Vital Question Tells How Public Is Being Insidiously Killed.

Food adulterations and fakes that exist in everyday articles of food are responsible for ills that afflict humanity. But because the food poisons act outright in their effects, be on guard against them, the speaker said.

"I would prefer the carbolic route myself, if I wished to make a quick end," declared the speaker, "but the others will do the trick in time."

It is when men of 50 to 60 years abouts begin to feel that they are fagged out; when they lack vim and have not the physical energy; when they begin to think they have dyspepsia and are troubled with nervous breakdown, that disease or worse, that the adulterated food poisons is most effective. Cases are declared that have been killed by the white race, the Indian, the aborigines, apparently by eating mushrooms, and by the various grades of canned goods. Thousands of persons die from eating faked and doctored foods, and they never suspect what they are taking. Do you take a dose of medicine when you feel out of sorts? Do you want to replace our worn out nerve tissue? Do you want to replace our worn out nerves? Then you will find in fruits, nuts and vegetables the elements that you need. If you will eat and drink the same quantity of pure food that you have been eating of adulterated food, you will soon be on the road to health. Pure food will make pure blood, and pure blood will make pure flesh. Pure food will make pure brain cells, and pure brain cells will make pure nerves. Pure food will make pure digestive organs, and pure digestive organs will make pure assimilation. Pure food will make pure kidneys, and pure kidneys will make pure elimination. Pure food will make pure lungs, and pure lungs will make pure respiration. Pure food will make pure skin, and pure skin will make pure perspiration. Pure food will make pure bowels, and pure bowels will make pure excretion. Pure food will make pure liver, and pure liver will make pure bile. Pure food will make pure stomach, and pure stomach will make pure digestion. Pure food will make pure heart, and pure heart will make pure circulation. Pure food will make pure blood, and pure blood will make pure flesh. Pure food will make pure brain cells, and pure brain cells will make pure nerves. Pure food will make pure digestive organs, and pure digestive organs will make pure assimilation. Pure food will make pure kidneys, and pure kidneys will make pure elimination. Pure food will make pure lungs, and pure lungs will make pure respiration. Pure food will make pure skin, and pure skin will make pure perspiration. Pure food will make pure bowels, and pure bowels will make pure excretion. Pure food will make pure liver, and pure liver will make pure bile. Pure food will make pure stomach, and pure stomach will make pure digestion. Pure food will make pure heart, and pure heart will make pure circulation.

"In the Philippine Islands," said Mr. McCann, "it is illegal to sell denatured grains in the prisons, orphan asylums, penal or government institutions. They will not give the convicts there the denatured grain and the white bread which we deny ourselves to eat. It is illegal to do so there and the doctors tried an experiment years ago on sixty convicts and sixty laborers, half of which were fed on the denatured and half on the natural grain of rice. The convicts lived and worked under these conditions, but in sixty days one of the thirty fed on the denatured rice died of beriberi. Symptoms of what is known as beriberi, a fatal nervous disease, are nervousness and neuralgia, and our prostration and nervousness steps toward it."

Self denial looks good to the average man from a distance.