For Weal or for Woe;

Or, A Dark Temptation

CHAPTER XIII.—(Cont'd)

A terrible light named into Evelyn St. Claire's steel-blue eyes.

"Then, perhaps, it would be as well for me not to mention the rumor that I have just heard concerning the girl," she replied icily.

"What is it that you are keeping back from me, Evelyn?" he cried hoarsely, seizing both her hands, and gazing anxiously down into the fair, fair blonde face.

"If you know where Gay is, in heaven's name tell me. I cannot endure the suspense; do not torture me, Evelyn. I will forgive that you have spoken unkindly of Little Gay if you will only tell me, if you know, where she has gone."

"I really do not like to tell you the rumor, if it is true, that you really care for the girl," she faltered, hiding her dimpled face in the folds of her lace kerchief that he might not see the triumph in it.

"You may speak out unreservedly, Evelyn," he cried hoarsely. "I cannot bear the suspense; be kind, tell me at once."

She knew the fiendish deed she was about to utter would pain him, yet she did not spare him. She buried her face still deeper in the filmy lace folds, whispering low, yet with fearful distinctness:

"They say the girl has eloped with Harold Tremaine."

He fell back as though she had struck him a terrible blow with her soft, white, jeweled hand. The words seemed shrieked out trumpet-tongued upon the stifling air. The trees in the gay windows of the sunlit morning-room seemed to stifle him. The world seemed to suddenly darken and stand still. Through it all the terrible words seemed to repeat themselves in mocking echoes: "They say the girl has eloped with Harold Tremaine."

At that instant his gaze fell upon Tremaine's bottle, and like a flash he tore it open and raised the contents to his lips. Evelyn read his fair hand's intention, and grew haggard as death itself, and she caught his breath hard—in great struggling throes.

The letter was as follows:

"Percy: You have escaped me out of a fortune, but I flatter myself I have checkmated you in the interesting game of hearts. I leave the village forever, but I do not go alone; the panther is my night is charming, he fetching Little Gay. My life, not yours, shall henceforth teach her love's alluring kisses. This is my revenge for arresting from me the possession of the Pascale Cotton Mills. Now search for your lost love, fond lover. Search for a grain of sand on the seashore, a blade of grass in the waving fields, and you will find it more easily than you will ever find again beautiful, peerless Gay. "Harold Tremaine."

"Heaven!" groaned Percy Granville in a voice that was hardly human in its intense anguish, "this is horrible, horrible."

The veins stood out like serpent-cords on his forehead, and the perspiration gathered in beads on his white, horror-stricken, haggard face.

The old maid, he sprung toward the door.

"Oh, Percy, Percy, what would you do?" cried Evelyn, clinging to him in wild alarm.

"I am going out into the world to prove this accursed letter a base falsehood," he cried hoarsely, maddened with rage. "I will never believe my darling went with him of her own free will. By Heaven! I believe he has abducted her—I could swear it!"

He raised his right hand and registered a terrible vow of vengeance.

"I will follow the fiend incarnate," he cried. "I will force my way through locks and bars and seas of blood slaying any man who dares oppose me, and snatch my darling from Harold Trehatnie's arms."

"Most madly does he love her," thought Evelyn, despairingly. "He will never be more to me than he is now while my hated rival lives.

"I love him, I love him!" she cried wildly, as she rose slowly from her chair, "yet with all my beauty which women envy and men rave over, I have failed to win him. I might as well be plain and ugly for all the good it does me."

A sudden thought occurred to her. She would follow Percy Granville to the city, and baffle him in his attempts to find his lost love if it lay in human skill, and woman's wit.

That night when Percy boarded the express a tall dark figure heavily cloaked and veiled went by the same train.

She took rooms at the same hotel in which Percy established himself, ordering her meals served in her own apartment, however. On the second day after her arrival at the hotel, Miss St. Claire sent for her maid, and upon this trifling thread hangs the thrilling event which shipwrecked two lives and tore two loving hearts asunder.

Miss St. Claire had left word at the office that she was expecting her maid on the 8:30 train, and that she should be sent up to her room at once when she arrived.

Slowly the hands of the gilded clock on the marble mantel crept around to ten; the heiress was growing impatient.

What could Avice's delay mean? she asked herself.

As if in answer to her thoughts there was a hurried tap on the door.

It was one of the bell-boys.

"If you please, ma'am," he began breathlessly, "the head clerk in the office sent me up to tell you that the 8:30 train has met with a frightful disaster on the outskirts of the city. It's a total wreck, many of the passengers were killed outright. The rear car was thrown clean off the bridge down into the water below. The bodies have all been removed to the morgue. The clerk says a carriage is at your disposal if you would like to go and identify your maid."

Evelyn St. Claire stared hard at the boy shrinking back in deep horror and repugnance at the very thought of such a ghastly deed.

Yet there was no help for it; of course she must go and identify Avice.

More than likely Avice had the letter she had written her in her pocket. It must not fall into other hands, for she had been mad enough to declare her intention to marry Percy Granville from Gay Esterbrook forever. "I would kill her, if I could, sweet as her face may be in repose," she had written recklessly.

She remembered it all as she stood there clutching her white, jeweled hands together, staring at the boy in terror.

"I will go," she answered hurriedly; "have the carriage brought round to the ladies' entrance without delay."

She drew a long garnet plush mantle over her violet silk dress, threw a light hair, and a few moments later was whirling swiftly through the streets and across the river.

Suddenly faintness seized the haughty, daring heiress as she was ushered into the main apartment of the morgue by the keeper.

The scene which met her gaze, the piteous wails of those searching for loved ones, were heart-rending to hear and see.

Evelyn St. Claire gathered her silken robes closer about her, and glided among the searchers, scanning the silent forms upon the pallid, frozen marble beds, feeling faint and dizzy at every step, the odor of the charnel-house sickened her.

Carefully she made a tour of the room. Avice was not there.

As she turned away with a sigh of intense relief she encountered two of the attendants, bearing between them a slender, girlish form, which they laid upon a marble receptacle, then turned away.

One instant Evelyn gazed on the lovely, pallid face, around which the soft, dark curls clung in pitiful disorder, as it lay unturned to the dim, flickering light, then she sprung forward with a shrill cry.

"Merciful Heaven, it is Gaynell Esterbrook—the girl is dead!"

The keeper of the place turned to her sharply.

"You are mistaken, lady," he said. "That is not the name of this girl, I assure you."

Evelyn St. Claire flashed such a look of malignant scorn and triumph on the man that it fairly staggered him.

"How dare you contradict me?" she exclaimed imperiously. "I have cause to know this girl well; I would know her among countless thousands."

"It may be a case of striking resemblance, perhaps," insisted the man doggedly. "I will prove to you, lady, beyond a doubt you are at fault as to this girl's identity. I have known her from childhood up; her name is Katy Lee. I was sorry she was not good, for she was a pretty girl. Her father was a miller away down in Kentucky. Do you see this small star-shaped mark on her left temple?" he asked, pushing back the clinging, dark-brown curls; "well, the old water wheel in the mill caused that when Katy was a little child. I dare say there are plenty who remember that accident to this day; it is not so many years ago. If you are not yet convinced I will send for the people among whom she was stopping."

Then Evelyn St. Clair noticed what she had failed to observe before—this girl was certainly taller by almost a head than little Gay.

But the face—"Oh, was there ever a more remarkable, a more wonderful resemblance?" she thought, shudderingly.

Then, as she stood there, gazing on the face so fatally like Little Gay's, a terrible, swift, dark temptation flashed across the brain of the beautiful, guilty heiress—a temptation so startling that it almost took her breath away, a plot so diabolical that it took all her guilt, strength to look it calmly in the face and contemplate it.

Ah, if she could but bribe this man to tempt him in any way to give out to the world that this girl was Gaynell Esterbrook; oh, if she could but bribe him to state that a card or envelope bearing that name was found in her pocket!

Let Percy Granville fly to the Morgue to view the remains if he would—if she could but purchase this man's silence she would defy Gay's nearest and dearest friends to detect the deception, or discover the glaring fraud, the dead girl's face was so fatally the exact counterpart of Gay's.

If Percy Granville could be brought to believe Gay dead, utterly lost to him forever, in time his heart might turn to her again; it was a glorious, golden dream, and worth the most valiant struggle.

It will never be known in what manner Evelyn St. Claire approached the man and won him over to her atrocious scheme; whether she brought all the bewitching beauty of her glorious blonde loveliness to bear upon his susceptible heart, or whether she tempted him by the power of gold. In after years, when the man looked back to that night it seemed like a dream to him; he never remembered why he had consented to the horrible vow of eternal silence with which she sealed his lips, or why he did not repent and expose the reporters the next morning the whole plot, the beautiful, mysterious stranger had written out for him to send to the daily papers for publication.

But the diamond sleeve-link Evelyn had lost from her dress—and which lay within the door unnoticed until after her departure—carefully away, and tried to forget the affair.

An hour later, flushed and trembling with excitement, Evelyn returned to her hotel. Avice was awaiting her there; the maid had missed the first train, and came by the second, luckily escaping the disaster.

The first one of all that was mortal of the beautiful girl, whose fatal resemblance to Gay was so marked, was laid to rest, and the notice appeared in the morning paper with a simple headline, "Found Drowned"—a slender, dark-haired, pretty young girl, whose identity had been clearly established by an old envelope found in her pocket, together with a handkerchief, marked in indelible ink with the name "Gay Esterbrook."

It stated the body would be interred that day, as no friends had appeared to claim it.

This was the horrifying paragraph that met Percy Granville's eyes in his room that night.

Like one mad he sprung from his chair with a terrible cry:

"Gay, my Little Gay—dead!" he groaned. "My God! it cannot be!"

Like one maddened he caught up his hat and dashed out into the street with an awful cry.

Men, women and children looked curiously at the handsome, fair-haired young man with the bitterness of death in his face as they passed him by.

They were nothing to him—the whole world was nothing to him; he did not even see them.

An hour later, with a white, haggard face and a heart on fire, he entered the gate of the cemetery. He met the old sexton in the broad, graveled path.

"A grave was made here to-day," he said hoarsely; "a grave in which a young and lovely girl was laid—conduct me to it—I will pay you well for it."

He followed his guide through the lonely paths, and among the tall, white, polished shafts glimmering so palely cold under the light of the golden stars.

"This is the grave," said the sexton, pausing before a new-made mound.

With a bitter cry, Percy flung himself upon it; the next instant he sprung to his feet, and faced the old man with a strange, gleaming light in his blue eyes.

"You must open this grave for me," he panted hoarsely. "Hush! hear me out. I will make you a rich man for life if you will do it—no one will know. It is my young bride who is lying here—let me kiss her lips cold in death once more, and I will go quietly away. Refuse me, and I swear by the Heaven above us, I will shoot myself through the heart upon her grave. I would as soon die as live, anyhow," he added hoarsely; "life has not enough charm for me now that she is gone."

In vain the old sexton expostulated. The young man's grief was so poignant that in pity at last he consented; besides, he was poor indeed, and the promise of the handsome reward was so slight weight to influence him.

Five minutes later the old man was working away with a will.

A shudder, thrilled through the young man's very soul as the spade struck coldly at length upon the coffin-lid.

It was surely the saddest sight upon which the pale stars ever gazed as the coffin was drawn slowly, carefully into the upper air from the cold, damp earth.

The distracted young man threw himself on his knees by the casket, stifling bitter groans, and with breathless haste wrenching off the lid with cold, clammy hands.

Another instant and it was flung off, and the clear, bright, radiant light of the stars shone softly down upon the lovely pallid, girlish, coffined face, around which the dark, dark curls clustered in beautiful tender rings.

One swift, terrible glance of anguish, swift and deep as eternity—oh, God, how well he had loved her!—then Percy Granville bent still nearer over the cold, girlish form with an awful cry.

CHAPTER XIV.

Percy Granville pressed his lips to the beautiful dead face upon which the tender starlight gleamed, with bitter, passionate cries.

The chilling ordeal was over; he had gazed on the lovely face, wept over it as strong men weep but once in a lifetime, laid burning kisses on the still, cold lips, yet he has not discovered the glaring fraud that had been practiced upon him.

The fatal resemblance this ... bore to that of Little Gay blinded even the sharp-eyed eyes of love.

The casket was returned to earth again, and its terrible secret remained unrevealed.

Percy Granville believed that he had looked upon the sweet face of his beautiful girl-bride for the last time in this world.

He pressed a pocketbook full of bank-notes in the old sexton's hand, turned away, and staggered out of the cemetery, rather than walked, just as the faint flushes of early dawn were struggling athwart the eastern sky.

He left the city on the early morning train, leaving the following note with the clerk of the hotel, to be delivered to his friend when he should arrive.

"My dear Cheeleigh.—An event has happened which renders my remaining to meet you, as per agreement, impossible. When I can control my feelings sufficiently to be able to write calmly, I will open my heart to you, and let you know the whole sad affair which has wrapped my life forevermore in the darkest gloom.

"Yours in great sorrow,

"PERCY GRANVILLE."

This was the note which Harry Cheeleigh received when he arrived at the hotel about noon that day.

Granville seems to be in pretty deep trouble, he mused. "By George, now, it wouldn't be a bad idea to make an effort to rouse him from his despondency. It would be a capital plan to bring him up to Leighton Hall for a week or so. The Leighton girls could cheer him up if any one could. I'll get Jone to send him a pressing invitation at once, and I'll join my entreaties with hers."

The next day the invitation was duly sent.

Percy Granville read the urgent invitation over with a dreary sigh.

"There's nothing like plunging into the very whirlpool of gayety to forget trouble, old boy," Cheeleigh had written; "you must come."

"So be it," Percy concluded at length; "if I stay here brooding over the death of Little Gay I shall go mad. Yes, I might as well try to seek oblivion and forgetfulness in gayety as any other way."

To Jone Leighton's intense delight, Percy wrote a polite acceptance to her kind invitation, stating, however, that it might be six weeks, perhaps, before he could avail himself of the hospitality of the young ladies of Leighton Hall.

Jone was in a flutter of excitement.

"I never met him but once," she said, laying down the handsome monogramed envelope and turning to Grace eagerly. "That was at Long Branch last season. Oh, but he's a dashing young fellow, though," she went on enthusiastically—"fair and kingly like the picture of Romeo. Clair, my room-mate, did nothing but talk of him; she was desperately in love with him. If I get a good chance, Grace, I will try to cut Eva St. Clair out with her handsome self."

"Of course we shall have to give a grand ball for him, send out cards for an archery party, a lawn fete, horseback parties, and a yachting party. We must make it delightfully pleasant for him, you know."

"Balls in general are so tiresome," complained Grace, tilting back in her chair. "Why don't we have a grand fancy masked ball in his honor? now that would be perfectly delightful; tableaux, charades, and all that sort of thing. Common balls are such stiff affairs."

"I would be in excellent idea," assented Jone, delightedly. "We will make it so pleasant for him that he will want to come often."

"Oh, Jone," cried Grace, starting to her feet, "I had quite forgotten the poor, proteges girls up-stairs. We couldn't have merriment going on with the shadow of death hovering over the house."

Jone Leighton's face darkened and her black eyes dilated wrathfully.

"I should like to see her presence interfere with my plans," she said coolly. "If she were dying, the miserable beggar, it would not matter a particle to me. It was horrible of papa to set his foot down as he did it, that she should not be removed from Leighton Hall. The hospital or poor-house is the place for homeless, wandering vagrants like that," flashed out Jone angrily.

"Oh, Jone, Jone! how can you talk like that!" cried Grace, inexpressibly shocked; "she is a young girl like one of us, feeble, helpless. You ought to be glad that you have a roof over her head during her fierce battlings with grim death for her poor young life. If Harry Cheeleigh had not found the poor girl and brought her here just when he did, she would have perished—lying there amidst the bluebells without one pitying heart to hear her moans, or hold a cooling draught of water to her parched lips.

A smile curved Jone Leighton's handsome, crimson mouth as she took out the folds of her lace draperies, and readjusted the pearl bracelets on her plump wrists.

(To be continued.)

WARSHIP BUILDING RECORD.

Eighteen Ships Now Under Construction in British Yards.

The present year will see a new record in British warship building. The naval dockyards and great shipbuilding firms have already twelve battleships and battle cruisers in hand for the navy, apart from vessels nearly completed. In addition there are six battleships or battle cruisers building in England for foreign powers.

If ten new British ships are ordered this year, as is expected, there will be twenty-eight armored ships of the largest size buildings in Britain, with a displacement of over 650,000 tons.

The completion of this enormous fleet with speed will demand most careful organization. It is feared that there must be serious delays in construction. Already the recent British programmes are heavily in arrears.

The difficulty which confronts dockyards and private firms is to obtain the skilled labor required for ship construction. There is an insufficiency of workers at the dockyards, where day and night shifts, as well as overtime, are being worked. All indications suggest that the Admiralty will have to revise its calculation that the largest battleship can be built in two years.

Ship owners are rejoicing in prosperous times, and there is every likelihood that the flourishing conditions in the English shipping industry will continue.

Smoked Longest Pipe.

Though few have heard of it, there is an English pipe smoking championship, though meetings do not seem to be held regularly. The last contest was held at a hall in Holborn two years ago, when a new English record was set up for the length of time a pipe could be made to last. In these contests exactly one-eighth of an ounce is weighed out by the judge, the use of adulterants being strictly forbidden. The winner, a barber from Southampton, who had won the medal twice previous, coaxed his pipe into delaying its final puff till two hours and ten minutes had elapsed from the time it was lit. These smoking contests are very popular in Belgium and Holland.

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You will find it wonderfully refreshing

LIPTON'S TEA

It sustains and cheers

THE KAISER'S DAUGHTER.

The apple of Kaiser William's eye is his only daughter, the Princess Louise Victoria, about whose matrimonial future speculation is rife.

She is already a prominent figure in Berlin society, having never been kept in the seclusion which has been the lot of many princesses. She has frequented, since her debut, the select theatres and concert halls of the German capital, and drives deftly her own pony-cart almost daily in the Thiergarten, where she has ridden from the time she was quite a tiny girl.

The princess is of distinguished presentment, and, as full of pluck and spirit as any one of her six brothers—which is saying a good deal.

Dressed in superb white satin, and wearing a simple ribbon wound

Princess Victoria Louise of Germany

in her luxurious tresses, the Princess Louise Victoria was seen the other evening to have on the incomparable string of pearls which her mother, the Kaiserin, has collected and added to annually since she was a baby. She looked absolutely bewitching.

Queen Alexandra, it may be noted, has also given to each of her three daughters a precious pearl on every birthday. The fashion is a pretty one, but only practicable to royalties or the wealthy of less exalted rank.

MODEL CITY FOR INDIANS.

Skidegates to Have Electric Lights and Sewers.

While the Indians of the Queen Charlotte Islands have already a national reputation for enterprise, the Skidegates, whose village lies at the southern end of Vancouver Island, have in view the most ambitious undertaking ever projected by a coast Indian nation.

During this year they propose installing an electrical system for lighting their village and furnishing power for a variety of industrial enterprises to be carried forward on co-operative principles. They will also put in a modern sewerage system, waterworks and complete fire protection equipment.

The Skidegates are just a little ahead of the whites of British Columbia in the encouragement of a love of art, offering a tribal prize annually for the best specimen of original composition. Their band enjoys the reputation of being the best Indian band in America. Its honorary president is H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, Governor-General of Canada.

What the Warriors Wear.

Khaki uniforms are worn in the Servian army, but the collars of the tunics vary in color according to the particular branch of the service to which soldiers happen to belong. Long boots are worn by the infantry in times of peace, but for war purposes these are exchanged for sandals. Bulgarian soldiers, too, show a preference for their native sandals, although efforts are being made to introduce "ammunition" boots into the service. The regulation uniform is made of a sort of khaki cloth, peaked khaki caps being also worn, and brown overcoats made of native cloth. Montenegrin soldiers, for the most part, still wear native dress. This consists of elaborately-ornamented jackets, brightly-colored breeches, with black caps and long boots. After the re-establishment of the Constitution in Turkey, the army was clothed in a brownish service dress, the overcoats being of a similar color. As regards headdress, the red fez is still the most general.

Got No Waves.

Little Tommy, sitting on his father's knee, was occupied in watching his mother dressing her hair. "Pa has got no waves on his head like mother," observed the father ruefully. The boy looked thoughtfully at his father's head for a minute or so and then replied: "No; daddy has got no waves; it's all beach."

A Grammatical Point.

Carrie and Madge, aged four and five, were making mud pies.

"Me am going to make a cherry pie," said Carrie.

"Don't say 'me am' for 'I are,'" rejoined Madge with an authoritative air.

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TWO POINTERS ON HOW TO CURE A COLD

When you begin to sniff and feel a burning sensation in the nasal passages, or when a tickling irritation in your throat starts you coughing, the first important thing is to act at once. It's the neglected cold that becomes troublesome and dangerous.

The second important thing to do is to take Na-Dru-Co Syrup of Linseed, Licorice and Chlorodyne, and keep it up till the cold disappears entirely.

Na-Dru-Co Syrup of Linseed, Licorice and Chlorodyne is absolutely free from harmful drugs, and can safely be given even to moderately young children. It is pleasant tasting and quick acting, promptly relieving the irritation of the throat and nostrils, loosening the mucus, promoting expectoration, and checking the cold.

Your druggist has Na-Dru-Co Syrup of Linseed, Licorice and Chlorodyne in 25c. and 50c bottles, or can quickly get it for you. Compounded by the National Drug and Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited. 218

HOME

Selected Recipes.

Oat Soup.—Melt an ounce of butter and pour it over an ounce of oat flour. Stir rapidly over a lively fire, adding little by little a quart of water. Prepare in hot water, a carrot, an onion and a little celery. Add to the soup, with salt and pepper, and cook. Serve on plain or buttered toast.

Rice Corn Bread.—To one cupful of boiled rice mixed with one cupful of corn-meal add one pint of milk, three eggs beaten together, a piece of butter and lard together about the size of an egg, and a little salt. Beat well, and bake about three-quarters of an hour. This will fill two bread-pans. This is a tested Southern recipe, and one of the best hot breads.

A Novel Way to Cook Steak.—Cut about two pounds of beef into small strips, and put them into a porcelain-lined kettle with a quart of canned tomatoes. Add a dessertspoonful of sugar and the same quantity of salt, one-half teaspoonful of cloves and two chopped onions. Stew slowly two hours. When done, take out the meat, thicken the liquor, adding a little butter. Pour over the meat, and serve.

Amber Pudding.—Put one pound of pared apples, three ounces of butter, three ounces of sugar, and the yellow rind and juice of one lemon into a pan with a little water, and cook until tender. Take the mixture off the fire, and beat in the yolks of three eggs. Prepare a deep pie-dish by lining the edges and sides with puff paste. Pour in the apple mixture and bake until the apples are brown. Beat the whites of the eggs, add a little sugar, put on the top, and return the pudding to the oven to brown.

Eggless, Butterless, Milkless Cake.—Mix together two cupfuls of white sugar, two cupfuls of water (cold), two tablespoonfuls of shortening, and one package of seeded raisins, and boil for five minutes. When the mixture is cold, add three cupfuls of flour with one teaspoonful of soda and one teaspoonful each of different spices. Bake one hour in a fairly hot oven. This makes two good loaves of cake; they are improved by keeping. For shortening, use chicken fat or beef drippings.

Egg Curry.—Boil six eggs twenty minutes, put them in cold water for a few minutes until cool enough to handle, then remove the shells. Fry one small onion until brown in one tablespoonful of butter, add a tablespoonful of curry-powder that has previously been mixed with cold water, and fry it for ten minutes more. Add about a quart of water, and boil rapidly for twenty minutes. Add the eggs cut in halves, season with salt, and boil moderately for ten minutes longer, when the egg curry will be ready to serve.

Vegetable Curry.—Fry one medium-sized onion until brown in two tablespoonfuls of butter; add one heaping tablespoonful of curry-powder that has been previously mixed to a paste with cold water and cook for about ten minutes, stirring frequently. Then add one quart of shelled green peas—or one can of peas—six medium-sized potatoes cut in eighths, two nearly ripe tomatoes peeled and sliced, and one-half teaspoonful of salt. Fry all for about ten minutes more, or until the paste and vegetables are well blended, cover with cold water, and set the curry over the fire to boil until the potatoes are thoroughly cooked and most of the water has evaporated.

Buttermilk Soup.—Put about two tablespoonfuls of butter into an iron kettle. When it is melted stir into it almost a quart of dried bread cut into little pieces, and let it brown as you would toast, stirring often to keep it from burning. When the bread is of a light brown pour in two quarts of buttermilk and bring to a boil. Wet up two tablespoonfuls of flour with a little water and stir into the mixture. Simmer gently for ten minutes. Sweeten to taste when you are ready to eat it. A little nutmeg may be added if one wishes. This is good for an invalid, being digestible, and the acid makes it agreeable to the feverish patient. It is much liked by children.

Pudding Recipes.

Orange Cream Pudding.—Two heaping tablespoonfuls of powdered gelatine, one cupful of boiling water, two cupfuls of orange juice, two cupfuls of whipped cream, two cupfuls of sugar and the yolks of three eggs. Dissolve the gelatine in the boiling water, then add the sugar, orange juice and yolks of eggs, beaten well together, then add the whipped cream. Pour into a wet mold and turn out when firm.

Steamed Fruit Pudding.—Three cupfuls of flour, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one cupful of suet, chopped finely, one cupful of milk, one cupful of molasses, one teaspoonful of soda, one-half cupful of currants, one-half cupful of raisins and one teaspoonful of mixed spices. Mix the dry ingredients together and add suet, mixing thoroughly. Lastly add the liquid. Put in mold and steam for three hours. Serve with vanilla sauce.

Meat and Kidney Pudding.—Sift a quarter of a pound of flour into a basin, add a pinch of salt and one level teaspoonful of baking powder; then put through the meat chopper a quarter of a pound of suet and mix it in, rubbing it into the flour with the fingers. Add as much cold water as will wet it and make it up into a stiff paste; then flour the baking board and roll it out into a round piece scarcely half an inch thick. Then line a buttered basin with the paste, then cut even round the edges. Mix together on a plate one tablespoonful of flour, one teaspoonful of salt and half a teaspoonful of pepper for seasoning. Cut one pound of lean meat in thin slices, dip them in the seasoned flour and place them lightly in the basin; split one sheep's kidney, skin and cut it in thin slices; dip them also in the flour and put them into the bowl and pour in one cupful of water for gravy. Wet the edges of the paste on the bowl, roll out the scraps, place it on, press down at the edges, and sprinkle a little flour over the top. Now dip a pudding cloth in boiling water, tie it tightly over the top and plunge the pudding in a pan of boiling water; then boil it for three hours. Remove the cloth and turn the pudding onto a dish. Serve hot.

Tips to Housewives.

Instead of sewing mats with carpet thread, use raffia in appropriate colors. Dampen the raffia and sew over and over.

To clean discolored enamelled ware rub with fine emery cloth and afterward wash in hot water. Discolored earthenware jugs, etc., can also be treated in like manner.

A paper bag or a quart pepped over the food chopper will prevent crumbs flying about when bread is being ground.

Raisins and figs should be plumped by dipping for an instant in boiling water before serving.

To keep pies and pastry do not put them away until they are cold, and do not then store them in the refrigerator or in the kiness of the pastry will be spoiled.

To clean mica in stoves take it out and thoroughly wash with vinegar slightly diluted. If the black does not come off readily it, soak in the vinegar a little while to be used for crisping.

When making pastry that is to be served cold milk should be used in mixing as the pastry will keep longer than if mixed with water.

When baking or scalloping potatoes, chops can be baked in the oven, steak broiled underneath or pudding or pie cooked at the same time.

To prevent ants from coming near chokes from burning dark when they are cooked in a little vinegar. Of the water in which they are boiled a teaspoonful will be enough for a small quantity of the vegetable.

When washing windows add a small quantity of bluing to the water.

A pinch of soda in the jar after being washed will sweeten it. This, of course, is to be put in the jar before being scalded or filled out, leaving it sweet and free from color.

If almonds after being blanched are plunged into cold water they will keep snow white. To them it is best to put them in cold water and let it come to the boiling point.

After washing a floor or sweeping it up at once they are surprised to find many little particles that come from the mop, if not removed, soon get back on to the floor again. The floor stays clean much longer.

White enamelled kitchenware will be kept in excellent condition if occasionally cleaned by the following method: Fill the vessels in a large vessel with cold water, to which a tablespoonful of rye has been added. Place the stove and let the water boil. Wash the enamelled ware in the usual dishwater.

The housewife who wishes to keep her hands in good condition should wear housemaids' gloves.

To keep sleeves up when washing dishes get a pair of bicycle clips, of course, the wearer must ride a bike, and sock them by the elastic part of the bands, leaving the hands free. When one turns to the cupboard for the next dish the sleeves will not be in the way.

CAREER OF ADVENTURE ENDS

Aviation Most Dangerous Sport for Late A. A. Hardwick.

Alfred Arked Hardwick, who recently killed in the Wright (England) aviation disaster, had a remarkable career of adventure, although he was only 34. He always living up to Kipling's motto of the "legion that never listed."

He served as a sailor around Cape Horn, a policeman in Mashonaland, an engineer in Egypt and an ivory hunter in Africa. These hunting eries earned him the F.R.G.S.

When this episode had closed the amazing soldier of "the lost legion" turned to aviation. He went to America to help Dr. Spratt, the American aviator, who was engaged in aviation experiments.

In 1911 he came back to London and joined Handley Page, the inventor of the monoplane on which he met his death. He was the business representative of Handley Page, Ltd., and was engaged in interviewing departments, getting contracts and similar diplomatic work.

"Why don't you give your wife an allowance?" "I did once, but she spent it before I could bounce it back."

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One [illegible] newest [illegible] in a jew[illegible] apprentice [illegible] clean [illegible] ing [illegible] the clock tick.

Jack [illegible] Willie [illegible] an [illegible]

But there are [illegible] this nature [illegible] seek [illegible] blood! Wh[illegible] tailor shop [illegible] order to get [illegible] a "cross [illegible] the course, the [illegible] joke and send [illegible] by else [illegible] of the [illegible] glowing with [illegible] turns to the [illegible] derision greeting [illegible]

Tailor Has

But there are [illegible] this nature [illegible] seek [illegible] blood! Wh[illegible] tailor shop [illegible] order to get [illegible] a "cross [illegible] the course, the [illegible] joke and send [illegible] by else [illegible] of the [illegible] glowing with [illegible] turns to the [illegible] derision greeting [illegible]

Dr. Henry Van [illegible] was [illegible] of silencing [illegible]

At a luncheon [illegible] certain bishop was [illegible] and a visitor said [illegible]

"I don't like the [illegible] is too much a man of [illegible] suit me."

"Quite so," Dr. Van [illegible] torted quickly; "but [illegible] this or the next."

Five attempts were [illegible] the life of the late Queen Victoria [illegible] June 10th, 1840; March [illegible] 2nd, 1842; May 30th, 1849; and March 2nd, 1882.

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A. F. & A. M. Hiram Lodge, No. [illegible] Markdale, meets in [illegible] McFarland Block, [illegible] on or before the [illegible] month. Visiting [illegible] invited. J. W. [illegible] W. H. [illegible] Duff, Secy.

C. O. F. Court Markdale, [illegible] Chosen Friends, [illegible] fourth Tuesday [illegible] Rinds Hall at [illegible] Rutledge, High [illegible] Robbs, Recorder

COURT MARKDALE, No. [illegible] Meets in Rinds' Hall [illegible] day in the month [illegible] visiting brethren [illegible] solicited. A. [illegible] paid to the Fund [illegible] McCutcheon, of [illegible] day of the month [illegible] C. R.; T. T. Tucker, [illegible]

BALLEEN LODGE, No. [illegible] I.O.O.F. Meets every Friday [illegible] in their hall. Major [illegible] brethren always [illegible] H. Worden, N.G.; [illegible] Geo. Treas.

COURT GREY, No. [illegible] Meets every second [illegible] Wednesday of the month [illegible] and HALL at 8 p.m. Visiting [illegible] always welcome. [illegible] son, C.R.; J. C. Sproat, [illegible]