A Foolish Young Man;

Or, the Belle of the Season.

CHAPTER I.

"Until this moment I have never fully realized how great an ass a man can be. When I think that this morning I scurried through what might have been a decent breakfast, left my comfortable diggings, and was cooped up in a train for seven hours, that I am now driving in a pelting rain through, so far as I can see for the mist, what appears to be a howling wilderness, I ask myself if I am still in possession of my senses. I demand of myself why I should commit such lurid folly. Last night I was sitting over the fire with a book—for it was cold, though not so cold as this," the speaker shivered and dragged the collar of his overcoat still higher—"at peace with all the world, with Omar purring placidly by my side, and my soul wrapped in that serenity which belongs to a man who has long since rid himself of that inconvenient appendage—a conscience, and has hit upon the right brand of cigarettes, and now——"

He paused to sigh, to groan indeed, and shifted himself uneasily in the well-padded seat of the luxurious mail-phaeton.

"When Williams brought me your note, vilely written were you sober, Stafford?—slardly asking me to join you in this mad business, I smiled to myself as I pitched the note on the fire. Omar smiled too, the very cigarette smiled. I said to myself I would see you blowed first; that nothing would induce me to join you, that I'd read about the Lakes too much and too often to venture upon them in the early part of June; in fact, I had no desire to see the Lakes at any time or under any conditions. I told Omar that I would see you in the lowest pit of Tophet before I would go with you to—whatever the name of this place is. And yet, here I am."

The speaker paused in his complaint to empty a pool of water from his mackintosh, and succeeded—in turning it over his own leg. He groaned again, and continued:

"And yet, here I am. My dear Stafford, I do not wish to upbraid you; I am simply making to myself a confession of weakness which would be pitiable in a stray dog, but which in a man of my years, with my experience of the world and my reputation for common sense, is simply criminal. I do not wish to reproach you; I am quite aware that no reproach, not even the spectacle of my present misery would touch your callous and, permit me to frankly add, your abominably selfish nature; but I do want to ask quite calmly and without any display of temper: What the deuce you wanted to come this way round, and why you wanted me with you?"

The speaker, a slightly built man, just beyond the vague line of young," glanced up with his dark, somewhat sombre and yet softly cynical eyes at the face of his companion who was driving. This companion was unmistakably young, and there was not a trace of cynicism in his grey-blue eyes, which looked out upon the rain and mist with pleasant cheerfulness. He was neither particularly fair nor dark; but there was a touch of brighter color than usual in his short, crisp hair; and no woman had yet found fault with the mouth he or the lips beneath. And yet, though Stafford Orme's face was rather more handsome than otherwise, the signs of weakness which one sees in so many good-looking faces did not mar it; indeed, there was a hint of strength, not to say sternness, in the well-cut lips, a glint of power and masterfulness in the grey eyes and the brows above them which impressed one at first sight; though when one came to know him the impression was soon lost, effaced by the charm for which Stafford was famous, and which was perpetually recruiting his army of friends.

No doubt it is easy to be charming when the gods have made you good to look upon, and have filled your pockets with gold into the bargain. Life was a pageant of pleasure to Stafford Orme; no wonder he sang and smiled upon the way and had no lack of companions. Even this man beside him, Edmund Howard, whose name was a by-word for cynicism, who had never, until he met Stafford Orme, gone an inch out of his self-contained way to please or benefit a fellow-man, was the slave of the young fellow's imperious will, and though he had made burlesque complaint of his bondage, did not in his heart feel it galling.

Stafford laughed shortly as he looked at the rain-swept hills round which the two good horses were taking the well-appointed phaeton.

"Oh, I knew you would come," he said. "It was just this way: You know the governor wrote and asked me to come down to this new place of his at Bryndermere."

"Pardon me, Stafford; you forget that I have been down South where I wish to Heaven I had remained; and that I only returned yesterday afternoon; and that I knew nothing of these sudden alarums and excursions of your governed parent."

"Ah, no; so you don't!" assented Stafford; "thought I'd told you; shall have to tell you now; I'll cut it as short as possible." He paused for a moment and gently drew the lash of the whip over the wet backs of the two horses who were listening intently to the voice of their beloved master: "Well, three days ago I got a letter from my father; it was a long one; I think it is the first long letter I ever received from him. He informed me that for some time past he has been building a little place on the east side of Bryndermere Lake, that he thought it would be ready by the pinch of this month; and would I go down, or is it up? there and meet him, as he was coming to England and would go straight there from Liverpool. Of course there was no time for me to reply, and equally, of course, I prepared to obey. I meant going straight down to Bryndermere; and I should have done so; but two days ago I received a telegram telling me that the place would not be ready, and that he would not be there until the eleventh, and asking me to fill up the interval by sending down some horses and carriages. It occurred to me, with one of those brilliant flashes of genius which you have so often remarked in me, my dear Howard, that I would drive down, at any rate part of the way; so I sent some of the traps direct and got this turn-out as far as Preston with me. With another of those remarkable flashes of genius, it also occurred to me that I should be lonely with only Pettinger here," he jerked his head towards the groom, who sat in damp and stolid silence behind. "And so I wrote and asked you to come. Kind of me, wasn't it?"

"Most infernally kind," said Howard, with a sigh of a ton weight. "Had you any idea that your father was building this little place? By the way, I can't imagine Sir Stephen building anything that could be described as little."

"You are right," assented Stafford, with a nod. "I heard coming down that it was a perfect palace of a place, a kind of palace of art and land that sort of thing. You know the governor's style?" His brows were slightly knit for just a second, then he threw, as it were, the frown off, with a smile. "No, I knew nothing about it; I knew as little about it as I do of the governor himself and his affairs."

Howard nodded somewhat gravely.

"When you come to think of it, Howard, isn't it strange that father and son should know so little of each other? I have not seen the governor for—I forget how many years. He has been out of England for the last fourteen or fifteen, with the exception of a few flying visits; and on the occasion of those visits I was either at school on the Continent or tramping about with a gun or a rod; and so we never met. I've kind of uneasy suspicion that my revered parent had no particular desire to renew his acquaintance with his dutiful offspring; anyway, if he had, he would have arranged a meeting. Seems rather peculiar; for in every other respect his conduct as a parent has been above reproach.

"These are scarcely the terms by which I should designate a liberality which can only be described as criminally lavish, and an indifference to your moral progress which might more properly belong to an unregenerate Turk than to an English baronet. Considering the opportunities of evil afforded you by the possession of a practically unlimited allowance, and a brazen cheek which can only be described as colossal, the fact that you have not long since gone head-long to the devil fills me with perpetual and ever-freshening wonder."

Stafford yawned and shrugged his shoulders with cheerful acquiescence.

"Should have gone a mucker ever so many times, old man, if it hadn't been for you," he said; "but you've always been at hand just at the critical moment to point out to me that I was playing the giddy goat and going to smash. That's why I like to have you with me as a kind of guide, monitor, and friend, you know."

Howard groaned and attempted to get rid of another miniature pool of water, and succeeded—as before.

"I know," he assented. "My virtue is its own reward—and punishment. If I had allowed you to go your way to the proverbial dogs, after whose society gilded youths like yourself appear to be always hankering, I should not be sitting here with cold water running down my back and surrounded by Nature in her gloomiest and dampest aspects. Only once have I deviated from the life of consistent selfishness at which every sensible man should aim, and see how I am punished! I do not wish to be unduly impulsive, but I should like to know where we are going, and why we do not make for a decent hotel—if there is such a thing in these desolate wilds."

Stafford handed him the reins so that he himself might get out his cigarettes and with some little difficulty, and assisted by Pottinger's soaked hat, the two gentlemen got their cigars alight.

"There isn't a decent hotel for miles," explained Stafford. "There is only a small inn at a little place called Caryeford. I looked it out on the map. I thought we'd drive there to-day, put up for the night to give the horses a rest, and go to this place of my governor's the next day. It's on the opposite side of the lake."

He jerked his whip to the right.

"Which side, what lake?" asked Howard, hopelessly. "I see nothing of the lake, nothing but mist and sodden hills. No wonder the word 'poet' instinctively arouses one's animosity. When I think of the number of well-meaning and inspired idiots who have written reams of poetry about this place, I feel at this present moment as if I could cheerfully read even a Wordsworth, a Southey, a Coleridge; and I look back with remorse upon the hours, the throbs of admiration, I have expended upon what I once deemed their inspired pages. If I remember rightly, most of the Lake poets went off their heads; when I gaze around me I must admit that I am not surprised."

Stafford laughed absently; he was quite accustomed to Howard's cynical vein.

"They're all right enough," he said. "That is, I suppose they are, for I never read any of 'em since I left school. Oh, yes, they're right enough about the beauty of the place; you should see it on a fine day."

"Has anyone seen it on a fine day?" inquired Howard, with the innocence of one simply seeking information. "I asked a cousin I met in the train if it always rained here, and he replied, 'No; it sometimes shows.'"

"That's a chestnut," remarked Stafford, with a laugh. "But it's all nonsense about its always being wet here; they tell me it's fine for weeks together; that you can never tell any instant whether it's going to clear up or not; that the weather will change like a woman—Good heavens, look at that!"

He nodded to the east as he spoke. Unnoticed by them, the sky had been clearing gradually, the mists sweeping, dissolving away; a breath of wind now wafted them, like a veil thrown aside, from hill and valley and lake, and a scene of unparalleled beauty lay revealed beneath them. The great lake shone like a sapphire; meadows of emerald, woods of darker green, hills of purple and grey, silver and gold, rose from the bosom and the edge of the great liquid jewel; the hills towering tier on tier into the heavens of azure blue swept by clouds like drifting snow.

The two men gazed in silence; even Pottinger, to whom his losses generally represented all that was beautiful in nature, gaped with wide-open mouth.

"How's that for lofty, you unbeliever?" demanded Stafford. "Ever seen anything like that before?"

Howard had been considerably startled, but, of course, he concealed his amazed admiration behind a mask of cynicism.

"Rather a crib from Val Prinsep, isn't it, with a suggestion of a Drury Lane pantomime about it? Good heavens! and there's the Fairy Palace all complete," he added, as the mists still rising, there was discovered on the slope of the other side a long and extremely ornate building, the pure whiteness of which was reflected in the marvellous blue and opal of the lake. "Can that be Sir Stephen's little place?"

"I'm afraid it is," said Stafford. "It looks like the governor," he added, with a touch of gravity.

"Well, it's a very big, or, rather, long; and it's very white; but one's bound to admit that it doesn't spoil the landscape," said Howard; "in fact, standing there amidst the dark green trees, with its pinnacles and terraces, it is rather an ornament than otherwise. I suppose there are flowers on those velvety lawns; and the interior, I'll wager, my life, matches the exterior. Fortunate youth to possess a Croesus for a father!"

"Yes; I suppose the governor must be tremendously oofish," said Stafford.

"The man who can build such a palace as that, and have the cool cheek to call it a little place, must in common decency be a multi-millionaire."

Stafford nodded and smoked thoughtfully for a minute as Pottinger left the horses' heads and climbed into his seat behind, and the mail-phaeton moved along the road, which began to dip down at this point.

"I know so little about my father," said Stafford.

"And yet the world knows so much," remarked Howard, throwing open his waterproof and basking in the sun which shone as warmly and unreservedly as if it had never heard of such a thing as rain. "One can't take up a paper without seeing some mention of Sir Stephen Orme's great name. One day, he is in Paris negotiating a State loan; another you read he is annexing, appropriating, or whatever you call it, a vast tract in Africa or Asia; on the third you are informed with all solemnity that he has become a director of a new bank, insurance company, or of one of those vast concerns in which only Rothschilds and Barings can disport themselves. Now and again you are informed that Sir Stephen Orme has been requested to stand for an important constituency, but that he was compelled to decline because of the pressure of his numerous affairs. There may be a more famous and important individual in the world than your father, my dear Stafford, but I can't call him to mind at this moment."

"Chaff away," said Stafford, good-humoredly. "At any rate, he has been a jolly liberal father to me. Did I tell you that just before he came home he placed a lavish sum at his bank for me. I mean over and above my allowance?"

(To be continued.)

A little girl once described a snake as "a thing that's a tail all the way up to its head."

Hub (during a quarrel): "You talk like an idiot!" Wife: "I've got to talk so that you can understand me!"

"I don't suppose you have a fiver you want to lend me?" "Your insight does you credit. How did you guess?"

A girl's big brother should be a warning to her—but when some other girl's brother enters she forgets all about the admonition.

GREY IS A STAY-AT-HOME.

The announcement that Sir Edward Grey, the Foreign Secretary, will accompany the King and Queen on their forthcoming visit to Paris recalls the oft-stated fact that Sir Edward has never set foot on foreign soil. It has been said that he visited Madrid in 1908 and Berlin last year. It is announced now that

Sir Edward Grey.

neither of these visits was made. A few years ago Sir Edward said in a speech:

"For twenty-eight years my life has been a continual struggle to live at home."

It is generally reported that Sir Edward speaks no German and very bad French. Mr. Venizelos, the Greek Premier, said some time ago that he had the greatest difficulty in understanding Sir Edward Grey's French.

TOPICAL TOQUES.

Headgear Worn on the Eve of the French Revolution.

Ladies whose devotion to fashion is greater than their sense of beauty, and becoming dress wear to-day some amazing creations upon their heads. But their folly does not approach, either literally or figuratively, the height attained in fashionable France on the eve of the French Revolution. Mons. Emile Langlade has recently described anew some of the extravagances in headgear that the rival milliners of that era, Bealard and Bertin, invented.

The puff of sentiment, the topical toque, the granny cap, and the royal fantasy in feathers followed one after the other, each more ridiculous than the last. When "sentiment" ruled, the puff, comprising sometimes as many as fourteen yards of gauze, intermingled intricately with the wearer's curled, puffed, and powdered locks, contained assorted objects typical of her tastes and affections—locks of her relatives' hair, or that of her favorite hero, toy animals representing her pets, small dolls of her friends, miniature boats, carriages, musical instruments, plants and vegetables. The topical toque was less personal; it derived its name and character from current events, and its decorations might be suggested by a play, a book, a battle, the queen's latest caprice, the love affair of a court lady.

The pouf à la revolte, for instance, commemorated a raid of the Parisian populace upon the bakeries, when the price of bread had soared too high; the pouf à l'inoculation, the king's recovery from his inoculation against smallpox; the pouf à la bataille, Henry of Navarre and the field of Ivry; still another pouf depicted a naval encounter between the French and English, in which, tossing upon an ocean of gauze billows two ships of the line appeared engaged in desperate conflict, their miniature masts, spars, rigging and cannon perfectly executed, and their maintrucks towering a good two feet above the complacent face of the patriotic belle.

The fashions were indeed, as a contemporary records, "too absurd for burlesque; the satirist and caricaturist were reduced to mere record of the actual." But neither ridicule, denunciation, nor sober protest served to check them; the craze had to run its course. Curiously enough, one of the last and most popular creations of the ingenious Beaulard involved an acknowledgment of the extent of the popular disapproval. It was called the "granny cap,"—bonnet à la bonne maman,—and it had a concealed interior spring. Fashionable dames and gay young girls were thus enabled to comply with the most extreme demands of style, and yet escape reproof from conservative elders or important personages with no taste for frivolity. At their approach a touch depressed the lofty structure to modest dimensions; another at their departure, and—presto, pop!—up it sprang again as impudent as ever.

In two weeks of the month of February, Winnipeg's building permits totalled a million dollars.

Nine new companies, with a capitalization of just under a million, were incorporated in Manitoba during the week ending February 14.

Transcona, Man., sold $400,000 worth of bonds at 6 per cent. The price received was $93.25. The money will be used in constructing

---

Had the late Mr. Methuselah been a woman the world would never have known how old she really was.

HOME

With the Pineapple.

Few of us will quarrel with the assertion that the pineapple ranks with the orange and the grape fruit, the banana and the apple, as one of our everlastingly welcome fruits. It is as refreshing as the grape fruit and far more delicate in flavor than the banana or most apples, and moreover it has an actual thereupetic value. For pineapple juice is soothing to inflamed membranes, and, therefore, is almost an antidote in certain sorts of sore throat.

Pineapples can be got in the fresh state most of the year, but the canned Hawaiian pineapple is almost equally fine in flavor and can be substituted for the fresh fruit in all the following recipes save that for marmalades. In salad, canned pineapple is really preferable to fresh.

For pineapple marmalades, however, fresh pineapple is required. To make it remove the eyes and skin of a ripe, big pine. By the way, every kitchen should have a little device to remove the pineapple eyes among its utensils, the old method of removing the eyes with a sharp silver knife is tedious and by no means so satisfactory as the newer method.

Chop the pine and weigh it. Allow a pound of sugar for every pound of fruit. Mix the sugar and chopped fruit and cover them, in a crockery bowl, to stand over night. Then cook it slowly for half an hour and put it through a sieve. This is difficult. But the pineapple should be finely chopped and the action of the sugar on it all night softens it to a remarkable degree, as does the cooking. After it has been put through the sieve return it to a saucepan and simmer it slowly, stirring it all the time, for half or three-quarters of an hour, until it is a clear paste that is of marmalade consistency when it cools. Pack in small jars and cover.

Pineapple Fritters.—Pineapple fritters can be made in a great many ways, either of raw or canned pineapple. Home canned pineapple, that is shredded or chopped before it is canned, can be mixed with good batter and fried in small fritters, which should then be rolled in sugar. Raw pineapple can be cyed, pared and cut in thick slices, and these slices cut in finger widths. Steep them for an hour in maraschino, dip them in batter, brown them and roll them in sugar. Hawaiian canned pineapple slices can be drained, and then dipped in batter and browned.

A good batter is made from one beaten egg, half a cupful of milk, a cupful of sifted flour sifted with a teaspoonful and a half of baking powder, a pinch of salt and a teaspoonful and a half of granulated sugar. Beat this batter thoroughly, until it is smooth. All pineapple fritters are best simply rolled in granulated or powdered sugar, and served very hot.

Pineapple salad can be varied almost as much as pineapple fritters. The simplest sort is perhaps the best. Drain slices of Hawaiian pineapple and then cover them with French dressing. Serve them on white lettuce leaves.

Diced fresh pineapple can be mixed with diced oranges and apples and served with French dressing as a salad or shredded fresh pineapple can be mixed with chopped nuts and served in lettuce hearts with mayonnaise.

For Dessert.—Pineapple, of course, is most acceptable for dessert, and perhaps it is never more delicious than when it is served raw, in some way.

When choosing a pineapple to serve raw always be sure that it is quite ripe and juicy. It is said that if the quille in the top can be easily pulled out of the pine apple, it is ripe. If its odor is sweet and penetrating, it is doubtless in prime condition to eat.

Pineapple can be shredded and served with almost any other fruit in glasses, covered with syrup. It is good with hulled strawberries, with raspberries and currants, with diced oranges and grape-fruit or with bananas sliced or diced. Sometimes it is diced and slightly sweetened and served in place of grape-fruit as an appetizer. Wheever pineapple is served in any of these ways it should be thoroughly chilled.

Canned pineapple can be made into many desserts beside fritters. One is prepared in this way: Put a ring of Hawaiian pineapple on each plate On this pile some stiffly whipped, slightly sweetened cream, into which have been folded some crushed macaroons and preserved strawberries. This should be very cold when served.

Pineapple tapioca is a simple dessert. To make it, use three tablespoonfuls of tapioca. If it is the instantaneous kind, it does not need soaking. If it is the other kind, soak it over night. Cook it in water until it is clear. Chop the contents of a can of pineapple fine and add it, with three-quarters of a cupful of sugar, to the clear tapioca. Cook for two or three minutes and then chill. Serve with cream, whipped or plain.

For pineapple scuffle use two cupfuls of crushed or grated fresh or canned pineapple and a cupful of water. Scald this mixture and add half a cupful of instantaneous tapioca. Cook in a double boiler until the tapioca is clear and then add half a cupful of sugar. Put the mixture in a double boiler and then add the whites of three eggs, beaten stiff. Cover and let stand over hot water until set. Serve hot with sugar and cream.

Carrots and Fishes.

Carrot Stew.—Cut the carrots in small pieces and cover with milk enough to stew them. Add salt and pepper to taste and a small piece of butter.

Carrots Glace.—Six medium-sized carrots, one and one-half cups sugar, one-fourth cup water. Scrub carrots, peel and cook in boiling water thirty-five minutes. Remove from the fire, drain, cut in one-inch slices and place in a buttered baking dish. Pour over them a syrup made by boiling the sugar and water together. Bake twenty minutes, basting every five minutes. Freshen salt fish by soaking in sour milk.

Codfish Pudding.—Bone, flake and soak one-half pound codfish. Boil fifteen minutes, drain, dry over the fire and mash fine. Add one cup of fresh milk, pepper to taste, yolks of three eggs, and lastly the beaten whites. Pour into well-buttered pudding dish, and steam an hour and a half. Serve with a tartar or other fish sauce.

Codfish Balls.—One cup of codfish cut in small pieces, two cups sliced raw potatoes, one egg, a dash of pepper. Put codfish and potatoes on to boil together. When potatoes are done, take from fire, drain, mash and stir in the egg and pepper. Put frying fat in a pan and when hot drop the mixture into it from a tablespoon. When cooked to a golden brown remove from the fire and serve with tomato sauce.

Tomatoes and Codfish.—One cup fresh codfish, picked up fine. Fry a slice of onion in a tablespoonful of butter or bacon fat, until it turns a light brown; put in the fish, with water enough to cover it; add ripe tomatoes of medium size and cook nearly an hour. Season to taste with pepper and serve on slices of toast dipped quickly in and out of hot water.

Salmon Patties.—Remove salmon from medium-sized can, put in bowl together with two eggs well beaten and salt and pepper to taste; add cracker crumbs until the mixture is thick enough to form into cakes. Roll cakes in cracker crumbs and fry. Fry well and serve hot with parsley or lettuce.

Hints for the Home.

If a little salt is put on the dishes in which eggs are served the egg will wash off easily.

If floors of a closet are wiped with gasoline or benzine after being scrubbed insects will be kept away.

To brown pies and cakes quickly just before removing them from the oven throw a handful of moist sugar on the hottest part of the oven and close the door quickly. The cakes will be brown in a few minutes.

New iron saucepans should be rubbed inside and out with grease, left for 48 hours, and then washed in hot soda and water before being put into use. This tempers the iron, and renders it less liable to crack and rust.

To keep moths out of your closets and chests without giving the clothes an unpleasant odor sprinkle oil of cedar freely inside on the wood in the corners. Be careful that it does not touch the clothing, or it may leave a stain.

By planning meals ahead housekeepers can undoubtedly save considerably. Not only can they avoid waste by so doing, but they can order in vegetables and other foods in larger quantities, and will often get them at cheaper rates.

An old remedy for miklew was to cover the spots with a paste of soft soap and starch and lay the article in the sun, keeping the spots moistened. Another remedy is to cover the stains with a thick paste of salt and buttermilk. Spread it on both sides of the spots, and lay the blouse in the hot sun. Renew the paste after three or four hours if the stains have not vanished. Afterwards rinse thoroughly in warm water.

THE MOST PERFECT PUMP.

One of Nature's Diminutive Pieces of Machinery.

The most perfect pump in the world, the most perfect ever made, is also the oldest—how old, no one knows, for it is as old as man himself.

This pump is so small and so light that it might be carried in an overcoat pocket. Yet it runs day and night, without a stop, without attention, drawing in and sending forth two and a half ounces of liquid 79 times a minute. In one minute it pumps 175 ounces; in one hour, 656¼ pounds; in one year, 5,748,750 pounds. Its normal life is about 70 years, in which time it pumps 402,412,500 pounds, or more than 201,206 tons.

To transport this immense weight of liquid that it pumps would require 6,700 freight cars of ordinary capacity. This would mean 223 trains of 30 cars each, and as many engines to haul them. Strung out in one line, with no intervals between each train, they would cover a distance of 47 miles.

This diminutive piece of machinery has been known to keep up this work without a single stop for more than 40 years.

It pulsates 4,200 times an hour, 100,800 times a day, 36,792,000 times a year. It has no journals or bearings to oil, no bolts to tighten or slack to be taken up. It is so constructed that its parts are automatically repaired as it goes along. But, with all of this, there is one very serious characteristic inseparably connected with this pump, which is, that once it stops it cannot be started up again, unless immediate steps be taken to do so by an expert. Even this generally fails. So the owner should use care and judgment in its upkeep. There is no other machine that we have any knowledge of of which the above can be said. How this is all accomplished is known only to its Inventor.

This pump is the human heart.

Men are like tea, says Estelle Klauder; it takes hot water to draw out their strength.

TO GUARD AGAINST ALUM IN BAKING POWDER SEE THAT ALL INGREDIENTS ARE PLAINLY PRINTED ON THE LABEL, AND THAT ALUM OR SULPHATE OF ALUMINA OR SODIC ALUMINIC SULPHATE IS NOT ONE OF THEM. THE WORDS "NO ALUM" WITHOUT THE INGREDIENTS IS NOT SUFFICIENT. MAGIC BAKING POWDER COSTS NO MORE THAN THE ORDINARY KINDS. FOR ECONOMY, BUY THE ONE POUND TINS.

E. W. GILLETT COMPANY LIMITED

WINNIPEG TORONTO, ONT. MONTREAL

FLAMELESS HEAT.

Scientist Discovers New Method of Obtaining Intense Heat.

Prof. William A. Bone, of the Imperial College of Science and Technology in London, has hit on a manner of gas heating that may greatly change our methods of using fuel. When a mixture of gas and air under high pressure is directed against a red-hot fire-brick held a short distance away, the mixture will burn at the surface of the brick. Now if such a mixture of gas and air is forced through the porous brick, and lighted on the farther side, it will burn like an ordinary gas flame; but if more air or less gas is used, it ceases to burn, but the porous surface becomes white-hot. In that way it is possible, with great economy of fuel, to get a temperature far above the melting point of platinum. This flameless heater is now used for heating boilers. It does away with grates, smokestacks, and chimneys; it produces no smoke or objectionable odor, and it utilizes ninety per cent. of the heat value of the fuel.

RELIEVED HIS MIND.

Questioner Much Concerned About a Few Million Years.

An eminent English man of science recently delivered a lecture during which an amusing incident occurred. In the course of his remarks he said something to this effect: "It is a well-established fact that the sun is gradually losing its heat, and that in the course of seventy million years its heating power will be so diminished that all beneficent effects will be lost, and no life can exist on the earth."

As soon as this sentence was uttered, a sturdy Briton in the rear of the hall rose and signified his desire to ask a question. "Pardon me," he said, "but how long did you say it would be before this terrible calamity would occur?"

"Why, about seventy million years," repeated the scientist, with a smile.

The questioner fell back into his seat with a deep sigh of relief. "Thank heavens!" he muttered. "I thought I understood him to say seven million."

ROYAL NICKNAMES.

Princess Royal Used to Be Called "Her Royal Shyness."

The Royal Family are no more above nicknames than other people. The Prince of Wales has always been known in the family as "Davie," because when he was called "Eddie" it reminded Queen Alexandra of her lost son. The Princess Royal used to be called "Her Royal Shyness," from the agony of nervousness she went through if strangers were present; and Princess Alexander of Teck is often affectionately called "The Useful and Ornamental." It is also whispered that certain Royalties, a very beautiful daughter with a very plain mother, have been nicknamed by a mischievous young princess "The Daydream and the Nightmare."

CATACOMBS OF DRUIDS.

Over Fifty Miles of Chambers Cut In Chalk Cliffs.

Eleven miles southeast of London, in Kent, a few years ago, were discovered the catacombs of the ancient Druids, which are now much visited by sightseers and are lighted, for a part at least, by electric lights. Over fifty miles of chambers cut in the chalk cliffs have already been explored. The Druids lived in these catacombs when attacked by their northern enemies, and here they buried many of their dead. The stone on which the human sacrifices were made is still to be seen, and also the well, from which water is drawn to this day.

Tax on Baby Carriages.

Among the curious taxes imposed in Germany on various subjects are those on baby carriages, where the amount is 40 cents each; and $1.50 tax on caged nightingales, of which there have not been any for many years.

Strong on History.

"Johnny," said the teacher, "who were the two strongest men of olden times?"

"Samson and Hercules."

"Can you tell anything about them?"

"Oh, yes, Samson was a regular Hercules."

A woman whose pastor asked after her health replied dolefully: "I feel very well; but I always feel bad when I feel well, because I know I'm going to feel worse afterward."

"Kidd looks very sheepish lately. He seems to have been thoroughly cowed by something." "Didn't you hear? He foolishly took a steer from a bull on a bear market."

The Markdale STANDARD

is published Every Wednesday Afternoon by the STANDARD PRINTING CO. Markdale, - Ontario.

Subscription $1.00 a year when paid in advance, or $1.50 when not so paid. $1.50 to the United States. No paper discontinued until all arrears are paid, except at the option of the publishers. Advertising rates 10 cents per inch per week for display advs., single column measure, with 20 per cent. discount when an average of one column or more per year is used. No discount on first page. Reading notices five cents per line each week. Stock, grain, or articles for sale, up to five lines, 25 cents for each insertion. Strayed animals one week 50 cents, three weeks $1.00.

Memorial poetry, 10 cents a line. All correspondence intended for the firm should be addressed to The Standard Printing Company, Markdale.

Standard Clubbing Rates

Standard and—	
Weekly Mail	$ [illegible]
Saturday Globe	[illegible]
Christian Guardian	2.50
Daily World	[illegible]
Family Herald	[illegible]
Weekly Witness	[illegible]
Weekly Sentinel	[illegible]
Toronto Sun	[illegible]
Farmer's Advocate	[illegible]
Daily News	[illegible]
Daily Star	[illegible]
The Canadian Farm	[illegible]
The Catholic Register	[illegible]
Farm and Dairy	[illegible]
Canadian Farm	[illegible]
Canadian Poultry News	[illegible]
Northern Messenger	[illegible]

BUSINESS DIRECTORY

MISCELLANEOUS.

J. W. PATTON, J.P. Rockton, Ont. Licenses, Business [illegible] Identify.

W. C. DAVIS The Painter and Decorator, Markdale. Estimates [illegible] tracting done. The best [illegible] in Wall Paper kept [illegible]

R. J. SPROULE Fletcherton, Conveyancer, Valuator and Money [illegible] Deeds, Mortgages, Leases [illegible] drawn up and Valuations [illegible] shortest notice. Charges [illegible] Apply to R. J. Sproule, Fletcherton.

B. H. WALDEN, Licensed Auctioneer for the County of Grey. All sales promptly attended to. Farm sales a specialty. Arrangements for sales may be made at Standard Office or by Phone 41a. B. H. Walden, Markdale.

LEGAL.

P. McCULLOUGH Barrister, Solicitor, etc. Office Main street, Markdale. Money to lend.

LUCAS, RANEY & HENRY Barristers, Solicitors, Etc. Offices—Lucas Block, Markdale; Traders Bank Bldg., Toronto. J. B. Lucas, K.C., W. E. Raney, K.C., W. D. Henry, B.A.

DENTISTRY.

DR. J. A. MacARTHUR Dentist. Office in Artley Block (over Bowes' hardware store). Entrance at southwest corner of building. Toronto street.

L. G. CAMPBELL (L.D.S., D.D.S.) Dental Surgeon. Graduate of Ontario College of Dentistry and University of Toronto. Office over the post-office. Office hours, 9 a.m. to 6 p.m. Parties calling after hours please call up residence by private telephone in reception room of dental office.

FRATERNAL.

A. F. & A. M. Hiram Lodge, No. 490, G.R.C. Markdale, meets in Masonic Hall, McFarland Block, on Tuesday evening on or before the full moon every month. Visiting brethren cordially invited. R. J. Gilfillan, W.M.; H. C. Duff, Secretary.

C. O. C. F., No. 399. Court Markdale, Canadian Order Chosen Friends, No. 399, meets fourth Tuesday in the month in Ennis' Hall at 8 o'clock. C. W. Rutledge, Chief Councillor; R. W. Ennis, Recorder.

COURT MARKDALE, I. O. F. No. 991. Meets in Ennis' Hall the third Monday in the month at 8 o'clock. A visit from brethren of other courts solicited. Assessment must be paid to the Financial Secretary. A. McCutcheon, on or before the last day of the month. A. McCutcheon, C. R.; T. T. Tuck, R. S.

SAUGEEN LODGE, No. 327, I.O.O.F. Meets every Friday at 7.30 p.m. in their hall, Main street. Visiting brethren always welcome. B. H. Walden, N.G.; C. R. King, Sec'y.

COURT GREY, 1151, C.O.F. Meets every second and fourth Wednesday of the month in Mathews' Hall, at 8 p.m. Visiting brethren always welcome. P. J. Thompson, C.R.; R. J. Gilfillan, Fin. Sec.

ACTIVITIES OF WOMEN

In Siam old maids are undaunted.

German has women carters and street cleaners.

Philadelphia has five women holding municipal positions.

The club women of Concord, N.H., have won their fight for low street car steps.

Women mix mortar and carry the hod for building operations in Munich, Germany.

Several women have passed the examination for the bar in Georgia, but have not been allowed to practice.

Queen Mary of England has been made richer by $35,000 due to the recent boom in securities on the stock exchange.

Frau Bertha Krupp, daughter of the founder of the Krupp gun works in Germany, has an income of $500,000 a year.

German women have started a campaign for admission to the floor of the stock exchange in Berlin.

The Women's Aerial League of England has offered a prize of $2,000 to the first aviator who flies across the Atlantic ocean.

Mrs. Elizabeth Townsend, the wife of a showman of Weymouth, England, has been granted the King's bounty, having given birth to triplets.

Mrs. Katherine B. Davis, commissioner of correction in New York city, says that 100 women prisoners are more trouble than 1,000 men prisoners.

Miss Bessie Beatty, a Seattle newspaper reporter, has won $20,000, to be given to the fund of poor children as Miss Beatty sees fit.

Miss Hogarth, who was the original of the character, Agnes, in a novel by Charles Dickens in Dickens' lifetime, is still living and in good health.

Miss Gertrude Bell, a Syrian woman, who is now in charge of the Paynana [illegible] will receive certain [illegible] from the United States [illegible]

An English woman [illegible] teacher in the service of the emperor of Corea, has applied [illegible] allegiance to become a [illegible] for a white woman to [illegible] Corea a girl is unique.

Mummy: "Can I have [illegible] that was on the dining [illegible] boast this morning?" Daddy: "Because what?" Mummy: "Because I caught it."

"I've come to ask for your [illegible] hand," faltered the [illegible] man, scratching his head [illegible] his high boots. "Can't [illegible] snapped the stern parent [illegible] in the indignant [illegible] you can support the [illegible] you can have her."

200,000 Have Learned to Play the Piano In One Hour

Without Lessons or Knowledge of Music Anyone Can Play the Piano or Organ in One Hour.

Wonderful New System That Even a Child Can Use.

He—"You surprise me! You told me yesterday you couldn't play a note!"

She—"I couldn't; I learned to play in one hour by the wonderful 'Easy Method' Music."

Impossible, you say? Let us prove it at our expense. We will teach you to play the piano or organ and will not ask one cent until you can play.

A musical genius from Chicago has invented a wonderful system whereby anyone can learn to play the Piano or Organ in one hour. With this new method you don't have to know one note from another, yet in an hour of practice you can be playing your favorite music with all the fingers of both hands and playing it well. The invention is so simple that even a child can now master music, and at a nominal cost. Anyone can have this new method on a free trial, merely by signing and write saying, "Send me the Easy Method Music Method as announced in this paper.

FREE TRIAL

The complete system, together with all pieces of music will then be sent to you. Free, all charges prepaid and absolutely not one cent to pay. You keep it some days to thoroughly prove it is all that is claimed for it, then if you are satisfied send us $1.50 and one dollar a month until $5.50 is paid. If you are not delighted with it, send it back in seven days and you will have risked nothing and will be under no obligations to us.

Be sure to state number of white keys on your piano or organ, and to post office address.

Easy Method Music Co., 283 Toronto, Canada.