HONEST TEA IS THE BEST POLICY

LIPTON'S TEA

LARGEST SALE IN THE WORLD

Her Great Love;

Or, A Struggle For a Heart

CHAPTER XXIV.—(Continued).

She shrunk back from him as if he had struck her.

"Your—wife?"

The words were scarcely audible, and yet to him they seemed to ring through the room.

He still gazed at the face. How had it come there? What juggling fiend had conjured the thing up to confront him with it at this moment—the moment of his life?

"Your—wife?" Decima repeated, and she shrunk a step further away from him.

"My wife!" he said, hoarsely, still staring at it. Then he lifted his eyes heavily, slowly, and looked at her, looked and realized that he had spoken aloud, that he had told her.

With an oath he flung the portrait into the fire-place. It fell with a crash as the glass and frame were shattered on the tiles; then he stretched out his hands towards her.

"Yes, my wife. Decima, you know now why I can not marry you. I am married already."

"No—no!" she put up her hands to her ears as if to shut out the words.

"It is true!" he said, hoarsely, with a calm more terrible than any violence. "I am married to—that woman whose portrait lies there. That—is why I can not marry you. Listen—for God's sake, don't shrink from me!" for as he had taken a step toward her she had drawn back with a gesture of denial.

"Your wife! Then—then it is not I you love—you can not! It is she!"

"Love her?" He laughed with fierce bitterness. "You don't know what you say. Love? I hate, I loathe her!"

A cry broke from her lips.

"But she is your wife."

He made a gesture of despair. How could he tell her, make her understand?

"Decima, she is my wife, but I hate her! No man with a spark of manhood could do otherwise. Child, listen—don't shrink from me. Don't—don't look so, or I shall go mad. She is a bad, worthless woman. I left her. I have not seen her for years. She is nothing to me; nothing—nothing. Don't you understand. But that she is my wife I should have told you of my love long, long ago. Ah, that you understand. Come to me. Child, have pity!"

He knelt to her, and drew her hands from her face. She yielded, or rather, she did not resist, but her eyes were fixed vacantly above his head, as if she were trying to understand—and to bear—the truth.

"Decima, now that you know, you will not turn from me?"

"Your wife!" She drew one hand from his grasp and pressed it against her forehead with a piteous little gesture of helplessness and despair. "Oh, why—why did you not tell me? Your wife!"

"Don't—don't repeat it!" he cried. "Try—try and forget it. Decima, you—you will not desert me; you will not draw back? I can not live without you! If you turn from me—"

He rose and caught her in his arms, for she had swayed to and fro, as if she were about to fall. But his touch seemed to give her strength to resist him, and after a moment—a moment during which he looked into her eyes—she recovered from the terrible faintness and drew herself from his arms.

"Let—let me go! ah, let me go!" she panted. "I will go! I want to go! Your wife!"

"You shall not go until you have heard me!" he said, fiercely. "Child, you don't understand, or you would not torture me. Sit down!"

"No, no!"

"Ah, but you must! You must listen, Decima—"

She stood, her hands clasped tightly, her face upraised, her eyes fixed on vacancy; and her despair almost drove him mad.

"Decima," he began again; then suddenly he stopped. There was a sound in the corridor. A voice, a woman's voice, said in clear, metallic tones:

"Thanks; don't trouble. I know the way. I will go in and wait until he comes in."

At the sound of the voice Gaunt started and looked over his shoulder, as if his senses were playing some fiendish trick on him.

Decima heard the voice, the words, but she did not move.

"Oh! it is she!" broke from his white lips.

He caught Decima's arm, but stood as if paralyzed for a moment; then he said in a hoarse whisper:

"Go—that room!" and dashing open the door, half led, half dragged her into the adjoining room. Then he closed the door and stood with his back to it, and—waited!

CHAPTER XXV.

It was the long arm of Coincidence—guided by Morgan Thorpe's cunning—which had led Laura to Prince's Mansions that night of all nights.

Three days before there had been a little dinner at Cardigan Terrace. It was like all the other dinners, perfect of menu and cozy of character, and, as usual, Trevor and Bobby were the only guests.

Now Bobby had come back from Leafmore with a good resolution. He would see no more of Morgan Thorpe and Laura—for, alas! it was as "Laura" he had habitually thought of her, and not seldom addressed her, so far had poor Bobby gone. Bobby made this resolve firmly—surely, that grim road to the infernal regions, which is constructed of good resolutions, must be the most endurable ever imagined, more endurable than stone, more slippery than asphalt—and he meant to stick to it. But the morning after his resolve, behold! Mr. Morgan Thorpe, arrayed in faultless attire, entered Gaunt's rooms, and greeted Bobby as if he were a long-lost brother suddenly returned.

"My dear boy," he exclaimed, "where have you been? I called the other night, and was filled with alarm when they told me that you had left London. I feared that you had fled from us for good." Which, though he did not intend, was a particularly accurate way of putting it. "I was quite cut up, I assure you, and as to Laura—" He paused and smiled at Bobby. "Well, perhaps I'd better not say how my news affected her. Mustn't tell tales out of school, eh, Deane?"

He leaned forward and touched Bobby on the knee, and Bobby grew red and hot.

"I—I had a wire from home, and had to run down suddenly."

Morgan Thorpe glanced at him sharply.

"No bad news, I trust?" he said.

"No," replied Bobby, after a moment's hesitation. "At least—well, something had gone wrong—some business; but it's all right now."

"I'm glad to hear it. I was afraid one of your people was ill," said Mr. Morgan Thorpe, with charming sympathy. "And I'm glad you are back. We missed you, my dear Deane, though you were away for so short a time. Trevor came and dined with us, but—well, Trevor is a decent good fellow, but he didn't compensate us for your absence. I never saw Laura so triste and dull. You really must come round soon. What do you say to dining with us to-morrow night?"

Bobby's good resolution rose and looked at him sternly, and, still more red and uncomfortable, he stammered an excuse.

"Engaged! I'm sorry, and I'm sure Laura will be. Well, we'll hope for another night. What are you going to do this afternoon? Drop in at the club and have a quiet shell out with Trevor and me."

What could Bobby say? It would have been extremely difficult for him to remark: "Look here, Thorpe, I've made a mental vow to cut you, therefore—get out!" What young man of Bobby's age and temperament could have done that? Oh, parents and guardians, when you are inclined to be hard on your erring sons and wards, I pray you remember your own youth and the temptations thereof!

"All right," he said; but there was another pause of hesitation, which, be sure, did not escape the wily tempter's notice.

"Half a moment," said Bobby, as his visitor rose to leave. "I'll—I'll take up those I.O.U.'s, Thorpe. I've got some on!" He went to the bureau of inlaid satin-wood and took out his check-book; but Morgan Thorpe waved his hand with delightful indifference.

"No need to bother about that just now, my dear Deane," he said. "Besides, I haven't the I.O.U.'s with me." They were in his pocket at that moment, of course. "And dashed if I remember what I did with them. They're at home somewhere, I dare say. Bring the check next time you come and dine with us."

Again, what could Bobby do? He could scarcely force the check upon Mr. Thorpe.

"All right," he said again. "But—but, Thorpe, I wanted to tell you—" He colored again, but the old Bobby asserted itself, and he looked Thorpe in the face squarely, and as he did so, there was an expression in his face which was singularly like that of Decima's.

"What is it, my dear boy?"

"Oh, only this; that I've made up my mind to cut cards for the future. The fact is—well, my governor has lost some money, and I can't afford—"

Morgan Thorpe seized his hand.

"My dear Deane, I'm delighted to hear you say that—not that your father has lost money, but that you are going to cut cards. It's strange, but I was just going to ask you if you'd mind my giving you a word of advice, of warning. I was going to ask you if you'd drop gambling. I was indeed! It was on the tip of my tongue. To tell you the truth, Laura and I have been—now, you won't mind, you won't think us intrusive and impertinent, I hope, Deane—"

"No, no," said Bobby. "Go on."

"—Well, we've been thinking about you—she is always ready to talk about you, you know. You must know that she—well, takes a great interest in you, and she begged me to ask you not to play."

Bobby felt so grateful, so touched by the beautiful woman's goodness and care for him that he could not speak.

"And I promised her that I would. If I had not done so, she would have spoken to you herself. I'm convinced she would. Ah, I assure you, the dear girl has plenty of pluck when she has resolved upon doing the right thing, when she is convinced that a duty lies before her."

"I—I am very grateful; it is very good of Mrs. Dalton to think of me, to care," stammered Bobby.

"She does care, I assure you; cares very much." Mr. Morgan Thorpe nodded gravely, almost solemnly. "She takes a great interest in you. As a rule, Laura is very chary of making friends. She has suffered a great deal, poor girl! and suffering hardens us—hardens us, my dear Deane. And I have never known her to come out of her shell, so to speak, as she has done with you. But about the cards, my dear fellow. You are not offended?"

"Not a bit," said Bobby, cheerfully. "The fact is, I ought not to have gone in for play, and—well I'm going to cut it now."

"I can't tell you how delighted I am to hear you say so," said Mr. Morgan Thorpe again. "I'm a bad hand at preaching, and I don't set up for a Puritan or a moralist—"

Bobby grinned.

"But I don't mind telling you, Deane, that if I had my time to come over again, I'd never touch a card or put a penny on a horse. They talk of the evils of drink. By the Lord Harry! I've seen more young fellows go under through cards and betting than ever were 'downed' by liquor. Why, I could give you instances by the score. And take my own case. In confidence, my dear Deane, I may tell you that Morgan Thorpe would have been in a very different position from the lowly one which he now occupies if he had made the resolution which you have just now so nobly made—and stuck to it."

"Why don't you chuck 'em now?" asked Bobby, with all the verdant innocence of youth.

Mr. Morgan Thorpe did not smile—which proves under what perfect control he held his facial expression.

"Ah, my dear boy, it is too late for me, alas! Some of us are born gamblers. It's in my blood, in my blood, my dear Deane. And poor Trevor's got the taint, too. Take the cards away from him and me, and we should go hang ourselves. It's too late for both of us. That's why I am so glad and relieved to hear that you are going to drop it. And Laura—well, it will be the best news I can take her. You'll come and see her, dine with us soon, Deane?"

"Yes," said Bobby, stifling a sigh as his good resolution went up the chimney with a moan of reproach and farewell.

"That's all right. So long!"

Mr. Morgan Thorpe paused at the door and looked round.

"Delightful rooms, these of yours. Always strike me whenever I come into them. Lord—what is his name—still at that place in the country?"

"No," said Bobby. "He has gone."

Morgan Thorpe stopped, with his hand on the handle of the door.

"Gone, eh? Where? Gone for good?"

Bobby shook his head rather sadly.

"I don't know. He left Leafmore suddenly, and no one knows his whereabouts. I'm half inclined to think that he has gone to Africa."

"To Africa?" A faint expression of relief shot for a moment into Morgan Thorpe's frank blue eyes. "Really? Well, he might go to a worse place. He'll escape the coming winter."

With another nod and smile he took his departure.

The expression of relief grew more open as he walked away. For Mr. Morgan Thorpe had had an anxious time of it while in London. He had bargained with Gaunt to keep his wife out of England; but Morgan Thorpe, while making the bargain, had forgotten that his sister possessed that extremely inconvenient thing, a will of her own.

And the divine Laura had not only declined to remain at Vevey, or remove to Paris, but had insisted upon going to London.

He had not dared to oppose her, for she would have grown suspicious; and when the divine Laura was suspicious—well, Morgan Thorpe's life was not an easy one.

So he had been obliged to let her come, and had spent some part of his days in fear and trembling lest he should run up against Gaunt, and so, in a moment, lose his annuity.

But chance had favored him, hitherto, and Gaunt had not seen Laura.

"Gone to Africa?" he mused, as he walked clubward, with a pleasant smile on his pleasant open face, as he smoked a choice Havana. "Well, he may have done so, and my luck may still be with me; but, on the other hand, he may not, and may turn up at any moment. My dear Laura, you will have to clear out. Yes, I shall have to move you. But how?" He pondered for a time, then he smiled. "If we are going, we may as well make a little coup before we start. A sort of spoiling the Egyptians. I'll talk it over with her. Her brain's better than mine at that kind of thing."

In which Mr. Morgan Thorpe scarcely did himself justice, for it would have been difficult to find a sharper or more astute scoundrel than himself, even in London, where sharp and astute scoundrels abound and flourish.

Three days afterward Bobby received a dainty little note—emitting the peculiar scent—from Mrs. Dalton.

Why did he not come to see her? Had she offended him? If so, why did he not tell her what she had said or done amiss? And would he come to dinner on Monday and give her an opportunity of explaining and begging his pardon?

So ran the note, prettily worded, and written in a thin Italian hand.

There was only one answer possible. Bobby wrote and said that he wou'd come and tell her that in no way had she offended him, and that she had always been all that was kind and gracious.

And he went. She was alone when he entered the drawing-room, and she received him with a half-sad, half-reproachful air. She was beautifully dressed, had "made up" a little pale, her black eyes, which, as she had heard his voice outside, had shone with contempt and boredom, now beamed upon him softly, almost tenderly.

"I thought you were never coming, that I—we—should never see you again," she murmured. "Come and sit beside me and tell me what is the matter." She touched a chair near the fire and beside her own, and Bobby dropped into it, feeling as if he had been the cruelest and most hard-hearted of young men.

"Morgan has told me that you are going to give up cards. I am so glad!" she said, after Bobby had assured her that there was nothing the matter and that he had not been able to come because he had been "busy." "Oh, pray, pray, keep to that! I have seen so much misery through gambling, and I do hate it so! Besides," she added, with an air of innocence which would have done credit to a first-class actress, "you will be able to sit and talk to me while they are playing, for, of course, Morgan and Mr. Trevor will play."

And in this way she talked to him, closing Conscience to rest, and the beautiful, bewitching face blotted out all remembrance of his resolve not to see her again.

Then Trevor came in.

He scowled at Bobby as he nodded to him.

"Thought you'd gone into the country or abroad," he said, coldly. "Deuced cold." He gave a little shudder as he drew nearer the fire. His face was pale—it had the pallor of the red-headed man—and his eyelids were swollen and inflamed. It struck Bobby that Trevor had been drinking heavily, and Laura shot a glance at him as he stood gazing moodily at the fire.

Presently Morgan Thorpe came in.

"My dear Deane, Trevor, forgive me! I am late," he said, with his charming smile. "Trevor, how well and fit your look!"

Trevor glowered at him sullenly.

"Do I? Then my looks belie me, for I feel anything but fit. It's this beastly cold weather coming in so suddenly."

"Your dinner will put you right," said Morgan Thorpe, brightly; "and there's the bell."

As Laura rose, Trevor bent over her.

"Let that cub go first to-night," he said. "I'll stay after him; I want to speak to you."

She made a motion of assent, and smiled up at him, sweetly, confidingly.

Thorpe was in the best and brightest of humors, and once or twice Bobby thought what that resolution would have cost him if he had stuck to it. They were such pleasant people, the Thorpes; and Laura—was an angel.

Trevor drank a great deal—as usual—through his dinner, and Thorpe plied him assiduously with "the cards wives;" and after a time his face grew flushed, and the sombre fire burned in his eyes.

They went into the drawing-room, where—as usual—Laura was playing softly on the piano, and Bobby went and sat down beside her and turned over the music.

Morgan Thorpe opened out the card-table.

"Do you play to-night, Deane?" he asked.

Bobby shook his head.

"Not to-night," he said, reddening.

Laura's left hand stole out toward him encouraging, sympathetically.

"Why not?" demanded Trevor, looking across at him with surprise.

"Can't afford it," said Bobby, with a touch of his old spirit.

Trevor sneered.

"That's a reason no one can meet," he said, with a sneer. "Go on, Thorpe."

Bobby flushed still more hotly; but the small hand sought, and found, and pressed his.

The play went on; Bobby remained beside the piano, or sat in a chair close—very close—beside Laura's near the fire. They talked in a low voice, which, low though it was seemed to annoy and irritate Trevor, and once he turned toward them fiercely, and demanded:

"What on earth are you two whispering and mumbling about?"

Laura laughed softly.

"Mr. Deane is telling me about his coach, his crammer; he must be such a funny man! Are you winning or losing, Mr. Trevor? The former, I hope. Why don't you give up cards, and come and sit round the fire like good Mr. Deane and me?"

He swore under his breath.

"Losing," he said.

She turned to the fire again, and the play went on.

Half an hour later Mr. Thorpe said, affectionately:

"Laura, my dear, will you give us a little champagne?"

(To be continued.)

WHERE JONAH LIES.

Tomb in Which He Is Said to Have Been Buried.

The site of Nineveh is almost perfectly level; but adjoining the western wall are two huge mounds that conceal the palaces of the greatest kings of Nineveh. On the lower, or southern, mound stand a mosque and a village of considerable size, says a correspondent of the Christian Herald.

The village is named Nebi Yunus, or the Prophet Jonah, for the mosque contains the tomb in which Jonah is said to have been buried. The age of the tomb is uncertain, but it was probably built long after the Hebrew prophet's time. However, the place is now sacred, so sacred that pilgrims from afar visit it.

"I rode up the steep, narrow streets of the village to the mosque," writes the Herald's correspondent, "dismounted, and entered the yard. A crowd of excited Arabs quickly surrounded me. I explained to a priest that I had come to see the grave of Jonah, and with a motion of the hand, I made him understand that I should reward him. Removing my shoes, I followed the priest through a dark passageway.

"Then he pointed to a wall, and said the tomb was just beyond. I wished to enter the prayer-room, from which the tomb itself might be seen, but the place was considered far too sacred for my profane feet. The few Christians who have been permitted to see the tomb may look only through a small window into a dark chamber, in which a cloth-covered mound is barely discernible. It is said that no Moslem will enter the inner shrine."

"MY STOMACH IS FINE

Since Taking Na-Dru-Co Dyspepsia Tablets"

Mrs. J. Merkhuger, Waterloo, Ont., enthusiastically recommends Na-Dru-Co Dyspepsia Tablets. Her experience with them, as she outlines it, explains why.

"I was greatly troubled with my stomach", she writes. "I had taken so much medicine that I might say to take any more would only be making it worse. My stomach just felt raw. I read of Na-Dru-Co Dyspepsia Tablets, and a lady friend told me they were very easy to take, so I thought I would give them a trial and really they worked wonders. Anyone having anything wrong with his stomach should give Na-Dru-Co Dyspepsia Tablets a trial, they will do the rest. My stomach is fine now and I can eat any food."

One of the many good features of Na-Dru-Co Dyspepsia Tablets is that they are so pleasant and easy to take. The relief they give from heartburn, flatulence, biliousness and dyspepsia is prompt and permanent. Try one after each meal—they'll make you feel like a new person.

50c. a box at your druggist's compounded by the National Drug and Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited, Montreal. 143

SIR HUGH'S EARLY DAYS.

The present distinction of Sir Hugh Graham as a newspaper proprietor, with a fortune said to be several millions to his personal credit, stands in strange contrast to the circumstances of his early years. Those who have followed his business career from the beginning describe the heart-rending months when the first edition of the Montreal Star were run off in a cellar. The press was none too satisfactory in its performances, and breakdowns were frequent. So pinched were Mr. Graham's finances in those days that he was unable to afford a steam boiler of his own,

Sir Hugh Graham.

and arranged with his next door neighbor to run a pipe through the wall and suppily him enough to keep an old steam engine moving at press time. The small payment for the steam often fell behind, and, it is said, Mr. Graham day after day would watch the coppers coming in from the newsboys until they grew into an amount sufficient to pay for the steam when he carefully wrapped them in his handkerchief and bore them off to the hungry neighbor.

Women carry a beautiful hand with them to the grave, when a beautiful face has long ago vanished, and ceased to enchant.

It is easy to do less than your best; it is impossible to do more, and yet you must try to do more, always more, even to the end.

The law of the harvest is to reap more than you sow. Sow an act and you reap a habit; sow a habit and you reap a character; sow a character and you reap a destiny.

"Father, what is meant by bankruptcy?" "Bankruptcy is when you put your money in your hip pocket and let your creditors take your coat."

"And so you think that some birds and animals commit suicide?" "Certainly! Why, I had a canary once that escaped from its cage and jumped out of the window."

Na-Dru-Co Laxatives are different in that they do not gripe, purge nor cause nausea, nor does continued use lessen their effectiveness. You can always depend on them. 25c. a box at your Druggist's. 178

National Drug and Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited.

Smell it! —just once!

You can shut your eyes and verily believe you are breathing the delicate fragrance from a bunch of fresh sweet violets, so perfectly have we caught the real odor of violets in Jergens Violet Glycerine Soap.

But this is not all. We have caught, too, the beautiful green of fresh violet leaves, yet kept this soap so crystal clear you can see through it when you hold it to the light.

Ask your druggist for *Jergens* Violet Glycerine Soap today. 10c a cake. 3 cakes for 25c. Get a quarter's worth.

Jergens VIOLET Glycerine Soap

For sale by Canadian druggists from coast to coast, including Newfoundland.

For a sample cake, send 2c stamp to the Andrew Jergens Co. Ltd. 6 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.

HOME

Tested Recipes.

Rye-Date Bread.—To three pints of wheat sponge add two tablespoonfuls of brown sugar and one large tablespoonful of melted butter, then stir stiff with rye flour, and add as many washed and stoned dates as you like. Let rise and bake.

Way to Prepare Ham.—Trim a slice of ham about one inch thick and place it in a covered baking dish. Over this pour one cup of vinegar, one level tablespoon of dry mustard, and two tablespoons of brown sugar, mix together. If the vinegar is strong dilute with water. Cover closely and bake three-quarters of an hour. Then uncover and brown for about ten minutes.

Oatmeal Cookies. — One cupful sugar, one cupful flour, one cupful raisins, seedless; scant one-half cupful butter, two cupfuls rolled oats, one-half teaspoonful salt, one teaspoonful cinnamon, three-fourths teaspoonful baking soda, dissolved in a little warm water; two eggs well beaten. Mix the sugar, eggs, and butter, then add the flour and oats, and then the rest of the ingredients. Flour raisins well. Drop dough from spoon on buttered tins about one and one-half inches apart.

Way to Use Onions.—Take new green onions, cut them off, that they be as long as asparagus, throw scalding water on them, let stand, while they drain, cover with cold water, boil one-half hour, then drain again, covering with cold water again, boil until tender, drain, and dress with vinegar weakened with water, butter, a tablespoon of flour, salt and pepper. You will have a fine dish, as good as asparagus. This is a saving dish, because you can utilize all the onions. Can also be served with cream dressing. Delicious dish to eat with hot biscuits or toast for lunch.

Boiled Icing for Cake.—One cup granulated sugar and four tablespoons cold water, placed in a porcelain or granite saucepan. Do not stir, but shake the pan gently till all the sugar is moistened. Place over a moderate fire and bring to the boiling point. Boil briskly for three minutes and remove from the fire. In a pint bowl beat to a stiff foam the white of one egg. Slowly pour the boiling sugar into the bowl, beating the foam continuously with a spoon. You will be surprised to find the mixture fluffing up and filling the bowl. Continue beating until the icing is smooth and shiny, then pour it upon the cake and smooth with a knife. This icing hardens upon the surface, while below it remains creamy and delicious.

Doughnuts.—Two cups flour, one-half teaspoon salt, one-half tablespoon butter, one-half cup sour milk, three-fourths teaspoon soda, one teaspoon cream of tartar, three-fourths cup sugar, one egg, one-half teaspoon nutmeg. Sift flour with the salt, sugar, cream of tartar soda, and nutmeg. Beat the egg and add it to the milk. Work the butter into the sifted ingredients and then add the milk and egg. Roll out one-half inch thick, cut out with a doughnut cutter, and fry in deep fat.

Uses of Paper in the Kitchen.

It is not always the expensive utensil that makes kitchen efficiency possible, the commonest little article often being of greatest assistance; at the same time they are easy to use, necessitating but little cleaning and costing next to nothing.

Probably there is no single article of such use to the housewife as a piece of paper or a paper bag. From the humble newspaper to the fresh rolls of waxed paper in the shops, it is an indispensable adjunct to the dainty kitchen. Often the task of cleaning chicken or game is magnified by the thought of a messy molding board. If several folds of newspaper are laid upon it the cleaning may be quickly accomplished, the first layer with the entrails being quickly disposed of, while the second and third can be rolled up and put out of sight as soon as soiled. When the cleaning has been done pieces of the paper may be rolled up, lighted and used to singe the bird. If rolled fairly tight one or two rolls will be sufficient to cover the whole fowl—a much more satisfactory method than the old one of singeing over the fire. After the singeing has been done the bird is usually washed and then drained. It may then be dried upon several folds of brown paper and the stuffing and trussing be done in the same place. In this way there can be no muss. Fish, also, may be cleaned on papers, and if boning is to be done there is no better working surface. Much of the dislike of cleaning fish hinges on the muss that is created, while if it can be quickly removed all distaste disappears. After meat or fish has been washed for the last time, however, newspaper should not be used next to it, because of the ink, a piece of manila paper being substituted instead.

Whereas, the paper wrapping of bundles may be used in many ways, they should never be used when they are to come in direct contact with food. In lining cake-pans, for instance, there is nothing so acceptable as a fresh piece of manila paper. It is an excellent plan to keep in the pantry a box of papers cut to fit the various pans. These may be kept together with clips or rubber bands. Then a lining is always ready, and it is never necessary to leave the cake at a critical moment to prepare one. It takes no more time to cut a dozen linings than it does one if the kitchen scissors are used. Another little help consists of small squares of paper cut for oiling tins. The pastry brush has a mission, but most women prefer to oil their pans with the traditionary bit of paper. Many a precious moment is lost in searching, the paper finally being torn from any near-by bag or package. If a box or basketful is hung on a hook close by the cooking table, these bits of paper are always at hand—and the kindergarten baby loves to cut them.

The dishwashing alone consumes a large part of the housewife's time, while if she could only learn to reduce the number of dishes, she could gain considerable leisure for other things. Again, the friendly piece of paper comes to her aid. In baking, it is usually customary to sift the flour and measure out the sugar into bowls; if a smooth piece of manila paper is used instead, it will not only save many a dish, but it is more convenient. These papers may be used again and again, and if tucked away within reach of the kitchen cabinet are always ready. The housewife frequently pares her potatoes and other vegetables into a clean pan or the sink. In the former case she has the pan to wash, in the latter the sink to clean, while if she sits down, a newspaper in her lap, it will hold all the parings. The problem of the frying kettle and other greasy utensils makes dishwashing a horror to many women. If the utensils are wiped out with a swab of paper, a large part of the grease is absorbed and the dishwashing greatly simplified. It is an easy matter to wash the dishes, scale them and leave them to drain dry if one has a special drainer and a sink large enough to hold it. In case one has not, thick folds of newspaper may be spread upon the table or set tubs, and the dishes scalded and packed one by one upon the paper to drain. A country housekeeper owes her daily nap and recovered health to this simple arrangement. In cleaning milk or other bottles, bits of newspaper, with a good soap solution and a vigorous shaking, will usually accomplish quick results. Again, the garbage can may be kept sweet and clean if lined with paper each day after emptying. If this is done, two or three scaldings a week will keep it sanitary.

Fried foods disagree with many, because they are improperly drained. A generous piece of manila paper, crumpled into little ridges, acts as an efficient drain to all croquettes, doughnuts, fritters and bacon. If the fritters are laid flat, the same effect is not brought about, because in that case only part of the food is drained. Whipped cream for the Sunday night supper is always hard to prepare, unless one owns a cream churn. But again the sheet of paper. In this case it should be large enough to extend several inches beyond the bowl. In the centre it should be slit in the shape of a Maltese cross, to permit the insertion of the egg beater, set over the bowl, and the cream may be whipped without danger of spattering the best dress. This same method is of use in beating fruit whips or salad dressings or custards that have curdled. Ordinary brown paper bags are useful for drying bread and vegetables (like celery tips), keeping them from dust and germs. They may also be put over the mouth of the food chopper when grinding crackers or dry bread, collecting the crumbs as fast as they fall from the knife and preventing scattering over the floor or table.

MOST PERFECT MADE

THE INCREASED NUTRITIOUS VALUE OF BREAD MADE IN THE HOME WITH ROYAL YEAST CAKES SHOULD BE SUFFICIENT INCENTIVE TO THE CAREFUL HOUSEWIFE TO GIVE THIS IMPORTANT FOOD ITEM THE ATTENTION TO WHICH IT IS JUSTLY ENTITLED.

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HOW TO ENJOY LIFE.

Agreeable Companionships Made in Man's Daily Work.

Should a man look upon his bread earning as an unwelcome task, to be hurried and done with confusion and at the risk of his health, with the hope of reaching an early period of retirement when he may do what he will and really "enjoy life?" But suppose a man can hope to retire at an early period and live thereafter without gaining work, is he justified in regarding whatever respectable occupation he has as a bore or as merely a method of earning enough money to retire on? And, if he so regards it, is he likely to enjoy his retirement? He will make a very doubtful experiment. Whatever a man does during his active period he ought to do with such orderliness and thoroughness as to get from his daily and monthly and yearly labor the pleasure that comes from doing his task well and the additional pleasure of so doing it that he performs a real service. To do anything wholly for the money it brings is not to do it well enough. And those men who contract the habit of working wholly for the money are likely thereby to unfit themselves for the enjoyment of a period of retirement; for the right-minded man makes agreeable companionships in his daily work, he finds problems that call for all his brain and character—for endurance, for fair judgment, for just dealing, for doing as he would be done by; and all these are the very warp and woof of successful living. The kind of man to retire from money earning labor with the hope of really enjoying life is the man who has really enjoyed life during his period of hardest work. And you will deceive yourself if you imagine that in idleness you will develop virtues or a capacity for sensible enjoyment that you did not have during your working days.—World's Work.

To Date.

Peter, Peter, punkin eater,
Bought and used a carpet beater.
Now the doctor's down the street,
Beating microbes out of Pete.

How He Knew.

Bix—You say that money is hard to collect. How do you know that? Have you ever tried and failed?

Dix—No; but a number of persons have tried to collect from me.

Medical Advice.

"Doctor, how can I prevent my husband from talking in his sleep?"

"Well, you might try giving him few opportunities in the daytime."

Lady (at piano)—They say you love good music. Youth—Oh, that doesn't matter. Pray go on.

You cannot afford brain-befogging headaches.

NA-DRU-CO Headache Wafers

stop them in quick time and clear your head. They do not contain either phenacetin, acetanilid, morphine, opium or any other dangerous drug. 25c. a box at your Druggist's. 121

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NA-DRU-CO Tasteless Preparation of Cod Liver Oil

Prevents Sickness

Are you one of those thousands who, though apparently well, catch cold easily and often? It's a dangerous condition to tolerate, and one which you can easily prevent by taking two or three bottles of Na-Dru-Co Tasteless Preparation of Cod Liver Oil at once—this Fall.

This pleasant-tasting food-tonic gives tone and vigor to the whole system, and so strengthens lungs and bronchial tubes that they readily throw off the colds which would otherwise take hold of you.

Restores Health

By virtue of its remarkable combination of curative and nutritive properties, Na-Dru-Co Tasteless Cod Liver Oil is one of the very best remedies known for chronic coughs and colds, bronchitis, asthma and catarrh. It is also an excellent reconstructive tonic after fevers, and in diseases such as scrofula and rickets, which are due to constitutional weakness.

Prove its worth by getting a 50c. or $1.00 bottle from your Druggist. 311

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