Crown Brand Corn Syrup

A delicious, wholesome food that is within the reach of every purse! That is Crown Brand Corn Syrup. ¶ The best thing about it is that it makes plainer foods more appreciated. The strongest recommendation to thrifty housewives. ¶ For sweetening and flavoring pies, puddings and cakes it is excellent. It makes most delicious candies and taffy. Children love it on bread and it is delicious to serve with griddle cakes and fritters. ¶ Hundreds of dainty dishes that cost very little can be made with Crown Brand Corn Syrup.

CROWN BRAND FUDGE

2 Pounds of Crown Brand Syrup.
4 Pounds of Granulated Sugar
1 Cup of Milk.
One-half Cup of Butter
1 Ounce of Chocolate.
1 Teaspoonful Vanilla.

Put syrup, sugar, milk, butter and chocolate over a slow fire until the chocolate is melted, boil briskly for about 10 minutes or until it forms a soft ball in cold water. Add Vanilla and beat until the mixture has a grained appearance. Turn into buttered pans and mark into squares before it gets cold.

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Her Great Love;

Or, A Struggle For a Heart

CHAPTER XLIII.

A week later Gaunt was lying on his bed in his room at the Hall. It was the room in which his father, his grandfather—and how many generations of Gaunts!—had been born and had died. It was a bright and sunny day, but the blinds were drawn, and the nurse and the doctor spoke in whispers as they stood by the bed, and looked at the scorched and maimed figure lying so still and helplessly upon it.

Gaunt opened his eyes, and looked from one to the other. He was very thin, and felt as weak as a baby. He tried to move his arm, but with a dull kind of surprise found that he could not do it. Both arms were bound in splints and wadding; he was swathed, so to speak, in cotton and wool, and felt and looked like a mummy.

Across his chest and about his arms was a stinging, aching pain which puzzled him. For a moment he thought he was in Africa, and wounded by an assegai, and as he looked at the doctor, he said in the thin tones of extreme weakness, and yet with a smile:

"What's happened? Have they beaten us?"

The doctor didn't understand him; but he laid a soothing hand on the hot brow.

"Better, I hope, my lord?" he said.

Gaunt tried to nod, but his head was as heavy as lead, and he felt as if even his tongue was burned with the rest of him.

"Have I been ill? Where am I? Ah, yes! Is—is she safe?"

The nurse—she was a woman of the village who had been through one of the London hospitals, and happening to be home for a holiday, had begged to be permitted to nurse him—the nurse understood.

"Yes, my lord," she said. "Miss Deane's all right. Quite right!"

Gaunt again tried to nod.

"Thank God!" he murmured to himself. "Have I been bad long?" he asked.

"It's a week since the fire," said the doctor. "You have not been quite conscious since then."

Gaunt tried to glance at his swollen and imprisoned arms.

"What is the matter with me?"

The doctor knew he man, and did not evade the question.

"One arm broken," he said cheerfully, "and the other burned; in fact, you are scorched and burned pretty liberally."

The Gaunt, yes, I remember!" said Gaunt. "It was a bad fire. Any—any lives lost? Miss Deane is not hurt—is?"

"Miss Deane is all right, thanks to you," said the doctor, with a slight catch in his voice. "No, there were no lives lost. Mr. Deane nearly came to grief. He was anxious to rescue some invention model or other—and ran into the house after it, but the men dragged him out, and he was not burned."

Gaunt nodded.

"I'm glad. How—how did it occur?"

The doctor shrugged his shoulders.

"Something caught fire and exploded. Some preparation of Mr. Deane's, I believe, ironically, "that it was the compound which he was inventing for the extinction of fire."

Gaunt smiled.

"And they're all safe? The servants and all?"

"Yes; quite safe. You are the only one who has suffered."

"That's all right," said Gaunt, with quiet satisfaction. "I fell from the ladder, I suppose? I remember now. I'm rather shaky."

The nurse gave him some water.

"Thanks. The house—The Woodbines—must be rebuilt. I should like to see it rebuilt as soon as possible, and as much like the old one."

"Plenty of time for that, my lord," said the doctor. "We must not let you worry yourself about that or anything else at present. Are you in any pain?"

"Nothing to speak of," said Gaunt, though the aching of the burned muscles made him catch his breath even as he spoke. "I suppose I shall pull through?" he asked, quietly.

The doctor smiled, but it was an uncertain and painfully professional smile.

"I hope so, my lord," he said.

Gaunt looked at him calmly but searchingly.

"There's a doubt, eh?" he said. "Well, I am sure you will do your best, doctor." He was silent for a minute or so; then he said with an affectation of indifference: "I've been unconscious, haven't I?"

"This is the first time you have been really conscious," said the doctor.

"Yes! I—I fancied—you know—how one fancies things when one is off one's head—that there was some one else here beside you, two. Thank you, nurse; that's more comfortable!"

The nurse had raised the pillows slightly. The nurse and the doctor exchanged glances, and it was she who spoke.

"It wasn't fancy only, my lord. Miss Deane has been to see you; in fact—" She hesitated, but Gaunt's eyes were fixed on her, and she went on. "Well, she did say that we were not to tell you, my lord, but Miss Deane has been here all the time helping to nurse you."

A slight flush rose to the white face.

"I thought so," he said, quietly. "Any one else been here?"

"Mr. Bright, and Mr. Robert, Miss Deane's brother," said the nurse. "He came down from Sandhurst. He's downstairs now."

"Is he?" said Gaunt. "I should like to see him."

"Not just at present. Later in the day; after you have had some sleep," said the doctor, decidedly.

Gaunt nodded and closed his eyes.

"Very well," he said; "I'm under orders and must obey."

He slept, or seemed to sleep, for about an hour, then he opened his eyes.

"Ask Mr. Robert to come up," he said to the nurse; and Bobby entered the room.

"Ah, Bobby, how are you?" said Gaunt. "Sorry I can't shake hands. How is your sister?"

Bobby bent over the white, wasted face with its scorched hair and too brilliant eyes.

"Decima's all right," he said. "She's—she's downcastiffe."

There was a suspicious moisture in Bobby's bright eyes.

"I—she—I want to thank you, Lord Gaunt!" he stammered; but Gaunt cut him short.

"That's all right, Bobby. All's well that ends well. She's safe—and not hurt, they tell me. And that's the principal thing. We'll build up the house again. A spasm of agony silenced him for a moment, but he still smiled. "And—and we must persuade your father to drop the fire extinguishing business. And how do you like Sandhurst? Tell me all about it."

But Bobby could not talk of himself or Sandhurst.

"You saved her life," he said, brokenly.

"Why not?" asked Gaunt, with a quiet smile. "Wouldn't you have done the same? Very well, then. How well you are looking! Nice place, Sandhurst! We shall see you a general, commanding one of her majesty's regiments presently, Bobby." His voice broke, for another spasm of pain had caught hold of him. "I—I want to send a message to your sister. Tell her—Are you listening? I want you to remember the exact words, please. Tell her that I'm not in the least pain. Don't forget."

Bobby nodded and went away. He could not have spoken to save his life.

The doctor came up to the bedside and Gaunt smiled up at him. "Am I going to die, doctor?" he asked, coolly. "There's a funny feeling about my heart."

The doctor grew grave and bent his ear to Gaunt's breast.

"It's the shock," he said, under his breath. "You were very badly burned, Lord Gaunt."

"I know," said Gaunt. "I asked you because, if you think there is a chance of my joining the majority, I—I—well, I should like to see Miss Deane."

The doctor was silent for a moment, then he said:

"I will tell her, my lord."

"Thanks," said Gaunt, cheerfully.

He lay quite still after the doctor had left the room, and the nurse watching him, thought he had gone to sleep; but when the door opened, Gaunt opened his eyes and a faint flush rose to his white face; for Decima had entered with the doctor. As she came to the side of the bed, Gaunt said:

"Will you two clear out for a few minutes?"

They went out, and Decima was alone with him.

She knelt beside the bed and looked at him. The light was waning, and he could not see the expression on her face, in her eyes; but her sweet presence thrilled through him.

"I—I wanted to see you, to thank you—" he said in a low voice.

She raised her eyes.

"To—to thank me—me!" she whispered.

"Yes," he said in a thin voice, which for all its feebleness had nothing morbid in it. "They have told me that you have helped to nurse me. This is so, isn't it? It was like you, Decima. You see, I call you Decima. You—you will not be offended, angry?"

She looked at him in speechless sorrow and anguish.

"I—I wanted to see you, to bid you—well, to wish you 'good-bye.' I'm afraid our friend, the doctor, doesn't think any great thing of me."

She hid her face in the coverlid for a moment, but raised it again and looked at him.

"And I wanted to ask you—to hear—Decima, do you think you can—that you can forgive me?"

She fought for calmness, prayed for it. She had been warned that she must not excite him.

"Forgive! You ask me that! You who—who have saved my life, who may be dying!"

"That's nothing," he said, quietly. "Any one—a fireman, at thirty shillings a week, would have done all I did, and less clumsily. That's—that's nonsense—" The pain caught hold of him and silenced him for a moment; then he went on: "I—I meant for what—what I said to you that night, for what I asked you to do, Decima."

"Yes, I—I forgive," she said.

"Thank you, dearest. You see, I take advantage of my situation. But, ah, Decima, you are dearest to me. I love—But I didn't mean to speak of that, Decima. I have heard of your engagement—"

She started slightly, but said nothing.

"I've heard of young Illminster. I knew his uncle; a good sort. I—I hope he'll make you a good husband, Decima. He's—he's a lucky young fellow. I—I should like to see him, but I don't suppose they'd let me. As if it mattered! And—and Decima, I've made a little will—" He smiled. "Don't be afraid, I've not left you anything worth speaking of. I know you'd only refuse it. No; only a trifle. Some pearls and things. You'll wear the diamondes on your wedding day. Promise, Decima!"

She was silent for a moment, then she said, almost inaudibly:

"I promise."

"Thanks! They—they were my mother's. This—this is rather a mournful business, and—and it may be absurd and grotesque too, for I may pull through after all, though I fancy not, for the doctor smiled, and when they smile—I've just seen Bobby. I've left him my guns and some other things. How dark it is getting, Decima! I can say this now, because—well, because you are going to marry young Illminster and be happy. Yes, be happy, dearest! That has always been my wish; just that you should be happy! God knows I have not helped you to happiness. My love hitherto has only made you wretched. God forgive me! But how I loved you!"

He drew a long breath and looked at her as if he were trying to impress her every feature upon his memory, that he might carry it with him wherever he was going.

"How I have loved you! Life is short, but one is as happy as one may. Life is short. Soon and yet not for a long time, I hope, dearest, you will cross the river that divides life from death, and we shall meet. We shall meet face to face, with hearts bare to each other's gaze, and then you will know how I have loved you."

He looked at her with a brave smile, but Decima could not see it for tears.

She bent over him.

"You are wrong," she breathed, scarcely knowing what she said. "Lord Illminster—he—I am not going to marry him. I am—not going to marry any one."

She wiped the tears from her eyes hastily, for they obscured her sight, and his face was precious to her.

"Not going to marry! Why not?" he asked in his thin voice. "Not marry Illminster? They told me—Why not?"

"Because—because—her voice broke, and her head bent lower—because I do not love him. I—I love some one else!"

Her head sank until her face was hidden upon his arm.

His eyes grew wider, and he frowned.

"Who is this some one else, Decima?" he said, slowly, for his pain had got hold upon him again.

"Can't—can't you tell?" she whispered. "Oh, my dearest—She cast aside her trembling shyness, and bent over him, love pouring from her eyes, vibrating in her voice. "Oh, don't you know? Did you think that I could cease to love you? Did you think that I should change—after? You know that I loved you. Do you think that I should not love you now—now that you have risked your life for me?"

"Decima!" she breathed, wondering, scarcely daring to think that he was awake and not dreaming.

"Yes; I love you," she breathed. "I have loved you all through—it was wicked, I know, but I can not help it! There is no one else! There could not be! You must not die! Ah, you must not, or I must die, too! I could not live without you, dearest! I could not, because I love you better than life itself!"

A light shone in Gaunt's eyes, his lips trembled. He tried to move, but he could not; he was bound and swathed too scientifically, sacredly.

"I—I can't move!" he exclaimed. "I—I can't put my arm round you! Oh, my love—my love!"

Blushing over face and neck, she put her arms round him and raised him to her bosom, and bent lower, and lower, until her lips touched his. And when they had thus touched, they clung with a kiss in which even her great love found expression.

* * * * * *

Her arms were still round him when the doctor came into the room, and she looked round with a strange look in her lovely eyes. It was the look which the lioness wears when she is protecting her cub, the mother when she holds her best beloved against her bosom and so dares Death itself.

The doctor looked at her and then at Gaunt.

"Has he fainted?" he asked in a grave whisper.

Decima held the dear head still closer—yet, how gently!—to her bosom.

"You—you had better go, my dear young lady," said the doctor, gravely.

But Gaunt opened his eyes.

"Let her stay, doctor!" he said, with a smile. "I'm not going to die. Men don't die when they have so much to live for, and I—well, I'm going to live!"

And he did.

Much to the surprise of the doctors, Gaunt "turned the corner" that day, soon became convalescent, and regained his health and all his old strength with remarkable rapidity.

As Lady Roborough remarked, "the Gaunts always did the unexpected;" and she added, to Decima, that this particular member of the family was the most obstinate of men.

"If he has made up his mind to live and make you happy, you may depend upon it he will do so."

He displayed his obstinacy, not only in getting well, but in the matter of an early marriage. Decima pleaded "for time," of course, but Gaunt would scarcely listen to the plea; and she was so grateful to him for not dying, that she yielded.

They were married within the month, and for a time, for nearly a year, in fact, disappeared from the sight, though not the memory, of their friends, and wandered about the Continent, far off the beaten tracks, staying at some little old-world town, or lingering beside one of the smaller Italian lakes whose shores the tourist has not yet troubled with his check suit and camera.

They ought to have been bored to death; but, strange to say, they were not. Their love had been tried in a very fiery furnace, and had stood a test even more severe than a prolonged honeymoon; and it was not because they were tired of wandering, or of each other, that at last, one day early in summer, they turned homeward.

That Leafmore was glad to see them goes without saying; and the people showed their delight at the return of "my lord and lady" in the usual way. There were triumphal arches, and a brass band, and the whole village turned out to meet and greet them, and escorted them to the Hall with cheers which drowned the music of the band. To those who know the power and volume of a country brass band this will convey a fairly accurate idea of the heartiness of the cheerers.

Having reached home, Gaunt and Decima would have liked to settle down into a life as closely resembling their quiet honeymoon as possible; but Decima was too wise to yield to the desire.

"Yes," she said, stifling a sigh, as she regarded the little heap of invitations which very soon appeared beside the breakfast plate, "we must go, of course. I must not forget that you do not belong to me altogether."

"Oh, indeed!" he said. "And to whom also do I belong, pray?"

"To these, and those, and these," she said, turning over the notes from the Boroughs and the Ferndales and the rest. "We must do our duty, dearest. Besides—"

She hesitated, and looked at him wistfully.

"Out with it," he said, with a smile. "I was thinking what a nice quiet time we would have down here, you and I; but if you've got an idea that it's your duty—duty with a capital D—to drag me into a round of dinner-parties, I'm quite certain that you'll do it. But go on. What were you going to remark?"

"I was going to say that I didn't want you to get tired of me—of living a sort of Darby and Joan existence."

Gaunt laughed with an affectation of mockery.

"My dear Decima, that's a little too thin. As if I didn't know that you are dying to gad about among these people and be petted and made much of; as if there were any special merit in being pretty to look at and having 'mouthy' ways which get over people."

She rose and put her arms round his neck and her finger on his lips.

"You'll have the servants come in and see you," he said, pretending to be alarmed.

"And if they do?" she retorted. "They all know I'm weak enough to be in love with you still."

They did the round of dinner parties, and, as Gaunt had prophesied, Decima was petted and made much of. In due course they returned the hospitality extended to them, and dinners, and dances, garden parties, and impromptu luncheons for a time "ruled firm" at Leafmore.

It was after one of these quiet luncheons, which was eaten in the dining-room and on the terrace indifferently, that Decima, who was seated on the lawn beside Lady Roborough and Aunt Pauline—that lady had long ago forgiven Gaunt, and had grown absurdly attached to him—saw a cab coming up the drive.

"Who are these, dear?" asked Lady Roborough. "More visitors? If so, it is to be hoped there is some lunch left."

"I don't know whom it can be," said Decima, looking at the middle-aged and rather nervous-looking lady, and the very pretty little girl who sat beside her in the carriage.

At this moment Gaunt, followed by Lord Ferndale and the other gentlemen, came down the terrace and joined the ladies.

"There is some one coming—who is it?" said Decima. Before she could finish, the girl in the carriage caught sight of Gaunt, jumped up, called to the driver to stop, and getting out, ran quickly across the lawn and seized Gaunt's hand with a cry of innocent delight.

Gaunt looked down at her for an instant or two in doubt and uncertainty, then he too cried out, and as delightedly:

"Why, Maude! Is it possible?"

"Yes," she responded, clinging to his hand, and nodding at him and then back at her mother, who was following more slowly and timidly. "And you are glad to see me? You don't mind my coming, do you?"

"Glad! I should think so!" said Gaunt. "How do you do, Mrs. Watson?" he added, extending his hand to her mother.

"There, I said so!" exclaimed Maude. "Mamma said we ought not to come; that we ought to wait; that it wasn't good manners; but I knew you wouldn't mind, that you'd be glad to see me. And, oh, I did so want to see you!"

Gaunt, all aglow with pleasure, turned to Decima and the others.

"This is Mrs. Watson and little Maude, my fellow-passengers on the poor 'Pevensey Castle,' Decie—"

But Decie had guessed their identity before this, and had given an eager hand to the rather embarrassed lady.

"Oh, I am so glad to see you—so very glad!" said Decima, with "the Decima voice and smile," as Lady Roborough called it. "Oh, let her come to me, Edward!" she said, wistfully, and she drew the child to her eagerly.

"I ought to apologize for this—this intrusion," said Mrs. Watson, nervously; "but—but we are in England on a visit, and Maude insisted upon coming—"

"And you very properly and kindly yielded," said Gaunt, gratefully. "It was very kind of you; and if I tried I couldn't tell you how glad I—and my wife, this is my wife, Mrs. Watson—are to see you!"

"I said so, mother!" said Maude, nodding triumphantly.

"How well she looks!" said Gaunt, a few minutes later, and speaking in an undertone, so that Maude, who was the centre of a group of ladies, to whom she was trying to talk all at once, might not hear. Her mother's face flushed with gratitude and happiness.

"Yes; she is quite well. It was Africa. Oh, it is a wonderful country, and—and I can never be too thankful! She is all the world to me, Lord Gaunt. But if it had not been for you we should never have reached Africa, and Maude—"

"Mamma's trying to thank him," said Maude at that moment. "As if she could. Besides, he doesn't like being thanked; I know that."

"Come, Maude," said Mrs. Watson. "We will go now, Lady Gaunt."

"Indeed you will not!" said Decima, with gentle sternness. "You are not going for a long time, oh, a very long time; you are going to stay with us, are you not, Maude?"

Maude looked from Gaunt to Decima, then nodded and smiled ecstatically.

"Oh, yes, yes. Please, mamma," she said, beseechingly; and Gaunt rendered any discussion futile by sending for their luggage.

A little later, when the other guests had gone—with the exception of Lady Roborough, who was staying in the house—Decima and she were sitting at tea with Mrs. Watson on the terrace. Maude was on Gaunt's knee and Mrs. Watson was telling the other two ladies of the child's marvellous recovery.

"And how well you look—how well and strong!" Maude was saying to Gaunt. "We read all about the fire and what you did, and mamma said she was afraid you'd die; but I said no, that you were too strong. Do you remember how you used to life me, chair and all, and carry me—just as if I were a baby; like your dear little one in the nursery upstairs?"

"You're a very big baby now, Maude," remarked Gaunt.

"Yes; am I not? And I'm so strong, too. Oh, do you think I ought to have any more cake? Well, just this piece. What a pretty lady Lady Gaunt is!" she said, after a quiet munch.

"Yes; I think so too. I'm glad you agree with me."

"And how—how happy, how very happy she looks!" remarked Maude, contemplating Decima thoughtfully.

"Yes; I think she's fairly happy, Maude," he admitted. "I don't beat her very often. Yes, I think she's happy."

"I know why," said the child, with a quiet laugh.

Lady Roborough heard her and looked round.

"Because she hath 'His Great Love,'" she quoted to Gaunt.

Maude looked from one to the other, rather puzzled for a moment or so, then she smiled up at "aunt triumphantly, as if she had guessed the riddle.

"She means you!" she said, shrewdly.

THE END.

Home Helps.

A spoonful of whipped cream is a tasty addition to any cream soup. Add it to the top of the cup just before serving.

To remove odor of fish or onions from the frying pan, put in vinegar and heat until scalding, and then wash out.

All sauces except those having a chopped ingredient, such as parsley, should be strained before being sent to table.

In using ammonia to soften water put it in cool water instead of hot, as the latter would evaporate the ammonia.

While suet is quite fresh remove the skin, cut the suet into small pieces, and to every pound add a small teacupful of salt and half a pound of flour. Chop it fine, using as much flour as the suet will take up. In this way every particle is coated, and should keep good for a long time.

If milk or anything cooking on a range boils over, burns and smokes, the disagreeable smell can be prevented from going through the house by lifting the lid of the range slightly to one side and letting the smoke draw into the fire. Should the smell of burnt food permeate the house, immediately put vinegar on to boil, and the odor will be counteracted.

Wash your glassware in two waters if it becomes dusty, using an old toothbrush to clean places which are obstinate about becoming clear. If regularly used one water is sufficient. Pour a dishpan full of hot water, and wash the glass with a clean cloth, using plenty of good soap. Keep the water hot, and let the glass lie in it until hot also. Dry quickly on a dry, soft cloth. Soap is essential to secure clearness and brilliance. Every little crease and projection will glitter and scintillate with varying colors, a pleasure to behold.

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HOME

Selected Recipes.

Horse-Radish Sauce.—This sauce is especially good for roast beef. Grate a tablespoonful of horse-radish, mix it with three tablespoonfuls of cream, a teaspoonful of mustard, the same amount of vinegar and of sugar, with salt according to taste.

Potatoes and Cheese.—Peel and slice thin six raw potatoes. Put a layer on the bottom of a baking dish, and sprinkle it with salt and cayenne pepper. Cover with a layer of cheese sliced very thin. Fill the dish with alternate layers of potato and of cheese, and let the top layer be of cheese.

Blanquette of Veal.—Cut breast veal into small squares. Make a blanquette sauce as follows: Melt a large lump of butter in a dish, and as it softens stir in a spoonful of flour; continue to stir, adding little by little, two glasses of hot water, salt and pepper, parsley, and hashed chives. Put the meat in this sauce, and let it cook a quarter of an hour over a hot fire, then two hours over a gentle fire.

Boiled White Potatoes and Tomatoes.—Boil Irish potatoes until almost done. Drain and slice thin. Butter a baking dish, and put into it a layer of potatoes with two teaspoonfuls of grated onion, and a layer of strained canned tomatoes with salt and pepper. Add layers of potato and onion, and tomato with seasoning, until the dish is nearly full. Cover with bread and crumbs and tomatoes, add two ounces of butter in small pieces, and bake. Serve hot.

Old-fashioned Hard Gingerbread.—To two-thirds of a cupful of sugar, add one cupful of molasses with which two teaspoonfuls of soda have been mixed. Rub into this mixture two tablespoonfuls of lard, and one tablespoonful of ginger. Add two-thirds of a cupful of cold water, and enough flour to make the batter the right consistency to roll. When this is rolled thin, cut in squares, and crease each square in parallel lines with the brack of a knife. Bake in a buttered tin in a moderate oven until the color becomes a golden brown.

Daube a L'Italienne.—In a piece of beef about three inches thick cut slits, and insert strips of fat ham and bits of mashed garlic. Brown this daube on both sides in hot lard. When done, add sliced carrots, onions, and enough water to cover. Season with salt, cloves, and strong pepper. Cook slowly for eight hours in a covered pan, but do not turn the meat. Now burn a little butter and a spoonful of sugar in a pan, stir in a spoonful of flour, and wet with the sauce of the meat. Pour this on the daube. Spread over the top a half-cupful of capers, and serve with macaroni, boiled and drained. Sprinkle with butter and grated cheese.

Stuffed Calves' Hearts.—Wash the hearts, remove veins, arteries and clotted blood. Make a bread dressing highly seasoned with sage; stuff and sew. Sprinkle with salt and pepper, roll in flour and brown in hot fat. Place in small deep baking pan, half cover them with boiling water, cover closely and bake slowly two hours. It may be necessary to add more water. Remove hearts from pan, and thicken the liquor with flour made smooth with cold water. Season with salt and pepper, and pour around heart before serving.

German Apple Cake.—Sift together two cups flour, one-half teaspoon salt and three and one-fourth level teaspoons baking powder. With tips of fingers work in one-fourth cup butter. Beat one egg, add three-fourths cup milk and stir into the dry ingredients. Spread the mixture in a shallow baking pan. Have ready pared, cored and sliced four or five apples. Press these in even rows down into the dough, leaving an edge of dough all around the apples; sprinkle the apples with dried currants and the edge of the dough quite thickly with powdered sugar. Bake about twenty-five minutes. Serve hot with sugar and cream or with hard sauce.

Rice Pudding.—Let one-half cup rice be brought quickly to the boiling point in a quart or more of cold water and boil three minutes. Then drain, rinse in cold water and drain again. Put over fire in a double boiler with two cups milk, one-quarter cup sugar, one-quarter of candied orange peel, shaved fine, and one-half teaspoon salt. Let cook until the milk is absorbed and the rice tender, then stir in three well-beaten eggs and turn into a mould, well buttered and dredged with sugar. Steam or cook in the oven on several folds of paper and surrounded with boiling water about half an hour. Have ready about one-third cup blanched almonds split in halves. Turn the pudding on to a serving dish and press into it, spacing regularly, the halved almonds. Serve hot with foamy sauce in a separate dish.

Hints for the Home.

Flowers have a direct influence on health and beauty.

Spare ribs are much improved by par-boiling before roasting.

Meat broths should be made only in porcelain or agate ware utensils.

To remove stains from paints, rub them with a soft cloth wet with alcohol.

To beat the whites of eggs stiff, always have them cold and add a pinch of salt.

Camphorated oil will clean the marks made by hot dishes on the polished table.

Open canned fruit or vegetables and pour into a dish several hours before they are served.

A gas stove should be wiped off each time it is used and washed with turpentine once a week.

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.

HOME BREAD BAKING REDUCES THE HIGH COST OF LIVING BY LESSENING THE AMOUNT OF EXPENSIVE MEATS REQUIRED TO SUPPLY THE NECESSARY NOURISHMENT TO THE BODY.

E. W. GILLETT CO. LTD.
TORONTO, ONT
WINNIPEG MONTREAL

Prunes are greatly improved if a little cider is added to the water in which they are cooked.

To clean pewter, wash it with hot water, rub it with fine sand and when dry polish with leather.

If the skin is oily, try wiping the face off occasionally with diluted alcohol, 25 per cent. strength.

Creamed cauliflower served in green shells makes a dish as tasty as it is satisfying to the eye.

A very good substitute for the hot water bag is shelled field corn heated and put into a bag.

Mattresses should be sunned as often as possible. This makes them sweet and free from germs.

To prevent eyeglasses "steaming" in cold weather, rub with vaseline and polish with a silk handkerchief.

To iron embroidery, the iron should be applied on the wrong side and a thick ironing blanket used.

If a piece of paraffin paper is wrapped around the knife blade it will cut butter without making it crumble.

System is a great time and money saver in the home; haphazard methods are wasteful in every direction.

Tomatoes filled with minced pineapple, celery and chopped nuts mixed with mayonnaise make a delicious salad.

Ink stains on handkerchiefs, etc., may often be soaked out in milk, but the sooner they are dealt with the better.

It is not a bad idea for the mother of a family of children to have a rainy day closet. Into this closet she puts all manner of odds and ends of interest to children.

Melted beef dripping or tallow may be used over the top of jelly instead of paraffin, if the latter is not at hand. After the tallow is cold, if it has shrunk away from the glass, fill in with more.

"The real violet fragrance you've always wanted"

This is what thousands have told their friends about this soap. Now it is a huge success.

The first time you use it you will be quaily enthusiastic. For this soap leaves clinging to your hands, your face, your hair, that sweet elusive perfume of fresh-cut violets which everybody loves.

You will be enthusiastic about its color, too—the beautiful green of fresh violet leaves.

Try it. Get a cake from your druggist. 10c a cake. 3 cakes for 25c.

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., 9 Scott Street, Perth, Ontario.

Na-Dru-Co Headache Wafers certainly do make short work of headaches. 25c per box.

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