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Requires Fruit perfect in shape and quality and a clear well made Syrup.

The Syrup must be made with pure good sugar, as organic matter in sugar acts like over-ripe fruit and causes fermentation. To avoid such disappointment and loss, it's worth while insisting on being supplied by your dealer with the old reliable more than 99.99 per cent pure St. Lawrence Standard Granulated Sugar.

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To avoid mistakes buy St. Lawrence Extra Granulated in Refinery sealed packages, 2 1/2, and 5 lb. cartons, 10, 20, 25 and 100 lb. bags, which assure absolute cleanliness and correct weights. Take possession of the three sizes of granules, fine, medium and coarse. Any good dealer can fill your order.

**ST. LAWRENCE SUGAR REFINERIES, LIMITED, MONTREAL.**

**The Lady of Lancaster;**  
**Or, Leonora West's Love.**

CHAPTER XXXIII.

It was quite likely that De Vere would see the difference between his lowly born love and the real ladies in the room, as Lady Adela had said, but that he would be disenchanted was quite another matter. There certainly appeared to be no change of heart now. He was charmed with the splendid musical talent she had evinced. He felt a glow of pride in her as if she belonged to him already.

"You have done splendidly," he whispered, as he hung delightedly over her. "There is not a lady in the room who can do half so well."

"Thank you," she replied, demurely. "But you had better give me another piece. I am here to play, not to talk."

He lunged to say, "Give me the right to place you on an equality with these women as my wife," but he was afraid to venture yet. Something in her cold, careless manner forbade the thought. He said to himself that he must wait until he knew her longer and had wooed her more. She was not to be lightly won, this beautiful, gifted girl. She was proud and sensitive. He would have to hide his time.

With a smothered sigh he placed before her several pieces, and while she played he stood silently by her side, turning the leaves of her music, and gazing into the beautiful, proud face, proud and glad in the privilege he enjoyed of being so near her.

When she had played several instrumental pieces brilliantly, he placed another song before her.

"Let me hear if you can sing as well as you can play," he pleaded.

"She glanced at the song. It was Longfellow's 'Bride'."

"Yes, I will sing," she said; and again there fell a hush of silence as the sweet and well-trained voice filled the room with its melody. De Vere was fain to acknowledge that she sang as well as she played.

When she had sung the last line she looked up into his face.

"Will you play or sing something now while I rest?" she asked.

"I never knew how unfortunate I was before in having no talent for music," he said, ruefully. "I should like to oblige you so much, but I have no more voice than a raven. Miss West, I will call Lancaster. He can sing like a seraph."

"Oh, pray don't!" she cried; but he had already turned around.

"Lancaster," he called, "won't you come and sing something while Miss West has a breathing-spell?"

He came forward at once. He thought it would be very pleasant to displace De Vere for a moment and stand by her side and watch her exquisite face and the glancing white hands as they moved over the shining keyboard keys.

"Pray do not rise," he said, bending over her, hurriedly; "I will sing, but I shall want you to play my accompaniment."

She bowed silently, and he selected a piece of music and placed it before her. It was that beautiful song, 'My Queen.'"

"He is going to sing to Lady Adela," the girl said to herself, a little disdainfully, but her touch was firm and unflinching as she struck the chords while Lord Lancaster sang.

"De Vere did not like his friend's selection much. He regretted that he had asked him to sing."

"It sounds like he is singing to her," she said, discontentedly to herself as he watched the couple at the piano. "What does the fellow mean, and what will Lady Adela think?" he wondered, and glancing toward her hands she was looking very cross over the top of her fan. Truth to tell, she was very much in doubt whether to appropriate the song to herself.

When the song was ended De Vere, who had lingered jealously near the piano, went up to Leonora's side.

"I thought you were going to rest while some one else sang," he said, reproachfully.

She glanced up with a smile at Lord Lancaster.

"So I was," she replied, lightly. "But Captain Lancaster wished me to play while he sung to Lady Adela. So of course I could not resist."

Lancaster gazed into her face with amazement. She was indeed so blind, or did she purposely slight the tribute he had paid to her, and which he had believed she could not fail to understand? Angered and chagrined, he bowed his thanks coldly, and retired from the piano, leaving a fair field for his rival.

He went out through the open window and wandered into the grounds, driven from her presence.

strong enough to witness his friend's happiness just yet. He felt that if he remained he might betray his passion and be laughed at for his pains. He sought safety from himself in ignorant flight.

What was Lady Lancaster's dismay next morning, when she arose to her late breakfast, to find a note awaiting her from that troublesome nephew. She was in a great rage when she read it. She pushed back her dainty, untasted repast, which had been served in the privacy of her own room, and rang her bell violently.

"Present my compliments to Lieutenant De Vere, and ask him to come to me for ten minutes," she said sharply, to the servant who answered the summons.

He came immediately, full of wonder at this abrupt summons, and found her pacing up and down the floor in a great rage, which she did not take any pains to conceal.

"Did you know of any reason Lord Lancaster could have for going up to London this morning?" she asked. "He is not a woman, is he?"

"He went, and he was leaving, she fired a last shot at him:

"Take my advice, and don't delay the proposal, young man. Don't let excessive modesty deter you. Remember that faint heart never won fair lady."

(To be continued.)

"Heaven help me! I am a fool to waste my heart on one who laughs at my love," he said to himself. "I will tear her from my heart. I will never show her again the tenderness of a heart she chooses to trample. She will choose De Vere. That is wise. He is rich, I have nothing but Lancaster. Yet, if she would love me, I could bear poverty without a sigh, deeming myself rich in her affection."

His aimless walk led him to the Magic Mirror, where he had come upon her so suddenly and with such irrepressible joy that night. If only she had listened to him then, she would have known the whole story of that passionate love wherewith he loved her—he did not even care to hear, he said to himself with bitter pain and humiliation as he gazed into the clear pool from which her face had shone on him that night, and he looked into the love with thought he saw on the lips and in the eyes of the girl.

He had always been gay and light-hearted until now, but an hour of profound bitterness came to him to-night, alone in the odorous moonlight stillness. The words of Leonora's song seemed to echo in his brain:

"For my heart was hot and restless, And my life was full of care, And the burden laid upon me Seemed greater than I could bear."

"I wish that I could go back to my regiment to-morrow," he thought. "Why should I linger on here, and how will it all end, I wonder? Will De Vere marry Leonora's shallow, silly, and mercenary daughter, the married Lady Adela? What will fate do with the tangled thread of our lives?"

He went back to the house, and he found that Leonora was gone, and that De Vere had gone over to the Earl's daughter. Several of the ladies formed a coterie around Lady Lancaster, and were good-naturedly upbraiding her because she had declined to present them to the beautiful musician.

"I could not do it, really," said the dowager. "She is not in our set at all. She is a mere nobody, the dependent niece of my housekeeper."

"Well, but Lancaster and De Vere were quite hand-in-glove with her," objected one.

"A mere accidental acquaintance. She came over from America with them," said the dowager, carelessly. In fact, she was inwardly raging with vexation. Her clever plan for annihilating Leonora had failed. The girl had appeared to much more advantage than she had expected, and had created a sensation, in fact. The men were all in raptures, and Leonora's modest withdrawal from the scene, as soon as she arose from the piano was felt by all as a relief.

Lieutenant De Vere had gone with her as far as the door. He had held her hand a minute in saying good-night.

"May I come into Mrs. West's room and see you to-morrow?" he asked with an entreating glance into the bright eyes, and he saw a gleam of mischief shining in them.

"Will Lady Lancaster permit you to do so?" she inquired, demurely.

"Yes," he replied. "I have told her quite frankly the reason why I came to Lancaster Park, and she had nothing to say against it. If you will let me see you to-morrow, I will tell you what I told her," he continued, with his heavy breathing fans as he gazed at her fresh young beauty.

She was very thoughtful for an instant. She seemed to be making up her mind.

"You must not say no," he said, hastily. "I assure you that Lady Lancaster will have no objection to my doing so, if your aunt will permit me. May I come?"

Leonora raised her eyes gravely to his face.

"Yes, you may come," she answered, and then turned quickly away.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

The impulses of men in love are as various as their natures. Where one will linger around the fatal charmer and hug his pain, another will fly from her.

"The cruel madness of love, The honey of poison-flowers, and all the measureless ill."

Lancaster, being wise, chose the latter part. He had an innate conviction that Leonora would accept Lieutenant De Vere. He did not feel

to his friend in spite of reawakened jealousy.

"Your own wooing—how does that prosper?" she inquired, with a smile, but she was abruptly changed to a frown.

He flushed indignantly.

"You are pleased to jest on delicate subjects, Lady Lancaster," he said, stiffly.

"Beg your pardon," she answered, quickly. "I do not know you were so sensitive, but I assure you that I take a great interest in your love affair."

"I thank you. I understand the origin of your interest," he answered, with a slight smile; and she winced perceptibly. She did not want him to know whether her suspicions tended.

"I dare say you think me a very meddling old woman," she said, abruptly; "but you have my best wishes for a successful suit. Miss West is beautiful and accomplished, and with your wealth you can have no glimpse into his full heart or true level."

"She is the most beautiful of women," he answered, forgetting his momentary ill-humor in the pleasure she awoke in him by her artful praise of Leonora.

"And you will lose no time in making her your own. Delays are dangerous," she said, with a subtle meaning in her tone that made his heart beat.

"But I am a coward; I am almost afraid to ask her for the boon I crave most upon earth," he said, giving her in those few words a glimpse into his full heart.

"Pshaw! you are a coward," said his lady, laughing. "Where is the woman who is going to refuse you with your face and fortune? You are a prize in the matrimonial market."

"But I want to be accepted for myself, and not for my fortune, Lady Lancaster," he protested.

"And yet not without a sense of satisfaction over these worldly advantages of his. It was very pleasant to be in a great rage when she was pleased, to ask no one's leave to marry whom he wished.

Lady Lancaster laughed a very disagreeable laugh. Delays are dangerous, and yet not without a sense of satisfaction over these worldly advantages of his. It was very pleasant to be in a great rage when she was pleased, to ask no one's leave to marry whom he wished.

As I am such an old woman, you will forgive me for telling you not to be a fool, Lieutenant De Vere," she said. "There are very few men who are married for themselves alone in these days, and let me add, there are very few who deserve it. The average man looks out for money and position now. Be sensible, and thank your lucky stars that when you go to court Miss West you can carry a fortune in your hand, as well as a heart."



Col. S. L. Barry, D.S.O.

Though the name of Colonel Barry is not one with which the public are very familiar, he occupies a position of peculiar importance at headquarters. He is the Prince of Wales's Equerry at the front, to which position he was appointed lately by General French. An old and intimate friend of the British Commander-in-Chief, Colonel Barry served with the 10th Hussars in the Boer War, when he gained his D.S.O. He stands in high favor with the King, is very well off, is as good a sportsman as a soldier, and is personally one of the most popular members of the general staff. The Prince has the greatest regard for his Equerry, and the friendship that exists between them is of the peculiar kind that is probably never found except between men who have been soldiering together on active service.

The Dust Devil.

The loss of thousands of lives in war has made infant life more valuable, if possible, than ever. Everything that can be done to stop infant mortality must be done. The summer months claim thousands of little lives. There are two main causes—the fly and the dust devil.

The nation has been educated to the fly and we know that the fly deserves no mercy. It carries infectious taints to food, and is directly responsible for much illness.

But there remains the "dust devil." There is much less diarrhea in wet than in dry seasons. The rain cleanses the surface of the ground, and keeps dust laden with germs from flying about. Take a lesson from Nature, and freely water the ground outside your house in hot, dry weather, especially where the children play. The dancing dust in a shaft of sunlight is deadly, but unless the wind had swept it up it wouldn't be there.

In a house there should be no dry dusting and sweeping. The dust is disturbed, and any germs it may contain settle on food, or are breathed in with the air. Wipe over furniture with damp cloths, therefore, and scrub and wash the floors.

Keep the dust devil down! This, and seeing that in yards, etc., there is no decaying food, animal or vegetable refuse, to attract flies, or to dry and be dispersed in the air, should mean that many valuable little lives will be saved to grow up and fill the war gaps.

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**ABOUT THE HOUSEHOLD**

Selected Recipes.

Berry Eggs.—Fry some sausages. Warm some tomato sauce, fresh or cold, and add a little meat juice. Fry some eggs in butter and arrange round the sausages with the tomato sauce.

Souffle of Fish.—Take fish that has been left over from a meal, remove the bones, and cut it into small pieces. Add an equal quantity of uncooked macaroni, and cook the whole in salted water. Drain it, and add one-half the quantity of grated Swiss cheese; mix everything well, put the whole in a baking dish, and small pieces of butter, and cook it in the oven. Serve it hot.

Orange Mint Salad.—Remove the pulp from four large oranges by cutting the fruit into halves, crosswise, and using a spoon. Sprinkle it with two tablespoonsful of powdered sugar, and add two tablespoonsful of finely chopped, fresh mint leaves, and one tablespoonful of lemon juice. Chill it thoroughly, and serve it in glasses garnished with a sprig of mint. If the oranges are very juicy, it is well to pour off a portion of the juice before serving.

Bachelor Buttons.—Cream together one cupful of sugar and one-half of a cupful of butter; add one egg and beat the mixture; then add one cupful of bread flour with a pinch of salt, and three tablespoonsful of almonds chopped fine, and mix the ingredients thoroughly. Drop the batter by teaspoonsful on a buttered making tin, and spread it in the form of buttons, being careful not to have the dough any thinner on the edges than in the middle. Place one-half of a nut on top of each button, and bake them in a moderate oven.

Cauliflower Pudding.—Break a cauliflower into sprigs, and soak it in cold salted water for half an hour; then drain it. Cover the mixture with sweet milk and boil it until it is tender. Drain it, and add one-half of a cupful of thick, sweet cream, a well-beaten yolk of four eggs, one-half of a teaspoonful of salt, a pinch of ground mace, a dash of Cayenne, two tablespoonsful of soft butter, and the juice of one-half of a lemon. Mix everything well, pour the whole into a buttered pudding dish, and bake it in a slow oven until it is firm.

Pineapple Wax.—Pineapple wax is especially delicious on ice cream or other frozen desserts. The receipt is as follows: Pare a fresh pineapple, and cut it into cubes of uniform size. Put them into a steamer, and steam them until they are tender (until the cubes look clear). The juice that results is not used, because it is too strong, but it may be of use in flavoring other fruits. It should not be wasted, for it has a very strong pineapple flavor. When the cubes are done, make a thick syrup of water and sugar, and when it boils, drop in the cubes, and cook them until they again look clear. It makes a preserve a little stiffer than a marmalade, and she explained she used salt pork, but she found bacon better than pork. She sifts 1 1/2 cupfuls of flour with 1/2 teaspoonful of baking powder, a teaspoonful of sugar and a half teaspoonful of salt. Then she adds a beaten egg, a teaspoonful of melted butter and half a cupful of sweet milk. After beating smooth she adds half a cupful of bacon. The bacon is first fried or broiled until crisp and then chopped and measured. The muffins are baked in hot muffin pans

until done and they are eaten without butter. The bits of bacon throughout the muffins give sufficient flavor of the sort butter would supply.

The Banana.

The banana is the housekeeper's main dependence among fruits. It supplies the table all the year around.

Banana Float.—Place four ripe bananas in a moderately hot oven for 20 minutes. Remove the skins and reduce the hot fruit to a pulp. Have ready the well-beaten whites of two eggs, and while the banana pulp is hot, rapidly beat together, with two teaspoons of sugar. When cold serve with whipped cream. This is delicious.

Fried Bananas.—Peel and slice lengthwise in three parts. Have hot lard deep enough to cover the slices. Fry a light brown, and very carefully lift with a flat cooking shovel, from the fat to kitchen paper to drain a few minutes. Lightly sprinkle with sugar and send to table hot.

Banana Fritters.—Peel two bananas and slice in thin circles. Dip in a batter made of one cup of sifted flour, a rounded teaspoon of butter, one tablespoon of sugar, a pinch of salt, one egg and one-half cup of sweet milk. Fry in hot lard. Serve with this sauce: Beat the yolks of two eggs with half cup of sugar. Add two tablespoons of orange juice; steam until smooth and thick. Then add two well-beaten whites of eggs; dust slightly with grated nutmeg and serve.

Banana Layer Cake.—Bake a white cake batter in layer pans. Ice each layer over the top with a thick coat of icing and over that put a thick layer of round banana slices. Place the layers of cake one over the other and ice the top and sides. It should be eaten while fresh if in summer. In very cold weather, the banana cake will keep for a few days. The filling needs no other flavoring than the bananas.

**Useful Table.**  
This table may help the young housekeeper:

One teaspoonful of salt to one quart of soup.

One teaspoonful of salt to two quarts of flour.

One teaspoonful of soda to one pint of sour milk.

One teaspoonful of extract to one plain loaf cake.

One scant cupful of liquid to two full cupfuls of flour for bread.

One scant cupful of liquid to two cups of flour for muffins.

One scant cupful of liquid to one cupful of flour for batter.

One quart of water to each pound of meat and bone for soup stock.

One-half cup of yeast or one-quarter cake compressed yeast to one pint liquid.

Four peppercorns, four cloves, one teaspoonful of mixed herbs for each quart of water for soup stock.

**Things Worth Knowing.**  
Vinegar heated to the boiling point will soften paint brushes that have become dry and hard.

When boiling a ham leave it in the water in which it has been boiled until it is quite cold. This will make it juicy and tender.

One ounce of Epsom salts added to a gallon of water makes an excellent rinsing mixture for colored blouses and washing dresses.

When a hand embroidered blouse begins to show wear and little holes appear, simply buttonhole around the tear or embroider a dot over the worn place.

If you wish to prevent green vegetables from boiling over, drop a piece of dripping the size of a walnut into the centre of them, just as they commence to boil.

If a glove splits at the thumb or near a seam a sure and permanent way to repair it is to buttonhole the kid either side of the split, then sew the buttonhole edges together.

In using butter with meat the first thing to remember is that the butter should not be burned. Burned fats of any sort are exceedingly indigestible and ruin the flavor of the meat.

In using a white sauce with meat, which is a usual procedure with the French cook, great care is taken to have the white sauce thoroughly cooked before it is added to the meat.

According to a man who makes fly paper, the resin used to make the paper sticky is soluble in castor oil, and any article which has come in contact with the fly paper can be cleaned if the spot is soaked in it.

**TRAINING DISTEMPER**

Ever hear of this? Yes, of course you did, but under a different name. You have seen it in cases where the horse was "overtrained," worked a little too fast and regular. The nervous system gets the shock after the voluntary muscular system has been taxed habitually. The trouble starts in the mucous surfaces, and the digestive apparatus must then be impaired. He begins to cough when the glands are materially affected.

"SPOHN'S" is your true salvation. It restores the appetite and normal functions of the whole system. The action in such cases is remarkably rapid and sure for recovery when you use all wholesome food. Sold by all the leading horse goods houses, or express prepaid by manufacturers.

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**WAGLE BAKING POWDER**

When making a steamed pudding put a piece of well greased paper over the top before tying the cloth. This will prevent the cloth from becoming greasy, and they are no trouble to wash.

To keep ferns fresh and green all the year round get a large tub, and put into it some water about two inches in depth; stand the pots in this, and allow the water to soak up from the hole in the bottom. The chills should be taken off the water first, but on no account pour water on the top of the ferns. Pot flowers may also be kept in this manner.

"Boy, First Class."

Courage and constancy are qualities that appeal to everyone, irrespective of nationality. Fortunately they are not rare, even in boyhood. This war has revealed many boy heroes. One of the bravest is a lad of seventeen, an enlisted "boy" in the British navy. Acting on the recommendation of the Board of Admiralty, the King has conferred on him a decoration that men have died to win—the Distinguished Service Medal.

R. G. H. Bamford, "boy, first class," of the battle cruiser Tiger, won this honor during the naval engagement off the Dogger Bank on Sunday, January 24th.

Soon after the battle opened that forenoon, the glasses of the sighting apparatus of the Tiger's barbettes, in which are mounted two 13.5-inch guns, became obscured with smoke and grime. The lieutenant in charge called for a volunteer to clean the glasses. Bamford stepped forward, and the next second he was outside and polishing away at the glass.

The gun crews, in their delight at getting sight, their antagonists again, at once began to fire, and in the excitement everyone forgot about the youngster.

Anyone who has been within even a few miles of great guns while they are being fired can form a slight idea of the nerve-racking, ear-splitting concussion that burst out round the lad. But besides that, the Tiger was under heavy fire from the German ships, and Bamford was the only member of her crew who was not behind thick armor.

When, towards the end of the fight, some one remembered him, he was found on the barrette top—deafened and somewhat dazed, but still polishing the glasses of the sighting apparatus.

To use his own language, he had "just stuck it." But he had only done his duty, no doubt. No one will grudge him the decoration that he now wears proudly on the breast of his canvas jumper.

**SOME NEW FACTS.**  
Crystals of sodium nitrate, pure and perfectly formed, that can be used in optical instruments, have been made by a Paris chemist.

A new glubular life preserver, strapped upon the shoulders, two persons can be packed into, opened for use by revolving crank.

Massachusetts students at least have had good success in experiments in sending and receiving messages with aerials like the ground.

Aluminum caps and rings, through which hot or cold air can be circulated have been invented by a Vienna surgeon for surgical compresses.

A saddle has been patented New Jersey inventor which includes leather flaps to cover buckles, which frequently wear riders' clothing.

Concrete arches resting on bed rock have been built in a Hampshire cemetery to support grave stones in land too shallow to support them.

Both the transmitter and receiver of a new French telegraph can be hidden in a vase of flowers.

A table ornament or any other conspicuous object is used to establish a wireless station on land, especially equipped to vessels along the Atlantic coast line of fog.

Members of the German Red Cross have been ordered to wear the Red Cross in their uniforms, as they fail to put in an appearance in the "house."

**Keep Mincor's Liniment in the house.**

Members of the German Red Cross have been ordered to wear the Red Cross in their uniforms, as they fail to put in an appearance in the "house."

**Pure Ice for**

Include plenty of children's diet. In food that can thank the child them all the Ice it's made by City Dairy, it's Pure.

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