

The Virtue of the Natural Leaf is perfectly preserved in the sealed SALADA packet. Young tender leaves only, grown with utmost care and with flavour as the prime object, are used to produce the famous Salada blends.

About the Household

Selected Recipes.

Savory Roly-Poly Pudding.—Make a plain suet crust with three-quarters of a pound of flour and a quarter of a pound of suet, finely minced; roll it out rather thin and cover it, first with a layer of finely sliced or minced raw potato, on this put a layer of finely chopped meat of any kind, with a very small quantity of minced onion and a seasoning of salt and pepper. Wet the edge all round, roll up, tie in a scalded and floured cloth, and boil for two hours.

Yorkshire Tart.—Line bottom of deep baking dish with pastry, and spread on it one layer of preserved peaches or peach jam, mixed with a little preserved ginger cut into small pieces. Weigh two eggs, take their weight in sugar, in butter and in flour, cream butter and sugar, add the eggs, whipped light, and put in flour, mixed with one-half teaspoon baking powder. Pour this mixture over preserves in dish, and bake good brown. A few minutes before taking turn from oven rub top of paste with butter or with raw egg.

Butter Balls.—Select young fresh green peas, and, after podding them, put to boil in the usual way. Sift into a bowl a cup of flour, a pinch of salt and a pinch of baking powder; rub into this one tablespoonful of butter, mix with cold water as for dumplings, break the dough into bits and rub into tiny balls between well-floured hands. Flour the balls again lightly, and when the peas are tender and still boiling drop the butter balls among them. Boil a few minutes, cover and serve.

Fish Balls.—Take half a pound of cooked fish, fry it from skin and bones, and then chop fine. Have six potatoes nicely boiled and mashed, mix the fish with these, add a little melted butter, some beaten egg, a teaspoonful of anchovy sauce and a teaspoonful of finely chopped parsley, with pepper and salt to season. The mixture should be of a workable consistency, and it is then made into balls with floured hands, brushed with egg, and tossed in fine breadcrumbs. The balls are then fried in deep smoking fat until of a pretty golden color, and when drained served hot and piled on a hot ashet on which a doily has been placed.

Prepare Cauliflower.—Prepare cauliflower as for boiled cauliflower and steam until soft. Separate in pieces and pour over the following sauce. Mix one and one-half teaspoonful of mustard, one and one-quarter teaspoonful salt, one teaspoonful of powdered sugar, one and one-quarter teaspoonful of paprika. Add yolks of three eggs lightly beaten, one-fourth cupful olive oil and one-half cupful vinegar. Cook over hot water until mixture thickens. Remove from fire and add two tablespoonfuls butter cooked with one teaspoonful finely-chopped parsley.

Banana Cream Ginger Bread.—Sift one teaspoonful of baking powder and half a teaspoonful of salt twice, with two cupfuls of flour. Stir to a cream, half a cupful of butter, the same of sugar and the same of molasses. Warm the mixture slightly and beat light before adding a well-whipped egg, a half teaspoonful of ginger. Dissolve half a teaspoonful of baking soda in a tablespoonful of hot water; stir this into half a cupful of sweet milk; lastly, stir in the flour, beat hard for one minute, and bake in two shallow pans, well buttered or in pate pans.

What Salt Will Do.
Salt will revive a dying fire.
Salt will remove stains on marble.
Salt—coarse—is a good cleanser of floors.
Salt in water or other fluid retards the boiling.
Salt mixed with soda is a remedy for bee stings.
Salt and water makes an excellent throat gargle.
Salt and hot water will thaw a frozen drain-pipe.
Salt will remove tea stains from delicate china cups.
Salt spread in black beetle mounts will kill the pests.
Salt added to snow makes the mixture much colder.
Salt and water, warm, will stop chills from taking.
Salt thrown on a fire will extinguish a burning chimney.
Salt and lukewarm water is an excellent lotion for styes.

THE GOLDEN KEY

Or "The Adventures of Ledgard."
By the Author of "What He Cost Her."

CHAPTER XIX.

Ernestine found a letter on her plate a few mornings afterwards which rather puzzled her. It was from a firm of solicitors in Lincoln's Inn—the Eastchester family solicitors—requesting her to call that morning to see them on important business. There was not a hint as to the nature of it, merely a formal line or two and a signature. Ernestine, who had written insulting letters to all her relatives during the last few days, smiled as she laid it down. Perhaps the family had called upon Mr. Cuthbert to undertake their defence and bring her round to a reasonable view of things. The idea was amusing enough, but her first impulse was not to go. Nothing but the combination of an idle morning and a certain measure of curiosity, induced her to keep the appointment.

She was evidently expected, for she was shown at once into the private office of the senior partner. The clerk who ushered her in pronounced her name indistinctly, and the elderly man who rose from his chair at her entrance looked at her inquiringly. "I am Miss Wendermott," she said, coming forward. "I had a letter from you this morning; you wished to see me, I believe."

Mr. Cuthbert dropped at once his eyeglasses and his inquiring gaze, and held out his hand. "Dear Miss Wendermott," he said, "you must pardon the falling eyesight of an old man. To be sure you are, but I am going to, if I have to travel to the Gold Coast myself. I will tell you frankly, Mr. Cuthbert, I suspect Mr. Scarlett Trent. No, don't interrupt me. I have an account to you now that he is Mr. Scarlett Trent, millionaire, with the odor of civilization clinging to him, and the respectability of wealth. But I, too, have seen him and heard him talk. He has helped me to see the other man—half-savage, splendidly mastered, forging his way through to success by sheer stick and unswerving obstinacy. Listen, I admire your Mr. Trent! He is a man, and when he speaks to you you know that he was born with a destiny. But there is the man, your Mr. Scarlett Trent, who would let a man's life stand in his way? Not he! He'd commit a murder, or would have done in those days, as readily as you would a cat's paw."

"It's very nice to hear you speak of him so, Mr. Cuthbert," she said. "I suppose he was really worse than foolish—but I think that he was most abominably and shamefully treated, and so long as I live I will never forgive those who were responsible for it. I don't mean to say that you are of course, I mean my grandfather and my uncle." Mr. Cuthbert shook his head slowly. "The Earl," he said, "was a very proud man, very proud indeed. 'You may call it pride,' she exclaimed. 'I call it rank and brutal selfishness! They had no right to force such a sacrifice upon him. He would have been content, I am sure, to have lived quietly in England—to have conformed to their wishes in any reasonable manner—but he was not of home and friends and family and name—well, may God call them to account for it, and judge them as they judged him!'"

"I was against it," he said sadly. "So Mr. Davenant told me," she said. "I can't quite forgive you, Mr. Cuthbert, for letting me grow up to be so helplessly imposed upon, but of course I don't blame you as I do the others. I am only thankful that I have made myself independent of any man's help, and that I have written what I wrote to them last night which will be quite content to let me remain where they put my father—outside their lives."

"He looked at her with a fine and wonderful curiosity. In his way he was a journalist," Ernestine answered promptly, "and I'm proud to say that I am earning my own living." He looked at her with a fine and wonderful curiosity. In his way he was a journalist," Ernestine answered promptly, "and I'm proud to say that I am earning my own living." He looked at her with a fine and wonderful curiosity. In his way he was a journalist," Ernestine answered promptly, "and I'm proud to say that I am earning my own living."

"Yes, yes," he said, "you have some of your father's spirit, some of his pluck too. And it reminds me—were you to go to call?" "Yes," she said. "Mr. Davenant has told you that your father was engaged in some enterprise with this wonderful Mr. Scarlett Trent, when he died?" "Yes! He told me that!" "Well, I have had a visit just recently from that gentleman. It seems that your father, when he was dying spoke of his daughter in England, and Mrs. Trent is very anxious now to find you out, and speaks of a large sum of money which he wishes to invest in your name."

"He has been a long time thinking about it," Ernestine remarked. "He explained that," Mr. Cuthbert continued, "in this way. Your father gave him our address when he was dying, but the envelope on which it was written got mislaid, and he only came across it a day or two ago. He came to see me at once, and he seems prepared to act very handsomely. He pressed very hard indeed for your name and address, but I did not feel at liberty to disclose them before seeing you."

"You were quite right, Mr. Cuthbert," she answered. "I suppose this is the reason why Mr. Davenant has just told me the whole miserable story." "It is one reason," he admitted, "but in any case I think that Mr. Davenant has used your mind that you should know." "Mr. Trent, I suppose, talks of this money as a present to me?" "He did not speak of it in that way," Mr. Cuthbert answered, "but in a sense that is, of course, what it amounts to. At the same time it would like to say that under the peculiar circumstances of the case I should consider you altogether justified in accepting it."

Ernestine drew herself up. Once more in her finely flashing eyes and resolute mouth the lawyer was reminded of his old friend. "I will tell you what I should call it, Mr. Cuthbert," she said, "I will tell you what I believe it is! It is blood-money!"

"Whether if I set myself to it as to a task I could make a man for a moment forget himself—did I say forget?—I mean betray?" "If I were that man," he remarked smiling, "I will answer for it that you could."

"You! But then you are only a boy, you have nothing to conceal, and you are partial to me, aren't you? No, the man whom I want to influence is a very different sort of person. It is Scarlett Trent."

He frowned heavily. "A boor," he said. "What have you to do with him? The less the better I should say."

"And from my point of view, the more the better," she answered. "I have come to believe that but for him my father would be alive to-day."

"I do not understand! If you believe that, surely you do not wish to see the man—to have him come near you?" "I want him punished!"

"There are many ways, she said softly, "in which a man can be made to suffer."

"And you would set yourself to do this?" "Why not? Is not anything better than letting him go scott-free? Would you have me sit still and watch him blossom into a millionaire peer, a man of society, drinking deep draughts of all the joys of life, with never a thought of the man he left to rot in an African jungle? Oh, any way of punishing him is better than that. I have declared war against Scarlett Trent."

"How long," he asked, "will it last?" "Until he is in my power," she answered slowly. "Until he has fallen back again to the run, until he has tasted a little of the misery from which at least he might have saved my father!"

(To be continued.)

PLAN "BOOK OF GRATITUDE."

Refugees in London to Print Their Thanks to Britain.

Among the thousands of refugees who have received help and hospitality from the British Empire are many of Belgium's most distinguished authors and artists, and their gratitude is finding spontaneous expression in a volume of international interest which is now in preparation. This is entitled "A Book of Belgium's Gratitude" and is under the patronage of King Albert.

Among the important subjects to be dealt with are the neutrality of Belgium and the British guarantee, the Belgian relief fund and the organization of hospitality of this country, the help given to the Belgian army and the work of repatriation, the support given to the English art by Belgian art, the English bar as compared with the Belgian bar, the tributes paid by English poets and writers to suffering Belgium, Belgian refugees in London and other cities, at the universities of Oxford and Cambridge, in the country districts and in the factories.

The book will be printed in French and English.

AN INGENIOUS WATER COOLER.

Butter and Other Things Kept Cool in Summer.

Pierre Lord has discovered that an ordinary flowerpot can be utilized to keep butter, water, and other things cool during the hottest of summer days.

An ordinary flowerpot will serve the purpose well, in fact any clay jar, or common unglazed earthenware pot, will answer. All that is necessary is to moisten a cloth with strong salt water and keep it over the top of the flowerpot. The ends should drop down into a soup dish or basin in which the flowerpot should stand. This draining dish must be kept full of water all the time. A dark, cool pantry is a good place in which to keep the clay pot or jar.

Another way is to wrap a layer of burlap round a porous jar. The water is placed in the jar and exposed to a current of air on a dark window sill, with the windows open and the shutters closed. The water inside the porous receptacle percolates in a microscopic moisture to the outer surface. The burlap wrapping maintains such a slow rate of evaporation that the pot is kept cool, and that cools the contents.

Funeral Under Fire.

Brigadier McKenzie, of the Salvation Army, who is one of the chaplains with the Australian forces at the Dardanelles, has frequently been under fire. He conducted the funeral service at the interment of Colonel Oslow, Thomson's remains. It was very gratifying to find our colonel's body," he writes. "We buried it at nine o'clock, after dark, as it lay in an exposed position. I had to kneel down and keep my head and body in a crouching position while reading the burial service. Hundreds of bullets swept over us while this was going on."

Gen. Kuropatkin Restored to Favor

Russian Army leader disgraced for alleged incompetence in the Russo-Japanese War, now said to be in command of Grenadier Corps.



MEANING OF THE WAR TO CHILDREN

HOW DO WE KNOW THAT WE ARE ON GOD'S SIDE.

Wonderful Opportunity for Parents to Teach Virtues of Honor, Duty and Sacrifice.

"I would set lessons on the war—downright lessons with good marks and bad marks—in every nursery in the kingdom; and if a child of average ability, at seven years of age, could not answer any of my questions, he should stand in the corner till he could," writes Mr. Stephen Paget in the Cornhill Magazine. "It is pitiful that a child should know more about the King of the Belgians, than about the King of the Belgians. To older children, from twelve to fifteen years of age, I would give, each term, an examination paper. Here are some questions for that purpose:

"What has been the effect of the war on you and on your home?" "Imagine that you have \$50 to spend on the relief of suffering caused by the war. How would you proceed?" "It has been suggested that children should say, as a grace, Thank God and the British navy for my good dinner. What significance, if any, do you find in this form of words?"

"Describe and comment on any recent cartoon in Punch." "Write out any one true story which you know by heart of the heroic spirit of our soldiers and sailors."

Any Prayer Better Than None.

"It cannot hurt a child to say God save the King. Neither can it hurt a child, I think, to say God punish England. We read of German school children learning to say that; and I am glad to think that it will harm neither them nor England. How can it hurt a small child to repeat this over-advertised curse? After all, it is a form of prayer; and almost any form of prayer, among children, is better than none."

"If I had to choose between teaching a child to pray God to punish his country's enemies in this war, and teaching a child to think of this war without any reference to God, I would choose the former. Patriotism, at its worst, is better for children than atheism at its best. Besides, if these flaxen-haired boys and girls do pray God to punish England they doubtless teach a child to think of this war without any reference to God, I would choose the former. Patriotism, at its worst, is better for children than atheism at its best. Besides, if these flaxen-haired boys and girls do pray God to punish England they doubtless teach a child to think of this war without any reference to God, I would choose the former. Patriotism, at its worst, is better for children than atheism at its best. Besides, if these flaxen-haired boys and girls do pray God to punish England they doubtless teach a child to think of this war without any reference to God, I would choose the former. 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