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About the House

Useful Hints and General Information for the Busy Housewife

Miscellaneous Recipes.
Honey Salad Dressing.—Beat together three tablespoons olive oil, two tablespoons honey, one tablespoon lemon juice and a few grains of salt. Use immediately.

Pineapple Salad.—One small pineapple, lettuce hearts and honey salad dressing. Pare pineapple and remove eyes, chop into thin, small slices, dress with salad dressing and let stand thirty minutes. Serve on lettuce hearts.

Winter Succotash.—Soak one pint of dried lima beans and one pint of dried sweet corn over night. Drain and rinse with fresh water, cover with cold water, add two slices of bacon or smoked ham and boil until tender. Season with salt and pepper to taste. Serve hot.

Ginger Bread.—One cup of sugar, two cups of molasses, one cup of lard, one tablespoonful of soda dissolved in one-half cup of hot water, one cup of buttermilk or sweet milk. Thicken with flour, add ground ginger to taste. Bake in buttered pan 45 minutes.

Ginger Pudding.—One-half cup molasses, one and one-half tablespoons melted butter, one-half cup sour milk, one and five-eighths cups bread flour, one tablespoon orange juice, one-half teaspoon salt, one-half teaspoon ginger, grated rind, one-half orange, one teaspoon soda. Dissolve soda in sour milk and add to other ingredients. Beat all thoroughly, pour into well-buttered mold and steam about fifty minutes. Serve with orange sauce.

Date Bread.—To one pint light wheat flour sponge add two teaspoons sugar, pinch of salt and enough whole wheat flour to make batter as stiff as can be stirred with wooden spoon. Wash, stone, and cut into bits enough dates to make two cupsful. Add dates to batter, mold, put in pan and let stand in warm place until light; then bake in moderate oven.

Waffles.—Sift together a lightly-measured pint of flour and a half tablespoonful of salt. Rub in a level tablespoonful of butter. Separate four eggs and beat the whites until they will stand alone and the yolks until lemon-colored and thick. Add the yolks to the flour mixture, alternating with sweet milk until a pint of milk has been used. Lastly, fold in the whites and bake.

For apple dumplings make some paste same as for apple pudding, divide into as many pieces as dumplings required. Peel and core the apples, roll out your paste large enough, put on the apple with some sugar in centre, close up the paste, tie tightly in cloths, and boil for one hour. When you take them out dip them quickly in cold water; put them in a cup while you untie them and they will turn out whole.

In making scones take 1 lb. of prepared flour, 1 teaspoonful of sugar, pinch of butter size of walnut, small pinch of salt, as much milk as will make into a nice consistency. Have the griddle very warm and thoroughly clean before starting, as it greatly depends on the firing. Put flour into a basin with sugar; rub the butter in till it is quite powdered with the flour; add salt, and with a knife mix the milk, as this makes the scones lighter.

For oatcakes put 2½ handfuls of fine oatmeal in a bowl, with a teaspoonful of sugar and a little salt. Pour over this ½ pint of boiling water in which 1 oz. of butter or dripping has been melted. Mix well with a spoon, then turn out on the board and knead with the hands in a round. Take the rolling pin and roll out very thin, taking care to dust the pin well with meal to keep it from sticking. Nicely round the edges with finger and thumb. Cut in four. Have the griddle nice and hot, bring it to the edge of the board, and slip the cakes on to it. Fire on one side until the edges begin to curl up, then toast the other side in front of the fire. An hour or two in a moderately hot oven makes them nice and dry and crisp.

A New Layer Cake.—One cup sugar, two cups of self-raising flour, one egg, one cup of milk. Cream butter and sugar. Add the egg, well beaten, and the milk. Sift the flour gradually into the mixture, and beat thoroughly. Bake in three layers in well greased tins. For the filling: Three tart apples, rind and juice of one lemon, one egg and a cup of sugar. Peel and grate the apples, add the grated rind and juice of lemon. Stir in egg, well beaten, and the sugar. Cook the moisture in a bowl, set in a pan of boiling water until it is quite thick, spread over two layers, and put the third layer on top after it has slightly cooled.

Found Wife Married Again.
Some time ago the German army administration officially reported that Heinrich Lohberger, a Pomeranian farmer and reservist, had been killed. A week later the supposed dead man returned to his native village alive and well, although a cripple. He had been badly wounded when his death was reported. When he arrived at home the veteran found his wife married again.

Said to Be Hampered By War's Call For Workmen.
While the vast resources of the various ship-building yards of Great Britain are largely concentrated on naval work, it is believed that during the next few months much of the urgent naval ship building will be completed and a certain number of men released for mercantile building and repair work.

At present, however, there is great difficulty in fitting new mercantile vessels with proper machinery and other equipment, largely through the number of men engaged on Admiralty work, and more recently by the new recruiting campaign, which is slowly but surely depleting the yards of necessary workmen. Despite these drawbacks seven new vessels have just been completed on the Clyde, including the New Zealand passenger steamer Aotearoa, 15,000 tons, the Leyland and motor liner Bostonian and the motor ship Montezuma.

For Distemper. **SINK EYE, EPIDEMIC, BILIOUS FEVER, AND CATARRHAL FEVER.**
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Mothers: "Keep a bottle in your home"

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THE GOLDEN KEY
Or "The Adventures of Ledgard,"
By the Author of "What He Cost Her."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

The old man and the girl were equally terrified, both without cause. Da Souza forgot for a moment to be angry at his daughter's disobedience, and was there to see that her presence there was all his advantage. Monty, as white as death, was stricken dumb to see Trent. He sank back gasping into a chair. Trent came up to him with outstretched hands and with a look of keen pity in his hard face.

"Monty, old chap," he said, "what on earth are you scared at? Don't you know I'm glad to see you! Didn't I come all this way to get you back to England? Shake hands, partner. I've got lots of money for you and good news."

Monty's hand was limp and cold, his eyes were glazed and expressionless. Trent looked at the half-empty bottle by his side and turned savagely to Da Souza.

"You blackguard!" he said in a low voice, "you wanted to kill me, did you? Don't you know that I'm here with you as much as you? You've got your hand on my throat? You've got your hand on my throat? You've got your hand on my throat?"

"He'll go mad fast enough with a bottle of brandy within reach, and you know it!" Trent answered fiercely. "I am going to take him away from here."

Da Souza was no longer cringing. He dragged his shoulders and thrust his fat little hands into his trousers pockets.

"Very well," he said darkly, "you go your own way. You won't take my advice, I've seen City men all my life, and I know a thing or two. You bring Monty to the general meeting of the Bekwando Company and explain his position, and I tell you, you'll be the whole market topping about your ears. No concern of mine, of course. I have got rid of a few of my shares, and I'll work a few more off before the crash. But what about you? What about Scarlett Trent, the millionaire?"

"I can afford to lose a bit," Trent answered quietly. "I'm not afraid."

Da Souza laughed a little hysterically.

"You think you're a financial genius, I suppose," he said, "because you've brought a few things off. Why, the B.C. of the A.C. of the thing, I tell you, my friend. A company like the Bekwando Company is very much like a woman's reputation, drop a hint or two, start just a bit of talk, and I tell you the flames'll soon do the work."

Trent turned his back upon him. "Monty," he said, "you aren't afraid to come with me?"

"You've nothing to be afraid of," Trent continued. "As to the money at Mr. Walsh's house, I settled that all up with my money. The A.C. of the thing, I tell you, really, for I'd left more than that for you."

"There is no one, then," Monty asked in a slow, painful whisper, "who will put me in prison?"

"I give you my word, Monty," Trent declared, "that there is not a single soul who has any idea of the sort."

"You say it isn't that I mind," Monty continued in a low, quivering voice, "but there's my little girl! My real name might come out, and I wouldn't have her know what I've been for me?"

"She shall not know," Trent said. "I'll promise you'll be perfectly safe with me."

Monty rose up weakly. His knees were shaking, and he was in a pitiful state. He cast a sidelong glance at the brandy bottle by his side, and his hand stole towards it. But Trent stopped him gently but firmly.

"Not now, Monty," he said, "you've had enough of that."

The man's hand dropped to his side. He looked into Trent's face, and his eyes seemed to fade away into a mist.

"You were always a hard man, Scarlett Trent," he said. "You were always hard on me!"

"May he be," Trent answered, "yet you'd have died in D.T. before now but for me! I kept you at it as far as I could. I'm going to keep you from it now!"

Monty turned a woebegone face around the little room.

People opposite were looking at them, Ernestine talked to her vis-à-vis. It was some time before he spoke again, when he did he took up the thread of their conversation where he had left it.

"By the majority, of course," he said. "I have wondered sometimes whether there might be any one who would be different."

"I should be sorry," she said, demurely.

"Sorry, yes; so would the tradespeople who had had my money and the men who call themselves my friends and forget that they are my debtors."

"I cannot help it," he answered. "It is my dream. To-day, you know, I have stood face to face with evil things."

"Do you know," she said, "I should never have called you a dreamer, a man likely to fancy things. I wonder if anything really happened to make you talk like this?"

He flashed a quick look at her underneath his heavy brows. Nothing in her face betrayed any more than the most ordinary interest in what he was saying. Yet somehow from that moment, he had uneasy doubts concerning her, whether there might be by any chance some reason for the tolerance and the interest with which she had regarded him from the first. The mere suspicion of it was a shock to him. He relaxed once more into a state of nervous silence. Ernestine yawned, and her hostess threw more than one pitying glance towards her. (To be continued.)

IRELAND'S POPULATION.
Increasing Birth Rate and Fewer Deaths Reported.

The latest census figures for Ireland show an increasing population. However common this may be in America, or in the other countries of Europe, this feature is in Ireland an agreeable novelty. For the quarter ended September 30 last the number of births in Ireland was 27,779, a rate of 20.8 per thousand, and the deaths 14,670, a rate of 13.4 per thousand. There were only 3,511 emigrants, so that the net increase in population is 9,558.

It is the decrease in emigration which has turned the scale. The situation might be even more satisfactory if it were not for the heavy death rate of children under a year old. About one Irish child in every dozen dies before it has reached the age of 12 months. Leinster and Ulster have the predominance in this respect. In them one child in every seven or eight dies an infant; in Connaught only one child in every 15. Dublin and Belfast no doubt account for this, for poverty-stricken Connaught has more fresh air than can be found in the cities, especially in Dublin, which has a system of tenement houses where scores of families live in one house, and often more than one family in a single room.

"That Ireland is a less distressful country than it used to be, and now is on the mend, is further evident from the statistics of pauperism. Here there has been a very marked decrease. There were nearly 8,000 fewer people in the workhouses in the quarter under review than the average of the same period for the last 10 years, and there were 12,225 fewer people in receipt of outdoor relief from the rates."

The most satisfactory feature of the returns is the maintenance of a high death rate from tuberculosis. Enormous effort, inspired by Lady Aberdeen, has been devoted in every part of Ireland to stamping out this scourge. It has been by no means unfruitful. But the scourge is still there, and yearly takes a great toll of Irish lives.

FORESTS PREVENT FLOODS.
They Are Really Natural Storage Reservoirs.

It has been shown that forests prevent the rapid melting of ice and snow, and thus avert or modify floods of the spring. Mountains also play an important part with regard to floods. By intercepting drifting currents of moisture-laden air mountains are active agents in precipitating-rainfall; and, unless they are protected by forests, the waters pour down into the valley in destructive torrents.

The evergreen trees, particularly the spruces, are especially useful in controlling these torrents. Under all sparse forests there is a large deposit of what woodmen call "duff." This is composed of partially decayed trees, bark, needles, cones and mosses.

This duff varies from one to six feet in thickness, and has the power of absorbing and holding water like a sponge. During the heavy spring rains it becomes thoroughly saturated with water, which gradually oozes down the mountain sides into the stream in summer. The trees also protect the snowfall from the rapid action of the sun in spring, thus restraining floods from that source also.

The protection of the forests therefore is the surest and safest way in which to prevent destructive inundations. They are really natural storage reservoirs, not holding back great masses of water in bulk, which may be released by the breaking of some dam and carry terrible destruction before them, but storing it in the capillaries of the spongy soil and yielding it gently and continuously during the season when most needed.

A Clash of Wits.
He—I love you.
She—But I haven't a cent in the world.

He—Excuse me, you didn't allow me to finish. I love you not—
She—So! I only wanted to try you. I have a fortune of \$50,000.

He—Yes, but you interrupted me again. I love you not for your money's sake.
She—Well, I'm so glad, for that was only a joke about the \$50,000.

The Cheer of Trouble.
One joy that trouble Always sends To cheer you up Is kindly friends.

JAPAN'S EMPEROR
A GOOD SOLDIER

WAS ENSIGN IN THE ARMY WHEN A YOUTH.

Japanese Royal Family Will Henceforth Be Western Regarding Succession.

With elaborate ceremonies and rites dating back in some cases thousands of years, Yoshihito, Emperor of Japan, was formally installed on his throne recently, although it is three years ago since his father, Mutsuhito, died.

Japan is proud of her Emperor, because he is a zealous soldier and a true son of the people, while no man in Japan is more proud of his country than Yoshihito, who rules its destinies, for the Emperor, although only 36 years of age, is practically all-powerful.

Yoshihito's youth reminds one of that of the King of Italy, for he had to triumph over a delicate constitution. Outdoor life and systematic exercise, however, built up his physique. He indulged in walking, mountain climbing, and riding, and displayed an early passion for soldiering by studying the military literature and military methods of other countries. As a youth he became an ensign in the Imperial Infantry.

A remarkable fact regarding the present Emperor of Japan is that he

was educated in what was known as the Peers' School—not unlike the famous Public schools of England—where he had for his friends sons of noblemen.

Abolished Harem.
His father ordered that his son should not be treated in any way different from his classmates, and to-day, as far as possible, the Emperor moves freely among his people.

Personally, he is a man of great simplicity. He prefers to dress in European costume, photography being one of his favorite hobbies. He is also an accomplished poet. His wife, Empress Sadako, is a woman of remarkable culture and accomplishment. The Emperor married in 1900, and has three children, all boys.

It is interesting to note, by the way, that his father was the last Emperor of Japan to have a harem. According to the ancient custom, the Emperor of Japan is allowed a chief wife, or "Kogo," and twelve secondary wives, who are allowed separate establishments in the palace grounds, each having her own attendants. In the case of the "Kogo" being childless, the children of the secondary wives would be acknowledged as legal heirs to the throne. Yoshihito himself is a child of a secondary wife, but henceforth the Japanese royal family will be Western in so far as the succession to the throne is concerned.

Not Up to Her Standard.
"Have you any references?" inquired the lady of the house.

"Yes, mum, lots of 'em," answered the prospective maid.

"Then why did you not bring some of them with you?"

"Well, mum, to tell the truth, they're just like me photographs. None of them don't do me justice."

The hardest branch of learning grows on a birch tree—says a school-boy.

The more fault you look for the more you will find.

MAGIC BAKING POWDER

READ THE LABEL

CONTAINS NO ALUM

SHE WAS WITH NURSE CAVELL

NURSE MAUDE HORN, OF STOCKPORT, ENGLAND.

Companion Tells of Last Letters Received From the Heroic Woman.

Nurse Maude Horn of Drumrossie, Wellington Road, Stockport, England, who recently returned from Brussels, where she was attached to Nurse Cavell's nursing home, describes the life of the heroine and her subsequent arrest.

"It would be wrong to suppose that Miss Cavell's arrest came as a great surprise to her or to us," she says. "Her school had been searched time after time without success, and Miss Cavell, who was much loved by those around her, was watched with some suspicion by the authorities for a considerable time."

"The arrest was effected quite quietly. Officers arrived in a motor car, a few questions were put and answered, and she was carried off. She wrote to me from prison. The letters, with practically all my belongings, except the contents of a handbag, are still in Brussels. She seemed quite resigned."

Her Last Letters.
"Her letters were bright, and made it clear that she was glad to have the rest that the prison afforded. She said she had everything she could wish for except her liberty. She little thought that such a terrible penalty awaited her, and we at the school were dreadfully distressed when we heard the awful news of her death. The shock was terrible."

"The German authorities apparently convinced themselves of Miss Cavell's guilt by what was described as the confessions of a Pole. He told the Germans he had represented himself as a Frenchman, and had stayed a night under Nurse Cavell's roof. This Pole was apparently trapped in his endeavors to cross the frontier, and was no doubt pressed hard for a confession."

Saw Germans Enter.
Nurse Horn was in this country when war broke out, but in response to a telegram she hastened to assist Nurse Cavell. She saw the Germans march into Brussels, and says if it had been rehearsed a hundred times it could not have been done with more precision.

There are now signs that money is scarce, and German officers display less opulence. There are fewer elaborate motor cars. Brussels people seem to think that General von Bissing does not represent the worst type of German officer, and that matters might even be worse with another Governor. Life, however, is very restricted, and the city has lost all its old reputation for gaiety. The tramways and bakeries are under German control, and the allowance for bread has been reduced to four slices a day. Butter is 4s. 2d. a pound, and other commodities are relatively dear.

Just before she left an order was issued to the effect that the Germans were about to saddle the responsibility of provisioning the troops on the people of Brussels. The men are to be billeted on the citizens without allowances.

The Germans are confident of victory, but the people of Brussels refuse to think of defeat.

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