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About the House

Useful Hints and General Information for the Busy Housewife

Dainty Dishes.
Orange Salad.—Peel large, juicy oranges and slice round. Half fill and line shallow bowl with lettuce and lay the orange in bowl. Mix well with French dressing.

Banana Trifle.—Put thin slices of bread and butter into a glass dish; then cut three or four bananas into round slices and place these on top of the bread and butter. Make a pint of custard, and pour over; beat half a pint of cream to a stiff froth and pour over the trifle when cold.

Cranberry Sherbet.—One quart fruit, one pint sugar, one and one-half pints water. Boil fruit in water until soft, strain, add the sugar and boil three or four minutes. Freeze fairly hard and remove dasher. Beat white of egg to stiff froth, add table-spoon powdered sugar and beat until it will stand alone. Stir this into the sherbet, beat well, cover and set away to ripen.

Scalloped Cabbage.—One small head cabbage, three cups bread crumbs, one tablespoon butter, one and one-half teaspoons salt, one-eighth teaspoon cayenne, milk to cover. Put crumbs and shredded cabbage alternately in layers in buttered baking dish until dish is two-thirds full. Sprinkle top with crumbs, dot with milk. Bake in moderate oven until cabbage is tender.

Tapioca Cream Soup.—Soak one-third cup pearl tapioca in a little cold water. Add to one quart white stock and simmer gently until tapioca becomes transparent. Cook together one pint water, one onion, two stalks celery, a little mace and seasoning. Strain, add to stock and just before sending to table add one cup cream and generous piece of butter.

Mutton Pot Roast.—Wipe, roll and skewer forequarter of mutton from which bones have been removed. Brown in small amount of fat in hot pan. Parboil four potatoes and drain. Put layer of potatoes in casserole or deep pudding dish, cover with layer of sliced onions, sprinkle with flour, salt and pepper. Lay meat on vegetables, add one cup water or stock, cover and cook in slow oven three hours. Add more liquid if necessary. If oven is right no more should be needed.

Apple Compote with Rice.—Two cups rice, six apples, four slices lemon, three and one-half cups sugar, two and one-half cups water. Cook sugar and water together ten minutes. Pare, core and cut apples in thick, round slices. Add lemon juice to syrup and cook apples a few at a time. Arrange rice in bottom of serving dish. On top of rice arrange slices of apple, overlapping each other. Boil syrup until thick and pour over apples. Cool and serve. Pears, peaches or oranges do well with this dish.

Cheese Cake.—One cup sweet milk, one cup well-sifted milk, one cup sugar, four egg yolks, one-fourth cup blanched almonds, juice and rind of one lemon, one-fourth teaspoon salt and pastry. Seal sweet and sour milk together and strain through cheesecloth. Keep one tablespoon almonds and put rest, together with other ingredients, into curd and pour into six patty pans lined with pastry. Sprinkle top with chopped almonds and bake in moderate oven until firm to touch about twenty-five minutes. Three tablespoons cottage cheese may be used instead of milk.

Peanut Soup.—One cup peanut butter, one cup chopped celery, three cups rich milk, one tablespoon chopped onion, one tablespoon each of butter and flour, three tablespoons chopped red or green sweet peppers, one teaspoon salt, one-eighth teaspoon pepper, one and one-half cups boiling water. Cook celery and onion in water until tender, adding water to keep amount one and one-half cups. Add one cup milk to peanut butter and blend. Heat remainder of milk in double boiler, thicken with flour and butter creamed together, add celery stock and peanut butter mixture; season and serve garnished with pepper.

Cakes That Keep.
There is always demand for cakes that keep—that can be kept in the cake box for a week or two, ready to furnish savory slices for afternoon tea or the glass of lemonade offered to a guest on a warm day or to add to the luncheon dessert if need be. Here are the recipes for some very good cakes that can be relied on for freshness for cupped many days.

Pork Cake.—This is an old recipe for a very good cake and it is rather odd that it is not made often nowadays, for it is not very difficult to prepare. It will keep for a year, and there are stories of old-time house-

keepers who used to make next year's pork cakes on the day when they began to eat those made last year. The recipe for this cake calls for a pound of salt pork chopped fine. Pour pint of boiling water over this and add two cups of molasses and two of sugar, sifted with a teaspoonful of cloves and a half a teaspoonful of nutmeg. Then add eight cups of pastry flour and a pound of seeded raisins, three-quarters of a pound of currants and a quarter of a pound of citron, shredded, all the fruit dredged with some of the flour. At the last add a heaping teaspoonful of soda dissolved in boiling water. Bake for about two hours in a moderate oven.

Nut Spice Loaf.—Cream half a cupful of butter with two cupfuls of sugar, add the yolks of four eggs well beaten and half a cupful of molasses. Sift two and a half cupfuls of flour (sifted once before measuring) with a teaspoonful of cinnamon, half a teaspoonful of cloves and a quarter of a teaspoonful of nutmeg. Dredge a cupful of raisins chopped, half a cupful of cleaned currants and half a cupful of English walnut meats in the flour and add to the liquid ingredients. Then add a teaspoonful of soda and a teaspoonful and a half of baking powder and bake. These ingredients can be made satisfactorily.

Coffee Cake.—Cream a cupful of butter with two of sugar and add four beaten eggs, two tablespoonsful of molasses and a cupful of cold boiled coffee and three and three-quarters cupfuls of flour sifted with five teaspoonsful of baking powder, a teaspoonful of cinnamon, half a teaspoonful of cloves, half a teaspoon of nutmeg, half a teaspoon of allspice, seeded raisins, a quarter of a cupful of shredded citron and three-fourths of a cupful of dried currants in some of the flour before mixing with the spices and add the fruit last with two tablespoonsful of brandy, which may be omitted without injury to the cake. Bake slowly and carefully in one or two loaves. The recipe may be divided for a smaller amount.

Molasses Pound Cake.—Cream two-thirds of a cupful of butter with three-quarters of a cupful of sugar. Add two eggs, two-thirds of a cupful each of molasses and milk and two and one-half cupfuls of flour, sifted with a teaspoonful of cinnamon, a quarter of a teaspoonful each of mace and cloves and half a teaspoonful of allspice. Mix in a third of a cupful of citron, cut in thin shreds, and half a cupful of raisins which have been put through the coarse part of the meat chopper with some of the flour, and add with three-fourths of a teaspoonful of soda.

Household Hints.
An empty baking powder can makes an excellent hot chopper.
Medicine stains can be removed from linen with strong ammonia.
Ginger cookies are improved if mixed with coffee instead of water.
A piece of cheese grated over a simple salad is a great improvement.
Red currants added to the raspberries give raspberry jam a delicious flavor.
Flour the cake pan after you have greased it, to keep the cake from sticking.
Tooth brushes should be dried in the open air and the sun should shine on them.
Nutmegs will grate more satisfactorily if started from the bottom end. Vinegar and honey mixed in equal parts is a great relief for a cough.
To make perfect tea, remember—good tea, boiling water and a hot teapot.
Carbolic acid is a good disinfectant, but useless unless diluted with at least 20 times its bulk in cold water.
A bit of vaseline will remove mildew or stains from any kind of leather.
Always start the rice pudding on top of the stove, allow it to boil, stirring it frequently, until the rice is done, then set it in the oven to brown. When fish comes into the house a few hours before it is cooked, it should be cleaned, wiped dry and put into a closely covered vessel, not tin, and put as near the ice as possible.

Comparison.
"Marriages," said the old-fashioned sentimentalist, "are made in heaven."
"Yes," replied Miss Cayenne. "But they are made like motor cars. They run badly after they leave the factory."

THE GOLDEN KEY

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

CHAPTER XXXVII.—(Cont'd.)

Afterwards the whole party adjourned to the theatre, altogether in an informal manner. Some of the guests had carriages waiting, others rather late in coming downstairs and Trent waiting for her in the hall. She was wearing a wonderful black satin opera cloak with pale green lining, her maid had touched up her hair and wound a string of pearls around her neck. He watched her as she came slowly down the stairs, but, to his surprise, she did not look at him waiting there alone. After a moment he was likely that wealth, however great, could ever bring him his real one degree nearer to her? He told himself that it was the rankest presumption to even think of her. "The others," he said, "have gone on. Lady Tresham left word that I was to take you."

She glanced at the old-fashioned clock which stood in the corner of the hall. "How ridiculous to have hurried so!" she said. "One might surely be comfortable here instead of waiting at the theatre."

She walked towards the door with him. His own little night-brownish was waiting there, and she stepped into it, surprised at Lady Tresham, she said, smiling, "I really do think that I am at all properly chaperoned. This comes, I suppose, from having acquired a character for independence."

Her gown seemed to fit the carriage—a little sea of frothy lace and muslin. He hesitated on the pavement. "Shall I ride outside?" he suggested. "I don't want to crush you." She gathered up her skirt at once and made room for him. He directed the driver and stepped in beside her. "I hope," she said, "that your cigarette restored your spirits. You are not going to be as dull all the evening as you were at dinner, are you?"

He smiled a little wistfully. "I'd like to talk to you," he said simply, "but somehow to-night . . . you know it was much easier when you were a girl, when the hour."

"Well, that is what do am now," she said, laughing. "Only I'm not getting away from all my old friends at once. The day after to-morrow I shall be back at work."

"Do you mean it?" he asked incredulously. "Of course I do! You don't suppose I find this sort of thing particularly amusing, do you? Hasn't it ever occurred to you that there must be a terrible sameness about people who have been brought up amongst exacting surroundings and taught to regard the world exactly the same point of view?"

"But you belong to them—you have their instincts."

"I may belong to them in some ways, but you know that I am a rebel. Haven't I gone out into the world to the horror of all my relatives, for the sole purpose of getting a firmer grip of life?"

"Mr. Trent, I believe that to-night you have forgotten that. You have remembered my present character only, and in despair of interesting a fashionable young lady, you have talked to me at all, and I have been very dull."

"It is quite true," he assented. "All around us they were talking of things which I knew nothing, and you were one of them."

"How foolish! You could have talked to me about Fred and the road-making in Africa. I should have been more interested than anything they could have said to me."

"They were passing a brilliantly-lit corner, and the light flashed upon his strong set face with its heavy eyebrows and firm lips. He said simply and laughed hoarsely. Was it seen fancy, she wondered, or did he seem not wholly at his ease."

"Haven't I got a good deal to tell you about Africa that you would care to hear?"

"She shook her head. What she said next sounded to him, in a certain sense, enigmatic.

"There is a good deal left for you to tell me," she said. "Some day I shall hope to know everything."

"He met her gaze without blinking. "Some day," he said, "I hope you will."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.
The carriage drew up at the theatre, and he handed her out—a little awkwardly perhaps, but without absolute clumsiness. They found all the rest of the party already in the hall, and the curtain about to go up. They took the two end stalls, Trent on the outside. One chair only, next to him, remained unoccupied by a man, and "You people haven't hurried," Lady Tresham remarked, leaning forward. "We are in time at any rate," Ernestine answered, letting her cloak fall upon the back of the stall.

The curtain was rung up and the play began. It was a modern society drama, full of all the most up-to-date fashionable jargon and topical allusions. Trent grew more and more bewildered at every moment. Suddenly towards the end of the first act, a fine dramatic situation leaped out like a tongue of fire. The interest of the whole audience, up to then only mildly amused, became suddenly intense. Trent sat forward in his seat, Ernestine ceased to fan herself. The man and the woman stood face to face—the light badinage which had been passing between them suddenly ended—the man, with his sin stripped bare, mercilessly exposed, the woman, her accurately drawn, pouring out her scorn upon a mute victim. The audience knew what the woman in the play did not know, that she was for love of her that the man had sinned, to save her from a terrible danger which had hovered very near her life. The curtain fell, the woman leaving her room with a final taunt flung over her shoulder, the man seated at a table looking unseeing into the fire with fixed, unseeing eyes. The audience drew a little breath, and then applauded; the orchestra struck up and a buzz of conversation followed. It was then that Ernestine began to notice how absorbed the man at her side had become. His hands were

grasping the arms of the stall, his eyes were fixed upon the spot somewhere behind upon the spot where the sudden little drama had been played out, as though indeed they could pierce the heavy upholstery and see beyond into the room where the very air seemed quivering still with the vehemence of the woman's outburst. Ernestine spoke to him at him back with a start to the present. "You like it?"

"The latter part," he answered. "What a sudden change! At first I thought it rubbish, afterwards it was wonderful!"

"Huhers is a fine actor!" she remarked, fanning herself. "It was his first opportunity in the play, and he certainly took advantage of it." He turned deliberately round in his seat towards her, and she was struck with the forceful eagerness of his dark face, set.

"The man," he whispered hoarsely. "Was he right? Would a woman forgive a man who deceived her for her own sake—when she knew?"

Ernestine held up her programme and studied the scenery. "I cannot tell," she said, "it depends."

Trent drew a little breath and turned aside whispering to her. "The woman would forgive if she cared for the man."

Trent turned sharply and the light died out for a moment. Surely it was an evil omen, this man's coming; for it was Captain Francis who had taken the vacant seat and who was somewhat astonished with a hero.

"Rather a stupid play, isn't it?" he said. "I wish you would ask Miss Wendermott's permission to present it to me, my young cousin out at Attra."

Ernestine heard and leaned forward smiling. Trent did as he was asked, and then, until the curtain went up for the next act, he had only to sit still and listen.

Afterwards the play scarcely fulfilled Trent's promise of its commencement. At the third act Trent lost all interest in it. Suddenly an idea occurred to him. He drew a card from his pocket and scribbling a word or two on it, passed it along to Lady Tresham. She looked forward and smiled approval upon him.

"Delightful!" Trent reached for his hat and whispered to Ernestine, "I really do think you are all the more to supper with me at the 'Milan,'" he said; "I am going on now to see about it."

"What a charming idea! But do you mean all of us?"

"Why not?"

"I may belong to them in some ways, but you know that I am a rebel. Haven't I gone out into the world to the horror of all my relatives, for the sole purpose of getting a firmer grip of life?"

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MAJOR-GEN. F. L. LESSARD, who leaves for the front at once to receive all information and experience necessary to him in his position of Inspector-General.

making a pretence of working in a kitchen garden attached to a little mission-house—a Baude Society depot. He always seemed to be leaning on his spade, always gazing out seawards in the same intent, fascinating way. Some one told me his history. He was an Englishman of good position who had got into trouble in his younger days and served a term of years in prison. When he came out, sooner than disgrace his family, he published a false account of his death and sailed under a disguised name for Africa. There he has lived ever since, growing older and always missing it, always to be had, but weak and dissolute if you like, but ever keeping up his voluntary sacrifice, ever with that unconquerable longing for his own people. I saw him one day, and he was still there, still with his eyes turned seawards and with the same wistful look of the head. Somehow I can't help thinking that that old man is a hero.

The tinkling of glasses and the soft murmuring of whispered conversation had ceased during Francis's story. Every one was a little affected—the soft throbbing of the violins upon the balcony was almost a relief. Then there was a little murmur of sympathy, their remarks—but amongst it all Trent sat at the head of the table with white set face, but with red fire behind his eyes. This man had played his hand well, amongst the best of men, but he had not looked at Ernestine—only he knew that her eyes were wet with tears and that her bosom was heaving.

(To be continued.)

THIRTY-SEVEN YEARS IN JAIL.

John Hartley, aged 73, has Record in London.
After spending 37 years in prison, John Hartley, aged 73, has been sent to jail again for 12 months at the London (England) Gaol.

Hartley's criminal career establishes a record in its way. His first sentence, a week in jail, was imposed in 1855 when he was only 21 years old. Two years later he got three months. Thirteen other sentences followed, the sentences were amongst the longest. He has already served six months during the present year. Hartley is so feeble that he had to sit in a chair during his trial, instead of standing up, as is the custom here. He pleaded guilty to burglary.

JAPAN SUPPLIES TOYS.

Japan has helped out the English shopping season by providing the bazaars with enough toys to supply the war deficit. Before the war Germany controlled almost the entire toy trade, English toy industries have since started up, but could not fill all the orders from the shops. Then an importing firm sent samples of German toys to Japan. In some ways the Japanese output has exceeded expectations.

The new Japanese toys include clockwork animals, such as jumping dogs and horses, cheap speaking dolls and imitation skin animals. While not a musical people in the European sense, the Japanese also manufacture toy musical instruments.

What He Might Do.

"Ma, may I go out to play?"
"No; must sit still where you are."
Pause.
"Ma, may I go down into the kitchen?"
"No; I want you to sit perfectly quiet."
Pause.
"Ma, mayn't I sit on the floor and play marbles?"
"I have told you twice that I want you to sit just where you are and be quiet, and I mean exactly what I say."
Pause.
"Ma, may I grow?"

A Long Walk.

A learned professor was paying a visit to his married niece and listening to her praise of her first brood. When she paused for breath the professor felt that he must say something. "Can the little fellow walk?" he asked, with every appearance of interest. "Walk?" cried the mother indignantly. "Why, he's been walking for five months!" "Dear me!" exclaimed the professor, again relapsing into abstraction. "What a long way he must have gone!"

A Deep Thought.

They had not been married very long, and that complete blissful trust which young husbands and wives have in each other had not yet been broken. But one morning wife meekly remarked: "I noticed the hole in your trousers pocket last night after you had gone to bed, John, dear. Now, am I not a thoughtful little wife?" The husband dubiously remarked:—"Well—or—yes—es, you are thoughtful enough, my dear; but how in the mischief did you discover there was a hole in my pocket?"

Of all animals, tigers are the most susceptible to sea-sickness.

HONORS WON IN THE "BIG PUSH"

HEROISM AND DEVOTION OF BRITISH SOLDIERS.

Deeds of Daring at Critical Moments That Won the Victoria Cross.

In the big advance on Loos that began on September 25 the Victoria Cross was won by seventeen officers and men of the British army. The wonderful stories of their amazing heroism, coolness and devotion to duty are told in the official phrases of the London Gazette. Some of them are here reproduced:

Killed in Final Rally.
Major (temp. Lieut.-Col.) A. F. Douglas-Hamilton, commanding 6th Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders. When commanding his battalion during operations on Hill 70 on Sept. 25, when the battalions on his right and left had retired, he rallied his own battalion again and again, and led his men forward four times. The last time he led that remained, consisting of about fifty men, in a most gallant manner, and was killed at their head.

Regardless of Danger.
Capt. Anketell Monray Read, 1st Northamptonshire Regiment. During the first attack near Hulluch on the morning of Sept. 25, although partially gassed, Capt. Read went out several times in order to rally parties of different units which were disorganized and retiring. He led them back into the firing line, and, utterly regardless of danger, moved freely about encouraging them under a withering fire. He was mortally wounded while carrying out this gallant work.

Held Huns an Hour.
Corp. J. D. Pollock, 5th Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders. Near the Hohenzollern redoubt on Sept. 27, at about 12 noon, when the enemy's bombers in superior numbers were successfully working up the "Little Willie" trench towards Hohenzollern redoubt, Corporal Pollock, after obtaining permission, got out of the trench alone, walked along the top edge with the utmost coolness and disregard of danger, and compelled the enemy's bombers to retire by bombing them from above. He was under heavy machine gun fire the whole time.

An Inspiring Example.
Temp. Second Lieut. A. J. T. Fleming-Sandes, 2nd East Surrey Regiment. At Hohenzollern redoubt on Sept. 29 Second Lieut. Fleming Sandes was sent to command a company which at the time was in a very critical position. The troops on his right were retiring, and his own men were much shaken by continual bombing and machine gun fire, were also beginning to retire owing to shortage of bombs. Taking in the situation at a glance, he collected a few bombs, jumped on the parapet in full view of the Germans, who were only 20 yards away, and threw them. Although very severely wounded almost at once by a bomb, he struggled to his feet and continued to advance and throw bombs until he was again severely wounded.

Saved the Situation.
Temp. Sec. Lieut. F. H. Johnson, 73rd Field Company, R.E. In the attack on Hill 70 on Sept. 25, Sec. Lieut. Johnson was with a section of his company of the Royal Engineers. Although wounded in the attack, led several charges on the German redoubt, and at a very critical time, under very heavy fire, repeatedly rallied the men who were near him. By his splendid example and cool courage he was mainly instrumental in saving the situation.

Saved Hundreds of Men.
Sec. Lieut. A. B. Turner, 3rd Princess Charlotte of Wales (Royal Berkshire) Regiment. At Fosse 8, near Vermelles, on Sept. 28, when the German bombers could make no headway in Slag Alley, Sec. Lieut. Turner volunteered to lead a new bombing attack. He pressed down the communication trench practically alone, throwing his bombs incessantly with such dash and determination that he drove back the Germans about 150 yards without a check. His action enabled the reserves to advance with very little loss, and subsequently covered the flank of his regiment in its retirement thus probably averting a loss of some hundreds of men. This most gallant officer has since died.

FROM OLD SCOTLAND
NOTES OF INTEREST FROM HER BANKS AND BRAES.
What is Going On in the Highlands and Lowlands of Auld Scotia.
Workmen are now busy putting the finishing touches to the new military hospital within the Castle Park at Dunbar.
At a recent gathering in the Glasgow City Chambers, 60 officers of the new Cadet corps were presented with their commissions.
Earlston school has been closed on account of a bad outbreak of measles, which has affected the attendance by fifty per cent.
Dundee housing and town planning scheme has been stopped, although \$300,000 of expenditure on working men's dwellings had been sanctioned.
Mrs. Alex. Ross, who went through the Crimean war, her husband being sergeant in the 93rd Highlanders, has just died at Dundee.
Seven of the permanent members of Galashiels police force have joined the army out of thirteen, while four of the temporary members have also joined.
Signs of revived activity are to be seen in the old shipyard at Inverkeithing, which has been acquired by the Nicholson Steam Tug & Salvage Co., Leith.
At Cambuslang, Caledonian Railway Station, Mrs. James Wilson, Halfway, Cambuslang, fell down between the platform and the train and was instantly killed.
Lieut. Alfred F. Baker, attached to the 11th Royal Scots, formerly of the 72nd Sutherland's of Canada, a son of the late Thomas Baker of Edinburgh, has died of wounds.
The Stirling Evening Continuation Classes Committee have instituted special classes for soldiers, and at present there are twenty-five soldiers in attendance.
Lieut. Wm. W. Burns, who once formed Hardacres, near Kelso, now of the British Aviation Corps, is reported to have met with disaster near Bursa, on the Persian Gulf.
Corporal John Macdonald, 1st 4th Cameron Highlanders, is the first Nairn soldier to win the D.C.M., and he has been publicly honored by the officials and townspeople of Nairn.
After having been on a strike for a week the men engaged in the retort houses of Paisley Gas Works have returned to work, the Council offering to submit their claim to arbitration of the Board of Trade.

An Ideal Arrangement.
"You ought to propose to my sister," smirked the young lady. "She is a splendid cook, while I have nothing to recommend me save what you are pleased to call my good looks."
"I want to marry you," maintained the young man. "Still I realize that a good cook is a great boon. Maybe your sister would come and cook for us," he continued hopefully.

A rhinoceros rolls in the mud because little insects get between the folds of its skin and worry it. If it bombs incessantly with such dash and determination that he drove back the Germans about 150 yards without a check. His action enabled the reserves to advance with very little loss, and subsequently covered the flank of his regiment in its retirement thus probably averting a loss of some hundreds of men. This most gallant officer has since died.



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"I want to marry you," maintained the young man. "Still I realize that a good cook is a great boon. Maybe your sister would come and cook for us," he continued hopefully.

A rhinoceros rolls in the mud because little insects get between the folds of its skin and worry it. If it bombs incessantly with such dash and determination that he drove back the Germans about 150 yards without a check. His action enabled the reserves to advance with very little loss, and subsequently covered the flank of his regiment in its retirement thus probably averting a loss of some hundreds of men. This most gallant officer has since died.

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