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About the House

Useful Hints and General Information for the Busy Housewife

Some Toothsome Cakes.

There are many delicious cakes which shut-ins may try, and a good plan is to keep your recipes all together, bind them into a book, paste them up, or something of the kind, so that when you want to make a certain kind of cake the directions will be right at hand. The following are a particularly good one. For a plain, everyday economical cake: **Pork Cake.**—One pound of fat salt pork free from lean or rind; chop so fine as to be almost like lard, pour upon it one-half pint of boiling water, add two cups of dark brown sugar, one of New Orleans molasses, one teaspoon of soda, stirred into the molasses, one pound of raisins, one pound of dates, chopped, one-fourth of a pound of citron, shaved fine. Stir in enough sifted flour to make it the consistency of common cake batter; season cloves, allspice and nutmeg. Bake in a moderate oven. **French Cream Cake.**—Required, 1 pound of sifted white pulverized sugar, the grated peel of a lemon, a tablespoon of orange flower water, a dozen eggs, 1/2 pound of sifted flour, 1/2 pound of mashed rice (dried), 1 tablespoon of baking powder, 4 ounces of sweet almonds and 1 ounce of bitter almonds. Beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth, after having blanched and peeled the almonds and pounded them to a fine powder in a mortar. Beat the yolks of the eggs very light, gradually adding the rice, which has been well washed. Mix the almonds thoroughly with the flour, then add these gradually to the sugar, beating vigorously. Add the grated zest of the lemon with the essence and finally add the whites of the eggs and mix lightly and quickly. Butter a pan and line the bottom and sides of the pan, and bake the cake in a moderate oven for an hour. **Honey Cake.**—A teaspoonful of honey, a teaspoonful of baking powder, 2 eggs, 1/2 teaspoonful of pink flour and a teaspoonful of curraway seeds. Take the teaspoonful of sugar and the teaspoonful of honey and mix them together. Add the half teaspoonful of melted butter and the yolks of 2 well-beaten eggs. Sift a teaspoonful of baking powder into a pint of flour and add. Beat all together until very light and add the whites of the eggs beaten to a stiff froth. Finally add the curraway seeds. Bake in a moderate oven from half to three-quarters of an hour. **Orange Cake.**—Four ripe oranges, a pound of pulverized sugar, a pound of butter, 14 ounces of flour, 10 eggs and a teaspoonful of baking powder. Wash the oranges, then dry and roll them under your hand on a board until very soft. Grate the zest of the orange and then cut up the fruit in fine pieces, and squeeze through a strainer until all the juice is extracted. Wash the butter till you extract all the salt, and then beat it to a cream. Add the sugar and beat thoroughly. Then add the orange meats and the juice, and beat till very light. Add the yolks of the eggs, well beaten, and again beat the mixture till light. Then by degrees add the flour, adding alternately the whites of the eggs beaten to a stiff froth, and the whole for half an hour. Beat in a moderate oven for 45 minutes, and when you ice your cake, if you do so, add orange juice to the icing.

For Young Housekeepers.

Your larder is never well stocked unless it contains lettuce, watercress or celery. Keep them dry and cold until ready to use. Always crisp them on the ice, after they have been freshened, cleaned and drained. A pot of deep fat for frying is invaluable. Render out in a hot oven all the cuttings from meats and fowl, and after straining through a fine sieve, pour into a pot kept for this purpose. After frying each time, draw the fat, so it is ready for use the next time. If hard-boiled eggs are plunged into cold water as soon as they are taken from the fire there will be no dark ring around the yolk. It is not a bad idea for the housewife to have in each room of her house a piece of unfinished sewing or knitting. This may be gracefully done by making a pretty little work-bag which can be hung on the back of a chair, the corner of a bookcase or mantelpiece in each room. This is convenient and at the same time adds a pretty touch of color to the room.

Useful Hints.

If you wish to be very economical with olive oil, mix it—equal parts—with pure cottonseed oil. The nutritious part of the potatoes lies close to the skin; therefore if it is pared it should be done sparingly. Prunes and apples are both delicious baked for hours in the oven instead of prepared in the ordinary way. Things that are set in a band should be hung from the hem, and not from the band on wash day. A tray with supports at each end is the greatest comfort to an invalid who has to eat her meals in bed. Earth worms in flower pots can be destroyed by mixing a little pulverized tobacco with the earth in each pot.

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THE CABLEMAN

AN EXCITING PRESENT-DAY ROMANCE

BY WEATHERBY CHESNEY

CHAPTER II.

Two hours later Scarborough set out for the Chinelas, to play chess with Mr. Page as he had promised. As he walked he again thought of those two words in the cable message which had passed through his hands. Lovers are fanciful. Was it possible that they were not code words at all, but that the reference was to a real danger that was coming near to the girl whom he loved? Scarborough framed the question in his mind, and then laughed out loud at the absurdity of it. There could be no connection between Elsa Page and Val B. Montague, with his troupe of quarrelsome and probably tenth-rate stars. Of course the message was only code!

But when he was shown into the drawing-room of the Chinelas, and Elsa Page came forward to greet him, she was in trouble, with the quickness and apprehension which love gives, that she was at once, "I would have sent to tell you not to come," she said; "but I had no messenger."

"Is anything wrong?" "Father's gout is very painful to-night, and he doesn't feel equal to chess. He asked me to make his excuses for him."

"I'm sorry," said Scarborough, "but there's something more, isn't there?" "Something more?" "You are in trouble? Something has happened?" Elsa looked at him for a moment without speaking, and a hint of distress showed itself in her eyes; she shook her head.

"No," she said steadily. "Nothing has happened."

Scarborough watched her as she took up a piece of fancy-work and fingered it aimlessly, and he knew that she was not speaking the truth. Yesterday when he had left her she had been happy and natural, and tonight he had meant to ask her to be his wife. But to-night she was different. There was a constraint in her manner, there had been almost a coldness in her greeting, and he no longer felt his yesterday's confidence in the answer which she would give him, if he said the words he had come to say. Between to-night and yesterday something had happened, though she spoiled the understanding which had been between them.

He came a little nearer to her. "Elsa," he said gently. "She gave him a hurried look, almost he thought, of fear; and then she covered her face with her hands. She was not crying, but a shiver shook her, and then left her calm. She took her hands from her face, and raised her eyes to his with a grave look of questioning."

She was not one of those women whom men, at first meeting, called handsome. Amongst a group of other girls, she might conceivably have been overlooked or unnoticed; and yet she, in her own dainty way, beautiful as the delicate features were perfect; her figure was slight, but the curves of it were exquisitely proportioned. She had the daintiness of carved ivory. Hers was not the kind of beauty which compels instant attention; but it was the kind which wears well. In old age she would still be beautiful, when the merely handsome, or the merely pretty, would have faded to the merely commonplace.

If you were a flirt, I could understand that too; but you are not. You are not the girl who offers an inch, and means an ell to be taken. Why do you offer me the inch?

She shivered slightly, for the resentment in his voice hurt her. After a brief pause, she said: "Suppose it is because I hate to near the name Miss Page on your lips! I framed the question in my mind, and then laughed out loud at the absurdity of it. There could be no connection between Elsa Page and Val B. Montague, with his troupe of quarrelsome and probably tenth-rate stars. Of course the message was only code!

"You say things which I find it hard to qualify your refusal with a 'probbably' you say that you feel a rush of shame when I call you by your father's name, and you ask to be only Elsa to me. What does it all mean?" "It means, Horace, that I want a friend," she answered simply. "Are you in any trouble?" He thought of the cablegram, and added "or danger?" "I am in trouble. I don't think I am in danger."

He came to her and took her hand again. "Forgive me," he said gently. "I'm a brute to bully you. I will ask no as little as you like, but let me help you if I can."

A look of relief passed across her face, but immediately afterwards it vanished, and she shrank back from him. For a brief moment she seemed to struggle with herself. Then she looked into his eyes.

"On my conditions?" she asked gravely. "On your conditions," he answered. "She rose and went to the window. The night was dark, and she could see nothing, and the cold mist rolled in and made her shiver again. She turned suddenly to the young man. "Will you take me to-morrow to Ponta Delgada?" she asked.

Scarborough thought again of the cablegram, and he feared for the danger which she could not tell him of, but which seemed, in spite of her denial, to threaten vaguely but ominously. "Why do you want to go?" he asked.

"You said you would ask no more questions," she reminded him. "I cannot tell you my reason."

were clean of the fraud. That the active management had been out of his hands, and in those of his senior partner, for the last two months before the crash, was a point which told strongly in his favor. Many people therefore, whose commercial standing made their opinion of value, believed him, and considered him to be what he said he was, an innocent victim.

There were some, however, who declared that the truth was exactly the opposite. "Elsa had known all this, and had waited, at first patiently, but latterly with a growing impatience, for the time when her father should have all the necessary proofs in his hands, and should return to face his accusers, and vindicate his innocence. Then he no longer seemed anxious to do so was a thing which she could not understand. But lately the conviction had been slowly forcing itself upon her that she never meant to go back; and for that weakness she almost began to scorn him."

"She was thinking of these things now, as she stood at the door of her father's house in the Azores and looked out into the darkness of the night—a darkness no blacker than the despair that filled her. She stretched out her hands, and cried aloud: "Horace! I love you! And even when you tell me of your love, I have to lie to you, and play a part!"

A great sob shook her. She turned, and went slowly to her room. Her father wanted her, and was waiting; but she could not go to him to-night. (To be continued.)

SOLDIERS SING IN TRENCHES
The British Are Undisturbed By Mine Explosions.
A correspondent at British Headquarters in France writes: Some curious structures of concrete, like great castles in shape, have been built in places along the enemy front. They naturally get the attention of the Germans. At one spot our men noticed a cupola had been constructed, or rather a turtle back, not very apparent. One of our howitzers was asked to try his weight at the object, and put over some shells with excellent aim. One went through the target, throwing up indistinguishable rubbish. When the smoke and dust cleared the turtle back was seen to be smashed, showing twisted iron girders within and a mass of wire, which looked like uncoiled springs, evidently the reinforcement of the concrete.

Possibly the nervousness of the Germans also accounts for their industry in mining towards whatever salient gives us some vantage. These mines are peculiarly horrible, for one never knows now, when interested in a corner of a fire trench, whether or not there is a volcano underneath. The unconcern of our men, who cannot always be sure that such an unpleasant development of trench warfare has reached them, is astonishing.

QUEEN WATCHED BY BEDSIDE
Consort of Italy's King Enabled Sick Soldier to Sleep.
The story of a complete transformation into a Red Cross hospital of the historic and richly appointed Quirinal Palace in Rome, the winter residence of the Royal family, is told by Ambassador Thomas Nelson Page in the leading article in "The American Red Cross Magazine." Describing a tour of the hospital, with Queen Elena as guide, the ambassador writes:

In a few minutes we were being shown everything under the personal guidance of her, who had not been the Queen of Italy, might, from her perfect knowledge of every detail and the simplicity with which she conducted us, have been imagined only a courteous and accomplished hospital matron, trained all her life to attend to precisely the duties of that position. It was hard to tell which was the more interesting reflection—that the Queen should be so simple, natural and perfectly informed as to every detail of the hospital, or that this perfectly informed, simple, natural mistress of a hospital was the Queen of Italy.

One of the badly wounded, we heard, had asked the Queen the night they came to sit beside him, as he thought he could sleep and his fever would go down if she would stay with him. So she sat by his bed until late in the night when he had fallen to sleep.

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OBJECTS OF THE ANTI-GERMAN LEAGUE.
Strong Manifesto Issued, and a Comprehensive Programme Drawn Up.

Destruction of every German influence in Great Britain, internment of all alien enemies, and capture of all German trade secrets are aimed at by the Anti-German League. This organization is increasing in strength daily, and has the backing of influential business concerns in England. It is attempting to gain a million members, and its aims are set forth in a manifesto which says in part: "Ten thousand seven hundred and twenty-nine Germans in London alone still uninterred! These are official figures, given by Sir John Simon in reply to a question in the House of Commons. How much longer is such a state of affairs to continue? Neutral countries consider us quite mad in regard to the alien enemy peril, and it is (amongst other things) the purpose of the anti-German League to bring pressure to bear upon those who are responsible for such a crying scandal."

Driving Nails in Coffin.
"Every true Briton joining means another nail driven into the coffin of German influence in this country. A million members are wanted. Enroll at once, and help to raise the league's vigorous battle cry of 'Everything German taboo!' throughout the British Empire."

Financial Assistance.
"5.—To assist in returning to Parliament any candidate, irrespective of party, who will pledge themselves to support the objects of the league, and generally to arrange a series of lectures in all the great towns and cities throughout the country for the purpose of obtaining public support and approval."

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How is rheumatism recognized? Some have said—
Rheumatism is a dull pain.
Rheumatism is a sharp pain.
Rheumatism is sore muscles.
Rheumatism is stiff joints.
Rheumatism is a shifting pain.
All have declared—Rheumatism is Pain.
Sloan's Liniment applied—
The blood begins to flow freely—the body's warmth is renewed—the congestion disappears—the pain is gone.
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Rheumatism and allied pains yield to the penetrating qualities of this warming liniment.