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About the House

Useful Hints and General Information for the Busy Housewife.

Try Variety at Meal Time.

No one problem is daily more vexatious than "What shall we have to eat?" Not only once, but three times a day does the same plaint arise. Most families are in a peculiar rut as to their eating and manner of cooking. For instance, in one family there is too frequent appearance of pot roast, mashed potatoes and brown gravy. Another family will not tolerate anything but broiled meat and runs up expensive bills for chops and steaks. A third family never has soup, and still another has every dessert a pudding.

Is it not possible, and easy also, to more greatly vary our menus? Is not this just the time of year to install some new methods of cooking the old, familiar dishes? Why must rice always be used as a cereal or as a basis of tasteless rice pudding? Other countries use it with meat, with a spicy gravy, and make it the basis of a meal either as a curry or "pilaf."

Is it not possible to take the piece of shoulder chuck and cook it some other way than unending pot roast? It could be seasoned with dressing and served with a tomato instead of a heavy sauce. In the matter of soups, many of us go on in the same unvarying way of vegetable bouillon and tomato bisque. How about all the other purées, green dried peas, yellow split peas, onions, carrots? How about the many kinds of soups with meat balls or noodles? There is not a foreign nation but excels us in the variety of its soups. So, too, with potatoes. Why always the same mashed, boiled or creamed? Under the hands of a competent cook they become tasteful, varied and really interesting. Cheese, brown stock, lemon juice, all these can be added to potatoes, and there is even a book on 161 different kinds of potatoes.

No one thing will make for greater economy in our cooking than greater variety. Instead of the steak that we think must always be broiled we can use a "skirt steak," or flank, and have a delicious casserole dish at half the price. Instead of the soup that uses expensive vegetables, we can have a simple stock or puree for less money. Instead of a dessert needing three eggs or more, we can create substitute variety, which is both economical and attractive, but in which only a single egg or none is used. Variety in cooking—new dishes, new flavors—these will help the housewife set a better table at less money.

Old Saskatchewan Dishes.
Forty miles out from Winnipeg, living apart in immense sections, I met some of the happiest women it has been my pleasure to visit, writes Mary Mills.

In spring and summer, and until early fall, the farming, with its extra hands, brings much work to the housewife. After harvest the delightful visiting from homestead to homestead is begun, with dances and entertainments galore.

They think nothing of motoring or driving a team or sleigh from 20 to 40 miles and dancing till sunrise. When the blizzards come, compelling them to remain indoors, they have famous times. Being of English, Dutch and French ancestry, they cook many dishes which may be unusual in this section.

Slaughter.—Clean a head of a pig and a set of feet and put on to boil in cold water; cook until tender, remove the meat, strain the liquor, pick all meat from bones and chop fine. Return to kettle and season with sweet marjoram, thyme, parsley, salt and pepper. Thicken with equal parts of cornmeal and buckwheat. Set on back part of stove, to prevent burning, for five hours; pour in large tureen that has been previously wet with cold water; use knife or back

of spoon to smooth in places, when cold turn out, cut in thick slices, dip in flour and brown in hot pan.

Milk Dumplings.—Work 4 ounces of butter, very slightly warmed; 3 eggs and 8 ounces of fine bread crumbs; add a teaspoonful of salt and a pinch of pepper; mold in small balls and boil in 2 quarts of milk for 15 minutes. When ready lift with skimmer and add yolks of 2 eggs to milk; pour over all dumplings and serve.

Black Bread Soup.—Cut 2 carrots, 2 heads of celery, 2 parsnips and 2 very large onions into very fine slices, put in pan with 1/2 pound of butter and stew gently for 1/2 hour. Pour over this 2 quarts of soup stock, add 2 pounds of black bread (rye bread), cut in pieces, boil this nearly one hour, strain through fine sieve. To this now add 2 quarts more of soup stock, bring to boil, add juice of lemon, and it is ready to serve. Egg balls and noodles may be added if liked. This soup may be made in small portions, and is very good.

Offenings.—Make hash with 1 cup of meat (cold cooked, cut in small slices) 2 cups of potatoes, 1 small cup of onions (potatoes and onions cut in dice); put onions on to fry in 4 tablespoonfuls of fat; when soft add potatoes and meat, 1 cup of hot water, cover and cook one-half hour. Season with salt and pepper to taste, and just before lifting beat 3 eggs in bowl and pour over all. Put in oven 19 minutes to cook eggs, turn on dish, mold nicely, and send to table.

Useful Hints.
Fresh shoulder of pork stuffed is delicious.
Lamb when fresh is a bright red color with white fat.
Dusters, kitchen clothes, etc., should be washed last of all.
Shirts should be suspended from the bottom on the clothes line.
Boston baked beans require about eight hours in a slow oven.
Fried food should never become chilled before serving.
Before stoning raisins soak them in a basin of warm water.
Olive sandwiches are improved by adding a little mayonnaise.
To prevent blue from streaking clothes wash one dessertspoonful of soda in the bluing water.
When making a mustard plaster mix with it the white of an egg, this will prevent the plaster from causing a blister.
Grate all scraps of stale cheese and place in a tightly corked bottle or tin for flavoring soups, sauces, and similar things.
When tomatoes have become soft and wrinkled they can be restored to their original freshness by soaking in cold water for an hour.
Organdies, chambrays and fine cambrays may be washed without danger of fading if they are washed first in clear water in which a cupful of very coarse salt has been dissolved.
Soap and powdered chalk mixed and rubbed on mildew spots will remove them. To expedite matters let the spotted article lie in the sun for a few hours, dampening it again as it dries.
It is a good idea to clean the glass over pictures with a cloth wrung from hot water and dipped in alcohol. Polish them immediately until they are dry and glossy with chamois or tissue paper.
To lighten ivory knife handles cut a lemon in half, dip it into common kitchen salt and rub over the handles. This will remove the dirty yellow look and make the ivory as bright and white as new.
To ventilate a room having double windows that do not open bore a number of holes in the lower edge of the outer window frame and fit the holes with cork stoppers. The inner window may then be raised and the corks taken out to admit fresh air.

CHAPTER IV. (Cont'd.)
A man bicycling along the street towards them, took his hat off, jumped off beside them, and held out his hand. "Going to the circus?" he asked. He was Scott, the man with the novel, who had been sharing Scarborough's watch yesterday.

"Yes," said Elsa. "Are you?" "Sorry, I can't. I have to get back to duty at the cable station. Montague has been showing me over the schooner—most interesting life the beggars, lead, though I daresay it would pull a bit when the novelty wore off. By the way, Scarborough, one of them says he knows you."

"Oh? Which?" asked Scarborough, without interest.

"The man who does the fancy shooting. Says you and he went to the same crammer's, and were pilled for Sandhurst at the same exam."

"What's his name?" There was more interest in the question this time.

"He's Pampas Joe, the English Cowboy and Revolver King, on the programme. I didn't catch his real name. Darnley, or something of that sort."

"By Jove! I wonder if it's Phil Varney," cried Scarborough eagerly. For Phil Varney and he had been chums once.

"Yes, that's it, Varney," said Scott. "Hullo! What's Miss Page doing?" They had been standing in front of a small general shop. Elsa had gone in and asked for writing paper in an envelope, and fastened it up. Then she rejoined the young men.

"Are you going back to Ribeira Grande at once, Mr. Scott?" she asked.

"Yes," he said, and looking at his watch, added: "Time I was starting. Can I do anything for you?"

"Have you time to leave this note at Chinelos? It's a message for father, which I forgot to give him before I started."

"Oh, yes, certainly. I shall have to hurry though, so good-bye."

"Good-bye, and thank you so much," said Elsa.

"See you to-night, Scarborough," said Scott, as he mounted. "Bring Pampas Joe back to supper with you."

THE CABLEMAN

AN EXCITING PRESENT-DAY ROMANCE

BY WEATHERBY CHESNEY

CHAPTER IV. (Cont'd.)

"I shall easily get home before dark, and I would rather go alone." He protested, but she insisted. And, as usual, she had her way.

She rode off alone, and ten minutes later Scarborough was shaking hands with his old chum, Phil Varney, alias Pampas Joe, in the circus green-room.

"Who'd have thought of meeting you here, old man?" said the Revolver King. "I saw you from the ring, and I saw who you were with. That was another surprise."

"You know Miss Page?" asked Scarborough, with astonishment.

"No. But I know the girl who was with you."

"Yes, Miss Page."

"She calls herself that, does she?" said Phil Varney with a grin. "I knew her as Elsa Carrington, the daughter of the man who ruined my poor old governor."

(To be Continued.)

BUILDER OF A CIVILIZATION.
The Remarkable Experiences of Alfred Ilg in Abyssinia.

Buried among the crowding war news of last month, there was in one of the newspapers a dispatch that told of the death of Alfred Ilg, for twenty years the premier of Abyssinia. The name can have meant nothing to most of those who saw it, but it is that of a man who had an extraordinary career, and who in his own corner of the world played a wonderful part.

Alfred Ilg was a Swiss by birth. He received the education of an engineer at the famous Polytechnic School of Zurich, where he distinguished himself, and then he settled down to practice his profession at Bern. One day, in 1878, he had a word from one of his old instructors that Menelik, Negus of Abyssinia, had sent to Zurich for an engineer who could build forts and public works for him. They would recommend Ilg if he would accept the place.

At that time Abyssinia was almost unknown to the world as Tibet; it possessed a primitive Christianity, but as far as material civilization was concerned it was scarcely above the savages of Central Africa. But Menelik was determined to start his nation on the upward path. Ilg agreed to go to Abyssinia; but he was directed by Menelik to take a course in medicine and surgery before leaving Switzerland.

Ilg did almost everything during his thirty-five years in Abyssinia. He built fortifications, bridges, railways; opened mines and dug canals; introduced blast furnaces and electric lighting; in fact, he created a modern civilization from the beginnings.

When he arrived the simplest tools were unknown. There was not even a carpenter's square in the kingdom. The story of the bridge that Ilg built across the Hawash River shows what manner of man and natural ability he had to contend with. The Hawash separated Shoa, the southernmost province of Abyssinia, from lands of the Gallas, a tribe of fierce, pastoral nomads who were much dreaded by their Christian neighbors. Ilg persuaded Menelik that a bridge was needed to subdue them. He argued that if an Abyssinian army could cross to get at the raiders, they would have to submit or abandon their vast herds, some of which numbered a hundred thousand head of cattle.

Menelik was convinced with difficulty, and the Swiss constructed a model to illustrate his argument. The swarthy potentate put his hand upon the model and crushed it, and Ilg had to build another, too strong to be broken, before he got reluctant permission to carry out the project. But the Gallas are to-day loyal Abyssinians thanks to Ilg's bridge.

In building the bridge, the timber had to be carried on human shoulders over a distance of ten miles. Quarries had to be opened and stone-masons trained before the piers could be built. Every nail, screw, clamp and bolt had to be forged by hand. It took three hundred men three days to carry one beam over the ten miles—a feat of arduous industry beaten by the hyenas, who used to steal Ilg's pillow from under his head while he slept!

Ilg was also kept busy for months at a time superintending his sovereign's movements. When Menelik got tired of one site, his capital and his pet lions had to be transported to a more congenial locality. A new city had to be built, and Ilg acquired quite a facility in this work that any Western boom-town promoter might envy.

Those frequent moving days impressed him with the advantages of good roads and the necessity of wagons. Menelik was opposed to the innovation first, and then, after a while, "If you had such good horses and mules in Europe as we have in Abyssinia you wouldn't need smooth roads and rolling wheels."

Finally Ilg got permission to construct a piece of roadway and a wagon. The horses hitched to the vehicle ran away, frightened by their heels, they dashed the wagon into splinters, and for many years Menelik would hear nothing of such dangerous contrivances.

But Menelik's confidence in his "man-who-can-do-anything" steadily grew. He became chief diplomatic adviser and premier as well as court physician. He repaired the royal checks, and took all the photographs of his dusky majesty. He prospectored for coal and assayed gold from the rivers. It was owing to his reorganization and equipment of the Abyssinian army that the Italians were soundly beaten at Adowa in 1896.

In 1895 Ilg returned to Switzerland and brought a wife back with him to Abyssinia. Menelik had always been eager to learn handicrafts, and took an especial delight in carpentry; and when Ilg returned, his sovereign made him a wedding present of a house designed by the royal hands and built under Menelik's supervision.

When a man is looking for trouble few of his friends are too busy to assist in the search.

attempt to justify herself; and this is an omission which in itself indicates, in a woman, a sweet reasonableness, which is neither normal or healthy.

"I am sorry, Horace," she said. "I didn't mean to be horrid. I suppose I was?"

Scarborough's reply was a laugh. He had not the mental adroitness to follow the suddenness of her changes of mood; and his temper, less easily roused than hers, was harder to calm. He was still inclined to be angry.

"I said that I did not know Mr. Varney," she went on; "and that is true. But I do know who he is, and though he is your chum, I won't be introduced to him."

"Do you know anything to his discredit?"

"No."

"That's a grudging 'no,'" said Scarborough. "Does it mean 'yes'?"

"No."

"Then what's your reason? Is it because he's a circus man? He was educated to be an officer and a gentleman; and though he has come down in the world, and had to drop the officer, I don't think you were a snob, Elsa."

"Steady, steady, young man! She deserves it, perhaps; but your defence of your chum is making you brutal. And remember she is the girl you love and would marry!"

"Shall we talk of something else?" said the girl quietly. And a minute later they passed in through the turnstiles of the circus-building.

Val B. Montague's American Circus Combination was advertised as a constellation of stars; but the brilliance of the individual stars was under the dazzling. Scarborough and Elsa, through a conventional exhibition of flying trapeze work, which was not quite so daring as it looked; the wit of the Neapolitan clown who scored verbal victories (in French) over a heavy-faced, sniggering English coast town Spaniard, or Anglo-Saxon French impartiality, was under the circumstances somewhat unimpressive; the Japanese juggler was clever, but rather belied his professional cognomen of the Marquis Qui-Quis, by swearing in unmistakable Cockney at a clumsy assistant who spoiled one of his best tricks; and the performing bear, for this occasion, refused to perform anything—possibly to prove, beyond all chances of doubt, that he really was a mule. On the whole, therefore, Scarborough voted the show a dull one, and wondered whether Elsa was enjoying it.

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It not only softens the water but doubles the cleansing power of soap, and makes everything sanitary and wholesome.

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75 TONS OF LEAD TO KILL ONE GERMAN

THE MOST COMPLICATED TASK OF THE WAR

Walter S. Hiatt Tells How Supplies are Transported to the French Army

Walter S. Hiatt, special European correspondent of the Railway Age Gazette, contributes to the current number of the magazine an article descriptive of the methods used in transporting supplies for the French army. The task of carrying food supplies and munitions to an army of 4,000,000 men concentrated on a line of 600 miles long by twenty deep, he terms the most complicated of the war.

"It does not begin to give a conception of the vast transportation problems involved," he says, "to say that daily 25,000 tons of rations must be forwarded to the soldiers, that 1,000,000 quarts—a veritable river—of wine must reach them, that seventy-five tons of lead must be shipped for each German killed or wounded, or that the cost of war material forwarded each day is \$10,000,000. One railroad alone furnishes more than 3,500 cars a day for army transport. There are 100,000 automobiles and 600,000 wagons are required to distribute the shipments at the front."

The system of transportation and distribution in the confused conditions obtaining just after the outbreak of the war, he says, was much like that of Louis XIV., or Napoleon. With time and experience, however, the system has been developed into a regular graded series of stations and substations, from the station-magnans, or central supply stations, of which there are about twenty located from fifty to 100 miles behind the front; to the gares de ravitaillement, the local stations situated from five to ten miles behind the front, from which supplies are transported in army wagons, motor trucks or by narrow gauge roads to the artillery and trenches.

Provisions for Emergencies.
The central supply stations are the clearing houses for all army supply consignments. They are situated at strategic points within easy reach of seaports and other important cities and usually possessing unusual freight facilities. Each forwards supplies for 50,000 or 100,000 or in some cases more men a day. From one to three trains are dispatched every day to each gare regulatrice, or regulating station, where they are classified and forwarded to the gare de ravitaillement. The gares de ravitaillement keep ten days supplies on hand to guard against congestion. It is roughly figured that the daily requirement of an army corps of 40,000 men is forty carloads.

The central supply stations are equipped with the main bakeries for the army. There too the wine and coffee are received in bulk and apportioned for reshipment. The wine comes in tank cars not unlike American oil cars and is distributed in small barrels. The coffee is roasted in the centres and sent out in bags. "There are eight trucks, each 1,000 feet in length," Mr. Hiatt's article says in an outline of the methods of making up and distributing a supply train, "laid to care for the trains that are made up daily. Bulky supplies, such as hay for the horses, bread for the men,

shells for the cannon, whatnot, are carefully put into the same car, while the small groceries, like patis vivres, the meats, coffee, sugar, tobacco, salt, pipes, cheese, are put together, perhaps in the same car. This distribution is made to prevent confusion in deliveries and disputes as to quantities.

Sometimes Brave Shells.

"When the cars are duly labelled, bills of lading made for their contents, the train made up, soldiers and officers from the various departments represented board the train, and it pulls out, to the main track with the right of way.

"When it reaches the gare regulatrice, where dozens of other such trains are being broken up and part of their load sent one way, part another, according to the needs of the day.

"As a train from the gare regulatrice reaches the third and last stage of its journey it drops off a car of supplies here, another there, as the orders run, if a battle is raging at the front, the engineer may receive orders to wait until night before venturing along the danger zone, or if the need is pressing he may brave the shells and proceed."

CIGAR-SHAPED OIL SHIPS.
May be Used for Carrying Oil From U. S. to England.

Cigar-shaped ships, carrying each 20,000 tons of oil, will probably be used to bring oil to England from America in the near future, says the London Daily Chronicle.

They will travel under water, or at least, in an almost submerged position, and be towed across the ocean by steamers. It has been found that a submerged vessel can be towed much more easily than an ordinary vessel of the same size, this being due to the fact that the vessel, even in its surface position, almost entirely submerged, and the discovery has been made use of in the design of the new gigantic oil carriers.

Another novelty will be the permanent storage of large quantities of oil under water. Ordinary oil storage tanks are splendid marks for big guns, and are also vulnerable to attack from the air. The new method consists in sinking large steel cylinders filled with oil in an artificial lake, the oil being pumped in or out as required. An air chamber in each cylinder provides means for raising it to the surface.

Not to Blame.
Customer (indignantly)—That parrot you sold us hadn't been in the house a day before it began to swear dreadfully.

Dealer—You asked me for one that would be quick to learn, mum.

Encouraged.
"You look blue and discouraged, old man."

"I'm not myself this morning."

"Well, that's nothing to feel so bad about."

It's better to think of the things you might have said than to regret some of the things you did say.

"Yes," sighed the mother, "I am so often worried about my boy John. You have no idea how much concerned a mother is when her son is on the tented field." "Ah," said the sympathetic listener. "And what regiment is your son with?" "Regiment? Oh, he isn't with the army—he's employed in a travelling circus."

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Mothers: "Keep a bottle in your home"

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