

INSTANTANEA!

It has the reputation of nearly a quarter of a century behind every packet sold—
Black—Green—or Mixed—

About the House

Useful Hints and General Information for the Busy Housewife

Selected Recipes.

Soft Gingerbread.—Six cups of sifted flour, three cups of molasses, one cup butter or lard, one cup sour milk, one teaspoonful soda, two teaspoonfuls cinnamon, one teaspoonful ginger, pinch salt. Bake in a loaf. Half of this quantity can be used.

Bran Muffins.—Perhaps your readers would like to try it: One pint bran, one pint entire wheat, one heaping teaspoonful baking powder, three tablespoonfuls molasses, one teaspoonful salt; mix with sweet milk rather stiff; bake in hot oven.

Eggs Cooked in Gravy.—Take two or three large onions, slice them very thin, fry till a nice brown. Have ready three or four hard-boiled eggs cut in slices and a cupful of rice gravy with a little flour of arrowroot mixed with it. Add the eggs to the onions, then pour in the gravy, and stir in all till the gravy has thickened.

Delicious Spanish Cake.—Take butter, eggs sugar and flour of equal weight. When the butter is beaten to a cream add the eggs, sugar and flour in the order named. Beat and stir for twenty minutes or more; then drop it in small mounds on a sheet-iron pan dusted with flour. Place a preserved cherry in the center of each cake and bake in moderate oven.

Macaroni With Grated Cheese.—Break half of a small box of macaroni in short lengths. Have a large kettle of water boiling briskly. Salt it and drop in the macaroni, which should have been rinsed in cold water. Boil hard until the macaroni is tender. Turn into a colander, pour cold water over it and then hot water. Season with salt, pepper, butter, a little minced green pepper and one-quarter pound grated cheese, stir lightly, turn into a hot vegetable dish and pass more grated cheese when serving it.

Apple Dessert.—Pare half a dozen apples, cut in quarters and remove seeds, then boil gently in one cup of water with two cups of brown sugar. When soft strain off the juice and put apples in dish from which they will be served. In another pan melt one tablespoonful of flour and one cup of cream (milk will do). Let this get hot, then add apple juice, allow the mixture to come to a boil and simmer for five minutes, stirring all the while; pour this over the apples and you will have a delicious dish.

Lady Fingers.—Make regular spongecake batter, turn it into a pastry bag with a tube in the end and squeeze it out the shape of lady fingers. Dredge with powdered sugar and place in a very moderate oven. They must not spread or swell. If the former the oven is too cool; if the latter the oven is too hot. When baked remove them carefully from the pan, put the two flat sides together and place them on a sieve to cool. Pans indented in the shape of lady fingers are much less troublesome to use than the pastry bag.

Jellied Chicken Consomme.—1½ level tablespoonful granulated gelatin, 1 quart chicken stock, carefully strained and all fat removed; juice of 1 lemon, beaten white and crushed shell of 1 egg, salt to taste. Remove all fat from the chicken stock, add beaten egg, the crushed shell and lemon juice to the stock, place it over the fire and stir until it boils. Boil 2 minutes, then simmer for 10 minutes and strain through cloth wrung from cold water. Dissolve the gelatin in the hot strained stock and add salt, pour in a shallow dish and put it aside until set. When it is firm and chilled, beat the jelly with a fork to break it up, then fill bouillon cups and serve.

Squash Souffle.—Two cupfuls of steamed mashed squash, one cupful of cream, two eggs, salt and pepper. Add the seasoning to the mashed steamed squash then add cream and the well-beaten whites of eggs, turn into a buttered baking dish and bake in slow oven.

Steamed Squash.—Cut in pieces, remove seeds and membrane and steam until tender—about thirty minutes. Mash, season with salt, a dash of onion powder, butter, a little minced green pepper and one-quarter pound grated cheese, stir lightly, turn into a hot vegetable dish and pass more grated cheese when serving it.

Squash Pudding.—Three cupfuls of steamed mashed squash, two-thirds cupful of sugar, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, two and one-half cupfuls of milk, two eggs. Mix sugar, salt and cinnamon and add to squash. Add well-beaten eggs and milk, turn into buttered pudding dish and bake in moderate oven until firm.

Baked Squash.—Cut a squash into strips of about two inches square, dust with salt and pepper. Place in baking dish and add one-half teaspoonful of butter and one-half teaspoonful of molasses for each piece. Bake in moderate oven until soft.

Squash Breakfast Biscuits.—One-half cupful steamed, mashed squash, one-quarter cupful sugar, one-half cupful scalded milk, one-quarter cupful butter, one-half teaspoonful salt, one-quarter yeast cake, one-quarter cupful tepid water, two and one-half cupfuls flour. Dissolve seasonings, yeast and butter in milk and water. Then add squash, cover and let rise overnight. In the morning shape into biscuits, let rise and bake.

Cheese Luncheon Dishes.
Cheese Souffle.—Cook together in a

time, 1 quart chicken stock, carefully strained and all fat removed; juice of 1 lemon, beaten white and crushed shell of 1 egg, salt to taste. Remove all fat from the chicken stock, add beaten egg, the crushed shell and lemon juice to the stock, place it over the fire and stir until it boils. Boil 2 minutes, then simmer for 10 minutes and strain through cloth wrung from cold water. Dissolve the gelatin in the hot strained stock and add salt, pour in a shallow dish and put it aside until set. When it is firm and chilled, beat the jelly with a fork to break it up, then fill bouillon cups and serve.

Things to Remember.
Fish is not fresh unless the flesh is firm.
Eggs may not be more than a week old and yet be stale.
All foodstuffs eaten raw should be washed before being served.
Toast is more delicate if the crust is removed from the bread.
Have you tied up little bags of lavender to rest among your linen?
Never put woollen underwear on the baby and he will never need it.
A soured sponge needs to be hung two or three days in strong sunshine.
Save the water in which rice is cooked for a soup foundation.
Stale cake can be soaked in milk and made up into gingerbread.
With a vegetable dinner it is permissible to serve a dessert rich in eggs and cream.
If the chicken is old, the best way to cook it is in casserole, and to make it juicy add milk.
The housekeeper with respect for the digestion of the family avoids cooked-over meats.
Macaroni and oysters baked and mixed with macaroni and cheese make a good winter dish.
Rice and meat cooked together in any one of many ways make an excellent luncheon dish.
When you cream butter and sugar for a cake a little cold water will make the creaming easier.
Always open doors and windows of the dining room, if possible, before breakfast, so as to give the room a thorough airing.
A piece of clean chamois leather wrung out of cold water is the best dustier for velvet or plush furniture.
To renovate leather that has become dull and shiny looking rub over with the white of an egg well beaten.
When cleaning brass knobs the surrounding paint may be kept clean if a piece of cardboard is fitted around the knob.
To make meats or a fowl of doubtful age tender add a teaspoonful of apple juice to the water in which they are boiled.
To prevent mould from forming on top of the liquid in which pickles are kept put in a few pieces of horse-radish root.
Place pieces of flannel or of blotting paper between fine china plates. This will prevent them from being scratched.

**IF FOOD DISAGREES
DRINK HOT WATER**

When food lies like lead in the stomach and you have that uncomfortable, disquieting, and sometimes painful, feeling of indigestion, the best remedy is a hot water. It is a simple, but a powerful, and a most effective, remedy. It is a simple, but a powerful, and a most effective, remedy. It is a simple, but a powerful, and a most effective, remedy.

VETERAN OF 68 KILLED.
British Lieutenant Walked 30 Miles to Get Commission.

Hardly a day passes without bringing with it some striking story of the world war, but few of those recorded have been more inspiring than that of a lieutenant in the British army, aged sixty-eight, who has just been killed in the "big push." This is the story, in fact, of the devotion of a whole family, each member of which is doing his or her bit to help win the war, even to four daughters, one of whom is chaperone to the Duchess of Marlborough.

The British lieutenant of only two years short of seventy, who has just laid down his life, was Henry Webber, of Horley, in Surrey. There, previous to the war, he was a well-known sportsman and athlete and J. P.

The late Lieutenant Webber, who belonged to the South Lancashire regiment, is the father of three sons as well as four daughters. As soon as war broke out all these sons went to the front and all three have since distinguished themselves. The eldest of them, Colonel N. W. Webber, of the Royal Engineers, Canadian staff, has won the distinguished service order and been mentioned in despatches five times. The second son, Major Morris Webber, of the Royal Field Artillery, was wounded at the front, and as soon as he was convalescent went out again.

The Heart Lived In.
Faber has said, "A man's heart gets cold if he does not keep it warm by living in it." Love to others is not a matter of mere out-flowing impulse. It must be purposeful and steadfast if there is to be real warmth in it. Only the heart that is lived in and used draws others close to its hearth fire.

It is estimated that there is not enough lead in the world to make sufficient bullets for a long war involving so many fighters.

The Bride's Name;

Or, The Adventures of Captain Fraser

CHAPTER VIII.—(Cont'd.)

The mate's brow cleared and then darkened again suddenly. "I see, some more lies for me to tell, I suppose," he said, angrily.

"After you've raised the alarm and failed to recover the body," said the skipper, with relish, "you'll lock my door and put the key in your pocket. That would be the proper thing to do if I really did go overboard, you know, and when we get to London I'll just slip quietly ashore."

The mate came back to his dinner and finished it in silence, while the skipper kept up a rambling fire of instructions for his future guidance.

"And what about Miss Tyrell?" said the mate, at length. "Is she to know?"

"Certainly not," said Flower, sharply. "I wouldn't have her know for anything. You're the only person to know, Jack. You'll have to break the news to 'em all, and mind you do it gently, so as not to cause more grief than you can help."

"I won't do it at all," said the mate. "Yes, you will," said Flower, "and if Matilda or her mother come down again, show it to 'em in the paper. Then they'll know it'll be no good worrying Cap'n Flower again. If they see it in the paper they'll know it's true; it's sure to be in the local papers, and in the London ones, too, very likely. I should think it would; the master of a vessel!"

Fraser being in no mood to regard this vanity complacently, went up on deck and declined to have anything to do with the matter. He maintained this attitude of immovable virtue until tea-time, by which time Flower's entreaties had so worn upon him that he was reluctantly compelled to admit that it seemed to be the only thing possible in the circumstances, and more reluctantly still to promise his aid to the most unscrupulous extent possible.

"I'll write to you when I'm fixed up," said the skipper, giving you my new name and address. You'll be the only person I shall be able to keep touch with. I shall have to rely upon you for everything. If it wasn't for you I should be dead to the world."

"I know what you'll do as well as possible," said Fraser; "you've got nothing to do for six months, and you'll be getting into some more engagements."

"I don't think you have any call to say that, Jack," remarked Flower, with some dignity. "Well, I wish it was well over," said the mate, despondently. "What are you going to do for money?"

"I drew out \$10 to get married with—furniture and things," said Flower; "that'll go overboard with me, of course. I'm doing all this for Poppy's sake more than my own, and I want you to go up and see her every trip, and let me know how she is. She mightn't care what happened to her if she thinks I'm gone and she might miss somebody else in desperation."

"I don't care about facing her," said Fraser, bitterly; "it's a shady business altogether."

"It's for her sake," repeated Flower, calmly. "Take on old Ben as mate, and ship another hand forward."

The mate ended the subject by going to his bunk and turning in; the skipper, who realized that he himself would have plenty of time for sleep, went on deck and sat silently smoking. Old Ben was at the wheel, and the skipper felt a glow of self-righteousness as he thought of the rise in life he was about to give the poor fellow.

At eight o'clock the mate roused Ben, and the skipper, with a view to keeping up appearances, announced his intention of turning in for a bit.

The sun went down behind clouds of smoky red, but the light of the summer evening lasted for some time after. Then darkness came down over the sea, and it was desolate except for the side-lights of distant craft. The mate drew out his watch, and by the light of the binnacle-lamp, saw that it was ten minutes to ten. At the same moment he heard somebody moving about forward.

"Who's that forward?" he cried, smartly.

"Me, sir," answered Joe's voice. "I'm a bit wakerful, and it's stiffen 'em down below."

The mate hesitated, and then, glancing at the open skylight, saw the skipper, who was standing on the table.

"Send him below," said the latter, in a sharp whisper.

"You'd better get below, Joe," said the mate.

"Why, I ain't doin' no 'arm, sir," said Joe, in surprise.

"Get below," said the mate, sharply. "Do you hear?—get below. You'll be sleeping in your watch if you don't sleep now."

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The sounds of a carefully modulated grumble came faintly aft, then the mate, leaning away from the wheel to avoid the galley which obstructed his view, saw that his order had been obeyed.

"Now," said the skipper, quietly, "you must give a perfect scream of horror, mind, and put this on the deck. It fell off as I went over, d'ye see?"

He handed over the slipper he had been wearing, and the mate took it sulkily.

"You ought to be a splash," he murmured. "Joe's awake."

The skipper vanished, to reappear a minute or two later with a sack into which he had hastily thrust a few lumps of coal and other rubbish.

The mate took it from him, and, placing the slipper on the deck, stood with one hand holding the wheel and the other the ridiculous sack.

"Now," said the skipper.

The sack went overboard, and, at the same moment, the mate left the wheel with an ear-splitting yell and rushed to the galley for the lifebelt which hung there.

He rushed on deck, and, finding the lifebelt missing, he ran to the side and flung it overboard.

"Skipper's overboard," he yelled, running back and putting the helm down.

Joe put his head down the fore-scuttle and yelled like a maniac; and others came up in their night-gear, and a man previously short of sight, the schooner was now to and the cook and Joe had tumbled into the boat and were pulling back lustily in search of the skipper.

Half an hour elapsed, during which the schooner hung over the stern listening intently. They could hear the cars in the rowlocks and the shouts of the rowers. Tim lit a lantern and dangled it over the water.

"Have you got 'im?" cried Ben, as the boat came over the darkness and the light of the lantern shone on the upturned faces of the men.

"No," said Joe, huskily.

Ben threw him a line, and he clambered silently aboard, followed by the cook.

"Better put about," he said to the mate, "and cruise about until daylight. We ain't found the belt either, and it's just possible he's got it."

The mate shook his head. "It's no good," he said, confidently; "he's gone."

"Well, I vote we try, anyhow," said Joe, turning on him fiercely. "How did it happen?"

"He came up on deck to speak to me," said the mate, shortly. "He fancied he heard a cry from the water and jumped up on the side with his hand on the rigging to see. I s'pose his head fogged and he went over before I could move."

"We'll cruise about a bit," said Joe, loudly, turning to the men.

"Are you giving orders here, or am I?" said the mate, sternly.

"I am," said Joe, violently. "It's our duty to do all we can." There was a dead silence. Tim, pushing himself in between Ben and the cook, eyed the men eagerly.

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WINNIPEG TORONTO, ONT. MONTREAL

ence to public opinion had to keep up appearances the same way, was almost as much annoyed as Tim, and as for the drowned man himself his state of mind was the worst of all. He was so ungrateful that the mate at length lost his temper, and when dinner was served allowed a latent sense of humor to have full play.

It consisted of boiled beef, with duff, carrots, and potatoes, and its grateful incense filled the cabin. The mate attacked it lustily, listening between mouthfuls for any interruption from the state-room. At length, unable to endure it any longer, the prisoner ventured to scratch lightly on the door.

"Hist!" said the mate, in a whisper. The scratching ceased, and the mate, grinning broadly, resumed his dinner. He finished at last, and, lighting his pipe, sat back easily in the locker, watching the door out of the corner of his eye.

With hunger at his vitals the unfortunate skipper, hardly able to believe his ears, heard the cook come down his clear away to that of tobacco, and the mate, having half finished his pipe, approached the door.

"Are you there?" he asked, in a whisper.

"Of course, I am, you fool!" said the skipper, wrathfully; "where's my dinner?"

"I'm very sorry," began the mate, in a whisper.

"What?" inquired the skipper, fiercely.

"I've mislaid the key," said the mate, grinning fiendishly, "and, what's more, I can't think what I've done with it."

At this intelligence the remnant of the skipper's temper vanished, and every bad word he had heard of, read of, or dreamt of, floated from his hungry lips in frenzied whispers.

"I can't hear what you say," said the mate. "What?"

The prisoner was about to repeat his remarks, with a few embellishments, when the mate stopped him with one little word. "Hist!" he said, quietly.

At the imminent risk of bursting, or going mad, the skipper stopped short, and the mate, addressing a remark to the cook, who was not present, went up on deck.

He found the key by tea-time and, his triumph having made him generous, passed the skipper in a large hunk of cold beef with his tea. The skipper, having found an empty stomach very conducive to accurate thinking.

(To be continued.)

IN THE OLD DAYS
Commanders of Armies Were Counter-fetters.

Many ideas have been adopted for supplementing the currency of the different countries engaged in the present war, but it is doubtful if our commanders will be forced to the expedients that were often essential in the old days.

For example, prior to Napoleon's 1812 campaign, the Paris gendarmes one night made a raid on a house in the Plaine Montrouge, and discovered quite a fine manufactory of false notes. There was quite a stir next day when the Police Minister made the announcement that the manufactory had been started "by order of the

Emperor." The false notes, which were Austrian and Russian, instead of French, were intended for use against the enemy on the Russian Expedition, but the bulk of them came to grief during the great retreat.

Wellington was responsible for a similar stroke of business during the Peninsular War. Being badly in need of gold when about to invade France, he conceived the queer idea of hunting out some counterfeit coiners from the ranks. Quite a number of these gentry were forthcoming, so strangely constituted was our Army in those days, and these were ordered by the duke to exercise their evil art by transferring his English sovereigns into louis d'or and napoleons.

Our troops at present on the Continent, however, are being paid in English money, the French Government having issued a proclamation to all bankers and traders to give change at the rate of twenty-five francs to the sovereign.—London Answers.

A FINE TREATMENT FOR CATARRH
EASY TO MAKE AND COSTS LITTLE.

Catarrh is such an insidious disease and has become so prevalent during the past few years that its treatment should be understood by all.

THE ONLY WAY TO CURE RHEUMATISM

Must Be Treated Thoroughly and the Poison Driven Out

The twinges and tortures of rheumatism are not due to weather as so many believe. Rheumatism comes from acid in the blood. The truth that every rheumatism sufferer should realize. There is no cure for rheumatism—until the blood is purified and the acid is driven out.

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