

# A Daily Treat

Always Acceptable and Delicious.

## "SALAD"

The Tea of all Teas. B152  
Black, Green } Get a package and enjoy  
or Mixed } a cup of Tea "In Perfection."



### Dainty Dishes.

**Prune Pie.**—Line deep pie dish with rich pastry. Cover bottom with stewed and stoned prunes. Pour over these one egg beaten with one-half cup sugar, one-half cup milk, one-half cup cream and sprinkling of nutmeg. Bake without upper crust.

**Tomato Celery Sauce.**—Chop fine one onion, one green pepper and one large bunch of celery. Mix, add two one-half cups canned tomato (from which some of the liquor has been drained), one and one-half teaspoons salt, two tablespoons allspice berries (if flavor is liked) and two-thirds cup vinegar. Simmer one and one-half hours.

**Winter Fruit Salad.**—Mix and chop thoroughly one cup figs, one cup seedless raisins and one-half cup stoned dates. Combine with this three or four oranges cut into small pieces and sweetened, one-half cup canned pineapple and sugar to taste. Mask individual portions with mayonnaise and top with whipped cream.

**Breaded Pork Chops.**—Have pork chops cut thicker than usual, wipe, cut out bone and skewer into rounds. Season with salt and pepper, put into bread-baking pan. Sprinkle top of each with dried bread crumbs and add boiling water to half the depth of chops, cover closely and bake in slow oven one and one-half hours. Remove lid, cover with buttered bread crumbs and brown. Arrange on hot platter and garnish with celery tips.

**Corn Fritters.**—Cut from the ears a pint of green corn, or take canned corn, drain off juice and chop it. Beat together a cupful of milk, two tablespoons of melted butter, one egg whipped and salt to taste and enough flour to make a thin batter. Season with salt and pepper, put into bread-baking pan. Sprinkle top of each with dried bread crumbs and add boiling water to half the depth of chops, cover closely and bake in slow oven one and one-half hours. Remove lid, cover with buttered bread crumbs and brown. Arrange on hot platter and garnish with celery tips.

**Hot Buttered Rice.**—Throw one cup raw rice into two quarts boiling water, slightly salted. Boil fast twenty minutes or until each grain is softened, not broken. Drain in colander and set in open oven to dry while tablespoon of butter is being heated in frying pan. Drop in teaspoon grated onion and stir until fat is hot again, then turn in dried rice, toss lightly for a minute, season with salt and pepper and serve in deep dish. Onion may, of course, be omitted.

**Fruit Tapioca.**—One-quarter cup prepared tapioca, one and one-half cups water, pinch of salt and fruit as needed. Sliced apples, canned or fresh peaches, or pineapple may be used for this dessert. Place liberal layer of fruit in bottom of small padded dish, sugar to taste, and if apples are used, add a little cinnamon. Put water and salt in double boiler, and when hot stir in tapioca and stir until clear. Pour this over fruit and bake until fruit is tender. This can be told by testing with straw. Serve with cream or thin custard sauce.

**Roast Duck.**—Prepare a duck for roasting and stuff with the following: Take the firm outside stalks of a head of celery, wash and wipe dry and with a sharp knife shave off the strings. Peel two or three medium-sized onions and chop them and the celery fine. Put a piece of butter the size of an egg in a skillet and let it get hot, then put in the celery and onions and let them cook till soft, stirring often; season with salt and pepper and stuff the duck with as much of the stuffing as it will hold. Sew it up, put a few pieces of butter, salt and pepper over the top and roast in a hot oven from a half to three-quarters of an hour, according to taste. Remove the duck from the pan, skim the fat from the gravy, add a little bouquet and thicken with a little flour, made smooth in a little cold water.

**Toothsome Cakes.**  
A very nice cake to bake for a silver wedding anniversary or for any occasion where this effect is desired, is obtained by following the directions given below. The cake isn't really silver, of course, but the illusion is suggested by the name. Here is the recipe:

Required, 1/2 cup of butter, 1/2 cups sugar, 1 cup milk, 3 cups of flour, 2 tablespoons of baking powder and the whites of 6 eggs. Beat the butter to a cream, then add the well-beaten sugar and beat well; add the yolks of the eggs and beat till very light. Then add the milk and mix carefully. Now sift the flour and baking powder together, and add gradually to the mixture. Turn into a buttered pan and bake in a moderate oven for 45 minutes.

Imperial cake is another favorite recipe.

**For Distemper** PINK EYE, EPIDEMIC, BLEPPING EYEB, and CATARRH OF EYEB.

Apply and positive preventive, no matter how long the disease has been present.

## The Vicar's Nephew ;

or The Orphan's Vindication

### CHAPTER XI.—(Cont'd.)

"What do you think of that, Molly, for an artist's imagination? I look like a crocus, don't I, with this muddled face, put the kettle on, my son; it's tea-time; and don't be an unmitigated ass, if you can help it. Why, what's become of the butter? And there are no biscuits either. Have you eaten them all?"

He was rummaging in the cupboard. "Not quite all. The landlady's cat had some. We ate a feast here while I waited for you. It was the cat that strewed crumbs all over the floor; I was too hungry to waste them that way; I've had nothing to eat since breakfast in Paris this morning."

"Why didn't you get lunch on the boat?"

"I had no money; only my cab-fare and two-pence over. I wanted to ask the waiter for a penny roll, but he looked so superior."

"Yes," she said; "you were quite right."

"Molly! How did you—?"

"Uncle has turned me out of the house. You said he would. I came to you—I hadn't anywhere else to go. Will you put me up for a night or two? I don't care for anything—make some arrangement—I'm tired—sleep—I can't see—"

Her voice was sinking into an unintelligible murmur. He caught her by the arm.

"Sit down. You shall tell me about it afterwards. You must get off these wet things and—"

His touch seemed to rouse her; she shook her arm free.

"I won't sit down till you understand. How do I know you'll take me in? I tell you, he has turned me out because—"

"Good Heavens, child, what do I care why! Take this cloak off; one could wrap a gallon of water out of it."

He was unbuttoning the cloak. She flung it off suddenly and stepped into the light.

"Look," she said.

He stood still, looking at her figure; a moment passed before the truth flashed on him. She turned away with a slow, graceful gesture, and stooped to pick up the wet heap lying on the floor; but he snatched it out of her hand with a cry.

"Oh, my poor little girl—and at my knees," she said.

He caught her up in a sudden passion of tenderness, and, lying her on the sofa, covered her hands with his kisses. His vehemence emotion roused no responding thrill in her; she only shivered faintly, passive in his arms.

"How cold you are! You must get up all these things at once. I'll fetch you some clean things; you'll have to manage with underclothes of mine and the blankets. Let me get your boots off first; I must cut them, I think."

When he had drawn the sofa to the fire and laid her on it, rolled up in the rug from his bed, he ran downstairs for hot-water bottles, boiling milk and bread, and when he had found her in a kind of stupor, neither fainting nor asleep, but too much dazed with cold and fatigue to understand when spoken to. After some time a faint tinge of natural color came back into her blue lips. She opened her eyes and looked at him gravely.

"Jack," she said, "did you understand?"

He was sitting on the edge of the sofa, changing her hands.

"And you—will take me in?"

He pushed the damp hair from her forehead.

"Why, you little goose! Drink some hot milk and don't talk nonsense."

"No—no!" She drew herself away from him and sat up, her eyes glittering.

"You were tried to be merciful, like Aunt Sarah. She tried to do so yesterday—talked to uncle about the woman taken in adultery and the one sinner that repenteth. . . . I've nothing to repent of, and I choose to keep or give away; and if I choose to ruin it and pay the cost—"

"You shall tell me all that afterwards, dear. Theories will keep, and your supper won't. Take this while it's hot."

She took the cup eagerly and tried to drink. Then, for she had grown quiet at last, he forced a little food on her with gentle persistence.

"When did you last have anything to eat?"

"I forgot. Some time yesterday. They found out in the afternoon—I think it was evening. Ah, yes, it was dark. I tried to find some water in the night; it was so cold on the moor, and my throat burned—I suppose it was the gale. I found a raincoat—but the water smelt of graves. Everything smelt of graves—and the sleet made me giddy—I fell so many times. That's why my hands are cut about this way."

"Were you out on the moor all night?"

"He spoke in a suppressed voice, harsh and low."

"Yes—I got to Denby in the morning and caught the early train; you know, the cheap one. I was lucky, wasn't I? I shouldn't have had money enough for the express."

"Do you mean that he turned you out on to the moor all night, in the storm, with no money?"

"It was because I wouldn't answer his questions. Aunt Sarah gave me a few shillings and she had over from something. And I had had over from the railway ticket, but I had some postage stamps."

"Where did you get that bruise on your forehead?" he interrupted.

She hesitated a moment, then silently bared her right arm. It was stamped below the elbow with blue finger-marks.

"I—don't think he meant it," she said softly.

"He struck you?" Jack asked in the same dead voice.

"He was trying to make me speak. I had refused to tell him—who the father is. He seemed to lose his senses bit by bit. He kept on repeating: 'Who?' and wrenching my arm harder and harder. Then Aunt Sarah tried to stop him—and he knocked me down."

"A grimly humorous incident of the war is told in a letter written by a soldier to his mother in England. 'There's one chap in our company that's got a ripplin' cure for neuralgia, but he's got to take out a patent because it's too risky and might kill the patient. Good luck's one of the ingredients, and you can't always be sure of that.'

"He was lying in the trenches, but his face, when a German shell burst close by. He wasn't hit, but the explosion knocked him senseless for a bit. 'My neuralgia's gone,' says he when he came round, 'and so's six of

your hands, but to-morrow you'll find all at once; and you'll state to do it, if it were lucky, after one quick, suspicious glance, went away, shaking her head."

"Oh, you don't understand! I'm more than two months still—when the time comes—Do you think they'll take me in at any hospital?"

He turned round, shaken with mortal fear.

"Molly, you're not going to leave me?"

"You wouldn't have me stay here and be a burden on you till the child is born? No, no; not for the world."

"Why not? Have they made you hate me so that you can't come to me when you want help?"

"You see, I came; I don't know why. I thought, somehow, you wouldn't hate me away. If you had, I should have—"

"Do you think I have so many joys in life that I can afford to turn away the sunlight when it comes in at my door? I can't give you up. Stay till it's over, anyhow; if you must go then, at least I shall have had you for a little while."

"You want me, really? For yourself? Not just out of pity? I don't want anybody's pity."

He laughed and clasped her in his arms.

(To be continued.)

**DEATH NOT GREATEST EVIL.**

Sir Oliver Lodge's Message to the Bereaved.

Sir Oliver Lodge, whose faith in life after death carries him to the point of believing that communications have been actually established between the living and the dead, has issued a "message to the bereaved," which is published in the Christian Commonwealth of London.

"The amount of mourning and suffering throughout Europe at the present time is something terrible to contemplate. The loss of those who have gone over is not to be minimized; violent death while young is a serious calamity—a man-made tragedy with dire consequences—and lamentation is natural and inevitable. But it must be remembered that, from the point of view of the individuals who have gone over, there are many mitigating circumstances. They have done their duty; they have sacrificed a useful career here; they have given up all they possessed; and it will be a burden of sin to lighten some atonement is made, good friends are waiting for them; their help can be utilized and is much wanted by their fellows who are coming over; and they themselves will continue in the joy of service."

"They would like their friends here to recognize that, and not to mourn them unduly; above all, not to consider them as gone out of existence, as extinguished and no longer real. Sorrow at their departure is inevitable, but grief which is excessive causes them pain."

"They did their work here, they will do it there; and in good time the union may confidently be looked forward to. Death alone is not to man the greatest evil, and in some sort they are happy in the opportunity of their death. This ought to be recognized by those who survive, and we should not grieve unduly for those who have gone on before us."

**CANADA'S FIRST COLONIST.**

Settled in Quebec 300 Years Ago and Will Have Memorial.

The name of Louis Herbert is to be honored in perpetuity by the city of Quebec. Herbert came to Canada in 1604 with the De Monts expedition and was the first colonist to settle in that country.

The site of the monument, donated by the city of Quebec, is in the square in front of the city hall there, a part of Quebec which Herbert helped to clear with his own hands.

De Monts, styled Lieutenant Governor of Acadia, landed on Isle St. Croix, in the Bay of Passamaquoddy, on May 6, 1604. Among those with his expedition was Samuel de Champlain, the founder of Quebec in 1608.

Herbert did not reach Quebec till 1617, having returned to France for a trip after establishing his farm on the island, and it is in commemoration of the 300th anniversary of his arrival in the post that the monument is to be erected.

Louis Herbert labored for three years in the wilderness, and the little colony saw hard times, sickness being very prevalent. In 1607 Herbert returned to France, but came back to Acadia after two years. He again returned to his mother in England after the destruction of the colony by an English force from Virginia in 1613, but at the invitation of Champlain he came back to Quebec in 1617, and died there in 1637.

**A Bitter Cure.**

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(To be continued.)

**Wonderful Oratory**

Born 2,300 Years Ago

The modern world knows the names, those birth-dates, December 6, 385 B.C., and in which he was born, in whom are united with moral and intellectual grasp in any other man; Demosthenes as a fruitful theme of degeneracy of the great Athenian orator became of Greek freedom in any other man; told the Athenian decay of public self that made it Macedonian despotism; Demosthenes' extraordinary policy of Philip the next day.

"I shall never forget that night. As union of the 'marched into battle' to use an old expression, the General—God him!—said a few words to stir us to our inmost 'The Empire expected of the London' Irish leader that—for you have been the whole of it."

"A few minutes later crawling out into the open to the trench which was to be the springing off place for the great dash that we hoped would break the German line. No sooner had we reached this place than the stillness was broken by the roar of the enemy's guns, and bullets and shells poured on us, the explosions silhouetting us momentarily every few instants, and revealing us hard at work."

"One set of our men footballers by profession, made a strange resolution. It was to take a football along with them. The officer discovered this and ordered the football to be taken back to the base, which, of course, was carried out."

Carried Football.

"But the old members of the London Irish Football Club were not to be done out of the greatest game of their lives—the last to some of them, their fellows—and just before Major Beresford gave the signal, the leather turned up again mysteriously."

"Suddenly the officer in command gave the signal, 'Over you go, lads! With that the whole line sprang up as one man, some with a shout, some a few making the sign of the cross. But the footballers, they chuckled the ball and went after it just as cool as if on the field, passing it from one to the other, though the bullets were flying thick as hail, crying, 'On the ball,

many dependents of Fund in St. John as there were at the beginning of December a year ago. The total number now is \$21,000, amount distributed in relief last month was \$12,427, an average of about \$15.19 per family."

**THE ONE COMPLETE SUCCESS.**

British Navy Has Grip on Germany's Throat.

The British Navy is the one instrument, on either side of the conflict, which has performed its work with complete and unchallengeable success, says the London Nation. It has broken, as by a sudden hammer-blow, the whole of Germany that lived upon or trafficked in deep waters. It has rendered the German High Sea Fleet as innocuous in its hiding place as if it never existed—as if the £300,000,000 spent in its construction had been thrown carelessly into the North Sea.

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Jan. 1, 1915.—Buckthorne plant of John A. Roebling's Son's Company, Trenton, N.J.; fire; loss, \$1,500,000.

March 6.—Du Pont, N.J.; explosion.

**MYSTERIOUS EXPLOSIONS.**

More Than 100 American Lives Lost in Munition Plants.

One hundred lives approximately have been lost in mysterious American munition plant fires and explosions since the war began in Europe. The following is a list of the more important fires and explosions:

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Neuralgia, KILLS PAIN, BRUISES, RHEUMATISM.

Mothers! You are the life of the family from youth to old age when you use this old and trusted Sloan's Liniment.

Sloan's Liniment

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