

Jellied Salad à la Bovril

Take cold sliced potatoes, tomatoes, a few pieces of onion, cut very small, asparagus tips, cauliflower heads, or other suitable cold vegetables. Place in moulds and cover with hot Bovril in which has been dissolved powdered gelatine in the proportion of a heaped teaspoon to a pint. Chill and turn out on fresh crisp lettuce leaves. Serve one mould to each person.

This dainty and unusual dish is not only light because it is made with Bovril it is nourishing. Bovril contains the goodness of the best. Use it in all your cooking.

BOVRIL simplifies Summer cooking

"Flatterers"

The Shadow of the Future.

CHAPTER XVI
"THERE'S MANY A SLIP—"

"Laughing at me!" said Mr. Villiers, seating himself by his fair cousin. The characteristics of kinship were strong between the two. He could play upon her moods as readily as she upon her cottage piano. "And when she knows how keenly sensitive I am of feminine ridicule. Prud, very! But, Norah, my dear—prud!"—as the young lady stiffened her rounded figure warningly—"I should say 'my dear Norah,' that's correct enough for cousins, isn't it?—remember two can indulge in these playful pleasantries. Permit me to inquire who may be the 'toi' associated with the 'moi' in the straits I had the happiness of listening to just now. Such impassioned vocalization signifies something individual, not general. Benignly enlighten me, dear coz."

"Nonsense!" said Leonora, a smile bellying a frown. "Now had that 'toi' anything to do with a clerical class of nobility? A gentleman in a soft wideawake, who walked up from the village, with you this morning?"

"Silence, Rupert!" "And who had something so serious to discuss before separating it involved five minutes' conversation, deliberation, and blazes!"

"Really, Rupert, this is intolerable! If I had known you were playing the spy—"

"Hard names, hard names, young people! Now, what's amiss?" This was Mrs. Alwyn's question as she came rustling in.

"Nothing very bad, Aunt Helen. Only Leonora positively declines to tell me what absurd her and Mr. Duvesne this morning. And I consider that, as a near male relative, I ought to know it."

"Then, most inquisitive of men!" cried Leonora, her mother listening carefully.



BABY FOLEY.

"At my Wits' End."

202, West Green Road, S. Tottenham.
Dear Sir,
I am so delighted with the results of Virol that I feel compelled to send you a photo of my baby. When he was a few weeks old I tried numerous foods, but without success, and I was almost at my wits' end to know what to do, when a friend advised me to try Virol. I did so, he is 8 months old now, and I am quite sure you would not find a more healthy child. I feel so thankful that I shall be only too pleased to recommend it wherever I can.

Yours faithfully,
(Mrs.) L. FOLEY.

Why is it that so many babies are ailing and so many mothers are worried about them? Is it due, cases out of ten, the trouble is caused by wrong feeding. Try Virol. Already 2,000 Hospitals, Sanatoriums and Infant Clinics are using it daily.



blance of appetite she could command. But it was not a successful dinner. Leonora at one end of the table looked, as she felt, petulant. Mrs. Alwyn, having made careless inquiry for Mrs. Dacie, dropped the journey and its object altogether, bestowing her spare minutes in lady-like veneration of the Hedyngham fishmonger, who had sent an inferior cut of salmon to that ordered.

"He knows I am at his mercy, and takes advantage accordingly!" said the irate hostess. "Dishonest, I call it," and Sydney winced. Rupert Villiers felt the minutes wasted. It was impossible to make love across a plateau of roses and jellies; with a couple of lynx-eyed waiting-maids ready to take note—for kitchen gossip—of every soft word or expressive glance. And to Sydney, comparison of this, her delicate and elegant home, with Jacob Cheene's poor lodgings, rich only in what were banished here—relics of her father's right of her mother's long, white jewel-decked hands, with remembrance of John Lewis' toll, pain-wrung joints, and poverty-stricken garments—these turned her so heart-sick that each minute seemed interminable. Involuntarily she breathed a heavy sigh, as Rupert filled his glass from the glittering silver jug, and he interpreted it according to his own desire.

"A hot dining-room is a bad place to shut you up in, Sydney, after six hours of railway-carriage. It's a lovely night," emptying his glass, and walking off, with a gesture of permission from Mrs. Alwyn, to the long, open window at the end of the apartment. "Doesn't somebody say somewhere, 'Methings I will go forth and scent the new-mown hay'?" He was being cutting in the field opposite this afternoon. Sydney—with an effective change of note, and momentary halt upon her name—"won't you come out? It's just what you will like."

"Rupert, you are too absurd. Mr. Duvesne fainted pale pink, but I said at once that would go very badly with—"

"Squirrel-colored hair!" audaciously flicking at her much-bearded coiffure.

"Pshaw! With the yellow-red of sunset, Mr. Villiers. They mix most horribly. So I suggested pale blue, and Mr. Duvesne—"

"Coincided, of course! And right you are, Norah. Blue for your blondes, you know, all the world over!"

"Mamma, silence him! Tell him such badinage is very vulgar. It must be put a stop to. Positively I can't listen to it any longer!" cried Leonora, getting up with a maidenly display of affront.

"Well, here comes something to release you," said Mrs. Alwyn. "I heard wheels turning in at the gate, I think."

Instantly Mr. Villiers was out and into the hall. His aunt followed more leisurely. Leonora was deserted, with a suspicious pout on her full lips and a keen desire burning within her that her time to command such devoted alacrity might be nigh.

The spirit of fun animating Mr. Villiers the minute before was put to the right-about as he hastened to the porch, first to assist Sydney in descending from the cab which had brought her home. His attitude was perfection for the occasion; a mixture of tender deference and lover-like insistence calculated to set the stamp of surrender to himself on the "impressible" nature of his nearly-betrothed. But whether absence had had its proverbial effect, and whether the wonder-working little god were enthroned in his lady's eyes, the anxious gentleman was unable at once to judge.

Sydney kept her glance nervously averted. Nor would she suffer him, as he desired, to clasp her fingers for a moment in the porch. Instead, she loosed his arm, and went quickly to her mother, meeting her cool, self-contained welcome with a tremulous embrace that held an unspeakable depth of devotion and emotion. So monstrous to the girl's generous instincts had seemed the harsh judgment of her mother's doings to which her first passionate outburst of humiliated pain had driven her, that now, as cheek lay to cheek, she felt a very Judas, yet, somehow, sorrier for her mother than herself—her mother, after all!

Mrs. Alwyn was quick to mark disturbing signs, which she set down to weariness.

"I was very wrong," she said, "to let you take that journey in three days. You are tired, Sydney?"

"Dreadfully."

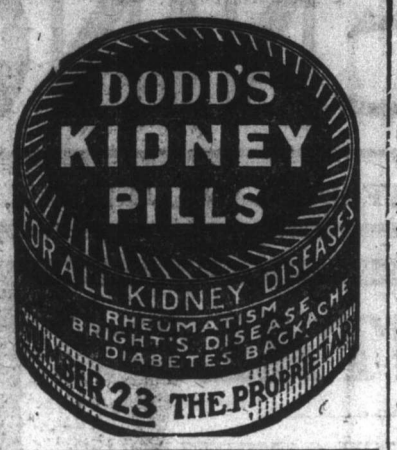
"You did not rest, as you ought the day between."

"Rest! Oh no, mamma."

The notion was so grotesque. Coming stop the long strain of cheerfulness kept up perforce before Mrs. Dacie, it fetched for answer a little cry, half laughter, nearer tears. A single soft syllable would have plunged Sydney into the yet unknown regions of hysteria. But from such weakness her mother's promptitude shielded her.

"Ah! you are like all young people—not to be trusted out alone. Here Phillips; take Miss Alwyn's bag up stairs, and help her to dress. Posting about in this way, you have had no regular meals, of course. Be quick to dinner, my dear. We waited for you."

"Most certainly you must." Mrs. Alwyn broke in. And, conscious that she must spend no strength on skirmishes, but save all for the battle royal close upon her, Sydney gave in; wearily changed traveling clothes for a dress that matched her pale face, and reappeared to endure the ceremonial of four courses, with the best semblance of appetite she could command.



"Then suppose I don't come?" coquetted Leonora, attitudinizing by the window frame.

"Take me or leave me, as you will," said the gentleman, resignedly, striking his match and stepping out on the gravel.

"Then I'll be benevolent enough to take you," she said, "out of pity!" and stepped forth after him.

(To be continued)

Just Folks

THE MENACE OF FAME.
He went to bed a humble man. Content with all that he possessed. He thought himself no better than His neighbors living east by west; His hand was out to all he knew, From no one near was he estranged. Fame honored him ere night was through. And in the morning he was changed. The cheers of men were in his ears. Some little dream he had achieved; They praised as men have praised for years. He joyfully heard and he believed. The drug of flattery turned his brain. And those who had been friends before Could never go to him again. And find a welcome at his door. The old-time neighbors he forgot. The little house was closed for good. Henceforth he felt that he could not Be seen in such a neighborhood; Yet, such a little time ago Both peace and joy had crowned him. And until fame was his to know, The little street seemed wondrous fair.

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The Healthy Shaving Soap
Cuticura Soap shaves without cutting. Everywhere.

Crew Blown Up at Sea.

Disastrous Result of Fire in the Hold.

Bound from Jacksonville to London with a cargo of resin and turpentine, the American steamer Western Front caught fire five or six miles south of the Bishop, Scilly Islands, and eventually blew up. One man disappeared, and several others were injured. The captain, who was married only a month ago, and had his wife on board, was blown into the sea, but was rescued uninjured. For four hours before the explosion the whole crew of 30 were engaged in fighting the flames. In an interview the boatswain of the Western Front explained that at 3 a.m. he was ordered to batten down the hatches and close the ventilators, as the ship was on fire. This he did, and turned steam into the hold. "At four o'clock," he continued, "I went to the shelter deck to ascertain if the fire had been put out, but I was driven back by the smoke, which, however, cleared later, and two hours afterwards I could not detect any sign of flame. Accordingly, I turned the steam off. Twenty minutes later I was obliged once more to get steam directed on the hold, as the flames had burst out again. It was not till 9 o'clock that steam was shut off once more. The ventilators were opened, and I put on a gas mask to ascertain where the fire had broken out. Just as I was about to enter the hold the ship blew up, and several of us, including myself, the captain, second mate, chief engineer, and three other men were blown into the air. The shock dislodged the gas-mask from my face, and I was badly burned about the arms. The captain and second mate fell into the sea, but the others landed on deck, with the result that two of them were seriously injured. One of them, a man named Young, had his spine badly injured, and another named Holmes had a leg broken. At half-past 9 we left the ship, and were taken on board the steamer British Earl, before being transferred to the Scilly Hospital. Several other men were more or less badly burned. We all consider that we had a very narrow escape."—Ex.

Household Notes.

Hard boil six eggs, wash the yolks and mix with three tablespoons of sardines in mustard dressing. Season and stuff halbs.

Fold all small flat pieces that do not require careful ironing before putting them through the wringer. They will not look as mussed.

Malaga grapes and tangerines make a nice salad. Garnish with balls of cream cheese and finely chopped nuts. Serve with French dressing.

For a quickly made and delicious cake filling, mix thoroughly 1/2 cupful of sugar, 1 cupful of grated pineapple and 1 tablespoonful of lemon juice.

When mayonnaise curdles, set it aside and start making a fresh supply. As soon as this begins to thicken beat in the curdled mixture slowly.

Sew a snap on each bottom corner of your curtains and one on each edge near the top. They can be snapped up each night and saved from rain.

Add enough milk to cream cheese to make a smooth paste. Spread on salt crackers and place a marshmallow on each. Toast until marshmallows are delicately brown.

For cream of tomato soup, beat 1 cupful of evaporated milk, and add to 1 cupful of concentrated tomato soup diluted with boiling water. Season and serve immediately.

Many things can be nicely baked in the ash pan of the base burner. Shake down the ashes; regulate to a moderate heat; place whatever is to be baked in the ash pan and cover.

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will cure that uncomfortable feeling caused by Indigestion and Dyspepsia. Price 35 and 70c. Postage 10 and 20c. extra.—224,tt

Fashion Plates.

A PRACTICAL HOUSE DRESS.



Pattern 3408 was used to develop this style. It is cut in 7 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, and 46 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size requires 6 1/2 yards of 36 inch material. The width of the skirt at lower edge is about 3 yards. The model is very serviceable in that the closing is reversible and in coat style. The sleeve may be finished in elbow or wrist length. Percale, seersucker, gingham, chambray, satin, flannel, linen, and drill could be used for this model. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A POPULAR PLAY SUIT.



Pattern 3337 is here illustrated. It is cut in 4 Sizes: 2, 4, 6, and 8 years. A 6 year size will require 2 1/2 yards of 27 inch material for the dress and 1 1/2 yard for the bloomers. Checked gingham, striped seersucker, khaki, jean, Indian head, linen, percale and pongee are desirable for this style. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

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