

November 21st, 1915

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About the Household

Dainty Dishes.

Green peppers make attractive cups for salads. Cut a thin slice from the top of the pepper and remove the seed and white pulp. If the cups do not stand evenly cut a slice from the bottom also.

Cream Sandwiches.—Beat cream until it is solid, then beat in several tablespoonsfuls of any desired jelly—guinea, crabapple or grape. Spread the mixture between split lady fingers.

Dried Beef Sandwich.—Put some chopped beef through a meat chopper and mix it with an equal amount of minced celery hearts. Flavor with a little grated onion and moisten with a little olive oil and vinegar.

Feather Gingerbread.—One-fourth cup each of sugar, molasses, melted lard, sweet milk and sour milk, one cup bread flour, one well-beaten egg, one teaspoon each of soda, cinnamon, ginger and salt. Sift dry ingredients together, blend all that remain and beat in flour mixture. Bake in single layer cake pan in moderate oven for about twenty minutes.

Sauce for Puddings.—Cream together a cupful of sifted sugar and half a cupful of butter; add a teaspoonful of ground cinnamon and an egg well beaten. Boil a teacupful of milk and turn it, boiling hot, over the mixture slowly, stirring all the time; this will cook the egg smoothly. It may be served hot or cold.

Grapes may be kept for months. Select perfect bunches and see that the fruit is solid on the bunch. Remove all little spiders and their webs, but do not wash the fruit. Wrap each bunch carefully in dark blue tissue paper, twisting the ends tightly to exclude the air, then pack the grapes away in a closely covered box, and keep the box in a cool, dark, dry place.

Rhubarb Fritters.—Prepare a bunch of rhubarb for cooking, cutting each stalk in two or three pieces—the longer the better. Have ready a pan of boiling fat and some batter mixture. Dip the pieces of rhubarb first in the batter and then drop them into the boiling fat; cook for five or six minutes. Take out carefully, pile one on top of another, sprinkle liberally with sugar and serve very hot.

A Fine Egg Dish.—Boil a few more eggs than you have people, to serve when hard, cool and cut the whites into small pieces. Make a white sauce from butter and flour, seasoned with salt and white pepper and thinned with a cup and a half to two cups of hot new milk. Stir into the sauce the cut whites, pour upon slices of hot toast, rub the yolks through a coarse sieve, spread neatly over the toast, garnish with parsley and serve.

Roman Cream.—Six eggs, one quart milk, eight tablespoonsful sugar, one-half cup gelatine, one wineglass wine, milk to taste. Dissolve the gelatine in the milk. Beat yolks of eggs and sugar thoroughly, and add this to the milk, and put on to boil in double boiler. As soon as it boils remove from the fire to cool, and heat the whites of eggs and add them to the cream and flavoring, and set on ice in mold to harden and turn out of the mold to serve.

Apple Roll.—Take two cups of flour, one-half tablespoonful of salt, four level teaspoonfuls of salt, four level teaspoonfuls of butter, two-thirds of a cup of milk, one cup of chopped apples, three tablespoonfuls of sugar, one-half tablespoonful of cinnamon, one-half cup salt and baking powder together and thoroughly mix in butter and eggs. Roll out in a quarter of an inch thick and spread with chopped apple, sugar and cinnamon. Roll like jelly roll in three-quarter inch slices and place in buttered pan, flat side down. Bake 15 minutes in a hot oven and serve hot with lemon sauce. The sauce is easily made by boiling three-quarters of a cup of sugar and one-half cup of water five minutes, adding to it two teaspoonfuls of butter and one teaspoonful of lemon juice and a dash of nutmeg.

Household Hints.

Scrap shredded among stored blankets drives away moths. Sponges which are slimy should be steeped in vinegar and water for a day.

If wooden pails and tubs are painted with glycerine they will not rot.

The closet of the guest chamber should have in it a skirt and coat hanger.

Spoons stained with egg should be washed with salt before being washed. Add a few chopped dates to the stewed apples and it will improve the flavor.

A strip sewed across the tops of chairs or comforters saves washing them so often.

Disinfecting powders or liquids should be used freely in a bathroom once a week.

Potatoes boiled with the skins on will be less soggy than when peeled before boiling.

Rose cuttings should be slit one inch from the bottom, and a grain of heat inserted.

Before cleaning knives warm the blades before the fire and the blades will polish more easily. Handkerchiefs may be bleached by soaking over night in water in which a little cream of tartar has been dissolved.

When cooking a piece of bacon remember to try the plan of

baking it instead of boiling it in the usual way. If baked it eats richer. The tough part of the skin should be removed before the bacon is put into the oven.

Drawers that open and shut with difficulty are often a severe tax on both time and temper, and the defect may sometimes be very easily remedied with beeswax. The runners, the narrow strips of wood attached to the frame work, should be well rubbed with a lump of beeswax, previously warmed in front of the fire. Afterwards an occasional application of furniture polish will keep the runners smooth. When this simple remedy fails it is due to some fault in construction.

Between Two Fires

Captain Salter, retired sailor, drove his spade into the soil with a jerk, and raised his head. A voice had addressed him over the hedge.

"Good-afternoon, captain!" it said. "And how's the garden this weather?"

The old salt tried to look amiable. "Drat the woman!" he was thinking. "She's always bobbing up there!" But aloud he replied: "Fairly, ma'am—fairly!"

Mrs. Jenkins, the widow, who lived next door to the old seaman, looked at him archly.

"Seems to me everything in your garden always does so well, captain," she murmured coyly. "Ah, a poor, defenceless woman like myself does miss a man about the place!"

But the captain was too old a fish to be caught with such obvious bait. "There's old Gray, down in the village, would come and work for you cheap," he said. "I know he's slack just now."

"Oh, but 'tain't the same thing!" began the widow. Then she stopped as a figure appeared above the hedge on the other side of the captain's garden.

"Hope I don't interrupt," said the new-comer, Miss Sophia Larcombe, the village dressmaker, and a maiden lady of uncertain years. The widow glared at her angrily.

"Not at all—not at all," said the captain, quickly.

It was an old game to him. For months past the ladies on either side had made a point of being about when he was pottering round in his bit of garden, and it was said that in the village bets were being made as to which of them would carry off the prize, and most of the backers favored the widow, as having had more experience.

"I was just telling myself this morning that no one could raise flowers like you, captain," said the spinner, sweetly. "I do love the sweet spring flowers so much, don't you? The golden daffodil, the sweet-scented wallflowers, the—"

"The spring onion!" cut in the widow, sourly.

"Not being aware that I was addressing you, ma'am, I fail to understand your remark!" said Miss Larcombe stiffly.

"Highly-tighty!" responded Mrs. Jenkins, pleased to see that she had annoyed her rival.

The captain glanced furtively from one to the other.

"Must go in now, ladies," he said, with a sudden inspiration. "I can hear the kettle boiling for my tea."

"How sad to think of the poor man having to get his own tea!" sighed Miss Larcombe, sentimentally, eyeing the man's broad, stalwart back.

"Better get it himself than have a wife who couldn't get it for him!" commented the widow meaningly.

"And by that you mean—"

Miss Larcombe's voice rose shrilly on the unfinished question.

"By that I mean exactly what you like to think!" retorted Mrs. Jenkins, turning away and entering her cottage before her rival could think of a crushing retort.

And in his little kitchen the worthy retired sea captain was talking seriously to himself.

"Something's got to be done," he muttered, as he brewed the tea, and set his meal in rough-and-ready sailor fashion on the bare table. "If I don't take care, one of those old cats will be trapping me!"

And over his tea he put his thinking cap on, and at last came to some conclusion, for, with a broad smile he got out pen and paper and sent off a letter.

II.

Mrs. Jenkins was entertaining some friends to tea. And the talk had turned to the matter of the old bachelor next door.

"Of course, I'm not saying that if he was to ask me, I should accept him," she said, firmly. "That old maid fair makes me ill with her angling and hanging about. She's always at the fence or the front gate."

Her listeners said nothing, but they might have asked where the widow was on these occasions that she should know so much.

"I did hear a bit of talk down in the village this morning about Captain Salter," began one of them. "Our Ben says as he's been interviewing Gray, the house painter, about having his house done up."

Mrs. Jenkins pricked up her ears. House painting distinctly suggested that the captain was meditating settling down.

"Is that so?" she commented, with overdone carelessness. "Bout time, too!"

"Yes, and Gray told our Ben that the Captain asked him what colored paper would suit a lady best for the parlor."

Having launched her thunderbolt, she sat back in triumph.

"Would suit a lady?" gasped the widow. "Well, I never!"

"Look—look!" whispered the other guest. "There's Gray taking in his pattern-book now!"

The three heads were raised cautiously above the muslin curtain as the village painter was seen coming up the garden path of the cottage next door with a large parcel under one arm.

Then talk became a bit more general for a little while, until there came a rat-a-tat at the door.

"Please, Mrs. Jenkins," said a man's voice, "the captain's compliments, and would you give him the favor of your opinion?"

Mrs. Jenkins rose agitatedly from her chair.

"Really, now, Mr. Gray," she said, in uneven tones, "come right in and take a seat."

The painter poised himself cautiously on the edge of a chair, and opened out a huge book on his knee. The pattern he displayed was a very bright affair in green with pink flowers, while here and there hung a large yellow butterfly.

"The captain 'as took a fancy to this," said he, "but I told him I thought it was too gay. So he said I'd better ask you."

"Very pretty—very pretty," said the widow, eyeing the paper kindly. "You tell the captain that I admire his taste."

And she sat and beamed on her excited guests for long after the painter had gone.

Her complacency might have deepened if she had seen what happened close to her.

Miss Larcombe was sitting down to a solitary meal when a knock at the door roused her. Outside stood a girl from the village draper's.

"Please, Miss Larcombe, the captain has sent me to ask which of these patterns for window curtains you think most suitable," she explained, undoing a parcel, and bringing forth a bundle of pieces. "He fancies this one, but thinks you'd know more about it."

Miss Larcombe's sallow face flushed.

"The dear man!" she whispered to herself. "He's opening up the way for a proposal—I know he is!"

She took the pattern which the girl selected from the bundle. It was a bright red background, with a zig-zag blue pattern all over it.

"There, I call that real nice!" she said, in greatest admiration, as she held the short piece up to the light. "You tell the captain from me that I call him a man of judgment!"

Alone, she sank again in her chair. She was all a-flutter with excitement. Surely the captain meant to ask her to share his home and pension!

III.

Some days had passed since the village had first been shaken by strange rumors that Captain Salter was thinking of getting married. First it was stated that Mrs. Jenkins was the favored lady. Then popular opinion swung round to Miss Larcombe.

On the third day the captain marched boldly up to the widow's front door, and knocked.

"Good morning, captain," said Mrs. Jenkins, trying to keep her voice steady. "How are you?"

"Very well, ma'am—very well," replied the man bluffly. "I've come to thank you for giving me your advice about the wallpaper."

"No, no," protested the widow, with a blush, "it was your choice—and a very good choice, too!"

"Well, it's hung now, and I wanted just to ask if you'd come in to tea this evening and have a look at it."

The widow accepted in haste. Surely, now, surely, she told herself, he meant business!

Leaving her palpitating with anticipation, the captain walked away and then turned back furtively and sought the cottage on the other side.

This time the curtains were the topic of conversation, but the same invitation was given.

Sharp on the stroke of four a knock came at the captain's front door. It was the widow.

"I'm glad you've come early," said the captain heartily, as he led her into the room. "Now, how do you like the wallpaper?"

Mrs. Jenkins looked round proudly. Then her eyes fell on the curtains, and she gasped.

"Goodness!" she cried. "Those curtains! Where did you get them?"

Before the captain could answer, there came a second tap at the door. This time it was Miss Larcombe.

"How do you like the curtains?" the captain asked her, after polite and distant greetings had been exchanged between the two ladies.

"The curtains are all right, but the wallpaper!" said the spinster, her eyes dazzled and twisted by the pink flowers and the unearthly yellow butterflies.

Mrs. Jenkins stepped forward. "I chose the wallpaper," she began firmly, "and but for the curtains—"

"And I chose the curtains!" replied Miss Larcombe, just as firmly. "Only I didn't know that such a tasteless paper would be used with them."

"Tasteless!" snorted Mrs. Jenkins. "Tasteless, indeed! The person who could put red and blue curtains like that in a room needn't talk of taste."

"And bad taste is all that a person could talk about who'd choose a wallpaper like this!" retorted the spinster. In their excitement they had not heard a cab driving up to the gate.

They paid no attention at all until Captain Salter ushered in two ladies, one short and stout and elderly, while the other was also short, but only of a pleasant plumpness.

Then the rivals turned, and their jaws dropped. Captain Salter was kissing the newcomers.

"Ladies," he said, turning with a grin to the two thunderstruck women, "these are my aunt and my cousin, who've come to look after my house for a bit. And I have to thank you again for their behalf for helping me to get the place nicely done up for them."

The four ladies bowed, more or less politely.

"And who knows?" went on the sailor, grinning still more widely. "Pr'aps Cousin Miriam, here, will stay longer than that!"

"Go on, Joe!" said Cousin Miriam, flushing, but the look of admiration she cast to her tormentor was more than the spinster and the widow could stand.

With a curt farewell, they left the cottage arm in arm, comrades in misfortune.—London Answers.

Up to Standard.

"Is this a first-class post office?" inquired the stranger.

"It's as good as you'll find in these parts," retorted the native with justifiable local pride.

When Jesus Faced Pilate

Every Man Faces Such An Hour of Crisis Once at Least in His Period of Life.

"Sayest thou this thing of thyself, or did others tell it thee of me?"—John xviii, 24.

In my country home is an old spinning wheel. My grandfather made it and my grandmother used it, and they wore the homespun which it made. It wrought well for those who used it, but it is useless for me. Each soul must wear its own homespun.

In matters of religion, while the opinion and experiences of others may have some value, conviction is only arrived at through personal experience. Credo is a verb in the first person singular—not in the third person plural. Some theories and some facts are to be accepted on the testimony of others, but in the spiritual realm each man must be a discoverer himself.

Measured by devotion to the truth, the two men changed places the day that Jesus faced Pilate. The Galilean was pretor and lord; the Roman captive and slave—pilloried forever in the market place of shame as a man who would not do his own thinking and would not be loyal to such impressions as he had.

Man Must Think.

Each man, and no other, is to be judged, and it will fare with any man who quibbles and evades and temporizes as it fared with Pilate in such an hour of crisis. The most fatal thing that a man can do is to think. No man or company of men can do one's thinking for him. We crown the martyrs who fell for the right of private interpretation.

The only truth that amounts to anything is felt truth, and that only comes after the agony of restless

years and the lonely pilgrimage. Every step of progress which the world has reached has been from scaffold to scaffold and from stake to stake. Where anybody thinks we must think and pay the price.

The thing whereof modern life is scant is conviction. The greatest thing which a man can have, as his capital in life is a few first class convictions. They must be wrought out link by link, for conviction is a thing which chains a man to the truth so that he is not at liberty to wander in the paths of dalliance. Second hand doubt, like second hand clothes, belongs in the pawn shop. It is risky to put it on, for some day the owner may come along and leave us naked.

A Sentence Easily Spoken.

The great verities of Christianity must become ours by experience. Who is best qualified to know the value of prayer? Evidently the man who prays most, "I believe in God, the Father Almighty," is a sentence easily spoken. But when asked how you came to believe you will either be as dumb as Pilate or turn to some page in your life's history that is written in flame. You say, "I believe in the resurrection." If you only speak it trippingly with the tongue as a careless Easter greeting it is meaningless. It is when the angels of light have rolled away the stone and we come forth with our resurrected dead that we truly believe in the immortal life. If you ask why these and kindred questions are not settled once for all the answer is that each man must settle them for himself. A hearsay religion does not count.—Rev. Charles LeRoy Goodell, D.D.

HINTS TO HOUSEHOLDERS.

How the Dangers of Fire May Be Minimized.

The season is fast approaching when cool evenings will demand the starting of fires in our homes. September and October have become known to firemen as the months when chimneys and flues cause the most trouble.

The following suggestions of a practical nature, if faithfully followed, will do much to prevent damage to property and loss of life:

Stoves.—Place a metal stove-board on the wood floor under the stove, and extending at least twelve inches in front of the ash-pit door. Protect all walls and partitions within two feet of any stove with a metal shield, and leaving an air space between the shield and the wall. Leave no kindling or other wood in the oven over night. Do not hang clothes too near the stove or stovepipes.

Pipes.—See that the lengths of stovepipe are well fitted together, free from rust holes and parted seams, wired firmly and fitted perfectly into the chimney. Stovepipes passing through partitions, walls, floors, attics and roofs are dangerous at best. Where these must pass through partitions, walls or floors, always use a large, ventilated double thimble. You should examine the stovepipes in the attic. They may come apart or rust. Fluff and spider webs are likely to gather on and around them, to be set on fire when you least expect it.

Chimneys.—Chimneys should be built from the ground up, and never rest on wood supports. The settling of the woodwork will cause cracks in the chimney. Nor should the chimney walls be used to support joists or other woodwork. Soft brick and poor mortar are often responsible for defects in the chimney. Use a good quality of brick and cement mortar. Chimney walls should be at least eight inches thick, the flue of ample size and lined with rags or paper, nor cover them with anything but a metal stock. Chimneys should be cleaned frequently.

Furnaces.—Protect all woodwork above and around boilers, if within three feet, with a metal shield, also all woodwork near furnace pipes. It is best to rivet the lengths of pipe together to prevent disjoining. The pipe should fit perfectly into the chimney. Examine the pipe frequently for rust holes or other defects. Keep them free from dust, fluff and spider webs, which are easily ignited.

Defects.—Defective stoves, boilers, furnaces, pipes and chimneys should be promptly repaired or replaced.

Overheating.—Beware of overheating stoves, boilers, furnaces and pipes.

Ashes.—These should never be placed in wooden receptacles or bins, on wood floors or against wood partitions, walls, fences, buildings or any other woodwork. Use metal receptacles only, and dump ashes away from all buildings.

Care.—These matters are technical, but very simple and merely call for ordinary care. You cannot afford to be careless, when the lives of your loved ones, and the property of yourself and neighbors, are at stake. Let "Care and Caution" be the watchword and in this way assist in reducing Canada's enormous fire loss.—Bulletin from Commission of Conservation.

Old-fashioned Things.

Daughter—What does old-fashioned mean?
Mother—Anything that I think is right and you don't, dear.

THE SUNDAY LESSON

INTERNATIONAL LESSON,
OCTOBER 24.

Lesson IV.—Elisha's Heavenly Defenders, 2 Kings 6, 8-23. Golden Text: Psalm 34, 7.

I. Plotting Against Elisha (Verses 14-17).

Verses 8. The king of Syria—Probably Ben-hadad (see verse 24). Israel was in grave danger at this time. Syria was a powerful and determined foe.

In such and such a place—This expression is like that of "somewhere" now seen in so many reports of a battle after the account thereof has passed the censor's hands.

9. The man of God sent unto the king of Israel—Although the kings were inimical to the prophets, the latter did not forsake their sovereigns. The prophets knew that without God's guidance Israel and her kings could not survive.

10. Not once nor twice—But several times. Elisha's advice was always good. The Syrians claimed it was based on actual knowledge (see verse 12).

11. Which of us is for the king of Israel?—The king of Syria had been frustrated so many times in his plans that he thought he had a traitor in his camp.

21. Nay, my lord, O king; but Elisha—The story of Naaman was known. It was natural for a quick-witted soldier to remember Elisha's cure, and to relate this power of the prophet to the seemingly miraculous way in which every military move of the Syrian king was anticipated and frustrated.

13. Go and see—That is, spy out. Dothan—Mentioned in the Old Testament only here and in Gen. 37, 17. According to tradition, it was only twelve miles from Samaria, which shows how far into the country of Israel the Syrians had penetrated.

II. The Mountain Full of Horses (Verses 14-17).

14. Horses, and chariots, and a great host; and they came by night—An exceedingly large host to come after one undefended man. To make sure, the night time was chosen.

15. How shall we do?—Not a question for instructions or advice, but a cry of despair.

16. They that are with us—The present tense is used by the prophet. To him the angelic protectors were always apparent.

17. Open his eyes—Elisha's concern for the young man was so great that he was unmindful of the many men waiting to waylay him.

18. Round About Elisha—Dothan stood on an eminence, and so the summit could be thus encircled, and the barrier against the Syrians appears complete.

Poor Chap.

Poor Binks! He has small luck, they say.
His life is full of pain,
He saved up for a rainy day,
And then it didn't rain!

When a young man is sure he can't live without a certain girl he ought to marry her and discover his mistake.

WHERE THE FRENCH WON IMPORTANT VICTORY; SOUCHEZ REFINERY AND REMAINS OF VILLAGE



The bare and broken rafters of the roofs of destroyed cottages to the left, and the burning houses in the centre of the photograph mark the site of the village of Souchez, north of Arras, which for weeks has formed the centre of continuous hard fighting between the French assailants and the entrenched and fortified Germans. To the right are visible the scarred and gaunt ruins of the now-celebrated sugar factory of Souchez, the key and citadel of the German fortifications in that sector of the field. For the possession of which attack and counter-attack have been proceeding ever since the taking of Carency and Notre Dame de Lorette gave the French a footing within the enemy's line of entrenched positions. The photograph itself was taken from the French advanced lines actually during one of the earlier attacks.