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REV. J. J. HARE, Ph.D. Whitby, Ont.

What I call my mustard-pot reading is often the Paris "Figaro," propped against the cruet. Delightful vignette in last night's Supplement Littéraire, by Jean Vignaud—a modern phase just breathed on the glass story-wise. Pierre Ambrose, a young barrister, about to marry his Jacqueline, a girl of eighteen, undertakes the toil and anxieties of furnishing their flat—she prettily expectant. He decides on the Louis XVI. style, and completes the scheme to the last trifle of bric-a-brac. Jacqueline comes to see it, and is tenderly decisive: "But this is a doll's house. My poor Pierre, it is ridiculous. People would laugh at us." Pierre is nobly convinced, curses his selfish whims, and clears all out at a loss of fifteen thousand francs. He will follow the style of Jacqueline's own home nest—Empire. He re-furnishes in Empire, too happy in his renunciation. "Darling," he whispers, when he brings her again, "you will not say this is a doll's house." And she does not; she looks at the black marble clock, the thick fabrics, the heavy bronzes, and the stodge comfort of it all, and hardly can she fetch the sigh, "But, Pierre, it is not very cheerful." It goes to Pierre's heart. This time he drops only twelve thousand francs on his re-sale. Jacqueline is right; people like themselves should be modern. Modern! Well, that is simple, final. And since there is but a fortnight to the wedding day, he will be done with the matter. He goes to the Futurist quarter and gives a comprehensive order. Modern! Yes, and since all is now well, he will survey his home with his bride after the wedding; not till then. "Chut! my dear Jacqueline, this time—success." The wedding is a tumult of nerves and accidents, but at last Pierre and Jacqueline are on the stairs of their unseen home. The young bride is faint; Pierre carries her to the door. There she revives, and seeing something, asks, "But what is that?" Then, with an expression complex enough to suggest antique tragedy and comedy, "Where are we, dearest?" Pierre groans, "Nay, I don't know." They survey curtains seemingly dipped in blood, violet walls, a carpet like a golf-green, colors fighting together like savages, and a table-top that resembles a huge plate of caterpillars. They gaze at each other, and are infinitely quiet. "Well, Pierre, it is certain we cannot stay here."

"What are we to do? I am finished."

"My love, we will live in an hotel."

—T. P.'s Weekly.

Our Scrap Bag.

Reliable Recipes

The following recipes are all taken from the Scientific American:

TO CLEAN OILCLOTH.

Wash with a large, soft, woollen cloth and lukewarm or cold water, dry thoroughly with a soft cloth, and afterwards polish with milk or a weak solution of beeswax, in spirits of turpentine. Never use a brush, or hot water or soap, as either will be certain to bring off the paint.

TO KEEP CIDER.

Place in each barrel immediately on making, mustard 4 ounces, salt 1 ounce, ground chalk 1 ounce. Shake well.

TO REMOVE TEA AND COFFEE STAINS.

When any article has had tea or coffee spilled over it, be careful not to allow soap to touch it till the stains are removed, for the alkali in the soap will make the coloring matter turn into fast dyes. Spread the stained part over a basin, and pour clean, soft boiling water through it. If the stains prove obstinate, rub in a little powdered borax, and pour on more boiling water, then place the article to soak.

LEMON-JUICE SOLUTION.

Fresh lemon juice, 2 ounces; glycerine, 1 ounce; rosewater or rainwater, with three or four drops of attar of roses added, 1 pint. Anoint the hands and face three or four times daily, and allow to remain on several minutes before wiping. For clearing the complexion and making the skin white and soft.

TO KEEP MICE FROM SEEDS.

Anyone desirous of keeping seeds from

the depredations of mice, can do so by mixing pieces of camphor gum in with the seeds. Camphor placed in drawers or trunks will prevent mice from doing them any injury.

SCENT POWDER.

This recipe for scent powder, to be used for wardrobes, boxes, etc., gives an article far superior to the mixtures sold in the shops. Coreander, 1 ounce; orris-root, 1 ounce; rose leaves, 1 ounce; aromatic calamus, 1 ounce; lavender flowers, 2 ounces; rhodium wood, $\frac{1}{2}$ dram; musk, 5 grains. These are reduced to a coarse powder, and the mixture put in little bags, to be used as above.

TO REMOVE RUST.

Iron articles thickly coated with rust may be cleaned by allowing them to remain in a nearly saturated solution of chloride of tin, from 12 to 14 hours.

TO MEND CRACKS IN STOVE.

When a crack is discovered in a stove, through which the fire or smoke penetrates, the aperture may be completely closed in a moment with a composition consisting of wood ashes and common salt, made up in paste with a little water, and plastered over the crack. The good effect is equally certain whether the stoves, etc., be cold or hot.

Seasonable Cookery.

ECONOMICAL RECIPES.

Potted Beef.—Three pounds of a cheap cut of beef, 3 onions, $\frac{1}{2}$ can of tomatoes, salt to taste. Put the meat into a kettle, cover with cold water, and boil slowly for three or four hours. Add salt and onions cut fine. Put the tomato through a colander. Boil all together, and, as the water boils away, add more. Serve the meat hot. The liquor makes a delicious soup, thickened with two tablespoonfuls of flour.

Veal Patties.—One and a half cupfuls of boiled rice, 1 cupful veal, 1 teaspoonful salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful poultry dressing, 1 egg, 1 tablespoonful of milk. Grind or chop the veal, salt, and stir into the rice with the dressing; beat the eggs, add milk, and stir all together. Drop a tablespoonful spread out thin on the griddle, and fry as you would griddle-cakes. Chicken, pork, or lamb, may be used instead of veal.

Beefsteak Pie.—Two pounds of beef (a cheap cut will do), 1 onion, 1 tablespoonful salt. Cut the meat into small pieces, cover with cold water, salt, and put into the oven; cut the onion into small pieces and add. Bake three hours in an earthen dish. Half an hour before serving, put over the top a crust, made of two cupfuls of flour, two heaping teaspoons baking powder, one-half teaspoonful of salt, and one tablespoonful of lard. Wet with water or milk, as for biscuits.

A la Mode Beef.—Three pounds of beef, 6 onions, 4 or five white turnips, potatoes, and salt. Take three pounds of a cheap cut of beef, wash, put into an iron pan, sprinkle over it salt to taste. Pare six onions, more or less, as desired, and prepare four or five small white turnips sliced thin. Lay these around the meat, and pour over all a quart of cold water. Put into the oven and bake three hours. Pare enough potatoes for the family, putting them in an hour and a half before serving. This is a most delicious way to cook beef. As the water cooks away, add more. Thicken the gravy with flour wet with water, as you would with any roast meat.

Poor Man's Rice Pudding.—One quart milk, 1 small cupful sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful washed rice, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful salt, 1 teaspoonful vanilla, butter the size of a hickory nut. Bake slowly for three hours. The success lies in the baking. If baked right, it will be creamy on top.

Rice and Apple Pudding.—Eight large, tart apples, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped raisins and citron, 2 cups cold rice, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar. Pare and core the apples, set them closely together in a deep baking-dish, and fill the hollows from which the cores were cut with chopped raisins and citron. Dust with sugar and nutmeg. Fill in all the spaces to the top of the dish with the rice and cover with a plate. Set in the oven. In fifteen minutes uncover and bake fifteen minutes longer,

allowing the rice to crust delicately. Serve warm with whipped cream.

Brandy-wine Inn Pudding.—One cup sour milk, 1 cup molasses, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter, 2 cups raisins, 2 eggs, 1 teaspoon soda, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon nutmeg, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cinnamon, 8 cups flour. Mix the ingredients in the order given, and beat well. Steam for four hours in a buttered mold.

Corn Fritters.—One and one-third cups sour milk, 2 cups flour, 2 eggs, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon soda, 1 cup corn scraped from the cob. Mix the sour milk with the soda. Stir in a little flour, then the eggs slightly beaten. Add the remainder of the flour, lastly the corn, and beat well. Fry in hot fat.

Our Serial Story.

PETER.

A Novel of Which He is Not the Hero.

By F. HOPKINSON SMITH.

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Chapter VIII.

Again her laugh bubbled out—a catching, spontaneous kind of laugh, as if there were plenty more packed away behind her lips ready to break loose whenever they found an opening.

"Then, Major, you shall have two lumps to sweeten you up," and down went the sugar-tongs into the silver bowl.

Here young Breen leaned forward and lifted the bowl nearer to her hand, while I waited for my cup. He had not left her side since Miss Felicia had presented him, so Peter told me afterward. I had evidently interrupted a conversation, for his eyes were still fastened upon hers, drinking in her every word and movement.

"And is sugar your cure for disagreeable people, Miss MacFarlane?" I heard him ask under his breath as I stood sipping my tea.

"That depends on how disagreeable they are," she answered. This came with a look from beneath her eyelids.

"I must be all right, then, for you only gave me one lump—" still under his breath.

"Only one! I made a mistake—" Eyes looking straight into Jack's, with a merry twinkle gathering around their corners.

"Perhaps I don't need any at all."

"Yes, I'm sure you do. Here—hold your cup, sir; I'll fill it full."

"No, I'm going to wait and see what effect one lump has. I'm beginning to get pleasant already—and I was cross as two sticks when I—"

And then she insisted he should have at least three more to make him at all bearable, and he said there would be no living with him he would be so charming and agreeable, and so the talk ran on, the battledoor and the shuttlecock kind of talk—the same prattle that we have all listened to dozens of times, or should have listened to, to have kept our hearts young. And yet not a talk at all; a play, rather, in which words count for little and the action is everything: Listening to the toss of a curl or the lowering of an eyelid; answering with a lift of the hand—such a strong brown hand, that could pull an oar, perhaps, or help her over dangerous places! Then her white teeth, and the way her head bent; and then his ears and how close they lay to his head; and the short, glossy hair with the faintest bit of a curl in it. And then the sudden awakening: Oh, yes—it was the sugar Mr. Breen wanted, of course. What was I thinking of?

And so the game went on, neither of them caring where the ball went so that it could be hit again when it came their way.

When it was about to stay its flight I ventured in with the remark that she must not forget to give my kindest and best to her good father. I think she had forgotten I was standing so near.

"And you, know daddy!" she cried—the real girl was shining in her eyes now—all the coquetry had vanished from her face.

"Yes—we worked together on the pier

(Continued on page 1534.)