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## HOME

### Cake Recipes.

**White Fruit Cake.**—One-half cup of butter, one cup of sugar, one and a half cups of flour, one-half cup of milk, two eggs, one-half cup of nut meats, or more if you choose, cup up fine or rather coarse, as you will, one-half cup or more of fruit cut fine—dates, figs, a few raisins—a scant teaspoon of cinnamon or nut, a fourth teaspoon of almond extract, and whole fruit and nuts to decorate the top. Sift the sugar, add the butter, and rub the two to a cream, to which add the cinnamon or other powdered spices, stirring them in, then beat in the well-beaten yolks of the eggs. Add the milk and flour alternately. A level teaspoon of baking powder may be added to the flour, but it is not needed, especially if the eggs are fresh, and the cake is of better texture without it and perhaps easier to bake. Stir in the nuts and the fruit, which has been rubbed in flour so that every piece is separate. Then add the whites of the eggs beaten stiff and finally the almond flavoring. Decorate the tops so as to cover it thickly with fruit and nuts, brush over with whites of eggs and bake for one hour in a slow oven, in a well oiled and paper lined pan of a narrow sort and deep. Use oil instead of butter to grease pan, as it does not burn so readily.

This cake can be eaten on the day it is made, as it is soft and of good flavor, but is better a day or so later.

**To Decorate Fruit Cake.**—One way to decorate a cake like the white cake and cover the whole top, as is the present custom, is to start by placing a candied cherry in the centre and two others half way between it and the ends of the pan. Place around these cherries whole or the halves of blanched almonds, the small points in, making daisy-like figures, the nuts forming the petals. Make a border of any nuts you choose, alternating halves of peanuts and pecans, then fill in the space with nuts, bits of dates and figs, or what you choose.

**Pecan Cake.**—With exactly the same foundation as for white fruit cake, use half a cup or more of chopped pecans and bake in a square tin with low sides, and ice. You may double the recipe, bake two squares, and make a nut and fruit filling and icing if you choose. Perhaps it is better to use the baking powder in this cake. Bake forty-five minutes. Chopped hickory nuts instead of pecans, may be used.

**Chocolate Cream Icing.**—Boil together a cup and a half of granulated sugar and half a cup of milk until it forms a soft ball when dropped in water. Great care must be taken not to boil it a minute too long. Take from the fire, add vanilla to flavor, and beat until white, yet soft and creamy. Watch closely, lest it get too stiff and spread easily. If it has been cooked a minute too long it will stiffen quickly. Spread smoothly over the cake, or over squares of it. Melt an ounce or two of unsweetened or sweetened chocolate over boiling water and spread over white icing. Cake so iced and cut in small squares is dainty and satisfactory.

**Fruit and Nut Cookies.**—By practically the same recipe make a fruit cookie, using a little more flour, so that they can be rolled out. The following measure will make about three dozen or more small cookies, which are prettiest if cut out with the cutters which make fancy edges, heart shapes, diamonds, etc. Medium sized cookies are easier to bake than small ones, and the larger ones easier yet. Cream a cup of sifted sugar and half a cup of butter, and spices if you choose—half a teaspoon of several—the beaten yolks of two eggs, and half a cup of chopped nuts and half a cup of flour from one and a half to two cups. Fold in the stiffly beaten whites of eggs, sift over a little flour, turn out on a board, roll out, and cut, put on greased paper in a large baking tin or on the bottom of same, brush over with white of egg and then sprinkle with sugar. Bake for twelve minutes in a moderate oven.

**Mock Angel Cake.**—An inexpensive cake to cut up into little shapes and ice and decorate with different nuts and little candies is the mock angel cake. Sift to-

gether four or five times one cup of sugar with three level teaspoons of baking powder; mix with one cup of hot milk and one teaspoon of vanilla, and finally add the stiffly beaten whites of two eggs, and bake in an ungreased pan for forty minutes, or divide and bake in two layers. The crust of this will have flavor like the real angel cake if half a teaspoon of vanilla and about as much of almond extract is used. This may be iced with a white frosting or is good with chocolate.

### Household Hints.

The secret of boiling rice is to put it into plenty of boiling water at the start.

To remove stains from a rain-proof coat rub with a little eucalyptus oil on a piece of flannel.

If one or two teaspoonsful of sugar are added to turnips when cooking they will be improved.

Carbolic acid is a good disinfectant, but useless diluted with at least 20 times its bulk of water.

The most obstinate coffee stains can be removed by a solution of lukewarm water and the yolk of an egg.

When toilet creams of various sorts get spilled on dresser covers benzine quickly removes them and leaves no trace behind.

Of the fuel foods needed for winter, none is more palatable than breakfast bacon, which the economical buy by the piece rather than by the pound.

A stale loaf can be made as fresh as new if wrapped in a damp cloth for a couple of minutes, and then placed in the oven for half an hour.

When pouring boiled milk or water into a tumbler or glass dish stand the tumbler or dish on a knife and the glass will neither break nor crack.

Venetian blinds can be made to look like new if you rub the laths with a piece of rag dipped in warm linseed oil, and then well polish the wood with a soft duster.

A substitute for whipped cream: Take the whites of two eggs and one banana sliced, and beat till stiff. The banana will dissolve and it will be as good as cream.

Mouse holes can be filled up with putty, but putty alone is not likely to do much good. The mice soon make a way for themselves through it, but if the underside of the putty be covered with cayenne pepper or mustard you will find an immediate improvement.

Corn beef makes a pleasant change and it is economical. Plan to have it cooked when the laundry fire is hot, serve it hot for dinner, then sliced cold with baked beans, and the fatty parts and the undesirable ends will grind up and make an excellent corn beef hash for breakfast.

### NO MORE DREADNOUGHTS.

Admiralty Said to Have Decided on Smaller Ships for Future.

England probably never will lay down another dreadnought, says one of the foremost ship builders in England, who for obvious reasons, cannot be quoted, says a correspondent of the Associated Press. All the dreadnoughts, according to this authority, which have been laid down, will be rushed to completion, but no orders will be given for any more of this type. This policy was under serious consideration when the Audacious went to the bottom, and the recent loss of the Bulwark has only served to confirm to opinion that the battleship as a fighting craft is doomed.

All new construction in the British shipyards consists of heavily armed cruisers of great coal carrying capacity, destroyers and submarines. For ten miles along the Tyne in coming into Newcastle the passengers on the boats cannot hear each other speak because of the din of the steam hammers most of which are making destroyers and submarines.

When Sir Percy Scott expressed his doubts of the efficiency of the dreadnought just after England had placed her seal on it as the premier fighting unit of naval warfare, his unorthodox made him the strategic heretic of his time, but this war has come near to vindicating his theory, for thus far not a single success can be placed to the credit of a dreadnought, while the experimental, almost despised, submarine has won most of the naval laurels.

France is also reported as hurrying the construction of submarines, while Russia is said to have asked for tenders on a submarine of two thousand tons.

### NOTES AND COMMENTS

Not many months ago the finance ministers of Europe were, as they admitted, at their wits' end trying to find new sources of revenue for constructive and reformatory purposes. When the British medical profession struck against the social insurance act, because the compensation offered the doctors for their services thereunder was deemed too low, Lloyd-George earnestly protested that he could not possibly raise another million or so to pay the doctors more. In Germany complaints were heard that the industrial insurance and compensation laws were costing the empire too much money, and that industry couldn't stand the growing burden. In France proposed and promised reforms were postponed because the taxing authorities positively didn't know what else to assess.

Think now of these things in the light of the war loans and war credits voted by the parliaments of Europe! The German reichstag, with but one negative vote, has sanctioned new war loans to the amount of \$1,250,000,000, and this money will be needed in the spring, if not earlier. The British parliament voted a like sum the other day.

The countries at war, with the exception of the little fellows who are being financed by the big brothers, are all emphatically "thinking imperially," thinking not in millions but in billions, and thinking of these for destructive purposes only. The London Statist, in a stoical if not cheerful editorial, tells the British that the war is costing them a billion and a half per annum, and that they will have to pay indefinitely interest on a new war debt of about \$5,000,000,000. It thinks, however, that the money can be raised without much difficulty on fairly moderate terms—say 5 per cent.

Well, perhaps it can. But these staggering totals are not likely to be dropped from the sky. Hoarders may become investors to a certain extent, but the greater part of the money must be diverted from industry, enterprise, commerce, and constructive social reform. The wealth and capital burned, wasted, destroyed, cannot be used in further production, in extension and improvements. The loss is irreparable. The loss is a world loss. Every nation is suffering and will continue to suffer from it. And the infinite pity of it is that the tremendous and almost inconceivable losses in life, health, vigor, and treasure are entailed not by a war for principles, for human rights, for progress, for essential interests but by a war which even Dr. Dernburg, the exponent of the German view, describes as "unnecessary, stupid and uncalled for." Must such a war really go on for years? Is there no chance for the still small voice of sanity and common sense in Europe?

### Stir Constantly.

Mrs. Newbridge came hurriedly into her husband's study one morning. "Herbert dear," she said, "this recipe for lemon pie says to sit on a hot stove and stir constantly."

"Well, Alice," replied the dotting husband, "if you do sit on a hot stove I think you will find that you will stir constantly."

### Worth a Guinea a Box

the safest, most reliable and most popular for the common ailments of stomach, liver and bowels, is always

### BEECHAM'S PILLS

The Largest Sale of Any Medicine in the World Sold everywhere. In boxes, 25 cents

### LITTLE ISLAND OF HERN.

Questions Asked About it in British House of Commons.

One of the strangest stories that has been given birth by the great war is that of the Island of Hern, the leasing of which to a German company was recently discussed in the House of Commons. The lease has been terminated, and British troops are billeted on the island, but the question is still being asked, why was England so lax as to rent for a song an island larger than Heligoland, within an hour's steaming of English shores.

Hern is one of the lesser Channel Islands and at one time supported a considerable population. It is a beautiful spot, with an attractive shell beach. In 1889 it was leased by the Crown for \$70 a year to the "West Bank Leasing, Limited," which in turn leased it to Prince Blucher von Wahlstatt, a descendant of the illustrious Blucher of Waterloo and himself a German. The Prince and his family lived quietly for years in the manor house on the island, incurring the great displeasure of those who sought to ramble over the place by closing all save one narrow pathway on the beach and plastering about many warnings to trespassers.

Children were born to the Princess there—she is of the Russian royal family—and one of these, a boy, became a naturalized British subject. At no time was the Prince suspected of using his home in any operations against England, but when the war broke out the matter became one of natural agitation, culminating in the Home Secretary being asked for an explanation by Sir William Bull.

The explanation was brief. The government knew the name of the German company holding the lease. It knew, moreover, that the rent was about five shillings and six pence a week; that steps had been taken to cancel this document; that for some weeks British troops had been on the island. Whether Prince Blucher and family had moved from the manor house was not made clear.

The popular outcry against the Prince, in the opinion of the London press generally, is unjustified, but The Times remarks rather sarcastically that the public might be told a little more about the German company which was able to acquire so cheaply so much good farm and pasture land, together with numerous cottages, not to mention the manor house. It also is pointed out that the island is in the heart of the English Channel, within sight of the coast of France, about 70 miles from Portland and 40 from Cherbourg, it could be used as a submarine base, though nothing of the kind appears to have been attempted.



Admiral Von Spee.

Who commanded the destroyed German squadron.

Lord Chief Justice Clerk Braxfield was a man of few words and of strong business habits, and consequently, when he courted his second wife, he said to her: "Liz-zie, I'm looking for a wife, and I thought you just the person to suit me. Let me have your answer on or off to-morrow, and nae mair about it." The lady next day replied in the affirmative. Shortly after the marriage, Lord Braxfield's butler came to him to give up his situation because he could not bear her ladyship's continual scolding. "Man," Braxfield exclaimed, "ye've little to complain of; ye may be thankful ye're no married to her."

A very substantial business man tried to educate his young wife to keep correct household accounts.

With this end in view he gave her an account book, and instructed her to enter on one side all her expenses in detail, and on the other side money received. At the end of the first month the fair young wife carried her account book to her husband in triumph. "See," said she, "I have done what you asked." But a groan of despair escaped from the husband's lips when he read on one page, "Received from Dick," and on the other, "Spent it."

### To the Woman Who Realizes She Needs Help

You are nervous. You have "crying spells." You are dejected. You don't sleep well. You have backache. You have lost ambition for your work. You are beginning to feel old and look old.

These symptoms, more than likely, are produced by some weakness or derangement.

### Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription

(In Tablet or Liquid Form)

will aid you in regaining youthful health and strength—just as it has been doing for over forty years for women who have been in the same condition of health you now find yourself. It soothes and invigorates. It rebuilds and uplifts. Your medicine dealer will supply you in tablet or liquid form, or send 50 one-cent stamps for trial box. Address Dr. V. M. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate Stomach, Liver and Bowels. Easy to take.

### TRICKS USED BY GERMANY

#### PRISONERS SENT THROUGH SAME CITY MANY TIMES.

#### Some Humors of the War—A Fight For a Pig Under Fire.

It is a relief to extract a little humor out of this tragic war. French and English alike are wondering, and laughing not a little, at the tremendous number of prisoners which the Germans, according to their own reports, are capturing, both east and west. If they had taken as many prisoners as they say they have they would have no enemy to fight. But the explanation is simple enough. Take but one instance.

A Swiss who was at Aix-la-Chapelle at the beginning of November and who is now at Basle, writes:

"The German Government is very ingenious in its efforts to keep up the spirits of the population. It reports the annihilation of regiment after regiment daily, and in order to foster it has to produce formidable convoys of French, British and Belgian prisoners. Aix-la-Chapelle is the spectacular spot chosen. It is the busiest railway station in the German Empire just now. The German General Staff sends long trainloads of prisoners through this junction going east every day. You can imagine how impressive it is. You can also imagine how industriously the newspaper correspondents record the incident in their despatches to Berlin not forgetting the downcast demeanor of the captives and the cheers of the German populace.

"The crowds are unaware that these trains are switched onto a loop line at night, and return in triumph the next day. The other morning a Dutchman was watching one of them go slowly by. He saw a Belgian soldier excitedly gesticulating at an open carriage window. He was shouting: 'This is the twelfth time we have come through this station.'

#### Fight For Pig Under Fire.

"Very little scares us nowadays," writes an artilleryman from Weevre. "The Germans are in the woods, and are as reluctant as carrion crows to leave. Last night we heard heavy footsteps, an odd noise like 'patapoum, patapoum.' Was it a batch of German deserters coming to us, or outposts retreating with some warning? I peered into the darkness, and within a few feet of my head was a fat pig. He was more frightened than I, and decamped. We followed, and in five minutes Mr. Cochon was tied to the wheel of an ammunition cart. He grunted all night long.

"Next morning men from the neighboring battery heard of our interesting capture, and claimed it as theirs. What cheek! We squabbled, and everybody asserted his right to the prisoner. Suddenly shrapnel began to fall in the midst of the debate. Did Prussian shells stop the row over that pig? No, sir! For ten more minutes the batteries argued, while bullets flew and the pig squealed.

"The chef of a portable kitchen has his little joke. 'How polite the Boches are,' he said. 'They even send us their marmites (black Marias) in which to cook our puddings.' Then along came the Captain. 'In the name of heaven!' he exclaimed, 'get back to your 75's. Cut the pig in two!' A military solomon had solved the difficulty, and both battalions had pork for supper that night."

#### Shot Killed the Cow.

Here are two humorous touches from the letter of a Dublin Fusilier:

"At one point of the line German and French troops were not more than one hundred yards apart. They could hear each other talk, and sometimes talked to each other. One day a cow strayed between the lines. Both sides wanted milk. They agreed whoever hit a horn first would be let milk the cow. The first shot came from the German lines. Bad as usual, it killed the cow."

"When both sides dig in there is continuous rifle sniping, on the

German side usually very bad. An officer of ours with a sense of humor put up a target for them to practise on and gave them a marker with a flag to signal the misses. The target was pretty large, with a sketch of the Kaiser's head and shoulders for a bull's eye. Only one shot was fired at it, and that bullet hit the Kaiser right under the chin. We appreciated the joke."

And here is one about a gallant Irishman with some pathos in it: "One afternoon when I was riding from the transport to the battalion I met a lancer going the same road. We were chums at Aldershot a couple of years ago. I met his wife when he brought her to the married quarters, a bonnie bride. He was as quiet as a mouse with a pair of lively eyes that spoke the language of all tongues. He had fought at Mons and been right through the campaign, and as we rode together through the town we talked over the past and present. As we passed a butcher's shop a pretty girl came to the door and gave him 'Bonjour,' with a charming smile. Against regulations he doffed his cap and made her a sweeping bow. Their eyes met—it was a mere passing salute, but one could see he had passed that way before. He turned to me with a light laugh. 'We are all single at the seaside.'

"Two days afterward I made the same journey on foot. Just at that same shop door I met a stretcher-bearer lying on his back, his shrapnel through the chest. As I spoke to the stretcher-bearer the girl came to the door. Her grief was passionate. I doubt if the wounded man was conscious of her tears. Later in the day I called at the field hospital. He was dead. A woman in Ireland is teaching his little one to pray for his soul. A girl in France is putting flowers on his grave."

#### Legal Love Letter.

"Who writes you so many letters, dear?" "A young lawyer."

"And does he write nice letters?" "In a legal way, yes. He says I have beautiful eyes, and is constantly alluding to what he calls the aforesaid eyes, orbs, or visual organs."

#### Done Properly.

"How is it you were so long over your work to-day?" she asked. "Sure, ma'am," replied the servant, "you were watching me most of the time."

#### Striking.

She—Where there any striking features at the wedding? He—Yes, the bride got some red in her eye and the groom got hit on the nose with an old shoe.

#### Didn't Apply.

"I believe in the motto, 'Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day.'"

"Pray me that 85 then." "The rule doesn't apply; that's something I can't do."

#### A Young Logician.

Sunday School Teacher—William, what must we do before we can expect forgiveness of sins? William—Sin.

Would Be if Fired at His Head. Lingerlong—Shall I be keeping you up too late if I stay until your clock strikes eleven? Miss Weereigh—I'm afraid so; it is not a striking clock.

#### Unpleasant Ambiguity.

He—They asked me to their reception, but it wasn't because the like me; it was only because I was single.

She—Oh, I'm sure you're not taken.

"Are you the same man who ate my mince pie last week?" "No, mum. I'll never be the same man again."

"It is the duty of everyone to make at least one person happy during the week," said a Sunday School teacher. "Now, have you done so, Johnny?" "Yes, sir," Johnny promptly. "That's right. What did you do?" "I went to see my aunt, and she was happy when I went home."

### E. R. Manufacture

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