# Of Interest To Women

## DAILY MENU

MENU FOR A DAY.

BREAKFAST.
Prunes.
Cereal. Cream.
Poached Eggs with Ham.
Toast. Coffee.

LUNCHEON.
Spaghetti and Cheese.
Grapefruit Marmalade.
Whole Wheat Bread.
Tea.

DINNER.
~~Green Soup.~~
Roast Beef. Browned Potatoes.
Stewed Tomatoes.
Deep Rhubarb Pie.
Cafe Noir.

Green Soup.—One pint green split peas, one pint fresh green beans, one carrot, one medium sized potato cut in cubes, one large tablespoon of butter, one tablespoon of flour, one teaspoon of chopped olives, a little chopped parsley, pepper and salt to taste, water enough to make a moderately thick soup. Wash peas and put on fire in cold water with a pinch of soda. When it boils pour off water and add fresh warm water. After one hour add beans and carrots cut in pieces. After half an hour add potatoes into cubes. When latter are soft blend butter and flour over fire, and add to soup. Then add seasoning and boil up.

## Correspondence

Edited by Cynthia Grey.

Dear Miss Grey—(1) When two boys are walking together and meet a girl only one of them knows, should they both tip their hats? (2) What is the birthstone for February? ANXIOUS.

A.—(1) Yes. (2) Amethyst.

### He Pays.

Dear Miss Grey—When a young lady asks a young man to go to a dance or a supper, please tell me who pays the way? REO.

A.—The young man, but a better way would be to let the young man ask the young lady.

### A Pickle Pointer.

Dear Miss Grey—Why do my cucumber pickles always turn soft? I put them up very carefully. HOUSEWIFE.

A.—The vinegar either was not pure cider vinegar, or else was too sour.

### To Remove Warts.

Dear Miss Grey—What will remove warts? BOTHERED.

A.—If not tampered with, warts will often disappear; if irritated, they may become permanent. Excellent wart and corn cures are put up by most druggists.

Simple home cures will remove most warts. Kerosene applied twice a day has proved successful. Castor oil, applied patiently once a day for a month, has also removed warts, and left no scar.

Persistent warts are often treated with salicylic acid, one dram of which is mixed with one ounce of collodion, and applied with a tiny camelhair brush.

## All Around the Home

CYNTHIA GREY.

House plants, such as aspidistras, should be put out in warm rain occasionally. Bring them in while still wet and wipe each leaf with a soft duster to remove every particle of dirt.

Dates stuffed with walnuts and then dipped in melted chocolate make a delicious bonbon. Among a saucerful of such dates have, for variety's sake, a few that are stuffed with raisins and dipped also in chocolate.

Silver dress trimmings which have become discolored may be cleaned by covering them with dry powdered magnesia. Leave it for three hours, then rub it well with flannel and brush off with a perfectly clean plate brush.

Mint may be grown in winter in the kitchen, and be at hand quite fresh at all times to pluck for sauces, soups and the like. Put a dozen sprays of mint in water in a stone jar, and add water from time to time to keep the jar filled. Pick sprigs often from the tops, and new shoots will grow on continually.

A good way to wash woollens is to half fill a tub with warm water and add to it a little ammonia and enough soap shavings to make a lather. Squeeze the articles bewteen the hands, but do not rub, until they are perfectly clean. Rinse in lukewarm water, fold and pass through wringer several times. Shake and hang out to dry.

After an umbrella has been used for a short time put a drop of oil in the center of the top about once a month. This prevents the ribs from rusting.

The kitchen cupboard should never be permitted to get untidy, and should be scrubbed out at least every fortnight, the lower shelves oftener.

## MARY'S COOK BOOK

### Rhubarb Jelly.

This vegetable is not made into jelly as often as should be done. Rhubarb makes a delicate pink fine flavored jelly. Cut one large bunch into fine pieces without peeling, add a large chopped apple, peel and seeds included. Cover with hot water, and cook until done. Mash fine and strain through jelly bag. To every cupful of juice add one cupful of hot granulated sugar. Boil juice until it begins to jell or about twenty-five minutes. Turn into scalded jelly glasses and seal with paraffin.

### Roast Beef.

The roast beef of Old England is presumably the finest in the world, and has been celebrated in both song and story, but we seldom hear of the many other excellent ways in which English cooks prepare this meat. One of their most pleasing dishes is beefsteak stewed without the addition of water or any other fluid. To prepare this have three or four pounds of rump steak cut about an inch thick. Put one tablespoonful of butter in the frying pan and let it melt, without browning. Wash the steak quickly in cold water and put it in the frying pan, cover closely and let it slowly become hot. As soon as it is thoroughly heated add one teaspoonful of salt and a saltspoonful of white pepper, then keep it just simmering (never allowing it to boil), until perfectly tender. It should be closely covered all the time. It will require about an hour and a half to cook it just right. When done place the steak on a heated platter, and add half a teaspoonful of walnut or tomato catsup to the gravy in the pan; let it get hot and pour over the steak. Sometimes a slice or two of onion or carrot is added to impart a delicate flavor to the steak, but it is quite delicious without.

### Lemon Butter.

Grate the rind and squeeze the juice of two lemons, one-quarter pound sugar, one-quarter pound butter, five eggs, beaten; cook in double boiler till it thickens. This quantity makes two glasses delicious filling for cakes.

### Date Pudding.

One cup white sugar, two eggs beaten, one cup dates, seeds taken out, one cup English walnuts cut in half, two tablespoonfuls of flour, one teaspoon baking powder, one teaspoon vanilla. Steam one hour. Serve cold with whipped cream.

## Advertiser Patterns

Beauty Pattern Company.

No. 8938—A Frock Showing Some Popular Effects of the Season—Girl's Dress.

This frock shows excellent style and may be made with or without the trimming. The design is suitable for washable or woollen fabrics. Blue plaid gingham, with trimmings of plain blue, would be very effective. The pattern is cut in four sizes, 4, 8, 6, and 10 years. It requires 3¼ yards of 36-inch material for the 6-year size.

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CAUTION.—Be careful to incose above illustration and send size of pattern wanted. When the pattern is bust measure, you need only mark it 32, 34 or whatever it may be. When in waist measure, 22, 24, 26 or whatever it may be. If a skirt, give waist and length measure. When misses' or child's pattern, write only the figure representing the age. It is not necessary to write "inches" or "years." Patterns cannot reach you in less than one week from the date of order. The price of each pattern is 10 cents in cash or in postage stamps.

PATTERN DEPARTMENT, LONDON ADVERTISER.

## BACK TO THE HEATHER.

Montreal, April 18.—It is announced that the Allan liner Grampian has been chartered to sail from here on July 8, with 1,500 Scotch or persons of Scotch extraction, who will visit the Land of the Heather, under the auspices of the Scots of America Association.

## TO OPEN EXHIBITION.

Ottawa, April 18.—The Duke and Duchess of Connaught have been invited to open the Central Canada Exhibition here in September.


## BABY ATTRACTED ATTENTION

People Stopped His Mother On The Street.

"Our eldest boy, Maurice, was born at Cheddar, Somerset, England. We put him on Neave's Food when one week old, and he never tasted anything else until his first birthday. When he was 15 months old, we came to Canada, and we kept Maurice chiefly on Neave's Food until he was nearly two years old. And he is one of the bonniest boys I have ever seen. Hundreds of people have remarked on his size. When he was a big baby, people stopped me on the street and in the stores to ask how old Maurice was and what he was fed on. He is very bright and intelligent, and has never had an illness.

Our youngest child, Douglas, is two years old and we put him on Neave's Food when he was a week old and he did just as well on it as Maurice, and is a fine, strong, healthy boy."

MRS. J. W. PATEMAN,
34 Harriet St., Toronto.

Mothers may obtain a free tin of Neave's Food and copy of the valuable book "Hints About Baby" by writing the Canadian agent for Neave's Food, Edwin Utley, 14 Front Street East, Toronto. For sale by all druggists. 23


## AN AFTER SUPPER JACKKNIFE TRICK

"Dad," said Bobbie, one night after supper, "I can drop a knife from the ceiling so that it will come down and hit a marble on the floor. I bet you can't do that."

"Oh, you're fooling, Bobbie. No one could tell just exactly where the knife would fall, and when it comes to predicting that you could so place a marble that the knife would hit it——"

"I'll show you," interrupted Bobbie decisively. So he got the stepladder and stuck the blade of his jackknife into the ceiling—just lightly, enough so that it would be held in equilibrium with the handle pointing down. Then he got a cup of water and held it up against the knife, immersing the handle in the water. When he took the cup away a few drops of water that had collected on the handle fell to the floor. Bobbie put one of his marbles in the exact spot where the drops of water had fallen, and, climbing back up the ladder, struck the ceiling with his fist. The knife was jarred loose and fell, striking the marble, just as Bobbie had predicted.

Try the trick tonight after supper, and see if you can't show daddy something.

## THE CABLEMAN

BY WEATHERBY CHESNEY.

"Elsa," he cried, almost fiercely, "you say things which I find it hard to understand. You refuse me, and then qualify your refusal with a 'probably.' You say that you feel a rush of shame when I call you by your father's name, and you ask to be only Elsa to me. What does it all mean?"

"It means, Horace, that I want a friend," she answered simply.

"Are you in any trouble?" He thought of the cablegram, and added, "or danger?"

"I am in trouble. I don't think I am in danger."

He came to her and took her hand again.

"Forgive me," he said gently. "I'm a brute to bully you. I will ask no more questions. Tell me as much or as little as you like, but let me help you if I can."

A look of relief passed across her face, but immediately afterwards it vanished, and she shrank back from him. For a brief moment she seemed to struggle with herself. Then she looked into his eyes.

"On my conditions?" she asked gravely.

"On your conditions," he answered.

She rose and went to the window. The night was dark and she could see nothing, and the cold mist rolled in and made her shiver again. She turned suddenly to the young man.

"Will you take me tomorrow to see the circus which has come to Ponta Delgada?" she asked.

Scarborough thought again of the cablegram, and he feared for the danger which she could not tell for the danger which, in spite of him of, but which seemed, in spite of her denial, to threaten tragedy, but ominously.

"Why do you want to go?" he asked.

"You said you would ask no more questions," she reminded him. "I cannot tell you my reasons."

"I beg your pardon. I forgot. Yes, I will take you. I have already booked two seats."

"Thank you," she said, and then added simply: "I must go back to father now. He is waiting for me."

Scarborough accepted the dismissal. She went with him to the door and stood watching him as he rode away. She had said that she must return to her father, but instead she stood looking out into the night, and a great yearning came upon her to call this young man back to her side and tell him her love again. For she loved him. But for one thing she, too, might have avowed her love, and had been asked him. But there was something which he did not know, a secret in her life, which made that impossible, and her heart ached out with a great bitterness against the fate which denied her thus the right to love.

Two years ago she had been a happy and careless child. Then the cloud came suddenly, and darkened everything. She had come out to the islands with her father, who was, so she could add, a fugitive from English justice. But she believed then that the world was wrong. She had landed in San Miguel, writing with a school girl's pride at the injustice done her father, full of enthusiasm for the fight which she and her father would wage together. The cloud which had come over the brightness of her young life was black, but she believed that it would soon be dispersed. The truth would be known, and meanwhile exile in her father's company was no real hardship to a girl of seventeen.

But two years had passed, and the cloud showed no signs of lifting. Meredith, who, she knew, had caused her father's ruin, had made no effort to escape from under the shadow, had been consented to live in the gloom, and seemed to have lost all longing for the light of day and truth.

He had sunk, with seeming content, into the role of confirmed invalid, nursing his gout and spending his days in profitless study of the philosophy of Herbert Spencer—profitless and even criminal, for meanwhile he did nothing to remove the stain which lay upon his name.

It was this—the mental apathy which caused herself in fruitless intellectual labor—which Elsa did not understand. It was this which almost, in spite of the loyalty of her love, caused her to doubt. The facts, as she had been told them, were these:

The firm of stockbrokers in which her father was the junior partner had failed, and failed disastrously, for its operations had not been honest. Its bankruptcy was fraudulent, and a criminal prosecution followed. The junior partner was out of the country, at the time, touring in Portugal with his daughter. An attempt was made to secure his return by extradition, but the proceedings broke down upon a legal technicality. He waited in Lisbon until the clamor of the courts at home was over, and then changed his name and went quietly to the Azores with his daughter. He posed so long as there was need for posing as the innocent victim of an unscrupulous partner. He never denied that the bankruptcy was fraudulent, but he asserted that his hands were clear of the fraud. That the active management had been out of his hands, and in those of the senior partner, for the last two months before the crash, was a point which told strongly in his favor. Many people, therefore, whose commercial standing made their opinions of value, believed him, and considered him to be what he said he was, an innocent victim.

There were some, however, who declared that the truth was exactly the opposite.

Elsa had known all this and had waited at first patiently, but latterly with a growing impatience, for the time when her father should have all the necessary proofs in his hands, and should return to face his accusers and vindicate his innocence. That he no longer seemed anxious to do so was a thing which she could not understand. But lately the conviction had been slowly forcing itself upon her that he never meant to go back, and for that weakness she almost began to scorn him.

She was thinking of these things now, as she stood at the door of her father's house in the Azores, and looked out into the darkness of the night—a darkness no thicker than the despair that filled her. She stretched out her hands and cried aloud:

"Horace, I love you! And even when you tell me of your love, I face to lie to you and play a part!"

A great sob shook her. She turned and went slowly to her room. Her father wanted her, and was waiting, but she could not go to him tonight.

CHAPTER III.

A Martyr to Gout.

"You quite understand, my dear," said Mr. Page, signing to his daughter to shift the cushions, so that his left foot should rest more easily. "You are to bring me a careful description of every member of this circus troupe. You are a keen observer, and it is essential that you should make the best use of your talent now. It won't be an easy task, because you will have to penetrate the paint and tinsel and describe the human being underneath."

"How am I to do that?" asked Elsa, and added, as she gave a caressing pat to the cushion which supported her father's gouty foot, "is that more comfortable?"

"Yes, thank you, dear. How are you to do it? Why, observe them when they are performing. Speak to some of them, if you can. The members of a travelling circus are not generally exclusive, and in a foreign country particularly they will welcome advances made by those who speak their own language."

"But I can't go and begin a casual conversation!" she objected. "Even in a foreign country people would think that queer."

"You can't," said her father, "but young Scarborough can. Tell him you are interested in the people, that you think their life romantic, and that you would like to see it a little closer. He's not the man I take him for if he doesn't manage somehow to gratify your whim."

Mr. Page laughed, and his daughter flushed slightly.

"I will do my best," she said.

"Yes, my dear, I know you will, for your father's sake," said Mr. Page. "I leave the method to your own woman's wit, and to circumstances, which your woman's wit will tell you how to turn to profit. If, however, an introduction to Mr. Val B. Montague, the manager of the troupe, is one of the circumstances, I should suggest that you give yourself the trouble to be charming to him. He is probably a cad."

"Then why am I to be charming to him?" demanded Elsa.

Mr. Page smiled.

"Because, my dear, if he is a cad—and his name suggests that he can hardly be anything else—he will be all the more impressed by your condescension, and will probably offer to show you over his schooner. If he doesn't——"

"If he doesn't," Elsa broke in quickly, "I am to give him a hint that I want to be asked, and to continue the process of being charming until he takes the hint? Are those my instructions?"

There was a note of scorn in her voice, and her father was amused. He laughed loudly, and then winced with a sharp indrawing of the breath. A shooting pain in his gouty foot had cut his merriment short with a gasp. His daughter stood before him waiting for his answer, but the sight of that spasm of pain cooled her anger at the laugh.

"I want to know exactly what I am to do. Are those my instructions?" she asked again, but in a gentler tone.

"The spirit of them, yes. But don't think; ask straight out, or get Scarborough to ask, and back him up in his request."

"I will ask myself," said Elsa, quickly.

To Be Continued.

## HUSBAND WINS ALIENATION CASE

Secures Damages of $1,250 and Defendant Pays the Cost.

St. Thomas, April 18.—At the spring assizes, which opened today before Justice Middleton, the first case taken up was that of Melissa Jeffrey, mother of Thomas Jeffrey, a former brakeman on the Michigan Central Railway, who was fatally injured in a collision at Waterford a year ago. His mother asked for $5,000. The company alleged contributory negligence. The jury so decided, after being out two hours.

Albert V. Young brought action against J. N. Moore, a farmer near Delhi, Norfolk County, for alienation of his wife's affections. Young and his wife were employed by Moore, and the latter and Mrs. Young left to go to the United States. Both were turned back at Detroit, and later made a second attempt to cross at Port Huron. There Moore was arrested and held in custody for a time, but afterwards returned. The jury, after fifteen minutes' deliberation, awarded the husband $1,250 damages and all the costs.

## BRIDE MADE THEM WAIT

Jury Room Utilized by Her as Dressing Chamber.

Kansas City, Mo., April 19.—After a license had been issued at the Wyandotte County court house to Daniel Altis, 25 years old, of Cabool, Mo., to wed Alma Ross, 18 years old, also of Cabool, the bridegroom hastened away, but he returned presently with the future Mrs. Altis. She carried a package. Everything was being made ready in the office for the marriage when the bridal pair stopped the proceedings.

There were a few whispers from the bride to the groom. Then he whispered in reply. Finally he said:

"You see, my wife doesn't want to be married until she has on her wedding clothes. She went to lots of trouble fixing up for this wedding. We'd be married right now if she was wearing her wedding dress."

"The jury room on the third floor is not in use," H. P. McPherson, license clerk, said. "If the wedding dress is here, the lady might put it on up there."

So Miss Ross and her bundle retired to the jury room. A guard was placed at the top of the stairs, and everyone waited. Presently she emerged in a dainty wedding gown and descended the stairs to the probate court office on the arm of her Daniel. No one played a wedding march, but, with that exception, it was a regular wedding procession. John T. Sims, probate judge, performed the marriage, and Mr and Mrs. Daniel Altis, of Cabool, left the court house.


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