

Hot Bouvill- as good as a fur coat



Woman's Interests

Frosted Cakes and Cookies.

This cake, if baked in a shallow pan about nine inches square, is well adapted to cutting up into small fancy shapes. At least twenty diamond-shaped cakes 1½ inches wide can be cut with little waste from the amount given. Other fancy cutters may, of course, be used. These little cakes may then be entirely covered with white or tinted icing and decorated with bits of candied cherries or cranberries, angelica, colored jellied grapefruit peel or tinted watermelon rind preserve, citron or nuts.

Plain Cake—Three tablespoonfuls fat, one-half cup granulated sugar, one egg, two-thirds of a cup of milk, 1½ cups flour, 2½ tps. baking powder ½ tsp. lemon extract, 1 tsp. lemon juice, 1 tsp. vanilla, ¼ tsp. salt.

Cream the fat, which may be butter, lard, vegetable fat or oil, with the sugar. Add the egg well beaten, the milk and flour alternately. Sift the baking powder and salt with one-fourth cup of the flour, and fold in last, just after adding the flavoring. Bake in a nine-inch square pan, starting in a cool oven (about 320 deg. F.) for twenty minutes, gradually increasing the heat for ten or fifteen minutes till the cake is brown.

Cooked frosting—White of one egg, one cupful sugar, four tablespoonfuls cold water and one-eighth teaspoon salt.

Place all in double boiler and beat with an egg beater until it holds its shape. Add salt and beat until thick enough to spread. Add one-half teaspoon vanilla or other desired flavoring.

Chocolate frosting can be made in the same way by adding 2½ squares of chocolate, melted, to the sugar mixture when it starts to hold its shape. The frosting is beaten until thick and then spread. Vanilla may be used or omitted with the chocolate, according to taste.

For caramel icing, half a cupful of sugar should be caramelized or browned in a pan, and an equal amount of boiling water added. Substitute two tablespoonfuls of this syrup in place of two tablespoonfuls of water and continue as in the foundation icing.

Uncooked orange icing—Two egg whites, beaten stiff; two tablespoonfuls cold water, 3½ cupfuls confectioner's sugar, one tablespoonful orange juice, one-quarter teaspoonful salt, one-half tablespoonful lemon juice, and grated rind of half a large orange.

Add the water to the egg whites and beat with an egg beater until stiff. Add three cupfuls of sugar very gradually, beating continuously with a spoon. Add the grated rind and juice of the orange, the lemon juice and remainder of the sugar. Beat until smooth enough to spread. This amount should cover five sides of over twenty-five little cakes cut as above described.

The remnants of plain pastry paste or pie trimming make excellent cookies when cut in fancy shapes and decorated. A thick coating of ground almonds pressed into the paste before cooking makes it particularly good "almond straw."

"Just the Housework."

The average farm wife will walk about twelve miles daily doing just the housework about the home and farm. Scientific minds have worked out different simple arrangements for the home that will cut down her steps by half.

It is well to plan to have a small kitchen with no more wall space than is necessary to accommodate the furniture. However, in one country home which I observed a short while ago, the kitchen was large, but very well arranged and I doubt if many more steps were required in doing the daily work than if the kitchen had been small. The sink, stove, table, cabinet and cupboard were all placed close together. The cabinet was situated between the stove and the sink so as to be in reach of both water and raw materials. The sink was large enough to hold the dishpan and the rack for draining the dishes. The cupboard for the dishes was only a step away. A drawer in the cabinet at the left received the kitchen silver. The other dishes were put on a kitchen cart to be carried to the dining-

NURSES

The Toronto Hospital for Incurables, in affiliation with Bellevue and Allied Hospitals, New York City, offers a three years Course of Training to young women, having the required education, and desirous of becoming nurses. This Hospital has adopted the eight-hour system. The pupils receive uniform and travelling expenses to and from New York. For further information apply to the Superintendent.

The Cow Puncher

BY ROBERT J. C. STEAD.

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CHAPTER XVII.—(Cont'd.)

"It's too bad your memory is so poor," Conward sneered. "Why were your lights off that night I passed your car? Oh, I guess you remember. What will Miss Hardy think of that?" For a moment Dave was unable to follow Conward's thought. Then his mind reached back to the night he drove into the country with Bert Morrison, when on the brow of the hill he switched off his lights that they might the better admire the majesty of the heavens. That Conward should place an evil interpretation upon that incident was a thing so monstrous, so altogether beyond argument, that Dave fell back upon the basic human method reserved for such occasions. His fist leapt forward, and Conward crumpled up before it.

Conward lay stunned for a few minutes; then, with retreating consciousness, he tried to sit up. Dave helped him to a chair. Blood flowed down his face, and, as he began to realize what had occurred, it was joined with tears of pain, rage, humiliation.

"You got that one on me, Elden," he said, after a while. "But it was a coward's blow. You hit me when I wasn't looking. Very well. Two can play at that game. I'll hit you when you're not looking... where you don't expect it... where you can't hit back. You interfere with me—you strike me—you that I took out of a thirty-dollar-a-week job and made you all you are. I did it, Dave; gave you the money to start with; coached you all the way. And you hit me when I wasn't looking." He spoke disjointedly; his throat was choked with mortification and self-pity. "Very well. I know the stake you're playing for. And I'm going to spoil it."

He turned his swollen, bloody face to Dave's, and hatred stood up in his eyes as he uttered the threat. "I'll hit you, Dave," he repeated, "where you can't hit back."

"Thanks for the warning," said Elden. "So Irene Hardy is to be the stake. All right; I'll sit in. And I'll win." "You'll think you've won," returned Conward leeringly. "And then you'll find out that you didn't. I'll present her to you, Dave, like that." He lifted a burnt match from an ash tray and held it before him.

Dave's impulse was to seize the thick, flabby throat in his hands and choke it lifeless. With a resolute effort he turned to the telephone and lifted the receiver.

"Send a car and a doctor to Conward & Elden's office," he said, when he had got the desired number. "Mr. Conward has been hurt; fell against a desk, or something. Nothing serious, but may need a stitch or two." Then, turning to Conward, "It will depend on you whether this affair gets to the public. On you, and Miss Warden. Make your own explanations. And as soon as you are able to be about our partnership will be dissolved."

Conward was ready enough to adopt Dave's suggestion that their quarrel should not come to the notice of the public, and Gladys Warden, apparently, kept her own counsel in the matter. In a time when firms were going out of business without even the formality of an assignment, and others were being absorbed by their competitors, the dissolution of the Conward & Elden establishment occasioned no more than passing notice.

The explanation, "for business reasons," given to the newspapers, seemed sufficient. Some few may have had surmises, but they said nothing openly. Bert Morrison, for example, meeting Dave in the street, congratulated him upon the change. "I knew you would find him out some day," he said. "Find what out?" Dave questioned, with feigned surprise.

"Oh, nothing," was her enigmatic answer, as she changed the subject. Irene Hardy found herself in a position of increasing delicacy. Since the day of their conversation in the tea-room Dave had been constant in his attentions, but, true to his ultimatum, had uttered no word that could in any way be construed to be more or less than Platonic. His attitude vexed and pleased her. She was vexed that he should leave her in a position where

she must humiliate herself by taking the initiative; she was pleased with his strength, with his daring, with the superb self-control with which he carried out a difficult purpose. Just how difficult was that purpose Irene was now experiencing in her own person. She had now no doubt that she felt for Dave that attachment, without which ceremonies are without avail, and with which ceremonies are but ceremonies. And yet she shrank from surrender. . . . And she knew that some day she must surrender.

The situation was complicated by conditions which involved her mother—and Conward. Mrs. Hardy had never allowed herself to become reconciled to Dave Elden. She refused to abandon her preconceived ideas of the vulgarity which through life must accompany one born to the lowly status of cow puncher. The fact that Dave, neither in manner nor mind, gave any hint of that vulgarity which she chose to speak of the quarrel and Conward's threat, partly from a sense of delicacy; partly from a curiously strained point of honor that that would be taking an unfair advantage of Conward; but most, perhaps, because of his complete assurance that Conward would never be able to carry his threat into effect. He had absolutely no misgivings on that score. Conward, on the other hand, knew that his standing with Irene would not, as yet, justify him in playing any trump card. He realized that the girl's affections were placed on Elden, but he trusted, by winning for himself an intimate position in the family, to grow gradually into more favorable relationship with her. Conward had a manner, a mildness of voice, a confidential note in his words, which had not failed him on previous occasions, and although he now stalked bigger game than ever before, he was not without a certain aversion which she had felt for Conward at first did disappear under the influence of his presence in the household and the courteous attentions which, although directed to her mother, were in some degree reflected upon herself.

It would not be true to say that Irene's acquaintance with Conward made it more difficult for her to accept the terms of Dave's ultimatum. She regarded the two men from a totally different point of view, and there seemed no reason why her vision of one should in any way obscure her vision of the other. One was merely a friend of the family, to be treated on grounds of cordial good-fellowship; the other was her prospective husband. It was no consideration for Conward that sealed her lips. There was an other matter, however, which bore heavily upon her pride, and stewed her into difficulties.

Mrs. Hardy had invested practically all her little fortune in her house. The small sum which had been saved from that unfortunate investment had been eaten up in the cost of furnishing and maintaining the home. Dr. Hardy, in addition to his good name, had left his daughter some few thousand dollars of life insurance, and this was the capital which was now supporting their daily needs. It, too, would soon be exhausted, and Irene was confronted with the serious business of finding a means of livelihood for herself and her mother.

She discussed her problem with

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Bert Morrison, with whom she had formed a considerable friendship. She wondered whether she might be able to get a position on one of the newspapers.

"Don't think of it," said Bert. "If you want to keep a sane, sweet outlook on humanity, don't examine it too closely. That's what we have to do in the newspaper game, and that's why we're all cynics. Shakespeare said 'All the world's a stage,' and the same might have been said of the Press. The show looks pretty good from the pit, but when you get behind the scenes and see the make-up, and all the strings that are pulled—and who pulls them—well, it makes you suspicious of everything. You no longer accept a surface view; you are always looking for the hidden motive below. Keep out of it."

"But I must earn a living," Irene protested. "And I'm not a stenographer, nor much of anything else. I wasn't brought up to be useful, except with a view to superintending a household—not supporting it."

"Ever contemplate marriage?" said Miss Morrison, with disconcerting frankness.

The color rose in Irene's cheeks, but she knew that her friend was discussing a serious matter seriously. "Why, yes," she admitted. "I have contemplated it. That's one of the reasons I want to start earning my living. When I marry I want to marry as a matter of choice—not because it's the only way out."

"Now you're talking," said Bert. "And most of us girls who marry as a matter of choice—don't marry. Perhaps I'm too cynical. I suppose there are some men who would make good husbands—if you could find them. But I've seen a few, the rough and the smooth, and I've only known one man from whom a proposal would set me thinking. And he'll never propose to me—not now. Not since Miss Hardy came West."

"Oh," said Irene, slowly. "I'm so sorry." "It's all right," said Bert, looking out of the window. "Just another of life's little bumps. We get used to them—in time. But you want a job. Let me see; you draw, don't you?" "Just for pastime. I can't earn a living that way."

"I'm not so sure. Perhaps not with art in the abstract. You must commercialize it. Don't shy at the word. Believe me, all art is pretty well commercialized these times. Our literary men are writing advertisements instead of poetry and getting more for it. And if you, on the one hand, can make a picture of the Rockies, which you can't sell, and on the other

can make a picture of a pair of shoes, which you can sell, which, as a woman of good sense, in need of the simoleons, are you going to do? You're going to draw the shoes—and the pay cheque. Now I think I can get you started that way, on catalogue work and ad. cuts. Try your pencil on anything—anything at all—and bring down a few samples."

(To be continued.)

Got His Omelet.

"I've never tried to be funny with a waiter," the returned traveler was saying, "since the time when I had a little experience with one in California. It was some years ago, and I was rather 'fresh.' I stepped into a restaurant one morning and ordered an omelet."

"What kind?" asked the waiter. "Why, are there more kinds than one?" I asked.

"Oh, yes, sir," he replied, "there are several."

"Well, bring me an ostrich omelet." "All right, sir," said he, "but you'll have to wait quite a while. It takes a long time to make an ostrich-egg omelet."

"I told him I had plenty of time. He went away, and was gone fully an hour. Then he came back with a big covered dish.

"There you are, sir," he said, placing it before me and uncovering it.

"Well, it was an omelet all right, and big enough for half a dozen men. Whether there was an ostrich-farm in the neighborhood, and he got a real ostrich-egg, or whether he made it from a couple of dozen of hen's eggs, I don't know, but I distinctly remember that it cost me two dollars—and I learned a valuable lesson."

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—From the New York American

Poems of Success.

There is a tide in the affairs of men
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to
fortune;

Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.
These lines from Shakespeare stand as testimony that the greatest of all poets was a writer on the subject of success.

And that the best-known authors since his time have had something or other to say on the matter is amply demonstrated by the volume entitled "It Can Be Done," an anthology of "Inspirational Poems."

It is practically noteworthy, in connection with this compilation, how many poems there are that treat the subject of opportunity, and from how many different points of view they consider it.

The selection from Shakespeare quoted above is one example in point; the opposite attitude is taken, in a poem by Walter Malone, in which Opportunity is made to say: They do me wrong who say I come no more

When once I knock and fail to find you.
For every day I stand outside your door,
And bid you wake, and rise to fight and win.

Art thou a mourner? Rouse thee from thy spell;
Art thou a sinner? Sins may be forgiven;
Each morning gives thee wings to flee from hell,
Each night a star to guide thy feet to heaven.

A more artistic expression of a similar idea is to be found in Edward Rowland Hill's poem entitled "Opportunity." Here we see a description of a battle in which a craven stands among the onlookers, snapping his sword apart as useless and leaving the field in the belief that he could do marvels if he had the sword borne by the king's son. But we are told:—

Then came the king's son, wounded, sore bestead,
And weeplessness, and saw the broken sword,
Half buried in the dry and trodden sand,
And ran and snatched it, and with battle shout
Lifted afresh he hewed his enemy down,
And saved a great cause that heroic day.

Another classic expression of the idea of Opportunity is to be found in Tennyson's "Ulysses."

Come, my friends,
'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.
Push off, and sitting well in order smite
The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds
To sail beyond the sunset, and the paths
Of all the western stars, until I die.

It may be that the gulls will wash us down;
It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,
And see the great Achilles, whom we knew
Tho' much is taken, much abides; and tho'
We are not now that strength which in old days
Moved earth and heaven, that which we are,
One equal temper of heroic hearts,
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

You Can.

Take the thought that you can; take it merely as a seed-thought, if need be, plant it in your consciousness, tend it, cultivate it, and it will gradually reach out and gather strength from all quarters. It will focus and make positive and active the spiritual force within you that is now scattered and of little avail. It will draw to itself force from without. It will draw to your aid the influence of other minds of its own nature, minds that are strong, fearless, courageous. You will thus draw to yourself and connect yourself with this order of thought. If earnest and faithful, the time will soon come when all fear will lose its hold; and instead of being an embodiment of weakness and a creature of circumstances, you will find yourself a tower of strength and a master of circumstances.—

Ralph W. Trine.

Declined With Thanks.
There is a story going the round, concerning a famous violinist, which, if true, is a happy instance of a sharp rebuke, as deserved as it was pointed.

This famous musician had just finished a recital at Queen's Hall, London, and was preparing to leave the building, when an individual of the "nouveau riche" type, who had been enraptured by the beauty of the performance, pushed his way noisily into the artist's room, and after having complimented the player, gave him a pressing invitation to dinner the following evening, adding, "You'll bring along your violin, of course."

Wearied with his recent exertions and a little annoyed at this palpable lack of etiquette, the violinist quietly made answer: "I thank you, sir, but my violin never dines."

Terra Cotta in Scotland.
Extensive deposits of terra cotta clay suitable for the finest bricks, tiles or pottery have been found by experts in the Bendorloch district of Argyll, east of the island of Lismore. The banks have a sea frontage and transport is readily available. The supply is said to be practically inexhaustible.