

**The General Says:**

Why accept a doubtful guarantee on roofing when you can get one signed by the largest manufacturer of roofing and building papers in the world, with a saving in cost in the long run?

**Certain-teed**

**Roofing**

is guaranteed in writing 5 years for 1-ply, 10 years for 2-ply, and 15 years for 3-ply, and the responsibility of our big mills stands behind this guarantee. Its quality is the highest and its price the most reasonable. For sale by dealers everywhere.

**General Roofing Mfg. Company**  
World's largest manufacturers of Roofing and Building Papers

New York City Boston Chicago Pittsburgh Philadelphia Atlanta Cleveland Detroit St. Louis Cincinnati Kansas City Minneapolis San Francisco Seattle London Hamburg Sydney

**For Steadfast Peace.**

God puts within our reach the power of helpfulness, the ministry of pity; he is ever ready to increase his grace in our hearts, that as we live and act among all the sorrows of the world we may learn by slow degrees skill and mystery of consolation. "If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them." There is no surer way to steadfast peace in this world than the active exercise of pity; no happier temper of mind and work than the lowly watching to see if we can lessen any misery that is about us; nor is there any better way of growth in faith and love.—Francis Paget.

**IS CHILD CROSS, FEVERISH, SICK**

Look, Mother! If tongue is coated, give "California Syrup of Figs."

Children love this "fruit laxative," and nothing else cleanses the tender stomach, liver and bowels so nicely. A child simply will not stop playing to empty the bowels, and the result is they become tightly clogged with waste, liver gets sluggish, stomach sour, then your little one becomes cross, half-sick, feverish, don't eat, sleep or act naturally, breath is bad, system full of cold, has sore throat, stomach-ache or diarrhoea. Listen, Mother! See if tongue is coated, then give a teaspoonful of "California Syrup of Figs," and in a few hours all the constipated waste, sour bile and undigested food passes out of the system, and you have a well child again. Millions of mothers give "California Syrup of Figs" because it is perfectly harmless; children love it, and it never fails to act on the stomach, liver and bowels.

Ask at the store for a 50-cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has full directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups plainly printed on the bottle. Adv.

**Prosperous Appearance.**

"Some men live for their stomachs." "That's true, but the man with an unusually large abdomen has a prosperous look withal, and if he can drag a heavy watch chain across it the illusion is complete."

**His Status.**

"Young Swift thinks he's a legal light." "Well, he is—a legal light weight."

And many a chap talks like a wise man and acts like a fool.

**Beauty**

Is Only Skin Deep

It is vitally necessary therefore, that you take good care of your skin.

**ZONA POMADE**

if used regularly will beautify and preserve your complexion and help you retain the bloom of early youth for many years. Try it for 30 days. If not more than satisfied you get your money back. 50c at druggists or mailed direct. Zona Company, Wichita, Kan.

**KOW-KURE**

is a scientific cow medicine, which has a direct and lasting tonic effect on the organs of digestion. For over twenty years it has been the standard medicine for the prevention and treatment of such common cow ailments as Abortion, Retained Afterbirth, Bredness, Milk Fever, Scouring and Lost Appetite.

See your dealer for Kow-Kure constantly on hand. Sold by feed dealers and druggists in 50c and \$1.00 packages. Valuable tracts, "The Cow Doctor," is yours for the asking.

**Dairy Association Co.**  
Lynden, N. D.

# The KITCHEN CABINET

The people people work with best are often very queer. The people who are people's kin quite shook your first idea; The people people choose for friends Your common sense appeal; But the people people marry are the queerest folk of all!

**SEASONABLE DISHES.**

The use of carrots in the diet should be more common, as the carrot is a valuable vegetable. The elements which it takes from the soil are needed to keep the blood well balanced and in good condition.

**Carrots With Curried Rice.**—Fry one onion in two tablespoonfuls of butter, add two tablespoonfuls of stock and one teaspoonful of curry powder. Cover the pan and gently simmer for 20 minutes. Then throw a half cupful of rice into a quart of boiling water and cook until tender. Have ready sliced, cooked carrots and brown in a little butter. When ready to serve, arrange the carrots on a platter, and place the curried rice around them as a border.

**Rose Pudding.**—Pour one pint of raspberry juice into a saucepan and add one cupful of sugar. Add a half-cupful of cornstarch, mixed with a little cold water to the boiling fruit juice and then partly cooled, after cooking well, add a teaspoonful of rose water and almond extract, half of each. Fold in the stiffly beaten whites of two eggs. Dip a melon mold into cold water, drain and sprinkle with chopped almonds. Fill the mold and sprinkle with the almonds. Serve unmolded with whipped cream heaped around the mold.

**Cheese Salad.**—Put one tablespoonful of olive oil and the yolk of a hard-boiled egg into a saucepan, beat together with a spoon, add a half-teaspoonful of salt and a quarter of a teaspoonful of pepper to these ingredients, and mix well. Grate a pound of cheese and mix that with a teaspoonful of made mustard, add to the first mixture, and then add two tablespoonfuls of vinegar, and serve on lettuce leaves.

**French Rice Pudding.**—Take a half-cupful of ground rice, add two cupfuls of milk, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, three well-beaten eggs, a quarter of a cupful of raisins and half a teaspoonful of vanilla. Cook the rice and milk together six minutes, cool; add the eggs and the other ingredients and pour into the oven to bake slowly for an hour.

**GOOD EATING.**

Line a pie plate with a rich crust and melt butter and rub over the inside of the crust, then mix together two tablespoonfuls of flour and half a cupful of sugar, put into the crust and pour over it a pint of rich sweet cream and bake a light brown.

**Vinegar Pie.**—Take three eggs, saving two whites for the meringue. Beat together one tablespoonful of soft butter and a cupful of sugar, add a teaspoonful of cinnamon and half a teaspoonful of allspice and three tablespoonfuls of vinegar. Place this filling in a crust and bake in a moderate oven. Cover with a meringue and brown lightly in the oven.

**Crumb Pudding.**—Roll one quart of bread crumbs and put into the oven to brown, put into a pudding dish and pour over it the following custard: Beat the yolks of three eggs, add three-quarters of a cupful of sugar, three tablespoonfuls of flour, a tablespoonful of butter and a grating of nutmeg. Pour boiling water over it until it is smooth (one and a half or two cupfuls), pour it over the crumbs and cover with the beaten whites, which have been mixed with two tablespoonfuls of sugar. Brown in the oven and serve hot.

**Delicious Salad.**—Mix together a cupful of candied cherries cut in bits, a cupful of marshmallows cut in quarters and a half cupful of shredded blanched almonds. Add a tablespoonful of boiled dressing to a cupful of whipped cream and stir the fruit mixture into the cream. Heap on nests of lettuce or in orange or apple cups to serve.

**Maple Pie.**—Take a cupful of maple syrup, add two cupfuls of rich sweet milk and a cupful of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of butter, two tablespoonfuls of flour, cooked together; add to the milk with the yolks of three eggs. Flavor with maple and cover with a meringue made of the whites after the pie is baked.

**Hint as to Improvement.**

"Father," said the small boy, "is there really a Santa Claus?" "Why, I believe so, my son." "But as a boy grows older doesn't a boy's own father come to the front and choose the gifts himself?" "I shouldn't be surprised if that were the case." "Well, I hope it is. I haven't said much about it, but after thinking over the presents I've been getting for two or three Christmases past I'd rather cut out Santa Claus and take my chances with you."—Washington Star.

**TIMELY DISHES.**

Cranberries are such an addition to the meat course that one likes to serve them in various ways.

**Cranberry Sherbet.**—Take a quart of stewed cranberry juice and add to it the juice of three oranges, a pound of sugar and pack it into a mold to freeze. When like nash, stir in the whites of two eggs, beaten stiff, and finish freezing. Serve with turkey or any meat course.

Cranberries when out of season may be provided if the housewife will put up the juice or the dried fruit itself. During any season the acid fruit is most delightful and may be always at hand.

Cranberries and a few raisins make a most appetizing pie. These may also be canned together for pies.

**Cranberry Whip.**—Stew a quart of cranberries until soft, press through a sieve; return the pulp to a saucepan and add an equal measure of sugar; cook until thick. Beat four egg whites until stiff, then drop the hot pulp by spoonfuls into the egg, beating constantly; add a teaspoonful of vanilla, turn into a buttered mold and bake until firm. Unmold and serve with steamed raisins.

**Oyster Pie.**—Wash and drain a quart of oysters; make a rich baking powder biscuit crust, roll out an inch in thickness, line a shallow dish and fill with the oysters, seasoning well with salt, pepper and a dash of mace. Put an inverted cup in the center of the dish and cover with another crust. Prick deeply with a fork and bake in a moderate oven.

**Apple Pie.**—Make a good rich crust and fill with a good flavored apple. Dust with flour, sprinkle with sugar and nutmeg and bake until well cooked. An hour is not too long a time for fruit pie of this sort. When serving, put a spoonful of ice cream on top and sprinkle with finely grated, good, strong cheese.

Whipped cream with grated cheese is also another good accompaniment to apple pie.

**SPRING FOODS.**

It will be necessary for us soon to think of the spring housecleaning season, which brings in its wake many bodily ills. The overfed body is sluggish with the heavy winter foods and a system housecleaning is necessary. This is the time when all nature is rejuvenating and we need to throw off all heavy winter conditions and prepare for the new life of spring.

It is best to gradually drop off from the winter foods, as too sudden a jump may prove serious. Billousness and various kindred ills may be completely routed by a careful diet and the free use of green vegetables.

Nature provides us in the early spring with just the food we need. Lettuce, cross, dandelion and spinach are invaluable if we expect to keep in a good state of health.

The dandelion contains taraxacum, the tonic which is in many doctors' prescriptions. This acts directly on the liver, stimulating it to a healthy action.

The liver is one of the most important organs in the body and must be kept free to work its process of elimination. When it is clogged and sluggish the whole body is out of order.

Dandelions also add bulk to the food, scraping up the digestive tract; thus poisons which cause auto-intoxication, constipation and rheumatism are removed from the body. The digestive tract needs flushing and often a more heroic treatment, as we treat drain pipes which become clogged.

Cowslips are another early spring vegetable which does not need to be shipped in, and then later we grow our own spinach and pepper grass in the vegetable garden, which should be a part of every small or large garden.

How much pleasanter it is to eat a nice crisp plate of lettuce than to take nasty-tasting pills or medicine. The addition of oil to any of the salad greens makes them more valuable, as oil is healing, lubricates the tissues and stimulates the action of the liver.

People who do not like olive oil have undoubtedly been turned against it by being served with an inferior quality. Oil should be sweet and nutty in taste and have a most appetizing odor.

*Nellie Maxwell.*

**Locality Attracts Animals.**

A locality that is curiously shunned by plants but a favorite with animals is mentioned by Prof. E. F. Gaultier. A hill of rock salt near Jelfa, Algiers, more than three hundred feet high and nearly a mile in diameter, has no plant life except in the alluvium of a few sink-holes, and the salt-impregnated clay about it is equally bare. Animals, on the other hand, especially hawks, doves and other birds, exist in great numbers, making the rock their home and breeding places, though obliged to seek food at a distance.

## GAME WITH DEATH

Incident That Had Ending of Black Ingratitude.

Yarn Heard by Traveler Tells How Australian Aborigine Escaped From the Great Hurricane—26 Hours in the Sea.

Whilst we waited at Cairns on the North Queensland coast for the New Guinea packet to be under way across the Coral sea we got ear of a Cape York aborigine who had some years before astounded the Australian world by saving his life from the sea in the midst of a great hurricane.

The wind had fallen down so swiftly—and with such furious white violence (said they)—that of the five hundred luggers of the pearling fleet which it cast away, some were blown to the bottom within a few rods of shore with the loss of all hands.

In the season of the great hurricane this aborigine was shipped aboard a lugger of 18 tons to fish the Great Barrier reef off the Cape York coast for shell and beche-de-mer. When the big wind came down (said he) it lifted the little lugger clean out of the water—like a leaf in a gale—and flung her back capsize and cast away. And so swift was this, and wanton, and complete, and careless and lazy, that the aborigine was greatly astonished, for he had not thought that any wind could accomplish it.

It was then near six o'clock of a Saturday evening. And all at once it was dark. The wreck of the lugger vanished in the surprising night and a smother of broken water. What a turmoil there was—how the wind tore off the crests of the magical wave, and drenched the air with a stifling mist of spray—and what a confusion of noise and movement, and how black, and how white, the wash of the night—the aborigine could not with any art relate; but said with his eyes popped out, in the recollection of the magical performance of that jinkie-jinkie gale, "My word, one big fellow sea!"

He was tossed and driven like a chip of driftwood all that night (said he); his head was up, his heels were up, he was rolled over and over, he was beaten deep under water, the breath was blown back in his mouth; and he fancied sometimes that the wind picked him up with its hands and cast him through the air, from crest to crest, clear of the sea—which was doubtless true, for the wind was magically strong, and in magical wrath, and magically as sticky as gum.

In the morning the aborigine fell in with his lubra (wife); and the lubra stood by—to help him (said they), being a stronger swimmer than he, and a more cunning diver after shell and beche-de-mer, and more daring and elusive in shark-water; so that her value was known to all the masters of luggers out of Thursday island and known quite as well, you may be sure, to the aborigine. By and by—dawn long ago come and noon near, and the wind abating—these two could glimpse the land from the crests of the waves. It was far away—a low, blue line. Yet now,aving found themselves, they set out heartily, in about their fourteenth hour on the water, to win the shore.

In the afternoon the aborigine began to fail. The thing was too much for him. He lost heart (said he); he was worn out, and needed food—sleepy, too, with weakness. His anxious little lubra must rest him, now and again—support him whilst he lay still, and once, indeed, whilst he nodded off to

sleep, and in this way refreshed his strength and spirit.

And so they swam together, and paused to rest, and swam on—the woman having no rest at all, but lending strength to the man, at shortening periods, all the while. In the end they crawled up the beach and fell down and slept for a long time.

It was then eight o'clock of a Sunday night; they had been in hurricane water a matter of twenty-six hours; and the man would surely have gone down had it not been for the faithful little lubra. And they did not wake up (said the aborigine) until dawn of Monday.

All this while the woman had carried the baby. It was dead, of course—must have died soon in the smother. "Wouldn't drop it," said the skipper of our stoop.

We watched the aborigine and his lubra leave the warm, green water. "That little woman?" said I.

"Oh, my word, not at all!" the skipper exclaimed. "The woman went crazy when she woke up in the morning and found her baby dead. And the black fellow deserted her. This one's a new one!"—From "Shipmates of the Coral Sea," by Norman Duncan, in Harper's Magazine.

**Not Guilty.**

May was taken down South to visit her relations. For the first time in her young life she was thrown in contact with little darkies. Her admiration and awe was great. Meeting a little negro boy one day, she screwed up courage to ask him his name.

"I is dun called David," said the boy.

"Oh!" exclaimed May, he face lighting up with surprise and pleasure, "are you the David that killed Goliath?"

The little black boy gave a frightened glance around, and, beginning to whimper, he shrieked: "Naw, I ain't nebber teched him."

**Not an Original Remark.**

"Ah, my dearest Angelina!" exclaimed Ferdie, as he slowly settled to his knees at the feet of his adored one, after having imprinted a kiss upon her ruby lips, "a kiss from you is indeed a taste of heaven on earth."

Placing her gentle hand upon his contracted brow, she remarked in a low, soulful tone of voice: "Bah! Can't you say something original? Forty different young men have got off that same stereotyped remark."

**Attitude of the Believer.**

I feel that goodness, and truth, and righteousness are realities, eternal realities, and that they cannot be abstractions, or vapors floating in a spiritual atmosphere, but that they necessarily imply a living, personal will, a good, loving, righteous God, in whose hands we are perfectly safe, and who is guiding us by unfailing wisdom.—Thomas Erskine.

**Knew the Ropes.**

Bacon—You can depend on him. Egbert—Are you sure? "Oh, positively. He knows all the ropes."

"How do you know?" "Because he worked for a long time in one of those factories where they make cheap cigars."

**Among the Elite.**

"Then they never have a family jar?" "They occasionally have what might be termed a family jardiniere. As aristocratic people they only quarrel in a very refined way."

Most men wouldn't do a thing if they didn't need the coin.

Great thoughts seldom come in very big packages.

**A STRONG DEFENSE**

against general weakness can only be established and maintained by keeping the digestion good and liver and bowels active.

**HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS**

will help wonderfully in restoring the "inner man" to a strong and normal condition.

**SHOW SUPREMACY OF SOUL**

Bright Spots in Dark Incidents of the Great Conflict Going on in Europe.

Courage is the universal possession of the German, the Englishman, the Frenchman, the Belgian, the Austrian, the Russian and the Japanese. The stories of individual coolness and daring are so many that they have almost ceased to attract special attention. The other day, when the British dreadnaught Formidable went down in a storm, crushed like an egg shell by torpedoes or mines, its captain—Loxley—was on the bridge as it sank; and his last words were: "Steady men; it's all right; keep cool; do not get in a panic; be British." Every officer was at his post; many of them had lighted cigarettes. This stirring exhibition of the fact that the man does not die when his body falls in the trenches or sinks in the ocean can be matched in every navy and army. All Europe is fighting for invisible things. There never was such universal and commanding evidence that the soul of humanity is supreme and invincible.—From the Outlook.

**Beginning the Day.**

Oh, God, give me freedom. Loose me from the shackles of fear and hate and all sin. Break my cage and lead me out. Let me feel the wings which I have dreamed about. Tame the heights for me. Give my soul its proper air. Show me the fullness and the far reaches of life. In Christ's name. Amen.—H. M. E.

**Probably Not.**

"This scientific article says that chocolate is great for relieving fatigue," commented Mr. Wombat. "It ought to be fine for the soldiers in Europe," suggested his wife, "but I suppose the poor fellows can't always mobilize where there is a soda fountain."

**So He Got Wet.**

Mother—Why didn't you run for home when you heard that a shower was coming up? Willie—"Cause I knew I wouldn't get wet unless it came down."

**The Masters.**

Flatbush—You know he's got a picture of one of the old masters at his house. Bensonhurst—Which wife is it?



**More Nourishment— Weight for Weight**

—in a package of Grape-Nuts than in a roast of beef.

Grape-Nuts is meat—the meat of wheat and barley—a rich, sweet, appetizing food, ready to eat direct from the package with cream or milk.

All the bone-making, blood-making, muscle-making values of choicest wheat combined with malted barley are afforded in this famous pure food.

Grape-Nuts being partially pre-digested by long baking, gives quickly a wonderful power to "do," in return for the small energy required to digest it. Better and more complete nourishment than Grape-Nuts and cream is difficult to find; and with the price of meat way up there's true economy, too.

This sturdy food is sold by Grocers everywhere, in wax-sealed packages. Thousands make it a part of their daily breakfasts.

**"There's a Reason" for Grape-Nuts**