

A Prairie Menu.

BY MARGARET DAYNE.

AN Alberta housekeeper, one of those dear women of the Canadian North-West who keep their Christmas with tender memories of older lands, sends us a prairie Christmas Day menu, which, with all our delicacies of civilization, cannot approach in epicurean richness.

Our eastern readers will be much interested in this revelation of the culinary possibilities of the Canadian pioneer lands.—EDITOR.

Easterners suppose that in the West the chief study of house-keepers is the art of doing without. Rather it is the study of substitution, replacing for eastern food that most easily obtained and most abundantly provided in the West.

During the open season for game and fish, the housekeepers of the North-West Territories and Manitoba have, for charming the appetites of their families, a profusion and variety of choice foods that is denied their less fortunate sisters of the eastern provinces, as the menu below will show.

The fruits named all grow wild in great abundance, the vegetables can be had in any kitchen garden; the beer made from wild hops and field grown barley; the whisky from native wild rice or field rye, the vinegar, pickles and sauces all home-made as well as the different wines.

This menu applies particularly to Alberta, but with few exceptions holds equally good for the other parts of the great prairie region of Western Canada.

Breakfast.

Rocky Mountain Brook Trout,
Rocky Mountain Grayling,
Antelope Sausages.
Bear Steak, with Mushroom Catsup,
Venison Steak, with Currant Jelly,
Mutton Chops of Mountain Sheep with Brown Gravy,
Grouse Pie. Potted Hare.
Potato Croquettes. Potatoes a la Creme.
Raspberry Jam. Strawberry Jam.
Muffins. Toast.
Home Dairy Butter.
Tea. Coffee. Milk.

Luncheon.

Rocky Mountain Pickerel,
Rocky Mountain Gold Eyes.
Broiled Partridge, with Mushroom Sauce,
Buffalo Veal Cutlets, Breaded,
Cold Roast Teal, with Wine Sauce,
Cold Roast Grouse, with Bread Sauce.
Venison Pasty. Rabbit Pie.
Green Onions. Radishes. Celery. Lettuce Salad.
Potatoes. Baked. Scalloped.
Preserved Plums. Preserved Saskatoons.
Wheat Bread. Graham Bread.

Dinner.

Giblet Soup. Mullet Chowder.
Hare Soup. Puree of Grouse.

FISH.

Boiled Salmon Trout from Alberta Lakes,
Broiled White Fish from Alberta Lakes,
Baked Pike from Alberta Streams.

ROASTS.

Loin of Antelope, Stuffed,
Loin of Rocky Mountain Lamb, with Mint Sauce,
Loin of Moose, with Currant Jelly,
Mountain Kid, Stuffed.
Wild Turkey, with Cranberry Sauce,

Wild Goose, with Gooseberry Sauce,
Mallard Duck, with Wine Sauce,
Plovers, with Mushroom Sauce,
Quail on Toast.

BOILED.

Buffalo Tongue, with Tomato Sauce,
Log of Mountain Goat, with Nasturtium Sauce,
Buffalo Calves' Head, with Brain Sauce,
Salmi of Widgeon, Corned Elk.

ENTREES.

Rice and Chicken Croquettes,
Jugged Hare, with Currant Jelly,
Buffalo Kidneys, Devilled,
Rabbit Fricassee.

RELISHES.

Pickles of Onions, Cauliflower, Gherkins, Beans,
Radish Pods, Red Cabbage, Nasturtium Seeds,
Peppers. Tomato Catsup, Mushroom Catsup,
Choeso.

Prairie Chicken Salad. Mountain Trout Salad.

VEGETABLES.

Potatoes, Cabbage, Turnips, Home Canned Peas,
Tomatoes, Corn, Beans.

PASTRY.

Snow Pudding. Suet Pudding,
Trillo, with Whipped Cream,
Plum Poley, with Whisky Sauce,
Gooseberry Fool, Pumpkin Pie,
Gooseberry Pie, Cranberry Tart,
Buffalo Calves' Foot Jelly, Wine Jelly.

DESSERT.

Ices of Cherry, Raspberry, Currant,
Strawberry.

DRINKS.

Grape Wine, Cherry Wine, Raspberry Royal,
Currant Wine, Gooseberry Wine,
Home-brewed Beer.

LIKE HIS MOTHER.

"I was born in Indiany," says a stranger lank and slim,
As us fellers in the restaurant was kind o' 'guyin' him,
And Uncle Jake was slidin' him another pun'kin pie
And an extra cup o' coffee, with a twinkle in his eye—

"I was born in Indiany—more'n forty years ago,
And I hain't been back in twenty—and I'm workin'
back'ard slow;
But I've et in every restaurant 'twixt here and Santa Fe,
And I want to state this coffee tastes like gittin' home
to me!

"Pour us out another, daddy," says the feller, warmin'
up,
A-speakin' 'crost a saucerful, as uncle tuck his cup.
"When I seed your sign out yonder," he went on to
Uncle Jake—
"Come in and get some coffee like your mother used
to make—"

"I thought of my old mother and the Posey county
farm,
And me a little kid ag'in a-hangin' on her arm
As she set the pot a-bilin'—broke the eggs and poured
'em in—"

And the feller kind o' halted, with a tremble in his
chin.
And Uncle Jake he fetched the feller's coffee back and
stood
As solemn for a minute as an undertaker would;
Then he sort o' turned and tiptoed to'rd the kitchen
door, and next
Here comes his old wife out with him, a-rubbin' of
her specs;

And she rushes for the stranger, and she hollers out:
"It's him!
Thank God, we've met him comin'! Don't you know
your mother, Jim?"

And the feller, as he grabbed her, says, "You bet
I hain't forgot"—
But, wipin' of his eyes, says he, "Your coffee's
mighty hot."

J. Whitcomb Riley.

WHEN MALINDY SINGS.

G'way an' quit dat noise, Miss Lucy,
Put dat music book away;
What's de use to keep on tryin'?
If you practise twell you're gray,
You caint sta't no notes a-flyin'
Lak de one dat rants and rings
F'om de kitchen to' de big woods
When Malindy sings.

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Fiddlin' man jes' stop his fiddlin'
Lay his fiddle on de she'f;
Mockin'-bird quit tryin' to whistle
'Cause he jes' so shamed hisse'f.
Folks a-playin' on de banjo
Drabs dey fingahs on de strings—
Bless yo' soul—fugits to move 'em
When Malindy sings.

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Oh, hit's sweetah dan de music
Of an edicated band;
An' hit's dearah dan de battle's
Song o' triumph in de lan'.
It seems holier dan evenin'
When de solemn chu'ch bell rings,
Ez I sit an' ca'mly listen
When Malindy sings.

From a volume of verse by Paul Dunbar, the colored poet.

THE MODERN KNIGHT.

These are certainly not the days of chivalry and romance; of long haired poets and clinging females. The tendency is toward the practical, and even the inventions nowadays are mostly objects of utility, something which saves time and gives comfort and ease. We are quick to appreciate and use anything which increases our comfort, especially if it be in the way of clothing. Let any body once realize the magnificent, healthful warmth which Fibre Chamois will add to his clothing and he will certainly be provided with this inexpensive equipment against all freaks of the weather. This interlining is made from pure spruce fibre and is a complete non-conductor of both heat and cold, so that the layer of it through clothing keeps out the fiercest winds and preserves the natural heat of the body.

