

About the House

HOME COOKING RECIPES.

Lemon Cream Pie.—Two lemons, one cup of sugar, two cups of cold water; add one and one-half tablespoons cornstarch, boil together until thick and smooth. Take from fire and cool for a minute, adding the well beaten yolks of three eggs, beat all together well. Have the pie crust baked, add the mixture, then the well beaten whites of three eggs, with a little sugar and set in the oven to brown.

Chocolate Fudge.—Two cups sugar, one cup milk, one-fourth bar chocolate; mix together and cook until a spoonful dropped into cold water can be rolled into a soft ball. Take from the stove and put aside to cool. When cold, beat with a spoon until it becomes thick; turn out on a molding board and knead like dough until soft and creamy. Cut into squares.

Supper Dish of Chicken.—Pick from the bones every little scrap of meat that has been left over. Make a cream dressing of sweet milk, butter, and thicken with flour and water, mixed to a smooth paste. Pour over the chicken.

Hop Yeast.—Boil two medium potatoes and mash; use water to scald three tablespoons of flour, boil two tablespoons of dry hops in two cups of water; strain. Mix with potato and four two tablespoons of salt, two tablespoons of sugar; let stand until cool. Soak one cake of yeast in half-cup of water and mix altogether. Seal in fruit jar and keep in a cool place; three-fourths cup of yeast will make four medium sized loaves of bread.

English Rhubarb.—Line a deep buttered pudding dish with slices of bread or pie paste rolled thin. Cover with a layer of chopped rhubarb and spread thickly with sugar. Make a custard of one pint of milk, yolks of two eggs, a little salt and half a cupful of granulated sugar. Pour it over the rhubarb. Bake in a moderate oven until the custard is set; then spread the top with a meringue made of the whites of two eggs and half a cupful of sugar. Brown delicately.

Cocoanut Pie.—One cup sweet milk, two tablespoons cornstarch, one-half cup sugar, one-half teaspoon lemon extract, whites of four eggs. Put milk into double boiler and when boiling add one box shredded cocoanut and the cornstarch next with a little milk. Stir until well cooked. Add half the beaten whites, taking off the stove. Have shell baked, fill and add the remainder of the whites and return to stove to brown.

Beet Relish.—One quart of cooked, chopped beets; one quart of raw, chopped cabbage; one-half teacupful of horseradish; two teacupfuls of sugar; one teacupful of salt; vinegar to moisten thoroughly.

Golden Fruit Cake.—Three pounds seedless raisins, two pounds cleaned currants, one pound citron, one pound butter, one-half pound sugar, one pound flour, one teacupful brandy, one-half teacupful soda, twelve eggs beaten separately, one teacupful each of cloves, nutmeg, allspice, and cinnamon; one-half pound each of English walnuts, almonds, figs, and dates. Make ten pound cake and bake in moderate oven four hours.

Sliced Tomato Salad.—Take a tomato, not overly ripe, and cut it in thin slices, as you would a cucumber. Take a small onion; cut it up fine as you can; sprinkle it over the tomato, add salt, pepper, and vinegar at discretion, and you will have a relish.

Refreshing Tea Dish.—On a fine grid-iron, or one made of wire net used for screens, place some slices of salt pork, cut thin as possible. On each slice lay two good sized oysters; broil and serve hot. This with coffee, crisp toast, and cold slaw makes an almost ideal tea dish.

Poor Man's Pie.—Bake the crust first; use one cup of water, one heaping tablespoonful of cornstarch, two-thirds of a cup of sugar, spoonful of butter, three eggs; take the whites of two of them for frosting; use lemon or any kind of extract to suit the taste. Boil all together and put in the crust. Put on the frosting and set in the oven till brown.

Beef Omelet.—One and one-half pounds of round steak ground; two eggs; one-fourth cup milk; two slices of bread crumbled; salt and pepper to taste.

Devil's Food Cake.—Two cups sugar, add four egg yolks, one-half cup of shortening, one-half lard; three tablespoons of melted chocolate, stirred up with five tablespoons of boiling water, one teacupful of salt, one teacupful vanilla, one and two-thirds cup flour, one rounding tablespoonful of baking powder, two-thirds cup tepid water; lastly, the whites of the eggs, beaten stiff. Bake in a moderate oven; and when cool frost with either white or chocolate frosting.

We like best to call

SCOTT'S EMULSION

a food because it stands so emphatically for perfect nutrition. And yet in the matter of restoring appetite, of giving new strength to the tissues, especially to the nerves, its action is that of a medicine.

Send for free sample.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists,
Toronto, Ont.,
50c. and \$1.00; all druggists.

Cream Puffs.—Boil together one cup of water, one-half cup butter; white boiling, add one cupful of flour, and stir until smooth. Let cool; add three eggs, not beaten, and stir until smooth. Drop on greased pans and bake thirty minutes. When cold, split open with a sharp knife and put a tablespoonful of cream in each puff. Cream—One-half cup sugar, one egg well beaten; two heaping tablespoonfuls of flour. Pour this in a half cup of boiling milk; flavor with vanilla; let boil until thick, stirring all the time; let it get cold before filling the puffs.

Mocha Cake.—One cup sugar; add one-half cups flour and one egg; one tablespoonful butter; one and one-half teacupfuls baking powder; one-half cup milk; vanilla to flavor; make two layers. Filling—Use piece of butter the size of an egg; two large spoonfuls of cocoa; one and one-half cups of powdered sugar; cold coffee enough to make a smooth icing.

USEFUL HINTS.

Linen Closet from Old Table.—Take an old kitchen table and nail boards across the sides. The front may have doors or a drapery tacked with brass nails. Set in shelves, which rest on a thin strip of wood, nailed on each side. Paint any desired color.

To Clean Glass Bottles.—To clean glass bottles or vases, put vinegar in soap suds and wash thoroughly.

Wings of Fowls.—The wings of turkeys and geese should never be thrown away, but should be used to dust furniture, to clean the stove or hearth. There is nothing better to spread on the paste when papering walls.

Fly Brush from Shades.—Take some old window shades. Fold one in the middle lengthwise and cut in two inch wide strips to within six inches of centre fold. Tack to stick from the shade, first wrapping middle fold around stick.

To Clean Straw Hats.—Take a dry brush and dip the straw hat into dry sulphur. Brush hat thoroughly until all soil disappears. Dust hat with whisk broom and retrim.

Pillow Fillings.—Take all of your old clothes that are too old to be made over. Tear them in strips as you would carpet rags. When you get enough you will find that they make good filling for a sofa cushion.

To Clean Black Goods.—Sponge with one pint warm water and one teacupful of ammonia. Press with hot iron on the wrong side.

Save Soap Scraps.—Save all the scraps of soap. When a tumblerful has accumulated boil the scraps until they melt and start to thicken, adding just enough water to prevent burning. Pour into the tops of coffee cans or any other convenient mold and set away to harden. Remove from cover when hardened and you have a new bar of soap.

Home Made Shoe Trees.—Take old darned stockings that no longer are comfortable, cut and shape them the size of the shoes and in height to come to the shoe top. Work them into the shoes smoothly; fill them with bran, packing it in tight and then, as in stuffing a pin cushion, when within two inches of the top tie them tight with ribbon or cord.

Sew Broken Shoestring.—When your shoe string breaks and a new one is not available, sew it together instead of tying in a knot.

Paint Old Carpets.—Patch the torn places of old carpets, then spread on the floor or grass and give two good coats of paint, a dark green or maroon is pretty. It will outwear linoleum, and when care is taken in the painting it will look the same. This makes a pretty, cool covering for your kitchen, and it can be scrubbed as often as liked without injuring it.

To Make Gloves Wear Longer.—When the thumb of the glove begins to show wear, turn it inside out and draw on over the thumb. Paste court plaster over the tip, being careful to give a good shape to it. When dry, turn the thumb of the glove back to the right side. If careful in adjusting the court plaster, the slight stiffness of the point never will be detected, and the thumb of the glove will wear twice as long.

To Obtain More Closet Room.—Fasten one or more screw eyes in the ceiling of the closet and run a stout cord through them. To one end fasten a coat hanger. Hang on a coat and vest or ladies' fancy skirt or shirt waist, draw up, out of the way; tie loop in the other end, and fasten to a nail or hook driven in any convenient place.

To Prevent Wrinkled Clothes.—Take a dozen large, stout safety pins and pin the clothes on to the curtains of the berth. Besides keeping the clothes looking nice and clean, one has the freedom of the whole bed.

To Bring Help, Yell "Fire."—When in trouble never scream for help, but yell "Fire! Fire!" You will have not only the police, but the whole neighborhood to your assistance, whereas a call for help usually has the opposite effect.

Keep Beds Clean.—Cover the mattresses with a case of unbleached muslin, like a pillow case, and close the hemmed ends by basting together, buttons or strings will not answer. This protects the mattress from dust and covers seams and corners where stray lugs might nest. When soiled it is removed easily to be laundered. If you have brass, or iron beds, with open wire springs, there is little to fear from lugs with the mattress thus protected. If you have wooden beds an occasional washing with gasoline applied with a

paint brush renders good service. The gasoline enters the grain of the wood and all cracks, cleansing, at the same time destroying all bugs that may be out of sight. A repetition of the fluid may be necessary if the bugs have gotten a start. Stop up every chink, crack, or rough place in the wood, especially underneath, where you cannot look every day; with common laundry soap. Do not use the gasoline where there is a light or fire.

HOW TO GET MORE SUNLIGHT.

Englishman Wants Clock Hands Pushed Forward in Summer.

An interesting discussion has arisen in the English and French press as to how a man can make more use than now of the available hours of daylight. William Willett has just published a pamphlet on the subject. He writes: "For nearly half a year the sun shines for several hours each day while we are asleep and is rapidly nearing the horizon when we reach home after the work of the day is over. Under the most favorable circumstances there then remains only a brief spell of declining daylight in which to spend the short leisure at our disposal.

"Now if some of the hours of wasted sunlight could be withdrawn from the beginning and added to the end of the day how many advantages would be gained by all, and particularly by those who spend in the open air, when the light permits them to do so, whatever time they have after the duties of the day have been discharged.

"By a simple expedient these advantages can be secured. We can have eight minutes more daylight after 6 p.m. every day during May, June, July and August, and an average of forty-five minutes more every day during April and September. The expedient which I propose is that at 2 a.m. on each of the four Sunday mornings in April the standard time shall advance twenty minutes, and on each of the four Sundays in September shall recede twenty minutes.

"Another means of arriving approximately at the same end would be to alter the clock thirty minutes on six Sundays, the last three in April and the first three in September. We lose nothing and gain most substantially. Having made up our minds to be satisfied on four occasions with a Sunday of twenty-three hours and forty minutes long, or twenty-three hours and thirty minutes long on three occasions, the advantages aimed at will follow automatically without any trouble whatever. Everything will go on just as it does now, except that as the later hours of the day come around they will bring more light with them.

Mr. Willett calculates that on an average 210 hours of daylight are wasted every year by every person. The expense of the artificial light used in this time will be saved bodily. A man who left work at 5 p.m. would have as much daylight before him as a man who leaves now at 3.40. Saturday if he left at 12 o'clock it would be equal to stopping under present conditions at 10.40 a.m.

MOTHER'S ANXIETY.

The summer months are a time of anxiety for mothers, because they are the most dangerous months in the year for babies and young children. Stomach and bowel troubles come quickly during the hot weather and almost before the mother realizes that there is danger the little one may be beyond aid. Baby's Own Tablets will prevent summer complaints if given occasionally because they keep the stomach and bowels free from offending matter. And the Tablets will cure these troubles if they come suddenly. The wise mother should keep these Tablets always at hand and give them occasionally to her children. The Tablets can be given with equal success to the new born babe or the well grown child. They always do good—they cannot possibly do harm—and the mother has the guarantee of a Government analyst that this medicine does not contain one particle of opiate or harmful drug. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

WIFE OR CHILD—WHICH?

Some time ago George was bragging about never having told a lie, and he said he never would. An Irishman, hearing the assertion, made a wager with George that he could make him tell a lie in two minutes.

So Pat began: "Supposing you and your little child and her friend were out in a boat for a row; the boat suddenly capsized, and you were all thrown into the water. Now, which child would you save?" asked Pat.

"Well," answered George, "under the circumstances I should save my own in preference to anyone else's child."

"Very good," answered Pat. "Now, suppose you and your wife and child were out for a row, and the boat again capsized, now which of them would you save, your wife or your child?"

After a thoughtful pause, George answered that he would save his wife.

"There you are," cried Pat. "You said at first that you would rather save your child in preference to anyone else's; but now you say that you would save your wife, who is somebody else's child."

Little Tommy is very talkative, and on going out to tea with his father and mother the other night he was told that he mustn't speak until somebody asked him a question. After he had sat silent for half an hour he could not stand it any longer, and he said, "I say, papa, when are they going to begin asking me questions?"

WINE DOCTOR'S TRICKS

HE CAN TURN OUT WITH EASE ANY DESIRED BRAND.

What His Laboratory Contains—Some Surprising Feats With a Bottle.

Some people call him a wine forger and treat him accordingly. In Narbonne, France, at this moment his life would not be worth a bunch of sour grapes. But I prefer to regard him as an entertaining juggler, writes Armiger Barclay in the London Daily Mail, who does surprising feats with a magic bottle.

His apparatus, arranged on a narrow shelf, consists of a dozen or so of small glass stoppered bottles of various colored liquids, a big jar of caramel and another silent spirit. There are other things, such as an aerated water plant, but it is openly displayed downstairs. For the aeration of table waters is the wine doctor's ostensible calling.

"Fact is, there's too much wine made already," he says. "Real wine, I mean, it's not wanted. It keeps down the price. Besides, it's wasting good land to plant it with grapes just to keep up the old myth that they're necessary for wine making. I don't wonder at the disturbance in France, and I wouldn't mind betting that the regiments that have mutinied were driven to it by swallowing too much of the wine of the country."

He draws my attention to his row of bottles with a comprehensive wave of the hand.

"See those? Wine in embryo. Tone of it! Give me good water"—he indicates an innocent looking tap in the corner—"and I'll turn you out a bottle of anything you like to name—while you wait!"

That is what I have come for. I ought perhaps to explain that I originally met the doctor in a distant colony, where men talk more openly than they do here, and—well, he knows that what I may set down in print about him will convey

NO CLUE TO HIS IDENTITY.

"Mind you," he goes on, "I don't object to real wine in moderation. My own best qualities have a base of sound sherry or Burgundy. Take claret, for instance. Why send to Bordeaux when, with a gill of Australian Burgundy or Spanish Rioja, water—watch while I do it—a few drops of French vinegar and 25 per cent. of potato spirit that's colorless and odorless and only costs a few pence per gallon, I can give you chemically the same thing with more alcoholic strength?"

Presto! It is done. He pours some of the result into a wineglass and hands it to me. It has the look, smell and taste of the wine for which I pay one and sixpence a bottle.

"Total cost a fraction over three pence, bottle and label included," he exults. "Hocks and Sauternes the same. A little real sherry for the base, sufficient acidity, say citric—an astringent like tannic acid to dry them, spirit and water in proportion, and there you are! Leave out the tannic and use white sugar syrup instead, and you have Chablis."

A dispensing druggist in a hurry could not make up a prescription more quickly than he manufactures wine before my eyes. I taste a "Niersteiner."

"Light elegant dinner wine with good body, from the Hogen-Hocheimer district," he remarks in the tone of one quoting from a wine circular. "Now try the 'Graves.' Dry and flavory, eh? The 'Chablis' soft and round, isn't it? You quite recognize the vintages you've had to pay respectable prices for?"

Is it so? Or has he the power of suggestion, like a prestidigitator, who can make you believe that you hear your 18 carat gold hunter ticking?

INSIDE A BOILED EGG?

"These, of course, are new wines," he explains. "The addition of a teacupful of sterilized glycerine ages them at once. You might remember that when you've got a new whiskey, it's worth knowing."

I know some whiskeys that would need a pint of glycerine to the bottle at least to make them palatable, and I begin for the first time to suspect their source!

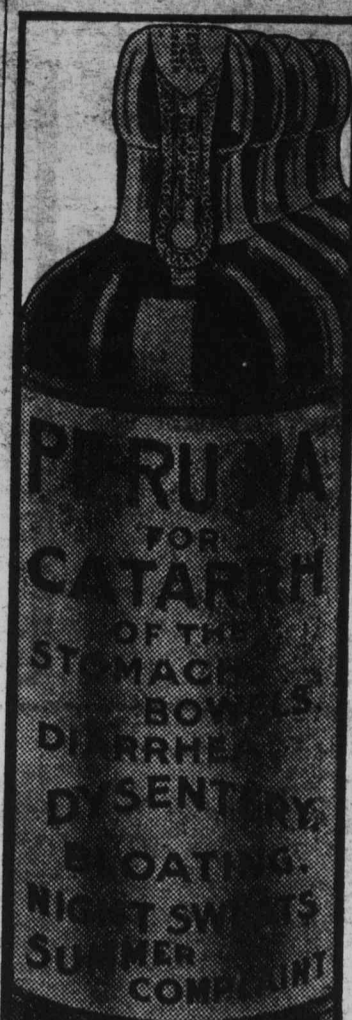
"A whiskey or brandy properly made ought not to want glycerine, though," he observes, as if he had read my thoughts. "Here's a brandy that I made yesterday from silent spirit and emulsive ether, colored and sweetened with caramel, that hardly differs from well matured, natural cognac. That's because it's been heated to 140 degrees Fahrenheit."

My palate may be getting corrupted. I do not know; but in spite of natural suspicions the brandy seems above reproach. So does the champagne, which is his next dexterous concoction. "As far as I can see it consists merely of a mixture of 'Chablis' and 'Hock' with which a little aerated water is required." He calls it Cuvee Reserve, Extra Dry. I admit that is what I should have thought it under the disguise of tinfoil and a label!

The doctor shrugs his shoulders. "Anybody can print labels and brand corks," he declares contemptuously. "Labels! The average man will drink anything and enjoy it so long as it's labelled with one of the few names he's acquainted with. 'Beaune' or 'Rudesheimer' for instance. He imagines these are vintages, but they're only districts and don't mean more than the collective expressions beer or whiskey. The thing is to adapt the liquor to the label. If you want an illustration of what I mean, here's one."

HEALTH NOTES FOR

AUGUST.



August is the month of internal catarrh. The mucous membranes, especially of the bowels, are very liable to congestion, causing summer complaint, and catarrh of the bowels and other internal organs. Pe-ru-na is an excellent remedy for all these conditions.

From the bottles on the shelf he takes benzoic acid, benzoic ether, acetic acid and ether, cantharic ether and glycerine—a drop or two of each—and fills up the glass with the ever

INDISPENSABLE ALCOHOL.

I raise the colorless mixture to my lips and behold! it is Maraschino!

"No troublesome or expensive processes for me!" he protests. "There you have about a pennyworth of different essences that you'd pay sixpence for in a restaurant. I add cochineal to it, and its Kirschwasser—vanilla, and it's whatever you like to call or label it! You're astonished?"

"If you were to tell a wine merchant what I've told and shown you he'd pretend astonishment; and if you printed it some of them—the ones the cap files—would write to the papers for the sake of advertisement and call you names!"

"What about yourself, though?" I ask with polite anxiety.

"Oh, I'm all right," he declares. "In the first place I'm of a retiring nature. I'm doing a respectable trade in 'minerals,' and only deal with reliable people! Besides, I take precautions—protect myself. You've got to with a Government like ours. I buy an occasional cask of real stuff from a good wine district—with labels for bottling. Yes, it lasts me a good while. A few thousand bottles to the cask, in fact!" He allows himself a wise little smile.

"But that's not what I wanted to talk to you about, I've been thinking. You can see for yourself what a lot of money there is in my business. About 200 per cent. profit, roughly. Now, can't we deal? If you were to stand in with me—put in a bit so as to enable me to increase my turnover—your name needn't appear, you know—we might do big things. You see, my wines—"

It sounds tempting. I almost yield to it.

"Do you drink them yourself?" I ask cautiously.

"Not me!" disclaims the wine doctor. That settles it. I believe he's a fraud after all. Anyhow, I've never yet sent "conscience money" to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and I never will.

TOO LOW SHE BUILDS.

"A woman who tries to look like a man is a fool," announced Mr. Jav-back.

"I should say she is," said Mrs. J., looking him over carefully.

DARNING NEEDLES.

"Rent collectors," is a term applied to needles by a wag who refers to locomotives as "professional place hunters and underlined articles."

NOT FULLY PARDONED.

"And you will give us your parental blessing?" asked the chipping bride, returning to the parental roof.

"Freely," replied the old man; "no trouble about the blessing, but board and lodging will be at regular rates."

Italians, Canadians and Americans have fewer cripples and infirm persons than any other nationalities.