

Travelling Schools of Cookery.

What we might aptly term "Travelling Schools of Cookery" have become quite an institution in Canada and the U. S. of recent years. People who are eminently skilful in all culinary arts, who thoroughly understand the theory of scientific or hygienic cooking, and can readily demonstrate their practical knowledge, visit our principal cities and towns every year and lecture on the important subject of "What Shall we Eat?" in much the same way as professors and lecturers visit different parts of the country as "Travelling Dairies." Recently Mrs. S. T. Rorer, of Philadelphia, who has devoted much time and thought to this subject during the last twenty years, visited London, where she delivered a series of lectures which proved highly interesting, Mrs. Rorer being an authority on and an expert in the art of cooking and the artistic way of serving dishes. The following recipes may be useful to some of our readers; they were amongst the first given at the recent lectures:

MUSH BREAD.

Put one pint of milk over the fire until it is hot, then add one cup of white corn meal and stir constantly until it thickens. Then drop in (one at a time) the yolks of four eggs, stirring thoroughly as each yolk is added; then fold in the well-beaten whites. Turn into a baking dish and bake in a quick oven for thirty minutes.

TO MAKE GOOD COFFEE.

Allow one tablespoonful of coffee to one-half pint of boiling water. Keep it at almost boiling heat for ten minutes, but do not let it boil.

BOSTON BROWN BREAD.

Half pint white corn meal, half pint Yankee rye, one cup of whole wheat flour, one teaspoonful salt; mix well. Dissolve one level teaspoonful of soda in a little warm water and put it into a cup of molasses with one and a half cups of sour milk. Mix the whole, turn it into a mould, and steam for one hour; then bake in the oven for thirty minutes.

Some Suggestions for Summer Shade.

On the prairies, as far as the eye can reach, there is to be seen neither tree, shrub, nor vine about most of the homes, with the exception of a few cucumber vines in the garden. Even in well-wooded districts there are many homes left exposed to the hottest summer sun, when the temperature becomes unbearable in those houses. By training vines and creepers over the unprotected sides of the house a wonderful difference will be felt, but as sunlight is a necessity in every room the windows should be only partially shaded. Vines thus trained enjoy the heat of the sun, while they prevent it from striking the walls. Porches and verandas help to keep the house cool, and where these are lacking good substitutes may be made by simply driving a few posts into the ground and building a light frame on them, from which wires can be stretched to support heavy vines, or cords for the lighter creepers.

The most pleasing veranda I have seen was made to combine use and beauty, fruit and foliage. It was in the city, where economy in space is so essential, and was built on the sunny side of the house. The posts were put far out, to give sufficient space for a table to be laid for occasional meals. Rafters about six feet apart sloped from the walls of the house to the posts, and wires were stretched at intervals along the sides and roof. Some grapevines had been planted and trained to form a complete covering, and in the autumn great bunches of luscious grapes hung from the roof, enough for a large family. Instead of a board floor this summer room had a soft green turf, and round the border were planted ferns, lilies of the valley, violets, and other flowers that thrive in the shade. But where grapes are not available, other useful vines may be used, like the lima bean, asparagus bean and other climbers, which will help to supply the table as well as furnish shade. Then there are the good old morning glories, and the nasturtiums with their edible leaves and seed-pods, as well as their beautiful flowers, and the hop vine.

Among the ornamental shrubs we can also combine use with beauty. A crab-apple or peach tree, if carefully trimmed, will be an object of beauty from the time it blossoms in the spring until late in the autumn when the fruit is picked. Lilac, honeysuckle, roses, and other flowering shrubs are beautiful while in bloom, but that is a comparatively short period, and if there is not sufficient space for both the ornamental and the useful it would be better to have the fruit trees. Hardy evergreens planted this spring will in a few years protect the house not only from the summer sun but also from the winter storms. A row or cluster of healthy sugar maples planted at this time of the year will soon grow large enough to shade the house, and in ten years' time will supply the family with syrup.

A mother dreads no memories—those shadows have all melted away in the dawn of baby's smiles.—George Eliot.

If woman did turn man out of Paradise, she has done her best ever since to make it up to him.—Frederick Sheldon.

"A Finishing Touch."

The occasion for which that "finishing touch" is required is a very important one in the opinion of the pseudo young Chinaman who stands with upturned cheek receiving those final additions to his "make-up."

It is his first appearance in public, and he thinks that the whole world will be there to see him: his idea of the universe being restricted to the one small village in which he was born and from which he has never wandered.

His companion encourages him by telling him how short his ordeal will be and assuring him that of all the "character pictures" to be seen on the stage that night the greatest favorite is certain to be the one to which she is giving "A Finishing Touch."

A Housewife's Poem.

For the love of mercy sake
Sally Ann has burnt the cake,
Folks are comin' from the town
And the house is upside down.
All the supper will be late—
'Tis too bad to make 'em wait—
But what can a woman do
Cleanin' house and bakin' too?

Oh, the trials o' this land,
Not a soul to lend a hand,
And the parlor carpet, more,
Hangs across the line outdoor.
Dust and dirt in great profusion,
Bakin' cleanin', all confusion;
Guess the comp'ny, when they come
Will wish that they'd stayed at home.

Fly around there, Sally Ann!
'Monget the folks there comes a man
And you know as well as me
What a frettin' lot they be.



"A FINISHING TOUCH."

Never know'd a day so vexin',
Cleanin' house is so perplexin',
But when bakin' comes in too
Mixed with comp'ny—I tell you!

Pans and kettles, brooms and chairs,
Trip me over unawares,
Cats and dogs beneath my feet
Do not make my temper sweet;
Helter, skelter, here and there,
Books and nicknacks everywhere,
As I stand a lookin' down
Expectin' comp'ny from town.

Hark! the jolting wheels I hear
Of a wagon drawing near.
Mercy sakes! why, Sally Ann,
Surely 'tis that dreadful man
Comin' here all stark alone!
No, it's father comin' home.
Well, I never; they ain't come,
All this fuss for nothin'—hum!

—Florence Montgomery.

THE CHILDREN'S CORNER.

The Sick Fairy.

"Decidedly I am very ill," said the old fairy Chrysanthemum in confidence to her maid Daisy, as she leant back in her summer bower in Fairyland on a couch very neatly made of rose leaves and moss.

"Send Firefly at once for Dr. Camomile," she continued; "and, stay, he must take his lantern; because the old gentleman doesn't like flying in the dark. Ring the bell."

Daisy shook the stalk of a lovely Campanule which stood in one corner of the bower. In each flower sat a little elf, who struck the clapper inside with a golden rod he carried for the purpose; and such a lovely peal was rung as you couldn't possibly imagine. A page answered the summons. He was dressed in a dark suit and carried a lantern.

"Firefly," said his mistress, "trim your lamp

well, and start at once for Dr. Camomile's. If you should find him asleep, wake him up, and tell him the case is urgent."

Old Camomile, as he was irreverently called by young fairies, was a little cross at being disturbed, for he had just composed himself for a comfortable nap when Firefly came with his pressing message.

"Well," he observed sarcastically, on his arrival at his patient's bedside, "I concluded by the urgency of your message, my dear madam, that you were very ill; but I am happy to perceive that you don't look so."

"Appearances are deceptive, my dear doctor," replied Chrysanthemum, "but when I explain to you my symptoms, I am sure you will agree with me that no time was to be lost."

"Well, let us hear the symptoms."

"Oh, my dear doctor, when I tell you that I am losing all power over my wand!"

"What! What! What!" exclaimed the doctor, changing his tone to one far more serious.

"Yes," repeated the fairy, beginning to weep in her distress, "and the other day—would you believe it—I—I—(sobbing) turned the wrong boy into a turnip, and I positively got so nervous that I couldn't remedy the mistake. I came home and sank down here in such a state of nerves and palpitations that I have been unable to take a wand in hand ever since."

"Dear, dear," said the doctor, soothingly, "this is a sad state of things certainly; but never mind, don't distress yourself—it is tone, tone, we require. The system is lowered, and you must have a thorough change. I have it. Go and live among the mortals."

"As if I was not there every day!" exclaimed Chrysanthemum, and then muttered, under her breath, "He must be in his dotage!"

"What I recommend," pursued Doctor Camomile, "is that you should live among the mortals as one of themselves, taking any form which pleases you and keeping to it. Remember this is very important. You should renounce all magic arts for the time being, and with this thorough change and rest we shall set you up again, take my word for it. You take your household, of course, also disguised as mortals."

"That is not such a bad idea," admitted Chrysanthemum, "but as for thorough rest, being like the mortals is not the way to get that. They are full of cares and anxieties, such as we never trouble our heads with. They have no magic to learn, certainly, but they have so many queer, ingenious contrivances that it seems like magic sometimes. Their railways and electric telegraph and telephones are certainly wonderful things for such poor, clumsy creatures to contrive."

"Only a certain portion do the work," observed Doctor Camomile, "and the rest profit by it. You shall be one of those, and will have nothing to do but to sit and watch the antics of the mortals. And now let me prepare you some of my own particular tea, and see if you can't get a little sleep whilst I speak to your butler, Parakeet, about preparations for your journey and establishment in Mortal Land."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Off to the Klondyke.

We're off to the Klondyke to get some gold,
Me an' Baby and Cousin Jo;
In a great big sleigh like Santa Claus
We'll ride away over the snow.

Gramma's rocking-chair makes the loveliest sleigh,
The lounge is a reindeer, you know,
He gallops so fast over mountains and lakes,
To the place where gold nuggets grow.

The buffalo robe keeps us nice and warm,
We've candles and cookies to eat,
An' a bottle of milk for Baby Paul,
'Cause he is so little and sweet.

Jo says the nuggets grow upon the trees,
An' we shake 'em down like nuts;
But I'm pretty sure they grow in the fields,
Like the lilies an' buttercups.

An' the dandelions an' daffodils,
They all of 'em look like gold;
You can't expect Joey to know so much
'Cause he's only four years old.

The Blue Jay.

The blue jay is one of the most beautiful as well as one of the most intelligent of our native birds. He possesses all the wit and love of mischief which characterizes the common crow, to whom he is nearly related. Like the crow, he has a fancy for jewelry and all glittering objects, which he will steal and carry off to secrete in some safe hiding-place where he contrives to accumulate a store of treasures. The character of the blue jay has been much maligned. It has been accused of robbing the nests of other birds, and of pilfering corn to an injurious extent in the autumn. Though there may be some truth in these accusations, they are very greatly exaggerated. One may occasionally see a jay robbing the nest of another bird, but how many more may be observed which are innocently and profitably engaged? Ornithologists declare that about twenty per cent. of its food consists of injurious insects; beetles are eaten chiefly in spring, and grasshoppers constitute one-fifth of its food in August, but caterpillars and other noxious insects are eaten at the same time. Acorns and chestnuts are its favorite food, for which it will leave corn or any other grain untouched. Let us therefore allow the bright little bird to flit about our gardens and fields unmolested, for it undoubtedly does more good than harm on the premises.