

DESSERTS FOR HOT DAYS.

These days call for much consideration on the part of busy housewives as to variety in the culinary department in order to tempt flagging appetites. Below are some favorites at our house during hot weather, and I think they will help young housewives to arrange a pleasant variety.

Corn Oysters.—To a pint of corn pulp add the well-beaten yolks of two eggs, two tablespoonfuls of flour, half a teaspoonful of salt and a saltspoon of black pepper, mix well, and when the fat for frying is ready add the stiffly beaten whites. Drop, oyster shape, from a spoon into hot fat and brown on both sides. Spread with butter and eat hot.

Apple Cobbler.—Peel and core eight medium sized apples. Arrange in a baking dish and fill the crevices with sugar. Make a batter of three cups of milk, three cupces of flour and four eggs well beaten. Pour over the apples and bake until the fruit is done. Serve with any preferred pudding sauce. The easiest to prepare, and one of the best, is sweet cream sprinkled with nutmeg.

Baked Coconut Custard.—Some use the fresh coconut, but we prefer the desiccated coconut. Soak a package for ten minutes in boiling water, then drain and dry. Add one cup of cream to the coconut and sweeten to taste. Stir in gradually a cup of rich milk. Add gradually the whites of four eggs beaten to a stiff froth; flavor with nutmeg and cinnamon, and bake slowly as for cup custards. Serve cold, sprinkle with granulated sugar.

Green Corn Omelet.—This is delicious as either a supper or a breakfast dish. Add to the pulp strained from four good-sized ears of corn five well-beaten eggs, one tablespoonful of cream, a scant half-teaspoonful of salt and saltspoon of pepper. Heat a frying pan, drop into it a teaspoonful of butter and shake until the sides and bottom are evenly greased. Pour in the mixture, shake, and tin the pan until it is evenly cooked, roll and serve on a heated platter.

Apple Float.—Very nourishing and delicious. Prepare an apple sauce from tart apples; wash very fine or rub through a sieve. Sweeten to taste and flavor with a little cinnamon or nutmeg, add a little sweet cream. To a pint of apple sauce use the whites of three eggs beaten to a stiff froth. Add the apple sauce to the eggs by spoonfuls, folding, rather than stirring, and slip into a hot oven. When well puffed and brown, sprinkle with powdered sugar and serve with cream.

NANSEN'S CARRIER PIGEON.

One day a carrier-pigeon tapped at the window of Mrs. Nansen's home in Christiania. Instantly the window was opened, and the wife of the famous Arctic explorer in another moment covered a little messenger with kisses and caresses.

The carrier-pigeon had been away from the cottage thirty long months, but had not forgotten the way home. It brought a note from Nansen, stating that all was going well with his expedition in the polar regions.

Nansen had fastened a message to the bird and turned it loose.

The frail courier darted out into the blizzardly air, flew like an arrow over perhaps a thousand miles of frozen waste, and then over another thousand miles of ocean and plains and forests, to enter the window of its waiting mistress and deliver the message which she had been awaiting so anxiously.

We boast of human pluck, sagacity and endurance; but this loving carrier-pigeon, after an absence of thirty months, accomplished a feat so wonderful that we can only give ourselves up to amazement and admiration.—From Nansen's "Arctic Explorations."

SPARKLES

"I believe you said, Rastus, that you had a brother in the mining business in the west?"

"Yeh, boss, that's right."
"What kind of mining—gold mining, silver mining, copper mining?"

"Kalsomining."
"There seems to be something wrong with this quotation, but I can't just make out what it is."

"What is the quotation?"
"Kind hearts are more than coroners and simple faith than Mormon blood."

"Say, Doc," insinuated the man who was trying to get a little free medical advice, "suppose you had a case of chronic dyspepsia, what'd you consider the best course to pursue?"

"Well, sir, if I had such a case, I should treat it according to my professional ability and then charge what I believed a fair fee. Do I make myself plain?"

Two Thoughts.—You know Bragg, of course. I think he belongs to your church.

"Well, Bragg doesn't think that."
"No? How do you mean?"
"He thinks the church belongs to him."

"Doctor," said the patient upon whom the hospital surgeon had just operated for appendicitis, "you're the same surgeon that amputated the first finger of my right hand when I had it crushed in a railroad accident a few months ago, ain't you?"

"Yes," answered the surgeon.
"Well, you got my index then, and now you've got my appendix. I hope you are satisfied."—Chicago Tribune.

"Can any little boy," asked the new teacher, "tell me the difference between a lake and an ocean?"

"I can," replied Edward, whose wisdom had been learned from experience. "Lakes are much pleasanter to swallow when you fall in."

Dentist (about to administer gas)—
"What is that in your hand?"

Mr. Hardsist—A check for your services. Please take it from my hand while I am unconscious. I want this extraction to be entirely painless!

SLUMBER SONG.

By Germaine Tolman.

Cometh long floods of liquid gold
When the western sun is beaming;
And the autumn wheat-fields hold
In their hearts the mellow gleaming.
Sleep, my babe, the day is old;
Drop your head in childish dreaming.

Now the sun hath gone to rest;
Through the window dust is creeping;
Stillness reigns from east to west—
Time my little one was sleeping.

The first bell was invented by Paulinus, Bishop of Nola, in Campania in 400. In England, the first bell was used in Croyland Abbey, in Lincolnshire, 945. Musical bells are a Belgian invention, dating back to 1407.

A TRUE MOUSE STORY.

"Molly, mamma wants you in the parlor. Hurry."

"O dear! I was just finishing Agatha's apron." Molly held it up with pride as she spoke, but big sisters are unappreciative.

"Well, put it away. I am to brush your hair and put you on a clean apron. Mrs. Warren wants to see you."

"Very well, when I thread my needle and stick it in." Molly unwillingly folded up her doll's spring sewing, which lay scattered all about. But she was an obedient little girl, and when Sister Bess had finished making her toilet, she went at once downstairs.

Just as she shook hands with Mrs. Warren, something dreadful happened. She distinctly felt something move in her pocket! It gave a little jump, and then was quiet; then it jumped around, until Molly was nearly frantic. She was sure a mouse had gotten into her pocket; and at the thought she uttered a scream that brought mamma to her side.

"What is the matter, what is the matter?" cried mamma.

"It's a mouse! It's a mouse! I feel it in my pocket! O-o!" Demure little Molly actually screamed with fright.

Mamma grasped the pocket and held it.

"Now, darling, it will not trouble you any more," she said. A funny look came into her face, and she began to laugh. Then she put her hand in the pocket, and drew forth—a spool of thread!

"Here is your mouse," she said.
Molly suddenly checked her tears and began to laugh, too.

"Why, it has been unwinding ever since I left the nursery," she exclaimed, catching sight of the thread trailing along the floor. "I wonder where the beginning is!"

"Run and see, and wind it up carefully as you go," said mamma.

With the tears still wet upon her April face, Molly retraced her steps, winding all the time. And where do you think she found the end of her thread? Why, in the very needle she had stuck in Agatha's apron, and laid away in her little work-basket.—Holiday Magazine.

Apple Custard.—Use five eggs, well beaten to a quart of milk. Stir in a pint of apple sauce, sweeten and flavor to taste, and bake carefully. Set the custard into a pan of water in the oven to prevent burning.

Cup Custards.—Six eggs, half a cup of sugar and one quart of new milk. Beat the eggs with the sugar and add a teaspoonful of vanilla. Mix carefully with the milk, fill the custard cups and set in a pan of hot water in a slow oven. The experienced dessert maker has learned that anything which has eggs and milk in it must be cooked at a low temperature, and slowly. When you break the custard gently with a spoon and a little water rises the custard is done. Set away carefully to cool. A little nutmeg grated over these custards just as they come from the oven gives them a fine flavor. Serve in the cups in which they were baked.

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