

opposed? This last choose I, as the ideal process of coming back from dreamland to the facts of life and morning.

### Cool Talk—Affecting the Appetite

By MARY JOSEPHINE TROTTER

"AND now as we linger at luncheon here,  
Over many a dainty dish,  
Let us drink anew to the time when you  
Were a tadpole and I was a fish."

There are times when even a skeptic would incline to that little amphibian theory of Mr. Langdon Smith—hot times during the grilling month of August. And at such times crisp lunches are a first consideration, provided the cook is human and wishes to produce the right cool thoughts and physical sensations. Herewith are offered, therefore, some suggestions for summer dishes, delectable, simple to make and trivial of cost.

A viand fit for the gods—to say nothing of humans—is composed of ice-crisp, white celery stalks, hollowed out and filled with Roquefort cheese. With the filling there has been intermixed, previously, sufficient chopped parsley and shredded red pepper to produce attractive colour and piquant taste.

Endive, cream cheese, nuts and mayonnaise dressing may be combined in ways both aesthetic and appetizing. The endive stalks may be lengthwise halved and hollowed, then stuffed with cream cheese, either plain or with mayonnaise dressing; the walnut halves to constitute a finish. The relish is best if the dish is served ice-cold.

A summer dish that will strongly appeal consists of small tomatoes hollowed out at the top and then

filled with cucumber cubes and grated hard-boiled egg. Minced celery and nuts will add to the flavour of this dainty—to be served with dressing on individual plates.

Cucumber—proverbially the coolest of salad fruits—is capable of a highly attractive, flower-like arrangement in which halves are laid circularly, in a way to resemble flower-petals, and partially overspread with a rose dressing, coloured with paprika.

Artichokes—the native sort—can also be depended upon as a pleasing midsummer dish that will make its appeal alike to the eye and to the palate. When the vegetable has been cooked, the outer leaves should be loosened and flatly arranged about the upright centre. A mound of salad dressing should ornament the heart and slices of hard-boiled egg the alternate petals.

Baked potatoes, cut in half lengthwise and scooped, make ideal salad shells—to be decked with parsley. Lobster and celery make an attractive filling. But the form is equally effective with other "fills."

The great secret of the cook's success in presenting these and similar summer dishes will be to see to it with scrupulous care that as little as possible time elapses between preparation and serving.

### Recent Events

NOT until something has been christened with his name has a hero achieved his pinnacle. When every Tommy Atkins called his favourite bull-dog "Bobs," honour went to the British Mars, Lord Roberts. The launching, lately, at Barrow-in-Furness, of Montreal's new floating dock, the work of Messrs. Vickers & Company, complimented, in kind, the Duke of Connaught. The ceremony of christening

was performed by Mrs. Hazen, and the dock will bear the Duke's illustrious style.

Ontarionians whose habit it is to get into the way of automobiles are afforded an opportunity of choosing as the destroyer a French, titled and wholly interesting carful. For Sir Alexandre and Lady Lacoste, Miss Berthe Lacoste, the Hon. Louis and Mrs. Beaubien, Mr. and Mrs. L. G. Beaubien, and Miss Marguerite Beaubien, are taking in the beauties of Ontario, by motor.

Miss Doherty, of the Canadian Ministerial party in England, will visit, with her father, the sham-rock's verdant soil before she returns to the quite as green Land of the Maple. Paris will also be paid a flying—this time, simply metaphoric—visit.

The Women's Institutes Branch will utilize 3,500 dollars, out of the funds provided in the Federal grant to the provinces to aid agriculture, in the immediate organization of classes for demonstration lectures. Fifteen lectures will constitute the course—comprising the usual domesticity subjects and the institutes will be grouped as is found convenient.

The opening of the Sick Children's Hospital, Winnipeg, was honoured in the attendance of their Royal Highnesses the Duke of Connaught and daughter, the Princess Patricia. The wrought golden key, important to the occasion, was presented by Mrs. Geoffrey Walker, of the Board of Management, and formalities concluded, the distinguished visitors made a tour of the wards, conducted by Miss Ramsay, the Superintendent.

## Why Willie and Lillie Were Late - By Estelle M. Kerr.



Just as the sun began to rise  
Out started Will and Lill  
To have a picnic breakfast  
Before school, upon the hill.  
And there they met their cousin  
From the city far away,  
Now spending at a farm near by  
His summer holiday.



Far off they saw the little boy  
And waved, as children do,  
"Hi, yi!" cried Will, "Helloa!" called Lill,  
Said Clarence: "How d'ye do?  
Oh, don't you think that you'll take cold  
If you sit in the shade?"  
And Lillie answered, "Did you bring  
The bottled lemonade?"



"Oh, dear me, no! I quite forgot,  
Whatever shall we do?"  
But Will said: "There's a stream close by  
We'll drink when we are through."  
And Clarence said: "Oh, no, indeed,  
Why, what would mamma think?  
All water must be filtered well  
Before it's fit to drink!"



Then Lillie milked a cow near by.  
Said Clarence: "I'm surprised!  
I didn't think you would drink milk  
That's not been sterilized!  
But I am thirsty and so tired,  
I thought you'd bring some rugs  
To sit on, for the grass just swarms  
With spiders, ants and grubs!"



But as he went he stubbed his toe  
And fell upon his crown,  
The milk pail fell on top of him  
And so they both rolled down,  
Then splash! He tumbled in the stream,  
His lovely clothes were spoiled,  
And he drank quarts of water  
That wasn't even boiled!



So Will and Lillie fished him out  
And crying, home he went,  
Then they enjoyed their picnic meal  
In peace and quiet content.  
Bananas, sandwiches and cake,  
So many things they ate,  
They simply couldn't hurry!—  
They were twenty minutes late.