

# In Woman's Interest

Savory Chafing-Dish Viands.

Mrs. Hetty Green, one of the richest women in America as well as one of the most able financiers, says that "the talent for cooking comprehends the talent for all other womanly success." Queen Wilhelmina is numbered among the crowned heads who can confect a accomplished and brilliant Duchess of cream, add it to the blazer, stir until Sutherland cannot only cook, but she nearly boiling, add the oysters and can as well cut and make a gown. In serve. fact, domestic sciences are held in great regard by all clever people. Many wo-men have fostered a love for culinary art by preparing chafing-dish suppers. Mention of this useful utensil brings to mind a helpful book of chafing-dish recipes by Fannie Merrill Farmer, president of the Boston Cooking School, in which she says that people dwell in darkness who imaging the chafing dish a utensil of modern invention. Even the Israelites used a utensil corresponding to it in many particulars. Among the ruins of Pompeil have been found chafing dishes of exquisite workmanship, which give undisputed proof of their use in that city. Louis XV., according to Goncourt, took pleasure in "making quintessential stews in silver pans, and the palate of Louis XVI. was often soothed by piping hot dishes brought in on a chafing dish. Napoleon and Mme. Recamier tempted the appetites of those who frequented their presence with dainties prepared in the chafing dish. Mme. de Stael, when exom France, took with her a chafing dish with her manuscripts.

pared in a chafing dish. Lobsters a la to soften and then season with one teaton with the season with the season with one teaton with the season with the season with one teaton with the season with the seas part of the world it is often more pru-dent to buy the lobsters cooked—that is, Then extinguish the flame and the heat When alive they are green, when parboiled they are red. Lobster a la Newburg is made of one and a half cupfuls of lobster meat cut in squares. Put a tablespoonful of butter in the chafing dish and when it has melted add the lobster and a quarter of a teaspoonful of salt and a dash of cayenne; cover and let simmer for five minutes; then add three-quarters of a cup of sherry and cook three minutes longer. Have ready the yolks of two eggs and one cupful of cream well beaten together; add this to the lobster, stir slowly until the mixture thickens and serve at once. Oysters are delici-ous prepared in the same manner, and if desired the wine can be omitted.

Chicken livers are savory cooked with Madeira. Put a tablespoonful of but-ter in the chafing dish and add the livers cut into pieces. Cook them directly over the flame, turning constantly, and dredge them while cooking with a tablespoonful of flour. It will take about five minutes to cook them; add a cupful of soup stock and a few drops of kitchen bouquet. Then add to the livers a half cupful of Madeira and a few stoned olives, season with salt, pepper and peprika; cover and let it simmer for ten minutes. Serve with croutons or toast.

To make croutons cut bread into the desired shape and saute the pieces in hot butter or dip them in melted butter and toast them carefully in the oven, turning frequently so they will be evenly colored. They should be crisp and dry and the color of amber. They are made of various sizes and shapes to suit the uses they serve. For soup the bread is cut into cubes one-quarter of an inch square or into fancy shapes; for garnishing meat dishes they are into diamonds, squares, triangles and circles four inches in diameter. Oysters a la Carey are excellent. Place the blazer, with half tablespoonful butter, over the hot water pan, add

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twelve large oysters, without their liquor, season with half teaspoonful salt, one-quarter teaspoonful white pepper and one tablespoonful lemon juice; cover and let the oysters come to a boil, then take out the oysters and place them into a dish, leaving the broth in the blazer; mix one teaspoonful of cornstarch in flour with one teaspoonful butter; add it to the oyster broth and cook two minutes; mix the

Scrambled eggs and sausages are easily prepared, and the dish is somewhat unusual. Melt a tablespoonful of butter in the chafing dish and add to it ten eggs, a quarter teaspoonful of salt and a dash of red pepper. Stir slowly until fuls of highly seasoned sausage cut into small cubes. Stir thoroughly into nearly done, and add two tablespoonto small cubes. Stir thoroughly into the mixture and serve at once on pleces Dragon Queen. of toast. A fish rarebit makes an excellent luncheon course. It is made by key Land again the monkey bounded rubbing the inner surface of the chafing dish with a little onion. Then melt one tablespoonful of, butter, add one tablespoonful of cornstarch mixed with one teaspoonful of salt, and one-fourth teaspoonful of peprika, then pour on gradually one-half cup each of milk and chicken stock. Add three-fourths cup of soft, mild cheese cut in small pieces and one cup of cold flaked whitefish or halibut. As soon as the cheese is melted add one egg slightly beaten and one and one-half teaspoons of sherry. Serve on slices of toast,

Eggs with tomatoes are delicious. Shell fish of all kinds is now in its Put into a chafing dish a cupful of canned in a chafing dish. Lobston all to achain a chafing dish. Lobston all to achain a chafing dish. plete the cooking. Stir constantly until they are of the consistency of scrambled eggs. Serve at once.

> Eggs a la Jardiniere are prepared by placing a tablespoonful of melted butter in the chafing dish. Add a table spoonful of minced mushrooms, salt and pepper to taste, and five well-beaten eggs; stir constantly until set, and serve on hot toast.

### Boys and Girls.

Sound Fictures.

To take a picture of your voice it is only necessary to tie a sheet of thin, strong paper over the flaring end of an old tin horn. Hold the horn with the sheet of paper upward. Take a little pinch of fine sand and place it in the center of the paper. Then hold the horn vertically above your face and sing a note into the lower end of the instru-Do not blow, but sing the note. Now lower the horn carefully, and look at the sand. You will find that the vibrations of your voice have scattered the pinch of sand into a beautiful sound picture. Every note in the musical scale will produce a different picture; so you may produce a great variety of them. Some of these pictures look like pansies, roses and other flowers, some look like snakes, and others like flying birds-in fact, there is no limit to the variation. If you wish to see the pictures while they are being made, you may employ an old flaring bell-shaped ear trumpet, or you may use your old horn with a short piece of rubber tubing on the mouthpiece.

A Japanese Fairy Tale: The felly-Fish.

Once upon a time the King of the Dragons, who had till then lived a bachelor, took it into his head to get married. His wife was a young Dragonette just sixteen years old-lovely enough, in very sooth, to become the wife of a king. Great were the rejoicings on the occasion. The fishes, both great and small, came to pay their respects, and to offer gifts to the newlywedded pair.

But, alas! even Dragons have their trials. Before a month had passed the young Dragon Queen fell ill. The doctors dosed her with every medicine that inward specific, bossesses most subwas known to them, but all to no pur- stantial results.

pose. At last they shook their heads, declaring that there was nothing more to be done. The illness must take its course, and she would probably die. But the sick Queen said to her husband: "I know of something that will cure e. Only fetch me a live monkey's liver to eat, and I shall get well at once." "A live monkey's liver!" exclaimed the King. "What are you thinking of, my dear? Why, you forget that we dragons live in the sea, while monkeys live far away from here. among the forest trees on land." Thereupon the young Dragon Queen burst into tears. "I only ask you for one small thing," whimpered she, "and you refuse to get it for me. I always thought you did not really love me. Oh, I wish I had remained at home with my own m-m-m-mamma and my own p-p-papa-a-a-a!" Here her voice chok-

Well, of course, the Dragon King did not like to have it thought that he was unkind to his beautiful young wife. So he sent for his trusty servant, the Jelly-Fish, and said: "It is a rather difficult undertaking; but what I want you to do is to swim across to the land and persuade a live monkey to come here with you. In order to make the monkey willing to come, you can tell him how much nicer everything is here in Dragon Land than where he lives. But what I really want him for is to cut out his liver and use it as medicine for your mistress, who, as you know, is

dangerously ill."
So the Jelly-Fish went off on his strange errand. In those days he was just like any other fish, with eyes, and fins and a tail. He even had little feet, which made him able to walk on the land, as well as to swim in the water. It did not take him many hours to swim across to the country where the monkeys lived; and, fortunately, there just happened to be a fine monkey skipping about among the branches of the trees near the place where the Jelly-Fish landed. So the Jelly-Fish said: "Mr. Monkey, I have come to tell you of a country far more beautiful than this. It lies beyond the waves, and there is But pleasant weather there the year round, and there is always plenty of ripe fruit on the trees, and there are none of those mischievous creatures called men. If you will come with me, I will take you there. Just get on my back."

there. Just get on my back."

The monkey thought it would be fun to see a new country. So he leaped upon the Jelly-Fish's back, and off they started across the water. But when they had gone about half-way, he began to fear that perhaps there might be some hidden danger. It seemed so odd to be fetched suddenly in that way by a stranger. So he said to the Jelly-Fish: a stranger. So he said to the Jelly-Fish: "What made you think of coming for me?" The Jelly-Fish answered: "My master, the King of the Dragons, wants you in order to cut out your liver and give it as a medicine to his wife, the Queen, who is sick."

"Oh, that is your little game—is it?" thought the monkey. But he kept his thoughts to himself, and only said: "Nothing could please me better than to be of service to their majesties. But it so happens that I left my liver hanging upon a branch of that big chestnut tree which you found me skipping about on. A liver is a thing that weighs a good deal. So I generally take it out and play about without it. We must go back for it."

The Jelly-Fish agreed that there was nothing else to be done under the circumstances. For—silly creature that he was—he did not see that the monkey was telling a story in order to avoid

When they reached the shore of Monles sthan no time. Then he said: "I do not see my liver here. Perhaps somebody has taken it away. But I will look for it. You, in the meantime, had better got back and tell your master what has happened. He might be anxious about you, if you did not get home

So the Jelly-Fish started off a second time, and when he got home he told the Dragon King everything just as it had happened. But the King flew into a passion with him for his stupidity, and cried to his officers, saying: "Away with this fellow! Take him and beat him to a jelly. Don't let a single bone remain unbroken in his

So the officers seized him and beat him, as the King had commanded. That is the reason why, to this very day, jelly-fishes have no bones, but are nothing more than just a mass of pulp. -The Home Magazine.

#### DICKENS' KEEN EYE

His Observation Sleepless-Was His Work Caricature?

peculiar in kind as minute and sleepless in exercise. Every human being, been able to get the money out o' him of course, down to the semi-idotic yet. 'Now,' says I to myself, 'this is landlord of the inn in Barnaby Rudge, sees existence at an angle of his own We look at life each through our personal prism. But the prism of Dickens, if the phrase is permissible, was peculiarly prismatic. It lent eccentric ity of color and of form to the object observed. It settled on a feature, and exaggerated that. Now, to look at things thus is the essence of the art of the caricaturist. A very good example may be found in the amusing changes of Mr. Max Beerbohm. He shuns or omits everything but that which he considers essential for his purpose of diverting, and he insists up-

It has been denied that Dickens work is caricature, and to say that it is always caricature would be vastly unjust. Nevertheless, the instance on Carker's teeth, Pank's snort, Skimpole's like the novelist, was wont to fix on a single trait or two-in Robespierre, St. ready, if inexpensive, method of securing a distinct impression. Both Dickens and Carlyle overworked this liberal sum: method, which becomes, in the long run, a stumbling block—to Monsieur of your four pages, but guess you Taine, for example.—Andrew Lang in want some money, you young rascal."

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#### The Poets.

The Last of a Line.

Back in the sixteen sixties, there, did good Erastus Glines Cut down the beeches on that hill and clear that field of pines; then his son Abinadab, in sixteen

eighty-two, Cleared off the forests from those hills and built a roadway through.

His son Eugene dug out the stones and built those walls you see, And died when he was eighty-eight, in seventeen sixty-three. In ninety-two by his son John this old

house was begun,
And his son Peter built this barn in
eighteen thirty-one.

I am Peter's son myself; in eighteen sixty-three From a strong line of honest men this farm came down to me; I set out that orchard there, and drained that meadow ground,
And cut the thirty-acre lot, and built

a fence around. that old headstone over there -Erastus sleeps below The next one is Abinadab's-they both

died long ago.

there's Eugene's, and next is John's, and Peter's grave's near soon there'll be another graveit don't take long to die.

And when I'm in that grave out there I hoped a son of mine Would take the old farm once again and so keep up the line, And hand it on from son to son, as

we did in the past, young man take the old man's place as long as time should last. these are days of stress and change

and fast the years are whirled, young man takes the old man's place no longer in this world; boys will come when I am laid beneath the next new stone-And then go forth their various ways and leave us here alone.

We'll sleep-the fathers of the landafter long years of toil, ere stranger footfalls press the turf of our ancestral soil. Erastus and Abinadab, Eugene, John,

Peter-I-Will sleep here in the stranger's soi while the long years go by. Ah, well, God bless my boys! I say,

wherever they may be, They're scattered up and down the world and on the lonesome I could wish the world mi at be the old world of the past -The young man take the old man's place as long as time shall last. -Sam Walter Foss.

> 000 Problems.

Dey took en treed de 'possum Des 'bout de break er day; De tree fell on de hunter, En de 'possum got away!

De rabbit went ter meetin'-Dey b'iled him 'en de fried; De blacksnake bit de preacher, En den de blacksnake died!

Dey sent de missionary Ter whar de heathen stay; Dey chopped him into mincemest, En eat him up dat day!

It's trouble, trouble, trouble-I dunno whut ter say; Fer when you runs de rabbit He goes de yuther way!

#### A Smile: A Laugh.

"Huh!" exclaimed Percy Reginald, aged 6, as he examined Willie Cleaver's little brother, "he ain't got no teeth.'

'Course he ain't," said Willie; "he ain't old enough yet."
"Well, Charlie Tompkins' little brother Harry ain't no older'n he is, an' he's got a hull lot o' teetn." "That don't make any difference," argued Willie, "'n sides, Harry Tompkins' pa, he's a dentist."-Detroit Free

An old Scotch grave-digger was remontrated with one day at a funeral for making a serious overcharge for digging a grave. "Well, ye see, sir," said the old man, in explanation, making a motion with his thumb towards the grave, "him an' me had a bit o' a The observations of Dickens was as tift two or three years syne ower a braw watch I selt him, an' I never my last chance, and I'll better tak'

> Congressman John L. Burnett, of Alabama, is probably the smallest man in the house. He is an able lawyer, and is known in his own state as the "Jack of Spades. When he first appeared before the Supreme Court of Alabama to argue a case, he stood up behind a high bench on which lawyers were accustomed to lay their books and papers. "May it please the court," began the

diminutive counsel, when the chief justice broke in: "Mr. Burnett, it is the custom of lawyers to rise while addressing this court."

An amusing story is told about the illegibility of the handwriting of Lord Curzon, viceroy of India, when a stu-Rigaud's mustache, to take only a few dent at Oxford. He had written two cases, is exactly what we mean by letters, one to a relative, the other to caricature; and it is caricature in the a chum with whom he usually discussmanner of Mr. Carlyle. The historian, ed the faults and merits of their respective uncles and aunts. He discovered shortly afterwards that he had Just, or whoever it might be-and to put these letters into the wrong envelhammer incessantly on that. It was a opes, and was about to write an apology to his relative, when he received this note from him, inclosing a

"My dear George, can't read a word

A Pittsburgher, who spent a part of last summer in England, tells an incident which sadly disturbed the religious peace of the parish in Penzance. A maiden lady of that town owned a Frankfurt, Germany, has a "reform parrot, which, somehow, acquired a gymnasium" or high school, which is disagreeable habit of observing at freattracting much attention. It teaches quent intervals: "I wish the old lady French first, then Latin, and Greek would die." This annoyed the bird's who spoke to the curate about it. "I think we can rectify the matter," replied the good man. "I also have a parrot, and he is a righteous bird, having been brought up in the way he should go. I will lend you my parrot, and I trust his influence will reform that depraved bird of yours." The curate's parrot was placed in the same room with the wicked one, and as soon as the two had been accustom- in most other countries.



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ed to each other, the bad bird remarked: "I wish the old lady would die."
Whereupon the clergyman's bird rolled up his eyes and in solemn accents added, "We beseech thee to hear us good Lord!" The story got out in the parish, and for several Sundays it was

In one of the back-land countries of South Texas is a negro doctor who enjoys a more or less extensive practice among the colored population. A white physician accosted him on the road the other day, saying: "Well, Doctor Sam, where have you been?" "Been to see Bill Johnsing, sah. Wraslin' wid Mose Jones he bus' a

necessary to omit the litany at the

church service.

blood-vessel."
"Why, that's serious. What did you prescribe?" "Ah! I done fix him all right with alum and gum arabic. Alum to draw the pahts togeddah, an' de gum to

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