

that the pupil will be out of touch with the practical life in which it is to be applied? O. C.

### The Western Fair's Interest for Women.

All fairs are necessarily very much alike in a great many points, but if one is alert some new things may always be discovered. This year the dairy building was the first place visited, for a butter-making contest was due to begin just then. There were five contestants, who were all graduates of some dairy school. The dairy room just shone with cleanliness, while the lavish use of water was a revelation to the ignoramus. Many farmers and their wives were gathered in the gallery to watch this contest, which was to last one hour from the time the cream was given out till the last utensil was washed and put away in its right place. The barrel churn made stooping unnecessary, and saved a backache.

The Horticultural Building came next, and the exhibit of flowers was good, especially of garden flowers in season now—sweet peas of every variety, asters, cannas, verbenas, stocks, phlox, and many other beauties, but the dahlia display was the most varied of all. They were there, large and small, of every color, and of almost every combination of colors that could be imagined. One particularly handsome specimen was the Brunhilde, of a rich wine color, with long outer petals which had a curious fold across each. Geraniums, ferns, and bulbous begonias, made up a greater part of the display of potted plants.

In one end of the main building was the fancywork. Some of it—the embroideries and laces—was very elaborate and beautiful, but no less attractive were the simpler pieces, a set of embroidered and initialled linen handkerchiefs being eyed enviously. A noticeable feature was the absence of color in so many of the pieces, white work on white ground being seen most often. There was not a very large display of knitted work. Drawn work was less shown, perhaps because the modern sewing machine has an attachment for doing what formerly meant hours of eye-straining work.

That good old custom of taking a piece of goods, cutting it into fantastic shapes, and then laboriously putting it all together again, seems to be dying, as there were only one or two samples on hand, and these, log-cabins, and stars and diamonds, were less attractive than a crazy quilt of large irregular pieces of silk and satin brocade put together with very simple stitches. But premium for quilt-making must go to the designer of a large quilt whose foundation was white, and on which were to be seen, each produced twice, these scenes from the Book of Esther: The King receiving Queen Esther and saying, "What wilt thou, Queen Esther?" the Queen serving wine to the King and Haman, and the triumphant passing of the man whom the king delighteth to honor. The figures and accessories were shaped from gorgeously-colored goods, and fastened to the foundation with elaborate stitches. Round each scene was a wreath of morning glories, and encompassing the whole structure was a wreath of grapes and their leaves. Surely visions and dreams would come to the person who slept beneath that quilt. Some very fine samples of buttonholes were shown, proving that although the quantity of those have decreased the quality has not.

The display of granite and porcelain was a satisfying one to the housekeeper who prides herself on her kitchen. To look at the clean, shining articles—everything from a teaspoon to a boiler—made one wonder how we ever used the easily-tarnished tin, or the heavy iron utensils. A granite pan for roasting or boiling was a long oval in shape, and had an extra perforated piece in the bottom, with a handle at

each end, so that a fish or any meat easily broken could be lifted whole from the pan.

The Never-slip clothes-line clamp looked like a good thing. One of these clamps fastened to each of your clothes-line posts, and the line slipped into it, makes a prop unnecessary, and washing of clothes that have fallen down will be a thing of the past. Then, in frosty weather the whole line can be taken down and the clothes taken off in the house, thus saving the line, the clothes, and the housekeeper's fingertips and temper.

Owing to the agitation over immoral attractions at fairs in Canada, there were fewer of any kind found on the ground. One "barker" invited people to view a pig with human arms, and informed them that it was not an offensive, but a moral and refined show. A pig may be moral, I suppose, but it is not exactly refined.

### Domestic Economy.

**Doughnuts.**—One quart flour, one egg, one cup sugar, one cup sweet milk, one tablespoon butter, two teaspoons cream of tartar, one teaspoon soda, a little cinnamon. Have lard in a rather deep vessel and at a blue heat before dropping in the cakes, otherwise they will soak up the lard.

**Lima Bean Soup.**—One cup Lima beans, two cups milk, one cup water, two tablespoons butter, one tablespoon flour, one small onion, salt and pepper to taste. For flavoring, a few drops of celery extract, or two tablespoonfuls of tomato juice, will be found pleasant. Slice the onion and brown in the butter; to this add the flour, stirring until smooth and brown. Add the water and beans and cook until tender. Press through a sieve; scald the milk and add to it the bean mixture. Cook until thickened, then season and serve.

### OLD AND NEW WHEAT FLOURS.

By Burr.

There is always a demand for old wheat flour a long time after the new crop comes in. The demand is not only from the city baker who makes quality and conditions of flour a life study, but it extends even to the rural districts, where

the good farmer's wife has learned that she can get best results from old wheat flour.

This distinction between old and new wheat flours has existed only in later years—since farmers have adopted the practice of threshing their wheat out of shock directly after cutting. When they made it a rule to put their wheat in stacks, ricks or barns, and allowed it to remain until all the elements that go to make up a perfect berry had passed from the straw into the grain, there was seldom any choice between the two flours. Then the grain was allowed to pass through the sweating period and become perfectly matured. It was not difficult then for the miller to make flour that would produce good bread the same day it was ground.

Now, as conditions have changed so materially, we must look for and practice the next best thing. It is contended that a good practice would be to grind and hold the flour for six months, when it would be suitable for breakmaking purposes.

If the new wheat is ground as it comes to the mill it is liable to become infested with eggs that soon hatch into worms. If it does not, consider how long one must be kept out of use of the money he has invested in the wheat and the cost of manufacturing it into flour. Besides this, the flour will not be as good as if made from old wheat, for the simple reason that the wheat has not gone through the sweat, and, to a certain extent, the sweating will take place in the flour, greatly to its detriment. I am thoroughly convinced that flour made from old wheat will give bakers better satisfaction six weeks after being ground than will that of new wheat threshed out of shock in six months after being ground.

As suggested, to keep the flour six months after grinding from new wheat is one way to satisfy the trade. The next is to have sufficient storage room to store enough old wheat to supply the trade with old wheat flour until the new is fit to grind. Do not imagine that consumers are cranks and don't know what they are talking about when they say they must have old wheat flour.—American Miller.

There are two ways of paying debt; increase of industry in raising income, increase of thrift in laying out.—Carlyle.

### Write Them a Letter To-night.

Don't go to the theatre, lecture or ball,  
But stay in your room to-night;  
Pen yourself to the friends that call,  
And a good long letter write.  
Write to the sad old folks at home,  
Who sit when the day is done,  
With folded hands and downcast eyes,  
And think of the absent one.

Don't selfishly scribble "Excuse my haste—  
I've scarcely the time to write,"  
Lest their brooding thoughts go brooding back  
To many a bygone night,  
When they lost their needful sleep and rest,  
And every breath was a prayer  
That God would leave their delicate babe  
To their tender love and care.

Don't let them feel that you've no more use  
For their love and counsel wise,  
For the heart grows strangely sensitive  
When age has dimmed the eyes.  
It might be well to let them believe  
You never forgot them quite,  
That you deem it a pleasure, when far away,  
Long letters home to write.

Don't think that the young and giddy friends,  
Who make your pastime gay,  
Have half the anxious thought for you  
That the old folks have to-day.  
The duty of writing do not put off,  
Let sleep or pleasure wait,  
Lest the letter, for which they looked and longed,  
Be a day or an hour too late.

For the sad old folks at home,  
With locks fast turning white,  
Are longing to hear of the absent one,  
Write them a letter to-night.

### The Interval.

Just from the glare of the foot-lights, and awaiting their recall, the artist gives us a sweet little "Idyll Behind the Scenes." By a little transposition of personalities and surroundings can we not almost catch the lover's passing thought, once uttered in poet's tongue to "Dear, dear Jeannie Morrison," "Thy look was on thy lesson, but my lesson was on thee." H. A. B.



Seymour Lucas, R. A.

The Interval.