

The joint that has been suspended in the middle of a gas oven and cooked for just its proper length of time, will be found to be almost identical in flavour to that which was roasted on the jack before an open fire, and very much superior to the so-called roast done in the range oven, which is really baked and not roasted at all.

The newer methods of cooking by electricity are yet too undeveloped and too costly to be of much use to us; but the promises held out to us of what shall be far beyond our dreams. In the meantime the developments of the modern gas range are more than enough to satisfy every possible requirement, and with careful usage will cost less in fuel than the ordinary range fire.

The improvements in cooking utensils and in methods of work which are made from time to time, are generally originated by those, who, having thought the subject worthy of their study, have become artists and proficient; but, unfortunately, many of their methods and inventions only become adopted in the majority of homes after they have

reached them by passing through the hands of a class who have neither appreciation for, nor the intelligence to comprehend, their right advantages. Happily for us we are rapidly awakening to the knowledge that work in the kitchen is essentially noble, honourable, human work; in a very few years' time we may hope to see it undertaken by the most highly-trained and skilled workers of the community.

In proportion to the value that we put upon this work so will it rank in our labour market. While English people persist in regarding it as "servant's work," and only suited to the hands of the class into whose care it is given at present, so long will cultivated intelligences think it an unworthy sphere for their employment. The States are far ahead of us here, partly because the true servant class is there almost unknown. Household economy and economics in every branch, not only have their special schools and centres of demonstration, but a practical course of their study is part of a regular college curriculum. More than that, in Boston, the meals of school children and

older students have been thought sufficiently important to be put under civic control.

Mrs. Ellen Richards, chemist in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, writes that, the prevalent disregard of the importance of human dietetics is especially noticeable in connection with the life of students. If a student breaks down, the remark is heard on all sides—"What a pity he studied so hard!" and no one asks, "Was he well fed?"

To sum up then, since the repair and building-up of the human frame is one of the chief businesses of life, it follows that whatever economises time in this respect leaves more opportunity for other works. As what is most easily digested affords the most nourishment, proper food, properly cooked and prepared for digestion adds to our strength and length of life, increases our usefulness, and, if we may indeed feel all to be true that is told us on this head, does much to determine our mental and moral character, for what we eat makes us what we are, say some.

(To be continued.)

"IF LOVING HEARTS WERE NEVER LONELY—,"

OR,

MADGE HARCOURT'S DESOLATION.

CHAPTER V. JACK'S DEPARTURE.



It was with anything but a light heart that Jack left for London two weeks later.

In spite of the delightful prospect before him, of a trip on the ocean, in a well-appointed yacht with jovial companions, he could not banish a troubled

feeling from his mind. All the way to London, look where he would, his sister's face, as he had last seen it, rose before him. He was thoroughly anxious about her, for there had been something strange about her expression that he could not fathom. It was not exactly reproach or grief that her eyes expressed, but a dreary hopelessness, that he could not but know should have no place on so young a face, and it puzzled and worried him.

He felt he ought to have stayed with her longer; that he was acting selfishly in making his visit so short; and however little a man may acknowledge such pricks of conscience, he seldom feels easy under them.

It was with a sense of real relief that he at last stepped from the train in London and found his friend, Guy Fawcett, waiting for him. The latter was in high spirits, and full of their

coming trip, and, in five minutes, Jack had forgotten everything but the pleasures of the moment. For Guy was just such another careless, pleasure-loving man as Jack, and whenever these two were together, there was little room for shadows.

The yachting excursion in prospect rendered them even more lively than usual, and on being joined by a third member of the party, their exuberance of spirit became almost beyond bounds.

They started off at once on a last shopping expedition to the Stores, the principal item to buy being kitchen utensils, and as none of them knew in the least what they wanted, the proceeding proved somewhat ludicrous. Guy wanted three saucepans and Jack only two, while the third man, Dick Herman, was quite certain one would be sufficient. Then again, Jack wanted a gridiron as well as a frying-pan, and Guy would have it that a frying-pan answered the same purpose, therefore it wasn't necessary.

Finally, after having sorely tried the patience of the man who served them, and come to the wise conclusion that they didn't any of them know much about it, they decided to leave the matter in his hands, and told him to furnish them with whatever they would require for a six weeks' trip.

They then took a stroll down Piccadilly, and, after ordering an unconscionable amount of tobacco and cigars, turned into their club for tea. Here they were joined by the other man of the party, and a general stampede followed, during which they discovered that the last mentioned had already furnished the yacht with kitchen-appliances, and therefore they were likely to somewhat represent a strolling caravan laden with pots and pans.

For a few moments they were at a loss

to discover a way out of the difficulty, and then Guy Fawcett, with his usual aptitude, hit on a plan.

"I'll tell you what, you fellows," he exclaimed, "we can easily get out of it by starting a few hours earlier! Let's go by the nine train, and wire to the Stores, that, being obliged to start much earlier than intended, we shall have to countermand the order."

This wicked suggestion met with universal consent, and they made a move at once to go and finish their packing.

Unfortunately, in the general excitement next morning, the telegram was forgotten, with the result that a most unlooked-for display of pots and pans was found to adorn their chambers on their return.

It was not until late in the evening that Jack had time to let his thoughts return to Madge and to his visit home. He and Guy were having a quiet pipe after their dinner, when he suddenly recollected he had bought two books for her and rose to get them.

Guy watched him lazily, with a half-curious air, lounging back the while in an easy chair, with his feet planted on the mantelshelf. He had heard Jack give the order and been surprised at the tenor of it, but had forgotten all about it, until he saw him place the books on the table and open them.

"You're looking mighty serious, old man," he remarked presently. "If it weren't too utterly beyond the bounds of probability, I should be inclined to think you were going to wade through one of those learned books yourself, with a view to laying claim to the possession of an intellectual taste," and he laughed good-humouredly. "As a matter of fact, I don't suppose you'd be able to make head or tail of a single page."

"I don't believe I should," replied