

**Recipes.****CREAM PIE.**

Beat thoroughly together the white of one egg, half a teacup sugar and tablespoon of flour, then add one teacup of rich cream; bake with a bottom crust and grate nutmeg over.

**BARLEY PUDDING.**

Soak half pint of barley over night; boil in the same water until soft, then mix a nice custard of eggs, sugar and milk; pour into a pudding dish with the barley and grate a little nutmeg on top. Bake until done.

**STEAMED PORRIDGE.**

Put one quart of water into a large bowl; add one pint of oatmeal and a teaspoon of salt; put into a steamer and steam four hours. This will keep good for several days, and the quantity required can be heated in the steamer for breakfast.

**SPRING PUDDING.**

Boil one teacup of sago in enough water to absorb without making it too thin; slice four large sour apples in a pudding dish, sprinkle with sugar, pour the boiled sago over the apples and bake in a moderate oven; to be eaten with sugar and cream.

**LEMON PIE.**

Beat the yolks of two eggs with four tablespoons of sugar; squeeze in the juice of two lemons and the yellow rind grated off; bake on a crust and add the beaten whites, mixed with two tablespoons of sugar as a meringue; brown slightly on top.

**POTATO SALAD.**

Boil four large potatoes, slice them, peel one large onion, cut in four and slice with the potato, mixing well; add a teaspoonful of salt, one of black pepper, a little mustard and a half teacupful of vinegar; garnish with hard-boiled eggs, sliced on top. This is nice for tea.

**BAKED APPLES.**

Pare and take the cores out of six large apples without quartering them; place in a pudding dish, fill the holes where the cores were taken out with sugar and a little piece of butter on top; sprinkle a pinch of ground cinnamon over; add a teacup of water and bake until soft.

**CLOVER VINEGAR.**

Put a large bowl of molasses in a crock and pour over it nine bowls of boiling rain water; let it stand until milk warm; put in two quarts of clover blossoms and two cups of baker's yeast; let it stand two weeks and strain through a towel; nothing will mould in it.

Nothing is impossible to industry.

Knowledge is power, no doubt, but one should know how to apply the brakes.

When white-washing your cellar add one ounce of carbolic acid to each gallon of wash before applying.

Happiness lies concealed in our duties, which, when fulfilled, give it forth as the opening rose gives forth fragrance.

**CHAMOIS FOR EYE-GLASSES.**—Cut out two circular pieces of chamois-skin about the size of a silver dollar, bind the edges neatly all around with narrow ribbon, and fasten the two pieces together with tiny loops of the same ribbon at top. On one side print with a soft lead pencil, and then go over it with pen and ink, the following: "I make all things clear." This will be a useful gift to grandma, whose dear eyes are getting dim; but her glasses will shine all the brighter when the tiny, fairy fingers of some loved granddaughter form the chamois for her.

**Gardens.**

In travelling through the country one cannot help noticing how very few farms have any sort of a garden. Being a farmer's sister, and having had some years' experience on a farm, I know that a garden, if it does exist, owes most to the care of the women-folk, and necessarily increases their work, which is often too heavy before. Still, a garden is not only a convenience, but an economy besides. In the hot, close July days one turns from pork or meat of any kind, and what's nicer than a fresh salad, new potatoes or green peas? To begin with, the garden should be quite near the house, for where help is so hard to get and keep, every step counts, besides, if near at hand, one is often tempted to step out for a breath of air, and while out it seems a pity not to pull up some weeds or loosen the earth around the young plants. Children are of great use in gardens, and most farm houses have two or three little ones, whose holidays sometimes seem too long for them and their mothers, but it should not be made *work*—play rather. Give each child a little plot of ground for its own use, and watch the results. In years to come a little beginning like this may have more to do in changing the face of the country than we could possibly imagine, besides benefitting the children themselves.

My mind travels back to a little old town in England; to a funny old house where we were all born; it stood right on the street, but at the back was a big garden which was our delight, there we all had our own garden, besides a gymnasium for the boys, and swings for the girls; a sheltered nook under the laurels was kept for our pets' cemetery, and many a mournful procession wound its way round the grass-plot and up through the ivy-covered archway to the vaults, following the wheelbarrow with a dead bird, hidden from sight in a copy-book coffin. About the middle of the garden stood a big horse-chestnut tree, which was sometimes a *man-of-war*, manned with wooden guns and young Jack Tars, and sometimes the famous tree in which the Swiss Family Robinson lived after their shipwreck. At the bottom of the garden was the old town wall, towering up above the quays and warehouses beneath; the wall itself covered with moss and lichens, with clumps of sweet-smelling wall-flowers growing between the stones. The town was a fortified one in the time of the Romans, and the ruins of the old castle still exist, incorporated into the County Gaol. In the stable-yard were our rabbit-hutches and poultry-houses, but between rats and cats the chickens had a bad time of it.

As years went on we left the old home, and in Canada found a new resting place. The old love of gardens still clings to us, and our spare moments (they are not too plentiful), are spent in beautifying our grounds and verandahs.

After the walled-gardens and carefully cultivated pleasure-grounds of older countries, these small attempts do not amount to very much, but "Rome was not built in a day," and as the Scotch proverb says, "We must creep afore we gang," so with gardens and everything else.

Nothing makes a greater difference than a few creepers round the porch or verandah posts. They screen the hot sun from the windows, and the greenness of itself makes one feel cooler, and then, too, they are so easy to get and to grow. A root of hops makes a singularly effective and

pretty climber, with its graceful clusters of blossom, and when the leaves begin to look brown and shabby in the fall, the frugal housewife is glad if the children will gather the hops to be dried for winter use. Most people need hops for yeast, and for severe toothache there are few things better and more soothing than a hop poultice, put up piping hot.

The Virginia creeper is another rapid grower, and is supposed to keep away flies and damp. Every one knows the beautiful colors it assumes in the autumn, only equalled by the soft maple tree tints. The various orders of the clematis tribe are very handsome, but unless one has a friend to give one a root to start with, they cost money, and I want to talk about cheap gardening for country people. Five cents spent in a packet of sweet peas will give a succession of fragrant bloom, if they are not allowed to pod too early in the season. The flowers should be frequently gathered, and placed in water in the inner kitchen, where everyone can see and smell them. If carefully stickied (and this is something the boys might do), they make a nice screen, dividing one part of the garden from the other, and there are few people who do not love the sweet-old-fashioned smell of sweet peas, barring, perhaps, a few ultra-fashionable folk, who esteem even flowers only as they may be the fashion. Scarlet-runners, or French beans, and the well-known convolvulus major, or morning-glory, are cheap and showy climbers, besides, the pods of the French beans, sliced finely and boiled, are a delicious vegetable, when earlier vegetables are going over, and the later ones not quite ready for use.

For a perpetual show of bloom, from the time the snow goes off till it comes again, nothing is better than the pansy. The phlox drummondii and the coreopsis are easily and cheaply grown; while for fall flowering few flowers are better than the ten weeks' stock, in various colors, and China asters; scarlet geraniums bloom well till the early frosts come, and then they should be taken up in pots for the window-gardens, or hung up dry in the cellar till spring. The difference a few pots of flowers or bulbs make in the cheerful appearance of a window can hardly be over-estimated. "Looks as tho' some one with hands lived there," old nurse used to tell us.

Perhaps the lack of pleasing surroundings has something to do with the vexed question of "Why the boys leave the farm?" See in towns, when people move into a new house, their next move is to get the garden straightened up and properly fixed. How pleasant it is to sit in the evening (when you can get time to sit), and look on a strip of garden with its bright flowers and promise of winter vegetables, rather than is so often the case on a yard full of burdocks, rank grass and thistles, bounded, perhaps, on one side by the woodpile, and on the other by the rubbish heap.

In one garden I know, in the Old Country, there is a row of little beds, one more than there are children in the family. It is the dead child's, on that account tended lovingly, and planted each year with his favorite flowers, long after the other children have grown up and gone to homes of their own. Farm life in this country is too full of duties and hurry to leave much time to cultivate the lighter graces of life. The home life, which is so charming in England, is not to be had here in the same measure; but let us all try and make the beginnings of a garden, and the rest will come in time. DYNA.