

Good Things for the Summer Table.

Cucumber Gelatine.—Put in a saucepan $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water, 3 tablespoons vinegar, 3 cucumbers pared and grated, 1 tablespoon gelatine. Cook until gelatine is dissolved, season, add a few drops of green coloring, and strain into a mould. Garnish with parsley and sliced cucumbers, and serve with mayonnaise.

Frosted Coffee.—Make clear coffee, sweeten and chill. Serve with whipped cream, very faintly sweetened and slightly flavored with vanilla.

Fruit Float.—Whites of 3 eggs, 6 tablespoons powdered sugar, 3 tablespoons raspberry jam or currant jelly. Beat whites of eggs stiff, and add the sugar, beating for 5 minutes; then beat in the jelly or jam. Serve with a sauce made thus: Beat yolks of the eggs and add to them 1 cup milk. Place the rest of the milk on the fire in a double boiler, and when it boils stir in the egg and milk. Cook for 2 minutes, add the sugar and a dusting of salt, and set aside to cool. This makes a delicate dessert, which is nice to send to a sick friend.

Raspberry Pudding.—Line a pudding dish with short pie crust, prick with a fork and bake. When cool, fill with the following mixture: Beat whites of 4 eggs until stiff, add slowly 1 cup sugar, and stir in 1 quart of raspberries—the whole to be baked in a moderate oven until done.

Lemon Ice Cream.—To 1 pint cream and 1 of milk allow $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. sugar, 3 lemons, and the juice of an orange. Grate the rinds of the lemons, squeeze out the juice, and mix together the rinds, juice, and $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of the sugar. Bring the milk and cream to the boiling point, and remove them from the fire; then add the remaining $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. sugar, stir in the mixture of lemon juice and sugar, set aside until cool, and freeze.

White Fruit Cake.—Ingredients: Six ounces (three-fourths of a cup) of butter, eight ounces (one cup) of sugar, eight ounces (two cups) of flour, one slightly rounding teaspoonful of baking powder, six whites of eggs, one pound of blanched almonds, sliced thin, half a pound of light-colored sultana raisins, half a pound of crystallized pineapple, cut in bits, half a pound of citron, sliced thin, and half a cup of grated coconut. Mix in the order given. Bake in a loaf about an hour and a quarter or in two brick-loaf bread pans about forty-five minutes. Cover with almond paste mixed with egg yolks and powdered sugar, and when ready to use with confectioner's or boiled frosting. From four to six ounces of paste, two or three yolks of eggs and confectioner's sugar to knead the two into a pliable paste that may be smoothed out with a rolling pin, are required for the first covering.

Imitation Pate de Foie Gras.—Boil a calf's liver in slightly salted water, then cut it up and pound to a paste. Fry one onion in three tablespoons butter, squeeze out well and mix the gravy with the paste. Season with salt, pepper, a dash of nutmeg, a little ground cloves, a teaspoon each of made mustard and Worcester sauce. Pack in glasses or small cheese jars, pour melted butter over the top, put on the lids and keep in a cool place. This is a very good imitation of the famous French Pate of goose livers. It will keep well for a few weeks, and is very nice for sandwiches.

Graham Bread.—One cup flour, 2 of graham flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, 2 cups buttermilk, 1 round teaspoon soda. Sift the flour, add the graham flour, sugar, and salt. Stir the soda in the buttermilk, then add to the rest. Beat well, pour into a greased pan about 7 x 9 inches, or smaller; and bake 1 hour in a moderate oven.

Lemon Water-Ice.—Prepare a very sweet and rich lemonade and freeze it in the usual way. When it is nearly frozen, allow to 1 quart of the ice the well-beaten whites of 2 eggs. Stir thoroughly to mix the egg well in, and pack the ice away until needed.

At a Scotch christening, the godmother had difficulty in removing the child's head covering, and the minister, wishing to help her, asked the father if he could hold the child.

"Hold him!" exclaimed the father, expanding his chest. "Hold him? Man, I could fling him right over the kirk!"

"The Farmer's Advocate" Fashions.

The Little House Next Door.

By Margaret Dean Stevens.

It was such a quaint, old-fashioned grape-arbor that the sunbeams lingered there a little longer than necessary. Sunbeams are independent little things; in a dismal spot where dark deeds are hidden they frighten and scamper away; on a bank of nodding white clover where the bees stumble about drowsily they stay long after scheduled time.

The old arbor was a tangle of gnarled vines twisted about the trellis-work with the growth of many summers, while the big green leaves might almost have kept out a heavy rain so dense were they. Indeed the sunbeams, piqued at the refusal of the leaves to let them in, tumbled over each other in their rush to get through the opened archway. Even then they could not quite reach the girl in the hammock, but fell on the white stone flags, where they danced and struggled in a vain endeavor to touch her pink gown.

The girl laughed at their mad efforts, and, throwing her arms above her head, curled herself up more comfortably in an ecstasy of abandon.

Just outside the arbor a bed of Johnny-jump-ups lifted their comical little faces, and long rows of scarlet geraniums smiled brightly on each side of the moss-grown walk. The green lawn stretched peacefully up to the back door of the house and away on each hand to the neighboring hedges. People in Baywood were not packed in city lots, but gave themselves room for lawns, tennis courts and vegetable gardens, while many an old family horse had his half lot in which to shake his clumsy hoofs.

The old Colonial house seemed none the less peaceful than its surroundings. The small-paned windows blinked sleepily in the afternoon sunshine, and the shady porch, with its easy-chairs and swinging fern-baskets, seemed a haven of rest. "How peaceful it all seems," said the girl drowsily and half aloud.

Elizabeth Stanford was visiting her uncle for the twenty-third summer. Ever since she had been brought, red and bestowing wails on a colicky world, she had not missed spending a period each summer at Baywood. Born and brought up in a city she had in her childhood looked forward to these visits as the happiest time in the whole year. And now that the harum-scarum days of romping were over—and since even school days were over—no less happily did she count on the rest and quiet to be found each summer at Uncle Thad's.

As she sat swaying to and fro, the quiet broken only by an inquisitive robin, the city seemed very far away. Fading with the city went the thoughts of Mr. Ward Van Meter, his money and his social position.

Betty, very much a favorite and very much a beauty, was sought by the fastidious Mr. Van Meter as an altogether tasteful accompaniment to his big, empty house and his big, full purse.

"When I come back from Uncle Thad's I'll be ready to tell you. Please don't say anything more about it now," she had said.

"But, Miss Elizabeth, can't you give a fellow something to think about while you are gone—some little word that he can sort of depend on?"

Betty had been just a wee bit irritated for a moment. "I don't know—truly I don't. But I am sure I can think it all out in the summer down there."

But now that she was here in the hammock ready to "think it all out," she could not seem to concentrate her mind on anything but a fat, old beetle that was laboring up a stalk of hollyhock.

"But of course I will; I know I will," thought Betty; "for life would be so easy—the family expects it—and I could do so much good with the money," she added almost apologetically.

She would have given the subject more detailed thought, she was sure, if Robert Carhart had not come striding over the lawn, his big frame almost filling the arch of the arbor.

"Hello, Midge!" He came toward her with his hands outstretched.

"Hello, Bugs!" she laughed up at him, giving him her hands.

"How's the old, wooden doll?"

"All right. Have you got your turn-tank made yet?"



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In the New Country.

(A Cameo.)

By Richard Wightman.

I want Lucille. I've grubbed on this old Section now for months, and lashed the stubborn acres with my steel, and now my heart, all human-like, cries out—I want Lucille.

The cabin is quite finished—every crevice mortared—and the roof

is fit for any rain. The stove is set, and all the dishes patient on their shelves;

The bed with its checked coverlet is there in its own corner, and the chair I made for her is rocking empty in the breeze;

The nails on which to hang her things are driven,

And the mirror placed at her own height, a little less than mine.

Out in the shed the Alderney is tied, and Bess, her mare,

Is coated for the fall. The saddle on its form

Is waiting, as am I, just for Lucille. It's strange, isn't it, how strong a man can be,

And yet how lonesome he can feel? But I don't care—I want Lucille!

Woman's Taste.

She could figure to a fraction The exact aesthetic action Of each prismatic shading down to infinite detail.

Her taste was undisputed, And 'twas everywhere reputed That in color combinations she was never known to fail.

She expended on a ribbon All the energy of Gibbon, And to her a simple threading would transform the face of day;

In the art of women's dressing She was great beyond expressing; But she bought her love a necktie and he fainted dead away.

It was the way they began every summer—some nonsense in reference to the old days when Bob had followed her about like a big, faithful dog, pulling her out of tight places and championing her cause before a scandalized aunt.

They seated themselves on the garden-seat in the arbor. Betty gave her dainty skirts a little pat, saying comfortably:

"Now we will have an old-fashioned visit, won't we?"

"Sure! Fire ahead."

"Well, then, Bob Carhart, have you been good?"

"Mostly."

"Have you been smoking?"

"Just an occasional pipe when the 'blue devils' got me."

"Especially blue, Bob?"

"Now and then."

"What about?"

"Quite a small thing, I assure you," and his eyes twinkled at her.

"How's the practice?" she asked, ignoring the twinkle.

"Pretty fair."

"Any new clients?"

"A few."

"Tell me more about them."

"Well, the Lieutenant-Governor sent for me to do some odd jobs for him."

"Oh, Bob, I'm so glad. I knew you would make good."

"Nothing very exciting financially, though."

"It will be getting better all the time now, especially since you have gone in with Attorney Foster."

"Optimist!" he smiled at her.

"But what makes you blue, Bobbie?" she asked sympathetically.

"You wouldn't understand, little girl," and he threw twigs at the patient beetle.

"I always did understand, didn't I?"

"You were always—just right," and his big hand closed over her little one.

The color surged over her face and faded, leaving it a little pale.

"Class dismissed," she said gayly.

"Eighty per cent. is all I can give you in this year's quiz, for I feel it in the air that you have concealed dire things from me."

Neither spoke for a time, and then it was Betty who broke the silence.

"Well, Bob," she said lightly, "what about my yearly catechism?"

He straightened his shoulders and turned toward her.

"Well, then, is it true?"

"What true?" Betty parried, and added paradoxically, "What have you heard?"

"Oh, some of us fossils down here in Baywood read the Washington society items," he answered—somewhat ferociously.

Betty's face suddenly lost its smile and she spoke slowly:

"Bob—honestly, I don't know whether it is true or not. I haven't decided. I was thinking it all over when you came."

"And you don't think that fact a little significant?"

"Your coming?" Betty laughed and meant to give her usual mischievous answer, but something in the sincere blue eyes bent upon her caused her suddenly to drop her own and become confused.

Bob arose and strode back and forth in the little arbor. "Betty," he came toward her and took both her hands now. "Oh, Betty, I've cared so long—ever since you were five and I was ten. I couldn't say anything before—I'd have been a cad—Father's debts to cancel—Mother to care for—she's gone now."

His voice was breaking a little. "I'm not rich—probably never will be. I've nothing but myself and a heart full of love for you. Nothing could take that away from me—that would be mine whatever happens. I could see you marry him if you care for him. Your happiness means more to me than anything. But you must tell me you do care for him. Tell me that and I'll go away, and not bother you any more. Do you, Betty?"

She was biting her lips, fighting to keep the tears back.

"Do you, Betty?" he urged gently.

She shook her head.

"I don't know, Bob, truly. He has been very good to me, and the liking is so mixed with the liking for the good times—and gay life—and other things—that I can't know for sure."