

Hotch Potch.

They may rave of their maigres and turtle and bisque,
Of tomato or oyster, I'm willing to risk
A very large bet, that for peasant or knight,
No soup quite comes up to thy compound delight—
Hotch Potch!

As the old Scottish dame to Her Majesty said,
'There's everything 'intill' the garden has bred,
Parsley, carrot and turnip, and barley as well,
While the secret 'leeks' out of thy ravishing smell!'
Hotch Potch!

You may vary the mixture with cabbage and peas,
And a dash of tomato gives color to please
The taste of the eye! Three senses appraise
Thy intrinsic perfections! No need for X rays—
Hotch Potch!

Either mutton or beef you can choose for your stock,
Tho' at veal or at chicken no chef ought to mock;
I'll back Scotia's soup, with its heart-stirring savours,
Against foreign decoctions! Long life to thy flavours,
Hotch Potch!

But I cannot conclude this little soup song
(Tho' risking to boil it a trifle too long!)
Without boasting a bit of the men who have fed
And grown great in thy strength, nobly flanked by
oat bread—
Hotch Potch!

In religion and arms, in defence and assault,
The sons of old Scotland have never cried "halt!"
"To the front," is their watchword at home or abroad;
They have led where'er civilisation has trod!
Tho' nurtured on soup, they are never found in it,
(Have patience! my yarn will wind up in a minute,
It is hard from a hobby horse nimbly to vault!)
Take my boast and my soup with a good grain of salt!
For we can't all be Scotch,
Tho' we feed on "Hotch Potch!"

A. JEWELL.

IN THE HOUSEHOLD.

Conducted by MRS. JEAN JOY, graduate of Toronto School of Cookery, and pupil of Technological Institute, Massachusetts.

THE festal rites of May Day are common to many nations and countries, and are, I suppose, the natural expression of rejoicing in the renewal of beauty and fertility in the outdoor world. Among many of the quaint fancies of earlier days, that of seeking May dew as a cosmetic is perhaps the most widely known; and, though we may not literally use the dew upon our faces, do we not all revel in early rising these beautiful fresh, bright May mornings? They, however, unfortunately bring trials to many of us,—moving to some, and house-cleaning to all. And, perhaps, a few remarks upon the latter subject would not be amiss.

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For one thing, clean your cellar *first*, as upon it, more than any other place, depends the health of the household at this season of the year. Decayed vegetables and fruit, old clothes and rags, useless patent medicine bottles and bottles of all sorts, with old boxes and tins,—these, with the aid of damp and musty atmosphere, can develop bacteria with a facility unequalled by the best gelatine of the scientist. Therefore, let us be sanitary and make a clearance of all these things, and give our cellars a good coat of lime wash. Let us arrange that the boxes for the vegetables should be slightly raised from the floor, to allow of ventilation and keep them from any mould or dampness. It is also a good plan to sprinkle the cellar floor with copious water occasionally, after having given it the usual weekly sweeping, and there will be none of the nasty odours, which are supposed to belong to this part of the house.

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You are probably putting away your furs and heavy winter garments just now, so I will tell you what is a good and simple preventive of moths, what is more than a preventive, as it is a 'germicide,' and boxes and cupboards thus infested can be ridged of them effectually by being thoroughly washed out with a solution of bichloride of mercury. Before folding and putting away your furs, shake them well, then dip a whisk into the solution and sprinkle and brush well; then hang in the sun until dry before putting away. The bichloride is a deadly poison, so great care must be taken in its use, and it is well not to have children about when it is being used,

since, being a colourless solution, they might be apt to taste it, which would be fatal.

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At this season of the year, when the warm weather is approaching, we will find it better to cut off from our diet some of the fats we have needed for fuel during the cold weather. We can substitute eggs and fish for meat; but unless we have access to a city market and a full purse, it is difficult to have much variety in vegetables. Lettuce is good and sold at a reasonable price, and it is well to have it as often as possible, as it contains salts which are very valuable to the system. Rhubarb, also, is a reasonable price; so I will give you some recipes for salads, and also for some various ways of cooking 'pie-plant,' as our American cousins call rhubarb.

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SALAD A LA COLUMBINE.

Soften two tablespoonfuls of granulated gelatine in one-half cup of water. Cook for a few minutes one-half can of tomatoes, one-half teaspoonful salt, a little pepper, and one teaspoonful sugar; strain through a sieve; add the gelatine; pour into a mould, and when cold, serve on a bed of shredded lettuce with boiled dressing.

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BOILED DRESSING.

Melt one tablespoonful of butter; stir in one tablespoonful of flour; add two tablespoonfuls sugar; cook until it thickens. Remove from the stove and add one-half teaspoonful each of salt, sugar and mustard, and a pinch of cayenne, mixed together. Heat one-half cupful of milk; add yolk of one egg slightly beaten; cook over boiling water until it thickens. Remove from the stove, and stir the vinegar sauce in gradually.

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BANANA AND LETTUCE SALAD.

Put into a small bowl the yolk of one egg, one saltspoonful salt, and half a teaspoonful of powdered sugar; stir in oil slowly till one cup has been used, adding two tablespoonfuls lemon juice, as needed, to thin it. Colour a teaspoonful of the dressing with a tiny bit of prepared green-colour paste, and then stir this into the whole, using only enough to give a pale tint of green. Just before serving add two tablespoonfuls of thick-whipped cream. Cut five bananas twice lengthwise, and then each piece into four. Put two small lettuce leaves together to form a cup. Lay several pieces of banana on the lettuce, and cover with the dressing. Arrange these portions on a flat dish—not in a salad bowl—and garnish with the tiny centre leaves.

Because mustard has a tendency to lump,

many recipes for salad dressings, etc., call for made mustard. This cannot be measured as accurately as the dry substance, and, if the latter is sifted with the salt required, there will be no difficulty about blending it smoothly into the sauce.

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TAPIOCA FRUIT PUDDING.

Cook one cupful of pearl tapioca in one quart of water until clear; add one quarter of a teaspoonful of salt, and one-half cupful sugar. Peel and slice three oranges very thin, and also three bananas; sprinkle one tablespoonful of lemon juice over the bananas. Add first the oranges and then the bananas to the tapioca. Pour into a mould wet in cold water, and set away to cool. Serve with cream and sugar.

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BAKED RHUBARB.

Cut the rhubarb in pieces about an inch long; put in a baking dish in layers, with an equal weight of sugar. Cover closely and bake.

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RHUBARB FOOL.

Press a quart of rhubarb through a granite-ware cullender; add juice of a lemon; sweeten one-half cup thick cream and whip to a stiff froth. When ready to serve, mix the cream with the strained rhubarb, and serve either in custard glasses or in one large glass dish.

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The following recipe for Vassar pie, amused me very much. It was sent me by a pupil in the Ottawa School of Cookery, but appeared first in an American paper, the *Chicago News*, I believe:

VASSAR PIE.

Give me a spoon of oleo, ma,
And the sodium alkali.
For I'm going to make a pie, mamma,
I'm going to make a pie.
For John will be hungry and tired, ma,
And his tissues will decompose—
So give me a gramme of phosphate,
And the carbon and cellulose.

Now give me a chunk of casine, ma—
To shorten the thermic fat;
And hand me the oxygen bottle, ma,
And look at the thermostat;
And if the electric oven's cold
Just turn it on half an ohm:
For I want to have supper ready
As soon as John comes home.

Now pass me the neutral drops, mamma,
And rotate the mixing machine.
But give me the sterilised water first,
And the oleomargarine—
And the phosphate, too, for now I think
The new type writer's quit—
And John will need more phosphate food
To help his hair a bit.