

About the House

Useful Hints and General Information for the Busy Housewife

Some Toothsome Cakes.

There are many delicious cakes which shut-ins may try, and a good plan is to keep your recipes all together, bind them into a book, paste them up, or something of the kind, so that when you want to make a certain kind of cake, the directions will be right at hand. The following recipe is a particularly good one, for a plain, everyday economical cake:

Pork Cake.—One pound of fat salt pork free from lean or rind; chop so fine as to be almost like lard, pour upon it one-half pint of boiling water, add two cups of dark brown sugar, one of New Orleans molasses, one teaspoon of soda, stirred into the molasses, one pound of raisins, one pound of dates, chopped, one-fourth of a pound of citron, shaved fine. Stir in enough sifted flour to make it the consistency of common cake batter; season cloves, allspice and nutmeg. Bake in a moderate oven.

French Cerele Cake.—Required, 1 pound of sifted white pulverized sugar, the grated peel of a lemon, a tablespoon of orange flower water, a dozen eggs, ½ pound of sifted flour, ½ pound of mashed rice (dried), 1 tablespoonful of baking powder, 4 ounces of sweet almonds and 1 ounce of bitter almonds. Beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth, after having blanched and peeled the almonds and pounded them to a fine powder in a mortar. Beat the yolks of the eggs very light, gradually adding the rice, which has been well washed. Mix the almonds thoroughly with the flour, then add these gradually to the egg, beating vigorously. Add the grated zest of the lemon with the essence and finally add the whites of the eggs and mix lightly and quickly. Butter a paper and line the bottom and sides of the pan, and bake the cake in a moderate oven for an hour.

Honey Cake.—A teaspoonful of honey, a teaspoonful sugar, ½ teaspoonful melted butter, a pint of flour, 2 eggs, 1 teaspoonful of baking powder and a teaspoonful of caraway seeds. Take the teaspoonful of sugar and the teaspoonful of honey and mix them together. Add the half teaspoonful of melted butter and the yolks of 2 well-beaten eggs. Sift a teaspoonful of baking powder into a pint of flour and add. Beat all together until very light and add the whites of the eggs beaten to a stiff froth. Finally add the caraway seeds. Bake in a moderate oven from half to three-quarters of an hour.

Orange Cake.—Four ripe oranges, a pound of pulverized sugar, a pound of butter, 14 ounces of flour, 10 eggs and a teaspoonful of baking powder. Wash the oranges, then dry and roll them under your hand on a board until very soft. Grate the zest of the orange and then cut up the fruit to fine pieces, and squeeze through a strainer until all the juice is extracted. Wash the butter till you extract all the salt, and then beat it to a cream. Add the sugar and beat thoroughly. Then add the orange meats and the juice, and beat till very light. Add the yolks of the eggs, well beaten, and again beat the mixture till light. Then by degrees add the flour, adding alternately the whites of the eggs beaten to a stiff froth. Beat the whole for half an hour, and then bake in a moderate oven for 45 minutes, and when you see your cake, if you do so, add orange juice to the icing.

For Young Housekeepers.

Your larder is never well stocked unless it contains lettuce, watercress or celery. Keep them dry and cold until ready to use. Always crisp them on the ice, after they have been freshened, cleaned and drained.

A pot of deep fat for frying is invaluable. Render out in a hot oven all the cuttings from meats and fowl, and after straining through a fine sieve, pour into a pot kept for the purpose. After frying each time, draw the fat, so it is ready for use the next time.

If a member of the family is inclined to have indigestion, aim to give him his potatoes baked, in which there is no excess of starch. Starch in too large quantities causes the most ill of this sort. Serve one starchy vegetable and one green one, always at dinner, for a proper combination.

Cornstarch puddings should not accompany a rich or heavy meal. A fruit dessert is more appropriate, and is, moreover, more tempting. Desserts should be planned early in the day and never left until the last minute.

To stew apples, pare and quarter them, add a small quantity of hot water, stew until tender, but do not add the sugar until nearly done, else it will take longer to cook. Greening apples are among the best cookers.

Cheap cuts of meat require longer and slower cooking than the more expensive kinds. These can be made just as delicious, however, and are on the whole more nutritious. A pot roast is the most satisfactory way to cook cheap meat. Brown it first in a little suet, then let it simmer for two or more hours. Season while cooking, and make a gravy with carrots and as in 4.

Pulled bread can be made at home and served with soup. It is pretty to the eye and very wholesome. Take a loaf of bread, cut off the crusts with a sharp knife, then use these as they are at once. Pull the loaf of bread into pieces about five inches long and two inches thick. Place in a sheet-iron pan in a moderate oven for 10 or 15 minutes until a rich, golden brown, then serve. These will be fresh for several days, if kept near the stove.

Vary your breakfast by using different kinds of cereals. Fruits such as bananas and prunes may accompany the dry cereals. There are as many as a dozen kinds of hot cereals from which to choose. Cornmeal mush makes a welcome change. The life of cereal is the cream that is served with it.

Soup stock can always be on hand in cool weather. She is a poor housekeeper who invariably uses canned soup. Order your butcher to save all the cuttings and bones from your meat. Wash them well, chop well, then put them into a pot, covering with cold water, and add two or three teaspoons of salt. When they begin to boil, skim carefully, then boil rapidly for several hours. Drain through a colander and set the stock aside until cool; skim all the grease off the top and have stock ready to make up into many kinds of soup.

Useful Hints.

If you wish to be very economical with clothes, mix it—equal parts—with pure cottonseed oil.

The nutritious part of the potato lies close to the skin; therefore if it is pared it should be done sparingly. Prunes and apples are both delicious baked for hours in the oven instead of prepared in the ordinary way.

Things that are set in a hand should be hung from the hem, and not from the band on wash day. A tray with supports at each end is the greatest comfort to an invalid who has to eat her meals in bed.

Earth worms in flower pots can be destroyed by mixing a little pulverized tobacco with the earth in each pot.

If hard-boiled eggs are plunged into cold water as soon as they are taken from the fire there will be no dark ring around the yolk. Do not rub woollens or flannels except in parts where the garment happens to be particularly grubby; just swish it up and down in a soapy lather and give it an occasional squeeze. When all the dirt has come out the garment is ready for rinsing. It is not a bad idea for the housewife to have in each room of her house a piece of unfinished sewing or knitting. This may be gracefully done by making a pretty little workbag which can be hung on the back of a chair, the corner of a bookcase or mantelpiece in each room. This is convenient and at the same time adds a pretty touch of color to the room.

LINOLEUM FOR BOOT SOLES.

Scarcity of Shoe Leather in Saxony Seriously Felt.

"To take out the supply of shoe leather," says the *Amsterdam Morning Post*, "the Home Secretary of Saxony has asked the Dresden Chamber of Commerce for a report upon the possibilities of utilizing linoleum for sole boots."

"Austrian wholesale houses announce a further rise in the prices of all medicaments from Germany, especially by-products of the dyeing industry. The rise of wholesale prices is 60 per cent."

"The scarcity of lard is so serious in Germany that the Berlin Brandenburg Medical Association requests the members to order the use of vaseline or lanoline instead of lard in prescriptions for ointments."

"To check importation of articles of luxury, ministerial ordinances issued in Austria-Hungary enact that customs duties on such goods must be paid in gold. The articles include jewelry, silks, champagne, bottled wines and various spices. Recently the Government took stock of all supplies of sugar in Hungary, for enabling the central office to deal with them."

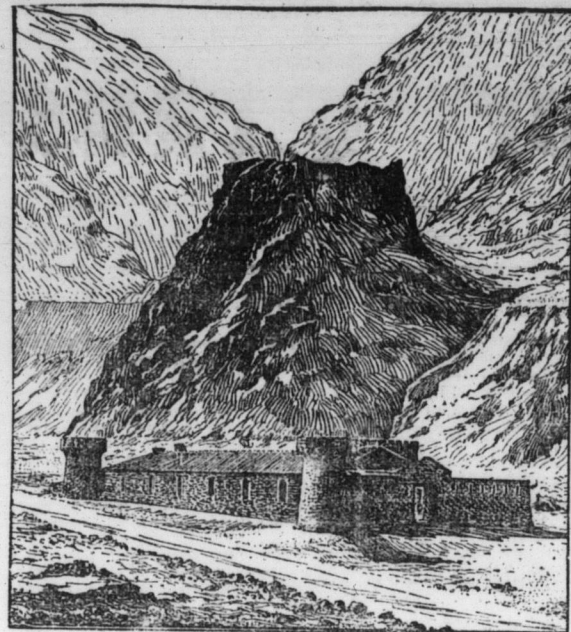
Oversight.

"You're looking well."
"You betcha! I'm looking for someone to lend me a hundred."
"Very sorry, friend, but you don't see me."

No matter how bad a man may be there is one woman who can find some good in him.

Jim—"My half-brother is engaged to my wife's half-sister." Jack—"When will they be made one?"

Bob—"That boy of yours is a fine, tall lad, Jack, you should be proud of him." Jack—"I ain't though." Bob—"No! How's that?" Jack—"Why, he is eight inches taller than I am, and his mother insists on cutting his trousers down to fit me."



DIFFICULTIES WHICH FACE GRAND DUKE NICHOLAS.

Illustration shows the nature of the fighting ground in the Caucasus, where the Grand Duke Nicholas is pressing back the Turks. Illustration shows the Georgian military road and Castle of Tamara, in the Caucasus Mountains.

THE BRIDGE

I.
Aspendaile stirred in the cosy, sweet-smelling bed he had made for himself behind the trusses of hay and straw. He realized that it was broad daylight, and that he was very hungry. Sunny beams, in which specks of dust were dancing, shone in through cracks and crannies in the wall of the barn. To anyone entering suddenly the barn might have seemed a gloomy place after the strong light outside; but when Capt. Aspendaile had rubbed his eyes he could even make out a discarded, dusty old horse-collar lying rotting in its gloomiest corner.

It was four days since he had escaped from his German captors. He remembered with satisfaction that they had made a good fight of it, and had only surrendered when hopelessly cut off and surrounded by an overwhelming force of Uhlans. Since his escape he had lurked in ditches and under haystacks during the daytime, and blundered on through many perils in the darkness, until the growing dawn had again driven him into hiding.

He was very hungry. Aspendaile gave a sudden start, for his nerves were a little shaky, as he heard a rustling sound. Peering down, he saw a large black hen strut across the floor of the barn, flapping her wings with an air of importance. The hen vanished through some unseen outlet, and commenced a noisy clucking to inform all her neighbors within earshot that she had performed the great duty of her kind and laid an egg.

In an instant Aspendaile had crawled over the trusses of hay, and was searching. It was not the hen's first visit to the barn. He found five eggs. Then came the sharp report of a rifle and a hoarse triumphant laugh. The hen clucked no more. Aspendaile returned hastily to his refuge with the eggs. For a long time all was very still. The shot and the guttural laugh warned him that the foe was close at hand. He swallowed the eggs, and took a drink out of a beer-bottle he had picked up and filled with water.

Thud, thud, thud, thud! The heavy sounds came at regular intervals, mingled with the hiss of escaping steam. Aspendaile had only a vague idea where he was. He had steered south-west as well as he could. He became curious to know what was happening out there. There was a broad crack came in the wall above him. He shifted some of the trusses into a kind of staircase, and cautiously looked out. He seemed to know the place as well as he knew his own village at home beside the Thames.

"Villaret!" he muttered, in surprise.

More than twelve months ago, on way to Paris, his motor-car had come to grief at the foot of the hill there, and no one could understand his bad French. He remembered the pretty girl with the brown eyes and the long plait of brown hair who had come to the rescue as interpreter. There was the very house into which she had invited him to chat as best he could with her grey-bearded grandfather, while she cooked a dainty lunch and gave them the best wine. Afterwards she had shown Aspendaile the orchard with the trees heavy with fruit, the neat dairy, and the calves and poultry.

In the orchard now was piled the wreckage of a German gun, and lying in the grass he could see several unexploded shells, abandoned and red with rust.

The steady thudding continued. Aspendaile looked that way. For the time of year it was a superb day, and the river went gliding and dancing along, sparkling brightly in the sunshine. The Germans were strengthening the iron bridge. Most of the work had been done already. Mas-

sive wooden piles had been driven into the river-bed under each of the three spans, and massive crosspieces bolted to them. At the southern end a steam pile-driver was still hammering and pounding. A German officer galloped down the white road. Shading his eyes, Captain Aspendaile saw a team of horses on the skyline, moving slowly, and laboriously. They disappeared into a hollow. Behind them came another team; then a third, a fourth, a fifth, and the dust raised by the feet of many marching men.

He dropped back into his hiding-place. They meant mischief with those unwieldy guns. All the other bridges within miles must have been destroyed beyond repair, or they would not have taken so much trouble to strengthen this one sufficiently to carry the enormous weight of their heavy artillery. A friendly cat found him, and nestled down on his chest, purring contentedly. Presently the first of the guns rumbled into the village street, amid a shouting of tired horses and a cracking of whips.

It stopped there. The bridge was not ready for its passage yet. Aspendaile started again. A soft, girlish voice was calling the cat. He lifted his unshaven face slowly. The door of the barn had been opened slightly, and a girl in a blue dress stood there, with a saucer of milk in her hand. The half-forgotten name came at once to the fugitive's lips. "Pauline," he said, "it is I. It is Aspendaile, the English captain."

The girl raised her head, and hastily closed the door with a sun-browned hand. Then she came towards him.

II.
The change in her astonished him. Pauline had put up her hair and become a woman.

He told her what had happened to him, and asked after her grandfather. He was well, and at home there, she said. The German brutes had not ill-treated them as yet, except to rob them of their cattle and fowls and wine.

"And our troops—where are they, Pauline? Can you tell me?" he asked eagerly.

"Ah, I cannot tell, m'sieur!" she answered. "Beyond the river, I think. We await them every day, we pray for them to come every day—your gallant soldiers and ours. It is weary waiting, but they will come at last. The horses (Germans) fear something, for they are bringing up their biggest guns. It is very sad, I had not forgotten you. How strange you should return to little Villaret like this!"

Suddenly the girl sprang over the trusses as nimbly as a fawn, and sank down into shelter beside him. The door creaked, and the spike of a helmet gleamed in the light. A Uhlman looked in and peered about him, then he turned on his heel, and the heavy door swung back.

"Keep still, m'sieur," whispered Pauline. "I will bring you food. Tomorrow, I suppose, they will have gone with their great, cruel guns. There is the boat. Perhaps in the darkness you could float down the river and escape. I am not afraid of them. Keep very still."

"Pauline," said Aspendaile, grasping her hand. "You would die for France?"

"I would gladly die for France, m'sieur."

"There is a boat," said Aspendaile, half to himself. "Pauline, I want two things, a file and some gunpowder. Yes, and a needle and cotton, too. But it's no good asking; you cannot get me gunpowder!"

"Why not? My grandfather has buried his old gun with which he used to go shooting the starlings and jays when they came to rob our cherries, and the powder-flask still hangs on the wall."

"And a strong file, Pauline—do not forget the file!" said Aspendaile.

The girl gave him a nod and a bright smile and stole away. Aspendaile remained in his hiding-place, frowning and thinking hard. There was a mad scheme in his brain. Even if he died it was worth dying for, to hold back those guns!

The guns ceased to rumble in and the pile-driver was silent. In the dusk Pauline stole back, bringing the file and flask, some bread and cheese, and a bottle of wine. She also brought a neat little case, containing needles and tapes, cotton and scissors.

"Now, you can help me while the light lasts, Pauline," he said. "Cut a long strip from your apron, and do what I tell you."

At last the long fuse was made, filled with damp gunpowder, and neatly sewn up. It was pitch dark now, gusty, and raining a little. A far-off searchlight blinked in the sky, and they could hear laughter, and a murmur of voices. On hands and knees Aspendaile crawled out, and reached the orchard where the shattered gun and the rusty shells lay. Then he set to work with the file.

It was so dark that he could hardly see the river, and the bridge was only a darker blur. Carrying his heavy burden he staggered down to the edge of the river.

"Pauline!"

"Yes, m'sieur le Capitaine."

Two gentle strokes of the oars, and the boat glided out of the gloom. Then the current caught it, and they floated down stream towards the bridge. A man shouted something to another. The bridge was guarded. A red light shined, and vanished, followed by a clang. Someone had opened the fire-box of the pile-driver, and flung in a shovelful of coal. Aspendaile put out his hand and checked the boat. They were beneath the bridge, with the sluggish water gurgling past them.

"Are you afraid, Pauline?"

"No, m'sieur," came the whispered answer.

Aspendaile made the boat fast. Then he stood up. The boat rocked dangerously.

The river was unusually high, and he could reach the angle formed by a massive cross-bulk of timber and one of the piles. He wedged in the shell. He had filed through the casing of the shell and fixed the fuse.

"Cast loose and be ready, Pauline," Aspendaile struck one of his last precious matches, and, sheltering the flame, he applied it to the dangling end of the fuse. There was a splutter, and a little rush of sparks. The boat glided clear, and slid away like a shadow. Pauline began to row, while Aspendaile stared back with strained and anxious eyes.

Had it all been in vain? They were round the bend, and the strokes of the oars quickened. Suddenly the darkness was riven and concussion of an exploding shell shook down a torrent of rain. The bridge was wrecked.

Aspendaile took the girl's place at the oars and pulled desperately. Behind them they had left mystification and panic, but there was no pursuit. In an instant the labor of weeks had been destroyed, and Aspendaile chuckled grimly as he thought of the

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HEALTH

To Prevent Gall-Stones.

Of course the primary cause of gall-stones is inflammation of the lining of the bile ducts in the liver or the lining of the gall-sac. This inflammation is probably always produced by infection, the typhoid bacillus and its first cousin, the colon bacillus, being notorious factors of such inflammation. Often indeed, living typhoid bacilli are demonstrated in the centre of a gall-stone 10 or 15 years after the attack of typhoid fever.

Stones form in this way: A clump of germs irritates the mucous lining and causes the secretion of excessive mucus, which adheres to the clump of germs, forming a foreign body in the gall sac or the ducts. Cholesterol, a crystalline substance of the bile, is deposited upon the nidus in concentric layers. So the stone grows, sometimes to the size of sand grains, bird-shot or peas, sometimes as big as chestnuts, sometimes one large stone filling the gall-sac, perhaps as large as a pigeon's egg.

Certainly moderation in eating—eating only enough to maintain a normal weight for one's height, age and sex, or less than enough to maintain an excessive weight (most gall-stone victims are over-weight)—is a preventive measure in persons inclined to gall-sac trouble.

Less meat, or meat broths and more vegetables, cereals and fresh fruit. One with gall-sac trouble should keep the bowels regular, not by physic, but by diet, exercise and, habit.

Salines, either in the form of natural spring waters or the various saline cathartics of the drugist, are good for occasional use, not to regulate the bowels, but to reduce engorgement of the portal (liver) area. Sufficient should be taken, preferably early in the morning, to produce a few watery evacuations.

But abstemious habits of eating, free water drinking, and open air walking are the three best-known preventative remedies against gall-stones.

Sound Advice.

When you reach the sixties, take care, and you'll reach the seventies. Increase your care and you will glide happily into the eighties.

At the age of sixty at the latest, you must form fresh habits, for great changes then take place in the body. There is a loss of weight; the bones become fragile; no fresh blood-cells are formed, and the tissues waste away. There is, too, a great decrease of digestive power. You must eat less, because the worn human machine is not capable of consuming so much fuel. Food is the body's fuel. You must greatly decrease your consumption of meat, and let milk in the form of puddings, soup, etc., form a large part of your diet.

Moderation must be your motto. You must eat slowly, and masticate your food thoroughly. If you are toothless, it is worth ten years of your life to renew them artificially. Go to the dentist. Touch nothing which is hard to digest, and avoid pastry and all spiced dishes. Keep placid; never get excited or angry. Sleep eleven hours, and take an afternoon nap. Seek the fresh air; take unfatiguing exercise, but 'wake draughts.

The above are the golden rules which guarantee a good old age.

THE USEFUL REINDEER

In sub-Arctic countries the reindeer takes the place of ox, sheep and horses. It gives milk, meat and clothing, and is a good beast of burden.

From the milk the Laplander makes a cheese. It is true that these who have tasted it do not praise it; they say it is hard and rank of taste. But that may be due to bad cheese-making. At any rate, reindeer-milk cheese is the staple food of the Laplander.

The long winters of the North. In the summer a lives on a frugal diet of curds and whey. He makes no butter, but the Finlanders do; it is of a very pale color—nearly white. At the end of the summer the reindeer becomes very fat, and the flesh is excellent. It is regarded as the greatest delicacy by their owners—a delicacy to which they treat themselves only on rare occasions. The reindeer has the thickest skin of all northern animals, and the warmest for clothing.

Now a Vast Arsenal.

The British now claim that Sheffield has become a vast arsenal, and the greatest in the world. The steel works there far exceed those of Krupp at Essen and their output is far greater. Already \$125,000,000 have been spent in the extension of the steel works and another \$125,000,000 are in process of expenditure. No less than 12,000 men are engaged in the manufacture of shells, while 9,000 are making cannons. Since the 6th of September there have been 700,000 workmen and 50,000 women employed in 715 different establishments in manufacturing arms and ammunition. This is the work accomplished by the new Minister of Munitions.

If a man were as wise as he thinks his wife thinks he is, a wonderful world this would be.

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