

Household Hints For Women

A Column Specially Prepared By The Planet For The Busy Housewives of Chatham and Vicinity.

THREE WAYS OF SERVING BEANHEART

Beef heart is so suggestive of the cheap boarding house that the very sight of it ordinarily brings a no-thank-you to mind, but when prepared by the following recipes it has a daintiness, both of taste and appearance, to plead for giving it a frequent place on the bill of fare.

BEANHEART SALAD

Boil a beef heart in slightly salted water until tender. When it has cooled trim off the fat, cut it in strips and run them through a meat cutter. Add salt, pepper, grated celery, the least bit of onion and six boiled eggs which have been minced. Mix in a bowl with a silver fork, taking care not to break the graininess of the heart. Set the bowl aside. Break an egg in a small eggware boiler and beat it thoroughly. With this smoothly mix a level teaspoonful of mustard, then stirring steadily to prevent coagulation gradually add a half cupful of vinegar. Put the boiler on a stove and cook the mixture until it thickens like custard, stirring it all the while to avoid scorching. When cooled pour it over the minced heart and egg, and stir with a fork until sufficiently blended. Arrange it on a salad dish and garnish with sprigs of parsley, celery or lettuce leaves.

SAVORY HEART

After a heart has been ground in a meat cutter, as in recipe for salad, season it with salt, pepper, celery salt and a half a cupful of butter broken in bits. Stir this with a fork, and when mixed pour it in a pudding dish and put it in the oven. In ten or fifteen minutes it should be slightly browned over, then serve it hot in the pudding dish. The delicate flavor of savory heart resembles that of brains.

HEART ROSES

For making these see that the heart comes from the meat shop without being split, as they are usually split. When boiled tender, before it is cold, trim off the fat and scoop out the inner part, taking care to cut it evenly and of a uniform thickness. After trimming off the gristle, place the part that was cut out in a bowl with four boiled eggs which have been minced, salt, pepper and celery salt according to taste, enough of the liquor in which the heart was boiled to moisten it, and blend all together with a spoon. When quite smooth stuff this mixture in the heart shell, and pin the cloth around it to hold the stuffing in place. Let it stand in the refrigerator at least four hours; over night is best. To serve, take

the cloth off and, beginning at the larger end, with a sharp knife, cut off thin, uniform slices. As each slice is cut, lay it on a platter and arrange sprigs of parsley around the edge. Cubes of tomato jelly arranged alternately with the heart roses on enlaid lettuce leaves not only improve their appearance, but are a delicious accompaniment. They may be varied by preparing two heart-b at the same time; using the whites of the boiled eggs and the white meat of cold turkey or chicken for the stuffing of one, and the yolks with the dark meat for the other.—Lea Watson Walker, Georgia.

GRANDMOTHER'S APPLE FRITTERS

Make a batter with six tablespoonfuls of flour, one cup of milk and one tablespoonful of liquid yeast. Cover and let stand in a warm place until morning. Then add two eggs well beaten, one heaping tablespoonful of sugar, one level tablespoonful of butter, two or three chopped apples, half a cupful of cleaned currants, and a tablespoonful of minced lemon peel. Fry in plenty of good drippings to a nice brown, drain a minute on brown paper, and serve with butter and sugar.

CHEESE BISCUIT

Roll some puff paste out thin and sprinkle over it a dash of cayenne and dry grated cheese to cover it. Double up the paste, roll it out again and cut it with a small round cake cutter. Brush over the biscuit with an egg, lay them on a floured tin, and bake in a hot oven to a very pale brown. Any stale bits of cheese may be pleasantly used in this way.

"STITCHES"

A Little Contest for a Sewing Party What Stitches Is: Hard to live with? Cross stitch? A part of a cough? A part of a window? Blindstitch? Is found on a fowl? Featherstitch? In a fish and something everyone has? Hemstitch? Is made of many links? Chain stitch? Is not forward? Is useless without a key? Lockstitch? Repeats itself? Over and over stitch? For a prize for the best answers give a little leather sewing case fitted with needles and thread.

H. P. DWIGHT'S CAREER

LONG KNOWN AS "THE FATHER OF CANADIAN TELEGRAPHY."

Entered Upon His 79th Year on Sunday, Dec. 23, 1906—Career in Which the Community Was Interested by His Devoted Service—What He Did at the Time of the Fenian Raid—President G.N.W. Telegraph Co.

Sunday, Dec. 23, 1906, the many friends of Mr. H. P. Dwight of Toronto were able to congratulate that gentleman upon having reached another milestone in a life many years of which have been devoted to the service of the community in a variety of ways. Mr. Dwight has for long been known as "the father of Canadian telegraphy." Born at Belleville, Jefferson County, in the State of New York, on Dec. 23, 1828, he came to Canada when a youth of 19, and entered the service of the Montreal Telegraph Co. as an operator. By a strange coincidence his first appointment was held at the Canadian town



MR. H. P. DWIGHT.

of Belleville, and he enjoys the distinction of having been the first knight of the key to follow the telegraphist's vocation in that city.

It was not long, however, before the second step was made in what became a most successful career. Mr. Dwight was first promoted to Montreal, and three years later, in 1850, to Toronto, where he has made his home ever since. In a comparatively short time after coming to this city Mr. Dwight was appointed superintendent of the company's western service, and in 1861, when the Dominion and Montreal Telegraph Companies were merged under the charter of the G.N.W., he was appointed to the important position of general manager. No doubt it was his successful work in carrying out a scheme of organization which led to his election first as vice-president and then, in 1863, as president, an office which he continues to hold at the present time. Mr. Dwight, with 56 years of active service to his credit, retired from the general management of the company three years ago, and was succeeded by Mr. Isaac McMichael.

Not only did Mr. Dwight play a prominent part in the building up of a great Canadian telegraphic service, but on more than one occasion he rendered notable service in the public interest. In the eventful days of the Fenian raid the Government entrusted to him the work of distributing operators along the frontier where there seemed danger of an outbreak, and it was largely due to his foresight and completeness of arrangements that the Government was enabled to act with a promptness and exactitude that would otherwise have been impossible, and on that occasion his services were acknowledged in Parliament by the then Minister of Militia.

Again in 1885 he rendered similarly effective assistance in respect of the Northwest rebellion. Always taking a keen interest in the affairs of civic government, Mr. Dwight was among the pioneers of the movement which led to Toronto being lighted by electricity, and when the telephone was in its early and experimental days the first telephonic wire used in the city connected his residence and the testing station. Mr. Dwight has been for a number of years chairman of the investigating governors of the Royal Canadian Humane Association, president of the Canadian Birkbeck Investment & Savings Co., and was one of the original members of the Ontario Fish and Game Commission.

Declare Tea and Coffee Nerve Foods. At the hygienic conference which recently sat in Paris the question of the value of tea and coffee as a nerve food has been discussed with much warmth.

M. A. Gautier said that, although tea, coffee and wine were of no value whatever as nourishment, they were valuable as nerve food, as they helped quickly to dispel the sense of bodily fatigue.

On the other hand, N. Charles Fere contended that the use of stimulants should not be encouraged at all, as the effect they gave was not lasting, and after the first excitement had passed away the patient felt more fatigued and depressed than before. People should be taught to do without stimulants, and should manage themselves that they could do the greatest amount of work with little expenditure of their energy.

What As a Dairy Feed: While wheat is excellent to make cows give a large mass of milk, care should be taken not to feed too much, as the cream will rise slowly and will be hard to churn, and the butter will be pale rather than a golden yellow. Fed in connection with cornmeal it can always be used in the butter dairy to an advantage.

THE GROWTH OF CULTURE

The day is past when culture and enjoyment were confined to the few—to the privileged classes. We live in a day of enlightenment and democracy. Equal educational advantages, equal opportunities for culture and enjoyment of those things in life that are best worth while. The luxuries of yesterday are the necessities of to-day, and in the musical world nothing is more noticeable than the demand of all classes for the highest possible grade of piano. The piano manufacturer who meets this demand is never slack for want of orders.

THE New Scale Williams PIANO

is Canada's greatest piano. Its improvements and latest features have gone far toward creating a better appreciation of good music all over Canada. It more nearly approaches the ideal piano than any other. Its tone, quality, construction and architectural beauty are unequalled. For good music, for accompanying the solo voice or chorus of song, great artists all over the world are loud in its praises. And yet it is a Canadian instrument—perhaps the highest exponent of Canadian industry.

If you will fill in the coupon below, cut it out and take it to your dealer or send to the Williams Piano Co., we will send you ABSOLUTELY FREE SEVERAL BEAUTIFUL BOOKLETS, "The Making of a Great Piano," etc. We will also tell you of easy purchase plans that will interest you.

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F. G. PRAGG—BARFOOT BLOCK, Fifth Street, Chatham.

A Shooting Gallery Secret. "Do you see this glass ball?" said the shooting gallery man. It was a ball of hollow glass, an airy glass soap bubble, that had swung all season at the end of a thread in the foreground of the clay pipes, bells and what not that had made up the gallery's targets. "This glass ball," the man went on, "is my great money maker. All season long people tried to hit this ball—it was bigger and nearer than any other target—and everybody failed. Thousands of bullets were fired at the ball, hundreds of nickels were spent on it, yet here it is, still untouched, my best breadwinner. All wise shooting gallery men have a glass ball like this. It makes such a tempting target, yet it is never hit. It is never hit because the air that precedes a gun charge is sufficient to blow the ball aside, out of the way. You might fire a hundred shots at it, but, like a living thing, like a timid soldier, for instance, it would dodge each shot."

Mary Anderson's Voice. Miss Anderson's voice was always her predominant charm. Certain tones in it—so thrilling, so full of wild passion and indescribable melancholy—went straight to the heart and brought tears into the eyes. The voice is the exponent of the soul. You can paint your face, you can pad your person, you can wear a wig, you can walk in shoes that augment your height, you can in various ways change your body, but your voice will sooner or later reveal you as you are. Just as the style of the writer discloses his character, so the quality of the voice discloses the actor's nature. It seems unlikely that Miss Anderson's melting, tragic tones were uttered in any of her girlish impertinences, but the copious, lovely voice was there, and it gained her first victory—William Winter in Saturday Evening Post.

There is neither law nor ordinance in this whole territory against speeding automobiles. They can skip along at a rate of 100 miles an hour. On the contrary, there is no law against any citizen taking a pop at a chauffeur with his gun if he feels so minded, and he is pretty sure to feel that way. If you own an auto and are looking for a paradise, come this way and get a free burial.

A Chicago man who was looking for real estate in this locality went over to Lone Jack the other day to buy a large block of town lots. On visiting the graveyard he found that only twenty-one people had died in three years. He did not buy. He realized that a town that couldn't do better than that was a slow town and had no future.

We understand that certain members of the only church choir in Givensdale object to our leading the singing because we play poker, own a race horse and a fighting dog and take a nip with the boys occasionally. We don't suppose it is exactly according to the eternal fitness of things, but until society has safely passed through the chaotic state and can stand alone we shall stick to our singing job and back it up with two guns. Meanwhile we shall slug with ardor and with as much reverence as we can.

At the last meeting of the common council Alderman Adams offered a resolution that the name Givensdale Gulch be changed to Crescent City. Such names as Roost High, Last Stop, Angel's Rest and Hell Bent were substituted, but all were voted down, and the alderman finally withdrew his motion. Givensdale Gulch it was and always

STOMACH TROUBLES To wrong action of the stomach and impaired digestion a host of diseases owe their origin. When the food is imperfectly digested the fullness is not derived from it by the body, and then stomach troubles start to appear. Thus you become thin, weak, nervous and debilitated, energy is lacking, brightness, snap and vigor are lost and in their place come dullness, dizziness, loss of appetite, depression and languor. The great point is to get the stomach back into good shape again so it can properly digest the food, and the easiest, quickest and best way to do it is by the use of BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.

Miss Lizzie Furlotte, Jacquet River, N.B., writes: "I was very much troubled with my stomach and did not know what to do. I consulted several doctors, got medicine from them, but all to no purpose, and was constantly growing worse. One day I had the good luck to meet with a friend who had been troubled in the same way as myself. My friend told me of the wonderful cure Burdock Blood Bitters had made with her, and advised me to try a bottle. I did so, and what a happy change the first bottle made. I took two more and am completely cured, and I shall ever sing the praises of B.B.B." Price \$1.00 per bottle or 6 bottles for \$5.00.

Breezy Paragraphs From the Kicker

A Political Discussion That Came Near Ending in Murder.

[Copyright, 1906, by Eugene Parcells.] MR. JIM HELLSO (who is ourself) wishes the Kicker to deny in the most vigorous language that he is thinking of resigning his position as postmaster of this gulch. He dies now and then, but he never resigns.

Mr. Jim Hellslo (who is ourself) paid a short visit to Denver last week and did not blow out the gas.

Mr. Jim Hellslo (who is ourself) blew down the barrel of a new shotgun on exhibition at Kramer's the other day. It wasn't loaded.

Mr. Jim Hellslo (who is ourself) informs us that alterations and improvements to the Hellos Opera House will cost \$2,000. One hundred pounds of lead was dug out of the ceiling last week.

Mr. Jim Hellslo (who is ourself) has asked the Kicker to deny in thunderous tones that he contemplates organizing a wild west show and taking the road next summer in opposition to Buffalo William. His show has been right here in Givensdale Gulch for the last eight years.

It is quite true that the editor of the Kicker and the governor of the territory met at Florence the other day and had a long and confidential talk, but there is not a grain of truth in the statement that they played poker for ten hours on a stretch and that the result was bad for the governor. We and the governor were on our dignity all the time. Had he suggested poker we should have discouraged the idea.

Colonel Joe Skelly of the Big 4 ranch informs us that he felt and counted ninety-eight distinct shocks of an earthquake last Sunday. We have not the slightest hesitation in pronouncing Colonel Joe a liar. If he was sober enough to feel or hear anything it was one of his old mules rolling on the grass.

Edward Jones and Peter Howard, both of this town, met on the street last Sunday and resumed a political discussion, with the result that gunyere drawn and ten shots fired. No one was killed, no one wounded. The



TEN SHOTS FIRED. Men stood and looked at each other in astonishment for a moment after the firing and then each ran in the opposite direction. Oh, yes; Arizona will be admitted to the Union, when the robins nest again!

There is neither law nor ordinance in this whole territory against speeding automobiles. They can skip along at a rate of 100 miles an hour. On the contrary, there is no law against any citizen taking a pop at a chauffeur with his gun if he feels so minded, and he is pretty sure to feel that way. If you own an auto and are looking for a paradise, come this way and get a free burial.

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will be. There is nothing euphonious or lingering about the names Denver, Omaha, Buffalo, New York, Boston, Baltimore and Philadelphia, but when you come to Givensdale Gulch you pause and think and remember.

The editor of the Utah Weekly Monitor, wishing to emulate us and become famous at Tehera and other places, drew a gun on a stranger the other day and made arrangements to start a private graveyard. His machinery skipped a cog, however. He received two bullets in the body, and the doctor says he may not pull through. The imitator seldom succeeds.

The seventh city marshal that Givensdale Gulch has had in the last six years sent in his resignation at the last meeting of the common council. The objection to the place seems to be that the incumbent is shot from two to five times a month and by and gets tired of carrying bullets around. The place is open to some good man. Hours, all the time; pay, \$12 a week. When not otherwise engaged the marshal will be expected to put in his time picking lead out of the doors of the city hall.

Last Tuesday evening, by special invitation of the leading citizens of Wolf Creek, we rode over to that town and delivered our lecture on "Great Editors of the Present Day." We had scarcely mentioned our name as leading the list when several bad men began making demonstrations of disapproval, and in the end we had to retire. We believe that a number of citizens followed us for a mile or two. We have cut off every subscriber we had in the town and want nothing more to do with it.

Our esteemed contemporary did not issue any paper at all last week. We understand that his cheese press broke down and he was out of ink. It was just as well. No one noticed the absence of his sheet. He is again telling around that he means to shoot us on sight, and it is to laugh. He has shot at us over 600 times and we have never even heard the whiz of one of his bullets. He may hit us with his old hat some day, but never with a bullet.

The Blue Hills Banner calls us the Caesar of Arizona. Thanks! We have seized upon everything in sight that promised to be a good thing, and have let go of nothing. We started out to take care of ourself, and the editors now in the porchhouse needn't walk down to the gate to look for our coming. M. QUAD.

According to the Rules. An Irishman was walking by golf links one day and was struck on the shoulder by a golf ball. The player hurried to him, saying: "Are you hurt? Why didn't you look out?"

"And what did I know about looking out?" replied Pat. "How did I know the ball was coming?" "Why, I called 'fore,'" explained the player, "which is a signal for you to get out of the way." "Sure, that's it, is it? Well, when I say 'foive' it's a sign you're going to hit in the eye. 'Foive!'"—Judge's Magazine of Fun.

I Had to Be. Deacon Hardesty (to waiter)—Young man, if I didn't know that everything that happens is foreordained I should feel like blaming you for having given me the worst dinner I have had for twenty-five years. Waiter—Yes, sir. As soon as I took a look at you I saw that it was foreordained that I wasn't going to get any tip.—Chicago Tribune.

An Excuse. "Karl, aren't you ashamed to sleep so late?" Karl—Very sorry, mother, dear, but I dreamt I had lost my cap and I was such a long time finding it.—Meggendorfer Blätter.

What Could She Have Meant?



He—What a number of parties your sister must go to. She's always out when I call. She—Yes. She's the lucky one.—Sketch.

Under the Table Manners. It's very hard to be polite if you're a cat. When other folks are up at table eating all that they are able, you are down upon the mat if you're a cat.

You're expected just to sit if you're a cat. Not to let them know you're there by scratching at the chair or a light, respectful pat. If you're a cat. You are not to make a fuss if you're a cat. Though there's fish upon the plate, you're expected just to wait. Wait politely on the mat. If you're a cat. —Rochester Post-Express.

PASTOR AND PEOPLE PRAISE PSYCHINE

(PRONOUNCED SI-KEEN) A Marvelous and Triumphant Record of Victory Over Disease.

No medicine has ever effected as large a number of wonderful and almost marvellous cures as Psychine. It has had one continuous record of victories over diseases of the throat, chest, lungs and stomach. Where doctors have pronounced cases incurable from consumption and other wasting diseases Psychine steps in and rescues numberless people even from the very verge of the grave. Consumption, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Chills, Night Sweats, La Grippe, Pneumonia, and other like troubles, all of which are forerunners of Consumption, yield quickly to the curative powers of Psychine.

Mrs. Campbell, one of the many cured, makes the following statement: "I cannot refrain from telling all who suffer of my remarkable recovery with Psychine. In April, 1902, I caught a very cold which settled on my lungs and gradually led to consumption. I could not sleep, was subject to night sweats, my lungs were so disordered that I could not breathe. My doctor, Dr. Port, recommended Dr. Blom's Psychine to me, which was tried in Ontario. After using Psychine for a short time I was perfectly restored to health and to-day I am perfectly restored to health and to-day I am perfectly restored to health. Psychine has been a god-sent to me. Mrs. Andrew Campbell, Cottonwood, N.W.T.

PSYCHINE never disappoints. PSYCHINE has no substitute. There is no other medicine "Just as good." At all dealers, 50c. and \$1.00 per bottle. If not written to DR. T. A. SLOAN, Limited, 179 King St. W., TORONTO.

Dr. Root's Kidney Pills are a sure and permanent cure for Rheumatism, Bright's Disease, Pain in the Back and all forms of Kidney Trouble. 25c. per box, at all dealers.

Running as Exercise. The fact that a person is capable of doing the best running and speed walking before the thirtieth year need not lead those who have passed the third decade to think that they are on the down grade of life, says an authority. These exercises call for elasticity of the arteries, and that lessens soon after the thirtieth year, but powers of endurance increase in the well preserved man or woman up to fifty or fifty-five or even later. Soldiers of fifty are like leather and can perform feats of endurance that would kill the strapping, and the same is true of women.

Blue Eyes. That the color of the eyes should affect their strength may seem strange, yet that such is the case need not at this time of day be doubted, and those whose eyes are brown or dark colored should be informed that they are weaker and more susceptible to injury from various causes than gray or blue eyes. Light blue eyes are generally the most powerful, and next to those are gray. The lighter the pupil the greater and longer continued is the degree of tension the eye can sustain.

GOT A PAIN IN YOUR BACK? You get a pain in your back, and you wonder what is the matter. You perhaps pay no attention to it. Backache is caused by imperfect action of the kidneys, in fact, is the first sign of kidney trouble to follow. The kidneys, proper, are composed of a close network of fibrous tissue, interlaced with tiny elastic fibres. Their object is the excretion of the uric acid, and other poisonous matter composing the urine, from the blood. They are continuously at work to preserve the general health of the body and most people are troubled with some form of kidney trouble, but do not suspect it. Some of the symptoms are: A feeling of weakness in the small of the back, sharp pain in back, puffiness under the eyes, and swelling of the feet and ankles, urinary troubles such as suppressed urination, excessive urination, cloudy, thick or highly colored urine, etc. Mr. J. L. Whiting, Omsbruck Centre, Ont., writes: "I suffered for two years with kidney trouble. I had terrible pains in my back, hips and legs. I could not sleep and had no appetite. I took four boxes of Doan's Kidney Pills, and the pains left me, my appetite returned and I now sleep well. I can recommend Doan's Kidney Pills to anyone suffering from kidney trouble. Doan's Kidney Pills are 50 cents per box or a dozen for \$1.25 at all dealers or mailed direct on receipt of price by The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.

MEN AND WOMEN. Use Big G for unnatural discharges, inflammations, irritations or soreness of mucous membranes. Prepared by Dr. J. C. Evans, Chemist, 1001 Broadway, N.Y.C.

SANTAL-MIDY Standard remedy for Gleet, Gonorrhoea and Runnings. 10-45 HOURS. Cures Kidney and Bladder Troubles.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

When you read the postscript to a girl's letter you reach a natural conclusion.

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Couldn't Be a Purer Flour Than "Kent Mills" Gold Medal

ONLY the best Manitoba and Ontario Red Winter Wheat are used in the production of "Kent Mills" Flour.

Before being ground the grains of wheat are thoroughly cleaned, dusted and scoured by special machines.

All the sand, dust, light grains, seeds and other foreign substances, which are always present to a more or less degree when wheat is delivered at the mill, are left behind when the wheat starts on its journey to be crushed into flour.

By our improved process of milling the hard, fibrous bran and cellulose coats are so carefully removed from the starch and gluten cells, which are crushed into flour, that there's not the remotest possibility of a single atom of these impure and indigestible substances remaining in "Kent Mills" Flour. Just as careful to keep every

"Kent Mills" Flour

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