### Household Suggestions

Potato Cakes.—Pare and grate six apply a liquid shoe dressing, after dusting arge potatoes. Put the grated potato it well. Put a twist of new chiffon around into a sieve or fine strainer and let it stand two or three minutes so the water can be separated from the potato. Add one teaspoonful salt, two yolks of eggs and one heaping tablespoon flour. Drop tablespoonfuls into hot lard and fry golden brown. The above is an old-fashioned German dish and will be found to be excellent.

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Scalloped Potatoes.—Wash and pare potatoes; let them soak for a half hour; and cut in one-fourth inch slices. Butter a baking dish, put in a layer of the sliced potatoes, sprinkle with salt and pepper, dredge with flour, and dot over with one-half tablespoon of butter.

A little grated cheese may be sprinkled over each layer if desired. Repeat until the baking dish is nearly filled, then cover with hot milk. Bake 11 hours in a moderate oven, or place on the back of the stove and cook slowly.

Gingerbread.—Cream a half-cupful of sugar with a half-cupful of butter; add two well-beaten eggs. Beat into this a cupful of molasses, and a teaspoonful each of ginger, cinnamon and cloves; add a cupful of boiling water with two teaspoonfuls of cooking soda dissolved in a little cold water. Finally beat in two and a half cupfuls of flour, sifted with a teaspoonful of baking powder and a half teaspoonful of salt. Do not add any more flour even though the batter seems thin. Beat thoroughly, and bake for fortyfive minutes in a slow oven in a wellbuttered pan.

Panned Potatoes.—Cut cold boiled potatoes into quarter-inch slices; dredge lightly with flour and fry in pan with a little butter. When light brown, heap on side of pan; let stand a few minutes, then loosen with a knife and turn out on a platter in much the same way that an omelet is taken out. Sprinkle with salt and serve at once.

Cranberry Jelly.—Wash one quart of berries and put into a granite kettle with one pint of water. Cover and cook until every berry bursts. Run the berries through a colander, add one pound of sugar, and cook slowly for half an hour longer. Pour into a mold which has been rinsed in cold water, and set in a cold place.

#### A New Hat for a Few Cents

The first thing to do is to thoroughly cleanse your plumes. If they are in fairly good condition this may be done by simply holding them over the spout of a kettle of boiling water, allowing the steam to penetrate to every part; but if they are old and stringy, they will have to be well washed in plenty of warm, soapy water. Use a good, pure, white soap. Rub with your hands very gently, always towards the tip, being careful not to break the quill or flues. After washing rinse thoroughly, then starch them with raw starch, using about four big tablespoonfuls to a pint of water. Let them stand in this for a few minutes, until every flue is full of starch, then squeeze them in a dry cloth to get out the water, leaving the starch in; hang up to dry in a draught. When thoroughly dry shake vigorously out of a window; beating them against your hand until every bit of the dry starch is gone. The result will surprise you; as the feathers will be good twice as full as they were before the starch raised all the fluffy part of the flues. Black feathers may be treated in the same way as white ones. If any of the starch still shows along the stem after the shaking, brush it off with a whisk broom; but the time the feather is curled the last trace of white will have disappeared. Before you curl them, hold them over the spout of a kettle of boiling water, until the flues droop in a natural way. Now take a very dull fruit knife, if you have not a feather curler, and holding the feather firmly along the stem, with your left hand, curl by drawing a few at a time between the thumb and knife. Curl only the ends of the flues, letting the rest droop from the stem. Make the tip full by giving a pinch in close to the stem, so as to throw the curled flues close together.

Now take your hat, brush it well with a whisk broom and apply dyola or any straw hat color. If your hat is a black one; just faded; you will do well to, just will clear the stomach and intestines and restore healthfulness. Now take your hat, brush it well with

the crown of your hat, and place the plumes in a graceful and becoming way; put a new head lining in, and you will have a hat to be proud of. By "Gipsy"

#### Story of the Silver Box

Hans and Nella were orphans and lived alone on the edge of a forest in a little house. One night when they were eating their supper a knock came on the door, and when Hans opened it there stood an old man who asked for food

"My sister and I are very poor," said "but you are welcome, and we will share our supper of porridge with you, and give you a place to sleep, but we have only one bed, and, as my sister sleeps in that, you will have to sleep upon the floor."

He shall sleep in my bed said Nella. "I am young and can sleep on the floor better than he can."

"You are thoughtful of old people," said the old man, "and I pray heaven to bless you." He finished his supper in silence, and then went to bed.

"He is a queer person," said Hans; he spoke but once." "Perhaps he has travelled a long dis-

tance, and is tired," said Nella. The next morning when Hans and Nella awoke the old man had disappeared. When Nella was making her bed later in the day her foot struck against something, and when she looked under the bed there was a silver box.

"But what can we do with it?" asked Nella. "The old man will miss it, and come back, so we ought to keep it for

"We'll bury it," said Hans, "and if he returns we will dig it up."
So they took the box to the garden, and buried it a short distance from the

The next morning, when they looked out of the window, there stood a tree, with large leafy branches, right over

the place where they had buried the box. Hans went out and looked at the tree. There was a door on one side. He opened it, and found himself in a long, dark tunnel. He walked quite a distance, and then he saw a light. It seemed miles away, and Hans ran toward it. When he reached the place he found it was gold shining in the sunlight. He seemed to have found a mountain of gold.

"Oh!" thought Hans, "if only I had a basket I could gather gold enough to make Nella and me comfortable all our lives. I'll fill my pockets," he said for there was gold in small pieces lying all around.

He filled his pockets, and was on his way back when he met Nella.

"I went into the garden to look for you," she said, "and I saw the door in the tree. I was sure you were inside, and when I saw how dark it was I was afraid something had happened to you."

Hans told her of the gold mountain he had seen, and Nella wanted to see it. "I wish we had a barrel; we could be

"We could not carry a barrel of gold," said Hans; "put some in your apron; we will have enough to get a horse and cart, and then I can get work in the village, and that will be better than being rich, for rich people are always worrying about their wealth."

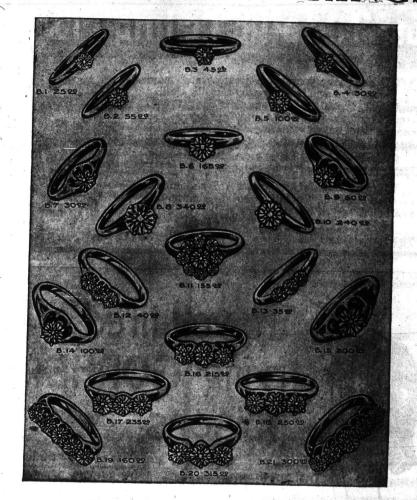
"That is so," said Nella, putting some of the gold in her apron; "I will only take a little." They went back through the dark tunnel, but when they reached the outside they found in place of the little hut they had left, a pretty white cottage, with green blinds. They went inside, and found it was furnished just right for two people.
"Do you think it is for us?" asked

Nella.

"Of course," said Hans; "there is my cap on the peg, and there is your shawl on the chair."

"But who could have given it to us?" "The fairies, I suppose," Hans replied, "and now I must go to town and buy my horse and cart."

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