

About the House

Useful Hints and General Information for the Busy Housewife

Help for Home Laundries.

Every woman who has wrestled with the problem of looking well on a small income realizes that the ability to do things for herself goes a long way toward its solution. A crumpled blouse or a soiled vest will spoil the effect of an otherwise smart costume, but professional cleaning is always expensive, and apparently one must be born with a talent for laundry work just as one must be born with a talent for music. So if you have a knack for wringing a smoothing iron and applying soap and water rejoice, and if you haven't—well perhaps even then you may find these suggestions worth while.

Never wash your sheer blouse, collar, etc., without mending any tiny rips or breaks that may have appeared, nor without removing possible stains. There are, of course, many proprietary cleansers and stain eradicators on the market, whose merits have no part in an article like this. But it is well to remember that most, but not all, fruit stains and those made by tea or coffee can be removed by pouring boiling water over the spot. Blood stains should be soaked in cold water, then washed in cold water, then in warm water with plenty of soap. Ink spots should be rinsed in repeated cold waters, then soaked in milk. Neither cold water nor milk will fix a stain.

Never wash white and colored fabrics in the same water, and in washing colored fabrics do not fail to "set" the colors. One method of doing this is to soak the garments overnight in a solution made by dissolving one ounce of sugar of lead in eight quarts of cold water. Another method is to rinse in salt water, using two rinsings. A third is to put a cup of vinegar in the final rinsing water. Wash colored fabrics in warm, not hot water, and do not rub soap on them; dry them in the shade and as quickly as possible. Some domestic science experts wash fine colored clothes in starch water instead of with soap. They use a quart of strained starch to four quarts of water, and a quart of the starch to eight of the water in the second.

Wash silk, crepe de chine or Georgette crepe garments in lukewarm soapwater, rinse in water of the "set" temperature and press before they are quite dry. Never use board or wringer for these delicate pieces, but pat and press with the hands. Corduroy skirts are washed in the same way, and if they are pinned carefully upon the line and allowed to flap in the wind you will find it unnecessary to iron them. Where white silk garments show signs of turning yellow it well to add a little borax to the water in which they are washed.

If you have found the ordinary starch unsatisfactory when "doing up" your fine lingerie try making starch either of borax or gum arabic. The borax method is the simpler in that it is merely added to the rinsing water (two heaping teaspoonsful of borax to five quarts of water is the proportion) and gives the garments when ironed just the right amount of crispness. To make gum arabic starch use half an ounce of the gum arabic to a cup of boiling water. Dilute to suit your taste in stiffness and use as you would the common laundry variety.

Never iron your dainty dress accessories on a sheet that is not immaculate nor with an iron that is not above suspicion. If you are the fortunate possessor of a gas or an electric iron, so much the better, but keep any kind clean. See to it that your board is well padded and evenly covered, otherwise the lumps may mark the appearance of your finished work.

Dainty Dishes.

Raisin Sauce.—One cup quartered raisins, one and one-half cups cold water, one-half cup sugar, juice one-half lemon. Simmer raisins in water until soft, add sugar, boil gently five minutes and just before serving flavor with lemon juice.

Carrot Croquettes.—Boil carrots tender in two waters, mash smooth, add beaten egg, one large teaspoonful melted butter, pepper and salt to taste, and set paste aside until cool enough to handle. Form into croquettes, roll in fine crumbs, set in cold place for one-half hour or longer, and fry in deep fat until well browned.

Amber Pudding.—Into one pint scalded milk stir one cupful yellow corn meal and one quart sliced sweet apples. Add one-half teaspoonful salt and one cupful molasses. Mix all thoroughly; add two quarts of milk, and pour into large buttered dish and bake in slow oven four hours. When cold, a clear, amber-colored jelly will have formed through the pudding and apples will be rich brown.

Red Cabbage.—One medium-sized head red cabbage, one large tart apple, one onion, two tablespoons beef drippings or lard, one-fourth teaspoon pepper, three cloves, one tablespoon salt, one cup water, one-half cup vinegar. Shred cabbage and wash in cold water. Melt drippings in heavy kettle, add cabbage, onion in which cloves have been stuck, apple in quarters and remaining ingredients. Cover

tight and simmer about two and one-half hours, adding more water if needed.

Nut Croquettes.—One cup stale ground crumbs, one cup milk, one or two slightly beaten egg yolks, three-fourths cup broken walnut meats, one-third teaspoon onion juice, one-half teaspoon salt and few grains pepper. Mix and form into balls containing about one tablespoon each; roll in extra crumbs, dip in beaten egg diluted with one-fourth cup water and roll again in bread crumbs. Let stand until wanted, then fry in deep fat hot enough to brown a bit of bread in forty seconds.

Oyster Shortcake.—For the filling: One quart oysters, two tablespoons butter, two tablespoons flour, one scant cup milk, salt, pepper and celery salt. For the shortcake: Two cups flour, two teaspoons baking powder, one-half teaspoon salt, one-fourth teaspoon lard, butter or drippings, three-fourths cup milk. Sift together flour, salt and baking powder of shortcake, and mix with milk. If cake is to be made in one instead of several individual portions, divide dough into two parts and roll each thin, place one above the other, putting small pieces of butter between, and bake. For individual service roll dough thin, cut into small rounds, put two together, with bit of butter between, and bake. For filling make sauce of butter, flour and milk. Have oysters ready, cooked in enough of their liquor to thin white sauce, when added, to consistency of thin cream. Season, put portion between layers of shortcake and some on top and serve.

Handy Hints.

For Damp Feathers.—Throw some salt on the fire and hold the feathers over it, shaking them vigorously. Don't put them so near the fire that they will burn.

To Clean Cloth.—To clean black cloth or serge, take a large handful of ivy leaves. Steep them well in boiling water and leave until cool. Sponge the material with this infusion and it will be both clean and revived.

For Toothache.—Take a fresh cabbage leaf and roll it with the rolling-pin to crush all the veins. Then hold it to the fire till it is as hot as can be borne. Tie it on the face before going to bed. This is a simple, but an almost certain cure.

Bright Saucepans.—If saucepans or kettles have to be used over a smoky fire, try smearing a little grease over the bright parts. This will prevent the smoke from blackening them. If washed afterwards in hot water the pan will be as bright as ever.

Cure for Creaking Shoes.—Take a fineawl or a darning needle and insert it carefully between the soles of the shoes. Then introduce a little paraffin oil. A small oil-can such as is used to lubricate sewing machines may be used for the purpose. This will quite take away the creaking.

How to Keep Butter in Hot Weather.—Put the butter into a basin. Then take an ordinary plant pot, put a cork in the bottom and see that it is perfectly clean. Then fill with water and leave for one hour longer, then empty and place over the butter. The moisture from the plant's pot keeps the butter nice and firm.

For women of limited means it is best to have two or three pairs of inexpensive corsets, rather than one expensive pair. Try to change your corsets every day. Never wear the same pair two days running. The corsets that are not in use can be straightened out and aired. An expensive corset must be sent to the cleaners occasionally, but it is quite possible to clean a cheap pair at home; of course, they may not look so well as the one cleaned by a professional cleaner. This is how to clean corsets. Stretch on a board and scrub with a brush dipped in soapy water, to which a little borax has been added. They should be scrubbed until as much dirt as possible has been removed, and then they should be rinsed in clear water. Pin the corsets out flat on a board to dry in the air, but not in the sun.

FAMOUS INN CLOSED.

"The Three Pigeons" Has Many Literary Associations.

"The Three Pigeons," one of England's oldest and most famous inns, and the sole existing tavern of Elizabethan times, was closed recently by the Middlesex Licensing Justices in accordance with a movement inaugurated some time ago by the temperance leaders to restrict the number of licensed inns. The inn was used as a background for the low comedy scenes in the "Merry Wives of Windsor," and Goldsmith's "She Stoops to Conquer," and is alluded to in Dickens' "Our Mutual Friend." The inn perhaps has had more literary associations than any other English tavern.

A Failure.

"I hear old Gotrox has lost every dollar he had in the world."
"You don't say! What was it—failure?"
"Yes, heart failure."



A MERRY "DINNER TABLE" IN THE DESERT
Fortifying the inner man and making ready to receive the Turks with a dose of shrapnel. British gunners in Egypt enjoying a joke with the mid-day meal, "somewhere in the neighborhood of the Suez Canal."

Father and Son

"Don't want to go into the business!" echoed Robert Long, angrily. "What do you mean by that, pray?"

"I'm afraid I take no interest in it, you see," returned his son apologetically, "so I'm sure I shan't make a success."

"Really! What do you wish to do, then, may I ask?"

"Haven't you guessed, father? You know how fond I am of music. I hope to go abroad and study—take it up professionally. Just listen!" he added, as his father stirred impatiently. "Think of the big incomes that well-known composers make!"

"Yes; and think of the crowds of them who can't earn a bare living!" Mr. Long retorted harshly. "Music, indeed! I've seen you about lately with Miss Spence, didn't you say her name was?—a nice, attractive girl. One of these days you'll be wanting to marry a girl like that."

"I mean to ask her directly I can." "Well, you'll be able to in a year or so if you come into the business with me."

"But I hate it! I want to study music, I tell you!"

"And I won't allow you to waste your time and money!"

Both were flushed, and had raised their voices. The young man pressed his lips together determinedly.

"You don't give me any choice in the matter, then?"

"I'll take you as a partner directly you're capable, but I refuse to pay a penny-piece towards your musical education, as you call it! That settles the idea, I suppose—hey?"

Owen Long realized that his father would be quite capable of keeping his word. He swung round in anger and disappointment. Without funds he would have to give up the career he desired. It seemed hard and unjust.

"I wasn't very keen on the grocery business myself when I was your age, but I had to get over that, and so will you. Understand? Don't let me hear any more of this nonsense, then!"

The young man left the house in a fury.

"He could afford to pay my expenses if he liked! It wouldn't cost so very much!" he muttered, scowling at the pavement as he walked.

He was still frowning when he came to the huge premises of the International Stores, Limited. Outside a door marked "Office," he paced up and down.

"Hello! In a bad temper to-day?" The girl's merry voice made him turn hastily. Hilda Spence slipped a hand through his arm in the half-tender manner she sometimes showed him.

"Well, and I've enough to make me bad-tempered!"

"I'm sorry. That means you've interviewed your father, I suppose? But I warned you that in all probability you'd be disappointed. What did he say?"

Owen Long growled a response. "Many business men would agree with him, too. Perhaps your father knows best, after all."

"Now, don't you side with him!" "It's difficult for most people to earn a living at music, don't you think? There are plenty of clever men who have to give lessons to irritating children at about sixpence an hour! Even being partner in a grocer's would be better than that, surely?"

"You've a very poor opinion of my ability, I must say!" He shrugged his shoulders. "But nobody understands!"

The girl shot an aggrieved glance at him.

"There's a vacancy in our export department, as it happens. That might suit you better. And, meanwhile, you might keep up your music. Perhaps you'll think it over?"

"I don't see the slightest use!" "Good-night!" called Hilda Spence, hotly, nettled at his tone.

She had boarded a bus almost before he moved. Standing rigid, he watched it disappear.

Mr. Long at first would not give way in one single particular, but finally he agreed that experience gained in the International Stores, Limited, might prove valuable.

Father and Son

"Yes; you'd better go there," he said, grudgingly, "if they'll give you the chance."

"I don't want it, mind," answered the young man, sullenly. "But it'll be better, anyhow, than—"

"Than helping me with the shop?" "Yes; that's what I mean."

So Owen Long duly entered the export department of the International Stores; but he took no pains with his work there, and did not even try to give satisfaction. He seemed to care little whether he succeeded or failed.

His manner was morose and forbidding. After a while his fellow-employees avoided him. He was friendly to none, and walked home alone, now that Hilda Spence ignored him.

Soon his slackness gave rise to complaints. Frequently he left duties undone, and by degrees the head clerk grew tired of pointing out these omissions.

"I shall have to report you to the manager if you don't improve!" "Just as you like, of course."

"Don't let me have to speak to you again, Long!"

They were all prejudiced against him by reason of his surliness. He courted unpopularity, telling himself that he did not care.

"Well, how are you getting on at the International?" his father would demand occasionally.

"Oh, pretty badly, as you might have expected!"

When the manager heard of his delinquencies he was summoned and lectured.

"I've not had much to do with you, Long, but I've been watching you. You'll leave at the end of the month if you're not careful!"

Owen Long only nodded casually, and left the room.

"The chief ought to deal with him, sir!" said the head clerk irritably.

"Yes; an interview in that private office would mend his manners—eh?" Gross carelessness on Owen Long's part in the following week involved the firm in a serious loss. The head clerk, furious, consulted the manager, and the latter stamped up and down his office.

"That settles it!" he stormed. "The chief shall see him! He'll be discharged, of course!"

They rubbed their hands together as they thought of Owen Long's approaching ordeal. The whole office stopped work, whispering in satisfaction, when a summons arrived from the chief's room.

"Wants me? Oh, right you are!" Owen Long followed the messenger, with a faint sneer; but when he came face to face with the old man in the private study he began to hesitate and stammer.

"So you are reported to me as incompetent, lazy, and insolent to your superiors! Your name?"

"Indeed! The managing-director stared. 'It also happens to be mine!' He stayed silent for a long while. At last he glanced across again.

"Have you any explanation or excuse to give?"

"No," answered Owen Long gruffly. But presently he found himself telling of his distaste for commercial life and his love for music.

"And I don't see why I should be forced to do things I hate! I won't, either! I don't care if I starve! Whatever you choose to say or do won't worry me a scrap!"

Suddenly he felt ashamed of his outburst, and reddened. His loud, angry voice died away, and he waited nervously. The old man nodded slowly, without glancing up.

Fumbling in his pocket he produced a case.

"Do you recognize this photograph?" Owen Long, wrinkling his brows, all at once gave a cry of surprise.

"Why, it's my father, taken about twenty years ago! We've a copy at home!"

"You never knew her, boy. She was quite young when she was taken away from me."

"I made your father enter trade. Eventually my wife conquered him. Not before he'd left home, though. He ran away without a penny, and a few months later he was forced to come back. His pride was broken. He had starved at his music. And he let me set him up in business, but I— I wasn't his father any more. My victory cost a lot, boy—more than it was worth—far more!"

The old man gazed at Owen Long. He was half smiling, but his voice was unsteady.

"And now the same thing's happened again, eh? He won't have you a musician? Ah, but I was wrong! And he's wrong, in his turn. You'll leave him. You'll go away, and he'll be left alone, just as I've been, these twenty years!"

The head clerk and staff of the export department positively staggered ten minutes later. They had waited for Owen Long to sink back in disgrace and humiliation. Now he came walking with the dreaded chief, whose hand rested on his shoulder.

"Long is leaving the firm," he instructed curtly.

They passed outside to where an electric brougham waited.

"Now, we'll go to your home, Owen."

At the house he became suddenly nervous.

"You first, my boy. Say that I'm here. Ask him—"

The young man darted in, calling to his father, clutching his shoulder.

"He's come?" Robert Long blurted. "He swore he never would come to me again!"

In an instant he was hurrying out to the kerb, helping the old man to alight.

"Father! I'm so glad—so glad!" Presently the three sat together.

"This lad of yours, Robert, must have his heart's desire. You mustn't thwart him as I thwarted you. Maybe he's been inconsiderate and headstrong, but overlook that. I'm rich, Robert, and there's nobody I can spend my money on except you two."

Half an hour later Owen Long was back at the International Stores, waiting outside as he had been accustomed to until Miss Spence appeared.

At first she would not greet him or listen; but, continuing by her side, he poured out his news.

"And you'll be away a long time?" "She had betrayed her interest at last."

He took her arm, pressing it tightly. "Listen now! I've been misleading you purposely. I'm not going."

She gave a start.

"Owen, you actually mean—"

"I've decided to stay. I can't leave you. Besides, I'll help my father with his shop. I was a stuck-up fool to think it wasn't good enough for me. His health's been bad lately, too. He's been in pain, and I never knew. Somehow I—I want to stop with him. We're the best of friends again."

"But what does your grandfather say? It seems ungrateful, after he's promised—"

"He understands. He'll give me the money my studies would have cost. That means we can get married as soon as ever you'll say 'Yes.'"—London Answers.

An ignorant man is usually ignorant of the fact that he is ignorant.

From the Middle West

BETWEEN ONTARIO AND BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Items From Provinces Where Many Ontario Boys and Girls Are Living.

Three Lethbridge men have already won the D.C.M. at the front.

Fred Turgeon of Crystal Springs, Sask., has been missing since last fall. At Regina there are 27 first-class teachers, 106 second-class, and 54 third-class.

At the Saskatoon Normal School this year there are 28 first-class, 93 second, and 74 third-class students.

For taking a hunk of coal valued at \$1, Harry Harasyn was fined \$25 and costs in the police court at Winnipeg.

It is said that a supply of 40 cars a week for four months would still leave grain in the district around Oyen, Alta.

Lethbridge must seek a new chief of police, the result of Chief Skelton's appointment as a captain of the Kilnicks.

The city of Calgary will offer a reward of \$250 for the return of the lost waterworks plans and the conviction of the thief or thieves.

There is still a small quantity of grain unthreshed in Alberta, considerable of that small quantity being in stock in the northern districts.

Many wolves have been killed this winter around Brancepeth, Sask. Rabbits died off, consequently food for the wolves became scarce and they grew bold.

In Winnipeg the other day a young lady found a roll of \$700 under a street car seat when she bent to look for an orange lost from a parcel. The owner was found.

Clearing the 500 miles of sidewalks in Winnipeg and removing the snow from the centre of the street pavements is costing the city \$3,000, as the result of a recent snowstorm.

The sum of \$40 in bills conscience money was sent to the city treasurer of Saskatoon recently. A note said this amount had been wrongfully taken from the city some time ago.

Following negotiations which have been under way since August of last year, the Imperial Oil Company, capitalized at \$50,000,000, has decided to make Regina the distributing point for the Canadian west of a huge oil refining plant.

GERMAN LOSSES 3,500,000.

Colonel Repington Looks for Final Effort Against Russia.

Colonel Repington, military expert of the London Times, says the German military situation is "not brilliant," notwithstanding Germany's successes.

He figures that Germany has probably lost 3,500,000 out of the total of 9,000,000 men she was able to mobilize. Colonel Repington continues:

"If the war continues in the future as it has in the past Germany will find herself some time between May and October unable to maintain her army effective with the men of military age then at her disposal. She must therefore before that date force a decision on one front or another."

Reviewing the probabilities, Colonel Repington thinks that the main attempt will be made against Russia. He regrets that Russia's new offensive in the south synchronizes with quiescence on the part of the other Allies, and sounds a warning against what he calls "the pleasing fancy that Russia is going to win the war for us," adding: "We must firmly decide to win it ourselves."

The writer reiterates his previous warnings of a possible German dash against England. "Desperate needs," he says, "often entail desperate remedies."

"England, therefore, ought not to neglect a single precaution," concludes Colonel Repington.

A Common Delusion.

"What was the biggest mistake you ever made?" "Thinking I was too busy ever to make a big mistake."

Lakes free from ice owe their immunity to their depth, and to the presence of springs.

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HEALTH

Migraine or Sick Headache.

Migraine or sick headache, which is much more common in women than in men, and usually begins at puberty and continues until middle life, is probably a hereditary toxic neurosis—or, in more humane language, a nervous disease inherited from one or the other parent, characterized by periodic seizures, like epilepsy, which are produced by some poison retained in the blood, by fatigue, by excesses, or by mental excitement.

But, causes aside, what should be done for migraine?

Since attacks recur with more or less frequency, it is obvious that the patient must beware of drug habits. Virtually all of the popular migraine or headache tablets contain, as the pain-killer, either acetanilide, phenacetin or an analogous coal-tar derivative, which, while it certainly knocks out any kind of neuralgic pain, also knocks out the heart and breaks down red blood corpuscles. The acetanilide habit is more destructive than the morphine habit. It sends many a victim direct to the insane hospital.

Persons overweight who have attacks of sick headache ought to join the Bread and Milk Club—no dues, but members struggle along somehow on a plain fare of bread and milk or crackers and milk one day in each week.

A diet containing little or no meat, but plenty of bread and butter, vegetables, fruit and sweets, has done much good for migraine. If there is a tendency to constipation in spite of such a diet, then either a mineral water laxative or any of the unadorned saline laxatives, like Epsom salts, or phosphate of soda, or Sedlitz powders, may be taken every few days, to favor the elimination of toxic matter.

Rest in bed, bathing the head with cologne water containing a few grains of menthol, or rubbing it gently for ten minutes with corryn (a menthol derivative), and a tepid pack will give relief. Instead of resorting to the pain-killers, it sometimes suffices to take a little strong tea or coffee, hot, unsweetened, without milk, in sips; or in lieu of that the stimulating principle of coffee, caffeine, may be taken, a grain or two, with or without ten grains of sodium bromide in solution.

Certain cases of migraine respond well to prolonged and heroic use of our most hated domestic remedy, castor oil. About an ounce a day as a regular routine is advised by those who believe in it.

How to Blow the Nose.

No, you don't know how to blow your nose. Neither do 75 per cent. of the people. If they did just three-fourths of the catarrhal cases in the land would be gone. So says Dr. E. Harrison Griffin, writing in the Medical Record. He recommends that nose blowing drills be instituted in public school curriculums, and that the science of handkerchief use be taught correctly. Dr. Griffin scorns both of those classes of laymen who go about nose blowing in the awkward way. They are, he says, those who dab with ultra and overnice politeness at their olfactory organs and those who delight in producing a stentorian noise in the operation.

Results as perilous as tuberculosis are within striking distance of those who neglect the proper technique in the art. He says: "To blow the nose properly it is best to look at it as a double shotgun, rule nose as the muzzle of the gun and the chest as the air receiver."

"It is best to take a deep inspiration, filling the chest with air, and then after a finger is placed upon the side of one nostril, obstructing the nostril, with one violent expiration, force the air from the chest through the open chamber of the nose. This should be repeated on the other side of the nose."

"It is a simple process, but a very important one, and one which seems to be little known."

Dr. Griffin insists that schools devote as much time to teach nose blowing as tooth brushing.

Fear of being ill-mannered and vulgar hinders the work of instruction in the subject and only when it is realized that health in many instances depends upon it does the absurd finicky attitude become dispelled.

In cold weather the keener appetite is due to the air containing more oxygen, which increases the rate of digestion.

"Fred, dear, I feel it in my bones that you are going to take me to the theatre to-night." "Which bone, darling?" "I am not sure, but I think it is my wish bone."

Adolphus—"Did you go to Mrs. Dilwater's gathering, Percy?" Percy—"No; I had a little gathering of my own." Adolphus—"Where?" Percy—"On the back of my neck."

Geraldine—"William means good; James means beloved. I wonder (blushing) what George means?" Mrs. Fondhopes—"Well, dear, let us hope that George means business."

Young Lady (writing love-letter for the kitchen maid)—"That's about enough now, isn't it, Jane?" Jane—"One thing more, miss; just say, 'Please excuse had spellin' and writin'."