

The following recipe for roll jelly cake can be relied upon: Put into the one dish three eggs (not beaten), one cup of brown sugar, and one cup flour (not heaping), to which two teaspoonfuls of baking powder have been added. Stir all together until smooth, and pour into a buttered pan; bake in a moderate oven eight minutes. Spread jelly on cake while hot and before removing from pan. Then commence at one end, and roll in pan; lift out and wrap in paper until cut. Be careful while handling not to press heavily. Don't you think, Dame Durden, that some of us will forget Forget-me-not, despite her nom-de-plume, if she does not soon visit the Ingle Nook?

I must say a word for Susan Van Dusen's maple cream; it is excellent. You must have had a rare old time while on your holidays, Dame Durden, I enjoyed even reading about them. HELEN.

Bruce Co., Ont.

You might try this recipe: Pare, halve and remove cores, and throw the pears immediately into cold water to keep them from turning brown. For every four pounds of prepared fruit, allow one pound sugar and one quart water. Drain the fruit, and put into a kettle; cover with boiling water, and cook very gently until tender. Have the syrup boiling and skimmed clear, and as soon as the pears are done, lift them out with a skimmer, and put them in the boiling syrup. Simmer about ten minutes, and seal. . . . Surely Forget-me-not will appear, now that you have asked for her so pointedly.

MOLLIE.

In the corner of her eye—
And it's brown as brown can be—
There's a flash you might call sly,
But it's really too demure
In its lure,
And too frank and too free.
She's a plump
And jolly lump
Of dancing fun
As ever scurried about
With a laugh and a shout
Under the sun.

Tumbles? What does a tumble matter?
Down she goes with a crash and clatter;
She has scraped her hand; she has barked
her shin;
She has lost a lot of her precious skin;
But she's up in a moment and off again,
With something more than a hint of rain
In the dark eyes brimming to ease her
pain.

There's a touch of the South
In her laughing mouth,
And the rich, deep flush of her rounded
cheek,
And her hair with its tresses fine and
sleek
That she flings about, with her tossing
head
Set off and bound with the ribbon's red.

Books, books, books, and the longer the
better,
She swallows them steadily letter by
letter,
Line by line and chapter by chapter:
Never was reader more solid or apter
To win your praise for her scholarly
merit.
Or to learn a piece and to say it well
With a voice that sounds like a silver
bell;
But her suns are woe, for she doesn't in-
herit
A taste for the multiplication table,
And hasn't acquired it, and doesn't seem
able
To face a collision
With long division:
Figures are things you'll fail to fix
In the busy brain of this girl of six.

And when you stow her away in bed
She often stands on her impish head,
Or slides to the floor till you send her
back
With a great pretence at a sounding
smack

Out with the light!
Good-night, good-night!

One last hug—and she holds you tight—
Good-night. Mollie, good-night, good-
night!

—R. C. L., in Punch.

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About the House.

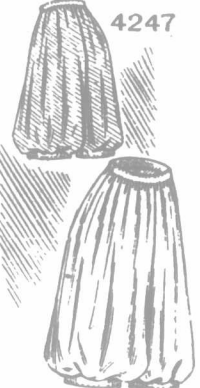
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SMALL ECONOMIES.

ECONOMY IN COOKERY.

There was an old saying, referring, we believe, to waste in cookery, that "An extravagant woman can throw out at the window as much as a man can bring in at the door," or words to that effect. We were reminded of this not long ago on seeing a woman deliberately pour off a surplus of fat—good, sweet, useful fat from a pan of bacon—right into the fire. Her excuse was that she hadn't time to get a dish to put it in, and although she must have been conscious of waste, else she would not have felt it necessary to make even this apology, it was quite evident that she was not fully awake to the flagrancy of such an "extravagance."

I suppose there isn't one of us who is not guilty, in some respect, of wastefulness. While keenly alert to extravagance in others, we are, perhaps, quite blind to its manifestations in ourselves, and it might be very salutary to us indeed, if someone were to shake us up periodically, and show us how wasteful we really are, and in what respects we might improve.

Broadly speaking, in the line of cookery—since that is the subject upon which, to-day, we must dwell—there are three classes of wasteful women; you and I have met each of them scores of times.

THE ORDINARILY "EXTRAVAGANT" WOMAN.

First of all, there is the woman who immolates herself and all her family at the altar of rich cookery. She feels that nothing is fit to place before people unless it is "good"; and so she fills up her pastry with grease and her fruit with sugar, and her family with indigestion. She it is who glories in puff pastry, pound cake, "pound for pound" preserves, and plum pudding, and usually she has a county reputation for being a good cook.

Nevertheless, she is going a little out of fashion. Another decade, and she will, in all probability, have gasped her last gasp, and in her place will be the woman who believes in wholesome rather than in over-rich food, one who is not afraid to set before her most select visitor a "tea" of good bread and butter, baking-powder biscuit and canned or raw fruit, with, perhaps, a little meat or scrambled eggs, and a dainty and wholesome salad.

Tastes are most assuredly acquired, and it is no secret that those (and they are continually increasing in number) who have become habituated to this plainer mode of "living" can scarcely make one good square meal from a bill of fare made up wholly of rich, indigestible things. This was exemplified in our own case not long ago when Philomene (her name was not Philomene, but let that pass) and I were housekeeping. We were living the simple life, as least in so far as the table was concerned—good, nourishing food, milk, cream, eggs, cheese, beefsteak, toast and raw fruit. A friend was kind enough to send us as a gift several jars of rich "preserves." We accepted with voluminous thanks—but to eat the mass was another matter. We tried the jars one after another, but were compelled to give up in despair. There they sat, day after day, week after week. The fruit was too rich to spoil, and it seemed a shame to "waste" it; so we at last passed it on, on chance, to someone else. Whether it eventually found its way into the garbage tin or not we did not hear.

Query No. 1.—Why waste good food stuffs in making rich, indigestible, really unpalatable cookery, when plainer, more health-giving, more enjoyable dishes can be prepared at one-third the expense?

There is one proviso, however, that plain things must be right to be enjoyable. The bread must be good, the butter sweet, the biscuits light, the meat cooked so as to be tender and to keep all the juices in, the salad crisp and cold, and so on ad infinitum. These things, however, any bright woman can learn if she only sets about it in earnest.

THE WOMAN WHO SCRIMPES.

One might think that the very antithesis of this first-named woman must be the economical housekeeper par excellence; but this is not so. The one who scrimps and saves and carries plain living to a hair-splitting edge may be in reality more extravagant, more wildly extravagant, than she of the plum puddings and puff pastry. Let us look at her for a moment. She feels that she must save money, and so the food she provides is of the poorest and plainest kind, the veriest prose in cookery—never a bit of variety—the same old thing over and over until everyone, most of all the "delicate" or studious one of the family, is sick of it;—never a little effort to make anything the tiniest bit dainty or tasty. Forgetting that butter is food, she makes the butter salty that less of it may be eaten. She deprives her family of meat, because meat is dear; nor does she ever consider it necessary to provide its substitutes—eggs, cream, cheese, milk and beans. Just possibly she does not know that for health as well as for appetite it is necessary to supply fruit and green things in season. It is strange but true that in many places in the country, both fruit and vegetables, which may be had for but the expenditure of a little time and energy, are less commonly seen than in the town. Only this summer I was told by two women who had travelled continuously through the rural districts during June and July, that they had not tasted lettuce at all, and strawberries but once.

seems almost incredible, but it is true.

Query No. 2.—Does it pay to make living so plain and poor that it barely suffices to keep life in the body? Has it not been demonstrated without a doubt by medical men that the human body requires a certain quantity of muscle-forming and heat- and energy-giving food, and that this is only to be found in sufficient quantity in the protein and carbohydrates of meat, eggs, milk, cheese, bread, nuts, butter, legumes, etc.? If the body is not supplied with enough of these constituents, does it not stand to reason that it must become comparatively unable for hard work or to withstand extreme cold or attacks of disease? May it not be possible by scrimping at the table to lessen the amount of work done on the farm, or to fill the doctor's wallet? Does such a course—judging it even from the most mercenary standpoint—pay?

THE WOMAN WHO WASTES IN "TRIFLES."

There is yet another woman who wastes in cookery—the one who seems to have no idea whatever about using up what she would consider "trifling" odds and ends. Possibly, she avoids both the extremes, expensive and scrimped cookery; her table might give the impression that she is an economical and sensible provider, and yet when it comes to making use of left-overs, etc., she is simply at sea. She is, in fact, lacking in imagination, and can by no means conjure up ways of transforming the bone of meat, the few spoonfuls of vegetables, the fruit left in a jar, etc., into new and palatable dishes. As a consequence, the vegetables, with all their additions, possibly, of butter or cream, go to the hens—rather expensive poultry food, by the way—and the bit of fruit is eaten up at an odd moment "to keep it from wasting." In the same way, crusts of bread become mouldy; bits of cheese are permitted to become hard and are thrown out; no special use is made of the two or three slices of layer cake left after tea; and so on, and on, and on.

Truly, the using up of odds and ends is an art, or may be made an art, as it has been by the French. It has been said that a French family will almost live—and well, too—on what an English family will discard as useless.

I cannot particularize very much on this subject. I do not know enough about it yet; but I realize its extensiveness, and am on the lookout to find out many more things about it. If I have been able to set you on the warpath, too, I shall be satisfied; for when we are once in mind to learn, we shall find that we can pick up something new from almost everybody. In the meantime, I shall be pleased to pass on to you a few hints which I have gathered in my travels, and which may be new to you.

A FEW ECONOMICAL HINTS.

1. Cheese may be kept soft and moist by wrapping it in a cloth wrung out of vinegar. Put in a bag, and hang in a cool place. Should any odd bits happen to become dry and hard, grate them and sprinkle over boiled cauliflower or cabbage, with milk sauce; or make savory potatoes as follows: Mash six or eight boiled potatoes, and add to them a bit of butter, a gill of milk, pepper and salt to taste and one ounce grated cheese. Put in a greased earthen dish, sprinkle thickly over the top with some more grated cheese, brown in the oven, and bring to the table in the dish in which it was baked.

2. Dry all bits of stale bread in the oven, roll fine with a rolling pin, and store away in dry sealers. Use for rolling croquettes, etc., in before frying, for stuffings, etc., or for bread pudding, which, when flavored with grated rind of a lemon, becomes a very appetizing as well as wholesome dish.

3. If lemons begin to get hard before you wish to use them, place them in cold water, using enough to cover well. Change the water every day.

4. For making scraps of meat, or the tougher portions of meat (round, etc.) into appetizing and nutritious dishes, a meat grinder, which costs only about \$1.25, is invaluable. You may use such meat in the following ways: (1) Beef Rissoles.—To every pound of minced beef allow three-quarters of a pound bread crumbs, herbs, seasoning, a little minced lemon peel (fresh), and one egg. Put the meat through the grinder, mix with the bread crumbs and seasoning, and bind together with the egg. Make into cakes, dip into egg, then into bread crumbs, and