

Domestic Economy.

FOOD FOR THE DIABETIC.

As far as possible sugars and starches are omitted from the dietary of the diabetic. The breads made from diabetic flours, however, prove so unsatisfactory that a small slice of wheat bread or cracker is sometimes taken daily in their stead.

Sugar is replaced by saccharine in all made dishes.

Meats, eggs and fish may be taken in quantities, from four to six eggs daily oftentimes not being too much.

A large amount of fat is necessary, the best forms being butter, cream, cheese, olive oil, and oily fish. In addition to the ordinary diet, one-fourth pound of butter and one-half pint of cream may be taken daily.

Green vegetables are allowed, and are especially useful for carrying the necessary amount of fat. Spinach, asparagus, string beans, cabbage, cucumbers, lettuce, mushrooms, cauliflower, and celery tops, onions, radishes, rhubarb, tomatoes and watercress may be eaten usually.

Of fruits, many are allowed in limited quantities—grape-fruit and oranges always agree.

Nuts, olives and cheese are beneficial, and coffee, tea and cocoa may be taken without sugar.

Coffee is often taken with the addition of egg or butter instead of cream.

Egg lemonades are used, and egg-nogs are made with fruit or cream.

Salads may be taken in all combinations of eggs, vegetables, fish, meat and cheese.

Butter sauces and cream sauces, either thin or thickened with egg, are used instead of sauces made with flours.

Vegetables are fried, made into fritters, dressed with cream, butter, curry or sauce.

SOME USES OF OLIVE OIL.

A tablespoonful of olive oil a day, taken internally, will help liver trouble and indigestion. It is also healing for throat or stomach catarrh. Serve it frequently in salad dressings, where it will be both appetizer and medicine. For severe internal disorders or emaciated and run-down condition of the body, rub the patient every morning for twenty minutes with the oil, then with a bath towel; at night rub the spine for ten minutes, and in two months you will see great improvement. Mixed with quinine, then rubbed on the chest and back, it prevents cold; mixed with camphor, then applied to the throat, it cures soreness; mixed with kerosene and turpentine, then used on the throat and chest, it relieves the most obstinate cough. Heated and applied to the bowels, it helps constipation. Try it for chapped hands and roughened or burned skin. Before putting away the stove, rub the nickel parts with the oil, also the gasoline oven or other sheet iron, and you will see no rust. Use it on shoes instead of blacking. It is especially good for patent leather; apply at night, rub off and polish in the morning.—[Woman's Home Companion.

TREATMENT FOR POISON IVY.

This is not a germ disease, but when the ivy comes in contact with the skin it acts as an irritant the same as mustard. Ointments and all oily liniments must be avoided, as they dissolve the ivy poison, and thereby tend to spread it over the skin and produce further inflammation. For the same reason, if alcohol is used to wash the part it must be removed entirely (by water) as the poisonous principle is soluble in it, while insoluble in water. The part of the skin affected should be thoroughly scrubbed three times a day until well with soap and water. The affected part should then be washed in plain water and thoroughly dried. Bind the part with an old, clean linen handkerchief, and do not apply anything else to the poisoned part. Clean linen must always be applied after each washing, as otherwise the poison might be spread by hanging to the dressing.

"Sonny," said the good old man, "I'm surprised that you should tease that cat in that way." "Why?" replied the boy, pausing in his inhuman work, "Do you know any better way?"



The Household Fly.

At this season of the year the annual combat against flies begins in earnest. During the early part of the summer these pests give comparatively little trouble, but just as soon as preserving season begins, the marshalling of the battalions reaches its climax, and into the house the small foragers come, buzzing about our very noses, with all the effrontery in the world, unless we exercise the most scrupulous care and untiring vigilance in keeping them altogether out of doors. Have you ever wondered how it is that you never see any "little" house-flies? Possibly you have, and yet it has seemed a very hard matter to settle down to ferreting out the mystery. The majority of us have very little time for spending on such investigation; even were we gifted with the tireless patience and keen powers of observation which mark the true devotee of natural science.

Those who have studied the life history of this little insect, however, have told us many interesting things about it. They have placed it in the family called Muscidae, whose members are typical, true flies, a family to which also belong the blue-bottle, and the horn and stable flies, which were introduced from Europe, along with many other unwelcome guests from that continent.

You may have noticed that, quite early in spring, a few house-flies put in their appearance. Now, we are told that these are usually females, survivors from the preceding year, which are now out seeking some favorable place in which to deposit their eggs. If one of these females finds a heap of horse manure, she seizes upon it as the spot par excellence in which to begin operations, and she keeps at work assiduously until she has deposited from 100 to 150 eggs in it. Failing the horse manure, she contents herself with any other decaying matter or filth. Others of her kin assist her in filling this repository with eggs, and so successful are the efforts of this co-operative society, that as many as 1,200 house-flies have been known to issue from a single pound of the material in which the eggs were laid. Little wonder is it, then, that there is a grand army ever ready to fight, in the very face of our vigilance, towards our preserving kettles. The nuisance, however, would be much greater were it not for the fungous diseases and parasitic enemies which prey continually upon the bodies of the flies. You see in all animal life the old rhyme holds good:

"Big fleas have little fleas
Upon their backs to bite 'em;
And little fleas have lesser fleas,
And so ad infinitum."

The eggs of the house-fly hatch in about six or eight hours, the larvæ which issue from them appearing first as tiny white maggots. These reach their full growth in four or five days, and then begins the wonderful transformation which, with various modifications, precedes the "turning" of all larvæ into flies, moths, butterflies, or whatever it may be. The outer skin hardens, and becomes brown; within it the pupa forms, and as it grows it casts its skin twice, finally emerging in four or five days through a round hole in one end of the pupa-case, as a full-grown fly, the case being left behind as an empty shell; hence it is that we never see any "little" house-flies. Small ones, it is true, may be found in the house, but they belong to another species, not to the Musca Domestica, or true house-fly branch.

Flies have been given credit for doing duty as scavengers. They have, on the other hand, been known to be the direct means of carrying the germs of such diseases as typhoid fever and tubercu-

losis, and of causing blood-poisoning, by first feeding on putrid matter, then on unhealed sores or cuts. In consideration of these facts, then, as well as of the "dirt" and annoyance that they create, we should certainly leave no means untried by which we may rid ourselves from them.

How to be rid of them—"To be, or not to be?"—that is the question; and sometimes, notwithstanding all our efforts, it would seem as though the answer must be "to be." Somebody will tell you that sweet clover is a sure fly-expeller, and straightway you fill the house with bunches of sweet clover. Someone else recommends oil of this or that, and you spend money for it, and load the air with pungent smells that half sicken everyone about the place. All to no avail, and you resolve that the fly is proof against all such gentle blandishments. A great deal may, however, be done in the way of banishing flies, if only one goes the right way about it.

In the first place, no house should ever be built very near barns or stables, particularly horse-stables. If the damage is already done, the best thing to do will be to thoroughly safeguard every door and window with wire screens, which have proved to be the best protection against these insects yet devised. Great care should be taken, also, never to leave food of any description about where the flies can get at it. A few drops of milk or grains of sugar left on a table for half an hour may seem a very small matter, yet may provide an ample repast for a great many flies during that time. Boxes covered with netting are fine for placing such things as require ventilation in. The semi-spherical wire-net covers, which may be bought at the hardware store, are also a great convenience for covering pies, dishes of fruit, etc., while covers of cheese cloth or mosquito-netting to throw over the table while it stands waiting at meal-time are a luxury that no house should be without.

Fly poison and sticky fly paper are also of use, and although the latter may seem a cruel instrument of torture, its cruelty is, for the most part, only an apparent one. Flies have practically no nerves, hence cannot feel pain as we understand it. When they light on the sticky paper they struggle, of course, to get away, but have been known to fly off minus two or three legs, as though nothing had happened. A method which has also been recommended is to sprinkle pyrethrum powder very liberally through a room, then close the room until the flies have succumbed to the poison. Nothing, however, can equal the screens for real comfort, so far as immunity from flies during the summer months is concerned.

DAME DURDEN.

"Farmer's Advocate" office, London, Ont.

Brown Bread and Devil's Food.

(Contributed by Mrs. Wm. Mayhew.)

I enjoy the "Home Magazine" so much, and find the recipes so helpful, that I am sending a recipe for

BROWN BREAD,

which I find very nice indeed, and enjoy it so much with baked beans: $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar (brown), 1 cup molasses, $\frac{1}{2}$ small cup butter melted, 1 egg, 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups sour milk, 2 cups graham flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup corn meal, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup white flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful soda, 1 tablespoonful salt. Put batter in a greased pan, place in a steamer, steam three hours, bake one-half hour, then serve.

DEVIL'S FOOD.

Two eggs, 2 cups brown sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sour milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup boiling water, 2 cups flour, 1 teaspoonful soda, 2 teaspoonfuls vanilla, 1 bar chocolate. Mix sugar and butter together, then the beaten eggs and sour milk; put soda into the water, and pour over the grated chocolate, then put in butter. Add flour lastly, also vanilla. Bake in a moderate oven.

A History of Cavalry.

That is what we are known as—
We are the orphans they blame
For beggin' the loan of an 'ead-stall
An' makin' a mount to the same.
—Kipling.

It is pleasant to know, just at the present war-time, that to a Canadian belongs the honor of writing the first and best history of the cavalry service. In 1874, the Grand Duke Nicholas of Russia; with the Czar's consent, offered three prizes for the best three books on the above subject, and made the competition open to the entire world. Lieutenant-Colonel Geo. T. Denison, of Toronto, felt, he said, that it was his duty to enter the competition, and prove that it was possible for a native-born Canadian officer of militia to hold his own with the officers of any country in the world. He accordingly set himself about his task with that hopeful self-reliance and energy which has characterized our successful countrymen in whatever field they have labored. After completing his work, he obtained a translation of it into Russian, and proceeded to St. Petersburg, where he was declared king of all competitors, and entertained at the most splendid court in Europe. It might not be out of place to recall to our minds the "Charge of the Light Brigade" at Balaklava, as told by an eye-witness who was living in our midst until a few years ago. In the trenches were a body of light horse, numbering six hundred, under the command of the Earl of Cardigan. While some Russian guns on the heights at a distance were pounding away at the English position, an order came to the young Earl to charge the Russian battery. It was like ordering out a regiment of boys to take Gibraltar. But with British valor they drew up in line, taking one look at the firm, pale, set face of their young commander as he took his place at their head. Then they went to their death like heroes. At every puff of the Russian guns, men and horses flew into the air like chaff, and yet the remnant rode on right over the very guns before they turned. Fewer than one hundred and fifty of them returned from, as Tennyson puts it, "the very jaws of hell," and not likely that many would have survived had not the Russians been struch with magnanimity and ceased firing.

HERODOTUS.

Courage of Innocence.

In the summer of 1879, a grizzly bear entered a farm enclosure in Texas, and helped himself to a quarter of venison that hung near the door.

A few feet away a little boy had fallen asleep on a pile of wool, while his still younger sister was playing at his feet. Seeing the little girl move, the bear went up to her and sniffed her over.

"Nice doggy!" said the child, fearlessly. "Oh, Freddy, wake up an' see the big doggy!"

At the moment the little fellow opened his eyes the grizzly was nosing about his head. He started up and slapped it in the face.

The animal good-naturedly retreated, perhaps amused by the innocent bravado of the little man whom it could have crushed with a blow of its huge paw. The bear trotted off toward the fence, closely followed by the boy.

"You get out o' here! You get out!" shouted the lad.

His mother's attention was at that instant attracted to the scene. Her horror may be imagined. As the bear was squeezing through the fence, the boy raised his foot and dismissed him with a kick.

"You keep out o' here, or you'll fare worse next time!" And then he turned to his mother and asked: "Did you see me send that old dog about his business?"