

## About the House.

### INITIALLING LINEN.

Of late, we have been asked more than once for hints in regard to initialling linen. We are glad to give this information, not only for the sake of the brides-to-be, who have gently given intimation of sundry events to take place when the June roses come, but also for that of dainty women everywhere, for what dainty woman is there who does not set store by her linen, and who does not know that the pretty initial embroidered thereon may well appear as a little distinctive personal touch, a sort of sign manual, as it were, of the "lady" at the back of the household management?

A bride, of course, uses the initial of her maiden name, a married woman that of her present name, and the same design, only in different sizes, should be used for all articles—tablecloths, sheets, etc. At present, the popular fancy is for rather straight, severe letters, but monograms, or more elaborate lettering may be used if preferred, as this is one of the many points upon which fashion changes.

Neither is there any hard and fast rule in regard to the size. A four-inch letter is usually worked on sheets, with one of only half the size for pillow cases. A three-inch size may be used for tablecloths, with a corresponding one-and-one-half-inch letter for the napkins. Upon towels, the length may be three or four inches.

On napkins, the initial may be placed either in one corner on the bias, or in the center of one edge, in which case it will be necessary to fold the napkins in thirds. Upon the tablecloth, it may also occupy a corner; or, two letters may be used, one in the center of either end and about eleven inches in from the edge of the table. Sheets are usually marked in the center, about two inches below the hemstitching, and towels in the corner or center of the end, as preferred.

Initials are, as a rule, simply worked over and over, in satin stitch, with a little padding of floss beneath; but two, or even three, different stitches may be employed upon each letter, if preferred. The fancy stores now sell initial forms, which may be tacked upon the material and worked over, thus providing both design and padding at once. But, when buying these, care must be taken to make sure that they are washable.

### RECIPES.

**Asparagus, Stewed.**—Break the stalks into inch lengths, placing the tough ends that are not fit to serve by themselves, then wash all well. Tie the tough pieces in a piece of cheesecloth, and lay them with the tender asparagus in the kettle, as they will add flavor. Put on enough slightly-salted water to just cover. Cover the kettle, and cook slowly about half an hour, or until the asparagus is tender. Remove the cheesecloth, and throw away the contents; season the rest with butter, pepper and salt, and serve at once. Some prefer it put on toast, with cream sauce poured over.

**Easy Salad.**—Prepare individual plates by laying lettuce leaves on them. Cut bananas in two, then cut each piece lengthwise. Roll in chopped nuts; lay on the lettuce; pour a little salad dressing over, and serve.

**Diced Liver.**—One pound beef liver, cut into small squares. Melt two dessertspoons butter in a hot pan; put in the liver, and let it cook to a light brown. Put on the stove, in another pan, one cup milk, and, while hot, stir in one full teaspoon cornstarch, which has been blended in a little cold milk. Add half a teaspoon salt, a dash of red pepper, some parsley cut very fine, and stir all well. When cooked, add the liver and one teaspoon tomato catsup.

**Liver Scrapies.**—Scrape a piece of tender liver, and season. Beat yolk of egg and one tablespoon cream. Mix all together; drop in pan of hot grease; turn quickly, and serve on hot plates.

**Kidneys on Toast.**—Veal or lamb, kidneys make a delicate breakfast in spring. Remove, with a knife, all skin and gristle, and cut in neat slices. Fry lightly with a little butter to brown; then add a very little water, and simmer gently until thoroughly tender, adding

salt, cayenne, a squeeze of lemon, and a few mushrooms (fresh or canned) whenever you have them. Use a little browned flour to thicken the gravy, and serve on toast.

**Fried Sweetbreads.**—Wash very carefully, parboil, drain dry, then dip in egg and crumbs, and fry in deep fat. Serve with tomato sauce.

**Creamed Sweetbreads.**—Parboil, drain, and cut up coarsely. Make a cream sauce, and put the sweetbreads into it. Serve plain, or mixed with mushrooms, minced chicken, or green peas.

**To Cook Sausages.**—Brown a chopped onion in a tablespoon of butter, adding the juice of half a lemon. Cook the sausages in this. Add a cupful of brown sauce, and allow a minute or so more to heat. Serve on a hot platter with minced parsley sprinkled over the

trade, and will run at the rate of twenty knots an hour.

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman died at his residence, Downing St., London, on April 22nd. The burial service was held at Westminster Abbey on April 27th, and the remains were interred at Meigle, Perthshire, Scotland.

## Children's Corner.

[All letters intended for the Children's Corner must be addressed to "Cousin Dorothy," 52 Victor Ave., Toronto.]

### A VISIT TO A "SUGAR BUSH."

We were all going; that is, the boys were going to-day and we girls to-morrow. Jack was already waiting, with a sleigh piled with cans, blankets, and some dry wood; while Dick filled the great sap kettle with "some good things that mother baked," and then, everything ready, Uncle John and six light-hearted boys started on their journey.

"Don't I wish we were going now," sighed Mary. "I don't know how I will wait for to-morrow."

"Well, I shall wait by getting home, and getting at my work, for we must start before the snow turns to water," said practical Ida.

In a few minutes we had discussed what we should wear, and the time we would start, said our good-byes for the present, and went our different ways.

When I roused next morning, the sun was just tinting the Eastern sky. I hurriedly dressed and helped with what little work I could in my excitement (for I had never been to a sugar bush), ate scarcely any breakfast, and in an hour we were well on our way.

It was almost ten o'clock when we reached the camp, hungry and tired.

"Give us some of that stuff," pointing towards the kettle, "and a slice of bread, the way boys cut it, Bert," called Ida to her brother, at the same time taking possession of the camp.

"I do not want any, for I declare he is stirring it with a piece of fat meat attached to a stick," I said, watching Bert, who was vigorously wiping it around the edge.

They all laughed, and Uncle John, who has just appeared, explained why he did it. Soon we were warmed, fed, and ready to gather sap; but, alas! the snow was getting soft, and we were laughable objects, stuck fast in the snow, and in sight of the "boiling-place."

About four o'clock, to our great delight, Uncle let the sap boil down, and to cool it quickly, we poured it on some clean snow. Oh, what fun we had for the next hour, wasting and eating, for I am sure we did both. But, as we had a long walk ahead of us, we started for home, and found, to our dismay, that it was, indeed, very hard to keep our feet dry; but as home and dry clothes were ahead, it was not unbearable.

Supper was ready when we reached home, and we were ready for it; but our clothes, and our faces, even our fingers had their share of the maple sugar.

After supper, the girls went home, all tired and happy. And, if you have never been to a "sweet place," as Mary calls it, go next year.

BESS.

### THE PROPHET.

"You needn't tell me!" a little bird cried;

"You needn't tell me, for I know! The winter is coming, and ere many days

The ground will be covered with snow; The voice of the Southland is calling the birds,

And I must make ready to go."

And so he was off with a note of farewell; The garden was still as could be.

The flowers were taking their long winter nap,

And bare was the old apple tree. Away in the Southland the little blue bird

Was waiting for springtime, you see.

"You needn't tell me!" the little bird cried,—

The same little bird, you must know,— "The Northland is calling, and oh, I am sure

There will not be any more snow; The crocus is blooming, the trees are in bud,

And I must make ready to go."

And so he was off, with a flash of blue wings, Straight, straight to the old apple tree;

And there he is happily building his nest, As cozy a nest as can be;

And we know when he comes that the summer is near, For a wise little prophet is he.

—The S.S. Visitor.

### THE DEBATE.

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—I think I am the first to write from Stayner, but I do not know. I will try to write on the debate, "Which is the nicer season, summer or winter?" I think summer's much nicer than winter, because you can go out and play and not get yourself all snow and wet. I like to see the flowers growing; they are so beautiful, and the green grass. On warm days, I like to go out and sit among the trees, and hear the birds singing in the tree-tops. We can go fishing and picnicking in summer, and it is much nicer going to school, you do not have to be bundled up like you do in the winter.

ETHEL TAYLOR (age 11).  
Stayner, Ont.

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—I think anybody that loves nature will prefer summer. One thing that is very nice is to take a walk into the country in the summer evening and hear the birds singing their last tune. Another thing that is a great advantage is that you needn't climb deep snow banks in summer, as you have to do in winter. It isn't very pleasant for little tots that have a mile or two to walk, to climb through deep snow banks. Of course, for big, strong boys, it doesn't make any difference. In the third place, you can always have fresh fruit in summer, which you cannot have in winter, such as cherries, pears, plums, etc., and I'm sure that's a great treat. Another thing which I think is great fun is to build a raft, and take a ride on a pond. It is fine sport to get your schoolmates and friends together for a fishing party. And, last, I will mention the beautiful trees, flowers, and birds, and all the beautiful things in nature, which we, at least I, appreciate so much. I think that summer is far ahead of winter.

ALBERT LUDOLPH (age 12).  
New Dundee, Ont.

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—I think that summer is nicer than winter, because there are no hills around here for us to sleighride. I have only one sister, so two can hardly play ball together. We live near Berlin, and there is a street railway car that comes to Bridgeport from there. On Saturday nights, in the summer, there are bands and picnics and everything that helps to brighten our little village up.

MARGARETTA POMEROY.  
Bridgeport, Ont.

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—Some people think winter is the nicer, but I think summer is. One reason for my thinking this is that summer is a great deal warmer than winter. Everything is nice and green; the flowers are blooming, and the crops are growing in summer, while nothing is going on like this in winter. Most of our holidays are in summer, when we can get out and play in the green fields.

MAGGIE CAMPBELL.  
Belwood, Ont.

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—I am eleven years old. I live one mile from school, and go most every day. We are going to raise a new flag at our school on Arbor Day, and then the people will know how loyal we are to our country. I like summer better than winter in most ways. Skating is lots of fun; but in the summer a boy can feel so free and enjoy more sports than he can in winter.

WILLIE ELLIOTT.  
Fairfield Plain, Ont.



sausages. . . . Another method: Put in boiling water, and boil two minutes. Take out, prick with a fork, and fry.

**Baked Sweetbreads.**—Put in boiling water for eight or ten minutes; then throw in cold water. Cut in pieces; dip in yolk and crumbs, and roast. Serve with melted butter and catsup.

**Smoked Herring.**—Put in a dish, and cover with boiling water, allowing them to stand ten minutes. Skin; wipe dry, and boil over clear coals (a toaster will do) for about eight minutes. Put on a hot dish; spread with butter, and serve.



## Current Events.

The Grand Trunk Pacific Railway has let the contract for a 2,600,000-bushel elevator at Fort William.

Mr. Seizaburo Shimizu has been appointed Japanese Consul-General for Canada, as successor to Mr. Nosse.

Sir Adolphe Caron, former Minister of Militia and Postmaster-General of Canada, died in Montreal on April 20th, of pneumonia. He was sixty-five years of age.

The Prince of Wales will open the fetes in connection with the Quebec tercentenary on July 23rd. He will remain two weeks in Canada, but will not go further west than Quebec.

The White Star Company is about to add to its Atlantic liners a steamer 1,000 feet long, to be called the Olympia. The new vessel is intended for the Southampton—New York