

# HOME

## Miscellaneous Recipes.

**Rice Pudding with Fig Sauce.**—Press hot boiled rice into buttered cups; then slip out on a hot dish and pour the sauce over. Look carefully over the figs to be used; place them in a pan and cover with cold water; cook until tender; chop very fine and press through a coarse sieve. To this pulp add the juice of one-half lemon and sugar if not sufficiently sweet.

**Chicken Turnovers.**—Make a rich baking powder biscuit dough; roll out one-fourth inch thick; cut into squares; place a spoonful of minced chicken seasoned with herbs and onion, and moisten with cold gravy; fold dough over; brush with milk and bake about fifteen minutes. Serve with left over gravy, to which add the chopped giblets.

**Apple Graham Pudding.**—Place a layer of graham crackers in bottom of buttered pan; then add layer of pared, cored, and chopped sour apples; continue with more crackers and apples until pan is two-thirds full. Beat one egg with one-fourth teaspoonful salt; add one pint of milk; turn over the apples and crackers and bake in moderate oven until puffy and brown.

**Orange Sauce.**—Thicken one pint of orange juice with one tablespoonful of cornstarch; cook until transparent and sweeten to suit.

**Boiled Beef, Dutch Style.**—Wipe three pounds of beef out from the rump, then place it in a kettle in which is some hot salt drippings, browning well. Add a medium sized onion cut in slices, a large carrot scraped and cut into slices an inch thick, a level tablespoonful of salt, and cover with boiling water. Place on the lid and simmer until the meat is tender. It may be left whole, but will require less time to cook tender if cut into pieces about the size of small apples.

**Stuffed Lamb Chops.**—Twelve lamb chops, one and one-half cups soft breadcrumbs, milk, one tablespoon minced parsley, one-quarter cup grated cheese, one-half teaspoon onion juice, one-half teaspoon celery salt, few grains pepper. If possible, select chops from the loin and bone and roll them. Make a stuffing of the other ingredients, moistening with milk as necessary; pan broil the chops lightly, browning the underside and seasoning them as they cook. Then cover with the stuffing and bake for fifteen minutes in a hot oven. Serve on toast, with a brown sauce.

**Current Tea Cakes.**—Three-quarters pound flour, half ounce of yeast, one teaspoonful castor sugar, 1 ounce butter, one and one-half gills milk, one egg, four ounces currants. Method.—Put the flour and a teaspoonful of salt into a basin; cream the yeast and castor sugar until liquid. Melt the butter, add the milk, and make it tepid; pour on to the yeast, and add the egg (well beaten). Stir into the flour, mix to a dough, sprinkle in the currants, and set to rise one hour. Divide into two parts, and put into two well-greased cake tins. Let the dough rise to the top of the tins. Bake for 20 minutes in a well-heated oven. Turn out of tins when half baked, and brush over the tops with egg or milk and castor sugar mixed. Replace and finish baking.

**Apple and Rice Pudding.**—One pound sour cooking apples, two ounces sugar, one-half gill water, piece of cinnamon, one clove, castor sugar, one ounce rice, 2 ounces currants, one pint milk, sugar to taste, two whites of eggs, ground cinnamon. Method.—Peel, core, and slice the apples, and cook them till tender in a stewpan with the sugar and water, a clove, and the piece of cinnamon. Put the pared slices into the milk, and cook till soft; sweeten to taste and add it to the apples. Cook both together for about ten minutes, and let cool a little. Whisk stiffly the whites of eggs, and incorporate them with the above mixture. Lastly, stir in the cleaned currants. Remove the mixture into a buttered deep soufflé or baking dish. Besprinkle the top with a little ground cinnamon and castor sugar, and bake in a moderate oven for about twenty minutes. Serve very hot.

**Current Flapjacks.**—Four ounces flour, one ounce sugar, one egg, one-half pint milk and water, two ounces currants. Method.—Mix the flour with a pinch of salt and the sugar; break the egg into the center, and add the milk by degrees until the batter is of the consistency of thick cream. Sprinkle in the cleaned currants last. Leave to stand one hour. Melt a small piece of lard in a little frying-pan of about four inches width. When smoking hot, pour in enough batter to cover the bottom, fry lightly, turn and brown on the other side. Continue this until all the batter has been used up. Drain each flapjack free from grease, dust over with a little grated nutmeg, and roll up pancake fashion. Serve, very hot, piled one on the other.

## Cakes.

**Fruit Cake.**—One and a half cups butter, half cup each of butter and of lard, three eggs, a grated nutmeg, a teaspoon ground cloves, three teaspoons ground cinnamon, a teaspoon and a half baking soda, a cup each of currants and of raisins, the latter cooked in a little water until tender and all the water cooked away, a cup sour milk, a cup nut meats, walnut or any kind you choose, three cups flour.

**Apple Sauce Cake.**—One cup sugar, six tablespoons shortening, one-quarter teaspoon salt, one cup raisins, two cups flour, one-half teaspoon ground cloves, one teaspoon nutmeg, one-eighth teaspoon soda dissolved in one tablespoon warm water, one cup sour apple sauce. Cream together sugar and shortening. Mix together flour, salt and spices and add raisins. Dissolve soda in water, add to apple sauce and beat into creamed butter and sugar alternately with flour mixture. Bake in a moderate oven.

## Left-Over Coffee.

Never serve warmed-over coffee. It is one of the worst of warmed-overs and has little justification. If it must be done pour the coffee from the grounds, strain and set in a tight glass jar in a cold place. When reheating the little fresh coffee in a lawn bag and bring to a boil with it. This gives more of the fresh-made flavor.

Left-over coffee is good strained and kept on the ice until lunch, it serves as iced coffee. This should have whipped cream and sugar passed with it. Have iced tea glasses half full of shaved ice and pour the cold coffee over it. Occasionally the whipped cream sweetened is mixed with the coffee, but tastes very too decidedly to make this feasible when strangers are to be consulted.

Another use for left-over coffee is to turn it into a dessert, a mousse, gelatine or ice cream, the coffee being the sole flavoring, though sometimes it is improved by adding a tablespoonful of sherry or brandy. More promise, left-over coffee can be sealed in glass jars and be ready to dilute to give lace curtains, nets and narrow laces a creamy tint after laundering.

## Home Hints.

For ink stains on the fingers try lemon and salt.

Never sleep where the light from a window shines directly on the eyes.

Never leave a metal spoon in a saucepan if you wish the contents to boil quickly, for the spoon is the means of carrying off a great deal of heat.

If toasted bread is put in a double boiler and placed where the water in the outer kettle is kept warm, the toast will be delicious after an hour or more.

In stitching long pleats a gummed label the exact width of pleat or hem required fastened on the pressure foot of the sewing machine, just back of the needle, keeps the tuck even.

When the window shade falls down and the spring roller unwinds with a whirr it may be easily put into commission by slipping the flat piece of metal at one end between the prongs of a kitchen fork and turning it until strengthened.

## SLEEPING A DISEASE.

Excessive Somnolence Is So Explained By a Doctor.

An attempt to explain the excessive somnolence of Pickwick's last boy is made by Dr. Frederick Taylor, F.R.C.P., in an interesting article on sleepiness in "Practitioner."

Dr. Taylor is sympathetic towards those with whom sleep is an affliction, and he thinks that the fat boy may possibly have suffered from some mysterious disease.

"There is no evidence that he was overworked mentally or physically," adds Dr. Taylor.

He cites the case of a prisoner who, when charged with sleeping in the roadway, went to sleep in the dock; tells of a housemaid who went to sleep in the act of announcing a visitor, and while carrying a tray with cups full of coffee; and mentions a woman "who was a nurse, till, in one of her sleeping paroxysms, she dropped the baby on the floor and nearly killed it."

"There are also on record other cases of a somewhat different kind," says Dr. Taylor, "in which the individual sleeps continuously for hours, days and months; some of these are described as narcolepsy, and they seem to present analogies with trance, catalepsy, hysteria and insanity."

"A man slept seven months without interruption; on another occasion fifteen months. Another man, in eight years, spent more than four and a half of them in sleep. The final attack lasted fifteen months."

Tea, coffee, and even tobacco are mentioned as remedies which will keep people awake when attacked by sleepiness. Dr. Taylor states that he has employed with success an egg beaten in coffee.

Many a great man has exclusive knowledge of the fact.

## "L'AIGLON"

"You're L'Aiglon, are ye? An aristocrat, eh?"

The old man plunged his hands into a basin of water and suds, and bent himself vigorously to the task of washing his face, hands, and hair, an exercise from which he presently rose dripping and rosy, but still belligerent. He breathed deeply into the folds of the kitchen towel hanging from the roller behind the door, while he rubbed his ruddy cheeks and nose until their shining roundness denied beyond possibility of question the genuine quality in the tones directed toward a tiny fluff of grey, winding between his legs.

"Got a pedigree—was raised in a cattery, was ye?"

"What's a cattery, anyways?" he asked, raising his voice, and giving a final rumple to the low-lying and aggressively upstanding hair.

A little old woman appeared in the doorway, and stood regarding the unusual irritation plainly visible in the voice and attitude of her spouse.

"Why, pa, a cattery is a house where they raise cats—An—Anglo-r-r-a cats—cause some of 'em is awful expensive. You know what Clara said about that one that cost five hundred dollars," she continued, her voice sinking to an awed whisper; "and she said 'L'Aiglon—Laig-loo'."

"What a name for a cat!" exclaimed the old man. "I hate such tomfoolery. I just naturally despise it. He can go back where he came from. The old cat's good enough for me. She caught all the mice round here for a considerable lot 'o years, an' I ain't goin' back on her for any upstart, named L'Aiglon."

"Tain't as if we could change it; you know Clara wrote what it meant, and how to pronounce it, but she said we must suit ourselves about callin' him that. She said it's French, 'cause his father and mother was French—an' his grandfather—"

"His grandfather be—" Even in his disgust, the old man paused upon the brink of this exclamation.

"My sakes!" exclaimed Mrs. Pickering, the kitten, she fled to her remotest "piny" bed. "My sakes!" she repeated to the fragrant globes of pink and white.

Left thus, the old man peered through the window at the fugitives. He rubbed perplexedly at the high light on his polished bald head.

He opened the door of the cupboard and took out a small plate, muttering, "Cattery—pedigree—'ll see!" and other dissatisfied fragments. A brown paper parcel came forth from one of the shelves, and he untied it with fingers that fumbled clumsily at the knots. Unrolled, it disclosed a portion of liver, fresh and inviting.

The old man cut narrow strips of liver, and placed them carefully on the plate. Then he spoke to the old cat.

"Come on!" he said, ingratiatingly. "Come on an' get it." He went close to her and stroked her with his great rough hand.

"It's fresh," he declared. "Ye can smell." Thus importuned, the old cat rose slowly, stretched, yawned, sniffed once and again, arched her back under the rough caress, then turned indifferently to her cushion, from which she blinked unresponsively at him.

"Sense morning," an' it's nigh supper-time. 'Pears like ye'd be a-wantin' something."

But she did not heed him. Blind to the solicitude of the bent old shoulders, from which stretched the tremulous arm, with its offering, she turned away, and began washing her face imperturbably.

Outside the window he could see the "piny" waving in the breeze, as the little old woman walked among them. Upon a riotous kitchen, curveting in their midst, up and down the gravel walks, they sent down showers of radiant petals.

"Little rascal!" he old man muttered, with absorbed interest at the leaping antics. "Mebbe he-like enough—"

The sentence remained unfinished.

ed as he walked towards the door, and there halted, gazing ruefully downward.

"L'Aiglon—cattery! Such nonsense, an' I ain't agoin' to put up with it," he announced, but the strength and finality of purpose that had rung through former utterances were lacking now.

"Them chickens'll be hungry, anyways, I reckon," he confided to the depths of a wooden pail hanging on its peg in the wood-shed. "Ma an' me an' the old cat's gettin' a little bit rickety, but them chickens," he said, hopefully, "they're young an' spry; they'll eat."

But they stood about in indolent, surfeited groups, regarding him with friendly affability, all unheeding the handful after handful of golden grains he threw among them. In dejection, the path by the currant-bushes back to the house was slowly retraced—and the dejection deepened as he stood again in the kitchen.

It came to him suddenly that he himself was not hungry, and that he was tired—tired of looking at things he had seen so often, the roller-towel, the dishes, the old cat. There was nothing for him to do, no one he could serve.

A plaintive quaver of sound arrested this melancholy train of reflection. On the floor before him stood the son of flawless French pedigree, appealing like any plebeian, plainly, obviously hungry.

The man opened the cupboard door. "I don't aim to have anything starvin' round me," he said to the plate of liver, lifting it from the shelf.

"Here you, L'Aiglon-loo!" he pronounced the name with labor and distinctness. "Ye can have it, for the old cat don't want it. I give it to her first," he felt it necessary to explain.

L'Aiglon came to the feast; he was not particular who was invited first. In a moment, it seemed to the delighted old man, there was no vestige left, and the kitten searched industriously for more round the plate.

"Want some more, do ye? Well, if you don't beat the dickens." A few moments later, he added, with an ecstatic grin, "I don't reckon ye can hold any more, but if ye can—"

L'Aiglon had finished it; and was asking for more.

"Nigh starved, ain't ye?" The basin stood in the sink, and he poured it full of water, as if in the joy of giving he feared something empty might wish to be filled. Again he scooped great handfuls up to his face, and emerging red and chuckling, he beheld his standing apprehensively in the doorway.

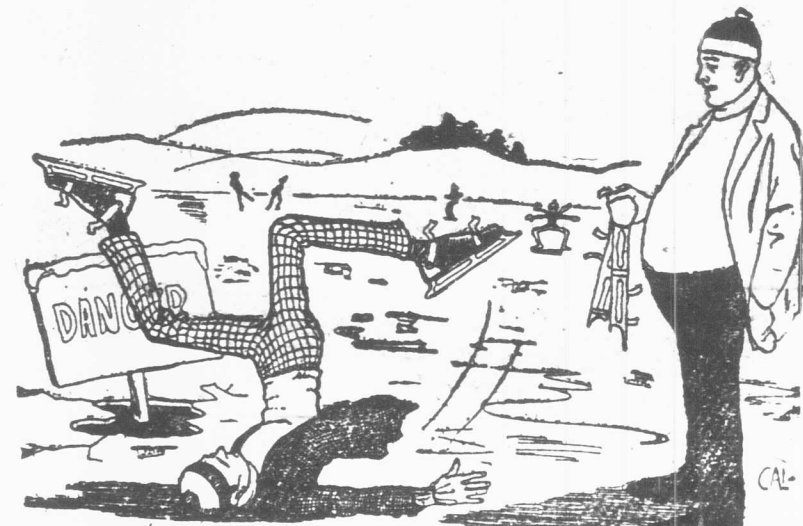
"That there kitten," he said, impressively, striving to find words to maintain his former declarations, and to explain his too evident abandonment of them, "is the biggest little pig I ever see."

The towel hung conveniently near, and he buried his face in its folds.—Youth's Companion.

## LESS DRUNKENNESS.

Signs That It Is Becoming Unpopular in Britain.

The increased sobriety of the people of Great Britain has been frequently and favorably commented on, and well-known social workers state that evidence was again forthcoming during the recent holidays to show that men are less inclined than formerly to squander their hard-earned savings in a few days' unrestrained excesses. Drunkenness, which used to be the most venial of vices, has become so discreditable as to rule a man out of Society. Statesmanship and hard drinking used to be considered quite compatible. Walpole made his son drink more port than he did on the principle that no son ought to be sober enough to see his father slide under the table, and the habits of the younger Pitt were such that if he were a Minister to-day his career would quickly end. It is gratifying to find that the change of view as to drunkenness is not confined to the higher walks of life. Among the superior artisan classes the habitual victim of alcohol is an object of contempt, and the more rational manner in which working men are spending their holidays is an impressive proof that in this important respect the nation is really on the up-grade.



## NEVER HAD A CHANCE.

"What's the matter? Can't you skate without tumbling down?"

"I haven't had a chance to find out yet."

## STORIES FROM NORTHLAND

### ANNUAL REPORT OF NORTH-WEST MOUNTED POLICE.

"The West," It Says, "Is Paying Penalty for Drawing Immigration from Europe."

The annual report of the Northwest Mounted Police is perhaps the exception which proves the rule that Blue Books are dry as dust. And certainly it is as far different from the ordinary run of departmental reports as an interesting novel from a statistical dissertation on the relative merits of quinquennial and decennial groups or the genealogy of Noah. In addition to a mass of statistical information, the report contains a summary of the work during the past year of what is perhaps the greatest police aggregation in the world, and an outline of the most important cases handled. Strange, indeed, are many of the stories and all the more strange and interesting for being true.

During the twelve months since the last report, no less than 13,391 cases were entered, 11,438 convictions secured, 1,707 dismissed or withdrawn, and 249 were awaiting trial on September 30, 1912. There was an increase of 3,973 cases over the figures for 1911, and 3,560 more convictions. The presence of a large floating population, composed of railway navvies, harvesters, etc., many of them foreigners, is reflected in the criminal statistics. There were no less than 59 crimes of violence, murder, attempted murder or manslaughter. Thirty-six were committed in Alberta; twenty-two in Saskatchewan, and one in the Yukon. These figures compare with a total of only twenty-three such cases in 1905, but in proportion to population there has been little increase. The names of the accused give unmistakable evidence that an undue proportion of the alien population is responsible for these crimes of violence. "The West," reports the commissioner, "is paying the penalty for drawing a large immigration from Europe." Among the motives appearing for the crimes are jealousy over women, 3; for gain, 2; quarrels over money, 4; drunken brawls, 4; preventing arrest, 3; uxoricide, 2; viciousness, 1.

### Poisoned His Beefsteak.

In one of the most interesting and sensational cases, Jessie Wilson, wife of a settler near Adanac, Sask., was charged with having caused the death of her brother-in-law by means of strychnine poison. The trial was one carried over from 1911; the jury found a verdict of manslaughter, and a sentence of five years in the penitentiary was imposed. It appears that the deceased was passionately fond of tobacco, and with a view to curing him of the habit by making him a little indisposed, Mrs. Wilson placed the strychnine under his beefsteak at dinner. The sentence was intended rather as a warning to those who might be tempted to deal carelessly and recklessly with such dangerous drugs, than as a punishment to the prisoner.

A ghastly triple murder at Vaseog, Sask., was directly attributable to family differences. Alak, a Hungarian, murdered his wife, shot and killed his father-in-law, and mortally wounded his mother-in-law. He was executed. On the prairies of Western Canada the Mounted Police located an old country Frenchman, Peugnet by name, wanted by the police of St. Leger, France, for the ghastly murder of a woman committed at that place. He was extradited, and upon reaching France confessed his guilt and was sentenced to life imprisonment.

### Inhuman Brutality.

Numerous are the cases of brutality, but few bear greater marks of maniacal frenzy than the death of an infant at Tompkins, Sask., at the hands of its step-father. The evidence showed almost inhuman cruelty, such as beating the baby's hand with a whip stock until the nails were black with bruises. The wretch would often kick the child in the stomach when he became angered. Marks on the abdomen were caused by beating and not by being placed on a hot stove as thought by some at the inquest. The sentence of twenty years in the penitentiary might well have been supplemented by periodic application of the lash. A case of almost revolting cruelty occurred at a Galician settlement near Skaro, Alta. A foreigner was found culpably responsible for the death of his infant son, not yet a year old. In a drunken frenzy the father struck the child repeatedly on the chest with his clenched fist, breaking its ribs. Only the brave act of an elder sister in grabbing the babe from its cradle and escaping with it under the bed saved the infant from even more revolting abuse.

### Priest Flogged Half-Breed.

A story comes from a point 450 miles north of Prince Albert of how a priest, Rev. Father Percard,

flogged a Chippewyan half-breed for a bestial offence against a two-year-old girl. The accused is now awaiting trial in the Prince Albert jail.

Considerable difficulty has been experienced in a number of instances of bringing foreigners to justice, as they are assisted in evading the police by their fellow-countrymen. This seems to be especially true of the Galicians. In this connection it is interesting to quote a letter written by Superintendent A. R. Outhbert, commanding "G" Division, Edmonton. He says in part in reference to just such a case:

"Every available man has been detailed for the duty along the C.N.R. and in the settlements north of the C.N.R. The country is more or less wooded and the fugitive will receive assistance from compatriots. It is in a contingency of this kind that our inadequacy through lack of men to cope with the conditions is unpleasantly forced upon us. All other duties have to be laid aside and men taken from other investigations, and notwithstanding this, the ground is not sufficiently covered."

### Enlisted in England.

The strength of the Northwest Mounted Police last September 30th was 54 officers, 400 non-commissioned officers and constables and 586 horses, or an increase of 4 officers, 21 men and 20 horses over the preceding year. They are distributed over a total of 11 divisional posts and with 185 detachments. Two hundred and three recruits were engaged during the year and 7 re-engaged, making a total of 210. As sufficient men could not be secured in Canada, Inspector West was sent to England with authority to engage recruits and advance them a part of their travelling expenses to the Northwest. He brought out 33 men. The strength, however, is still under the authorized 700.

"The personnel is of the first importance," writes Commissioner A. R. Perry. "Not only must we secure good material, but after training, retain them in the service. A trained man of good character and intelligence with the necessary actual experience is invaluable to us. Unfortunately, men do not enter the force as a career for life as they do in the Royal Irish Constabulary. Rather, they look upon it as a stepping stone to something better, or are attracted to it by a hazy idea that it is a life of ease varied by exciting pursuit of daring criminals."

"When they find that it is all work and severe discipline, they become dissatisfied and either purchase their discharge or desert." Increased remuneration is urged for the entire force.

### A Veteran on the Force.

After a service record of 26 years, during which he participated in both the first and second rebellions, Superintendent Charles Constantine died at Long Beach. He was the first to command in the Yukon territory, and in the early days of the gold rush his tact and firmness established the reputation of that gold camp as the most orderly in the world. Subsequently he was employed in the far north and in the strenuous work of the Peace-Yukon road making contracted the disease which eventually caused his death.

Superintendent Deane, stationed at Calgary, writes of the "stampede" held there for the Indians in September. There were nearly 1,200 Redskins in the procession, and "Tom Three Persons," a Blood Indian young man, covered himself with glory by riding a celebrated bucking horse called "Cyclone" and by thus carrying off a thousand-dollar prize and the championship belt offered at the stampede.

### Hay \$100 Per Ton.

Short paragraphs and in some cases even sentences give the skeleton of a story of hardship, suffering and death. Following is an example, from the pen of Superintendent Wroughton, of Arthabasca Landing:

"I regret to report that we have had no further news of Herbert Darrell, the intrepid 'dog-runner' and Arctic traveller, and I fear there is no question but that he has perished. Being intimately acquainted with the man and knowing his capabilities, if he were still alive I feel sure some word would have been received from him before this."

The same officer states that "hay was being sold (during the last winter) at the Little Smoky River at \$100 per ton, and at the Athabasca River at \$75 per ton."

There is much of interest in the diary reports of the officers commanding patrols in the far north. Temperatures as low as 52 below zero were reported, and in one case the mercury dropped from 8 above zero in the morning to 46 below during the afternoon. "This sudden change in the weather," writes the sergeant, "gave us all colds, something we never got before."

Proud Mother.—"Such enormous sums that we've spent on dear Clara's voice." Sympathetic Visitor.—"And you can really do nothing for it?"