

About the ...House

THINGS GOOD TO EAT.

Peach Charlotte.—Cut stale bread into slices as thin as will hold together, or a little less than one-quarter inch. Cut into three or four-inch squares and dip one side in melted butter. Line a pan with the bread, having the pieces lap all round and put the buttered side next to the pan. Pare a dozen peaches and cut in halves. Dissolve one and one-half cups of sugar in three-quarters cup of water and cook five minutes to make a syrup. Cook the peach halves in this syrup and cool without breaking. Add one teaspoon of arrowroot dissolved in a little cold water and cook a few minutes, turn half over the peaches which have been put inside of the lined pan and fit a cover of thin bread for the top. Bake half an hour, turn on a plate and pour the remaining syrup round it.

Stuffed Sweet Peppers.—Cut the stem end from four green sweet peppers and take out the seeds. Cover with boiling water and simmer twenty minutes. Drain and fill with a stuffing made as follows: Mix one half cup of cold cooked chicken or veal chopped fine with one-half cup of bread-crumbs, one-half tablespoon of fine chopped parsley, one-quarter level teaspoon of salt, a speck of pepper and two tablespoons of melted butter. Set the stuffed peppers in a baking pan and bake twenty minutes.

Baked Bananas.—Select large bananas and strip off one section of the skin. Set in rows in a baking dish and loosen the skin a little at each side of the uncovered portion. Sprinkle with a few drops of lemon juice and with sugar. Bake about half an hour in a moderate oven.

Snow Balls.—Beat the yolks of three eggs light, then add gradually one cup of sugar and beat. Add two tablespoons of milk, one cup of flour in which two level teaspoons of baking powder are sifted. Fold in the stiffly beaten whites of two eggs. Butter cups and fill two-thirds full with the batter; steam twenty minutes. Turn on to a plate of powdered sugar, roll until coated with the sugar and serve with a liquid sauce.

Raspberry Sponge.—Crush one quart of raspberries, add one-half cup of sugar. Cook together one-half cup of sugar and one and one-half cups of water for twenty minutes. Soak one-half box of gelatine in one-half-cup of cold water. Rub the sweetened berries through a fine strainer or sieve. Add the soaked gelatine to the boiling syrup and stir until all seems to be dissolved. Turn it into a cold bowl, add the berry and lemon juice then stir or beat until it begins to thicken. Add the stiffly beaten whites of four eggs and continue beating. When it seems firm enough to mold pour into small molds, or one large, and set on ice. Serve with cream and powdered sugar.

Fig Layer Cake.—Cream one cup of butter, add one and one-half cups of sugar gradually and beat smooth. Then add the yolks of three eggs beaten light and one teaspoon of vanilla. Stir in one-half cup of milk and three cups of flour sifted with four level teaspoons of baking powder. Bake in layer cake tins in a moderate oven. Chop fine one cup of figs and stir into a boiled icing, then spread between the cakes. Cover the top with plain boiled icing.

Small Brown Bread Loaves.—Mix and sift one cup each of corn meal, graham white flour, molasses and milk and a level teaspoon each of salt and soda. Beat vigorously and turn into pound baking powder tins that have been greased. Put on covers that fit well. Set the tins on a trivet in a kettle and fill half

full of boiling water. Cover the kettle with a pan that fits closely and set where the water will boil continuously for one and one-half hours. Replenish water with more that is boiling.

Broiled Tomatoes.—Select large firm tomatoes, cut in thick slices, dip into melted butter, then into flour and broil. Serve well buttered on a hot dish. This is a good dish for breakfast.

Charlotte Russe.—Line a serving dish with thin slices of sponge cake. Beat one-half cup of cream, adding one-half cup of powdered sugar and one teaspoon of vanilla flavoring. Pour the cream into the cake-lined dish and lay over the top a few macaroons. This is the simplest way to make a charlotte russe, and is much easier than lining a mould. A glass dish if one can be found of the right shape, is best for the charlotte made in this way.

Chocolate Custard.—Melt two squares of chocolate in a saucepan with one-half cup of sugar and two tablespoons of hot water. Beat four eggs well, add four cups of milk and the prepared chocolate. Pour into buttered cups and set them in a pan of hot water in a moderate oven. Serve ice cold.

WASHING WOOLENS.

After trying any number of different ways of washing woolens, in an effort to find one that would cleanse without shrinking them, the one here recommended has been used for several years with entire satisfaction; and as two members of our family wear all-wool underwear the entire year, it has certainly been given a thorough trial. By adhering to the simple rules here given, any grade of woolens can be cleansed without shrinking but the rules are positively inviolable.

Provide a generous allowance of hot soft water, white castile, ivory or other pure soap, and borax. Have the washing and rinsing waters of the same degree of heat. Make a good suds for the first water, but on no consideration put soap on the soiled article itself. Have the water as hot as the hands can bear comfortably, and allow one level teaspoonful of borax for every gallon of water; immerse the clothes and allow them to stand ten or fifteen minutes before washing; then work them up and down, squeeze, and if necessary rub with the hands, but never on a washboard.

The water must be squeezed, not twisted out, consequently a wringer is better than the hands. Rinse through two waters, using a little less borax and no soap, but allowing the clothes to lie ten minutes in each, working, them up and down and squeezing.

After wringing, pull into shape and dry as quickly as possible, pulling out at least twice during the process of drying. Woolens must never be hung in a hot sun, nor out of doors, in freezing weather. In winter, we dry ours on clothes-bars, standing the latter over a furnace register or near the kitchen range.

To my thinking, woolens have a fresher, sweeter odor without ironing. Smooth with the hands and fold neatly.

Never put woolen blankets in the general wash. Choose a dull, windy day if possible, and wash as above. The colored borders of blankets will sometimes fade in spite of every precaution, but there is no excuse but ignorance or carelessness for their shrinking. Two persons are needed properly to pull a blanket into shape. Be careful not to stretch it when hanging over the line, and to pull into shape occasionally during the process of drying.

THE HOME DOCTOR.

Brown sugar stops the bleeding of a fresh wound.

For indigestion try the beaten white of an egg in a wineglass of cold water directly after meals.

A mixture of equal parts of sweet oil and tincture of iodine is said to relieve corns and bunions.

Headache, toothache, backache or most any joint ache will be relieved by heating the feet thoroughly with the shoes on.

Mucilage has been found to be an excellent remedy for burns. Apply it to the burn and lay on any soft blank paper. The mucilage soothes the pain, while the paper excludes the air.

For a stiff neck, pains in the chest etc., warm some sweet oil and rub on thoroughly with the hands, then cover with sheet wadding, the shiny side out. Wear it until you feel comfortable.

A treatment highly recommended by a scientific magazine for poisoning from ivy is to wet a slice of bread with water, dust it with common washing soda and apply to eruption, keeping the bread wet from the outside. Half an hour of this treatment is said to be a sure cure.

HIS TROUBLES NEVER CAME BACK

ERNEST GRANT TOOK DODD'S
KIDNEY PILLS—THEY RE-
MOVED THE CAUSE.

He Had Backache and Urinary
Troubles for Twelve Years Be-
fore he Used the Great Kidney
Remedy.

Montreal, July 27.—(Special.—Ernest Grant, 287½ Urbain street, this city, is among those who never let an opportunity pass to say a good word for Dodd's Kidney Pills. He has his reasons for this, and here they are in his own words:

"I had been troubled with Backache and Kidney Disease for twelve years," says Mr. Grant. "My urine was very dark and high colored. I would lose my rest at night on account of having to rise so often to urinate. I could get nothing to help me.

"I tried several remedies, but all failed until I used Dodd's Kidney Pills. When I had taken four boxes, I was able to go to bed and take my rest, my Backache left me and I was cured. It has never come back."

When Dodd's Kidney Pills cure, the disease never comes back. They remove the cause.

Lever's Y-Z (Wise Head) Disinfectant Soap Powder dusted in the bath, softens the water and disinfects.

PATHOS MOVES NURSE.

Mother Love Changes Her Opinion
of her Calling.

The visiting nurse set out on her errand of mercy in a rebellious mood. This nursing was a wretched business. There was nothing in it but work, work—always work, however much the spirit might flag and the body grow weary. That there was poetry in helpfulness was a dream of the imagination.

The woman drew her cloak more closely about her to keep out the chill which follows rain when the east wind is blowing. Her own discomfort turned her thoughts upon human suffering—the futility of it all. She began to speculate upon the case before her with that indifference which comes from living too close to the world of pain. The application for aid had said that a young woman was dying, destitute, leaving a little child a few months old.

The nurse's mind lingered over the situation. Little children always moved her to tenderness, and she could not keep from wondering about this helpless little one who was soon to be left alone. And the mother—how did it seem to her? The nurse herself had once been happy holding a little child close in her arms. She lived the joy over again and sighed in her lonely walk.

In softened mood the nurse came into her patient's quiet room. In her new sympathy she was touched by the plain neatness of the place and by the aspect of the slight form on the bed.

It seemed to her incredible that even life could have touched roughly so tender and so young a thing. There must be some brute instinct in the vital force that moves the universe; how else could that frail creature lie on her bed of pain coughing away the little hope that she still held of a to-morrow with the tiny babe beside her? Yet perhaps earthly to-morrows were not needed by such as she. Certainly it would seem from her expression that she found the present joy enough. Her eyes did not leave the baby's face.

"It's strange," she said, "do you know I'm lonely, just a little. The little fellow seems so far away somehow just because I can put my arms about him."

She fell back on the pillow white and mute. The future, her future, dropped its pale curtain low, and the room grew dark upon the nurse's sight once more.

MAKING THE BEST OF IT.

Germany has built some of the finest, fastest vessels afloat, although she is not geographically a maritime country, and no other country is so largely dependent on others for the raw materials which enter into the making of a ship.

SLAIN IN INNS OF EUROPE

MURDER AND THEFT BEHIND
MASK OF TREACHERY.

One Landlord Guilty of Murdering
Forty-eight of His
Guests.

It is not difficult to understand the peculiar terror which stories of evil inns inspire. The condition of the man who falls into such a trap is a horrible one. He is alone, a stranger. It is night, and dangers are the more redoubtable that they move against him under a cloak of darkness.

I sometimes think of a night I spent in an inn on the Spanish frontier, in a little seaside village surrounded by a thick pine forest, five or six years ago. I was accommodated with a bed in a large room in which another traveler was lying. He was talkative, as most southern Frenchmen are, and curious as to my business, circumstances, and future movements. I told him a story of my financial troubles which seems to me to have saved my life. He was restless during the night and kept going to the window. I could not go to sleep while he was moving about.

In the end we both fell asleep. He had given me his name, a name with which a year or two later the whole of France was ringing. He was tried for a double murder perpetrated under circumstances of peculiar atrocity, and with such a motive of petty robbery that the opinion was he must have had long familiarity with crime. The murder for which he was convicted was carried out to gain possession of £20, and people believed none but a hardened criminal would nerve himself to murder for gain so paltry.

Such was my companion in a lonely inn, where my disappearance would have aroused neither curiosity nor suspicion. How he would have disposed of me I could imagine from the crime for which he was convicted. He traveled with a large trunk. I sometimes think it was the one afterwards seized at the cloakroom of a station on the Cherbourg line, containing the body of his latest victim. I think all that saved me from sepulture within it was the cunning with which I had concealed the fact I was in possession that night of a considerable sum.

CUNNING SAVES LIVES.

It was with similar cunning that my brother and myself avoided a like danger at Rotterdam. We were lads of 10 and 12 respectively, on our way home to England from our school in Wiesbaden. As the ship did not start until the day following our arrival we had been obliged to pass the night in Rotterdam. A loaf-er conducted us to a miserable tavern in a slum off the Bompjes, where we paid for the best room. As the time for retiring came our villainous looking landlord conducted us to a dark closet and told us to sleep there. "We have fallen into a trap," I said to my brother, and so it seemed when later we heard a stealthy step on the staircase. Then we began to talk in German, and the gist of our conversation was: What would become of us the next day if the money expected from our parents did not arrive? We colored the story of distress, and probably our being awake saved us instead of the tale overheard. We heard the step retreating, and remaining awake till morning we were not molested.

From what I have since heard of this class of houses in Rotterdam and Amsterdam, I have no doubt that we had a narrow escape.

DEATH TRAPS IN FRANCE.

France, too, is dotted with houses where murder and theft lurk behind the mask of treachery. In the forest of Chateau, three miles from Macon, you may see the ruins of a church consecrated to St. John. "Not far from this," writes Raoul Glabert, "a scoundrel had built a house for the accommodation of travelers. In this house he murdered all who came to lodge. The monster used the flesh of his victims for nourishment."

"A man came there with his wife and asked shelter. Having rested, his wife, prying into a closet, discovered a heap of human remains. At this the travelers grew pale, and made for the road. The innkeeper tried to stop them, but terror lent speed, so they were able to escape to the town, where they informed Prince Othon of the discovery. A great number of men set out, the monster was found in his den, and no less than forty-eight human heads were discovered, remains of travelers whom he had murdered and devoured. He was dragged back to town, tied to a beam in a cellar, and burned to death."

"I myself," says Glabert, "was present at his execution."

From other chronicles of this period cannibalism seems to have been looked upon by innkeepers as a requisite of their profession. This story is in its way more horrible than Hamilton Aides fiction, for in his evil inn only the teeth and hair of the victims were coveted by the two sisters of Cologne.

VERITABLE DEATH TRAP.

The French inn of most sinister reputation is still standing in a mountain pass in Auvergne. This is known to history as the Murderers' inn. The building was offered for sale some months ago, and though less than \$200 was asked no

SALADA

Ceylon Tea is the finest
Tea the world produces,
and is sold only in lead
packets.

Black, Mixed and Green.

Japan tea drinkers try "Salada" Green tea.

purchaser was found. The inn is a death trap. Rooms assigned to travelers have windows barred with iron. In an outhouse is the furnace in which bodies of victims were disposed of. Hundreds of lonely travelers, belated in this inaccessible spot, have been plundered and murdered.

The clew to the mysterious disappearances of Englishmen in France, reported in London papers at the beginning of last century, could have been afforded by a discovery at Piscot, on the road from Paris to Calais. In the old days of mail coaches, travelers from the north to the French capital arrived at Piscot towards nightfall. The house had had a bad reputation, but the innkeeper was popular.

The inn was poorly supplied with water, and the landlord employed men to dig a well at the back of the inn. When the diggers had got down a few feet they came upon a skeleton, and having removed this they were digging into a graveyard. Remains of eighteen bodies were found. Then the old people of Piscot began to talk of the evil stories in connection with the house.

Growsome was the find made a few months ago by workmen pulling down an old house in a town in the Morbihan district of Brittany, where the flooring of the kitchen hid a charnel house of human remains. This house had been an inn.

There is evidence that this kind of robbery still flourishes on the continent. Only recently came the story of an itinerant druggist assailed in an inn near Clermont Ferrand. A trap door in the floor of his bedroom was raised; two masked men, armed with revolvers, entered and forced the traveler to hand over £20, his entire fortune. The man escaped. The servant at the inn had witnessed the landlady dividing the spoils and helped him to give information to the police.

REFRESHMENT.

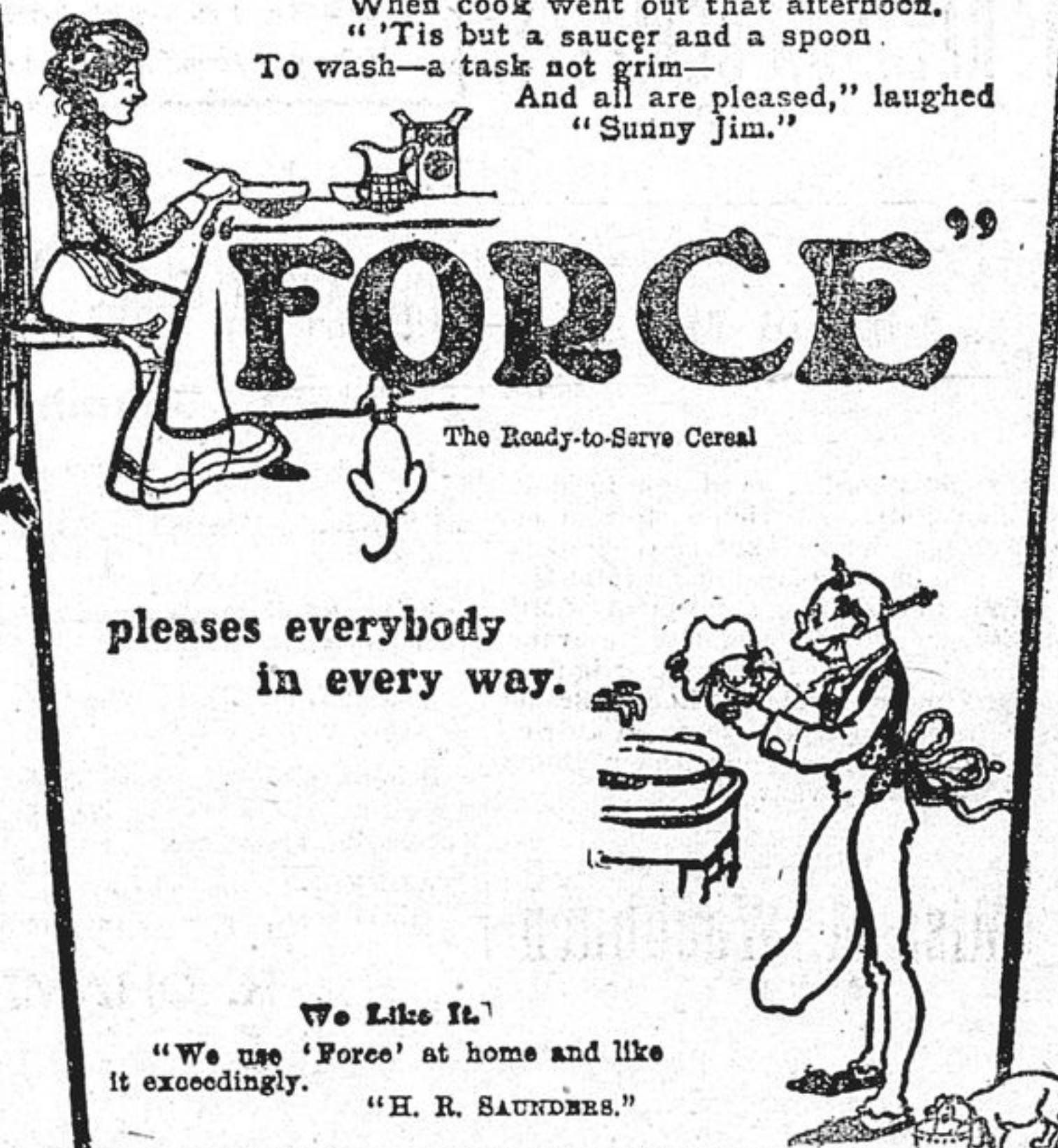
The proprietor who has been working hard for several months needs a rest. The employes who have been working faithfully for a busy season need a rest. The people of the town and country surrounding who have been buying liberally need a rest. It is the rest season, the vacation time of the year. The store will be the better for the vacations taken by all connected therewith. The place will be the brighter for turning the employes out to rub against new ideas and new opportunities. The customers may be the better for getting away and seeing how the stores in other towns are conducted. If the merchant is careful in picking out the vacations he will find the store management is not embarrassed by the absence of the clerks and will be better equipped for larger business and better work when the vacationers come back. A trip to lakes, mountains, seashore or country will get the musty ideas of the old season out of the brain of the hard worker and will put new energy into each. Vacations pay, even if they are made at the expense of the establishment. They are far more desirable since the better class of employes are willing to pay their own expenses and welcome the opportunity to get away if they want to go. Other ways may be devised by which the store force can be rejuvenated but none can be used as easily and successfully.

THE WORTH OF WORK.

No man is safe from the sufferings of over-warm weather. No escape has been found from bodily discomfort where the thermometer runs above ninety. The best way to reduce to a minimum the physical discomfort is to hustle for business and forget the trying condition. If the weather is warm, think of something else and the heat will not be so offensive. If the perspiration starts out of the pores, think as little of it as possible, and think as much of something else. Work will prevent suffering from the heat, and a struggle for more business will give a better feeling to those who are associated with the one who runs the business. No day is so long as the idle day, and no one suffers so seriously from heat as the idler. The business man can therefore help his employes and his customers to a better appreciation of their comforts by providing bargains to occupy the minds of those whose minds might otherwise be unoccupied.

Aunt—"Your bride, my dear, is delightfully rich and all that, but I don't think she will make much of a beauty show at the altar." Nephew—"You don't, eh? Just wait til you see her with the bridegroom that she has selected."

Jim Dumps and wife invariably
Had "Force" for Sunday evening tea,
When cook went out that afternoon.
"Tis but a saucer and a spoon.
To wash—a task not grim—
And all are pleased," laughed
"Sunny Jim."



FORCE

The Ready-to-Serve Cereal

pleases everybody
in every way.

We Like It!
"We use 'Force' at home and like
it exceedingly."
"H. R. SAUNDERS."