

About the ...House

SELECTED RECIPES.

How to Can Corn and Tomatoes.—Scald, peel and slice tomatoes in the proportion of two-thirds tomatoes to one-third of corn. Put in a porcelain kettle, let boil for fifteen minutes. Cut the corn from the cob and cook twenty minutes, adding a little water and stirring often. When done mix the corn and tomatoes and cook together five minutes more, letting them boil up once. Take from the stove and fill cans already heated, sealing in the usual way.

To Can Fresh Beans.—String the beans, break in several pieces, cook in boiling water fifteen minutes and can.

Dried Beans for Winter Use.—Cut the long string beans lengthwise, tie into bundles and hang to a line in the attic or in some warm place. Wrap paper bags around the beans after the first few days. Large and rather old beans may be used for this purpose, and they are excellent when used for soups or vegetables. They should be soaked over night in salt water before using.

To Can Pumpkin and Squash for Pies.—Cut up the pumpkin into small pieces, after having peeled off the rind. Stew until tender, mash very fine, and add no seasoning. Have the jars hot, and fill them with hot pumpkin and seal tight. Squash may be treated in the same way.

To Can Peas.—Fill a quart full of peas and shake down well, until the can is quite full. Pour into the cans enough water to fill the can full, or even to over-flowing. Screw the cover as in the case of the corn, and proceed in the same manner as corn.

To Can Tomatoes.—Very ripe tomatoes are best for this purpose. Put the number you wish to can in a basin of scalding water, and let stand a moment, when the skins may be easily removed. Then put them into a granite vessel without water, and place over a moderate heat, and bring to a boil. After boiling slowly a half hour, put into cans while steaming hot, and seal tightly. Keep in a cool dark closet.

To Can Corn.—Cut the corn from ten or a dozen large cobs for one quart can. Press the corn in the can with a small potato masher or anything that will press the corn. When the can is full screw on the cover lightly. Then place the cans in a wash boiler, on the bottom of which you have first placed a cloth to prevent breaking. Lay then a layer of cans and a layer of cloth alternately. Now cover the cans well with cold water, place the boiler over the fire, and boil three hours steadily. After this boiling, lift the boiler from the fire and let cool. Then take the cans and tighten the tops, and as they cool tighten until cold, then tighten again. Wrap each in brown paper and set away in a cool, dark place. See to it that the rubbers of the cans are soft and pliable.

To make Tomato Figs.—Scald and skin pear-shaped small sized tomatoes, and to eight pounds of tomatoes add three pounds of sugar. Cook without water until the vegetable clarifies, then take out and spread on dishes, and dry in the sun, sprinkling on a little syrup while drying. Pack in jars or boxes in layers with powdered sugar between the layers. They will keep in this way for a long time, that is, if the children are not too attentive to them.

Fruit Cookies.—Cream one cupful of butter with a cupful and a half of light-brown sugar, then beat in, one at a time, four eggs; add one teaspoonful each of ground cinnamon, cloves and allspice, one teaspoonful of soda, one tea-cupful of chopped raisins, and flour enough to make as soft a dough as can be rolled out. Cut out with a cake cutter and bake in a quick oven.

WITH PEACHES.

Peaches should be canned before fully ripe or soft. They pare easier, keep shape better and we think are fully as good flavor. If from a tree unusually exposed to dust, do not wash but brush or wipe with a soft cloth. The least fruit is manipulated the better it is to can.

Pare as soon as may be after the fruit is gathered and drop at once into cold water, not more than enough for two quart cans; one is better. Every minute it is under water some of the juice is extracted. I never can cling-stones, but use them to pickle.

Pare firm yellow peaches and drop into water as directed. Put half teacup hot water for each can into

the kettle, add half teacup or more of granulated sugar. With a bright skimmer take the peaches from the water and drop into the kettle. When they bubble lift with the skimmer to change the position and when boiling hot fill cans and seal. Leave from five to eight minutes, open and fill with fruit kept hot for the purpose and seal. If the cans haven't been well tested, invert, and if dry in half an hour, all is well.

White peaches do not retain their shape. When soft, crush them, dissolve sugar to sweeten in the kettle in a little water, add peaches, heat boiling hot, stirring to prevent adhering to the kettle. These can be put into jugs and hermetically sealed with wax. They make nice pies and dumplings.

Crush very ripe peaches, cook in a very little water, sweeten to taste; spread on plates, sprinkle with sugar and dry in the oven. This is called peach paste and needs only soaking over night in cold water, and then simmering a short time.

Yellow or white red-stoned peaches are delicious if pared, stoned, the cavities filled with sugar and dried slowly in the oven.

CARE OF PAINTED FLOORS.

If it is possible to have a hardwood floor, one painted a dark red is my second choice for dining room or chambers writes a correspondent. If taken care of properly that is a very satisfactory color. In the first place, fill all cracks with a combination of putty and plaster of paris. The following is what I have used with excellent results: One pint of common white lead paint such as is used for woodwork, and $\frac{1}{2}$ pound of putty stirred well together; when ready to use it add about one-half its bulk of plaster of paris and apply immediately. You will find that it will shrink somewhat, so that a second application is necessary to completely fill the cracks.

Thus far I have been unable to find a dark red paint ready mixed. I therefore get the darkest possible and at the same time get a small can of black, which I mix with it until I get the desired shade. After the floor has been painted and thoroughly dried it is given two coats of shellac. A new coat of shellac each spring and fall will keep it in good condition. Each week after the floor is washed go over it with a cloth wet with a mixture of kerosene and linseed oil, equal parts. For my dining room, which is constantly, I have as a back saver a mob kept especially for that floor, and whenever during the week it has a dusty look which sweeping does not remove, I pour some of the oil mixture under the mop and go over it lightly. It takes but a few minutes' time and the floor is kept looking well.

HAVE FUN AT HOME.

Don't be afraid of a little fun at home. Don't shut your house lest the sun should fade your carpets, and your hearts, lest a hearty laugh shake down some of the musty old cobwebs there! If you want to ruin your sons, let them think that all mirth and social enjoyment must be left on the threshold without when they come home at night. When once a house is regarded as only a place to eat, drink and sleep in, the work is begun that ends in gambling-houses and reckless degradation. Young people must have fun and relaxation somewhere; if they do not find it at their own hearthstones it will be sought at other and less profitable places. Therefore, let the fire burn brightly at night and make the homestead delightful with all those little arts that parents so perfectly understand. Don't repress the buoyant spirits of your children; half an hour's merriment round the lamp and fireside of home blots out the remembrance of many a care and annoyance during the day and the best safeguard they can take with them into the world is the influence of a bright little domestic sanctum.

THIRTEEN AT TABLE.

"Ever sit down at a table where there were just thirteen?" asked the man in the shaggy ulster.

"Once," replied the man with the white spot in his moustache.

"Well, you never observed that any bad luck followed it, did you?"

"Why—haw—yes. Bad luck for most of the thirteen."

"Any of them die?"

"Not that I know of. Never heard of any of them dying."

"Not enough victuals to go round?" queried the man with the snub nose.

"Who's talking about victuals? There wasn't any victuals."

"I thought you said you sat down to a table where there were thirteen persons?"

"That's what I said. The table was in a lawyer's office. It was a meeting of creditors. There were twelve of them. I was the other man."

There was a long pause, and then the man with the baggy trousers inquired—

"In what way did the meeting prove unlucky, if I may ask?"

"It was a bankruptcy meeting. I was the bankrupt, and none of 'em ever got a cent out of me," answered the man with the white spot in his moustache, heaving a deep sigh.

First Lady—"Since our cook left I've been doing the cooking myself, and I assure you it's far more economical." Second Lady—"I suppose they don't eat so much."

THE END OF THE WORLD

A STUPID PROPHECY THAT FINDS BELIEVERS.

Predicted by One Prophet That the Earth Will be Visited By Great Commotions.

Thousands of people believe in an early end of the world. Thousands of people have been expecting the end of the world for years, and have been disappointed. One well-known prophet has been foretelling the end of the world for thirty years or more. It is an awkward thing to let the lease of your business premises fall in anticipation of the end of the world, says London Answers.

The latest date fixed by the prophet for the last day of this age is either Thursday, May 2nd, 1929, or April 9th 1931—he is still uncertain which. But between now and then twenty-two kingdoms or states are to be reduced to the ten of Caesar's original Roman Empire. Before this continental transformation is completed there are to be wars and earthquakes, troubles, commotions, famines, and pestilences.

TREATS IN STORE.

In the later months of the end, the earth is to be visited with plagues of noisome sores, the sea—as well as the rivers and fountains—is to turn to blood, the sun is to scorch men for fifteen days, there is to be total darkness for three days, and then earthquakes are to shake down all cities.

At one time, comets used to be the grand terror. Even educated people, including astronomers, supposed that one day a comet would bump against the earth, and either set it ablaze or shatter it into space. In the middle of the nineteenth century the greatest alarm was manifested all over Europe lest the comet which then appeared should crash the world to atoms. Men and women and children came out of their houses and watched with white, drawn faces the long, luminous tail sweeping through the sky. In due course the comet disappeared from view, and nothing happened.

London has had several end-of-the-world panics. The famous Whiston once predicted that the world would come to an end on a certain 13th of October. The destruction of the mighty city of London, it was said, was to mark the beginning of the end. The inhabitants were seized with terror. Blanched faces were at every door. People thronged the streets terror-stricken. They rushed to Islington, to Hampstead, and congregated in all the adjoining fields to watch and wait, fearing the worst hoping for the best. Hour after hour they waited till the dawn of another day. Then they felt safe, and, tired and weary, went home, leaving the world intact.

THE BELL THAT TOLD.

On another occasion a panic was caused in London by two earthquake shocks. The first shock occurred on the 8th of February, and down went several big chimneys in Poplar and Limehouse. On the 8th of March another shock occurred, but was confined mostly to the districts of Highgate and Hampstead. The coincidence of the one shock following the other at an interval of a month exactly excited widespread comment. Then it was that a crazy-headed soldier named Bell rushed through the streets proclaiming that the next earthquake, which would occur on the corresponding day of April, would destroy London as a preliminary to the end of the world.

People began to brood on the coming calamity. From brooding they frightened themselves into wild panic. Thousands made hasty preparations for departing from London before the great catastrophe occurred. Vast numbers crowded into the villages for miles round as the day of doom crept nearer. Fugitives of all classes poured into Harrow, Highgate, Blackheath, Islington, and Hampstead, paying extortionate rates for lodgings.

The area of the panic quickly extended. Rich people who had laughed began to tremble. Beginning to tremble, they concerted measures for their safety. Water seemed to offer greater protection than land. They rushed to the Thames, and crowded on the merchant ships there, waiting for Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's to crash down. The eventful day came and passed, leaving London in its normal state. Then there was a great rush home. Bell subsequently died in a lunatic asylum.

Some years afterwards there was a panic on a smaller scale at Leeds, in Yorkshire. This happened because a hen laid an egg. It was not an ordinary egg. It was an egg inscribed with certain writing announcing the end of the world. The fame of that egg was noised abroad, and, strange to relate, that hen commenced to lay other eggs inscribed in a similar way.

A LYING LAY.

The place of miracle was soon besieged by crowds of people anxious to examine the amazing products of the hen. They came away pale-faced and distressed, believing that the end of all things was about to happen.

Then it occurred to some persons of inquiring, scientific mind that it would be an excellent thing to examine the eggs in a critical spirit. This they did, only to discover that the eggs had been written on with corrosive ink, and brutally forced back into the hen's body. The panic ceased from that day.

It Takes Less

"SALADA"

Ceylon Tea to make a satisfactory infusion than any other tea on the continent.

BLACK, MIXED or GREEN.

Sold only in Lead Packets. 40c, 50c, 60c. By all grocers. Highest Award St. Louis, 1904.

A few years before the Great Fire, London was the scene of a panic even wilder than those which have been previously described. The prophets on this occasion predicted the destruction of the city, not from comets or earthquakes, but from the overflow of the river. On the first day of February, they said, the Thames would rise to such a great height that it would wash away ten thousand houses.

One of the most extraordinary incidents in connection with this panic was that the Prior of St. Bartholomew's closed the priory, loaded several boats with stocks of provisions, and had them conveyed in waggons to a building he erected, regardless of cost, at Harrow-on-the-Hill. Then he and all the monks, together with a number of expert rowers, departed to his well-provisioned ark, prepared for all emergencies.

The day of the predicted devastation arrived. The river flowed on, uncaring and unconscious of the commotion it was creating in its course. Then darkness closed on the fateful scene, with London still dry, with the ten thousand houses left standing, with the Prior of St. Bartholomew's still safe and sound, with the thousands on the heights wishing they had never left home.

A MODERN MEDICINE.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Cure D, ease Through the Blood.

Medicines of the old-fashioned kind will sometimes relieve the symptoms of disease, though they can never cure the disease itself—they never cure. Ordinary medicines leave behind them indigestion, constipation, biliousness and headache; purgatives leave the patient feverish and weakened. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, on the other hand, do direct good to the body, blood and nerves. They fill the veins with new, rich, red blood; they brace the nerves; they drive out disease by going right to the root of the trouble in the blood. They always do good—they cannot possibly do harm. Mrs. Geo. Henley, Boxgrove, Ont., says:—"It is with thanks that I tell you that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have cured me after my doctor had said I could not be cured. I suffered from an almost constant fluttering of the heart, and sometimes severe pains. The least exertion would leave me breathless and tired out. My appetite was poor, and my head ached nearly all the time. I had lost all ambition to do any work, and felt very hopeless. I had taken a great deal of medicine without any benefit, until I was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These have made a remarkable change in my condition, and I am feeling better than I have done for years. I gladly give my experience in the hope that it will benefit others."

Now Dr. Williams' Pink Pills build up strength as they did in Mrs. Henley's case in just one way—they actually make new blood. That is all they do, but they do it well. They don't act on the bowels, they don't bother with mere symptoms. They go right to the root of the trouble in the blood. That is why these pills cure anaemia, headache, heart palpitation, indigestion, kidney trouble, rheumatism, lumbago, neuralgia, St. Vitus dance, paralysis, general weakness and the special ailments of growing girls and women. But you must have the genuine with the full name Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, on the wrapper around every box. Sold by all medicine dealers or sent by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

COMPULSORY M.P.'s.

The Norwegian Parliament is elected very differently from ours. It consists of 114 members, many of whom sit in the House under protest. All Norwegians over twenty-five years of age, who satisfy certain conditions of residence, etc., meet in the local parish church once in three years, and choose one man out of every hundred present to select the members of Parliament for the country. The men so selected are bound to serve, whether they like the honor or not. Immediately Parliament meets, one-fourth of the members are chosen to form the Upper House, the remaining three-fourths constituting the Lower House. The Upper House may send back a Bill twice, but after the second rejection both Houses vote together as one. In that case, however, a majority of two-thirds is necessary to pass the Bill.

IN A CREVASSE.

The Terrible Experience of An Explorer.

There is no pitfall more to be dreaded by the mountain-climber than a glacial crevasse, especially if it is masked by snow. A plunge into one is almost certain death. In the summer of 1897, a party of Englishmen exploring the Canadian Rockies set to climb Mount Gordon, a peak more than ten thousand feet high, which had never been scaled. On the way, near the summit, a crevasse interposed between their party and their goal. Over it lay a bridge of snow, and on this all crossed in safety except the last, Mr. Thompson. The bridge gave way with him, and he disappeared from view far down in the icy mass, where he could be heard calling for help. Mr. Collier, the geographer of the party, being the lightest of the number, was sent down into the crack on a rope to attempt a rescue. In this book, "Climbs and Explorations," he describes the experience.

I put my foot into a loop of the rope, was pushed over the edge of the abyss and swung in mid-air. I was then lowered into the gaping hole. On the side the ice fell sheer, on the other it was rather undercut, but again bulged outward about eighteen feet below the surface, making the crevasse at that point not much more than two feet wide. Then it widened again and went into dim twilight.

When I descended sixty feet, almost the entire length of the rope, I became tightly wedged between the walls, absolutely incapable of moving my body. My feet were close to Thompson's, but his head was farther away and three feet lower than his heels. Being face downward and covered with fallen snow, he could not see me.

I shouted for another rope, and when it came down I managed to throw one end to Thompson's left hand, which swayed about till he caught the rope; but when it was pulled it merely dragged out of his hand. Then with some difficulty, putting my hands above my head, I managed to tie a noose in the rope, and with it lassoed that poor, pathetic arm, which was only part of Thompson that could be seen. Then came the tug of war.

If he refused to move I could do no more for him. Moreover, I was afraid that at any moment he might faint. If that had occurred I do not believe he could have been got out at all, for the force of the fall had jammed him farther down than it was possible to follow.

Slowly the rope tightened as it was pulled by those above. I could hear my heart thumping in the ghastly stillness of the place, but at last Thompson began to shift and after some time he was pulled into an upright position.

To get a rope round his body was of course hopeless. Partly by wriggling and pulling on my own rope I so shifted that by straining one arm over my head I could get my two hands together, and then I tied the tightest jamming knot I could think of round his arm, just above the elbow. A shout to the rest of the party and Thompson went rapidly upward, dragged by one arm, till he disappeared round the ice-bulge forty feet above me.

I was full of dread lest the rope slip and he come thundering down atop of me, but the rope held, and he got safely out. I followed.

Most marvelously, no bones had been broken in his fall. His pack must have saved him. Perhaps it acted as a brake in the first narrows. But he emphatically gave it as his opinion that whatever scientific exploration might be necessary on the summit of the Rockies, investigations made alone, sixty feet below the surface of the ice, in an inverted position, were extremely dangerous and unworthy of record.

QUICK ADVICE.

"Well, what's the trouble now?" asked the gruff old physician of the chronic patient.

"Oh, doctor," whined the professional invalid, "I feel such an awful pain in my side every time I raise my hand to my head."

"Huh!" grunted the g. o. p., "then don't raise your hand to your head! Five dollars, please."

A little boy entered a tobacconist's shop and, approaching the counter, asked in a squeaky voice:—"Please, sir, father wants to know if it is true that there is such a thing as a tobacco trust." "Yes, my lad, there is," replied the man. "Well, father would like to be trusted with two plugs."

SUPPORT

SCOTT'S EMULSION serves as a bridge to carry the weakened and starved system along until it can find firm support in ordinary food.

Send for free sample.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists,
Toronto, Ont., and \$1.00; all druggists.