About the ....House

WITH TOMATOES.

Eggs and Tomatoes—Wash as many round, smooth tomatoes as there are persons to serve. Cut a thin slice from the top of each for a cover and scoop out just space enough to hold an egg. Put a little butter in the bottom of the cavity, drop in the egg, taking care not to break the yolk; season with salt and pepper, place a dot of butter on top of the egg, adjust the cover, and bake about twenty minutes, or until the tomato is tender. Grated cheese is sometimes sprinkled over the egg before the cover is put in place.

Broiled Tomatoes.—This is especially easy to do over a gas fire, but can be done over coals. Select fresh, firm tomatoes, wash dry, and cut into thick slices, leaving the skin on to hold them together. Heat and grease the broiler, lay on the sliced tomatoes, salted and peppered, and broil quickly. Season with a little butter, and serve while hot. A variation is afforded by sprinkling with cheese while broiling.

Devilled Tomatoes.—Broil quickly; arrange on a chop platter and pour over them a sauce made by heating together two tablespoonfuls of olive oil, a teaspoonful of made mustard, a dash of cayenne, a half teaspoonful of sugar and three tablespoonfuls of vinegar.

Fried Tomatoes.—Slice large, firm tomatoes, cut medium thick; season with salt and pepper; sprinkle plentifully with fine corn-meal, as much as will cling to each slice, and fry until both sides are brown in smoking hot lard or salt pork drippings. Take up carefully with a broad-bladed knife, or pancake turner, and arrange in a little piles of two or three on a hot platter, putting a piece of butter on each slice as it is dished. This is a particularly pleasing accompaniment to lamb chops or veal croquettes.

Fried Tomatoes with Cream Gravy—Having fried the tomatoes according to the preceding recipe, add another tablespoonful of pork drippings or butter to the grease remaining in the frying-pan; add to it an equal amount of flour; stir until frothy; then pour in cream or milk to make a good consistency. Season to taste with salt and pepper and serve.

Panned Tomatoes With Cream Gravy.—Instead of frying the tomatoes they may be panned. Wash and cut in halves good sized, solid tomatoes, and put them skin side downward in a baking tin. Put a little lump of butter on top of each tomato, sprinkle with salt and pepper, and bake in a moderate oven until the tomatoes are soft, but not brown Have in readiness as many slices of nicely browned toasts as you have of the halved tomatoes, and lift the tomatoes on the toast. Then make the usual cream gravy and pour over.

Stuffed Tomatoes.—When it comes to stuffed tomatoes their name is legion, and all are good. The preliminary preparation is all the same. Select round, firm tomatoes of equal size, cut a slice off the top, and with a spoon handle or vegetable scoop scrape out the pulp. Turn upside down a few moments to drain off the superfluous juice, then season the inside with salt and pepper. Meanwhile prepare your stuffing, which may bary according to individual taste and what happens to be in the larder. The most simple stuffing is usually made of stale bread crumbs, parsley, butter, salt, and pepper, or the tomato pulp mixed with the bread crumbs and seasoning; but this is varied with a judicious blending of fine herbs, with cooked rice seasoned with salt, paprika, butter, and a little curry, with equal portions of fine minced ham, and seasoned bread crumbs and the yolk of an egg, with a forcemeat of minced ham, Parmesan cheese and bread crumbs, with creamed onions with bread crumbs and mushrooms.

Still another stuffing liked by many is made of raw chopped beef, seasoned with salt, pepper and onion juice, while a forcemeat composed largely of green peppers finds loyal supporters. Fill with the forcemeat of whatsoever kind, crown with a little bit of butter, and bake in a moderate oven about twenty minutes. Stuffed tomatoes are often used as a garnish

BAKING POWDER AND SODA.

Rose Seelye-Miller says that though most culinary artists advise us that soda and baking powder should not be used in combination, in actual practice the combination is most satisfactory.

She says baking powder biscuits are much improved by wetting them with buttermilk sweetened with soda as can be imagined. (It is highly probable that it is the buttermilk that makes the improvement, rather than the soda.)

The great mistake made is in using too much soda. A scant even teaspoonful of soda will sweeten a pint of very sour milk or buttermilk. Mrs. Miller advises: "Be sure you have not enough soda and you will have it just right."

Doughnuts, she asserts, are much better made with sour milk or cream and soda with baking powder. Sour cream cake, in fact anything in which these things are used where tenderness rather then flakiness is desired, will be improved by their combination.

In conclusion she gives a rule for baking powder biscuit in which soda and baking powder contributes to tenderness and dlicacy.

"One quart of flour sifted well—if sifted two or three times it is better. Into the flour incorporate two heaping teaspoonfuls of baking powder, a teaspoon of soda, not even full. Mix into the flour, etc., a very large tablespoon of lard, and wet up with two cupfuls of sour milk or buttermilk. If the measuring has been correct the milk will make the dough very soft—so soft it will seem impossible to handle it. By dredging the bread board well with flour and sprinkling a little on the top of the paste it can be rolled out into a sheet not more than half an inch in thickness, cut with small cutter, put in pans so they do not touch and bake in a very hot oven. Five minutes will bake them. If liked larger and thicker, more time must be allowed, but the oven must be hot for good biscuits."

USEFUL HINTS.

When carving salmon and all short grained fish, cut it lenthwise, using a broad fish slice to avoid breaking the flakes.

Prevent milk from curdling—Add a good pinch of carbonate of soda to each quart of milk before putting it on to boil.

The danger of infection during an epidemic is very much lessened if people will take a warm bath daily, at night if possible, and take plenty of really nourishing food.

To prevent lamp glasses cracking put them into a large pan of cold water, packed round with hay or straw, bring slowly to the boil, and then stand at the side of the fire to cool. Remove the pan from the stove, but do not take out the glasses till all is cold. Dry very thoroughly before using. A few drops of water on a lamp chimney will crack it instantly.

An invisible cement which will suit your purpose is made by boiling isinglass in spirits of wine. This produces quite a transparent cement which renders the join almost imperceptible While the cement is being prepared use a gallipot stood in a pan of fast boiling water.

For cocoanut ice put one pound of the best loaf sugar, broken into lumps, into a sauce-pan, and pour over it half a pint of water. Let it stand half an hour and then place it on the fire and allow it to cook for five minutes. Remove the scum and boil the sugar until it is thick and white; then stir into it a quarter of a pound of fresh cocoanut finely grated. Stir unceasingly until it rises in a mass in the pan, then spread it as quickly as possible over the sheets of paper which have dried before the fire. Remove the paper before the ice is quite cold and let it dry.

WHEN BABY IS SICK.

Don't dose him with nauseous castor oil or other harsh griping purgatives. Above all things don't give him poisonous "soothing" stuff. These things only make him worse. Baby's Own Tablets are what your little one needs. They are a gentle laxative, and make baby sleep because they make him well. They cool his hot little mouth, ease his sour stomach, and help his obstinate little teeth through painlessly. They are what every mother needs for her baby—and the older children too. Mrs. Routhier, Greenwood, B. C., says: "I consider Baby's Own Tablets worth their weight in gold in every home where there are children. My only regret is that I did not learn their great worth sooner." These Tablets will help every child from the moment of birth onward, and are guaranteed to contain no harmful drug. Sold by all medicine dealers or sent by mail at 25 cents a box by writing The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

AN EXCITING CHASE.

"Well," said the red-faced man, "the most exciting chase I ever had happened a few years ago in Russia. One night, when sleighing about ten miles from my destination, I discovered, to my intense horror, that I was being followed by a pack of wolves. I fired blindly into the pack, killing one of he brutes, and, to my delight saw the others stop to devour it. I kept on repeating the dose with the same result, and each occasion gave me an opportunity to whip up my horses. Finally, there was only one wolf left, yet on it came, with its fierce eyes glaring in anticipation of a good hot supper."

Here the man who had been sitting in the corner burst forth into a fit of laughter.

"Why, man," said he, "by your way of reckoning the last wolf must have had the rest of the pack inside it."

"Ah," said the red-faced man, "now I remember, it did wobble a bit!"

There may be people smarter than you are, but of course they dodge you.

DR. A. W. CHASE'S CATARRH CURE ... 25c.

is sent direct to the diseased parts by the Improved Blower. Heals the ulcers, clears the air passages, stops droppings in the throat and permanently cures Catarrh and Hay Fever. Blower free. All dealers, or Dr. A. W. Chase Medicine Co., Toronto and Buffalo.

A LETTER FROM OVER THE SEA

Tells of Good News Received From Calgary, Atla., Which Brought Joy Into His Life.

Here is a sincere and unsolicited letter from an Englishman who was almost led to take his own life on account of what he suffered from itching piles. He had doctors' advice and remedies to no end and after sixteen years' of suffering was without hope of recovery. He tells in his letter how he accidentally heard of Dr. Chase's Ointment.

114, Milton Road,
Margate, England.

Edmanson, Bates & Co.,
Toronto, Can.,

Dear Sirs,—I feel it my duty to write to acknowledge the great good Dr. Chase's Ointment has done for me. I had suffered from itching piles for over sixteen years, and suffered badly at that. There have been times when I could and would have put an end to it all if it had not been for the thought of meeting God. Some people may think I am stretching it a point, but those who have suffered as I have will know.

At other times I have felt I could take a knife and cut away the parts until I came to the bottom of the evil, but thank God it is all past. It was quite by accident that I came to know of Dr. Chase's Ointment. I have nad doctors' advice and remedies to no end and could not say how much I spent in that sixteen years. I had a Calgary paper sent to me and there I saw your Ointment advertised. It just met my case, as it said for itching piles and saved painful operations.

As I could not get Dr. Chase's Ointment from my chemist, I wrote to my brother, Mr. H. Shelley of Calgary, Alta., and he sent me one box. Before I had used one-third of the box I was perfectly cured by this ointment.

I am sure you will be surprised to get this letter from this corner of the world, but I felt it my duty to acknowledge the great good Dr. Chase's Ointment has done for me. You are at liberty to make use of this letter as you see fit. All I should like to say to anyone who suffers from this dreadful complaint is I know it cures. With many thanks, I remain,

Yours respectfully,
T. Shelley.

If you enclose a stamp for reply, Mr. Shelley would no doubt gladly answer any question about his case. But there are similar cases among your own friends and neighbors with whom you can have a personal interview. If you are not acquainted with the merits of Dr. Chase's Ointment you will be surprised at the cures which are being brought about in your own neighborhood. No preparation has ever been more heartily endorsed by people who have used it and none has ever been so successful in curing piles.

Dr. Chase's Ointment, 60 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

BOY IN THE PULPIT.

Ten-year-old Prodigy Who Astonished the Londoners.

In a large tent, which has been erected near Holloway Station, Lonnie L. Dennis, the American boy preacher, aged ten, held the close attention of an audience of 3,000 persons in London recently.

It was a strange sight. The lad, who is tall for his years and well knit, faced his hearers with all the assurance of a grown man. All the usual pulpit mannerisms are at his command, his words are aptly chosen, and his flow of language inexhaustible. Dressed in a white surplus, he paced up and down the little platform and emphasized his points with dignified and appropriate gesture.

The father of Denis was an American Indian. His mother, who accompanies him, is a negress. The lad has a pure olive complexion, dark, lustrous eyes, a broad brow, and his black curls hang over his shoulders.

After his sermon, the boy, with folded arms, told how he came to preach.

"When I was between two and three I felt a Divine call to speak to men about their souls. At first I practiced on dolls. And having talked to them and sang to them, I baptized them," added Dennis, with a gleeful laugh

"When I was four I preached to a regular chapel, and I have regularly preached ever since, having addressed over 4,000 audiences in various parts of the United States and Canada I don't care for creeds and opinions--they only lead to argument. I just tell people about the Gospel, and that is good enough."

The boy added that he had never been to school.

Native—"So you've been visiting our schools, eh? Splendid, aren't they? Magnificent discipline! Superb buildings! Beautiful furnishing! By the way, I want to ask what was the first thing that struck you on entering the primary department?" Visitor (truthfully)—"A pea from a pea-shooter."

Gabber—"You ought to meet Dyer. Awfully clever imitator. He can take off anybody." Miss Duncan (wearily)—"I wish he was here now."

POLICEMEN FALL IN LOVE

INSTANCES WHERE THEY MARRY PRISONERS.

Romances Which Prove That Truth Is Stranger Than Fiction.

Some years ago a well-known author wrote an interesting "shilling shocker" in which the beautiful heroine is accused of murder. The official who arrests her falls desperately in love with his pretty prisoner, and after the young lady has been found guilty, sentenced to death, reprieved at the last moment, and finally, through the timely remorse and confession of the real culprit, is set free "without a stain on her character," the courteous detective (really a man of high family who has joined the "force" as a cure for ennui) pops the question, is accepted, and the two are made one in the last paragraph. This delightful romance has recently had its prototype in real life, proving the correctness of the old adage that truth, minus the embroidery, is every bit as strange as fiction.

The lady in the present instance is, or rather was, Miss Lilian Thomasch of New York, who last July had a terrible experience in the Bronx, an outlying district of the city. She was walking one evening near 163rd Street with a Mr. Charles Roxbury, whom she had known for fifteen years, when a negro stole up behind them and, with a heavy club, felled Mr. Roxbury to the ground. Miss Thomasch fled screaming and sought refuge in a house three streets away. Roxbury staggered home and died a few hours later without speaking.

As soon as the murder became known Luke F. Gordon, a policeman attached to the Tremont Station, was sent to arrest Miss Thomasch, and during the week following he kept the young lady under surveillande, taking her many times to court to give evidence

BEFORE THE CORONER,

and District Attorney Jerome. Gordon appears to have been immediately struck by Miss Thomasch's undoubted good looks and refinement, and though it was stated by the prosecution that she was withholding valuable evidence, Gordon always declared that she was hiding nothing. When ultimately Jackson, the negro who had assaulted Mr. Roxbury, was caught, Gordon was again chosen as the one to conduct Miss Thomasch to and from the court-house for the purpose of giving further evidence. Jackson was found guilty, sentenced to death, and finally electrocuted at Sing Sing. At the time of the murder Gordon's wife was living, but she died soon after the trial, and subsequently the policeman proposed to Miss Thomasch and was accepted.

Mrs. Gordon was "interviewed" soon after the wedding, when she informed a reporter that until she met her husband she always disliked policemen. "I never had a high opinion of police-officers," she said, "and, in fact, was more or less prejudiced against them. Mr. Gordon was the most polite policeman I ever met, and he treated me with such unusual courtesy that I naturally fell in love with him, and now we are very happy."

There is at the present time in the British police force in the North an officer who first met his wife under circumstances which one would hardly expect to lead to the altar. This official was one day on duty outside a big department store, when a salesman dashed out and informed him that his presence was required in

A CASE OF SHOP-LIFTING.

The young officer entered the shop, where he was commanded to arrest a modestly-attired young woman, who was accused of stealing a small piece of lace. She had been searched and the property found on her, so there was nothing to be done but take her to the station. She looked so very young and appeared so frightened that the officer kindly dispatched a messenger for a cab, and into this he quietly bundled the young woman and conveyed her to the police-court, where she was duly "charged." It was conclusively proved that she had undoubtedly stolen the lace; indeed, she pleaded "Guilty," but as it was a first offence she was given the "option" of a fine of $10 or a week's imprisonment. As the money was not forthcoming she was taken below, but half an hour later it was paid and the girl liberated with a caution.

It afterwards transpired that the policeman who had arrested her had paid the money, and as soon as the girl discovered this she made inquiries, found out where he lived, wrote him a letter of grateful thanks, and returned the money. In this way the acquaintance begun under such adverse circumstances, ripened into friendship, and in less than three months the two were married—the alliance proving an unusually happy one.

At one of the State prisons the chief warden is married to a young woman who for three years was an inmate of the convict station. She had been charged with insurance frauds, and being found guilty was sentenced to imprisonment for five years in the "second degree." Though the evidence appeared to be flawless there were many who believed her to be innocent, and these people were not surprised when, three years later, the mystery was cleared up by the confession of her brother, on whose behalf she had, knowingly,

SUFFERED DISGRACE.

Meanwhile, the warden, having taken an interest in the case, had managed to make her life a little easier in prison by granting her several trifling concessions, which she was not slow to appreciate. When the girl received her "pardon" it was the warden who read it over to her, and as he shook hands he told her that if there was any way by which he could serve her she was to let him know. The ex-prisoner took him at his word, and a few weeks later wrote asking permission to visit some of the unfortunate women whose acquaintance she had made during her imprisonment. Of course her request was granted, and the warden himself conducted her to the cells.

This was the first of many visits, and when, some six months later, the warden delicately hinted that she might be of even greater comfort to the prisoners if she would take up her permanent residence at the warden's house she consented to do so, and to-day she is the comfort and hope of hundreds of women and young girls who are doing various terms of imprisonment in the convict establishment over which her husband rules.—London Tit-Bits.

BAD TEMPER DIET.

Which is Intended to Effect a Certain Cure.

In a little pamphlet issued by a vegetarian society Miss Alice Braithwaite writes:—

"Through the investigations of Dr. Haig we now know that the effect of certain foods is to render the blood acid. These foods are, with the exception of milk, cheese and butter, all the products of the animal kingdom, including fish and eggs; peas, beans, lentils, asparagus, mushrooms, tea, coffee, cocoa, and to some extent oatmeal and brown bread. We then get slow or impeded capillary circulation, and this impeded caterpillary circulation is the foundation of innumerable evils, for the uric acid in which the waste products of the body are thrown off is never completely got rid of, but is retained in the body, and this, together with the high blood pressure arising from the impeded circulation, brings about a condition of greater or less disease, of which headache and neuralgia, rheumatism and dyspepsia, depression and bad temper are common.

The breakfast menu to cure such bad temper is as follows:—

"A cup of milk, or milk and hot water, where milk does not suit," says Miss Braithwaite, 'bread or toast and butter, with a few almonds, which for those who like them so, may be toasted a pale gold color, will make a good breakfast, but which after a course of eggs, bacon and coffee, will probably require a little preliminary dieting before it will be enjoyed as it deserves A little potato may occasionally be given at breakfast, with advantage."

It is recommended that the exemples of the Buddhist monks, who were not allowed to eat food after noon be followed in a direct form—that is to say, that to induce a good digestion and as an aid to sound and restful sleep, the last of the three meals of the day should be as light as possible, and must not be later than 7.30 p.m.

Vegetarians who are not yet aware of the fact, may be interested to know that of green vegetables Brussels sprouts are by far the most valuable as food, as they are about half the value of bread, one ounce containing 17 grains of albumen, while other vegetables average from six to eight grains.

"Many fruits are useful, for the total effect of fruit as alkaline, though the immediate effect may be acid."

Customer (severely)—"Do you sell diseased meat here?" Butcher (blandly)—"Worse than that." Customer (excitedly)—"Mercy on us! How can that be possible?" Butcher (confidentially)—"The meat I sell is dead—absolutely dead, sir." "Oh!"

LEARNING THINGS.

We Are All in the Apprentice Class.

When a simple change of diet brings back health and happiness the story is briefly told. A lady of Springfield, Ill., says: "After being afflicted for years with nervousness and heart trouble, I received a shock four years ago that left me in such a condition that my life was despaired of. I could get no relief from doctors nor from the numberless heart and nerve medicines I tried because I didn't know that the coffee was daily putting me back more than the Drs. could put me ahead.

"Finally at the request of a friend I left off coffee and began the use of Postum and against my convictions I gradually improved in health until for the past 6 or 8 months I have been entirely free from nervousness and those terrible sinking, weakening spells of heart trouble.

"My troubles all came from the use of coffee which I had drunk from childhood and yet they disappeared when I quit coffee and took up the use of Postum." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Many people marvel at the effects of leaving off coffee and drinking Postum, but there is nothing marvelous about it—only common sense.

Coffee is a destroyer—Postum is a rebuilder. That's the reason

Look in each package for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."