About the House

SANDWICHES.

Celery Sandwich.—Butter bread on the loaf, first having creamed the butter. Cut away the crusts and, starting at one corner of the slice, roll it tightly over two sticks of crisp celery. The butter will hold it together, but baby ribbon tied around each roll improves the appearance. The celery should be broken into thin strips about the size of the smallest stalks towards the leaf end; also cut an appropriate length.

Russian Sandwiches.—Spread zepherettes with thin slices of cream cheese and cover with chopped olives mixed with mayonnaise. Place a zepherette over each and press together.

Cottage Cheese Sandwiches.—Cut slices of brown bread about half an inch thick; do not remove the crusts. Rub half a pint of cottage cheese to a smooth paste, then press it through a fine sieve. Add two tablespoons melted butter, slowly beating the while, adding half a teaspoonful of salt and two tablespoonfuls of thick cream. Spread each slice of bread thickly with the mixture. Cover with another thin slice of white bread, and on top of this another thin layer of cheese. Place a slice of brown bread on top and trim into shape.

Mutton Sandwiches and Peas.— Butter slices of white bread; lay on thin slices of cold boiled mutton. Mix together half a pint of cooked peas that have been seasoned with salt, pepper, a little butter, and a tespoonful of capers. Place a layer of peas over the mutton, then cover with another slice of buttered bread, trim away the crusts, cut into triangles, and serve on a bed of lettuce leaves.

Indian Sandwiches.—Remove the skin and bones from two sardines and pound the meat to a paste. Add a teaspoonful of anchovy paste, a dash of salt and red pepper, and rub in the hard boiled yolks of six eggs with two tablespoonfuls of olive oil. Butter the end of a loaf of bread, slice the bread, and cut into crescent shaped pieces or rounds. Toast the bread quickly on one side, spread the other with the mixture, and serve at once, as they must be eaten while the toast is hot. These sandwiches are nice for late suppers.

Cannibal Sandwiches or Rye Bread.—Put half a pound of raw beef through a meat chopper; add a teaspoonful of salt, a dash of red pepper, and a tablespoonful of onion juice. Spread this over buttered rye bread, cover with another piece of bread, and trim away the crusts.

HOUSEWIFE SUGGESTIONS.

Nutmegs should be grated at the blossom end first.

A damp cloth dipped in salt will remove egg stains from silver, or tea stains from china dishes.

Iron stains on marble may be removed by applying to them a mixture of spirits of wine and oxalic acid. Leave on a short time and then rub dry with a soft cloth.

A pretty way to serve fresh fruit for dessert is to cut fine oranges, bananas and grapes, sweeten and serve in half a banana skin. The large red bananas make the best "fruit boats."

Keep the following articles in the kitchen, either hung on the wall or on a low shelf: Clock, scissors, needle book with large needle for trussing, small for making bags, etc., ball of white cotton yarn, string ball and string bag, pin cushion.

Faded artificial flowers may be painted with a camel's-hair brush and a box of water colors. It has been discovered also that aniline inks are very good dyeing stuff and they seem to contain some matter that stiffens the petals slightly. Dilute the ink with water and dip the flowers in as many times as is necessary, drying after each time, until the desired shade is reached.

A housewife who turns off tasty little breakfast omelets has one that is her own invention. She cuts a quarter of a red pepper and a quarter of a green pepper into dice and mixes them and two or three tablespoonfuls of minced boiled ham with five slightly beaten eggs and then bakes it in the omelet pan as usual. For every egg she uses a tablespoonful of hot water in the mixture.

SMALL CAKES.

Spice Cakes.—Mix together one cupful of molasses, half a cupful of sugar, half a cupful of butter, one teaspoonful each of cinnamon and cloves, two teaspoonfuls of soda in a cupful of boiling water, and two and one-half cupfuls of sifted flour. The last thing before baking add two beaten eggs. Bake in gem pans. If desired, these cakes can be reheated by steaming and serve with sauce.

Ginger Buns.—Cream three-quarters of a pound of butter with half a pound of light brown sugar; add half a nutmeg grated, and one tablespoonful of ginger. Stir well, then add two beaten eggs and one quart of sifted flour. Moisten with sweet milk until rather a soft dough is formed, then roll out, cut into round shapes, and bake in a quick oven.

Peanut Cookies.—Beat one tablespoonful of butter to a cream; add two tablespoonfuls of sugar, two of milk, and one beaten egg. When well mixed, stir in half a cupful of flour sifted with half a teaspoonful each of salt and baking powder. Add half a cupful of finely chopped peanuts, then drop by dessert spoonfuls on an unbuttered tin, press into the top of each half a peanut, and bake in a steady oven.

Snowball Drops.—Make a stiff batter of two beaten eggs, two small cupfuls of white sugar, one pint of sweet milk, half a teaspoonful each of salt and grated nutmeg and three teaspoonfuls of baking powder sifted with five cupfuls of flour. Fry by spoonfuls in deep fat that has reached the blue flame heat. When nearly cold, roll in pulverized sugar.

Chocolate Wafers.—Beat one cupful of pulverized sugar with the yolks of six eggs until light; add the juice of one lemon and beat for five minutes. Have ready four tablespoonfuls of grated chocolate mixed with two tablespoonfuls of flour, one teaspoonful of ground cinnamon, and one of baking powder; add this to the egg mixture, then fold in the whipped whites of the eggs. Bake in two thin sheets. Put together, as soon as taken from the oven, with white icing. When cold cut into small squares or oblongs.

HAM.

Ham en Loquette.—Mix a half cup of finely chopped ham, half a cup of soft bread crumbs, one teaspoon of chopped parsley, one tablespoon of butter, a quarter teaspoon of made mustard, and enough hot milk to make a smooth, soft paste. Spread this mixture on buttered scallop shells and carefully break an egg into each shell. Sprinkle the egg with fine bread crumbs moistened with melted butter. Place shells in the oven and leave until the white of the egg is firm.

Ham Muffins.—Mix one pint of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one teaspoon of salt, and one teaspoon of sugar. Stir in one cup of finely minced ham with about one-fourth fat. Mix to a soft dough with one cup of milk; add one well beaten egg, and when well mixed drop a spoonful at a time into well greased muffin tins. Bake in a quick oven for twenty minutes.

Ham Canapes.—Take slices of bread half an inch thick and cut them into rounds with a biscuit cutter. Put a little butter in a frying pan and brown the rounds of bread on both sides. Chop cold cooked ham fine and rub it through a coarse sieve; add a little cold milk and a dash or two of cayenne pepper. When mixed and smooth, spread it on the fried bread, then sprinkle with grated cheese. Place in a quick oven until the cheese is melted. Arrange the canapes on a hot platter and garnish with hard boiled eggs.

Hot Ham Loaf.—Boil a two and a half or three pound ham shank until tender. Strain the liquor and use it for cooking cabbage or other greens. Cut the ham from the bone and mince it fine. Add ten tablespoonfuls of cracker crumbs, one beaten egg, one cupful of sweet milk, one tablespoon of soft butter, and a dash of pepper. Knead into a loaf. Pour a cupful of hot water around it and bake one hour, basting with melted butter. Serve hot with horseradish sauce.

The effect of *Scott's Emulsion* on thin, pale children is magical.

It makes them plump, rosy, active, happy.

It contains Cod Liver Oil, Hypophosphites and Glycerine, to make fat, blood and bone, and so put together that it is easily digested by little folk.

ALL DRUGGISTS: 50c. AND $1.00.

MEN AND WOMEN OF DEATH

FOLK WHOSE FRIENDSHIP SOMETIMES PROVES FATAL.

Mme. Bielkskaia, "the Fatal Woman"—Sad Story of the Artist. Hans Kinnow.

Haunted Houses are not uncommon, and most of us have heard stories of amulets of various kinds which brought all kinds of disaster to their possessors. For an evil influence to attach itself to a human being, and from that individual spread to those around him or her, is rarer, but yet by no means unknown.

One of the strangest cases of the kind imaginable has recently come to light in Russia. A smart young student, named Ostrovski, a man of good fortune and family, shot himself dead in a St. Petersburg street. There was no apparent reason for the rash act, and it was ascribed to political causes.

His friends, however, have a different idea. The dead man had parted, only a moment previous to his death, with Mme Bielskaia, who is known far and wide as "the fatal woman." This lady is a general's daughter, and is of great beauty. When she was quite young a wealthy man, M. Golovatcheff, fell in love with her and fought a duel for her sake with an army officer. Neither was badly injured, yet both soon afterwards committed suicide.

SHE SEEMS TO SPREAD DEATH.

Then she married M. Bielskaia. A year later, for no apparent reason, he attempted suicide by stabbing himself, and then disappeared. He is said to have gone to Siberia.

Next, two of her servants died mysteriously, and finally her father, the general, fell a victim to a terrorist's bomb. The lady herself cannot be directly blamed for any of these tragedies, and yet one can hardly wonder that she now inspires a vague terror among all her acquaintance.

Equally strange is the sad story of the artist, Hans Kinnow, who died in Munich about seven years ago. The young man had flashed into fame a year or two previously by his clever portraits.

The very first portrait he ever painted was of a certain Herr Braun, a wealthy tradesman. Braun was greatly pleased with the likeness, and sent a cheque. A month later he fell ill and died. No one thought anything of this, and soon Kinnow was very busy with a likeness of Fraulein Dina S., a young actress. This portrait was exhibited. A week after it left the exhibition and was sent to the lady's house she died quite suddenly of heart failure.

Soon afterwards Kinnow saw a lovely baby, the daughter of a friend, and offered to paint her picture.

THE MOTHER ACCEPTED.

The portrait was no sooner completed than little Marie took cold and faded away and died.

This third disaster frightened Kinnow, and vague alarm changed to horror when one of his models, an elderly beggar, was run over in the street and killed. He abandoned portraits and took to poorly-paid ornamental work, porcelain decoration, and the like. A year passed, and then the painter fell in love. His fiancee desired him to paint her portrait, and he yielded, though unwillingly.

Was it mere coincidence? The girl was delicate, consumptive, the doctor said. She caught a slight chill, it went to her lungs, and in a month after her portrait was finished she, too, died.

Kinnow was hardly seen again. He sat in his studio painting hard. A fortnight later his landlady, bringing him his supper, found him dead on the floor. On the easel was a finished portrait of himself painted by the aid of a looking-glass. Across the face was a smear of crimson paint.

ALL DIED AT THE AGE OF SEVEN.

A tribe of gipsies roam about the Canton of Berne, in Switzerland. Among them is a woman whom the others will neither speak to nor, if they can help it, so much as look at. And yet there is nothing unpleasant in her appearance. Recently inquiries were made, and the following curious story came out.

The woman had six children, four boys and two girls, and all of them have died at the age of seven. Three died on their seventh birthday, the other three within three days of the anniversary. Stranger still, each fell ill as every successive birthday approached, from the first onwards; but their mother took no notice of their maladies until the fatal seventh year approached.

Then she devoted all her care to the little ones. She secured medical attendance, but all without avail. The doctors could in no case trace any specific disease. The little things simply wasted away and died. The rest of the tribe credit the mother with the possession of the Evil Eye, and have put her so completely in Coventry that her husband means to take her away and leave Switzerland.

Some thirty-five years ago there was a terrible fight between a small party of American troops and a large body of Apache Indians at a place in Arizona called Wounded Knee. Eventually the white men won the battle, and the few Indian survivors fled. After all was over an Indian squaw was found among the dead, and strapped on her back was

A LIVING BABY GIRL.

of three months old.

The child was taken care of and eventually adopted by an officer of the United States Army. She was well educated, and grew up tall and handsome. But there was one very peculiar thing about her. She had inherited her savage ancestors' superstitious terror of shadows.

Shadows, the Indians believe, are the ghosts of those who cast them. It was noticed, as she grew up, that she always avoided the shadows of others, and never, if she could help it, would pass between the sun and anyone she was fond of. Her adopted father laughed at her for this trait, and one day, to cure her of her superstition, came close behind her as she was standing in the sun.

She sprang away with a face of horror. Next morning the officer—who was by then a colonel—was found dead in his bed. An attack of apoplexy had killed him. The poor girl went nearly mad with grief, but eventually she got over it. Her nurse tried to show her how foolish was her superstition and one day deliberately sat down when the shadow of her charge lay across her. By a strange coincidence next day the horse they were driving ran away and smashed them up. The nurse was killed on the spot,

THE GIRL WAS UNHURT.

Some years passed, the Indian girl went to school in a Kentucky convent, and there made great friends with the daughter of a Louisville lawyer. The white girl noticed that the other would never let her shadow fall on her friend, and one day, for a joke, went and stood for some moments close behind her, in her shadow.

The Indian went nearly frantic when she found what had happened; but some days passed, and all was well. Just a week later the convent buildings caught fire in the middle of the night. The fire burnt so fiercely that the Sisters and pupils had barely time to escape with their lives. When all were out and counted two were missing, the Indian girl and her friend. The firemen got a ladder up to their window, but it was too late. The two girls were dead, not burnt, but suffocated. From the position of their bodies it was plain that the Indian girl had made a heroic effort to save her friend, and had lost her own life in doing so.—Pearson's Weekly.

MOTHERS FEEL SAFE.

Mothers who have used Baby's Own Tablets for their little ones say they feel safe with the Tablets at hand, for they are a never failing cure for all the minor ills of babyhood and childhood. Mrs. Urias Cressman, New Hamburg, Ont., says: "I have used Baby's Own Tablets for stomach trouble and constipation with marked success. I always feel that my little one is safe when I have a box of the Tablets in the house." Baby's Own Tablets are sold under the guarantee of a Government analyst to contain neither opiates nor other poisonous drugs. They always do good—they can't possibly do harm. For sale at druggists or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

CUTE MAN.

He had finished his introductory remarks and was about to propose, when he discovered that his proposal would be treated with contempt..

"Go on, Mr. Sprigger," she said, impatiently, tapping her foot on the carpet as he paused in his remarks.

"I was about to say, Miss Hilder," he continued, "that I am aware that the human heart, especially a woman's, is a delicate thing, and I come to-night to correct a wrong impression, which you have been under for some time, I think. To be plain, Miss Hilder—because I do not wish to cause you future suffering—let me state that I have never cared enough for you to ask you to link your lot with mine; therefore I do not think I can return the love you bear me. My attentions to you have been prompted purely by a friendly feeling—nothing more. But I trust this will not mar our friendly relations," he said, taking his hat to go, "for, remember you will ever have in me a true friend. Be assured I will always be a nephew to you."

And she was so dumb with surprise that she didn't say good-bye to him when he bowed himself out.

HER IDEA OF IT.

"Ma," asked little Tommy, "when criminals are arrested, what does it mean when it says they were 'placed in the sweat-box'?"

"Well," replied his mother, "I guess most criminals are not very clean, and they need a Turkish bath."

IT BROKE.

"Freddy, you shouldn't laugh out loud in the schoolroom," exclaimed the teacher.

"I didn't mean to do it," apologized Freddy, "I was smiling when all of a sudden the smile busted."

Some men look as helpless as a lost dog.

WOMAN'S TRIALS.

Can be Banished by the Rich, Red Blood Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Actually Make.

The health and happiness of growing girls and women of mature years depends upon the blood supply. There is a crisis in the life of every woman when there are distressing headaches and backaches; when life seems a burden and when some women seem threatened with even the loss of their reason. It is at this period that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills prove a blessing to women. Every dose increases the richness and the redness of the blood supply, and this new blood strengthens the organs, enables them to throw off disease and banishes the headaches and backaches and dizziness and secret pains that have made life a burden. There are thousands and thousands of growing girls and women in Canada who owe their health and happiness to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Mrs. James McDonald of Sugar Camp, Ont., is one of these. She says: "I was badly run down, felt very weak and had no appetite. I suffered from headaches and backaches and a feeling of weakness. I could scarcely drag myself about and felt that my condition was growing worse. I decided to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and got a dozen boxes, but before they were all used I had fully regained my health, and was able to do my housework without the least fatigue. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have been a great blessing to me."

You can get Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People from any medicine dealer or by mail from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50. If you are weak or ailing give these pills a fair trial—they will not disappoint you.

WHEN BLUCHER WAS IN PARIS.

Old Soldier Wanted to Destroy Many Objects Dear to the French Heart.

The peasant story, just brought to light, of Humboldt's successful intervention to save the Jardin des Plantes from the wrath of Blucher serves as a reminder, says the London Evening Standard, that the tough old soldier needed many humane advisers to keep him from destroying objects dear and important to the French.

Wellington had often to intercede with him, and that not invariably with immediate success. He resolved to blow up the bridge of Jena. Wellington protested. "But the French destroyed the pillar at Rosebach and so on," grumbled Blutcher, "and the English burned Washington." Welington, seeing that words were ineffective, placed English sentries on the bridge, believing that the Prussians would not make any attempt on the structure while these men were in position. But they did.

They mined one of the pillars and put in a charge of gunpowder and fired it. The charge exploded in the wrong way, and damaged the Prussians, leaving the bridge and the Englishman on top in safety. This having failed, Blucher sought permission to demolish the column in the Place Vendome. The King of Prussia arrived only just in time to prevent it.

Wellington managed better when dealing direct with the French. An almost unexampled instance of his chivalry was forthcoming in the movements preceding the battle of Orthez— the only battle in which he received an injury. The French had retreated over the bridge of the Gave du Pau, and were preparing to blow it sky high. The Duke realized if this were done it would cause great injury to the people of Orthez, so he sent an officer to Soult with a message.

A battle would doubtless take place on the following day, he said, and he promised that if Soult would spare the bridge the British army would not cross by it. Soult had felt reluctant to consent to the destruction, for the bridge was on French territory, and he willingly took his rival's word and left it intact. Wellington kept his promise. He led his men, under a heavy fire, across the river by way of the fords, and the bridge stands to this day.

ECZEMA AGAIN OVERCOME

ZAM-BUK CURES A CASE WHICH FOR TWO YEARS HAD DEFIED EVERY REMEDY TRIED.

A Farmer's Grateful Testimony.

No case of eczema, skin disease, or ulceration, should be despaired of until Zam-Buk has been applied. The case of Mr. Francis Benoit, of St. Anne's (Man.), is a powerful illustration of Zam-Buk's efficacy. He says: "I suffered from eczema for two years, and tried a great number of remedies. None of them, however, seemed to do me any good. The ailment was mostly in my legs, and both these were actually raw from the knees down. A small sample box of Zam-Buk was given to me, and even so small a quantity as that did me a little good. I then obtained a proper supply, and by the time I had used a few boxes I was completely cured."

Zam-Buk differs from ordinary salves and embrocations in containing no animal oil or fat. It is compounded from rich, healing, herbal essences, and is an ideal natural combination of power and purity. It is highly antiseptic, and instantly kills bacilli and disease germs, which settling on to wounds and skin diseases set up festering, blood poison, etc. For cuts, burns, bruises, ulcers, abscesses, pimples, boils, skin eruptions, scalp sores, spreading sores, children's skin troubles, chafing sores, etc., Zam-Buk is unequalled. It also cures piles. All druggists and stores at 50c. a box, or from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, for price, 6 boxes for $2.50.