Household

Dainty Dishes.

Veal En Casserole. — Get two pounds of the neck or shoulder of veal and cut in small cubes. Dredge with seasoned flour. Put the veal in a casserole, add a teaspoonful of chopped parsley, season with pepper and salt and cover with milk. Cover the casserole and let it cook very slowly for an hour and a half. Thicken the gravy with a little flour, cooked in butter, if necessary, and serve.

Tomato Sauce.—Cook one and one-half cups of tomato with a slice of onion and eight whole cloves ten minutes and strain. Soften two tablespoons of butter and blend with it one tablespoon of flour, one-half teaspoon of salt and one-eighth teaspoon of pepper. Add the strained tomato and cook five minutes. If there is not enough strained tomato, add enough water to make a cupful.

Shirred Eggs With Tomato.—Put onehalf teaspoon of butter in each ramekin or shirring dish; when melted add four tablespoons of strained tomato and a few drops of onion juice and salt and pepper. Drop into each dish a fresh egg and sprinkle over it a spoonful of grated cheese. Bake until the white egg is set and the cheese is melted.

Nut and Cheese Roast.—One cup of cheese broken in small bits, one cup of English walnut meats, one cup of soft breadcrumbs, two tablespoons of chopped onion, one tablespoon of butter, juice of one-half lemon, one egg and salt and pepper. Cook the onion until tender in the butter and a little water. Mix the cheese, nuts, and breadcrumbs, all the seasonings and the beaten egg. Add the onion. Pour into a battered shallow baking tin and bake twenty minutes in an oven hot enough to brown it.

"Blue Ribbon" Doughnuts.—Into one coffee cup of sugar beat two eggs and a dessertspoon of melted butter. Sift two heaping teaspoons of baking powder, one-fifth teaspoon of soda and a half teaspoon of salt into a quart of flour and stir this with a coffee cup of sweet milk into the creamed sugar and eggs. Add a grating of nutmeg and a little more flour to roll easily. Cut and fry in balls. Cutter should be about size of ordinary napkin ring and the dough about one and one-half inches thick. A small hole should be made in the dough with thumb and finger. This closes when fried. The fat should be so hot that a match will light when drawn across it. Roll cakes in powdered sugar when cold. Make three and one-half dozen.

Lemon Butter.—Wash, dry, then grate the yellow rind from one fine lemon into a small agate saucepan. To it add half a pint of fine granulated sugar, one fresh egg, a pinch of salt and a dessertspoonful of butter, five tablespoons of cold water and the strained juice of one lemon. Over a slow fire dissolve these ingredients, then simmer the mixture until as thick as molasses. Stir constantly. Remove the pan from the fire when the right consistency is attained. Pour into a glass dish or large tumbler. It is ready to serve soon as cold, with plain uniced cake, bread or crackers. Sour oranges may be used in exactly the same way with satisfactory results, but sweet ones will not answer at all.

Onion Soup.—Cut six medium sized onions in slices and cook in one-third of a cup of butter or butterine two minutes. Add two tablespoonfuls of flour, stir until well mixed. Add one and one-half cups of boiling water and cook until the onions are soft, about twenty minutes. Rub through a strainer and add three cups of milk and one cup of cream, or one quart of milk and two tablespoons of butter; add salt and pepper to taste and two slices of stale bread cut one-fourth inch thick. Serve with grated cheese sprinkled over the top. This is a good soup to serve with a light dinner or for lunch, as it is almost a complete meal in itself. For dinner for a family it may be served followed by a salad and dessert, and frequently serve the salad with the soup.

Oat Cookies.—Mix thoroughly half a pint of light brown sugar with one large tablespoonful of butter, add two eggs beaten light, one tablespoonful of sweet milk, half a teaspoonful of ground ginger or cinnamon, a little grated nutmeg, a quarter teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of cocoa, one teaspoonful of vanilla extract, one pint of rolled oats (or wheat), two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one gill of white flour, sifted after measuring. When these are thoroughly blended drop by teaspoonfuls on well greased tins. Bake in a quick oven. Give them plenty of room, as they spread. Remove from pan with a cake turner. They are soft as first, but become crisp when cold. The vanilla and cocoa can be omitted and an extra spoonful of ginger substituted, or chopped seedless raisins afford a pleasant change.

Pests of Spring.

The spring is upon us, and insect life will soon become lively! So here you may learn how to exterminate unwelcome visitors in the shape of ants, beetles, moths, slugs, and the like. Not a pleasant task always, but it has to be done, and it's the woman's privilege to do it!

Ants.—Damp a sponge, and sprinkle it with sugar. Place it wherever the ants are, and you will find it will soon become choked with them. Plunge it into a gallipot full of boiling water, rinse and clean it, and reset until there are no ants left. Camphor on a larder shelf will always keep ants away from those parts.

Red ants are very nasty. Smear a plate with lard, and place some sticks for the insects to crawl up. When you have a plateful, hold it over the fire till they drop in. Repeat until no more ants appear.

Cockroaches.—As with beetles, it is better not to "move these on"—which turpentine poured into their holes would do—but to tempt them out to destruction. Place two or three basins or tins half full of cold water and a little treacle, on the ground, and arrange sticks for them to climb up. There will be a full watery grave next morning. When you seem to have caught every one, pour a strong solution of alum and boiling water into the crevices of the boards.

Moths.—Prevention is much easier than cure! Once these terrors have obtained a footing in a garment, etc., there are two remedies which may be tried. One is to bake the garments, and then thoroughly beat them. The other is to sponge them with a solution of acetate of potash in spirits of rosemary, 15 grains to the pint. Turps, camphor, sheets of newspaper, etc., are all good moth preventives.

Mice.—Apart from cats and traps, if oil of peppermint is squirted about and into their holes, the mice will depart elsewhere. Not destroyed, you see, only banished.

Slugs, the amateur gardener's pest, can be exterminated by collection. Cut a turnip in slices, and place it about the flower-beds in the evening. Go out later, and collect for destruction the dozens of slugs on the slices. A cabbage-leaf smeared with dripping—not salted—is even better. Repeat occasionally during the slug season.

Fleas.—There are advertised powders which are quite effective, but a certain method of banishing these little pests is to boil an ounce of quassia in water, add that to a bucket of warm water, and then on "turning-out" day scrub all the woodwork in the bed-room with carbolic soap and the quassia water. There will be no more fleas.

"Are You Donald?"

Dr. Norman Macleod, before his visit to India, called on an old Highland woman in Glasgow. "When you go to India," she said, "you'll be seein' my Donal' that went away to sail to India ten years ago, and never wrote the scrape of a pen to his mother since."

"But, Katie," said the doctor, "India is a very big place, and how can I expect to find him?"

"Oh, but you'll just be askin' for Donal'. What for no?" So to please the old lady the doctor promised to ask for Donald, and conscientiously he kept his word. At various ports he made inquiry among British ships, although it seemed to him very much like looking for a needle in a bale of hay. But it is the unexpected that happens. As Dr. Macleod's steamer went up the Hooghli, an outward-bound vessel passed close by. Over the bulwarks of this vessel was leaning a sailor, and to him the doctor, moved by some sudden impulse, shouted out—"Are you Donald Mactavish?"

To his intense surprise, the man answered, "Yes." Macleod had only time to shout—"You're to write to your mother!" as the vessels drew apart. The result of this amazing meeting was that the old woman received a penitent letter from her long-neglectedful son.

Electric Heating System.

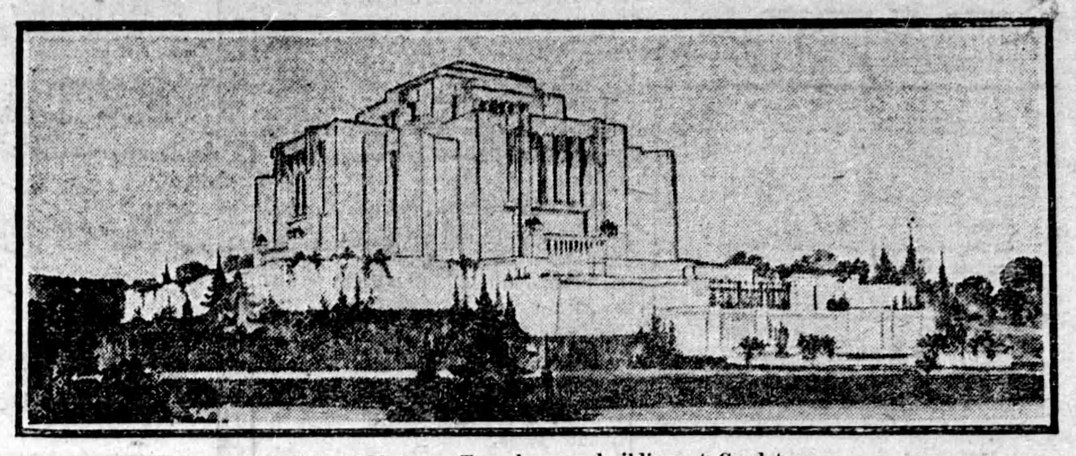
In Switzerland, Sweden, and Norway, where electrical energy can be obtained for approximately one cent per kilowatt-hour, heating systems using electric current are now installed in homes, affording a convenient and economical method of securing an even temperature in living rooms. Recently a new type of radiator has been constructed, in which the heating elements are incased in slabs of "steatite," a variety of talc, found to be particularly adapted to this use, as it is not only highly insulating, but has great heat-storing capacity. The radiators are, in fact, a sort of heat accumulators or storage batteries.

Why Knock?

Mrs. Ellsworth had a new colored maid. One morning, as the maid came downstairs, the mistress said: "Emma, did you knock at Miss Flora's door when I sent you up with her breakfast?"

"No, ma'am," replied the maid, with preternatural gravity. "What was de use of a-knockin' at her do' w'en I knowed fo' sure she was in dar?"

First Mormon Temple on British Soil to Cost $300,000



Sketch of Mormon Temple now building at Cardston.

Work on the first Mormon Temple on British soil is now well under way in the Mormon centre for Canada, Cardston, Alberta. The structure will be of granite from the Rocky Mountains of British Columbia. Machinery valued at $10,000 has been installed on the temple ground and cutting will be done there as fast as the rough material can be delivered. As each stone is cut and dressed it will be placed in the wall.

The structure will cost at least $300,000. This money will come mostly from tithing sent to headquarters at Utah, and the contractors have the assurance of the church that all money needed will be forthcoming when asked for. Bishop Nibley, who has charge of the business affairs of the Mormon Church throughout the world, will have direct control of the work, but will not be on the ground. A local inspector and superintendent of construction will direct the local activities.

The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints have no temples at present outside of the State of Utah, where the great Salt Lake Temple stands. The new Canadian building will be the first to be erected on British soil and the first outside of the United States. The Salt Lake Temple cost $4,000,000, and was 45 years in building. The other Utah temples, Manti, St. George, and Logan, cost all told, about $3,000,000. Material at the time they were erected was very costly and transportation difficult. It is stated by the authorities to-day that as good building can be done to-day for about one-third of the cost. So it would seem that the Canadian Temple will compare favorably with any of the Utah structures outside the great Salt Lake Temple.

There are in Canada to-day close to 10,000 Mormons, and the Cardston Temple will be for their use. Mormons in the northern United States, who are much nearer to the International Boundary than the State of Utah, will also have the Canadian temple as their shrine for receiving the higher ministrations of the church.

As a regular place of meeting, the Mormons of Cardston have an immense tabernacle seating some 1,500 people, and this on all special occasions is filled to overflowing. It has been necessary to divide the Cardston church, making two separate organizations.—Max McD., in Toronto Star Weekly.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL STUDY

INTERNATIONAL LESSON, MAY 3.

Lesson V. The Prodigal Son (Temperance Lesson)—Luke 15. 11-32. Golden Text, Luke 15.18.

Verse 11. And he said—This introduction separates the parable from the two preceding, and we cannot be sure it was spoken on the same occasion. However that may be, the connection in thought must be recognized by all those who read these parables, and it could not have a more fitting position than the one in which Luke has placed it.

12. The younger . . . said, Give me the portion of thy substance that falleth to me—The portion of the younger would be half of what the elder received, that is, one-third of the estate, if the father had but two sons (Deut. 21. 17). The younger son's demand for his portion during the lifetime of his father was unusual, but such cases were not unheard of in the East.

And he divided unto them his living—The father gives the elder son his portion also, but he remains at home.

13. Not many days after, the younger son gathered his possessions together. He had already made his plans; now he carried them out. Selling the land and turning everything into money, he takes his leave, apparently not to return.

Wasted his substance with riotous living—The youth knew nothing of the labor and self-denial with which the property had been acquired, and being away from the restrains of home and of those who knew him, he squandered the money as thoughtlessly as he had acquired it.

14. Began to be in want—His associates in his "riotous living" were not the kind of friends who would stand by him when his money was gone and he needed asistance.

15. Went and joined himself to one of the citizens of that country—From the luxurious quarters in which he had doubtless lived and entertained, he is thrust out to earn his food as best he may. Having no one to aid or recommend him, he must attach himself like a bond servant to a foreigner, who sent him to feed swine—to a Jew a most odious task and an abomination, since swine were peculiarly unclean, both actually and according to Jewish ritualistic classification.

16. Husks that the swine did eat—The pods of the carob tree, still found in Palestine and other Mediterranean countries.

No man gave unto him—These people had no interest in a half-starved foreigner who could not earn enough to eat. Would the sons of many rich men to-day be as incapable of supporting themselves if their money should be lost?

17. When he came to himself—His dissipation had shut out the thoughts of home. The loss of his money and his social degradation had made him lethargic. Now that he faces starvation, he arouses himself, and the thoughts of home bring a longing to return.

Hired servants—Laborers who had no steady work, but were hired during a busy season. They were regarded much as tramps are regarded in our country, their position being inferior to that of household slaves.

18. Against heaven—That is, against God. The prodigal knew that misconduct toward parents was a sin utterly displeasing to God.

19. Make me as one of thine hired servants—His penitence is real. He asks this as a favor. It is so much better than his present position.

20. He arose—He acts upon his resolution at once. He makes his confession and offers no excuse.

20. While he was yet afar off, his father saw him—Was able to recognize his son even though clothed in filthy rags.

Was moved with compassion and ran and fell on his neck, and kissed him—The father's welcome is given before the son has spoken a word. The father does not know in what spirit he has come; it is enough that he has returned.

21. The son makes his confession as he had planned, but the father's forgiveness is so complete and his generosity so great that the son cannot meet it with a proposal to be made a hired servant.

22. The father said to his servants He speaks no word of reproof to the prodigal. Doubtless he recognizes the fact that the son has seen his own folly and learned his lesson.

Bring forth quickly the best robe—A long stately robe worn on ceremonial occasions.

Put a ring on his hand—Perhaps a signet ring, which gave the wearer some authority in the house.

Shoes on his feet—Sandals, as were worn by free men. Slaves went barefoot.

23. Bring the fatted calf—Doubtless one being reserved for an approaching feast. But to the father this occasion is of far greater importance than the feast.

The remainder of the parable should not be overlooked either in private study or in class discussion. The attitude of the elder son toward the returning prodigal is in sharp contrast with the generous forgiveness of the father.

Glass Cooking Utensils.

A New York glass manufacturer is experimenting with the making of cooking utensils of glass. Already glass percolators and stewpans have been made which, although they rest on the flames, give no evidence of cracking, and have proved heat-resisting and non-expansive. These utensils are apparently not affected in any way by the intense heat under them or by the contrasting temperatures of the articles which they contain. Glass is for many reasons superior to either enamel or aluminum, being affected by none of the acids or alkalis formed or used in cooking and not subject to the unsanitary cracking which is characteristic of most enamelled ware.

Kind to Public.

Two days each week a daily paper published at Eberswalde, a Prussian town near Berlin, is printed on only one side of the sheet, and on these days the paper is made twice as large as usual so that the public loses nothing in the way of reading matter. The object of this curious arrangement is to make the paper useful as well as instructive, as it can then be used for wrapping up provisions without any touch of printer's ink.

HEROES FORCED TO BEG.

Trial Reveals Pitiful Condition of Russian Who Won Honors.

A pitiful story of a country's ingratitude was told in the District Court at St. Petersburg last week when a volunteer soldier named Pimenoff, who received the highest order of St. George's Cross, was brought up for trial on the charge of spreading "knowingly false statements calculated to excite enmity toward the Government."

The prisoner received five wounds during the Japanese war; seven times he had his horse shot under him, and he was one of the handful of Russian survivors of the Homeric fight on Eagle's Nest. His only son was killed in battle, and when Pimenoff returned from the front he found himself without means of subsistence.

Many other maimed "knights of St. George were in the same plight, and in order to draw attention to their destitute state, Pimenoff wrote a pamphlet called "From the Diary of an Arthurian," in which he described how they were thrown onto the streets and forced to beg for food, which he said, was a disgrace to the Russian uniform.

Considering the pity and indignation excited in St. Petersburg and other cities by the appearance of these starving cripples, it is hardly surprising that Pimenoff has been acquitted.

Nearly all the witnesses for the defence had won in battle the distinction "for valor." Their evidence was as pathetic as their appearance. One poor fellow was led into court by a little girl. He was completely blind and had an artificial throat, his utterance being almost incomprehensible. The only pension he received was one of $75 a year.

Another witness, twice wounded at Port Arthur, who has three children, of whom two are now in hospital, related that the War Ministry gave him only $1 annually, and therefore he was obliged to beg. A third witness, also wounded at Port Arthur, said that during the last three years he had received in all $22.

A veteran of the Russo-Turkish war, who participated in the storming of Kars, described how he too was reduced to beggary. Then again, there was an unpensioned soldier who fought in twenty engagements during the Russo-Japanese war, and after being wounded at Port Arthur lay for three days and nights among the dead. He was recommended for the St. George's Cross, but through some mistake or other did not obtain it. He travelled nearly 6,000 miles to try to get the error rectified, but hitherto his efforts had been fruitless, and he was now a beggar.

So the pitiful stories continued. The impress of truth was upon them and the Public Prosecutor asked that the minimum sentence should be passed on Pimenoff. The court, however, acquitted the prisoner, who had previously stated that his only object in issuing his pamphlet was to enlist the support of influential persons on behalf of the unfortunate victims of the war.

Correct.

"Did the wedding come off all right?"

"Yes, there was only one hitch in the ceremony."

Our London Letter

Tower Dungeons Open Soon.

Visitors to London this Summer should on no account omit a visit to the Tower of London, where the famous dungeons will be thrown open to the public for the first time.

Underneath the old keep, now the shell called the White Tower, is a nest of dismal dungeons, some of which are known by the pet names their old janitors dubbed them.

"Cold Harbor" is the name of one. Some of the subterranean cells under the White Tower are mere recesses in the twenty foot foundation wall, with heavy doors that pinned the offender in a crouching position, with no room to sit or stand. These were aptly called "Little Ease." One of these, in which Guy Fawkes, of gun-powder ill fame, was confined, is to be seen.

But most vile and noisome of all places of duress were the dungeons beneath the Flint Tower, a collection that was descriptively called "Little Hell."

Periwinkle Street To Go.

London has its full quota of strangely named streets, one of which has recently disappeared into the limbo of the past. The London County Council has sanctioned the transformation of Periwinkle Street into Ratcliffe Cross Street.

But there still remain other oddly named thoroughfares in the metropolis, such as Beer Lane, Pickle Herring Street, Shoulder of Mutton Alley, Hot Water Court and Tiger Bay.

There was a time when London possessed a far wider collection of cacophonous thoroughfares than is now the case. Crackbrain Court and Cutthroat Lane were in Whitechapel, and Deadman's Place adjoined Dirty Lane in Southwark. Hangman's Gains stood near the Tower, and there was Bandyleg Alley, off Fleet Street. Breakneck Court, opposite the Old Bailey, where Goldsmith lived when he first settled in London, has also disappeared.

Relic of Charles I. Found.

Many royal relics are not above suspicion, but the Southampton Corporation Museum has acquired an unquestioned and remarkable relic of Charles I. in the form of a heart shaped locket bearing upon one side the legend: "Prepared bee to follow mee," the initials C. R. (Carolus Rex), and a death's head.

On the reverse side is a heart pierced with two arrows and the wording: "I live and die in loyalty." Inside the locket is fastened a silver medallion portrait of the martyr King.

King George a Great Shot.

King George is and always has been a great sportsman. First and foremost he is a wonderful shot. It is only a few months ago that he established some wonderful records while on a visit to the Earl and Countess of Powis at Powis Castle.

In some wonderful overhead shooting he achieved the remarkable feat of having four dead birds in the air at once. Employing one barrel, he pulled a bird sixty yards high. Changing his gun, and firing the right and left barrels, he killed again, and before the first bird was ten yards from the ground he had again changed his gun, fired and killed.

While King George has supported and witnessed the playing of many games, he always held that sport should be participated in solely as a relief from the more serious affairs of life.

Belfast, Superlative City.

Belfast is a city of superlatives. Every one knows that Messrs. Harland, and Wolff's shipyard, the Queen's Island, (locally known as "the Island"), is the biggest shipyard in the world, but not every one knows that Belfast has also the biggest tobacco factory (Gallagher's), the biggest rope works (the Belfast Rope Work Company, Ltd.), and the biggest linen factory (the York Street Flax Spinning and Weaving Company, Ltd.) in the world. Belfast also builds the biggest boats in the world.

Belfast, however, is not entirely superlative. A Belfast man will admit almost proudly that Belfast has the smallest number of bookshops of any city of its size in the world.

Strike Against Child Labor.

London is experiencing the novelty of a strike against child labor. One thousand five hundred girls working for a big provision firm have gone on strike because the firm advertised for girls under the age of 18 years.

For years it has been the boast of this firm that, in spite of the practices of its rivals, it had never employed a girl under 18 years of age. Last week girls of 14 and 16 years were advertised for, and placed at work in the tin box making room on machines, which have never been considered safe for inexpert operatives.

The older girls protested against the child labor, and when no attention was paid to their protests went out on strike. The 500 men employed by the firm joined the girls because last year when the men protested against girls being given men's work the girls loyally joined them in a strike.

Laborer Writes Great Book.

Further details of the book written by a building laborer, which is to be published shortly by Grant Richards, have been given to the public. The author, who died recently, was Robert Tressal. He spent five years writing the book, the manuscript of which contains 500,000 words, devoted to an arraignment of capitalism.

After his death the manuscript fell into the hands of his daughter, who was employed as a nurse in a private family. She showed it to her mistress, who was struck with the intense realism of the book and showed it to Miss Jessie Pope, the well-known contributor to Punch, who in turn passed it on to Grant Richards.

"I confess," said Mr Richards, "that I delayed reading the manuscript. Its length rather frightened me, but after I had tackled it I was amazed and delighted."

Tressal was a man of little education in the conventional acceptance of the word, and evidently had no clearly defined intention of writing the book for publication.

Certificates of Nobility.

Although French titles of nobility were abolished at the time of the Revolution by a decree revived in 1871, yet the Ministry of Justice issues certificates of nobility. Members of the French diplomatic service who use titles have to obtain one of these certificates, and pay stiffly for the transaction. The fees in the case of a duke amount to £720, a marquis pays £400, a viscount £280, a baron £60, and a chevalier £52. The certificate sets out that, the pedigree of the holder having been investigated, his claim to the title he bears has been fully established, and the seal of the Republic is affixed to this patent of nobility.—London Daily Chronicle.

The superintendent of a Sunday school was illustrating for the children the text, "Arise and take the young child and his mother, and flee into Egypt." Showing them a large picture, she asked: "Now, isn't that splendid? Here is the mother. Here is the young child. There's Egypt in the distance." The children, however, looked disappointed, and finally a little boy piped out: "Teacher, where's the flea?"