CANADA'S CHEESE POPULARIZED

What May Come of the Further Development of the Cool-Curing Room.

Cool-curing rooms should be so built and equipped as to make it practical to maintain a temperature of from 55 degrees to 65 degrees constantly and with certainty. This is the proper temperature for the curing of cheese. The humidity of the atmosphere should be neither too dry nor yet too damp, but about normal. Under these circumstances it is easy to assure a good cure to the cheese before it is shipped.

With the adoption of the cool-curing room, the quality of Canada's cheese showed a vast improvement. It popularized Canadian cheese in the Old Country, and it was with the general adoption of the cool-curing room, with the advent of first-class cheese upon our own home markets, that the home demand and home consumption of cheese began to show an increase.

Cheese that has been cured may be regarded as having been fully made. But this is not by any means saying that the cheese is ready to eat. It is true that it may be, and often is, eaten as soon as it is cured, but it really never ought to be until it is "ripe." This is when it has stood in such a place as a cool-curing room, or some place with similar conditions, until the processes of change that were started by the rennet have been completed and the cheese is at its final and mellow best. Only then will it always agree with delicate digestions, afford the finest eating and nutritive qualities. Once there was a time when Canadians would only eat cheese when it was very green and uncured. But at that time the total cheese consumption cut a very small figure. With the curing of cheese it increased, but with the broader realization of just what the real difference between a ripe cheese and a green one is, the home demand for cheese began really to grow.

A cool curing room, one that demands nothing more in the way of temperature than a range of 50 deg. to 60 deg., is by no means a difficult matter. Either brick or frame outside construction will do. To provide cold air, either a sub-earth duct, a stored supply of ice, or even steady streams of running cold water will do. If ice is used, an air duct from the ice room to the cool-curing room will provide the cold transmission. If cold water is used, a radiator system such as is used in hot water heating will be effective. Walls require to be made as non-conductive as is economically practical. Stuffing with sawdust or fine shavings between the joists, then tar paper and boarding, will make the walls cold and heat proof.

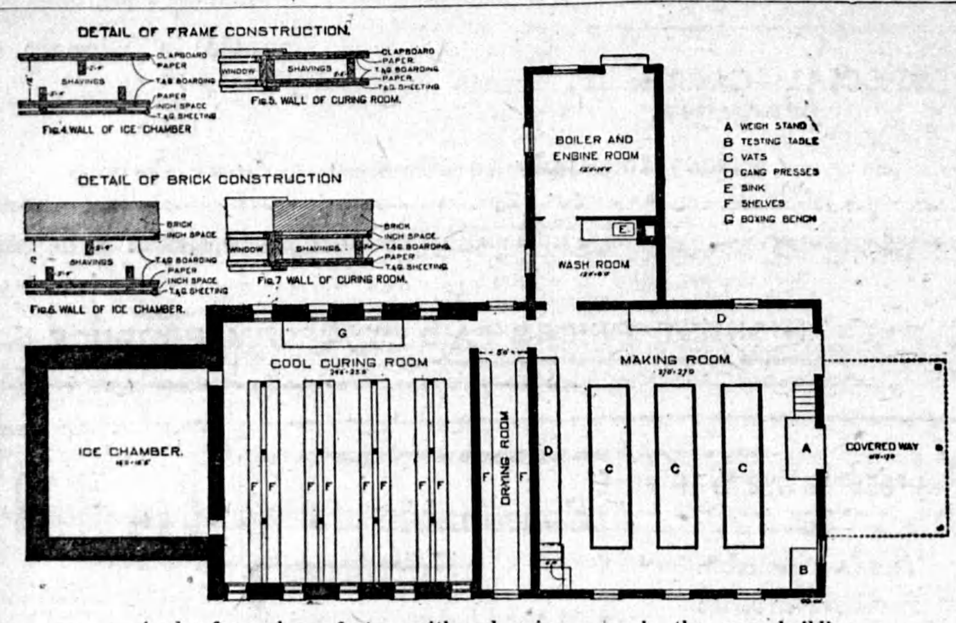
"Does the cold storage room pay?" There are many buyers whose opinions are available as to what the cool-curing room means to the individual factory. One of these has estimated it at something like from ⅛ cent to ¼ cent per pound in actual market value. But he qualified this estimate by the further statement that while he would pay that much more for properly cool-cured cheese, it was very hard to say just how much it saved the factory. Many times it was possible that cheese which had been cool-cured was saleable at a good price when, had it not been properly cured in this way, it might scarcely have been saleable at all.

Have We Enough Cool-curing Rooms?

To keep all our food under conditions that parallel those of the cool-curing room would be a pleasant thing to think about. Suppose that every edible product of the farm were stored in a nice clean building adapted for it. Suppose that it were a possibility that there might be some temperature at which all of the best qualities of these stored foods might have a chance to fully develop, while at the same time the development of other qualities not so desirable might be prevented. Suppose that at the same time the texture and appearance and digestibility of the apple, the pear, the peach, the plum, to say nothing of the vegetables—cabbages, cauliflower, pumpkins, citrons, etc.—could be stored in the same way to good all-round advantage. Would not the opportunity to market them to far better advantage than is now possible be both big and full of profits?

Suppose that each cheese factory which now owns a cool-curing room for the cheese had another and bigger cool-curing room, one in which not only the temperatures at which cheese cures and ripens best, but one in which much lower temperatures could be obtained and maintained, could it not be utilized to immense advantage by the patrons of the cheese factory? In the case of butter or of eggs, it is not the temperature of the cool-curing room that is wanted, but one that is much lower, pretty close to the freezing point, in fact. This calls for a somewhat more costly system for the cooling and preservation of the food, but the profits to be realized are very much bigger. Prices for butter and for eggs at midwinter as compared with those available at midsummer show a much wider spread than those for cheese. It calls for a little bit of skill and attention to keep the cold storage plant just right. But many of these are now in operation and the spread between summer and winter prices, multiplied by the volume of goods that they handle represents their gross profits every season. There should be little reason why the farmers' own cheese factory could not operate them to good advantage.

Each cheese factory has its manager, who is trained in the work of skillful and careful handling of perishable products. A little bit more of schooling in the care of cold storage and refrigerator plants would equip him to take the responsibility of a plant of that kind. Every cheese factory has its board of directors, who have been entrusted and successfully with the management of the affairs of the patrons so far as cheese is concerned. Every factory has its salesman, and if he is a man qualified to sell cheese he is a man who either possesses or could easily acquire a mastery of markets for eggs, poultry, apples, and other products of the community. There would seem to be a lot of possibilities in this matter of the cool curing room.—The Canadian Countryman.



A plan for a cheese factory with cool-curing room in the same building.

RELATIONS

"It's a nuisance his coming up just now, with mother not herself and me busy all day," said pretty Daisy Meadows, as she finished laying the supper-table. "But we haven't seen him since he was a boy, and as it's his first visit to London we couldn't do less than ask him to stay here. No doubt he'll expect all sorts of preparations."

"Oh, that's all right," said Mr. Edward Brown, her accepted suitor. "I'll help you set supper for him, and when he comes I'll talk him silly about pigs and mangold-wurzels. According to his letter he ought to be here in a few minutes. You told him how to get here from Liverpool Street, didn't you?"

"Yes, a child couldn't have mistaken the directions, but I daresay he will. He's on father's side of the family, you know. He's going to marry Bess Giles, the daughter of some pudding-headed old farmer who lives out this way. I expect the pair will be well matched."

"That's all very well," said Mr. Brown, laughing. 'I expect I shall have to try what it's like being jealous, watching you talk to another man all the time I'm with you."

"No, Ted," said Daisy, firmly. "You two men talk and I shall be able to get on with my sewing, then the evening won't be quite wasted."

At that moment there came a loud knock at the front door, and Daisy went. Mr. Brown remained leaning against the dresser in the kitchen, whistling, the picture of a man perfectly sure of his sweetheart's affections.

What an actress the girl was! She was talking as though she were really glad to see him. Mr. Brown, pitying the victim of her deceitfulness a little, went on whistling again.

"I'm afraid the hall is rather narrow, and you've grown so huge," he heard Daisy say. 'There, you silly, you positively squeezed me! Oh, I always said there was no room for two people with that hatstand in this poky little passage."

Poor Ted suddenly stopped whistling. The next moment there entered the biggest specimen of the county cousin breed he had ever seen.

"This is Ted Brown—er—a friend of mine," said Daisy. "Ted, my Cousin Tom."

"Give us your hand, lad, if it weighs a ton!" said Tom Meadows.

But it was not Ted's hand which weighed a ton.

As Mr. Meadows progressed with his meal Ted Brown found it hard even to get a word in edgeways. The cousins seemed positively wrapped up in each other's conversation.

"Is there anything else you would like?" said Ted, when the visitor had finished his third helping of cold beef.

He repeated it three times in mildly sarcastic tones, and, receiving no attention, shouted it at last in a tremendous voice.

"I said, is there anything else you bloomin' well want?"

Daisy looked up.

"Yes," she said icily, looking round the table. "Why, poor Cousin Tom, you've had nothing to drink!"

"I'll get him some water," said Ted, with alacrity.

"Water!" exclaimed Miss Meadows, scornfully. "Water does for you, Ted, but men of Cousin Tom's build couldn't keep themselves going on it. Just slip over to the dairy and get a quart of buttermilk."

"But it must be quite ten minutes' walk to the dairy, and——"

"Never mind, Tom doesn't mind waiting, I'm sure."

"Not a bit," said Tom, accommodatingly.

II.

They were in a picture show. Daisy, in her most fetching attire, was sitting between her sweetheart and her cousin in the best seats, for which Ted had paid.

When the funny films were on the cousins sometimes threw him a word, but during the love scenes they sat soulfully silent, and because Ted snorted during the tenderest parts they said he didn't know what love was.

"Your cousin's been here a week, Daisy," young Brown said at last, "and being engaged myself, I'm beginning to wonder what Bess Giles will say when she hears he's decided to stop another three days."

"I'm sure he's seen little enough, after all."

"Yes. Considering it's always picture shows with you in the dark, I'll admit it," said Ted.

Miss Meadows tapped her foot a little, a sure sign she was losing her temper.

"Well, if you went down to Muggleton to be shown round, you'd find Tom would do his best to entertain you."

"It's beginning to strike me that being entertained is rather nice," said Mr. Brown thoughtfully. "I could do with a breath of country air, as a matter of fact. I've not been used to all this gaiety," he added, bitterly.

"When he suggested the other day that we should go down for a day when he goes back, you set your face against it."

"I'd got the notion you were setting yours too near his at the time, but I wasn't myself."

"Then you wouldn't mind coming to Muggleton, after all?" said Daisy, turning radiantly to her cousin. "You hear that, Tom?"

"No," said Tom, soulfully. "I was thinking how beautiful it was, the way the big man from the Wild West went and kissed that London girl in the log cabin."

"I was only saying, Tom," said Ted, leaning over, "that I shall be glad to accept your invitation to Muggleton, after all."

"But I thought you said you didn't care for the mud, lad? I was going to ask Daisy here to come alone."

"That was kind of you, but she won't have any moving pictures to look at coming back, and she might feel lonely. Besides, I don't know if it's your presence, Tom, but, somehow, I want to see fresh green fields, and hear the birds, and all that. I don't know a cock robin from a cow, but I daresay you will point out the difference to me."

"You'll find it very dull, I'm afraid," said Mr. Meadows, discouragingly. "Better leave it to Daisy."

"Dull? With you there, Tom, entertaining me all the time, same as Daisy's entertained you?"

"Very well," said Mr. Meadows. "Come!"

"As you're so pressing, I will," said the young man heartily. "And, by the way, what was that you said to me the other day about Bess Giles being a Brown on her mother's side of the family? Didn't you say that Mrs. Giles's maiden name was Susannah Brown? I had an aunt Susannah Brown, but my father lost sight of her years ago. It was thought she married a farmer down in the country——"

He broke off abruptly, and sat back chuckling to himself all through the remainder of a murder film which was then on.

"Whatever is the matter with you?" said Daisy at last.

"I was thinking what a funny thing it would be," said Tom, "if Bess Giles and I turned out to be cousins."

III.

On the morning they were to accompany Tom Meadows to Muggleton, Ted arrived at the station booking-office by appointment, late.

"I had such a bother," he explained, "to get this new collar on to this shirt."

He spoke, leaning negligently on a smart shop-rolled umbrella, the finishing touch to an effect already "dressy," on account of a natty bowler, new light overcoat, spats and lemon gloves.

"Bess Giles," said Daisy, taking a breath, "will be surprised!"

"Let's hope pleasantly surprised, then! I've never found it any use trying to be anyone but myself. I'd like to wear tweeds like Tom does, but the smell of them gives me a headache."

Tom Meadows's tweeds were no more offensive than any other such material, but Ted's susceptibility seemed to be specially marked this morning.

All the way down he sat as far away from Tom and Daisy as possible, abstractedly looking out of the window and only once speaking. This was to ask if Bess Giles were going to meet the train, and receiving a grunt from Tom which he took to mean "yes," he said he was glad of it.

Any embarrassment that Mr. Meadows might have felt at kissing Bess under the eye of Daisy with the proper amount of affection, was saved him by Ted. Ted walked on ahead with Bess the moment they were introduced, winning her favor in a manner that opened Tom's eyes.

Perhaps, owing to the relaxing air of London, Tom did not find himself quite so cheery in his native Muggleton, and after some rather strained conversation between himself and Daisy, he suddenly looked up to find the other two were nowhere to be seen.

"Ah," said Tom, "I'll soon find them. The man isn't born who can lose me in Muggleton!"

But this morning his instinct was quite at fault. By dinner-time, Miss Meadows, foot-weary and aching in every limb, permitted herself to remark:

"You said there wasn't a man who could lose you in Muggleton, Tom," she said; "but there is, and his name's Edward Brown!"

It came on to rain, and it rained hard.

Late in the afternoon, when Daisy and Tom ran the truant pair to earth in the most obvious place of all, the house of a friend of Bess's not a hundred yards from the station, it pleased them not at all to find both of them bone-dry.

Ted, sitting in a high-backed armchair in the warm and speckless kitchen, toying with a cup of steaming tea, looked up dreamily when they came in, and smiled softly in Bess's direction.

"You two are gluttons for walking, I can see by your boots," he said. "Bess and I have been amusing ourselves in our own way, pottering about the garden between the showers. It's fine to see the creeper budding already over the summer-houses. Wonderful warm in those summer-houses, too, for the time of year."

"So," said Daisy, flushing, "you've been sitting in summer-houses with Miss Giles?"

"Yes—with Cousin Bess—dear Cousin Bess!" He smiled in the sweet, apple-cheeked girl's direction. "It's turned out, I'm glad to say, as I hoped. It seems I've found my Aunt Susannah, and, Daisy, she's entertained me, Cousin Bess has, in a way I wouldn't have believed—in the way you said she would if I came here."

"I never said she would entertain you; I said Tom would!" said Daisy, choking.

"Yes, and I'd entertain you now, Ted, if there was time left." The loving hitch Tom Meadows gave to his cnuffs afforded no doubt in what manner he yearned to provide diversion for Mr. Brown. "But, unfortunately—most unfortunately—you and Daisy will have to scurry if you're going to catch your train."

Quite ten minutes must have passed in the train before Daisy spoke.

"Ted," she said, faintly, "you were in Muggleton all day, but I don't believe you as much as looked in at your aunt's!"

"Well, you see," he answered, "just as there are a good many Browns, so there are a good many Susannah Browns. To tell you the truth, it wasn't quite clear to me that Bess's mother was the one."

He looked across at Daisy.

"After all," he said softly, taking her willing hand, "if you're agreeable, I don't know that I shall ever trouble now to go and find out."

ABOUT THE HOUSEHOLD

The Canning Season.

The annual period of canning and preserving is approaching. It is an open question what fruits and vegetables can be put up at home with economy. Now that tinned and glassed goods are so cheap and often so excellent many housewives find that they waste both time and money.

Pineapples and oranges, for example, are not worth while. Commercial orange marmalades and tinned pineapple are good and inexpensive; and considering the cost of the fruit, the sugar and jars, and the value of her time, the housewife who continues to preserve pineapples and make orange marmalade is not an economical person. The same is true of many vegetables. On the other hand, certain vegetables cannot be purchased, well tinned, at a moderate price. The best asparagus, put up in glass, is expensive in the market; and if a family is fond of asparagus, the housewife will do well to can it herself in glass jars at a time when it may be obtained at the lowest price.

Whole preserved strawberries, small lima beans, candied and preserved cherries, chutneys, chili sauce and grapefruit are among the more expensive delicacies in the market. These, if used in any quantity, it will be profitable to put up at home.

The simplest method of canning fruit is to bring it to the boiling point and then pack it quickly into jars that have been standing for fifty or sixty minutes in boiling water. Do not use too much sugar in cooking the fruit, for this adds to the expense and spoils the flavor. Success in canning depends chiefly upon the perfect sealing of the jars. If the fruit and the jars have been thoroughly cleaned by boiling and if the jars are sealed so that no air can penetrate, the fruit or vegetables should keep for years.

In jellying, if the jelly remains liquid, do not boil it again with more sugar, but try adding more fruit juice. It is probable that you have already used too much sugar, and the fruit juice will make the jelly set.

Omelet Hints.

Here are some omelet items: Omelets are difficult to make properly, and only practice gives a cook the knack of turning a perfect one. The French cooks use no liquid in it, and beat the eggs only enough to break the yolks; this side of the Atlantic the custom is to add water or milk, and many American cooks beat the whites to a stiff froth and the yolks to a foamy cream, and mix them together with a knife, just enough to blend them.

Some cooks insist that water is better than milk; some insist that water toughens the omelet and others insist that milk makes it heavy. So the only way to learn to make an omelet that is light, of firm texture, substantial and yet in no way suggestive of leather is to try recipe after recipe and method after method until perfection is attained.

It is easier to make several small omelets than one large one. It is difficult to handle a large one and its edges usually burn before the middle part is done.

Experience alone tells the cook when to turn an omelet. If turned too soon it falls from its own weight. Some cooks find it easier to slip it in the oven as soon as it is set around the edges—pan and all—until it puffs. Then they turn one-half on the other half and send it to the table.

Remember that a pan should be clean and smooth. Iron pans can be rubbed with salt to polish off any unevenness on the surface. The amount of grease and the kind used are matters which each cook must determine for herself.

Hints for Busy Housekeepers.

A dessert to be successful must be attractive to the eye.

Beans and peas are too much alike to be used at the same meal.

Pearl tapioca makes a delicate and excellent thickening for soups.

Don't use scoty pans and kettles in cooking—they take longer to heat.

Apple sauce should always be eaten to counterbalance sausage and pork.

Prunes hidden in a meringe, the meringe browned in the oven, make a delicious dessert.

After scrubbing thoroughly, make a few slits in the skins of potatoes that are to be baked.

Common soap, rubbed on the hinges of a creaking door, will do away with the trouble.

The newest omelet pan is in two parts, so that the omelet may be flopped over and over.

Fasten a pincushion to the top of the sewing machine arm, and whole minutes will be saved.

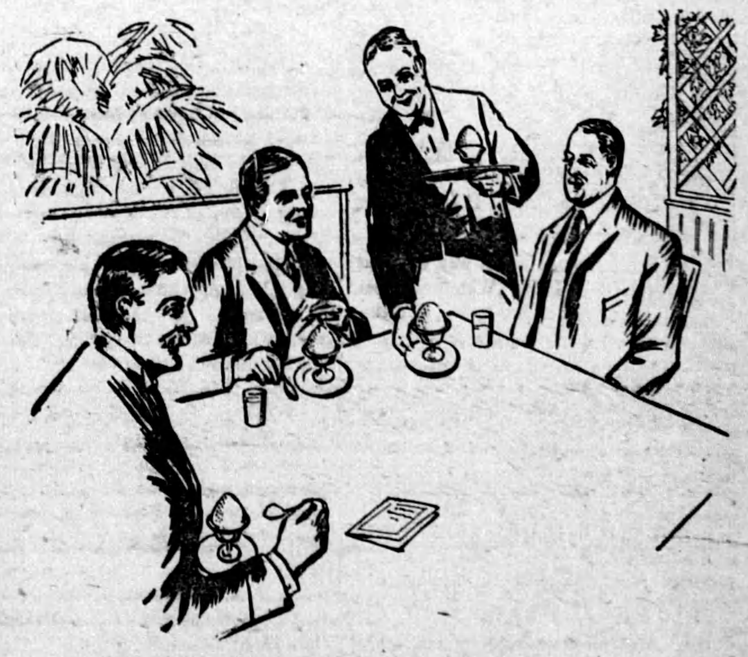
Add a pinch of borax to the rinsing water of handkerchiefs, if you would have them a little stiff.

Rub the ends of the ribs of the umbrella with vaseline where they are fastened. This prevents rust.

Irons will heat more quickly and stay hot longer if a cake tin or other cover is turned upside down over them.

The dessert that fails in its appeal to the palate is a wasted attempt, for desserts are eaten for pleasure, not hunger.

EATS DIRT GILLETT'S LYE CLEANS DISINFECTS



ICE CREAM IS A FOOD

A VALUABLE food if it's pure. City Dairy Ice Cream is made of the purest ingredients, in a new sanitary building. We ship thousands of gallons to all parts of Ontario. The size of our business enables us to employ experts and the most up-to-date methods and equipment.

Keen business men reduce their meat diet during the summer and consume more foods such as Ice Cream. Everybody can do so with benefit to their health.

For sale by discriminating shopkeepers everywhere

City Dairy TORONTO.

Look for the Sign.

We want an Agent in every town.