About the Household

Recipes for Dainty Dishes.

Syrup Scones.—One pound of self-raising flour, add four ounces of butter or dripping, two ounces of sugar, an ounce of sultanas, one-half pint of milk and a tablespoonful of golden syrup. Mix all together thoroughly, cut into shapes and bake in a hot oven for 20 minutes. These are called scones.

Saucer Potatoes.—Take cold boiled potatoes, mash them with milk and a little dripping and pepper and salt and a little minced parsley. Fill saucers with this mixture, allowing one for each person; sprinkle the top of each with brown bread crumbs and a little grated cheese. Bake in quick oven till browned.

Potato Fritters.—Boil half a dozen potatoes, beat them and mix with three well-beaten eggs, a gill of milk, a little oiled butter. Mix well together and drop into boiling dripping. Fry a light brown, dish up and sprinkle with sugar. Serve hot.

Vanilla Cake.—Beat a quarter of a pound of butter to a cream, add half a pound of sugar, the yolks of three eggs beaten up with a little milk, and a few drops of vanilla essence. Sift in half a pound of self-raising flour, beat the white of the eggs to a stiff froth, and add them to the mixture, stirring all together for five minutes. Bake in a hot oven.

Raisin Bread.—Half cup butter, 3 eggs, 1 cup milk, 1 teaspoon salt, 7 cups white flour, ½ cup sugar, 1 yeast cake, 1 cup boiling water, 1 cup chopped seeded raisins. Scald milk and add water. Dissolve yeast in half of this lukewarm mixture. To the remaining milk and water add four cups of flour and make a batter. Beat thoroughly, then add the yeast. Let stand until light. Cream butter and sugar and add eggs one at a time. Now add egg and sugar mixture to the sponge, together with raisins and remaining flour. Place in a buttered bowl and let rise until light. Form into loaves, place in buttered pan, let rise again and bake 40 minutes.

Stale Bread Fritters.—Cut the bread in slices, about a third of an inch thick, fry in fat, from which a faint bluish smoke is rising, and when each piece if fried on one side, turn it over and spread the browned side with marmalade or jam. When cooked, lift out and sprinkle with caster sugar mixed with a little cinnamon.

Irish Potato Cakes. — Take one pound of flour, a teaspoonful of baking powder and three ounces of dripping with a pinch of salt. Work these together, then add one pound of cooked mealy potatoes and mix to a stiff paste with a little lukewarm milk or water. Flour a board and roll out, cutting into neat squares one inch thick. Place on a greased tin and bake for 10 or 15 minutes. Split open, butter and serve hot.

Fish and Rice Croquettes.—Put a quarter of a pound of rice into a saucepan with an ounce of butter and a pint of milk, simmer slowly for an hour and a half, by which time the rice will have absorbed all the milk, and do not stir it while it cooks. When cooked, add a seasoning of salt and stir in the yolk of an egg. Turn on a plate to cool. Have ready some cold cooked fish, mixed with a little thick white sauce (previously seasoned). Take portions of the rice, roll into balls, make a hole in the centre, fill with the fish mixture, close up the hole and brush over with the white of the egg. Roll the balls in fine bread-crumbs and fry in hot fat. Drain and serve with sauce.

Fritters.—Hard boil two eggs for half an hour, then shell and mash to a fine paste. Mix with an equal quantity of boiled chopped ham and pounded to a paste, add a high seasoning of salt and pepper and the beaten yolk of a raw egg. Cut stale bread in thin slices, put together in sandwiches with a thick filling of the paste, then trim off crusts and cut in pieces two by four inches in size. Beat together two raw eggs and mix with a quarter of a cupful of milk, a pinch of salt and sufficient sifted flour to make a thin batter. Dip each piece in this, then drop in a deep smoking hot fat and fry golden brown. Drain for a moment on soft paper and serve spread on a dish; do not heap on one another.

Household Hints.

A cupful of anything means a half-pint.

Sugar needs a dry, cool place; so does jam.

Cake tins should be scalded out once a week.

The good housewife utilizes every scrap of food.

To soften fruit can rubbers, add a little ammonia to the water.

Green pepper shells, stuffed with corn and baked, make a dainty luncheon dish.

To keep eggs—To a pint of salt add one pint of fresh lime and four gallons of water.

A piece of sandpaper is of the greatest help in removing stains and food from cooking utensils.

To remove a rusty appearance of black suede shoes, use a mixture of olive oil and ink in equal parts.

Clothes that have been sprinkled will not mildew for days, even in summer, if kept away from the fire.

If curtains are allowed to dry thoroughly before being starched, it will be found that they will last clean longer.

To clean ribbon, sponge with alcohol and rub over the spot with clean white soap, holding the ribbon straight.

Use wash pillows whenever possible for living rooms and dens. They are more hygienic and more sanitary.

A most effective way to clean linoleum is to wash first with a little water and then polish by applying milk.

To remove ink spots from colored goods, dip the stain in pure melted tallow. Wash out the tallow and ink goes with it.

A teaspoonful of boracic acid added to a cup of boiling water and allowed to cool is excellent for inflamed, weak eyes.

It is said that a rag soaked in a cayenne pepper solution and stuffed in a rat hole will set them all scampering off the place.

Stains on flannel may be removed with yolk of an egg and glycerine in equal quantities. Leave it on for half an hour, then wash out.

If cream will not whip add the white of an egg. Let both become thoroughly chilled before whipping. Keep cold until ready to serve.

An excellent way to prepare a new iron kettle for use is to fill with cold water and one cupful of rye meal. Keep at boiling point several hours.

Keep a supply of old plates and saucers on which cold meats, scraps, etc., can be put away. Avoid leaving anything on the dish it has been served on.

Embroidered garments should always be ironed on the wrong side upon several thicknesses of flannel. This makes the pattern stand out quite boldly.

One pint of tar and two quarts of water in an earthen vessel will keep red ants away. Keep this in your pantry or cellar and you will never see one.

Next time you make a mayonnaise, or other salad dressing, try peanut oil instead of olive oil. It is just as good to the taste and half the price of olive oil.

AMERICA'S ULTIMATUM TO GERMANY.

With courage and unusual firmness, America has sent to Germany her last word.

The note contains the final summing up of the position of America's 100,000,000 people to the Imperial Government of the Kaiser, and admits of no more quibbling from the over-seas power. It now rests with Germany to say whether she desires the continuance of friendly relations between the two governments.

The note from Germany, to which this is the reply, was studiously flippant and irrelevant. With cutting logic and designedly severe in its bluntness, Secretary Lansing and President Wilson have framed a diplomatic note and hammered in the facts so unrelentlessly, that even the autocratic Kaiser will not fail to understand.

It is final, and it may be assumed that friendship between the two nations concerned has ceased. The logic of it is manifest, but we know that Germany flings logic to the winds with a facility that is astonishing, and it is to be presumed that consideration of policy and expediency, and not those of international law and humanity, will govern her conduct as it has ever since the war began.

Germany now has only one course to pursue if she expects to maintain the friendship of the United States, that is, she must abstain from injuring neutrals. Another holocaust like the Lusitania, or of lesser import even, will drive America to arms against the autocrat and war lord of the Hohenzollerns. Pres. Wilson has assured the Kaiser that America will contend for the principles of international law and right espoused, "at any cost," and the American people will stand squarely behind him, and quickly prepare for the most critical result whatever that may be. The note is void of the customary diplomatic frills, and there is no longer any possibility of an evasive or argumentative reply.

Our case is stated, and there is nothing left to argue about. It is now up to the German government to listen to the voice of reason or take the consequences. She can maintain peaceful relations with the U.S. only by refraining from murdering American citizens. She can break those relations by returning to the savagery and cold-bloodedness of her underseas assaults.

We shall see in the sequel what her action will be, and whether her diplomacy is sound enough to steer clear of further complications in arraying the world in hostile attitude against her.

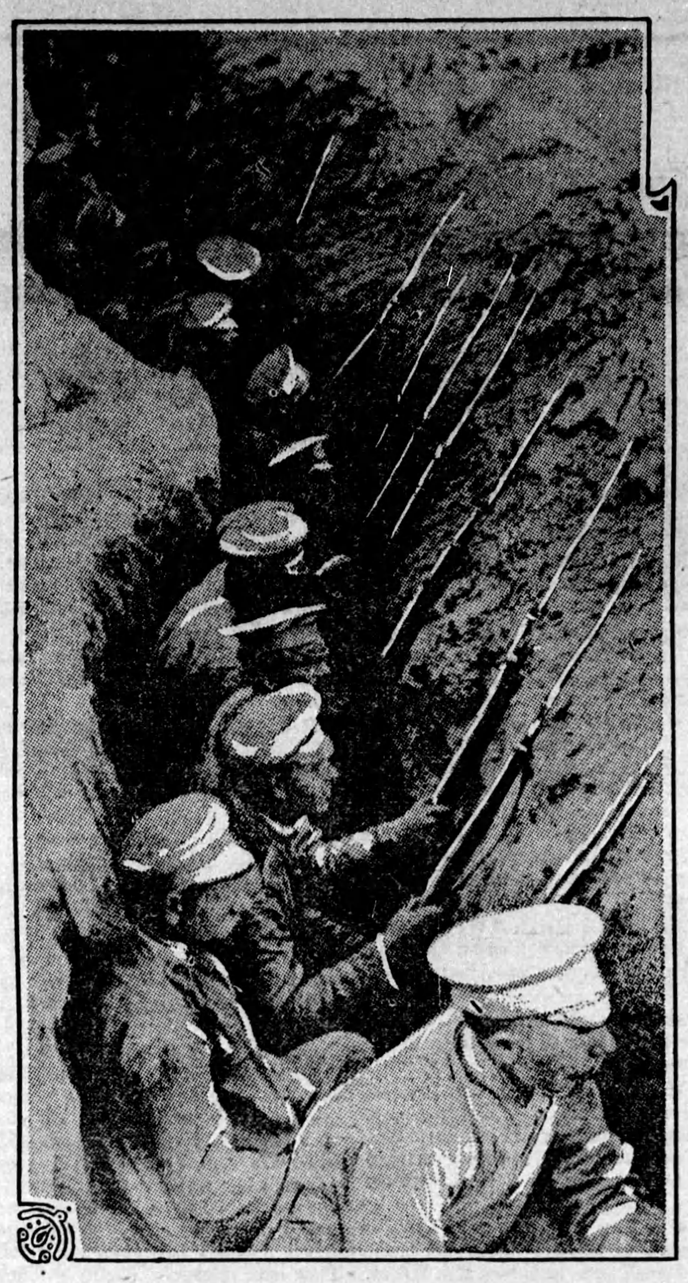
CHAS. M. BICE.

Denver, July 25, 1915.

Additional clasps may be added to the Victoria Cross for subsequent acts of bravery.

According to Chinese history, the custom of small feet among the females of China originated several centuries back, when a large body of women rose against the government and tried to overthrow it. To prevent the recurrence of such an event the use of wooden shoes so small as to disable them from making any effective use of their feet was enforced on all female infants.

A FINE RUSSIAN REGIMENT



The picture shows men of the Fonogorijski Regiment of Moscow in a shallow, hastily constructed trench at the front, awaiting orders to advance. This regiment is regarded as the best in the Russian army, and is one of the two Russian regiments accorded the privilege of marching with rifles at the "charge."

THE ARCTIC MAIL

The mail service to the hinderland of Alberta, although it still leaves much to be desired in the way of regularity, has improved a great deal in ten years. A decade ago there was only one mail a year—that conveyed by the Hudson Bay winter packet. Passing travelers (in the season of open navigation) who were thoughtful enough to take the trouble might bring in infrequent letter mails, but magazines never ran the gauntlet of picture-hungry traders and roustabouts. They were appropriated en route; and newspapers accumulated wherever these volunteer mail carriers happened to drop them.

On my journey to the north in 1901, writes a Youth's Companion contributor, I found, piled in the corner of a log-walled house, at the western end of Lesser Slave Lake, a collection of newspapers. Knowing what a treat they would be to the isolated settlers, I packed the whole bundle into a gunny sack and threw it on top of my wagonload. At Peace River Crossing, I arranged for my passage down the river three hundred miles to Fort Vermilion. The craft was a huge raft, then loading in shallow water about fifty feet from the shore.

The next day we pushed off and began our long drift down stream, and two or three days later I thought of the mail, which was no where to be seen. An anxious search followed, and at last, from under a pile of hay at one end of the raft, we pulled a soggy, dripping mass—my precious mail sack. The spot had been dry enough when the sack had been thrown there and inadvertently covered with hay, but the subsequent loading had completely submerged that end of the raft.

I was advised to tie a rock to the sack, sink it, and keep "mum." What I did do was to put the sack where it would drain, and on reaching my journey's end to open every paper out to single sheets and dry them. They were very wrinkly, to be sure, and the operation used all the floor space in my friend's house for some days, but the six-months-old news was so eagerly devoured by the setlers that we felt well repaid.

Some two weeks after we left the Crossing, a Hudson Bay clerk arrived from Scotland with his bride, also bound for Fort Vermilion. The season was late. Daily the freeze-up was expected, but Tom Carr hurriedly built his little raft and started down the river. Besides himself and his wife, their camp outfit and food, their only load was a late packet of letters, brought direct from Edmonton, and a gramophone for the factor. Shore ice had formed, and daily pushed its edge farther into the current. Ice pans, varying in size from tea plates to huge disks fifty feet across, drifted with the stream. Hourly they grew in size, jostling each other, crushing viciously against the advancing shore ice as they fought their way down the curent. Then came a day when the ice pans jammed and froze into a solid mass.

As soon as it was safe to do so, Tom and his wife made their way to shore, where he made a cache of the mail packet and the gramophone. Above the cache he placed a tripod of poles to identify the spot when, later in the winter, he should pass that way.

The seventy-five-mile tramp back to the Crossing was very trying, and Mrs. Carr's "store" shoes were in shreds when they trailed wearily into the settlement. Then, late in February, with his wife in a cariole and accompanied by the annual Hudson Bay packet dog-trains. Tom once more set his face northward. Arrived at the cache, what was his dismay to find that, after freezing, the river had thawed, risen several feet, flooded over his cache, and frozen solid again. But for the tripod of poles it would have been impossible to find it.

He carefully chopped the ice from round the letter packet and lifted out the whole in a solid block. He removed the gramophone in like manner, loaded everything on the dog sleighs, and carried everything on to the fort.

Of the twenty-three letters that came to me, six had been through the ice ordeal. They were written with a blue ink that ran. And how it did run! A smear of blue was the address on the soaked-apart envelope; several blue smears, like the oceans on a map, with a few disjointed words between, formed the body of the letter from home.

On inquiring at the fort I was told that the block of ice containing the letters had been placed by the fire, and as fast as they thawed, the letters were one by one peeled off the lump. The gramophone, except for a spreading of the dovetailed corners of the box, was not injured in the least.

English and Italian Crops.

Grain crops in England and Italy promise greater yields this year than the last harvest. Forecasts cabled by the International Institute of Agriculture at Rome, place the Italian wheat crop at 189,000,000 bushels, some 20,000,000 bushels more than last year. The prospective wheat crop of England and Wales is placed at 63,000,000 bushels, or 3,000,000 more than last year; the barley crop 44,000,000, a decrease of 7,000,000 bushels, and the oats crop at 89,000,000 bushels, an increase of 10,000,000 bushels.

Professional Pride.

A quaint story is told to exemplify the pride that svery man should take in the work by which he makes a living.

Two street sweepers, seated on a curbstone, were discussing a comrade, who had died the day before.

'Bill certainly was a good sweeper," said one.

"Yes," conceded the other, thoughtfully. But—don't you think he was a little weak around the lamp-posts?"

At the close of the seventeenth century a tax was placed on widowers.

LOVE AND HATE

England to Germany.

You poison the springs that should ever flow
To aid the bright flowers of peace to grow;
You teach little children in school to pray
That curses may blight, and that wrath may slay;
You plant in the soil of their young hearts seeds
Of baneful, destructive and deadly weeds;
You rob them of vision of higher view;
You wither their power to be pure and true;
You turn them away from love's garden gate,
And chill their warm blood with your hiss of hate,
But back o'er your land all your curse clouds roll
To darken and shrivel your nation's soul.

You savagely boasted your brutal might,
And scornfully sneered when men spoke of right;
Refused to be true to the pledge you signed,
And jeered at the nations a bond could bind;
Defying humanity's moral laws,
You murdered the helpless without a cause;
You secretly tried an infamous plan
To sow deadly strife between man and man;
Your four plots miscarried, perfidy failed.
The nations awoke and the right prevailed.
Now, facing in terror avenging fate,
You shriek in your fury the curse of hate.

We heed not your curses. We know God hears
The cry of the nation whose bitter tears
Flow out from the heart that in anguish bleeds
Because of your merciless, ruthless deeds.
Brave Belgium's blessing of prayer and praise
The curse of your venomous hate outweighs.
We sprang to her aid with our souls aflame
To save from dishonor old England's name.
Peace lovers are we, but true Britons fight
When freedom is threatened by despot might.
We hate not your nation. We fight that we
May aid in the struggle to make men free.

For all that you did in your brilliant past
We thank you, but mourn that, misled at last,
You sullied the fame of your noble state,
And shadowed your soul with the curse of hate.
Base, selfish ambition has made you blind,
Has narrowed your vision and warped your mind.
We hope you will learn, when the strife is o'er,
That all war is evil, and fight no more;
That hate is a monster, whose fatal breath
Bears ever a message of gloom and death;
That love is the highest power man can know
To start the divine in his life to grow.

—James L. Hughes.

Correct.

"Carl," said the teacher, "can you tell me what an inebriate is?"

"Yes, ma'am," replied Carl. "It is an animal that does not have a backbone."

Honest.

"My boy, you're a clever lad to catch such a big fish by yourself."

"Oh, I don't mind telling you, sir, that I got the worm to help me."

Wearing collars which squeeze the neck tightly is said to be conducive to baldness.

Bananas are fit to eat as soon as they have lost all their green color, and remain fit, no matter how black they may be, so long as the skin is unbroken.

It is a criminal offence in Britain to make use of profane oaths. The following penalties may be imposed: In the case of a day laborer, common soldier, or seaman, 1s.; any other person under the degree of gentleman, 2s.; any person above the degree of gentleman, 5s.

Trade in War Time.

Soon after the war broke out, says the London Telegraph, a friend called on an English merchant, who did a large Continental business. "This war must have hit you hard," he ventured.

"Very hard," said the merchant. "I've over $10,000 owing me in Germany, and it's touch-and-go whether I ever get a penny of it. Still, we've got to put up with something for the country."

"I'm glad you take it so cheerfully," said the friend.

"Well, of course there's profit and loss in war time. I owe $18,000 in Germany."

Unselfish.

Doctor—Is your wife strong-minded enough to see that you positively refrain from sweets?

Patient—Sure, doctor! She's got spunk enough to make me pass up the candy and pastry and all that as long as she's allowed to eat it herself."

A near argument is one in which nobody gets angry.

ICE CREAM BRICKS

Ice cream frozen in boxes—enough in each box to serve five or six—is a method of shipping that the City Dairy has developed until discriminating dealers everywhere have them on sale.

A pail of chopped ice and a little salt will enable you to serve Ice Cream at that picnic.

City Dairy

Look for the Sign.

TORONTO.

We want an Agent in every town.