About the Household

Grandmother's Recipes.

Here are a few of good old-fashioned combinations, some pet recipes straight from grandmother's hand-written book:

Spiced Plums.—Boil ½ gallon of plums five minutes. Pour off water and add three pounds of sugar, one teaspoonful each of cloves, allspice and cinnamon (ground) and one pint vinegar. Boil half hour, stirring constantly. Put in jars and seal at once.

Pear Conserve.—Chop four pounds pears, four lemons (rind and pulp), ½ pound crystallized ginger. To this chopped mixture add four pounds of sugar. Boil three to four hours until desired thickness is obtained.

Pineapple Honey.—Peel and cut eyes from three pineapples. Cut in pieces, taking out hard centre. Run through grinder. Add as much water as you have pineapple after grinding and as much sugar as pineapple and water together. Boil about ½ hour or until desired consistency is obtained.

Grape Conserve.—Three pints grapes, washed and picked off stems; three pints sugar, one pint water, one cup English walnuts, ½ pound raisins. Press pulp of grape from skin, beat pulp until soft. Run through colander and put back in kettle with the skins, water and sugar and two oranges sliced thin. Cook until done (one hour).

Jim-Jam.—Five pounds currants, 1½ pounds seeded raisins, juice and rind of two oranges. Wash currants, nearly cover with water, and cook until soft. Strain through jelly bag. Put raisins through grinder. Grate rind and squeeze juice out of grapes. Put all together, taking cup for cup of mixture and sugar. Cook till the consistency of jelly.

Preserved Watermelon Rind. — Seven pounds rind, 3½ pounds sugar, 1 quart vinegar, ½ ounce white ginger, cloves and cinnamon to taste. Take the thickest rinds and pare off the hard green covering, slice and drain in colander over night. In the morning place in a strong brine, changing every three days; in the last brine put in a little alum to make rinds hard. Make the syrup and when hot put in rinds; cook 10 minutes, remove and cook the syrup 15 minutes. Pour over rinds. Can and use after standing two weeks.

Tomato Sauce.—One peck ripe tomatoes, 6 onions, 3 stalks celery, 3 red mangoes. Chop fine. Mix well with one cup of salt and put in thin sack to drain over night. Next day take 2 pounds brown sugar, 5 cups strong vinegar, 1 tablespoonful mustard seed. Let this come to a boil, then set aside to cool. Pour over above mixture and put in jars.

Menus for Children.

Some suggestions for menus and foods allowable after 30 months are:

Menu 1.—Beef broth with vermicelli, bran or wholemeal bread and the best butter obtainable, lightly broiled lamb chop, minced and seasoned with salt; spinach, boiled tender, and mashed through a puree sieve, served plain or with a spoonful of cream or broth; baked potato with salt; orange tapioca for dessert and a bit of fruit juice to drink.

Menu 2.—Chicken broth with rice, minced broiled tenderloin steak with salt (no butter on it), spaghetti creamed, brown bread and butter, asparagus tips or stewed celery with hot cream sauce; cup custard for dessert.

Menu 3.—Mutton broth, the white meat of chicken cut into very small pieces, macaroni in hot milk, cauliflower or spinach, mashed and seasoned with salt and cream; bread and butter; orange float for dessert (made with gelatin).

Menu 4.—Beef tea, stewed squab, boiled or steamed rice, bread and butter, puree of Bermuda or Texas onion ter, puree of Bermuda or Texas onions, stewed very soft in milk; junket with egg for dessert.

Menu 5.—Milk soup, roast beef, rare and minced, with dish gravy; boiled spaghetti, with dish gravy from the roast beef; spinach or stewed celery, bread and butter; rice pudding for dessert.

Menu 6.—Strained vegetable soup, minced broiled mutton chop, rejecting all fat; baked potato, apple sauce, bread and butter; junket and cream for dessert.

Menu 7.—Beef broth, creamed or broiled fish (watch that it has no bones), boiled macaroni with milk, cooked very soft and creamy; cooked asparagus tips, also very soft; gelatin with whipped cream for dessert.

Useful Hints.

Iron rust stains may be removed from goods by using sour milk.

To cleanse hands from vegetable stains, rub with a slice of raw potato.

To clean out flour barrel use a child's small broom; the long-handled kind.

To prevent cream from spotting table linen, dip linen in cold water before washing.

Press mohair with a very moderate iron. Press silk between two pieces of tissue paper.

Porch chairs of wicker or reed can be cleansed with soapsuds and a scrubbing brush and then can be shellbacked.

Icing for a cake can be colored a beautiful pink with a small quantity of beet juice. It is inexpensive and absolutely pure.

Linen that has become yellow may be bleached snow white if soaked in buttermilk for a short time—rinse and hang in sun.

Cucumbers make a delicious vegetable when stewed and served with a white sauce, or seasoned with butter, salt and pepper and served on toast.

When one rips out threads they wish they had three hands. Use a steel crochet hook and the work is easily done. Pull out bastings the same way.

To clear a house of roaches equal quantities of sugar and pulverized borax is recommended. Spread where the insects congregate the most.

Next time you bake beans add a diced carrot, a couple of tomatoes cut fine, and one small onion, browned in pork fat, and see what a delicious dish you have.

To remove mildew soak article in sour milk and lay in the sun. Or use chloride of lime made in proportion of a teaspoonful of lime to a quart of water.

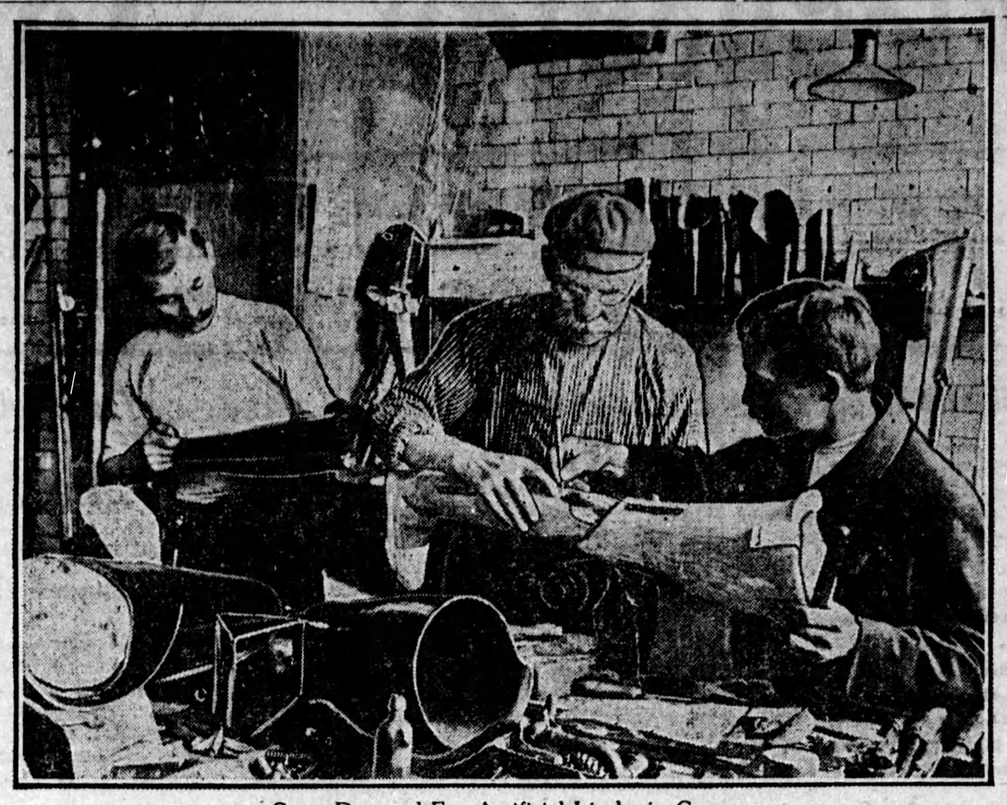
Cream of tomato soup is not apt to curdle if a teaspoonful of cornstarch with a pinch of soda is mixed in the cream before it is added to the tomato mixture.

If a crust of bread toasted till nearly black be put into the water where greens are boiling it will prevent the disagreeable smell that arises when they are cooking.

If the wall is so soft that it will not hold a picture nail, mix a little plaster of paris and water; enlarge the hole and fill with the plaster and in a minute insert the nail and let it dry.

All the trials and tribulations caused when trying to sew the bows on one's pumps may be avoided if a few curved surgical needles are added to the sewing basket. Purchase at any drug store.

When you must go to the dentist's carry your prettiest boudoir cap and don it before you get into the chair; and when the ordeal is over you will find your hair in as good order as when you went in.



Great Demand For Artificial Limbs in Germany.

THE scene shown in the photograph depicts how, in Germany, the manufacture of artificial limbs has grown apace with the war. So many of the Kaiser's men have lost arms, legs, or both, that it was a serious matter to meet the demands for artificial limbs. The limbs are an advance on those which have been manufactured in the past. They are lightly constructed.

THE NEWCOMER

What could be keeping Bill? Nance Andrews got up and looked out on the stifling street. Bill had never been so late before. They had been married three months, and this was the first time he had not been home to tea.

She looked at the fish on the stove. It had lost all trace of its former plumpness. Now it was all crispness. She had filled the kettle twice, and the water had boiled away, and still he did not come.

Had anything happened to him? That was the thought that kept coming into her mind, and would not be sent away. A sound startled her, and she listened.

Someone was coming up the stairs. Who was it? It certainly was not Bill. She knew Bill's step as well as she knew his face. It was a firm, buoyant step, and this one was rather tottery, and not even. Visions of accidents came to her in a flash, and she clung, trembling to the table for support.

She straightened herself, and looked at the door. Whoever it was had not bothered to knock. And then round the dingy door there came a face, a sheepish, foolish-looking face.

"Bill," said Nance, in a whisper. And then, louder: "Bill!"

"Yes, darling!" said Bill, and he stumbled across towards her. "It's Bill. I'm a bit late. The boss kept me!"

"The boss kept you!" said Nance, in a tone full of disgust. "You're drunk, Bill Andrews!"

"No, Nancy, my love, not drunk, just a little——"

But Nance interrupted him with a gesture full of scorn.

"You can't even talk plain," she said. "You are drunk, more shame to you, Bill Andrews! And it's a bitter day that ever I saw you, I'm thinking."

She flung herself on a chair, and threw her apron over her head, sobbing unrestrainedly. Bill watched her with a queer, maudlin expression in his eyes. He was genuinely troubled, but could not explain, just at the moment, that he was sorry.

And then Nance got to her feet. She did not speak, but went into the tiny room which was their bed-room. She came out at once with her shawl round her head.

"What are you going to do, Nance?"

Bill, even in the muddled state of his wits, knew that something was going on that meant disaster.

"Going?" Nance said quietly. "Why, where should I be going? Didn't I tell you, when we were walking out, that the first time I found you drunk, I'd go away, and never, never come back to you? I meant it, Bill Andrews!"

Her voice rose, passionately indignant:

"I'm going home!"

Bill got unsteadily to his feet. He had always got round Nance by a caress. She could never withstand him when he meant to get round her, but when he got to the table, he stood there swaying and clutching at the cloth. He could not reach her.

Nancy watched him, with eyes that held all the bitterness of death. This was her Bill, and he had promised her. As she turned and fled down the stairs, Bill lurched forward, and then fell over the plates and cups on the table.

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When he awoke the next morning, he felt strangely uncomfortable. He was sprawled across the table, and Nance was nowhere to be seen.

He sat up, trying to recall the events of the night before. Slowly it all came back. Nance had gone home. He got to his feet, and then held his head. How it ached! And Nance was not there. That was what stung! Nance, whose respect he had so cherished, had seen him drunk, and had left him.

He set about getting himself some breakfast, and then went off to work. Nance would come back for dinner. She would never let him come home to a dirty house and to no dinner, of that he felt quite convinced.

But when he got home there was no sign of Nance. She had not been down to see how he had got on, had not cared enough about him, he thought, with a rising sense of resentment.

And when she hadn't returned at night, he made up his mind to go round and find her, and compel her to come back. His worst instincts were aroused. He felt she had not treated him fairly, and so she must be brought to her senses.

Truculently he showed himself at the little house from which he had courted Nance. If he had gone the right way to work, he might have persuaded Nance to return, for she had found her welcome at home none too fervent.

Her monther had told her plainly enough that one could not leave one's husband for having a glass of beer, Her father had been even more plain with her.

"You married him for better, for worse, my girl. You can't play fast and loose with a chap like this. Go home to him, and he'll be sorry enough, no doubt."

But Nance would not make the first advance. However, when she saw Bill's burly form in the door, a spasm of thankfulness came over her. After all he was her "man," and she must keep by him whatever he had done.

But that feeling quickly passed. Bill was looking at her queerly. Just as if he had bought her, body and soul, because he had paid for her keep for three months.

"You've got to come home with me, my lass," he said grimly. "I'm your lawful lord and master, and you promised to obey me. I say, you've got to come home with me."

Nance looked at him, and her mouth twitched. She did love him, just terribly, and this short parting had shown her how dear he was to her, but she was not going at his command.

"I'm not going to come for your order, Bill Andrews," Nancy said quietly. "Besides, I don't want a man who drinks."

"You know that's not true, Nance," said Bill indignantly. "I never took a drop since I promised till yesterday, and you know it. Can't you forgive a fellow once?"

He was pleading now. There was something about the slim firmness of her that frightened him, even as he was forced to admire her.

"How would I be sure you would keep your promise this time?" she said slowly.

She had already taken a step forward to him, but Bill only saw the hidden sting in her words.

"So you aren't ever going to trust me again, then?" he said angrily. "You're one of those good sort of women that send a man to the bad because he fell once. You ain't much use to an ordinary man, who's no saint."

A wave of scarlet passed over Nance's face, and she stepped back sharply. She would not go to him now. He had hurt her, had sneered at her. She had never heard him speak so before. It made some queer pain sting her, and before she had time to say a word, the door had opened, and had banged again.

Bill had gone!

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Weeks went by. Just as the little flat had been home to Bill in the days of their happy months of married life, now it was still home, peopled in shadowy fashion with Nance.

But Nance in the flesh he rarerly saw. He had taken the first step, and she had refused to trust him. He was not going to eat humble pie any more.

And so at nights, he sat and brooded over his empty hearth. A woman, who was not particular as to cleanliness "did for" him; but oh, how different it was from the way Nance had looked after him.

He had heard that Nance had got work again. She had been a smart worker in the days before their marriage, but now that she should have done so humiliated him, cut Bill to the quick.

When the call of war came, he went, glad to be able to do something that would make him forget, but he never went near Nance, even then. And before he expected, he was sent to the Front. Here he had time, deep in the sludge and mire of the trenches, through that long, dragging winter, to reconsider things. He had let too small a matter part him from his wife.

After all, had he gone to her humbly and willing to be forbearing, Nance would have come back. He had sneered at her, and there never had been a girl as good as Nance was.

If only he was spared! Somehow, out here, facing death at every turn, he knew that life was immeasurably bigger than he had realized before. Love was more than pride. No, he would never be such a fool again, as to risk love as he had done.

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Bill was discharged from the hospital. He walked with a limp, and would never be any good as a soldier again, but he felt a man once more, and the sting of the past went. Now for Nance. Oh, what a pity it was that the little home they both had loved so would be empty! It would have been glorious to have gone home to find Nance there. But before going along to Nance's mother's house, he turned in at the tiny flat. Some impulse he couldn't account for drew him up the stairs.

Walking up, he shivered. The idea of that dirty, dusty, empty flat came to him with poignant remebrance. Why had he spoiled his homecoming like this?

He opened the door. Then something homely and strange, too, impressed itself on his mind.

The flat was not dirty; it was clean. Someone had tidied it up. The grate was newly blackleaded. A smell as of something savory cooking invaded the place. How hungry he was!

And then he heard a sound. It was a queer, rustling sound, and it came from the corner. Scarcely daring to move, he tiptoed across the room. There, in a tiny cradle, lay a black-haired baby. It moved restlessly, and a little cry came from it.

Was it—could it be? And he had never known.

With clumsy arms he lifted the baby up and held it.

Then the door opened, and Nance, in her shawl, as he had seen her so often in the days gone by, stood there. How pale and anxious she looked Had she worried about him?

With a bound she was across the room.

"Bill!" she cried. "My Bill! Oh, thank God! I'm sorry, Bill! Oh, my lad, how sorry I am! I was hard and cruel to you, but I didn't understand then. Forgive me, Bill, my darling."

Bill stood there, dazed. Nance wanted forgiving. His Nance wanted him.

He looked at the baby in his arms, but Nance misunderstood his action. She had forgotten that he could not hold both.

"Bill, I'll not let you go, even if you don't forgive me!" she said fiercely. "I came here, and nearly broke my heart. The baby came, and I felt I didn't want to live; then I determined to get better, and tell you I was sorry. Bill, you'll stay with baby and me? You'll not go and leave us?"

Bill took three steps to the cradle. Nancy watched him with piteously eager eyes.

"Lie there, young nipper," he said, and there was a proud catch in his voice.

Then he turned and opened his arms.

And, with a little cry, Nance ran in, and he closed them round her.—London Answers.

RED CROSS NEWS.

Red Cross Sundays are becoming a feature of the Red Cross campaign in Ontario. The Belleville churches took the lead and were followed by Guelph and Berlin.

A Red Cross Calendar Club has been formed at Annapolis, Nova Scotia. Its members are to contribute daily one cent each until the end of the war.

Druggists in Kingston are selling ready-made bandages at cost prices, and 12,000 were purchased by the Kingston women in one day.

The farmers of Glenboro, Man., are going to set aside one acre each of their crops for the Red Cross.

The Ottawa Free Press is sending free copies to all the Canadian Red Cross Hospitals.

In Vancouver there is a Red Cross branch in every city ward in addition to the branch in Strathcona Heights, the fashionable suburb.

Mrs. Cruikshank of Calgary, the Regent of the I.O.D.E., has devoted to the Red Cross all proceeds from her novel "Whirlpool Heights."

Hodder and Stoughton, the publishers of "The Way of the Red Cross," perhaps the best description to date of Red Cross work, are contributing all profits to the Red Cross funds. In the first two weeks the book netted $3,500.

The Canadian Red Cross is endeavoring to identify and mark the graves of Canadian soldiers who have fallen in France.

There are no less than five Red Cross Hospitals at Wimereux, France.

The New Brunswick Pharmaceutical Fund of Prince Edward Island has raised $2,000 for a Red Cross ambulance, making the second they have given.

The Port Credit, Ont., Women's Institute Jitney Association, which is this summer running a jitney service in Port Credit, has sent the Red Cross treasurer $350 for seven beds in the Duchess of Connaught's Hospital at Cliveden.

In France the different classes of nurses and hospital helpers wear different colored veils. The first class of professional nurses wears blue veils; the second class, composed of certificated nurses, wears white veils; the third class, made up of nurses with no professional training, wears a grey veil.

The Marquis of Salisbury has given his London residence as an office for the Red Cross Inquiry Dept. for wounded and missing soldiers.

The Canadian Red Cross in England has organized a body of "Visitors" to visit the sick and wounded in the hospitals.

During a bombardment the ordinary civil hospitals are not entitled to fly the Red Cross flag. The Geneva Convention extends this privilege only to military hospitals.

The Red Cross conducts a service of "X-ray" automobiles, equipped with a photographic dark room and an electric dynamo. One such X-ray outfit can serve several Field and Clearing hospitals.

A sale of livestock was recently held in Cambridge Cattle Market, England, for Red Cross funds. A small pig was resold twenty-eight times and ultimately realized twenty-five pounds.

M. Chedomille Miyatovitch, former Serbian Minister to England, declared in a recent speech in London that Serbia had lost over 150,000 men and women owing to the insufficient number of doctors to cope with the epidemic of typhus.

"Potash and Perlmutter" was recently put on in London for the Benefit of blinded soldiers and sailors.

Miss Maxine Elliott, the famous actress, gave an Operating Theatre to the Red Cross Hospital at Netley, England.

Mrs. Pagden, of Revelstoke, B.C., who has knitted 43 pairs of socks, is said to hold the Red Cross record for Canada.

From Erin's Green Isle

NEWS BY MAIL FROM IRELAND'S GREEN SHORES.

Happenings in the Emerald Isle of Interest to All True Irishmen.

Ireland was the only European country that suffered depopulation last century.

The Dublin corporation voted against a motion to raise the Home Rule question.

Lord Justice Moriarty, Lord Justice of Appeal of Ireland, left personal estate valued at $72,430.

The Dublin Corporation have just acquired at a cost of $3,500 a motor street watering wagon, to hold 1,000 gallons.

Mr. F. H. H. Hill, estate inspector, Irish Land Commission, has been appointed a regimental transport officer with the rank of lieutenant.

The annual summer show in Londonderry under the auspices of the North-West of Ireland Agricultural Society was held recently and was most successful.

A serious outbreak of typhus fever has occurred in the Dungloe district, County Donegal, and a number of patients have been admitted to the Glenties Fever Hospital.

After twenty-five years in the employment of the Great Northern Railway Company Mr. Edward Fillim, chief of the goods department at Lurgan has retired.

For killing a man whom they took to be a German spy, but who was on his way to join the Connaught Rangers at Galway, two other Connaught Rangers named Rabbitt and O'Neil, were sentenced to a year's imprisonment at Westmeath Assizes.

The death has occurred after a lingering illness of Mr. J. B. Deegan, for many years well-known in public life in Athy and South Kildare, and one time chairman of the urban council.

A meeting representative of the shipbuilding, engineering, and textile trades of Ulster, held in Belfast, decided to organize a scheme for joint production of munitions and other raw material.

Exciting scenes were witnessed at Limavady, when a young bull ran amuck whilst being driven through the street. It tossed a donkey into the air and chased several people before it was eventually haltered.

Ex-Sergeant Michael Gleeson, R.I.C., Dungarvan, has just died after a long illness. Deceased had reached his sixtieth year, and had been close on a quarter of a century in the force in County Galway.

The death has taken place of a prominent merchant and leading citizen of Newry in the person of Mr. Robert Sands, owner of the Clanrye grain mills, and proprietor of the "Newry Reporter" newspaper and printing works.

Lace making and sprigging, which prior to the war was a live industry in Fermanagh, has been severely hit and the secretary reports that in the lace industry there has been a falling off of 50 per cent. and in the needlework 30 per cent.

ASQUITH NEARLY 63 YEARS OLD

Born in the Little Town of Morley in Yorkshire.

Unlike other distinguished men, there has never been any argument regarding Premier Asquith's birthplace. He is a hard-headed Yorkshireman from Morley—the busy little town, five miles from Leeds, and eight miles from Bradford—where he was born at the Croft House 63 years ago on September 12. It is recorded that Mr. Asquith's ancestors lived in the town for over 400 years.

It might be mentioned, by the way, that the house in which Mr. Asquith was born is still utilized, a place of equal interest being the Rehoboth Chapel, which he attended as a boy. Some time ago Mr. Asquith, when referring to this period of his life, stated that he recalled as a small boy taking part in the Sunday-school processions and carrying a banner on the occasion of the rejoicings at the declaration of peace in the Crimea.

Mr. Asquith lived at Morley until he was seven years old, when his father, who was a manufacturer, died. Mrs. Asquith then moved to Huddersfield, where the future Premier was sent to the local grammar school. Subsequently Herbert Henry Asquith and his brother William attended the City of London school, and the former, having obtained two scholarships, went to Oxford.

A mule has a good ear for music, but a poor voice.