About the Household

Seasonable Dishes.

Peach Salad.—Scald and peel large, ripe fruit. Cool and remove stones, and fill with blanched almonds, or stick full of shredded almonds. Cover with French dressing made with lemon, then with whipped cream or cream mayonnaise.

Steamed Blueberry Pudding.—One cupful milk, two eggs, one cupful blueberries, rolled crackers or sifted graham bread, one teaspoonful salt, one-half cupful sugar, two tablespoonfuls melted butter. Beat eggs and add milk, with salt and sugar. Stir in berries and enough crumbs for drop batter. Steam one hour. Serve with pudding sauce. About one pound of bread crumbs will be needed.

Celery and Onion Salad.—Dice crisp stalks of celery and mix with same amount of diced Spanish onion (or less, depending on which you prefer uppermost, celery or onion), and toss lightly in cooked salad dressing, after seasoning with salt and paprika. Dispose salad portions on crisp lettuce leaves, tuck a radish rose or two to one side of celery and onion mixture, and serve.

Peach Fritters.—Skin three or four small peaches and cut into small pieces. Mix and sift one cup flour, one and one-half teaspoons baking powder, three tablespoons powdered sugar and one-fourth teaspoon salt. Add one-third cup milk gradually, stirring constantly, and one egg well beaten; then stir in prepared peaches. Drop by spoonfuls into hot deep fat and fry a delicate brown. Drain on brown paper, sprinkle with powdered sugar and serve on napkin with lemon or vanilla sauce.

Scalloped Tongue.—One cup chopped cold tongue, one and one-half cups cream sauce, three hard boiled eggs, one-half cup boiled rice, one tablespoon melted butter. Butter baking dish, put in alternate layers of tongue mixed with cream sauce, chopped eggs and a little rice, seasoning to taste. Sprinkle bread crumbs and grated cheese on top and bake until light brown. Ham may be used to advantage this way.

Bean Soup.—Wash, pick over and put beans on to cook over a slow fire in about twice as much cold water as beans. Change water after first five minutes' boiling, using hot water for second cooking; add pinch of baking soda as large as bean and one-half teaspoon finely chopped onion, and cook two hours slowly. Add one-fourth pound sliced bacon to soup and cook until beans are tender. Skim bacon out, crisp it in frying pan and fry one-half cup stale bread cut into cubes in hot bacon fat, browning them well. Keep them dry and hot in oven until time to serve soup, then place a few in each soup plate.

Mutton Stew with Salt Pork.—Buy one or one and one-half pounds of diced salt pork to every four pounds of shoulder of mutton. Have mutton cut in small pieces for stewing, and roll pieces in flour. Remove fat from mutton, put salt pork on to fry, add mutton and saute until slightly brown brown. Have ready one onion, peeled and diced, one green pepper with seeds removed and diced, two peeled carrots, sliced lengthwise, and peeled potatoes, enough for family's needs. Add onion, pepper, carrots and one potato, diced, to contents of pot, season, cover with boiling water and let cook slowly until mutton is almost done; add remaining potatoes and cook until potatoes are done, adding more boiling water if necessary. Serve with mutton heaped in middle of dish, surrounded by potatoes, carrots and rim of parsley, and pass gravy in separate bowl. Those who do not like mutton will find this way of making the stew gives new turn to an old dish.

Useful Hints.

The best iron-cleaner is a piece of wire gauze.

Tinned and bottled fruits should be kept in the dark.

Fine cotton is better than silk for mending gloves.

Artificial flowers can be restored by being held in steam.

Tussore silk should be washed in bran water, and no soap used.

Suede shoes can be freshened by being rubbed with sandpaper.

Brown boot polish is excellent for polishing dark varnished doors.

Blue will not streak linen if a little soda is mixed in the blueing water.

A paste of chloride of lime and water will remove ink-stains from silver.

A pan of charcoal in the larder keeps everything sweet and wholesome.

A pinch of carbonate of soda added to soup will keep it from turning sour.

A warmed knifeboard polishes knives quicker, better, and with less labor.

Powdered alum added to ordinary stove-polish increases the latter's brilliancy.

To remove fat from soup, pour the soup through a cloth saturated with cold water.

A little piece of cotton-wool in glove-tips prevents holes being rubbed by the finger-nails.

New tinware will never rust if rubbed with fresh lard and baked in the oven before use.

All white garments should be hung in the sunlight; all colored articles in the shade.

Herbs for drying should be picked early in the morning, and just before the buds open.

Cedarwood scattered on the range gives a pleasant odor, and nullifies cooking smells.

For Mothers.

Tea is poison to a baby.

No meat should be given to a child under four years of age.

Pieces of raw potatoes clean an infant's feeding-bottle better than anything else.

An insect in the ear may be floated out by putting in a few drops of warm olive-oil.

No child should sleep on the floor, as all heavy, impure air sinks to the floor level.

Feeding-bottles with long tubes are so dangerous that in France they may not be sold or used.

Children should not be hotter than adults—the temperature should be from 98.6 to 99 degrees.

Swedish mothers put money into their child's first bath, believing that this brings future wealth.

Mothers in Greece, before putting their children in the cradle, turn round three times. This is to ward off evil spirits.

Green wallpapers should never be used in a nursery, as some contain arsenic. If a piece, on being burnt, smells of garlic, arsenic is present.

FALL FASHIONS HAVE MANY DELIGHTFUL NOVELTIES.

Many have been the fashion changes this season. Some have been good, some bad; some permanent, some ephemeral; some beautiful and some ugly. A feature of the Autumn frocks that will be seen largely in silks and chiffons is a novel distinguishing armscye. Ladies' Home Journal Pattern, No. 9042, above not only has this delightful feature, but it has a very smart new skirt opening in front, and a deep hip yoke in girdle style. The lower part of the skirt is extended in cascade effect. It cuts in sizes 32 to 42 inches bust measure, requiring in size 36, 5⅝ yards of 36-inch material, with 1¾ yards of 36-

No. 9042.

inch chiffon for sleeves, and 1½ yard 24-inch net.

Patterns, 15 cents each, can be purchased at your local Ladies' Home Journal Pattern dealer or from The Home Pattern Company, 183-a George Street, Toronto.

GERMANY'S NEW CARE.

Teutons Now Instructed to Be Careful of Pens and Paper.

A series of orders have just been issued by the Berlin municipality to its employees regarding the necessity of economy in writing materials.

Beginning with writing paper, the order says: "The instruction already given that in petty cash notes and suchlike communications which can be put up in single page only half-sheets of paper are to be used is still often disregarded. The cases, however, in which a half, or even a quarter sheet of paper will suffice can be considerably increased, for example, notices of meetings. Of course, for taking notes, making calculations, and so on, only scraps of paper are to be used."

Next comes pencils, regarding which the order reads: "In future, however, pencil holders are to be given out for holding short stumps, in which way the life of pencils can be considerably prolonged."

Regarding envelopes, the order says: "Envelopes, if carefully opened, can be used again and again. In suitable cases also they can be turned inside out and the paper used again. Sealing wax is only to be used on communications for outside addresses."

Care is also enjoined with respect to ink, which is to be properly protected against dust and evaporation. Inkpots are always to be covered over after use, even if only with a sheet of thick paper.

Special attention is given to steel pens, which the municipality declares should be made to last at least a week.

The Man in Grey

The big warder and the little convict walked side by side along the top of Hurdle Newtake, chatting amiably as they went.

They say that, deep in every prisoner's heart, lies the desire for escape. If this is so, Jim Button was the exception that proves the rule. Twenty-seven of his sixty years he had spent as his Majesty's guest in one prison or another; but most of them at Moorlands, the big, granite pen on top of the moor.

This last term had been a long one, and by perfect conduct he had risen to the dignity of the grey dress and all the privileges pertaining to it.

He earned real money nowadays, and was allowed to spend a shilling or two monthly on small luxuries from the prison canteen. He had a special job as shepherd, and far more personal liberty than is the lot of many so-called free men.

At the present moment he was enlarging on his pet grievance to his companion, big Sam Pender.

"I don't see for why they should drive me out," he was sayng in his quick, jerky way. "See what it costs the country. First I got to crack a crib so as to come back, then there's the trial, then sends me to do my separates, arter that I got to come back here, and start all over as a intermediate. 'Tisn't right, I tell you, sir. They ought to let a bloke stay on if he's a mind to."

"Don't you worry, Button," answered Pender kindly. "They'll maybe send you to Camp Hill this time. There you'll have your 'baccy and your own garden."

"Will I have my sheep? That's what I wants to know."

Pender did not answer. His attention had been attracted by a small car which whirled in a cloud of dust along the road that run at the top of the Newtake.

"Dr. Styles, ain't it?" he said. "Wonder where he's been to?"

"He's a-coming back from Vale Royal," answered Button promptly. "Caunter, the blacksmith, was took sick.

Pender looked at him with a certain wonder.

"How the mischief do you know that?" he asked.

Button's small, brown face wrinkled in a grin.

"He's Principal-warder Brennan's uncle, sir. That's how I came to hear."

"Seems to me, there isn't much you don't hear," retorted Pender. "Now, you go out over, and fetch them ewes. I've got to see how much hay's left in the sheep pen in the next field."

He walked away towards the opposite wall, and Button started down hill, whistling as he went in a queer, sing-song fashion.

The sheep lifted their heads, and began to move slowly towards him. They knew the call, and Button himself was not a little proud of the fact that he needed no dog to drive them.

A sound broke on the stillness of the quiet afternoon. A loud clatter of horses' hoofs, a rattle of wheels. Button looked round sharply.

The first thing he saw was Pender sprinting for all he was worth towards the low wall which bordered the road; the second, a two-wheeled farmer's gig, with a big, ugly bay horse in the shafts, coming down the slope from the direction of Moorlands at a terrific pace.

The horse was running away. He had the bit in his teeth, and the only occupant of the gig, a girl, was quite unable to hold him.

The setting sun was full on her face, and Button saw it, white and set, yet with no sign of panic. Her feet were firmly planted against the dash-board, she had a rein in each hand, and she was pulling with all her might. It needed no more than one glance, however, to see that she might as well have tried to stop a locomotive as the hard-mouthed, terrified brute.

Button's heart stood still. For a moment he was unable to move. Then he, too, started running.

He saw Pender gain the wall and take it in his stride. The galloping horse was almost opposite. Button saw the warder's arm outstretched, saw him snatch at the reins.

The horse swerved, at the same time throwing up its head. Pender stumbled. As Button hurled himself frantically over the wall, bruising his shins, and bringing down half a dozen chunks of the loose stone, Pender went down.

But still he had hold of the reins, and his weight threw the mad brute right off the far side. The off-wheel of the care lifted. There followed a splintering crash, as the cart turned right over, flinging the girl many feet away.

The horse, too, went down, and lay struggling on top of a smashed shaft, with the harness in a tangle all around it, and Pender somewhere under its beating hoofs.

Button reached the spot before it could rise, and flung himself on its head.

But the mischief was done. Pender was flat on his back, with his left leg twisted under him in an ugly fashion, and his face white with pain. The girl lay motionless on the hard turf under the wall.

"Is she hurt bad? Is Issie hurt?" demanded Pender.

He tried to rise as he spoke, but fell back with a groan.

"It's Issie Bowden, my sister Kate's daughter," he explained. "I always telled Joe Bowden he never ought to let her drive that vicious brute."

"I'll see in a minute," panted Button, struggling with the harness. "Be you much hurt, sir?"

"Broke my leg. Both bones, I reckon. Feels all loose like."

Button had managed to get the traces unfastened. Keeping tight hold of the reins, he cleverly extricated the horse from the ruins of the cart, and, leading him across to the wall, made him fast to the biggest stone he could see.

"There, you brute, run away with that if ye can!" he growled.

Then Button went across to the girl.

She lay on her face, with arms spread out, and so quiet that for the moment the little convict was horribly afraid she was dead. He lifted her gently, and, to his great relief, saw that she was still breathing.

"Is she bad hurt?" came Pender's voice from the road.

"Knocked silly, she be," answered Button. "And a great, nasty cut on her head."

Pender groaned.

"And I can't do nothing to help her," he said.

"Don't you worry, sir. I'll go along and fetch the doctor."

"It's a mile back to the prison. Likely he'll be too late."

"No, he won't. I'll have him along in two two's," answered Button confidently. "I'm a-going to ride this 'ere horse back and fetch him."

As he spoke he was unfastening the reins.

There were no stirrups, so he had to climb on the wall in order to mount but luckily the horse stood still.

"Come up!" said Button, digging his heels in, and hauling the animal's head round.

He had never been a rider, and it was years since he had been on a horse at all. Without saddle or stirrups, he felt horribly insecure; but pretending a confidence he did not feel, he kicked the horse hard in the ribs and forced him to a canter.

But Button was in a hurry. So, raising the loose end of the rein, he slashed wildly at the horse.

Next moment it had bolted again.

"Run if ye wants to, then!" cried Button recklessly, and cut it again.

Run it did. The air rushed past his ears as, crouched low on its back, with one hand knotted in its mane, he tore onwards. He met no one, but from somewhere over the wall came a loud shout.

He could not even see who it was, and a moment later he was within sight of the prison gates. He lay back, and tugged with all his might, but this made no earthly difference to the speed of his mount.

"Whoa, ye brute! Whoa!" he shouted.

But the horse paid no more attention than to the strain on the bit.

Button had a glimpse of the horrified face of the sentry at the gate; then he was past and in the village street.

Right in front was a street-cleaning party in charge of three or four warders. The lags scattered wildly at Button's mad charge, but the warders, rifles in hand, ran out into the middle of the road.

"Stop!" shouted one, in a peremptory tone.

"Crikey," muttered Button, suddenly realizing the situation, "they thinks I'm doin' a bunk."

"Stop 'im yourself!" he shouted back.

But the clatter of the horse's hoofs drowned his voice, and, as the warder challenged a second time, Button saw him fling his rifle up to his shoulder.

"Don't shoot!" he yelled.

And, as the words passed his lips, there came the crack of the first discharge fired over his head.

"Stop! It's Button!" cried another warder, an older man, suddenly recognizing the flying figure.

It was too late. A second charge of buckshot ripped the air, and the little lag, without word or cry, toppled off the horse and fell in a heap at the side of the road.

"You fool! Couldn't you see it was Button?" roared the elder warder, as he dashed forward, and flung himself on his knees beside Button.

"Are you much hurt, Button?" he asked, anxiously.

Button's eyes opened. He forced himself to speak, but his voice was so low that the warder had to bend close to his mouth to catch the words.

"Pender hurt?" repeated the warder quickly. "Where?"

"Up by Urdle Newtake. Him and Issie Bowden. Send the doctor. I—come—for—help! The hoss be run off!"

His voice died away, his eyes closed, and he lay very still.

"Back, all of you!" ordered the warder sharply, addressing the convicts, who were crowding round. "Stand back, you gaping idiots! Mr. Warne, you go for the doctor, and tell him Mr. Pender's badly hurt up by Hurdle Newtake, and Issie Bowden, too. And send an ambulance here as quick as you can. Though I doubt it's too late," he added regretfully, as he glanced at the small, crumpled figure lying so still in the dust at his feet.

So, too, thought keen-faced Dr. Styles when, after attending to Pender and his niece, he hurried back to the prison infirmary, where his assistant was busy over Button.

"A pity," he murmured—"a sad pity. But we'll do our best to pull him through."

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Pull him through they did, and in two months' time Button was a sound man again.

Then one morning a visitor appeared in the infirmary, a tall, military-looking man, with a grey moustache and a pair of keen, blue eyes. He was Colonel Peyton, the Governor of Moorlands Prison.

He halted by Button's bed.

"Well, Button," he said, and there was a glint of a smile in those usually stern eyes, "the doctor tells me you are nearly well again."

"I reckon he's right, sir," answered Button.

"I have a little surprise for you. In consideration of your prompt action and its unfortunate result, the Home Office have granted your release."

Button's face, no longer brown, fell dismally.

"Do I have to go out, sir?"

Colonel Peyton gave him a quick glance.

"Don't you want to?" he asked.

"No, sir," was the energetic answer. "Not now I don't. If they wants to do something for me, they better let me bide and look arter them sheep."

"But suppose you had some sheep—outside, I mean?"

"What's the good o' supposing, sir?" replied Button bluntly. "Who'd go for to trust me with sheep?"

"I know of someone who would. He is outside now. Shall I bring him in?"

Button only stared.

"Come in, Mr. Bowden!" said the colonel, turning towards the door.

A big, red-faced, jolly-looking man tiptoed awkwardly in.

"Be this the chap what saved my Issie, sir?" he asked.

The colonel nodded.

"He thinks that no one will trust him," he said, with a smile.

"Well, I will, sir." He turned to Button. "Will you take on with me as shepherd?" he asked.

Button's face lighted up.

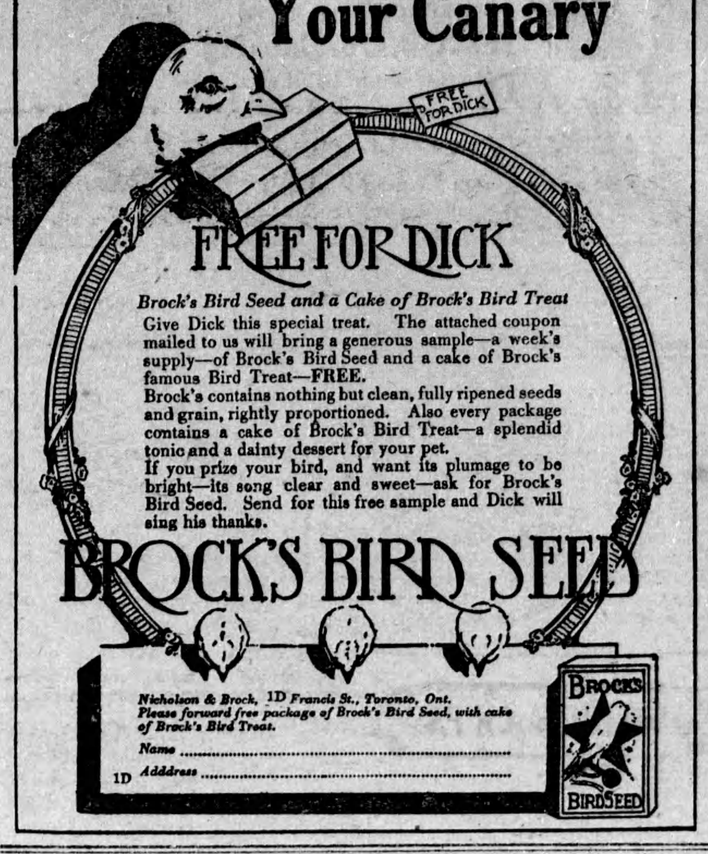
"You means that?" he asked.

"I do."

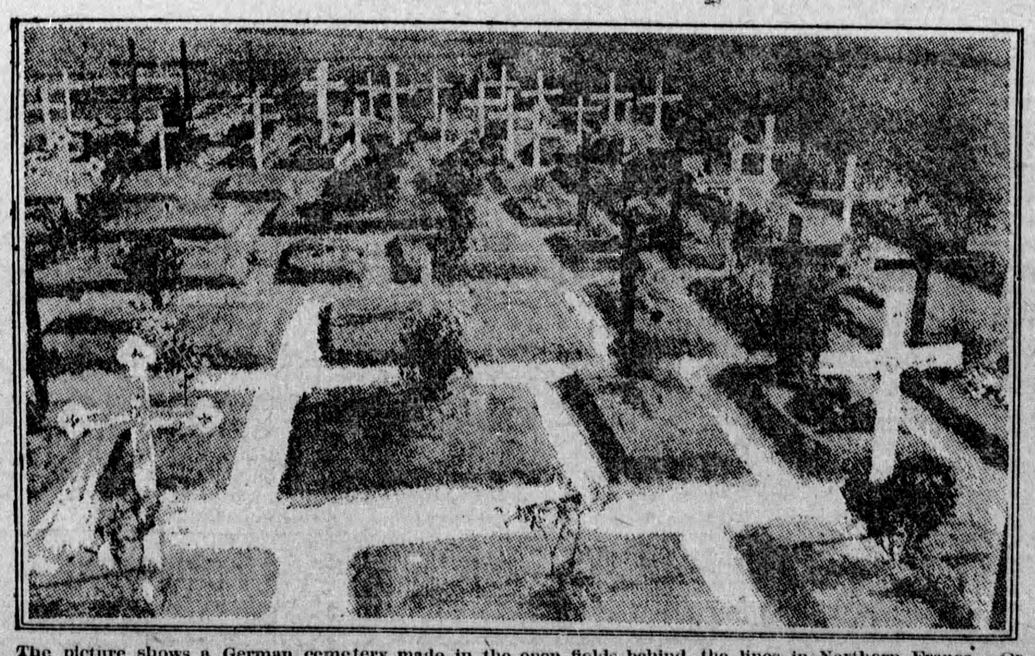
"Then I'm your man, sir. I won't crack no more cribs."

And as he is still at Bowden's Farm, he has kept his word.—London Answers.

Here's a Free Treat for Your Canary



BIG GERMAN CEMETERY BEHIND THE LINES



The picture shows a German cemetery made in the open fields behind the lines in Northern France. On many of the crosses regimental colors have been painted.

BURIED TREASURE IS SAFE.

Valuables Worth $250,000 Escaped Huns' Thieving.

A refugee Belgian professor, who buried his entire fortune consisting of $250,000 worth of stocks bonds, jewels, gold, and plate, in his garden at Malines, before he fled from that city, has just received word from the United States Consul at Malines that his property is safe and has been taken under the guardianship of the United States Government. The house was bombarded and later burned to the ground, but the buried treasure in the garden was not disturbed.

Some time after he reached London the professor went to the American Embassy, gave them a detailed plan of his house and garden, and told them where his treasure was hidden. The search was successfully carried out by the American Consul at Malines, and the property is now registered in his name, pending its release from German trusteeship when the war is over.

"Say, Subbubs, I understand you have Wombat's rake." "I have." "If you'll lend it me occasionally I'll let you use Dingbat's lawn-mower whenever you like."

"Tommy," said the Sunday school teacher who had been giving lessons on the baptismal covenant, "can you tell me the two things necessary to baptism?" "Yes'm," said Tommy, "water and a baby."