About the Household

Dainty Dishes.

Fried Veal.—Take a cheap cut of veal and have it cut in thin slices. Take one slice of fat salt pork and cut into slices and fry until crisp. Put the veal in fat and fry until dark brown. Season and cover, put in oven or on back range for one-half hour or longer. Before covering put on a cupful of boiling water.

Lamb Stew With Turnips.—Cut into pieces two pounds of shoulder of lamb, cover with boiling water and cook slowly one hour. Have ready one quart of tender turnips, cut into quarters. Season with teaspoonfuls of salt and saltspoonful of white pepper. Cook until turnips are tender. Move meat to platter, surround with turnips and, after thickening gravy, put it over meat and turnips.

A nice steamed rice pudding is made as follows: One cup steam rice, one cup scalded milk, one-half tablespoon butter, one egg, two tablespoons sugar, one-half saltspoon salt, one-quarter cup stoned raisins. Scald milk and add butter. Beat egg, add sugar and salt and pour on slowly the scalding milk. Put in pudding dish with rice and raisins. Bake in a moderate oven until custard is set. Serve with hard sauce.

Beanpot Roast.—Two pounds of chuck steak, one cup each of carrots and potatoes cut into small pieces, one-fourth cup sliced onion. Cover meat with boiling water, place cover on beanpot and let meat cook in moderate oven for two hours; add vegetables, season to taste and cook until vegetables are soft, about one hour longer. Serve with sauce poured over meat made of one cup of liquid in which meat was cooked, thickened with two tablespoons of flour mixed with a little water.

To make peanut fruit cookies one requires one-half of a cup of butter, one cup of light brown sugar, two eggs, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, one-half of a teaspoonful of nutmeg and cloves, a pinch of salt, one-half of a cup of raisins chopped and a cup of chopped peanuts. First cream the butter, add the sugar and eggs, then add the flour, baking powder and spices together. Lastly, add the raisins and the nuts. Chill, roll, cut and bake in a brisk oven.

Oatmeal Cakes.—One-half cup lard, one-half cup butter, one cup sugar, two eggs, one-half cup sour milk, one-half cup water, one-half teaspoon cinnamon, one and three-quarters cups flour, two cups rolled oats, one cup raisins. Cream lard and add butter, add sugar and beat together. Beat eggs, until light, add to butter and sugar, then add sour milk and water in which soda has been dissolved. Finish with cinnamon, rolled oats, flour and lastly raisins. Mix lightly together, put in greased muffin pan and bake for twenty minutes or until brown.

Boiled Dinner.—Four pounds corned beef, one-half small cabbage, two small turnips, four potatoes, bunch each of small carrots and small beets. If beef is very salty put it on to cook in cold water; otherwise cover with boiling water. Boil five minutes, then let simmer three or four hours, time depending on how long it takes meat to get tender. Quarter cabbage, after removing outside leaves and core. Pare turnip and cut into slices. Scrape carrots and wash beets. Cook beets in boiling water one hour. Drain, drop into cold water and remove skin. One hour before meat is done take enough water from meat kettle to cover cabbage, carrots, turnips in another kettle and boil them one-half hour, then add potatoes and cook another half hour. When everything is cooked dish meat, garnish with cabbage, carrots and turnips. Serve potatoes and beets in separate dishes. By cooking dinner this way meat is not flavored with vegetables, but vegetables are flavored with meat. If vegetables are not young, longer time will be required for cooking them.

Useful Hints.

Sugar should not be eaten by those who suffer from rheumatism.

Sugar added to over-salted soup, etc., will remove the saltness.

Sugar—a lump of—dropped into milk will prevent its turning sour.

Sugar—a couple of lumps—on the floor of the oven, will make pastry brown nicely.

To peel potatoes properly have a sharp knife and run it around between the skin and the potato.

Occasionally a little ammonia in the water in which glass is washed will give good results. It cleanses the glass thoroughly without injuring it.

To tint discolored lace curtains mix corn starch with an equal quantity of the ordinary starch; boil and use in the same way as white starch.

The secret of cleaning paint is first of all to brush all the dust off, and then to wash it, drying each little piece as one goes. Afterwards rinse and dry immediately.

When a boot or shoe pinches wring a cloth out in very hot water, and place it over the place while the boot is on the foot. This expands the leather and will give relief.

When using velvet remember that it must never be pressed flat on a table with an iron. It should be held in the hands and the iron passed gently over it on the wrong side.

A shabby handbroom, which will no longer go into crevices and corners, should have an inch or more of wood sawn off from the head, and it will then do good service once more.

To keep bread fresh soak a small new sponge in cold water, place it in a saucer, and stand the saucer in the breadpan. The bread will remain fresh and moist for several days.

When scrubbing linoleum or the kitchen boards add a little paraffin to the water. It takes out dirt and grease, and gives linoleum a beautiful gloss, without the trouble of polishing.

Cayenne pepper is excellent to rid cupboards of mice. The floor should be gone over carefully, and each hole stopped up with a piece of rag dipped in water and then in cayenne pepper.

A carpet that has seen a fair amount of usage is sometimes discarded on account of it showing wear in certain parts, but dyeing in another shade, which is not too difficult to be carried out at home, ought to make it still good for further wear.

To cure squeaking shoes take a large plate and pour just enough oil on it to cover the bottom. Then stand the shoes, with their heels propped, so that the soles rest in the oil. Let them stand overnight, and in the morning wipe off any excess of oil there may be.

Linen of any kind may be whitened by adding to the washing water a little pipeclay, dissolved in cold water. This method saves a good deal of labor, and cleanses the dirtiest linen thoroughly. To remove grass stains rub the marks well with lard before washing.

With the aid of some good petrol any girl can become her own dry cleaner. Chiffon blouses, gloves, ribbons, and all kinds of vanities that soil easily, are quickly cleaned if immersed in petrol, which, however, must be used with the utmost care in a room in which there is neither a light nor a fire, as it is very inflammable.

Do not open an umbrella to dry it, nor yet stand it on its ferrule. Either method is destructive, the former because the ribs will become warped, and neat, tight rolling impossible for a short time; and the second because the water collecting about the top will rot the covering. Leave the umbrella closed, but not rolled, and turn it handle downwards, then when the silk is perfectly dry rub it with a woollen cloth to restore the gloss.

PHOSPHATE IN CANADA.

Discovery of Fertilizing Agent Near Banff, Alberta.

A discovery of the highest importance in connection with the future development of agriculture in western Canada has reecntly been made by officials of the Conservation Commission, who report discoveries of phosphate near Banff, in the Rocky Mountains National Park. While it is yet too early to state definitely, it is expected the deposits will prove to be comparable both in extent and quality with those of Wyoming, Utah, Montana and Idaho, these being far greater than in any other country.

Supplies of phosphate at a low price have a very important bearing upon the agricultural industry of a nation. Western Canada is naturally a farming country, but is far removed from the hitherto discovered deposits of phosphate in Canada, which are confined to the Ottawa district. Great deposits of phosphate occur in Montana, Idaho, Utah and Wyoming in the United States, but these again are situated a long distance from the Prairie Provinces; again, it is doubtful whether supplies from the United States could always be assured, for, at a Conference of the Governors in 1908, the wisdom of permitting the exportation of so essential a quasi-public commodity was questioned.

While very little fertilizer is now being used in Western Canada, there is no doubt that the land would give an increased yield by its use; soil fertility would be maintained instead of being exhausted, which will be the ultimate result if the present practice is followed indefinitely. The following example illustrates the amount of high grade phosphate rock which it would be necessary to add to the land annually as fertilizer to replace the phosphoric acid removed from the soil by the crops in the three Prairie Provinces.

In 1913 there were 16,726,400 acres under cultivation in these provinces, and the depletion per acre annually is equivalent to the phosphoric acid contained in 60 pounds of high-grade phosphate rock. At this rate, 501,800 tons of high-grade phosphate rock would be required each year simply to offset the depletion of the land already under cultivation in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta.—W. J. D. in Conservation.

How She Felt.

"You are surely afraid of ghosts?"

"Well, no, not afraid; I just don't like their appearance."

Typical wheat farms in Australia extend from 600 to 1,000 acres, and are usually worked single-handed by the farmer and his family, lavor-saving machinery being used in every possible direction.

WHERE THE ALLIES HAVE JUST LANDED TROOPS

Saloniki, the ancient city at the head of the Aegean Sea, which with the island-like peninsula on which it is situated is commonly reported as the price Bulgaria asked for her neutrality. Saloniki is a Grecian possession, but before the first Balkan War it was a part of Turkey.

The Lighted Window

Tom Morris, the stalwart young sailorman, leant against the stile, on the top step of which was seated a winsome, dark-eyed lassie.

"And you won't give me my answer now, Mary, dear, before I go?" he asked, as he took her little hand in his own big, brown one. For Tom, in his own straightforward, manly way had just laid his heart and hand at the feet of Mary Allen, and Mary had not been persuaded to give him a definite answer. His boat was to put out on the morrow, and Tom would be absent for three months, at the end of which time his dearest wish on earth was to make Bonny Mary Allen his wife. Mary's eyes were lowered, and a blush overspread the fair contour of her cheeks.

"Oh, Tom," she said, and her voice was low and sweet, "you will wait, lad, won't you, till you come home again? For you've taken my breath right away. I never thought, somehow, of your caring for me like that."

"Yes, Mary," said Tom at last when Mary had gently told him she would give him his answer when he returned, "Since you wish it, I'll wait. Remember, dear, I'll be thinking of you always out there on the sea, and I know you'll pray for me as you've ever done; and, please God, when I come home you'll tell me that you love and trust me enough to give yourself to me."

"Three months isn't long, Tom," replied the girl, "and I'll be on the beach to meet you when the boat comes home."

Tom looked thoughtful, and then said—

"No, Mary, lass, don't come to meet the boat this time. I love to see you there to greet me, but this time I don't want the crowd to see our meeting. I want to be all alone, just you and I, dear. Mary, if your answer is 'Yes' just put a lighted lamp in your window on the night of our return. I shall see it before we land and come straight to you. You will come down the cliff path to meet me won't you?"

Mary promised, and as Tom's time was growing short they once more kissed and parted.

As soon as they were out of earshot the form of a woman emerged from the bushes close by the stile. She was shaking from head to foot with an overwhelming passion, and her face, as she looked after the forms of the young sailor and the girl he loved vanishing in the gathering dusk, was livid with hatred and malice.

"Never!" she gasped. "Never shall he be hers. That lamp shall not burn on the night the boats come home. I swear it. It shall not be, even if I die for it."

Bess Wylde, a girl from the adjacent town of Wallford, had some time ago fallen madly in love with the young sailor, and had done all in her power to attract him to herself. She was a large, buxom, fair-haired girl, loud in dress and manner.

Silently she had followed them that night and played the part of eavesdropper to hear for herself how far things had gone between the two, and now as she stood there trembling with passion she swore that they should never wed, but that she should win Tom Morris for herself.

Mary Allen lived in a little cottage at the top of the cliff overlooking the sea, with her aged father, who was now the only relative she had in the whole world, and of whose existence she was the joy and comfort. The old man was now an entire invalid. Most of Mary's time was devoted to him, and he was dependent on her for almost everything. He had been skipper of the s.s. Gordon in his day, and had a nice little nest-egg laid by, so that now in his old age he and his daughter were in fairly comfortable circumstances. Her mother had died at Mary's birth, so she and her father had been all in all to each other since her infancy.

One day almost a fortnight after Tom's departure her father suddenly became so rapidly and visibly weaker that Mary, becoming much alarmed, sent for Dr. Adams, but it was too late. Mary was fatherless in a few hours.

And now she was alone—a sad enough little figure as she crept about her household duties in her black gown. The eighbors were kind to her, and did their best to cheer her solitude, but Mary was by nature retiring, and although she appreciated their efforts on her behalf she did not make friends readily. When she was not grieving over the loss of her father her thoughts were ever turned to Tom, dear, brave, true-hearted Tom, whom she knew now that she loved as she never had and never would love any other being in all the world. She thought of all his tenderness, and of his willingness to wait for her answer when all the time his heart was yearning to hear her give it then. Why had she not known her own heart and told him that she loved him? But the time would pass somehow, she thought, and then—ah, then! She had the lamp which was to burn for him already looked out, and he would see it and be glad, and come straight to her. This was her consolation and cheer in those sad days after her father's death.

Meantime Bess Wylde's brain had not been idle. No thought of pity softened her heart towards Mary when she heard of her sorrow. Her one determination was still to separate her from the man who loved her, and at last she hit upon a plan—a plan such as only a woman of her nature could devise.

It was now but two days from the night of the expected homecoming of the herring fleet, when one evening Mary heard a knock at her cottage door, and on opening it found to her surprise, Bess Wylde standing on the threshold.

"Mary, my poor girl," said she, "it's a sad errand on which I've come to you, and my heart is almost breaking for you. I need not beat about the bush. It's a letter I've had from Tom Morris, and you can just read it for yourself, as it's too painful to explain."

Thereupon she covered her face with her handkerchief and broke into sobs. Mary's face went deathly white.

"A letter!" she gasped. "A letter from Tom to you."

Mechanically she took the letter from the other's hand, recognizing, as she thought, Tom's somewhat illegible scrawl, and read as follows:—

"My dear Bess,—I'm no hand at letter-writing, but I can wait no longer to tell you how much I love you and want you to be my wife. I didn't know it till I was out on the sea, and could see you no longer. I would have tried to wait till I saw you, but first want to confess a past foolishness, which I know you will forgive. Before we set out I thought I was in love with Mary Allen, and told her so. She was to give me her answer on my return. Tell her I know now she was wiser than me. It was all a mistake. We were just pals, that's all. So tell her I won't expect to see the lamp. She'll understand.

"Dear Bess, I am longing to see you. Meet me, dearest, at the stile when my boat comes in.—Your devoted lover, Tom Morris."

The letter slipped from Mary's hand and fluttered to the floor, while the girl staggered back and sank almost lifeless into the nearest chair. Never did it occur to her simple, innocent mind to question the truth of the letter. It seemed to be in Tom's handwriting. They were Tom's very words to herself. "I'm no hand at letter-writing," while his reference to the lamp made it all the more sure. She sat there in a heap, the picture of human anguish, and a softer heart than Bess Wylde's would have been moved to compassion. But the girl's heart seemed to be made of flint. In truth she was now gloating over the misery of her hated rival.

At last Mary rose.

Bess, you can guess what all this means to me, but it's not your fault, and—if you love him—I—I hope you'll be happy, and"—as her voice broke piteously—"oh, Bess Wylde, be very good to him, for he is the best man on earth."

Meantime out on the ocean Tom Morris was dreaming of the girl of his heart. How those days seemed to drag. But at last they were over, and he was sailing into port, his eyes eagerly strained towards Mary's cottage. But where was the light? Did she then not love him? Surely her answer was not "No."

His heart was heavy as he stepped from the boat, but he tried to tell himself that Mary was only teasing him. He would go up the cliff path and find her waiting with the answer he longed for on her lips.

As he swung out across the beach a woman stepped in front of him. It was Bess Wylde.

"Tom," she murmured softly. Her eyes were burning with a strange fire, but she held in her hand a letter.

With a murmured word of apology Tom would have hurried on, but she clutched his arm.

"Tom, lad," she said, false tears of sympathy in her eyes, "it's sad news I'm bringing you. Mary Allen told me to give you this letter; she could not find time to come down herself."

A look of pain crossed Tom's face, then taking the letter, he opened it and read:—

"Dear Tom,—It was all a mistake. We were never meant for each other. I can never marry you, for I do not love you. We have always been good friends, but I have no desire to be anything more. Please do not come to see me. I would rather not see you again.—Mary Allen."

Tom crushed the letter in his hand; all the hope had gone from his face, and only a dull look filled his eyes.

Bess Wylde watched him with gleaming eyes. Was her task to be successful Would Tom believe Mary had written that letter?

Without another word Tom turned on his heel, leaving Bess Wylde once more victorious, and made his way to his own lonely cottage, for he, too, was an orphan. There was no sleep for Tom that night, as there had been none for Mary since the day on which she had received the cruel blow.

A week passed thus, and in three days' time Tom was to leave his native village, never to return, when one evening he received by special messenger a letter in a strange hand. It was written by a nurse in the hospital at Wallford at the dictation of Bess Wylde. The unhappy girl had met with a terrible accident which had cost her her life. She had been caught in some of the machinery at the mill in which she worked, and so badly mangled that she only gained consciousness sufficiently to be able to make a full confession of her sin, and to ask Tom and Mary to try and forgive her if they could find it in their hearts.

Tom's horror and consternation knew no bounds.

Quickly he made his way up the face of the cliff to the little white cottage.

"Tom," Mary said when he entered, "Tom,' is it really you? Oh, my darling!"

And then suddenly she remembered, and struggled to free herself from his embrace, but his strong arms only held her the closer.

Then he told her very gently of what had happened, and together they read the letter. Though shocked and horrified Mary's tears flowed freely when she heard of the poor girl's dreadful end, but she was gathered closely in the sheltering embrace which alone could comfort her.

"Little sweetheart," said Tom, "will you give me my answer now?" and still shyly, but with a look of love and trust she whispered, "Oh, Tom, lad, yes."

A Long-Lost Cousin.

An old Chinese scholar came for treatment to a hospital that was under the charge of a certain Doctor Woods. The doctor asked the new patient his honorable name. The old gentleman replied that his unworthy name was Ling, and added that he desired to know the doctor's exalted name. With a smile, the doctor said that his mean name was Ling (which is Chinese for Woods).

"Why!" exclaimed the Chinaman with fervor. "The same name! Now I recall that in the Han dynasty [B. C. 200] there was a big famine, and a part of our clan left China and were said to have crossed over the great eastern sea. They were never heard of again, but now I see they reached America."

And greatly to the good doctor's amusement, he was greeted as one of the family, and cordially welcomed into the clan of Ling.

Could Handle Both Sides.

Simmons—Isn't Barker always willing to hear both sides of a question?

Kimmons—Not unless you let him do all the talking.

Before the war about ten passports were issued per day by British authorities. Now the daily average is 275.

From the Middle West

BETWEEN ONTARIO AND BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Items From Provinces Where Many Ontario Boys and Girls Are Living.

Edmonton's tax rate is 16.75 mills.

Third crop strawberries were picked near Medicine Hat.

Alberta claims it has sent one man out of every 25 to the war.

Six members of the Bartlett family of Lethbridge have enlisted.

A swede turnip weighing 18¼ lbs. was grown near Medicine Hat.

Moose Jaw tax rate has been fixed at 22½ mills. Last year it was 17½ mills.

Twelve members of the Lethbridge post office staff are serving with the colors.

According to Henderson's 1915 directory, the population of Calgary is 67,504.

Regina public school teachers will give three beds to Saskatchewan field hospital unit.

Eureka, Alberta, Council spent $2,500 in destroying weeds during the past season.

At Rosthern, Sask., Mayor Hodson enlisted, and the Council gave him a wrist watch.

The Prince Albert Lumber Company will employ 1,500 men in its camps this winter.

William Foster, 74 years old, and a veteran of the Indian Mutiny, tried to enlist at Calgary.

Mrs. Matthew Logan of Staffordville, Alberta, grew a beet weighing 9¾ lbs.

There were 46 cases of typhoid fever in Saskatchewan in two weeks, from Sept. 13 to 27.

Henry Holmes, of Raymond, Alta., grew a crop of wheat which averaged 66 bushels to the acre.

The G.T.P. bridge at Uno, Man., which was blown down by a cyclone, was rebuilt in 27 days.

Regina people believe there is a chance for a big Hudson's Bay store being established there.

Winnipeg's custom's receipts for September were $499,704, the best recorded for many months.

H. A. Levi, of Lumley, Sask., grew three heads of oats from a single seed. One head contained 458 seeds.

As the result of a card game at Bannerman, Man., two men were killed and another committed suicide.

On Oct. 4th the G.T.P. inaugurated the through-train service between Winnipeg and Calgary via Camrose.

Justice Winter, at Olds, Sask., gave a plaintiff who had been sold poor seed damages of $325 against the seller.

Seventh Day Adventists, of Saskatchewan, will open a college in the fall of 1916 which will care for 150 students.

Liquor men of Alberta will consult the best lawyers in the British Empire as to the legality of the Government's recent liquor legislation.

Thos. Scott, of Minnapore, Alta., received five seed potatoes from the Government. He planted them and in the fall dug up 258 pounds of potatoes.

Thomas L. Groves, of Roland, Man., who is lcoked upon as Manitoba's "cattle king," predicts cheaper beef this winter on account of high rates which exist on the Atlantic.

Northwest Commercial travellers will petition the Government asking that henceforth all holidays except Christmas, New Year's and Good Friday be fixed for Monday.

Edmonton claims to have, with one exception, Saskatoon, the lowest rate for phones of any city in the West. Private residence phones cost $24 per year. It is a municipal utility.

R. E. Townsley, U.S. citizen and Philippine veteran, travelled all the way from San Francisco to Calgary to enlist. There are now 20 Philippine veterans in the ranks of the 82nd Regiment.

J. M. Wallace, a Western pioneer, who claims to have killed 42 Indians in the old days, volunteered for service at Calgary. He was too old to enlist, but will do what he can in the way of getting recruits for the 50th Regiment.

Two members of Odell, Sask., school board had a difference of opinion which culminated in an assault by Ranson Howard on the chairman, Andrew Russell. The latter was injured and the former went to jail for three months.

Judge McGuire, of Prince Albert, Sask., advocates the appointment of a public conciliator to act between disputants with a view to settling actions before they are brought to trial, the object being to reduce the amount of litigation.

Teachers of Saskatchewan, at a recent conference, passed a resolution asking: 'That every child in Canada be taught to speak, read and write the English language; a copy of this to be sent to Premier Scott, Premier Borden and the Dominion Educational Association."

Dan O'Donnell was seen drinking liquor from a flask in the Union Station at Regina, the same being an infraction of the new Saskatchewan Liquor law. He was fined $25 and costs, he could not pay and went to jail for 30 days.

Stocks of gold are held by the Bank of England in both Canada and South Africa.