ABOUT THE HOUSEHOLD

Economical Recipes.

Rice Pudding. — One quart milk (skimmed is all right), 1-3 cup washed rice, ½ cup sugar, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon vanilla.

Sago Pudding. — One cup sago. Soak 2 hours in 1 quart of water, then add a few grains of salt, 4 tablespoons sugar and 8 large apples quartered. Bake 2 hours.

Tapioca Rouge.—Soak four tablespoons tapioca in cold water for several hours. Boil until thick and clear. Stir into this while boiling a cup of red currant jelly. When thoroughly blended put into a mold. Serve cold with cream.

Delicious Cake Without Eggs or Butter.—One cup thick sour milk, 1 cup sugar, ½ cup lard, 2 cups flour, 1 cup chopped raisins, a few grains of salt, 1 teaspoon soda, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, ½ teaspoon cloves, ½ teaspoon nutmeg. Stir soda into flour, add melted lard, sugar, salt and spices. Add raisins to flour. Beat all ingredients together. This makes 1 loaf or 12 small cakes baked in gem pans.

Whole Wheat Pudding.—One-half teaspoon soda, 1 cup sweet milk, 2 cups whole wheat flour, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ cup molasses, 1 cup raisins, 1 cup broken walnut meats, 1 teaspoon baking powder. Dissolve soda in milk; add flour, salt and molasses; beat hard. Add raisins, stoned and floured, nuts and baking powder. Mix and turn into a greased mold. Steam three hours and serve with any hot pudding sauce.

Marshmallow Pudding.—Prepare a lemon jelly; pour a very little into a plain mold or dish; add a layer of baked marshmallows. Cut the marshmallows with scissors. When this layer sets, add more jelly, add more marshmallows and proceed until jelly is all used. The lemon jelly can be kept in a warm room, so that it will not jelly before ready to be used. Serve with whipped cream.

Rolly Poly Pudding.—Make a suet crust; roll to the thickness of one-half an inch; place any desired jam in the centre and spread equally over the paste, allowing a margin of about half an inch for the pudding to join. Roll up lightly, join the ends securely, place upon a floured cloth and bind with tape, allowing a little room for the pudding to swell. Plunge into boiling water and boil two hours or steam for the same length of time.

Rice and Cabbage Soup.—Three cups shredded, half-cooked cabbage, one-half cup rice, two quarts stock, butter and Parmesan cheese. Half-cooked cabbage should be cut into stripes and fried in butter. Wash rice and boil until tender in stock, which should be well seasoned. Add cabbage, let them boil together until cabbage is tender, and pass freshly grated Parmesan cheese when serving. This is an Italian recipe.

Pumpkin Pie Without Eggs.—Here is a recipe for pumpkin pie without eggs. Remove the pulp and seeds from the pumpkins and cut into inch cubes; do not remove the skin. Stew until dry and of a rich brown color. Then sift. To make the pie use one cupful of sifted pumpkin, one cupful of sugar, one full tablespoonful of flour, one-fourth of a tablespoon each of salt, cinnamon and ginger. Mix these dry ingredients thoroughly, and then add slowly one pint of rich, sweet milk that is scalding hot. Have ready a deep pie plate lined with pastry cut to turn up at the edge far enough to be pinched into scallops. Wet in cold water a strip of white cotton cloth one and one-half inches wide and pin it around the scalloped edge. Fill the crust and bake in a moderate oven until the middle of the pie is quite firm.

Hints to Housewives.

A little saltpetre in the water will keep flowers fresh a week.

Baking soda wet and bound on warts will remove them, it is said.

New pails or tubs should be painted with glycerine to prevent shrinking.

Did you ever try adding a cup of cold, cooked oatmeal to beef or tomato soup?

To keep pancakes from being greasy and heavy, do not have batter too thick and be sure that the griddle is piping hot.

Mirrors spot when the light falling on them is too strong. Place them so that the light comes from the sides.

When water is spilt on a highly-polished table rub with furniture cream as soon as the water is wiped off and no mark will remain.

Rub a little vinegar on the skin if your hands get very cold whilst you are hanging clothes out to dry. The trick makes the hands much warmer.

Ink can be removed from washing material by sprinkling a little tomato juice on to the stain; after leaving for a few minutes wash in the usual way.

In washing dishcloths, instead of using soap or borax, put a quantity of soap in the water and boil them. The grease and soda make a soap that does its own work and cloths smell sweet.

If you wish flower slips to bloom while plants are young, put the cuttings in small crocks. As soon as the crocks are filled with roots, plant and they will begin to bloom, especially geraniums.

Whenever you have collected a number of ends of soap shred them into an old saucepan, and add to every ¼ lb. soap one pint of water. Let this just simmer, and then cool. Result: A splendid jelly for washing flannels and so on.

To perfume linen use rose leaves dried in the shade or at about four feet from a stove, one pound; cloves, caraway seeds and allspice, of each one ounce; pound in a mortar or grind in a mill. Mix all these together and put the compound into little bags.

It has been found an excellent plan, when making soldiers' gloves or mittens to stitch a piece of leather on the palms. This effectually prevents the rifle rubbing and wearing the wool, as well as gives the wearer a firmer grip upon his weapon. Pieces of kid cut from gentlemen's old gloves are very suitable for this purpose.

The sink should be washed down after the washing up after each meal, and once each day a handful of soda should be placed over the sink grating and a kettle of boiling water poured over it in order to dissolve and wash away any grease that has accumulated in the pipe and which, if allowed to remain, would decompose and give rise to an unhealthy odor.

As soon as a picture nail driven in a wall gets loose and the plaster begins to break around it, it can be made solid and firm by the following process: Saturate a bit of wadding with thick glue, wrap as much as possible round the nail and reinsert the latter in the hole, pressing it home as strongly as possible. The nail will thus be firmly fastened in its place.

When preparing to pack a trunk have four or five pieces of cardboard the size of your trunk, so that they will slip in easily. Wrap dresses or blouses in tissue paper and attach them to these boards with tape. You can then pack and unpack many times and your dresses will not be disturbed, but will come out when needed as fresh as when first packed.

MAIMED SOLDIERS.

Science Now Knows Why They Can Still "Feel" Their Lost Limbs.

A nurse recently returned from Paris said that soldiers who had lost a limb "frequently complained of feeling a touch upon it" though the limb was perhaps far removed from their sight—lying somewhere along the battle front.

A well-known English surgeon gives the reason for this peculiar sensation in an interesting article he has prepared on "Surgery in the Army." He says:

"It is a well-known fact that not merely for a few hours but for weeks and even months after a limb has been cut off or taken off, the person seems to feel sensations in it, or rather in the place where it once was and is conscious of it in different positions as though it were present. These sensations are very vivid for a time; the patient says that he feels his lost arm lying by his side, or on his breast or even that he has a peculiar tingling or aching in the fingers that are gone, and the like.

"Precisely similar sensations are noticed when a leg has been amputated. But the common idea that these sensations have anything to do with the lost limb itself is very childish, for this may be thrown in the fire immediately after removal, or otherwise destroyed or mutilated, and the patient will know nothing of it if he is not told.

"The true explanation is very simple.

"We learn from infancy to associate certain local sensations with certain muscular movements. The nerve carries the impression of the sensation to the brain, and the brain becomes conscious of the feeling as belonging to a particular muscular action. After this muscular action is no longer possible the nerves may still, through irritation, weakness or disease, take an impression to the brain, which is intensely localized through habit with the remembered muscular action.

"This is one of the proofs of what physicians call a muscular sense. This is not to be regarded as an actively conscious sense, like slight or touch, but is rather of the nature of organic sense, giving its information and working its effect without definite consciousness. This internal sensibility corresponds to every changing condition of the muscles, and even after the removal of a limb, or any part of the body, the sensations associated with it by the consciousness may remain."

TRIBUTE TO TEMPERANCE.

It Has Ameliorated Condition of Russian Refugees.

The editor of the Russky Slovoe, who has made a personal tour of the roads on which there is a great congestion of refugees from western Russia, writes of the terrible conditions prevailing. But, he says, "we have to thank the work of public organizations, the mild autumn with late rains, and the temperance of the people for the fact that the crisis is passing without grave disturbances. To temperance, more than any other factor, is due the heroic calm with which the homeless wanderers are pursuing their melancholy pilgrimage."

It may be easier to coax a woman than to drive her, but it's a lot more expensive.

THE CZAR'S FAMILY.

Present Great War Has Greatly Benefited Them.

The war has made a great difference to the Russian royal family. In the days before the war the Czarina lived in constant dread of her husband and children being assassinated and could scarcely bear them out of her sight. Indeed, so ill did she become with worry that to please her the great ballroom at the Winter Palace in Petrograd was turned into a bedroom for the whole family, in order, to quote the Czarina, that in the case of an outrage they "might all die together."

That is all changed now, however. The Czarina cheerfully said "good-bye" to her husband when he went to take his place at the head of his armies, and she and her daughters are working indefatigably on behalf of the wounded. The Czarina has no time for morbid worrying and is consequently in splendid health, and is one of the most energetic and hard-working women in Russia.

The Russian Grand Duchesses are charming and clever girls, and have profited by the careful training of their mother. The Grand Duchess Olga is an excellent musician and the Grand Duchess Tatiana paints like a professional artist. Both sisters speak several languages with equal facility, and both are very fond of riding and of outdoor exercise. The Empress likes her children to practise every kind of sport and to spend as much time as they can in the open air, and she has tried to give them an education on strict English lines, like the one she received herself.

To Dowager Queen Alexandra, Marlborough House, London, England, born at Copenhagen, Denmark, Dec. 1, 1844.

Aching Hearts.

"All seems gayly at a ball. Yet I suppose many a lady who is dancing here to-night has a heart that is aching."

"Yes, or a couple of corns."

Happiness is less apt to be a case of luck than pluck.

Brigadier-General F. S. MEIGHEN

C.P.R. New Director

IT was the most logical thing for the greatest transportation corporation in the world to reach out and pick Frank Stephen Meighen off the financial landscape. When the shareholders of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, at its recent annual meeting, held in Montreal, voted "Yes" to the addition of this "coming" young Canadian to its Directorate, the business world the wide world over nodded its approval. He was the man that fit, the square post for the square hole, the right man, branded and labelled "C. P. R."

Back from the trenches of France and Flanders, the smell of the powder still on him, his ear-drums still quivering with the shock of the bursting shrapnel, Brigadier-General Meighen—for such is his title—makes a picturesque entry into the larger field. Well has he served his bleeding country. The best evidence of this could probably be obtained from the few surviving Germans who engaged the then Colonel Meighen's Fourteenth Battalion at St. Julien. Called home to lend his experienced advice to the Militia authorities of Canada, the honors of war gained only by duty well done have overtaken the young regimental commander.

But military prowess is not essential to the make up of the Canadian Pacific Railway Director, and men do not graduate in the service of their country in an industrial way by leading gallant Canadian soldiers to victory in Europe. In the veins of this man runs the blood of Mount Stephen. The first President of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, Lord Mount Stephen, was General Meighen's uncle. Robert Meighen, father of the new Director, was a railway associate of Mount Stephen, and himself a Director of the road. Here, then, is the Meighen pedigree: it is a piece off the C. P. R.'s family tree.

Robert Meighen was a big man in his day and he left his imprint on the country. His C. P. R. affiliations were extensive, and it is appropriate that his son should resume the connection direct. One of the father's achievements was the founding of the Lake of the Woods Milling Company, and in more recent years Frank S. Meighen has been widely known as its President. In addition to the large interest held by the Robert Meighen estate in the great railway company, this Lake of the Woods Milling Company, one of the largest of its kind in the world, has been for many years one of the biggest of the railway's customers.

Let no one imagine, however, that this new member of a galaxy of Canada's captains of industry, is without merit of his own, or that he is riding into the C. P. R. board room on family prestige. At the present time he holds the following important offices: President of the Lake of the Woods Milling Company; a Director of the Bank of Toronto; President of the New Brunswick Railway Company; a Director of the Canadian North-West Land Company; President of the Montreal Opera Company; a Director of the Paton Manufacturing Company. To figure thus prominently in the business life of the Dominion is to prove his great personal ability and mental acumen. "Level-headed" is the adjective that the big business men of Canada apply to Frank S. Meighen.

While filling so large a place as this, General Meighen has still found time to play. Throughout Eastern Canada he is noted as an expert exponent of the hazardous game of pony polo, and many a careering battle has been won by his own skill and daring. He is an enthusiastic sportsman in many directions, as is evident in his membership in the following clubs: The Forest and Stream, the Montreal Hunt, the Back River Polo, the Montreal Jockey, the Toronto Hunt, and others.

General Meighen was born at Montreal, December 24, 1869. He was educated at Montreal High School and graduated in Arts from McGill University in 1889. He began his business life in the steamship office of the Robert Reford Company, later entering the service of the Lake of the Woods Milling Company, in their Montreal office. For many years he was Treasurer of the Company, succeeding to the Presidency on the death of his father in 1911.

Besides the clubs mentioned General Meighen is a member of the St. James and University Clubs of Montreal; the York Club of Toronto; the Junior Athenaeum, of London, England; and the Point Judith Club, of Narragansett Pier. His public-spiritedness is indicated in the fact that he was Honorary Treasurer of the local committee for the Quebec Tercentenary Celebration in 1908, and was one of the principal promoters of the Typhoid Emergency Hospital, in Montreal, in 1910.

For most of his life General Meighen has served in the militia of Canada. He was formerly adjutant of the 5th Royal Highlanders and became Lieutenant-Colonel commanding the regiment in 1906. He volunteered for service in South Africa. When the present war broke out he went to the front in command of the 14th Battalion, leading his men through several of the most famous and important engagements of the war on the west front. He was recalled in an advisory capacity and is now engaged in organizing and recruiting the 87th Overseas Battalion, Canadian Grenadier Guards. His promotion has taken place since returning to Canada.

HE SAW PRESENT WAR COMING

SOME CHARACTERISTICS OF SIR JOHN FRENCH.

Countess of Warwick Describes British Commander as a Man of Iron Will.

In the London Daily Express the Countess of Warwick gives an interesting sketch of Sir John French. She writes:—

My first meeting with Field Marshall Sir John French, commander-in-chief of the "contemptible little army," dates back to the South African War. My latest meeting with him was in August of last year. On each occasion he was on the point of leaving for the front.

In the wide space that separates the Boer War from the great international conflict, we met very often; he was frequently our guest at Easton Lodge and sometimes at Warwick Castle, and I visited him at Government House, Aldershot. I have had many opportunities of hearing his views of the world problem that confronts us now, for he had seen it coming nearer and nearer, and had laboured night and day to meet it. Other men had doubts; he found no room for any.

It was at Claridge's Hotel we met during the Boer War. My eldest son, Guy, Lord Brooke, had then arrived at the ripe age of seventeen and still at Eton, had sold all his personal effects, including his fur coat and jewellery given him by family and friends, to provide himself with the means of getting to the front and equipping himself when there. We only learned his intentions when it was too late to stop them, and I do not think that either my husband or myself was really anxious to keep him from serving his country. The only difficulty was to find him something useful to do, and Sir John offered to take him on his staff as a galloper. To-day I am pleased to think that he is still serving under him, now as brigadier-general.

Has an Iron Will.

I recall General French as I saw him at Claridge's, firm-mouthed, curt in manner, briefly incisive in speech, saying no more than was absolutely necessary, and looking at me with the curious glance that bespeaks the man of action who dreams and sees visions. A strong, resolute figure, with an iron will behind it, a human war machine in perfect order—that was my first impression.

Many of my soldier friends were with him in South Africa, where his gifts as a cavalry leader roused enthusiasm. Writing home from the front, they told me he had but one fault as a commanding officer—he could not realize that horses do not respond as readily as soldiers to human emotions. He could over-drive his men, and they did their utmost for him, because they had implicit belief in their leader's direction and unbounded faith in his skill.

He came back to England wearing all the laurels of a successful general, and I met him several times in town. "The dust of praise that is blown everywhere" was no more to John French than any other dust. He brushed it sharply away.

When the Entente Cordiale was in the air, and there was a chance that Great Britain and France would work side by side, he was delighted. Such an arrangement was for him an ideal one, and he was, I may say, one of the first, if not the very first, of our leading military men who showed a full appreciation of its value. Unfortunately, though a well-educated and, in a strictly professional sense, a deeply-read man, he had no knowledge of the French language, and he could not rest until that defect was remedied. So in the summer of 1908 —I think this was the year—he settled in the little village of La Boulle, near Rouen, and lived for three months in absolute retirement, mastering the language. He would not claim to have acquired the Parisian accent, but he can at least speak fluently.

We were motoring through France that summer, and stayed in the little hotel he had chosen for his headquarters. He was extremely anxious to take me on a motor tour over the scene of Napoleon's last campaign, an ambition of long standing only now possible of fulfilment.

Studied German Methods.

Taking for his motto "Fas est ab hoste doceri," "It is allowable to learn even from an enemy," he adapted what he thought was best from the German methods, and it is well known that he and his close friend, Sir Douglas Haig, in making the British Army the perfect machine that it is, bore well in mind the lessons to be gathered from the German manoeuvres.

He objected strongly to the German close formation, holding it wasteful and unwise. He had grafted South African experience on his stock of tactical knowledge, and if the drilling of our men was terribly hard, he and Sir Douglas have found the ripe fruits of it in that wonderful retreat from Mons and in the battles round Ypres. For German thoroughness he had a generous and unstinted admiration. Prejudice can find no place in his mind.

A born soldier, he is merciless to the inefficient. He broke a high officer, who was also a personal friend, because that officer made a bad blunder. Private considerations were swept aside, as they always were with him. He spares nobody, least of all himself, but his men love him almost as much as they trust him, and he watches over their proper comforts with a jealous eye.

Deep Student of War.

I do not think Sir John reads much save books dealing with military questions. He does not hunt or shoot or play polo, indeed, acknowledge the claims of any form of sport. He stands as far apart from the ordinary mundane interests of life as any professor in the cloistered peace of an old university town, and yet he is full to the brim of vizualizing enthusiasms not to be overlooked by his friends because they are so finely controlled.

He lives in his profession, and breathes the very air of it; soldiering claims his every thought, and yet he is in no aspect the "beau sabreur" of the Ouida novels. If you were to drive with him through the most exquisite landscape, his mind's eye would at once select the salient points of attack and defence, he would grasp every military possibility of what lay before him, but the surrounding beauty would pass him by. Sometimes we have talked of war. "I hate war as much as you do," he has said to me more than once, "but—" There it ends, and he is looking with far-seeing eyes at encounters yet to be.

Much of the recent gossip in London has endeavored to suggest that he has been a party to the intrigues of others. I venture to say that nobody who understands Sir John could make such a foolish mistake. The personal interests and trickery of small natures have no meaning for him. First and last and all the time he is a soldier, probably the one soldier who could have overcome the enormous difficulties by which he has been faced.

THE FIRST CUP OF TEA.

Origin of the Great Chinese Tea Industry.

The Chinese claim to be the first users of tea as a drink, and how it originated is told in a pretty little legend that dates from 2,000 years before the coming of Christ. A daughter of a then reigning sovereign fell in love with a young nobleman whose humble birth excluded him from marrying her. They managed to exchange glances, and he occasionally gathered a few blossoms and had them conveyed to her. One day in the palace garden the lovers met, and the young man endeavored to give her a few flowers, but so keen was the watchfulness of her attendants all she could grasp was a little twig with green leaves. On reaching her room she put the twig in water and, towards evening, she drank the water in which the twig had been kept. So agreeable was the taste that she even ate the leaves and stalks; every day afterwards she had bunches of the tea brought to her, which she treated in the same way. Imitation being the sincerest form of flattery the ladies of the Court tried the experiment, and with such pleasing results that the custom spread throughout the kingdom—and the great Chinese tea industry became a fait accompli.

WAR ON THE LOCUST.

Russian Authorities Take Measures to Stamp Out the Pests.

A remarkably successful campaign has recently been conducted by the Russian Government against locusts in Turkestan, where formerly the inhabitants, for religious reasons, did hardly anything to check the ravages of these insects.

Turkestan supplies almost half the cotton used in Russian mills, and raises other valuable crops. As recently as 1901 locusts caused an annual loss of more than $2,000,000 in this region, and only primitive methods of dealing with them were in vogue. The loss has now been reduced to virtually nothing.

The methods employed by the Russians include: Preparation in summer and autumn of forecast maps showing the position, age and density of egg centres of each district; treatment of the infested areas with paris green, or, better, molassed sodium arsenite, as soon as the larvae appear; scorching by knapsack machine of larvae in places not accessible to sprayers, devoid of vegetation, or far from water courses of sufficient capacity to keep the sprayers going; capture of larvae in pits or ditches.

Had a Heavy Voice.

Some time ago the guests at a reception were discussing the relative merits of several songsters, when one of the party turned to a man named Brown. "By the way, Brown," said he, "you are something of a singer, are you not?" "Not on your life!" was the emphatic response. "I never sang a note that somebody didn't threaten to send in a riot call. You are probably thinking of my brother." "Perhaps I am," was the thoughtful rejoinder of the other. "Has he a heavy bass voice?" "Yes," smiled Brown, "so heavy that it makes him bow-legged to carry it."

The man who knows enough to attend to his own business knows enough.