

About the ...House

SELECTED RECIPES.

Milk Scones—Rub two ounces of butter and two ounces of caster sugar into one pound of self-raising flour, add a pinch of salt, and enough milk to make it into a paste; form into rounds, cut each into four, brush over with egg and milk, and bake in a moderate oven.

Curried new potatoes. Fry in dripping some onions cut in slices, dredge them with curry powder and in flour equal quantities, add half a pint of gravy, salt, and lemon juice. Stir till all boils, then add the boiled potatoes; cover the pan and let all simmer for a quarter of an hour and serve.

Savoury Macaroni Balls.—Boil four ounces of cooked macaroni in salted water, and when cooked drain and cut into small pieces. Place in a small saucepan with the yolks of two eggs, one ounce of grated cheese, salt and cayenne to taste. Stir for a few moments until cooked, and then turn the mixture on to a plate to cool; form this into balls, roll in flour, then in egg and bread crumbs, and fry in deep boiling fat.

German Puffs.—Beat two eggs thoroughly; dissolve two ounces of butter in one pint of new milk; when cooled add to the eggs, and by degrees work two ounces of flour into the mixture, with a pinch of salt and a little nutmeg. Beat all together; put into small greased cups at once. Bake for fifteen minutes in a hot oven till the puffs are of a nice brown. Turn out to serve quickly, rub a little butter over each, dredge with caster sugar, and serve.

Tapioca Soup.—Mince one onion finely, fry in plenty of butter till a golden color, add pepper and salt to taste, and about a pint of water. When the water boils up, pour it through a strainer into a clean saucepan; add a tablespoonful of crushed tapioca, and boil slowly till dissolved. Cut raw potato into thin slices, fry in deep fat till a golden color, and serve with this soup. Season with pepper and salt, and if you have weak stock, use it instead of water.

Smothered Chicken.—The chicken must be tender, to begin with. Split the chicken down the back and lay flat, bones down, in a baking dish. Season with salt and pepper, and pour around them one pint of water. Cover tightly and braise until half done, basting frequently. Now remove the cover. Add to the drippings one-half pint of rich milk, or, better still, thin cream. Dredge the chicken lightly with flour and bake a rich brown, basting frequently.

CANNING RECIPES.

Canned Tomatoes.—Pour boiling water over the tomatoes to loosen the skins. Remove these; drain off all the juice that will come away without pressing hard; put them into a kettle and heat slowly to a boil. Your tomatoes will look much nicer if you remove all the hard parts before putting them on the fire, and rub the pulp soft with your hands. Boil ten minutes, dip out the surplus liquid, pour the tomatoes, boiling hot, into the cans and seal. Keep them in a cool, dark place. As additional precaution, wrap each jar in paper to exclude the light.

Canned Plums.—Twelve quarts of plums, one pint of water, one pound of sugar. Put the sugar and water on the stove in the preserving kettle. Prick each plum with a needle to prevent bursting, and as soon as the sugar is dissolved turn the fruit into the kettle. Heat very slowly to a boil, and cook for five minutes. Fill the jars to the rims with the plums alone, pour over them the scalding liquid until full to overflowing.

Canned Berries.—Heat slowly to boiling, in a large kettle. When they begin to boil, add sugar in proportion of one tablespoonful to each quart of fruit. Before doing this, however, if there is much juice in the kettle, dip out the surplus with a dipper or cup. It will only increase the number of cans to be filled without real advantage to you. Let the berries almost dry before putting in the sugar. This will make syrup enough. Boil all together fifteen minutes, and can. Huckleberries, grapes, blackberries, currants, raspberries, cherries and strawberries put up in this way are very good, eaten as you would preserves, and make pies which are scarcely inferior to those filled with fresh fruit.

Canned Peaches.—To each quart of

fruit allow a heaping tablespoonful of granulated sugar. Pour a little water into your kettle to prevent the contents from burning, then put in a layer of peaches, a sprinkling of sugar, another layer of peaches, more sugar, and so on until the kettle is full. Bring slowly to a boil, which may continue for three minutes. Can and seal. N. B.—If the peaches have been dropped into water as they are peeled, you need not add water to prevent scorching.

RASPBERRIES.

Raspberry Pudding.—Sprinkle one cup sugar over one quart raspberries, mash and let them stand until the sugar is dissolved, stirring and mashing the mixture occasionally. Squeeze it through a coarse cheesecloth. There should be about one cup of juice. Add boiling water to make one pint of liquid, and put it on to boil. Wet three tablespoons of cornstarch in a little cold water and stir into the boiling syrup. Add a salt-spoon of salt and cook ten minutes, stirring frequently. Beat the whites of three eggs stiff, but not quite dry, and stir them into the thickened syrup just before removing it from the fire. Turn it into a mold which has been wet in cold water and set it away in a cold place. Make a custard sauce with the yolks of the eggs and serve with it.

Raspberry Pie.—Bake the two crusts with a mock filling of old linen. When ready to serve fill the undercrust with raspberries, sprinkle thickly with powdered sugar, add about two tablespoons of thick cream, and cover with the top crust or with a meringue. Strawberries may be used in the same way.

Raspberry Preserve.—Allow equal weight of sugar and fruit. Pick over fruit carefully and lay aside the largest and firmest berries. Mash the remainder and put on to boil for ten minutes, and then squeeze them through a cheesecloth; put this liquid on to boil with the sugar, remove the scum, then put in the whole berries; let them boil up once, skim. Boil the syrup down until there is about enough to fill the jars, then put the berries back and boil up once more. Fill the jars and seal quickly.

LINEN.

Hang your linen to dry, using two lines comparatively close and parallel for your tablecloths and sheets. Throw one selvage side of your tablecloths over one line toward the other, allowing it to hang down about a quarter of a yard, and being careful to pin it a short distance from the ends. Take the opposite of your cloth and throw it over the other line, facing the first line, and pin it in the same manner.

This will form a sort of bag and will prevent, to a considerable extent, the wild blowing of the tablecloth in windy weather.

After the table linen is thoroughly dried, remove it from the line and prepare to dampen it. A whisk-broom is excellent for the purpose.

Table linen, in order to bring out the bright gloss that makes it attractive, should be dampened quite considerably. Sprinkle the tablecloths freely, being sure that the selvage ends or hemstitched borders are thoroughly damp. Roll up tightly, patting the roll frequently to spread the dampness.

The napkins and doilies should be arranged alternatively one upon another, first a napkin from the line, then one which has been wrung out of warm water, then a dry napkin, and following it, another wrung out of warm water, and so on. Then roll tightly together.

ON CHOOSING MEAT.

If beef is from a young ox it will have a fine, smooth, open grain, be a good red, and feel tender; the fat should look white rather than yellow—if a deep color the meat is seldom good; the grain of cow beef is closer and the fat whiter than ox beef, but the lean is not so bright a red; in old meat there is a streak of horn in the ribs—the harder this is the older is the meat. In lamb look at the neck; if the vein is bluish it is fresh, if greenish or yellowish it is stale; in the hind-quarter, if there is a tint under the kidney and the knuckle is limp, it is stale. In buying veal choose meat of which the kidney is well covered with thick white fat; if the vein in the shoulder looks blue or bright red the animal is newly killed; other parts should be dry and white.

PYGMY MARRIAGES.

Some hitherto unpublished facts about the habits of the African pygmies are contained in a pamphlet just published by Col. Harrison, who brought from Central Africa the party of little people now in London. The pygmies generally marry at the age of eight or nine, and the men buy their wives with three or four spears and ten to fifteen arrows, according to the market value of the lady. They pay by instalments, and not until the last arrow is handed over is the lover allowed to take his bride. A man may have as many wives as he can afford to buy. The birth of a boy is welcomed, but when a girl baby arrives the unfortunate creature is soundly lashed by the father with a bunch of plantain leaves.

He knows little who comprehends all he knows.

PICTURE OF MODERN WAR

DOINGS AT THE SIEGE OF PORT ARTHUR.

First Painting of the Kind, by Frederic Villiers, on Exhibition in London.

At the galleries of Messrs. Henry Graves & Co., in Pall Mall, London, there has been placed on exhibition a war picture of a very remarkable kind. Probably no other has yet been painted which conveys so good an idea of certain important aspects of modern warfare.

Of course, many excellent photographs and sketches relating to the Russo-Japanese conflict have appeared in various periodicals; but the scale of these is necessarily small. They can convey a notion of the appearance of leading individual and typical people, but hardly of their conjoint activity.

The picture in question is a canvas measuring about 20 feet by 8. The painter is Frederic Villiers, one of the most experienced of all war artists. The subject is some of the doings at the siege of Port Arthur.

The day on which the sketches for this picture were made was Nov. 29, 1904, when the Osaka 11-inch mortars were used in the bombardment for the first time. That day's action Mr. Villiers has informed the present writer, gave a better idea of modern warfare, with its sapping and its shell fire, than any other phase of the campaign.

Hitherto, war pictures have been figure pictures, usually depicting notable combatants performing deeds of daring in conspicuous places. An exception was the work of Verestchagin, who once got into trouble through representing a royal commander in the very safe place

HE ACTUALLY OCCUPIED

instead of at the head of his cavalry. But these were nevertheless figure pictures, whereas the modern war picture, comparatively speaking, is a landscape.

When Mr. Villiers made his original sketches he was lying in a trench, about 700 yards in a direct line from the Russian position. This trench is in the foreground of the picture, and from it you look over to the panorama of the fortified hills surrounding the inlet of Port Arthur.

They are conical hills, of the volcanic type, clothed to mid-height with greenery, and above that bare. Between two of the most distant you get a glimpse of the sea and of Togo's waiting battleships. They are far away—a convenient firing range of a few miles.

Here and there the nearer hills permit the waters of the harbor to be seen—a narrow place, literally beset with the lofty, conical hills. One could not well imagine an easier place to fortify, nor one more difficult to take when fortified.

To the right of the picture is a series of forts known as the Cockscorn, and another series leads across to the left. The latter form on this side the first line of defense.

The nearest hill, at the extreme left, is East Kikwan, crowned by one of the southern sea forts. The muzzles of two long guns are seen up against the sky. It is about this and the next two hills, each with its fort, in the left and right middle of the picture, that the chief interest centers. The fort in the left middle was known as the P fort.

From the base of these hills to the spectator extends a stretch of uneven ground. The vegetation is scanty and stunted, scorched by the sun.

THE CHEERLESS VEGETATION, the reds and yellows of a sandy soil, the distant waters and a sullen sky—these are the leading colors of the landscape setting.

The nearest human interest is at the left of the foreground. Under the shelter of a bit of an old Chinese wall, converted into a defensive wall by the Russians, a First Aid corps is assisting wounded men. They are not conspicuous. They are incidental. "Sap and Shell" is the name of this picture, and it is rightly named.

Athwart the foreground, in the direction of the hills, runs a deep irregular fissure. Seemingly it might have been caused by an earthquake. Now, at any rate, it is converted to the uses of men. It is full of men, though not one of them is to be seen. The only thing you catch sight

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of resembles the topmost peak of a tent.

Like human moles the unseen men extended the fissure, casting up the red soil as they went, on to the base of the hills and up their bare face, throwing out ramifications on each side. These unseen toilers were Japanese.

But on the face of the hills, in similar red scored holes and furrows, were unseen Russians with machine guns. It was to pound these deadly machine guns to pieces, and thus prepare the way for the Japanese infantry, that the great Osaka mortars were brought into action, concentrating their fire on the Russian trenches.

Now, you, of course, the spectator, looking over the trench in the immediate foreground, do not see the Osaka mortars. They are two or three miles away and behind your back. What you see is the bursting of their enormous projectiles, the 500 pound shells that hurtle incessantly over your head.

Where one of these shells has burst there is a pit in the landscape. Where they are actually bursting you behold varied and extravagant effects of color.

THE MASSES OF VAPOR

are disengaged by these exploding shells. The nearest one, so near that you can see the sheet of flame, flings up black earth in fumes of swarthy purple. The flame is like the vivid center of a monstrous fleur du mal.

From sand the vapors rise in clouds of amber. Elsewhere they are leaden gray, red gray and purple gray; and high overhead is the white smoke of bursting shrapnel. Between the hills a thin blue haze drifts lazily.

Midway up East Kikwan several shells have burst, and on the slope below the zone of billowing, many colored vapors is a swarm of yellowish white dots. They are Japanese infantry, sprung from their own trenches and clambering to those of the Russians.

In comparison with the volumes of smoke the dots are insignificant; but they went on and on and forced their way up the glacis and into the fort at the top. Then they were driven out and very few came back.

Over the right shoulder of East Kikwan towers a swirling column of vapor, such as might issue from infernal regions. The fort in the right middle of the picture is in a smother of bursting shells. The P fort, neighboring East Kikwan, is comparatively clear; but over it hover thick the fire shot, snowy clouds, the wavering wreaths and streaming ribands of shrapnel smoke—death's white decorations.

Toward these forts, also, swarm the tiny dots which are men. They captured the P fort and immediately named it Itchinobe, this being the name of the most important dot among them, the officer in command of the Japanese assaulting parties.

At the end of the day the forts to the left were still in possession of the Russians. In the very face of

THE TERRIFIC SHELL FIRE

they fought with splendid bravery, but this was not the only reason why the attack was not pressed home.

The Japanese did not particularly want to capture and retain these forts just then. This tremendous demonstration against the whole line of the eastern forts was in part a blind.

Gen. Nogi wished to ascertain the depth of a pass in quite a different direction, the moat immediately in front of the Urrlungshan work; and while the eastern attack was in progress another party did what Nogi

wished. Then the demonstration ceased.

In reply to a query as to whether the greatly differing colors of the smoke were attributable to different explosions, Mr. Villiers writes that "they are mainly due to the churning up of the various colored earths, sand and red soil peculiar to the vicinity of Port Arthur. But the fumes of the powder, no doubt, played a part in the color scheme, especially in the deeper purple tones, for I could never quite account for the purple, that sometimes reached the depth of actual blackness, by any soil round about the great fortress."

The man who could best account for the purple is doubtless Dr. Shimose, the famous war chemist of Japan. He spent eleven years in producing the explosive which now is known by his name.

By his name and by its terrible effects it is known, and by little else. Its composition and mode of preparation may long remain secret. For it was Dr. Shimose who invented also the curious ink in Japan for bank notes and paper money generally. And in that country, where imitative art has been brought to a perfection unknown elsewhere, no forger has been able to produce a successful imitation of the paper currency.

ANXIOUS MOTHERS.

The summer months are a bad time for little ones and an anxious time for mothers. Stomach and bowel troubles come quickly during the hot weather, and almost before the mother realizes that there is danger the little one may be beyond aid. In every home at this season there should be kept a box of Baby's Own Tablets, and at the first symptom of illness they should be given. They promptly cure cholera infantum, diarrhoea and stomach troubles, and are just the thing a mother needs at this time to keep her children well. Mrs. Frank Moore, Brookfield, N.S., says: "I always keep Baby's Own Tablets on hand in case of emergency. I do not know any other medicine that can equal them in cases of stomach or bowel troubles. And this medicine is absolutely safe—it is sold under a guarantee to contain no opiate or harmful drug." You can get the Tablets from your medicine dealer or by mail at 25 cents a box by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

MOTEE AND PANDU.

Remarkable Intelligence of an Indian Bullock.

The affection of a dog for its master could hardly be excelled by the devotion of an Indian bullock, named Motee, to Pandu, its owner. Motee was an ordinary Indian bullock, says the author of "Sport and Adventure in the Indian Jungle," about four feet high and of the whitish brown color common among the stunted cattle in native villages.

He was thoroughly trained to hunting by Pandu, and seemed to comprehend his master's wishes intuitively. A glance, and Motee would move forward or backward, as required. A motion of the finger, and he would lie down, or kick up his heels and rush about as if mad. Pandu did all his stalking with the aid of his bullock, and much of his success depended on its intelligence.

An old piece of sacking, painted with green daubs on one side to resemble shrubbery, on the other side with bars of vivid red, was thrown over Motee's back like a horse-cloth and hanging down to the ground, effectually concealed the crouching hunter.

Did he wish to stalk antelope, then the red bars were exposed, and Motee would graze quietly in a direction oblique to, yet approaching the herd. The bright bars would attract the curiosity of the deer, and they would approach so near as to allow of an unaiming shot from Pandu's place of concealment under the stomach of the bullock.

Was it a flock of pea-fowl that was in sight, then the green side of the sacking would be turned towards the birds, and the same stealthy advance made, the pea-fowl exhibiting no alarm, as the village cattle commonly range the forests in their neighborhood.

Motee evidently took a delight in hunting, as he was on the alert and frisked about immediately the old man shouldered his gun. When the game was killed—and Pandu seldom missed—the little bullock would come up for his caress. If he missed, Motee would smell the gun, as if he thought there was something wrong there.



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