

About the ...House

SUMMER SHORTCAKES.

Banana Shortcake—Two cups of flour, one large teaspoonful of baking powder, two teaspoonfuls of creamed butter, a pinch of salt, and sufficient milk to make a soft dough. Roll out in two thin layers, and spread butter between, so they can be separated without cutting after baking. Bake in a quick oven, split, butter generously, and spread between the layers and over the top the following filling: Grate the peel of half an orange and use with the pulp of two oranges, rub five ripe bananas through a sieve, add the orange and one cupful of sugar, then stir in one half cupful of thick cream sweetened and whipped. Serve cold.

Peach Shortcakes—Into two cups of flour sift four level teaspoonfuls of baking powder and one teaspoonful of salt. Mix into it two teaspoonfuls of butter and one of sugar. Add sufficient sweet milk to make into a smooth dough, roll out in two layers, butter, and bake in one pan. When done, remove, and butter well the under crust. Spread with peaches that have been sprinkled generously with sugar, and place on the upper crust. Cover with peaches, and cover the whole top with whipped cream sweetened and flavored with orange.

Cherry shortcake—Make a soft dough of four cups of sifted flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one teaspoonful of salt and four teaspoonfuls of butter. Mix with milk. Cook in two layers buttered. When brown, remove from the oven, butter again, spread the bottom layer with cherries that have been stoned and sweetened, put on the top crust, and cover with fruit. Serve with whipped cream.

Quickly Made Shortcake—Sift two teaspoonfuls of baking powder and one teaspoonful of salt into one quart of flour. Rub into this three teaspoonfuls of butter. Mix into a soft dough with milk, roll into a large sheet, bake in a quick oven, split, and spread each half with butter. Over the bottom layer spread a covering of any kind of fruit preferred, cover the top in the same way, and sprinkle with pulverized sugar.

Rhubarb Shortcake—One pint of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one teaspoonful of salt, two teaspoonfuls of creamed butter. Make this into a soft dough. Bake in two layers, butter, spread with stewed rhubarb which has been sweetened and flavored with lemon, sprinkle over with sugar, add the top, and arrange in the same way. Cover with whipped cream, and dot over with current jelly.

SELECTED RECIPES.

Current Ice Cream—Pick over and steam two quarts of rip red currants, mash, add one pound of sugar, and let stand for two hours, then strain; if not too sweet add more sugar. Scald and cool one quart rich cream. Pack the freezer, pour in the cream, turn slowly for a few minutes until quite cold; add the sweetened current juice and freeze as usual.

Corn Pudding—Scrape and scrape from the cob one pint of corn. Cream one teaspoonful of flour, one teaspoon of salt, and one-quarter of a teaspoon of pepper. Stir in slowly one cup of milk, then turn into the corn. Add the beaten yolks of three eggs, then the whites beaten to a stiff froth. Turn into a shallow baking dish well buttered and bake for twenty minutes in a quick oven.

Old-Time Blackberry Pickle—Dissolve 3 lbs. brown sugar in 1 pint vinegar. Add 9 lbs. sound, ripe blackberries. Cook with this mixture a bag containing 1 tablespoon each of cinnamon, allspice and clove. When the berries are well done, skim them out and place in a jar. Boil the remaining liquor until it is syrupy and then pour it over the berries while hot. Keep in a covered jar.

Berry Muffins—Mix 2 cups sifted flour, 1/2 teaspoon salt and 2 rounded teaspoons baking powder. Cream 1/2 cup butter with 1/2 cup sugar, add well beaten yolk of 1 egg, 1 cup milk the flour mixture and white of egg beaten stiff. Stir in carefully 1 heaped up cup of blueberries which have been picked over, rinsed, dried and rolled in flour. Bake in muffin pans 20 minutes.

To Can Corn—Cut the corn from cob, add salt to taste, then press into jars and put on rubbers. Put on lids, but not tight till cooked. Set jars in kettle of cold water and set

on the stove and boil for an hour. Be sure to put something around the jars so they will not touch; an old cloth will do or perhaps better some straw placed under and between the jars. When cooked screw down the lids and put in a dark, cool place.

Currant Catsup—To 3 qts. ripe currants add 3 pts. sugar, 1 pt. vinegar, 1 tablespoon each cinnamon, cloves, black pepper and allspice. Add, when nearly done, 1/2 tablespoon salt. Boil together about 30 minutes.

Spiced Currants—To every 3 lbs. currants add 2 lbs. sugar, 1/2 pt. vinegar, 1 tablespoon cinnamon, 1/2 tablespoon each cloves and pepper and a pinch of salt. Boil about 20 minutes.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Hot water should never be poured over roast beef for gravy. The water ruins the flavor of the meat and soddens it.

Articles made of brass may be kept bright and free from tarnish if you will cover them with a thin coat of varnish made of colorless shellac and alcohol, which may be procured at any drug store.

Cane-seated chairs can be furnished up by washing the cane with warm water on both sides and then putting them out in the air on a sunny day to dry. This treatment not only adds to the cleanliness of the cane, but it causes it to tauten, which improves its appearance and makes it more wear-resisting.

If when ironing a curtain you discover a hole in it, take a piece of the best part of an old curtain, a little larger than the hole, and clip the edges in cold starch. Then place it over the hole, and afterwards iron over it.

To Clear a House of Beetles—Take a pound of powdered borax and put it into a tin with a perforated lid. Next dust the borax lightly over the floor, on the walls, and into cupboards—everywhere, in fact, where the pests are found—and they will soon disappear.

An excellent boot-polish can be made by mixing ordinary cake-blackening with milk. This renders leather soft and pliable, and gives a beautiful polish.

To Distinguish Cotton from Linen—To distinguish cotton from linen when you are choosing handkerchiefs, moisten the tip of a finger and place it on the handkerchief. If it is wet through at once it is linen, but if cotton be present in its manufacture it will take some seconds to penetrate the threads. In linen the threads are less even than in cotton.

HER INSPIRATION YET LIVES

Well-known Writer's Reference to His Wife's Death.

Jacob A. Riis, well known as a frequent contributor to the pages of the New York Outlook, recently had the misfortune to lose his wife. Since then he has been overwhelmed with messages of sympathy from Outlook readers. His reply to these messages, published in a recent number of the Outlook, is one of the most beautiful things we have ever read.

"So many friends have written to me and mine words of love and sympathy and of tender appreciation of her whom every one loved, as truly she gave of her full heart to all God's children that I am," says Mr. Riis, "constrained to ask you for space to thank them here, since to write to them all in reply is not possible. I do thank them from the bottom of my heart, for myself and for my children. It does help to feel that we are kin, and that brotherly love is not a phrase but a warm and throbbing fact.

"They ask, many of them, what am I going to do now that she who was my inspiration of it all is gone? But she is not gone. If in my soul I believed that I should be desolate indeed. It is only that the river separates us once more as when we were children. I know as well as I knew then that she is in the garden just beyond where all her summers are beautiful now, and that she is waiting for me there.

"So I shall seek the path to that garden till I find it. I am once more where I dreamed as a boy, and I know that I shall wake, as I did then, and find the truth unspeakably fairer than any dream. Nor do I fear to miss the way, for our Lord Himself has chartered it so that I can not go wrong. 'I am the way,' He said. She went trustfully across the river with Him, and was not afraid.

"So why should I be? I shall be lonesome, yes! God knows how lonesome. But I have the sweet memories of the thirty happy years we walked together here, and what are a few years of loneliness to the eternity of joy ahead where hearts are never wrong in parting? And I shall not be idle. I shall be doing what she would have me do, and in it all, as you see, she will yet be the inspiration, as she was all the years that are gone."

She was a very polite young lady, and had invited a few friends to tea, among the number being a very eligible, but modest, young man. She devoted all her attention to the wants of her guests, and, indeed, seemed rather attentive to their needs. The climax was reached, however, when, with her most winning smile, she addressed herself to the bashful young man—"Dear Mr. M—please do allow me to press you to a jelly."

LEPER OUTSIDE THE GATE

THE CRY FOR MERCY HEARD AT JERUSALEM.

Unchanged Feature in Old Palestine—The Unconvinced Visitor.

In the outskirts of Jerusalem, writes Col. Henry Knollys, in Blackwood's, I was beset by cries from a knot of about ten dreadful-looking mendicants. "Lepers," said my dragoman with a shudder, but hurling at them a few coins. "Don't go near them; the danger of infection is great." They bore the closest resemblance to the lepers of Robben Island, near Cape Town—the same type of wasting away of cartilage, of exudation of serum from the rotted fingers, of the corrosion and drawing up of the upper and lower extremities, the dwindlings of bones to shapeless stumps, hands nearly dropping off above the wrist, and feet falling away from the ankles—the living death of the entire corporeal being, the nadir of all that is loathsome and terrible; but I scanned them in vain for the Bible diagnosis of the disease—for the Miriam, the Naaman, and for the Gehazi, "a leper as white as snow." I am therefore fortified by the opinions enunciated by the highest authorities in South Africa, that this type of leprosy is not infectious, is not even contagious by occasional contact, but undoubtedly is communicable by incessant, careless association with the afflicted, and most of all, it is hereditary, I fearlessly approach close up and say a few words to these unhappy lepers, crying aloud to me to "have mercy" on them. I drop my coins into their distorted hands, and in order to testify practically to my disbelief in risk, I lay a finger on their withered wrists. They are silent with astonishment, my dragoman is sick with disgust, and I—well, thus far, I am not a leper.

"IF I FORGET THEE."

One pathetic and picturesque sight—only one—did I discover during my explorations—the wailing place of the Jews. At the base of a wall adjacent to the Old Temple enclosure where vast blocks, bearing all the evidences of antiquity and in places disintegrated and weather-beaten, yet remain on the whole intact, are assembled at certain hours on stated days, a large number of Jewish mourners, many of them barefooted, men and women of a better type than the usual city rascal. They lean against, they clasp, they kiss the crumbling stones; their eyes are suffused with bitter tears, they beat their breasts, they moan in low tones their sorrow, they wail aloud their lamentations for the vanished glories of their country and for the present degradation of their country. Each individual seems passionately to invoke the curse, "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget its cunning."

During my last day's sojourn at Jerusalem I went through a recapitulation of my visits to sacred sites which have been besmirched by the machinations of a sacerdotalism, alternately splendid with pomp and subtle with intrigue. With the Bible record in my hand—without irreverence I venture to declare it unsurpassed as a guide book—I again took myself to the spots one would fain revere, and I again strove to arouse some enthusiasm, or at least some awe and gratitude. In vain—the falsehoods and follies are too flagrant; and as I pace the "Via Dolorosa," I am only saved from anger by contempt. Fourteen stations of the cross are indicated with the precision of a hair's breadth, and are commemorated with inscriptions which

CARRY NO CONVICTION.

To take a few haphazard. We have the spot where the cross was put on the shoulders of our Saviour; where He met His mother; where Simon of Cyrene was impressed to bear the cross; where Christ again sank under the weight—although an earlier station affirms He had been already relieved of it; where He was stripped, and where St. Veronica wiped the sweat from His brow. Trace line by line the contemporaneous record untainted by legend, and which alone is uncorrupted by the uncertain voice of tradition. I find not one syllable in support of several alleged incidents interpolated by a posthumous plagiarism, and I fail to find evidence which can localize some of the principal events which undoubtedly occurred. It is difficult to realize that even the present "Via Dolorosa," the route trod by Christ on His way to the crucifixion, was not expressly mentioned until the sixteenth century. Discussing with a devout Roman Catholic at Jerusalem the glaring falsehood of the legends, he fully pleaded to the charge, but his defence was—"Were we to admit to the uneducated the slightest doubt concerning the most important of the traditions, we might sow the seeds of scepticism, so we declare that they are all unquestionably true; and, after all, our falsehoods do no harm."

YET UNCONVINCED.

As a last resource I apply to the Convent of the "Sisters of Zion," into which is built part of the "Ecce Homo" arch, whence, it is said, Pilate showed our Saviour, to the populace. As a matter of fact it is all probability the remains of a Roman triumphal arch of the time of Hadrian. The lady who conducted me over the building was not only well informed and well educated, but was distinguished by certain charac-

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teristics of manner which belong only to the higher stratum of social life. I addressed her: "I am neither a scoffer nor a sceptic; I wish to be persuaded of the authenticity of the sites of the most momentous events of our Saviour's life. Will you please persuade me?" "Certainly," she eagerly answered, "and I am sure I shall succeed. This stone on which you are standing was once trod by Christ's feet. From that arch the Roman Governor exclaimed to the mob, 'Behold the Man!' This slab—it was barely twenty yards off—'was the place where He sank for the first time under the cross. This—'

"Stop," said I, interrupting her torrent of emotional eloquence, "this is not persuading, this is merely stating. Where is the authority and the evidence?" "Authority?" she hotly replied, "the authority of holy tradition. Evidence? Do you require mathematical proof ere you will believe in religion. Come," she said, rapidly leading me to the roof, and vehement with all the intrepidity of error, "and I will point out to you every point marking Christ's crucifixion." Jerusalem lay spread at our feet almost as clearly as though we had been "set on a pinnacle of the temple." "There," she indicated, "is where He met His mother. 'That incident is not recorded in the Bible,' I observed. 'There He sank for the seventh time.' 'I do not read in the Bible that He sank either once or seven times.' 'If He did not sink seven times, He certainly sank three. There St. Veronica—' 'The Bible says not a word about St. Veronica.'"

THE FINAL PROOF.

"Oh, the Bible, the Bible," she answered, out of all patience; "you cannot get beyond the Bible. Do you not believe in Holy Tradition and the Holy Fathers?" "No," I said sturdily, "I don't, and I don't believe in the statement that the dent in the stone in the Church of the Ascension was caused by our Saviour's foot." "Well, why not?" she said fiercely; "don't you believe in miracles? But I can show you one proof which you can only reject if you think yourself wiser than antiquarians, geologists and other men of science. It is established that these square stones which are built into these columns must have been placed in situation at least as far back as the Christian era, thus establishing the truth of what I have been telling you."

By now our bickering had become so sharp that I considered it judicious to ignore her non sequitur. So I thanked the lady for her guidance, and made my small present to the convent funds. Apparently surprised at the gift from such a son of Belial, she murmured a word of apology, and my reply may make clear to the reader the position of a fair-minded investigator. "My honored lady, forgive me if I have caused you to wax wroth. Need faith be sundered from intellect? You and I have enjoined to love, not only with heart and soul, but also with mind. I am disobeying the latter point if I do not exercise my reason. I did but ask you to help me; you surely do not think my efforts evil?" And she burst forth with surprised emotion: "God bless you, you are in the right path; go on; you must succeed at last." I forebore to indicate how paradoxical was her counsel; and we parted smilingly, almost affectionately.

FINAL IMPRESSIONS.

In the sense of general historical interest, Jerusalem with its environs is absolutely unequalled. The Mount of Olives, and Mount Zion, Kedron and Hinnom, Gethsemane and Sileam, Bethany, and Bethlehem, every hill and every vale, are all teeming with the association of events far more momentous and sacred than any others recorded in the world's history. Their exploration will amply repay every student of the Bible, and every educated traveller. If, in addition, he has both time and patience to carry his investigations beneath the modern superincumbent mass of rubble and decay, he will be rewarded by greatly increased interest. But to those whose main object is to intensify religious emotions by realizing details, I would say, "On the whole, better not go." The combinations of wild superstition and formalism leave impressions the reverse of pleasant. The depth of individual faith will not be deepened. The beauty of our Saviour's life and the suffering of His death, His mercies, and His miracles, will not be rendered more vivid to you by a pilgrimage to spots which are not only disfigured by filth and changed beyond recognition by time, but which are either very uncertain or palpably false; by being nauseated by silly traditions and worse than silly fables; by

lingering in a tiny rectangle, such as children use in make-believe play, into which are huddled perhaps a dozen historic events, where the garden of Christ's tomb is the size of a small room, and where Golgotha is on first floor, first turning to right." Christmas Day and Good Friday records will sound more solemn and true if you dismiss your attempted verifications and your realizations of odious sights, and revert to the more accurate pictures of your imagination.

TROLLEY UNDER CHANNEL.

The Tunnel Project Has Been Revived.

The close agreement which has been reached between Great Britain and France and the establishment of an entente cordiale has revived the idea of the building of a tunnel under the English Channel. M. Bretton, the engineer who had charge of the operations on the French side of the Channel, and subsequently paid a visit to the works at Sangatte, about seven miles on the coast west of Calais, under the shelter of Cape Blac Nez, states that a strong effort is being made to open work again. The French Channel tunnel works are on a scale which quite put into the shade the Channel tunnel works at the foot of Shakespeare's Cliff, Dover. The tunnel on the French side is constructed for about three-quarters of a mile under the sea in the grey chalk formation, and, except that water has been allowed to accumulate from the "weeping" of the unprotected strata, the tunnel is in practically the same condition as when the work was stopped some years ago. This is also the case with the tunnel heading at Dover, which runs about a mile to sea. M. Bretton said that it is proposed to make a double line through the tunnel, and the distance would be covered in about half-an-hour, electricity being the motive power. The tunnel could be driven at fifty feet a day and could be completed in from three to five years, according to circumstances. From the engineering point of view, M. Bretton thought the construction of a Channel tunnel would be comparatively simple.

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HE WOULDN'T SELL.

The owner of a small country estate decided to sell his property, and consulted an estate agent in the nearest town about the matter. After visiting the place the agent wrote a description of it, and submitted it to his client for approval.

"Read that again," said the owner, closing his eyes and leaning back in his chair contentedly.

After the second reading he was silent a few moments, and then said thoughtfully, "I don't think I'll sell I've been looking for that kind of place all my life, but until you read that description I didn't know I had it! No, I won't sell now."

Doctor—"My practice has now doubled." Friend—"So you have at last, then, your second patient?"

Jenkins—"Hobson must be dreadfully hard up just now. He has been at me three times this week asking me to return the five dollars he lent me six months ago."

CONTINUE

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