

## About the House

### SELECTED RECIPES.

Marshmallow fudge is a new invention in homemade sweets that commends itself not only by reason of its novelty, but also because it is not too rich a compound for the average mortal to eat a lot of. Cut a dozen or so marshmallows into small pieces, scatter them quickly over well-buttered plates, then pour over them all the regulation fudge mixture. Let this stand half a day before being disturbed.

At this time of year it is not always possible to furnish the table with fresh lettuce. Often the question of price comes in also, lettuce being very dear at times. There are dozens of good salads which are comparatively inexpensive, and which contain all the good qualities of the costliest. One of these is made of leeks and Bermuda onions. Three good sized leeks should be boiled until tender. Plunge them into cold water, rub off the skins, and cut them into Julienne slices. Slice two medium sized, or one large Bermuda onion into the thinnest of slices, sprinkle with salt, and pour over a little tarragon vinegar. Let them stand in the refrigerator for an hour or more. Drain them and mix the leeks and onions together in a salad bowl. Serve with a French dressing, and sprinkle paprika liberally over the top. The salad is the prettier for being served on lettuce leaves, but this is not necessary to make it extremely palatable.

Bermuda onion and watercress make a good combination either in a salad or a sandwich. The addition of a little horse radish gives an extra flavor to the combination. When the onion figures in a sandwich, scrape or mince it. In the salad slices are better.

Grape fruit salad is one of the most delicious in the catalogue, and it is not necessarily an extravagant salad. The fruit can be purchased in the large markets, or on downtown fruit stands at astonishingly low prices. Cut the fruit in slices, and with a sharp pointed knife cut close to the membrane in each section, and take out the pulp in plump pieces. One fruit of medium size will make enough salad for two persons. Make a French dressing, substituting lemon juice for vinegar, and paprika for pepper. Or make a delicate mayonnaise dressing, which is perhaps more suitable for the fruit. Pour the dressing over the fruit and mix very carefully with a silver fork. Serve on lettuce leaves which have been dressed with a French dressing. A very little lettuce will do.

Somerset Croquettes. — Melt three tablespoonsful of butter; rub into it three tablespoonsful of flour; then add two-thirds of a cup of milk, stirring all the while. When the boiling point is reached, add one-half cup of grated cheese and the yolks of two eggs. When the cheese is melted and the mixture is smooth take from the fire and add one

cup of mild cheese, cut into small cubes. Season with salt and cayenne, and spread on a shallow pan to cool. Shape into round croquettes, dip into egg and then into crumbs. Fry in deep fat until brown. Serve with the lettuce course on a folded napkin.

For Afternoon Tea.—Try these for afternoon tea. Take crackers—the old-fashioned kind that split easily. Split and soak ten minutes in cold water. Remove carefully to a tin pan. Put a large lump of butter on each, and place in a hot oven for twenty minutes. With the addition of a little grated cheese they are every good with salad. With a spoonful of jelly or jam they can be served with coffee for dessert. Their simple origin is never suspected. They are always supposed to be some particularly puffy sort of puff paste.

### HOW TO MIX PAINTS.

A correspondent asks a question on this subject, and we have no doubt there are numerous painters' manuals, or books of instruction, in existence, but many of these are not very reliable. We give the following table of compound colors, showing the simple colors which produce them, which may be of some service to our inquirer.

Buff—White, yellow ochre and red.  
Chestnut—Red, black and yellow.  
Chocolate—Raw umber, red and black.  
Claret—Red, umber and black.  
Copper—White, vermilion, blue and yellow.

Drab—White, yellow ochre, red and black.

Fawn—White, yellow ochre and red.

Flesh—White, yellow ochre and vermilion.

Freestone—Red, black, yellow ochre and white.

French Grey—White, Prussian blue and lake.

Grey—White lead and black.

Gold—White, stone ochre and red.

Green Bronze—Chrome green, black and yellow.

Green Pea—White and chrome green.

Lemon—White and light yellow.

Limestone—White, yellow ochre, black and red.

Olive—Yellow, blue, black and white.

Orange—Yellow and red.

Peach—White and vermilion.

Pearl—White, black and blue.

Pink—White, vermilion and lake.

Purple—Violet, with more red and white.

Rose—White and madder lake.

Sandstone—White, yellow ochre, black and red.

Snuff—Yellow and vandyke brown.

Violet—Red, blue and white.

In the above table the first named color is always the principal ingredient, and the others follow in the order of their importance. Thus in mixing a limestone tint, white is the principal ingredient, and the red of which the least is needed. The exact proportions of each must be determined by experiment with a smaller quantity. It is best to have the principal ingredient thick, and add to it the other paints thinner.

### WASTEFUL WAY OF SAVNG.

Do not try to save money by: Doing without your luncheon, even if only for once. This will injure your health.

Sewing in the twilight. Artificial light is cheaper than oculists' bills.

Wearing thin clothing. Flannel is cheaper than druggists' prices.

Using cheap soaps. It will cost you something in cold creams and suffering to remedy the harm it does.

Going about in thin shoes. Leather is cheaper than quinine and porous plasters, also than a case of pneumonia.

Trying to do the work of the upholsterer and the carpet layers. You may never feel like doing any work again.

Overworking. Nobody will thank you. You will be so cross that the very people for whom you are saving will hate you, and your husband will wish he had married a spendthrift.

HOUSEHOLD TIME-SAVERS.

Take time to teach toddling Johnnie to put away his drum, for it will save much picking up of ties, etc., later.

Take time to require tiny Marie to help mamma, for in after years it will be time gained.

Take time to hang the pot out of the way on its accreted nail, for thereby will a probable smutting be avoided.

Take time to have the stove at a convenient height, for you might have a walk instead of nursing your back.

Take time to study the effect of fried pork upon the digestion, for you may have to miss the concert because of your husband's ailments.

Take time to preserve your good looks, for the time that would otherwise be lost in worrying will be diminished by half.

Take time to read the latest book, for the absorbed frown of thoughtfulness that you must assume to deceive your visitor will require as much time to be eradicated.

Take plenty time to dress, for the chilling sensation that your pocket is open might cause you to overlook speaking to your sister-in-law, and the time lost in conciliating her will be much.

### ONE GOOD POINT.

"Hello, Rashleigh, I haven't seen you for a month. Where have you been?"

"In the hospital."

"Oh! whatever was the matter?"

"Col. Sulphur caught me stealing a kiss from his daughter."

"Whew-w-w! Going to have him arrested?"

"No, I don't think so. He was very kind and considerate after all."

"And laid you up in the hospital for a month?"

"Yes. But he telephoned for the ambulance for me."

Some people imagine that they are never talked about because they never hear it.

### THROUGH THE BUSH.

#### Terrible Experience of a Surveyor in South Africa.

From Oxford to Matabeleland is a long distance, and from the life of a college student to that of a surveyor in South Africa a far cry. A recent graduate of the English university tells of a dangerous and trying journey through the bush. The party of surveyors had met with various misfortunes, the greatest of which was the slaughter of most of their cattle by lions. Only two were left to draw the cart. The travelers had to journey by foot. In this fashion the party turned back toward their starting-place, Bulawayo.

Our provisions began to get low. We ran successively out of jam, corn, vegetables, coffee, sugar, and, what was more serious, our ammunition began to fail, and we were reduced to two cartridges a day. It was not yet hot enough to make "biltong," a dried meat, which keeps good for an indefinite time.

"Do you think you could steer a straight course through the bush?" the captain asked me one day.

I said I thought so.

The captain snorted a little contemptuously.

"I want you to go there," he said, pointing to a high range of kopjes five miles away. "Plant a large flag on the top of the highest hill you can find. It is to serve as the apex of the triangle we have been measuring. Start early to-morrow and guide yourself by the sun, allowing for its ascent and declination."

I started at dawn, carrying an axe, and a large roll of calico for the flag. I reached the kopjes shortly before noon, and after climbing with difficulty the great boulders, saw a higher range of the flag. On the top of this I planted the flag securely, and after resting a bit started on my return with a light heart.

I had been walking for about three hours when my first doubts assailed me. It was growing dusk. The kopjes stood behind me, rows on rows, all alike. There was no landmark to guide me. I was lost.

I wandered about for more than two hours. The sun went down and the moon came out. To be lost in the bush is a serious matter. Suddenly, in the stillness of the night, I heard a beautiful sound, like a high note drawn by a master on some old violin. It might have been a mile away, and it rose and fell plaintively on the breeze. It was a lion, lifting up his voice by a pool.

I proceeded in the opposite direction. Luckily it was the right one, and after a few miles I came upon traces of our last night's camp. I followed our wagon trail, and just as the sun rose came upon the party.

The captain met me with the information that the ammunition was gone. Later one of us discovered a cartridge in the bottom of the cart, and brought down a duck. That night we had dinner for the last time in six days. Afterward we were reduced to half a pound of flour a day, which we mixed in a gruel and boiled.

On the fourth day all our supplies were gone. The last two days are hardly a memory to me. I remember trudging beside the cart, hearing the crackling of the whip as the driver hurried the weary oxen over the veld. At last on the sixth day we saw the houses of the settlement in the mirage two feet above the level of the plain.

### A MOTHER'S DUTY.

#### She Should Carefully Guard the Health of Her Growing Daughter—Her Future Happiness Depends on the Change From Girlhood to Womanhood.

Every mother should watch with the greatest care the health of her growing daughter. She is a girl to-day—to-morrow a woman. The happy health of womanhood depends upon this vital change from girlhood. When nature makes new demands upon her blood supply, you must build up her blood with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Her system is unequal to that strain if her back aches, if she is pale or thin, dull-eyed or languid. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will give her new, rich, red blood and tide her over the crisis. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will make her development perfect and regular—they will make her a strong, happy, graceful woman. Miss Emerine Vilandre, St. Germain, Que., says: "While attending school my health began to give way. I suffered from headaches and dizziness, my appetite left me and I grew pale as a corpse. As the doctors did not help me any my father got me a supply of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Before I had used two boxes there was an improvement, and when I had taken a half a dozen I was again in perfect health. I believe all weak girls will find new health if they take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Thousands of growing girls, and thousands of women owe health and happiness to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They keep the blood rich and pure and regular. They banish headaches and sideaches and backaches, and they bring the rosy glow of perfect health to pale and sallow cheeks. But you must get the genuine with the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," on the wrapper around each box. Sold by all medicine dealers or sent by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

### AN UNSPEAKABLE LOSS.

"Pop!"  
"Yes, my son."  
"What is it a man loses and then can't tell what it is until he finds it?"  
"I really don't know, my boy."  
"Why, his breath!"

## Beyond Criticism....

# "SALADA"

CEYLON NATURAL GREEN TEA

is a perfectly pure tea of the highest quality.

LEAD PACKETS ONLY. 40c, 50c AND 60c PER LB. AT ALL GROCERS.

HIGHEST AWARD ST. LOUIS, 1904

## Is Man Worthy?

What has man, the individual, done to deserve all the happiness that crowds him round about?

There are buckwheat cakes on a frosty morning, oozing with butter and covered with an unctuous film of syrup. A fond delight! But for those buckwheat cakes: A farmer has slaved. A mill has turned. A cow has mooed. A churn has splashed. A tree was tapped. A train was moved. A grocer has bought and a cook has born.

Yea, and Science has labored, and Art has withered, and all for man to eat his cakes on a frosty morning, oozing with butter and covered with an unctuous film of syrup.

A wondrous thought!  
There is a miss clad in her best silk waist, sitting in a warm and darkened parlor with her lips upraised and eyes contentedly shut.

And for this joy: Cocooners were spun. Looms have trembled. Miners have toiled. Foundries have belched. Forests have fallen. A seamstress has sewed. A well was digged. A tank was filled. A bang was curled and a smile rehearsed.

Yea, and Hope has helped and pa was bundled off to sit in the kitchen, all that a miss may be in a warm and darkened parlor clad in her best silk waist (and sundries) with her lips upraised and eyes contentedly shut.

An overweening thought!  
There is a glass of toddy, steaming hot, with a knob of sugar in the bottom of it, while outside the cold wind howls and icy ferns are splashed upon the window panes.

Oh, bliss divine!  
And for this glass of toddy so steaming hot, with a knob of sugar in the bottom of it:

The grain was grown. The still was made. The worm was coiled. The fire was made. The steam was passed. The cane was cut. The juice was squeezed. The sugar was made. A dam was built. A pipe was laid. A faucet was placed. Ores were mined. A trade was learned. A kettle was made. A spoon was contrived. Sand did melt. Glass was blown. A tumbler was formed.

Yea, and poetry was bottled and raptures corked, and all that there might be in a glass of toddy, steaming hot, with a knob of sugar in the bottom of it, while outside the cold wind howls and icy ferns are splashed upon the window panes.

But is man worthy?  
There is one sitting after dinner in an easy chair with his hands clasped over his tummy, dreaming over a good cigar and twiddling his thumbs.

Dear comfort! And for this comfort: A boat was planned. A rake was made. Oysters were reaped. A sheep was raised. A knife was ground. The sheep was killed. A beef was fattened. A pole-axe was fashioned. Good-bye, Beefy. Wheat was sowed. Potatoes were replanted. Cauliflowers were sprouted, and a thousand others things were done.

Yea, and man fought and died and woman wrung her hands and wept—all that that individual man might sit after dinner in an easy chair with his hands clasped over his tummy, dreaming over a good cigar and twiddling his thumbs. Is man deserving?

But of all the joys that undeserving man inherits there is none (to our mind) so happy, so blissful, so joyous as that thrice blessed hour that intervenes between awakening and getting up 't th' morn.

Thou time benign!  
We half awake.

Through our drowsy consciousness we hear a rattle at the windows as the snow comes swirling down.

We smile and are off again at once. We find eighth's awake.

With our uncovered ear we listen to a remark that is the coldest day of the year.

Soporific.  
We three quarters awake.

Some one is calling us.

Enough. We doze off even as we listen.

We seven eights awake.

We hope that it is Sunday.

Once more we close our eyes.

But at last we are quite awake.

Immediately we determine to shake off dull sloth and early rise. We will be a sluggard no longer. Every morning we will get up at six o'clock and start the day right. How doth the little busy bee? We will put in a good hour's work before breakfast. We will take a two-mile trot before breakfast. We will turn over a new leaf. We will begin to-morrow morning.

We doze a bit.

Fried onions! Fried onions for breakfast. An epicurean feast. We think of those happy lands where they have hot

pie for the morning meal, but civilization is slow in reaching us. Fried onions. And (if we mistake not) there is butter-er: toast in the oven. Fried onions Fried. . . .

We doze again.

They are calling us. Pleasant sound. We will lie just another minute. Just one more. Now another. . . .

We come too with another start. Some one cries that breakfast is ready and waiting. We feel instinctively that they are misleading us—they want to get us up early and then they will laugh at us. They are full of such tricks. Many and many a time they have tried to fool use, but we are too wise. All the same they are disturbing us. We turn over.

What! 8 o'clock?

And if we get away half dressed and leave our breakfast (all except the onions and toast) we are willing to do so, knowing that we have received value, many times over.

Oh, morning hour! Oh, time benign! Sweet Land of Nod, what joys are thine! But is man worthy?

### ONE OF NATURE'S PRIZE FIGHTS.

#### A Battle Royal Between Wasp and Caterpillar.

A battle between a wasp and a caterpillar is no mean affair, according to a botanist, who watched an encounter. "Breathless with an excitement which will be understood by those who have tasted the joy of such a moment," he says, "I hung over the actors of the little drama. The ground was bare, we were close by, and could see every motion distinctly.

"The wasp attacked at once, but was rudely repulsed, the caterpillar rolling and unrolling itself rapidly, and with the most violent contortions of the whole body. Again and again its adversary descended, but failed to gain a hold. The caterpillar in its struggles, flung itself here and there over the ground, and had there been any grass or other covering near by it might have reached a place of partial safety. But there was no shelter within reach, and at the fifth attack the wasp succeeded in alighting over it, near the anterior end, and in grasping its body firmly in her mandibles. Standing high on her long legs, and disregarding the continued struggles of her victim, she lifted it from the ground, curved the end of her abdomen under its body, and darted her sting between the third and fourth segments. From this instant there was a complete cessation of movement on the part of the unfortunate caterpillar. Limb and heftless it could offer no further opposition to the will of its conqueror. For some moments the wasp remained motionless, and then, withdrawing her sting she plunged it successively between the third and the second and between the second and first segments."

### DELICATE FROM BIRTH.

In three words—"delicate from birth"—is expressed a world of anxieties suffered by mothers whose babies have had a bad start in life. For babies who are ailing, peevish, cross and unable to digest their food Baby's Own Tablets are invaluable. They act almost like magic and change cross, peevish children into smiling, happy babies. Mrs. J. W. Munroe, Sinaluta, N.W.T., says:—"I have used Baby's Own Tablets for two years and would not like to be without them. They have changed our weak, sickly baby into a fat, healthy little girl. I can warmly recommend the Tablets to other mothers." And mothers have a guarantee that the Tablets contain no poisonous "soothing" stuff, or harmful drug. They are absolutely safe and always do good. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

### IRRIGATION IN INDIA.

In magnitude and importance the state irrigation works in British India exceed those of any other country in the world. The success of the great irrigation dams recently constructed in India is ascribed to the genius and the long and extensive experience of the Indian engineers. Egypt has but one great river, but India has many which are utilized for irrigation purposes. Moreover, India has systems of irrigation from tanks and reservoirs inapplicable in Egypt. During 1903-4 state irrigation works of all kinds in India supplied water to more than 21,500,000 acres of land, which furnish crops of an estimated value of more than £27,500,000 sterling. The acreage just mentioned slightly exceeds that of the entire State of Maine. This takes no account of the wells and other private sources of irrigation. Including these, it is believed that the total artificially irrigated area of India falls but little short of the combined acreage of England, Wales and Scotland.

## Every Two Minutes

Physicians tell us that all the blood in a healthy human body passes through the heart once in every two minutes. If this action becomes irregular the whole body suffers. Poor health follows poor blood; Scott's Emulsion makes the blood pure. One reason why

## SCOTT'S EMULSION

is such a great aid is because it passes so quickly into the blood. It is partly digested before it enters the stomach; a double advantage in this. Less work for the stomach; quicker and more direct benefits. To get the greatest amount of good with the least possible effort is the desire of everyone in poor health. Scott's Emulsion does just that. A change for the better takes place even before you expect it.



We will send you a sample free.

Be sure that this picture in the form of a label is on the wrapper of every bottle of Emulsion you buy.

SCOTT & BOWNE  
Chemists  
Toronto, Ont.

50 cents and \$1.00  
All druggists