

About the House

COOKING GUINEA FOWLS.

This fowl is nearer to mild game than any domesticated birds, and though in many sections seldom used for food, is in reality very fine and as game at a much higher price. When people object to the game flavor, it can be removed by parboiling the fowl for a short time with slices of raw carrot in the water.

A guinea pie made exactly like chicken pie goes far ahead of it, though at first it seems strange to see a chicken pie with such a large proportion of dark meat. A guinea pot pie is also delicious, and can be made with dumplings dropped in while the fowl is cooking, or have the thickened gravy poured over hot biscuits which have been split and buttered.

The fowls can also be baked whole like chickens, being always placed breast down in the pan so that the juices will settle into the meaty breast, rather than in the bony back. They should be turned about twenty minutes before being taken from the oven in order to brown the breast nicely. Making a stuffing of breadcrumbs combined with chopped, hard-boiled eggs and the chopped giblets of the fowls. It is not necessary to stuff the fowls, but the dressing can be baked in another pan, being basted with gravy from the fowl. Less time is required to cook this fowl than any other, and if young it will not require more than an hour if the heat is steady.

When properly cooked the guinea is hard to distinguish from prairie chicken or partridge, the size of the fowl and color of the flesh adding to the illusion.

Pressed guinea is an attractive dish to serve cold, and is easily prepared. Cut the fowls in pieces as for stewing, and boil till the flesh can be easily taken from the bones. Keep dark and light meat separate, adding the heart, liver and gizzard, chopped, to the dark portion. Season well, then place in thin layers of dark and light meat, adding a little of the stock which has been well boiled down. Put under a heavy weight and when cold cut in slices, which will look very attractive on account of the contrast in color.

Smothered Guinea: Cut the fowls in pieces and place in a kettle with tight-fitting cover. For 3 fowls use 4 tablespoons butter, 1½ cups water and seasonings to taste. Stew slowly till tender, then remove the cover and place the kettle in a hot oven for half an hour. Thicken the gravy with flour and add ½ cup cream or thickened milk. Pour it over squares of toast or split biscuits and serve very hot.

For creamed guinea cut the fowl in pieces, sprinkle each one with salt and pepper and roll in flour. Put in a baking pan packed closely; dot thickly with bits of butter, add a cup of milk and bake for about an hour, or until the meat is very tender. After baking about

2-3 of the time turn the pieces over, dot with butter again, adding water as needed to keep the meat moist until it is done.

NUTRITIOUS BEEF HEART.

This is an article of food which is seldom seen on our tables, but it has the advantage of being not only nutritious but cheap. Many housekeepers know nothing about cooking it, and one farmer's wife we know always gives the heart away when they butcher, as she knows of no way to use it.

It makes the finest kind of meat for mince-meat, there being almost no waste, and when well cooked, it chops as easy as the apples used with it. The heart can be stuffed and baked in the following way, and is very good if baked slowly and basted often:

First wash it thoroughly to remove all the blood, and cut off the valves. These may be stewed in a little water with a slice of onion until the meat juice is extracted, and with the addition of a little butter and flour will make a gravy to serve with the heart. Before stuffing the heart, cut between the two cells, so as to make one space instead of two, then fill with a stuffing of breadcrumbs, onion and sage as for turkey.

Bake in a roaster or other covered dish for two or three hours, or until very tender. If baked in an open pan, care must be exercised that basting is done frequently, otherwise the heart will be dry.

A heart can also be braised, and those who are fond of the flavor of the various vegetables used will find this a very satisfactory way to use it. Put a large spoonful of butter in a shallow iron kettle or braising pan, add half an onion chopped fine, and set on the stove until the onion is fried to a pale brown. Then add ½ carrot sliced very thin, ½ can tomatoes and a small bay leaf. Lay the heart in the vessel, place over it 3 or 4 very thin slices of salt pork and pour over all half a cup of salted boiling water. Cover closely and place in an oven where it will cook slowly, leaving it there 5 or 6 hours.

When done, strain and thicken the gravy to use with it. In a small town there is little call for hearts and they can be bought very cheaply. In cities they cost more, but even then are cheap meat.

SELECTED RECIPES.

Steamed Cranberry Pudding No. 1.—Cream together one-half cup of butter and one cup of sugar, add gradually one cup of milk, and one and one-half pints of flour in which have been sifted three teaspoonfuls of baking powder and one teaspoon of salt. Lastly, stir in two well-beaten eggs and two cups of cranberries dredged with flour. Turn into a buttered mold, cover closely, and steam two hours. Serve hot with sweet sauce.

Cranberry pudding No. 2.—Sift together one pint of flour, half a teaspoonful of salt, and three teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Add milk to make a soft batter, stir in one cup of stiff cranberry sauce, and steam for one hour and a half. Serve with a cranberry sauce made as follows: Into one quart of boiling water stir one pint of granulated sugar and cook over the fire until thoroughly dissolved. Then add one quart of sound crushed cranberries, cook for five or ten minutes, strain through a colander to remove the skins, and serve at once.

Scrapple.—Clean, wash and crack one hog's head. Put it in with three pounds of lean pork and one pound of fat pork in a large kettle; cover with three gallons of cold water; bring to boiling point and skim. Cook slowly until the meat falls from the bones; with a skimmer take out the bones, and add to the meat three level teaspoonfuls of salt, a level teaspoonful of pepper, two tablespoonfuls of powdered sage, a tablespoonful of thyme, and then stir in sufficient corn meal to make a thin mush. This will require about one quart; cover the kettle and cook slowly, from two to three hours. The mixture should be thick enough to pour easily when it is done. Pour this into square molds or bread pans; stand aside to cool. When cold cut into slices, dust each slice with flour and fry in hot fat. Scrapple will keep in a cool place all winter, provided the top is covered with a little melted lard.

HINTS TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

Washing windows is unpleasant work in cold weather. A good plan is frequently to wipe off the inside of the glass with a dry cloth. It is surprising how much dust and smoke are removable. When using water it facilitates cleansing the glass to use a little washing soda and teaspoonful of alcohol to each pail of water. Polish with soft paper crushed in the hand, which leaves no lint on the glass, or with a chamois cloth.

If starched clothes are very stiff when brought in from the line, they will fold and get into shape with much less work if they are sprinkled and let lie in a heap for an hour or so before folding.

Frost may be kept from the window panes by rubbing the glass with a thin coating of glycerine.

Vegetable stains may be removed from the hands by rubbing with the inside of the peeling before washing the hands. It is literally true that a new broom sweeps clean. If a new broom is examined, the end of the straws will be found to be straight and the brush square. After it has been used awhile the ends split and become sharp, and the shape of the brush becomes irregular. To renew the youth of the broom dip it in hot soapsuds, and trim the softened straws to the proper shape.

That mud stains can be removed from silk if the spots are rubbed with a bit of flannel, or, if stubborn, with a piece of linen, wet with alcohol.

A shrewd man may be both wise and honest, but the odds are against his being either.

PHONOGRAPH WON ESTATE.

Son Had the Instrument Under Dying Father's Bed.

Alois Szabo, the son of a wealthy peasant of Szegedin, Hungary, who died recently, has been arrested for forging a will by means of a phonograph.

Shortly before the death of the father, the servants were called into his room and heard a voice proceeding from the bed say: "I leave all my property to my eldest son, Alois, and my other children are to get nothing."

As a verbal statement made by a testator when on the point of death, in the presence of witnesses, constitutes a valid will in Hungary, this disposition of the peasant's property was upheld in the courts.

A few days ago, however, Alois' mistress, with whom he had quarreled, informed the police that the voice the servants heard was not that of his father, but that Alois had spoken the words into a phonograph. He had placed the instrument under his father's bed, and when the old man had lost consciousness called the servants in and set it going.

The police searched his house, and found the phonograph record as described. Szabo is now to be charged with fraud.

SUFFERING WOMEN.

Find Health and Strength in the Use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Every growing girl and every woman nearing middle life suffers from ailments peculiar to her sex. At these times the health and happiness of every girl and woman depend upon the richness and regularity of her blood. Look at the young girl whose blood is weak and watery. Her face is pale, her lips and gums bloodless. Her head aches and her back aches. She has no energy, no life, a poor appetite and no desire for exercise. She complains that even to walk upstairs leaves her breathless. And the woman in middle life—she is nervous, irritable and depressed—liable to sudden attacks of pain and distress that only a woman knows of. She turns from food; horrible dizziness, hot and cold flushes, make her life miserable. But Dr. Williams' Pink Pills banish all this misery, because they fill the veins with rich, strong, healthy blood which gives tone and strength to every delicate organ. The case of Mrs. Geo. Danby, of Tilbury, Ont., is one of the many that prove that no medicine can compare with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in curing the ills of womankind. Mrs. Danby says: "I think Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a blessing to suffering women. For a long time I was a great sufferer from the ailments that affect so many of my sex. I was extremely nervous at all times, suffered a great deal with headaches and indigestion. In fact, I was in a thoroughly miserable condition when I began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, but after taking them a short time I began to improve, and, through their further use, I am now feeling like a new woman. I am sure if all sick women would take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills they would be convinced of the great good they can do."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills can make every ailing girl and suffering woman in the land strong and healthy if they are given a fair trial. But great care must be taken to see that you get the genuine pills with the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," on the wrapper around each box. Sold by all medicine dealers everywhere or sent by mail at 50c. a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

TEACHING ETIQUETTE.

"Madam," he began, as the door opened, "I am selling a new book on 'Etiquette and Deportment.'"

"Oh, you are," she responded. "Go down there and clean the mud off your feet!"

"Yes'm. As I was saying, ma'am, I am sell—"

"Take off your hat. Never address a strange lady at her door without removing your hat."

"Yes'm. Now, then, as I was saying—"

"Take your hands out of your pockets. No gentleman ever carries his hands there."

"Yes'm. Now, ma'am, this work on 'Etiquette and—'"

"Throw away your pipe. If a gentleman uses tobacco, he is careful not to disgust others by the habit."

"Yes'm. Now, ma'am, in calling your attention to this valuable—"

"Wait. Put that dirty handkerchief out of sight and use less grease on your hair in the future. Now you look a bit decent. You have a book on 'Etiquette and Deportment.' Very well, I don't want it. I am only the servant-girl. Go up the steps to the front door and talk with the lady of the house. She called me a downright, outright, no-doubt-about-it idiot this morning, and I think the book you're selling is just what she requires."

WORRIED MOTHERS.

Much of the worry which every mother of young children undergoes, would be spared if the mother kept Baby's Own Tablets on hand and gave an occasional dose when the child was fretful, cross or feverish. Nearly all the ailments of childhood can be traced to the stomach, bowels or teething. For these troubles no medicine can equal Baby's Own Tablets, and the mother has the guarantee of a government analyst that this medicine is absolutely safe. Mrs. Kenneth McInnis, Lakefield, Ont., says: "Baby's Own Tablets are a perfect medicine in every way. There will be no sickly children in the homes where they are used." Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

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AT ALL GROCERS

HIGHEST AWARD: ST. LOUIS, 1904.

FEATS OF RICH CRANKS

THE PECULIAR PASTIME OF A POLISH COUNT.

Italian Count Defied the Weather— Odd Garb of an English Gentleman.

In Vienna there is living to-day Count K—, a wealthy nobleman of Polish origin, who occupies a sumptuously furnished flat in the most fashionable part of the city. When he wants his servants he summons them by bugle calls, much to the annoyance of his neighbors. His favorite pastime is to hire an omnibus and, dressed like an ordinary driver, to drive his cumbersome vehicle wherever aristocratic equipages are thickest. He spends a fortune every year on the costliest of clothes, yet never wears any but the suits discarded by his valet; appears in the ball-room decked from head to heel in virgin white, with the exception of a black shirt and tie, and when he dines—always at one of the most exclusive of restaurants—he begins his meal with a cup of black coffee and, working his way backward, winds up with the soup.

It is but a short time since there died at Como a rich old man who was noted for a

VERY STRANGE ECCENTRICITY.

Although for years he had never been outside his grounds, he would proudly inform his visitors that he had that very day walked to certain villages in the neighborhood. What he actually did was this. Whenever he made up his mind to visit a distant village or town he made an estimate of the distance and covered it on foot on a carefully measured walking track in his grounds. When he wished to call on his friends in the district he would not only do it by proxy, but would conduct a conversation for hours by sending a servant to and fro with questions and answers.

A well-known Italian count who died recently at an advanced age, had for many years defied the weather by drinking a solution of camphor, which he considered an efficient substitute for clothes. Summer and winter alike he would sleep without a particle of covering and with the windows of his room thrown wide open, and would walk for hours in his garden on a bitterly cold day in the garment most people devote to night wear.

Not long ago, too, there lived near Hastings a gentleman whose eccentricities were very naturally excited considerable attention. Punctually at the stroke of noon each day he would appear in his front garden with a

GAYLY COLORED TURBAN

on his head, his feet shod with richly embroidered and jewelled sandals and with a coolie cloth round his waist; and, quite indifferent to the amusement he was providing for a crowd of spectators, would first pray aloud to the sun, "the father of light and good," and then prostrate himself before a quaint miniature temple in which was enshrined a grotesque idol with diamond eyes.

There is at Cape Breton a worthy and much married gentleman who has just taken his eighth wife to his heart and home. And a gruesome home it must be to greet a home-coming wife, for seven of its rooms, each painted in black and white and liberally garnished with skulls and crossbones, are dedicated to wives numbers one to seven. As the birthday of each of these departed spouses comes around the by no means disconsolate husband entertains his friends at dinner in the room specially devoted to her memory and improves the occasion by telling anecdotes to illustrate her many virtues.—London Tit-Bits.

BECAUSE MOTHER KNOWS.

A Custom in Most Households Which Should be Abolished.

The mother of the household sank into her rocking-chair, and folded her tired, patient hands in her lap. "I hope I shan't have to move for an hour," she said to the father of the family, in whose hands she had just placed a magazine he had hunted for in vain.

"I've done nothing but trot, trot, all day long, it seems to me. I wonder if every mother in this land is expected to know where everything is, and find it if she doesn't know?"

"I believe it is the usual custom," said her husband, dreamily, already more than half lost in the article on X-rays.

"Well, it's a poor custom," said the mother, wearily. "All day long I hear, 'Mother, where's my hat?' 'Mother, where did I leave my drawing-pencils?' 'Mother, what have you done with my music-roll?' 'Mother, where's my fishing-rod gone?' 'Mother, where did you put my fancy-work?' 'Mother, what magazine was that story in, and who had it last?'"

The leaves of one magazine rustled,

and the father's face was hidden behind them.

"I believe they think I have some way of knowing where things are that I've never even seen," the mother went on, smiling in spite of her wrongs, "for they ask me—"

"Mother!" came a boyish shout from the head of the stairs. "Ed and I are in an awful hurry to go in town, and we can't find our heavy gloves. Do you know where they are?"

"Ed's are in his second drawer on the left, where they belong; he left them in the dining-room," called the mother, without a second's hesitation. "I haven't seen yours, but why don't you look in the pockets of your old coat that you wore on that long drive with your father the other night?"

There was a sound of hurrying feet overhead, and then a joyful whoop. "Got 'em all right, mother!"

The father's face appeared above his magazine.

"Does it ever occur to you that you give the family some slight reason to think you have an inexhaustible fund of wisdom as well as a bureau of information in regard to articles lost, strayed or stolen?" he asked, in a carefully impartial tone.

GOOD ADVICE TOO.

"Sir," he said, as he stalked into the clergyman's study, "you are the man who tied the knot, I believe."

"I beg your pardon," said the clergyman, looking up from his sermon.

"You performed the marriage ceremony for me, didn't you?"

"Yes, certainly, Mr. Willings. What may I ask—"

"Then you know what the rights of a husband are?"

"Why, yes, in a general way."

"And the rights of a wife?"

"Of course."

"Well, now, sir, said the caller, drawing a chair up to the clergyman's desk and taking a seat, "has a wife a license to torture her husband?"

"Certainly not."

"If she makes his life miserable he has redress, of course?"

"Yes; but I should advise—"

"Never mind your advice now. We'll come to that later. My wife complains that I don't shave often enough."

"Oh, that's a small matter."

"Is it, sir? Is it? Just wait! I told her that was my affair, and then she taught the children to cry when I kissed them, so that she could say that my rough chin hurt them."

"That hardly showed a Christian—"

"Wait a minute! Yesterday morning I found them playing with a cylinder of a broken music box. You know how that seems to the touch?"

"Certainly."

"Well, she'd taught them to call it 'papa's chin.'"

"Really, sir, I must admit—"

"Wait till I'm finished. To-day one of them got up on my knee, passed his hand over my chin, and called it 'Papa's music-box.' Now, sir, I ask of you as a Christian man and as the man who tied the knot, what shall I do?"

"Get shaved," replied the clergyman, softly, as he returned to his work.

FOOD AND STUDY.

A College Man's Experience.

"All through my high school course and first year in college," writes an ambitious young man, "I struggled with my studies on a diet of greasy, pasty foods, being especially fond of cakes and fried things. My system got into a state of general disorder and it was difficult for me to apply myself to school work with any degree of satisfaction. I tried different medicines and food preparations but did not seem able to correct the difficulty.

"Then my attention was called to Grape-Nuts food and I sampled it. I had to do something, so I just buckled down to a rigid observance of the directions on the package, and in less than no time began to feel better. In a few weeks my strength was restored, my weight had increased, I had a clearer head and felt better in every particular. My work was simply sport to what it was formerly.

"My sister's health was badly run down and she had become so nervous that she could not attend to her music. She went on Grape-Nuts and had the same remarkable experience that I had. Then my brother, Frank, who is in the postoffice department at Washington city and had been trying to do brain work on greasy foods, cakes and all that, joined the Grape-Nuts army. I showed him what it was and could do and from a broken-down condition he has developed into a hearty and efficient man.

"Besides these I could give account of numbers of my fellow-students who have made visible improvement mentally and physically by the use of this food." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

"There's a reason. Read the little book, 'The Road to Wellville,' in pkgs.

For Thin Babies

Fat is of great account to a baby; that is why babies are fat. If your baby is scrawny, Scott's Emulsion is what he wants. The healthy baby stores as fat what it does not need immediately for bone and muscle. Fat babies are happy; they do not cry; they are rich; their fat is laid up for time of need. They are happy because they are comfortable. The fat surrounds their little nerves and cushions them. When they are scrawny those nerves are hurt at every ungentle touch. They delight in Scott's Emulsion. It is as sweet as wholesome to them.

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