

About the House

SAUCES AND GRAVIES.

The appearance and preparation of sauces are of the highest importance. Brown sauces should not be as thick as white and should possess a decided character, so that whether sweet or sharp, plain or savory, they should bear out their names. Care is also to be taken that they blend and harmonize with the various dishes they are to accompany.

White Sauce.—Put into one pint of milk two or three mushrooms, one onion and a carrot cut into pieces, one bundle of sweet herbs, whole pepper, and salt to taste, a few cloves, and a little mace. Let the whole gently simmer for about an hour. Put one ounce of butter into a saucepan and stir on the fire until it thickens. Finish by stirring in one egg cream.

Horseradish Sauce.—Two ounces of horseradish, six tablespoonfuls milk or cream, three dessert spoonfuls vinegar, one tablespoonful sugar, one-half dozen peppers. Grate the horseradish, mix it with salt, sugar and pepper. Add the cream or milk gradually, and heat the whole over the fire, stirring well all the time. If allowed to boil it will spoil. Serve with hot roast beef.

Savory Gravy Thick.—One onion, butter, a tablespoonful of flour, one-half pint of broth or stock, pepper, salt, a small quantity of Worcester sauce. Mince an onion fine, fry it in butter to a dark brown, and stir in a tablespoonful of flour. After one minute add one-half pint of broth or stock, pepper and salt, and a small quantity of Worcester sauce.

Dutch Sauce.—Three tablespoonfuls vinegar, one pound butter, yolks of two eggs, pepper, and salt. Put the three spoonfuls of vinegar in a saucepan and reduce it on the fire to a third. Add one-fourth pound butter and the yolks of two eggs. Place the saucepan on a slow fire, stir the contents continuously, and as fast as the butter melts add more until one pound is used. If the sauce becomes too thick at any time during the process add a tablespoonful of cold water and continue stirring. Then put in pepper and salt to taste and take great care not to let the sauce boil. When it is made put the saucepan containing it into another filled with warm—not boiling—water until the time for serving.

Fennel Sauce.—Fennel, three ounces of butter, flour, pepper, and salt, yolks of two eggs, juice of one lemon. Blanch a small quantity of fennel in boiling salted water; take it out, dry it in a cloth, and chop it fine; melt three ounces of fresh butter, add a little more than a tablespoonful of flour, mix well, and put in pepper and salt to taste and about a pint of hot water. Stir on the fire till the sauce thickens, then stir in the yolks of two eggs beaten up with the juice of a lemon and strained. Add plenty of chopped fennel and serve.

Sauce for Fish.—Maitre d'Hotel butter is prepared by mixing together cold one tablespoonful each of butter and finely chopped parsley. Add one teaspoonful of lemon juice and a little pepper and salt. Work well together and when ready to serve the fish spread it generously with the butter and set the dish in the mouth of the oven for a minute or two. The parsley must be as fine as powder.

Onion Sauce, Brown.—Two ounces butter, a little more than one-half a pint of rich gravy, six large onions, pepper and salt. Put into your stewpan the onions, sliced, fry them of a light-colored brown with two ounces of butter; keep them stirred well to prevent them turning black. As soon as they are of a rich color pour over the gravy and simmer gently until tender. Skim off all fat, add seasoning, and rub the whole through a sieve, then put in a saucepan and when it boils serve.

Caper Sauce.—Two ounces of butter, one tablespoonful flour, one pint stock, pepper and salt, Worcester sauce, and capers. Put two ounces of butter and one tablespoonful flour into a saucepan. Stir the mixture on the fire until it acquires a brown color, add a little less than one pint of boiling stock, free from fat. Season with salt and pepper and add a little Worcester sauce. When the sauce boils throw in plenty of capers. Let it boil once more, and it is ready.

Chestnut Sauce.—Remove the outer shell from some fine chestnuts, scald them in boiling water, and remove the inner skin. Stew them in good white stock until quite tender, drain, and while hot press them through a sieve. Put the pulp into a saucepan, add a small piece of butter, a little sugar, pepper, and salt. Stir over the fire till quite hot, but do not let it boil, and serve.

POTATOES.

Fried Potato Cake.—Take one pint of cold mashed potatoes, season with a saltspoonful of salt, half as much pepper, and a tablespoonful of butter; add the beaten whites of two eggs, mix them all well together, make them into small balls, and flatten them; dip them in the yolk of an egg, then in flour, and fry brown in butter.

Stewed Potatoes.—Eight medium-sized potatoes, cut in squares, boiled done and drained. Have ready in a saucepan one pint of milk, one ounce of butter, and a little parsley chopped. When milk has come to a boil turn in the potatoes and boil up again. Then stir in the beaten yolk of an egg and

some pepper. Serve hot. Good for breakfast.

Potatoes and Cheese.—Two pounds of potatoes, two ounces of Parmesan cheese, three ounces of butter, one-half saltspoonful of salt and paprika. Mash potatoes and pass through a sieve, add the butter and cheese, and mix together. Fill shells with the mixture, and brown them in a quick oven. Brush them over with melted cheese and butter, return to the oven one minute and serve hot.

New Potatoes.—Rub the skin off three pints of new potatoes and wash in cold water. Put to cook in boiling water; in twenty minutes drain off the water and let them dry for a few minutes; dredge them with flour, put in a table-spoonful of butter, stir gently, and add a cup of cream, a saltspoonful of salt and half as much pepper; shake the saucepan until they thicken and turn them into a hot dish.

Lyonnais Potatoes.—Put in a frying pan two tablespoonfuls of butter and fry an onion, chopped fine, about half done. Then add one quart of cold-boiled potatoes, sliced, two more table-spoonfuls of butter, a tablespoonful of chopped parsley, salt and pepper to taste. Toss them gently till a light brown, and serve hot.

Duchess Potatoes.—Boil, mash, and beat till light six medium-sized potatoes; add seasoning of one teaspoonful of butter, one egg, well beaten, a little chopped parsley, a little onion, salt and pepper. Mix all well together, form into balls or cakes, then roll in flour and brown in boiling lard.

USEFUL HINTS.

For the Stove.—A teaspoonful of sugar to the stove blacking will add a material lustre to the stove.

A Shoe Polish.—All kinds of leather shoes can be cleaned and polished with milk, which should be put on generously, allowed to dry, then polished with dry flannel. Rubber-soled tennis shoes have proved most desirable in which to do housework, as they save both noise and jar.

To Clean White Gloves.—Put them on the hands, then rub well all over with fuller's earth. Dust this off with a dry flannel, and rub again with French chalk and sifted bran mixed in equal proportions. Repeat the whole process if necessary.

Sweeping.—Before sweeping rooms the floors should be strewn with a good amount of wet newspapers wrung nearly dry and torn in pieces, or fresh-cut grass. These collect the dust and do not soil the carpet.

White Gloves Transformed.—While gloves that have got beyond cleaning can be painted over with saffron water two or three times, and transformed into tan. Let them get thoroughly dry between each application, and don't wet them much.

HINTS FOR MOTHERS.

Don't expect children to be beautiful unless they are healthy, happy, and contented.

Don't hang heavy curtains at the windows; let the sunshine pour in.

Don't have any carpets on the bedroom floors; use rugs instead. Have few hangings and fewer ornaments.

Don't comb a child's hair too much. Brush it carefully with a soft brush.

Don't think a child can have brightness of eyes, clearness, softness, and smoothness of skin without good food, though it should be only of a plain kind.

SHATTERED NERVES.

Made Strong and Steady by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

When your nerves are out of order your whole health is on the verge of a break-down. Sudden sounds startle you; your muscles twitch and your hands tremble; your self-control is shattered; your will-power gone. Your head aches; your feet are often cold and your face flushed. Your heart jumps and thumps at the least excitement; you are restless at night and tired when you wake. Your temper is irritable and you feel utterly down-hearted. And the whole trouble is because your blood is too thin and watery to keep the nerves strong. There is only one way to have strong, healthy nerves—feed them with the rich, red blood that only Dr. Williams' Pink Pills can make—and do make. Mr. Fred Forth, 17 Sullivan street, Toronto, says:—"I was a complete wreck with nervous prostration, but Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have made a new man of me. I had been nervous for years; the least noise would startle me, and the least exertion would leave me utterly prostrated. I lost in weight, and physically I was almost a wreck. I had not taken the pills long when I found they were helping me; my appetite improved, my nerves began to grow steady, and day by day I gained until I was again a well man. My weight increased twenty-five pounds while I was using the pills. To any who suffer as I did, I can say that if Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are given a fair trial, a cure will be sure to follow."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills restored Mr. Forth, simply because they made the rich, pure blood which properly nourishes the nerves and keeps them strong. They will cure all the diseases due to bad blood and shattered nerves, such as anaemia, indigestion, headaches and backaches, rheumatism, lumbago, St. Vitus dance, paralysis, general weakness and the secret ailments of growing girls and women. But you must always insist on getting the genuine pills with the full name Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People on the wrapper around each box. Sold by medicine dealers or sent direct by mail at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50 by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

A Broken Idol

I.

"Has Solomon spoke yet?" One grimy giant stoking the furnace for the castings asked the question of another. The other, a taciturn Scotsman, grunted out a curt reply in the negative, and, opening the furnace door with his pole, flooded the place with light.

It was Friday night. The clock in the front shop pointed to the quarter before five. In another ten minutes or so the men engaged at the engineering works of John H. Ransom & Co. would be paid off for the week. The money was already neatly done up in little paper bags with the name of the firm on them, and stacked in little rows in the office. Sandy MacTavish, having temporarily finished with the furnace, caught his "mate" in the act of getting into his coat. He looked at him in silent fury and burst into Scotch expletive.

"Ay, dinna work a minut ower lang. A loon like you has michtie important beens outside the shop. It wants ten minutes to the oor. If those bits o' piping are not staked—"

The boy fled from him in dismay. The bits of piping measured six feet in length and more, and he was due to play the cornet in a church band at six o'clock. He refused to touch the piping, and Sandy swore at him more lustily than before. Another man walking through the casting shed laughed as he listened to it all. It was Sandy's way of licking the boys into shape.

Ronald Leslie, foreman fitter at Ransom's, came and stood beside the furnace, too.

"What's the row, Sandy?" he said.

"Ronald, my lad," said the old man, "it's the old story; the young lads are not worth their salt. It's come in late if you can, go away early, sleep in the cupboard or on the roof whenever you think the old man's back is turned. Is that the way to keep your job, I'd like to know?"

"Your job!" said Ronald, with a shrug. "What's your job worth when you've kept it? Thirty-eight shillings a week won't keep a man out of the workhouse when he's old. Your job! The job that takes all your waking time, that gives no leisure to think, that—"

"That wina let you sit down and spend your days fiddlin' wi' a toy that has nae mair sense in it than my pole."

Leslie did not speak. Instead, he started into the heart of the furnace. It may have been that he saw the realization of his dream there.

"The idea's good," he said, "and if I could patent it—"

"And if you could get any firm to take it up and work it for you. You canna do it, Ronald Leslie. And why? The thing's been tried before, man. You've got brains in your head. Canna you see that you're throwin' away time and money, and brakin' a woman's heart?"

The clock had struck now. The men from the brass shop came clattering down the stairs. Sandy got himself into his coat.

"It's not only thirty-eight shillings a week you're throwin' away Ronald, mind you that."

He went to claim his money, and Ronald Leslie kicked at the scraps of iron and steel that strewed the floor.

"Give it up?" he said. "I can't do it. The thing possesses me. I can't give it up. I must go on."

He went out into the darkness of the night and swung himself on to an electric car which would take him to his home in Walton, where most of the Ransom's men lived. Usually the time occupied by his journey was given over to his invention, but to-night a new thought chased the other away. "Breaking a woman's heart! What absurd nonsense! Why, Maggie was just as eager as himself. There would be no need to stint the housekeeping when his idea was taken up and every ship in Liverpool carried Leslie's steering gear. Sandy MacTavish was an old fool who didn't know what he was talking about. Who would win if no one ventured? How was anyone to get on sticking to the old grind?"

The car drew up with a jerk. Ronald walked up the street to his home—a little house, one of a row of other little houses, each the replica of the other. Ronald Leslie let himself in with his latch-key, and groped in the gloom of the narrow, unlighted hall. The Leslie's house had a kitchen and a front parlor. Both were usually lighted up before the return of the head of the family. Ronald stumbled towards the kitchen in the dark. That also was unlighted except for one solitary candle on the dresser. A woman who hushed a fretful child in her arms did not look up as her husband came in. This, too, was unusual. Maggie Leslie always met her lad on the threshold of his home.

"What's the matter?" said Ronald. "Why isn't the gas lighted?"

"We haven't paid the rate," said Maggie in a dull voice. "They've cut it off."

To do her justice, she tried hard to keep reproach out of her voice. Ronald was a good husband, and she was proud of his invention—the great invention that was going to do such wonders, as he was himself. But when you've two children who want shelter and food and fire, and when you see money being spent on a lifeless, inanimate piece of steel and iron, when your dress is worn beyond recognition, and when your jack-

A Glass of Iced

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et is too shabby to go out, how can you help saying "things" then.

"Perhaps you won't mind getting your own tea," said Maggie. "There's some bacon in the cupboard. It's all I've got."

Ronald kicked off his boots and pulled a chair to the fire and looked at the boy asleep on his wife's knee.

"What's the matter with Laddie?" he said.

"I don't know," said Maggie. "He's feverish. I'd take him to the doctor if I could."

They looked at each other. They were young. They had loved each other dearly, but something had come between them. It was the thing that occupied the table in the front parlor, and at which Ronald worked in all his leisure. Ronald was going away for the week-end to see some shipowner in Glasgow about his gear. If he paid the water-rate he wouldn't have enough for his journey, and for the twelfth time he told himself that it was his great chance. Maggie pleaded mutely with him, and pleaded in vain.

"The shop is shut to-morrow," he said; "we've got a day off. I'm going to Glasgow by the midnight train."

II.

A woman fought the rebellion in her heart. What was a man's ambition to her—of what use the fortune that might come to them some day when her child lay dying? Laddie was worse. The doctor who had been hastily summoned had declared it to be pneumonia, and had said he had been called in too late. The boy panted on his pillows, eased only when his mother carried him, wrapped in blankets, up and down the room. He was a dear burden; but he was two years old, and Margaret Leslie was worn with watching and with the incessant toil of her own household work. She sank into a chair and her eyes held defiance and rejection of an accepted lot. Margaret was a good woman—rebellion did not come easily to her; a prayer broke from her now.

"Help me not to hate him," she murmured; "help me not to blame him for this!"

Ronald's visit to Glasgow had been, as usual, a futile effort. The shipowner had accorded him a five minutes' interview, and had told him that his idea was no good. He had come home raging against the stupidity of men and money. The grumble was an old one. For once Margaret had met it with indifference, almost with disdain. This idea of his that he was a genius with an invention that would revolutionize the world of ships driven by steam was the curse of their lives. Ronald Leslie was no genius, merely a level-headed, plodding man who despised the only ladder that would enable him to rise in the world—the monotonous daily grind.

He came in from his work now and stood at the door of the room, still in his brow overalls, wearing his fitter's cap on his head.

"Better?" he asked. There was anxiety in his voice.

"Worse," she answered. "We can't keep him. My boy must go!"

Her eyes were tearless; there would be plenty of time to cry later on. Leslie came over to her and touched her hand. She flung it off. Rising, she faced him, holding the child against her heart.

"You don't care!" she said. "What are we to you, him and me, in comparison with that thing downstairs? It's a devil, that thing; it's turning a good man into a brute. Oh, I don't want to say it, I don't want to say it, but it's true! You have forgotten to love me—your wife; you have let your child die!"

Laddie stirred in her arms; she carried him to the bed and laid him there, watching the grey shadows creep over his face. Sobs rent her. The child, beloved by them both, had been sacrificed to an idea. Leslie stared at her like a man in a dream, and then, as if he had no right there, he turned and left them, creeping as noiselessly as he could down the stairs.

The street in which the Leslies lived was badly lighted. No one saw Ronald come out of the house staggering under the burden in his arms. It was heavy, the thing he carried, weighted with the lead of a man's lost years, an idol to which love and duty had been sacrificed.

We like best to call

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a food because it stands so emphatically for perfect nutrition. And yet in the matter of restoring appetite, of giving new strength to the tissues, especially to the nerves, its action is that of a medicine.

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50c and \$1.00; all druggists.

—the false god of a man's imagined genius—swept from the pedestal at last. Ronald Leslie walked slowly to the piece of waste ground near the brickfields, where the sound of his hammer would not be heard.

He looked at it lying at his feet. Where was the fortune it should have brought? Where, even, was the weekly wage that he had earned for years now? Buried there—that useless silent toy, the model of the engine that should have revolutionized the world, representing ten of the best years of a man's life.

The hammer fell—the idol was shattered. Ronald Leslie kicked the scraps of brass out of his path.

"Lie there," he said, "unburied and forgotten. Let me not think of the lies you have whispered to me, of the false promises that have beckoned me along a road I had no right to tread. Only the fool never repents of his folly!"

He stood a moment in the darkness, and light came to him. It was a new and different Ronald Leslie who entered the house on his return.

He climbed up the stairs again; the light was still burning in the little front room, a woman still knelt beside the bed. It was all so still and quiet that he hesitated, stricken with a new fear. Had the Angel of Death touched the door-post even while he had been away? Entering, he lifted his wife from the ground. His voice was tender when he spoke.

"Margaret!" he said. "Meg! My wife! It was the little tender name of their courting days. Maggie's arms stole round his neck; he felt the tears on her cheek as she pressed her face to his.

"He is better," she whispered. Her voice broke in a sob. "He fell asleep soon after you left. Ronald, forgive me all I said."

Dear human love—that is a man's reward here for every lost hope and dead ambition. Ronald Leslie comforted the sobbing woman in his arms.

"I have smashed it," he told her. "Maggie, you will never see the thing you hated so fiercely and so well. I've smashed it; it was no good. I've been a fool!"

She looked up at him; he could see that her regret was deeper than his own.

"Oh, Ronald," she said, "it was the treasure of the world to you!"

He stooped and kissed her, his voice was tremulous when he spoke.

"God has been good to me," he said. "The treasure of the world is here!" — London Answers.

HAVE YOU A CLAY PENCIL?

Plumbago Now Undergoes a Number of Processes.

Pencil manufacturing is not so simple a matter as it was formerly. The "lead" originally used was pure plumbago, a mineral hewn or sawn from the earth in great blocks which only needed cutting into thin strips to be ready for use.

Plumbago now is ground and mixed with finely-pulverized clay. For hard pencils the mixture is one part plumbago to two parts of clay. The softer the pencil, the greater the proportion of plumbago.

The mixture is "thinned" with water, and repeatedly ground until it is perfectly smooth. It is then placed in canvas bags and squeezed by machinery until enough water has been removed to leave a tenacious, dough-like mass.

This "dough" is placed in a strong steel cylinder, one end of which is perforated with holes of the same size as the leads which it is desired to make. The pressure of a piston forces the "dough" out through the holes in long strings, which are laid in grooved boards to dry.

The next step is the tempering of the leads by heating to a red heat. By this process the hardness or softness of the pencils is still further modified, and impurities are ured out. The little strips of plumbago-clay are now ready for their wooden cases.

ABOUT VALUABLE STONES.

The black diamond is so hard that it cannot be polished.

An uncut diamond looks very much like a bit of gum arabic.

The diamond, in sufficient heat, will burn like a piece of charcoal.

The island of Ceylon is the most remarkable gem depository in the world.

The carat used in estimating the weight of gems is a grain of Indian wheat.

When a fine ruby is found in Burmah a procession of elephants, grandees and soldiers escorts it to the King's palace.

The sapphire which adorns the summit of the English crown is the same that Edward the Confessor wore in his ring.