

HOME.

CHICKEN WITH DRESSING.

Soak one-fourth box of gelatin in one-fourth cupful of cold chicken stock, then dissolve in three-fourths cupful of hot chicken stock, highly seasoned, and strain. When the mixture begins to thicken beat, using an egg beater, until frothy, then add one cup of heavy cream beaten until stiff and one cupful of cold cooked chicken, cut in dice. Season with salt and pepper. Turn into quarter pound baking powder tins, first dipped in cold water, and chill.

Dressing—Soak one and one-half teaspoonfuls of gelatin in two tablespoonfuls of cold water until soft, dissolve by standing in hot water, then strain. Beat the yolks of two eggs, and add one teaspoonful of salt, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of sugar, one-fourth teaspoonful of pepper, a few grains of cayenne, one teaspoonful of mustard, one-fourth cupful of lemon juice, and one-half cupful of hot cream. Cook over hot water until mixture thickens stirring constantly, then add one and one-half tablespoonfuls of butter and the gelatin. Add mixture gradually to the whites of the two eggs beaten until stiff and when cold fold in one-half cupful of cream beaten until stiff. Mold and chill.

Turn chicken cream from molds, cut in one inch slices and arrange on lettuce leaves. Put a spoonful of salad dressing on each slice and garnish with one-half English walnut meat. Cut enough celery pieces to make three cupfuls. Break into pieces one cupful of pecan or walnut meats, and brown in a moderate oven. Mix celery and nut meats, sprinkling with one-half teaspoonful of salt, and add to one-half the salad dressing. Surround each slice of chicken cream with celery and nut mixture. This is an extremely choice and delicious recipe.

BREADS.

Salt Rising Bread.—Bring to the boiling point one-half pint of new milk and one and one-half pints of water; pour this boiling hot over three table-spoons of cornmeal, add a pinch of salt, and let stand over night in a covered vessel. In the morning stir in flour enough to make a stiff batter and beat hard; place vessel in warm water and let rise; in making up the bread put in a little lard, salt, and sugar to taste, mold into loaves, and let rise again, and bake forty-five minutes. I have tried many recipes for salt-rising bread and find this one the only sure one. This recipe makes four white loaves, soft, delicious, and healthy.

J. B.

Light Buns.—Set sponge for bread at noon. Before going to bed take out about one quart of the sponge, add one egg, one-half cupful of sugar, a lump of shortening the size of an egg, and knead. In the morning mold into biscuit, let raise until light, and bake. When done touch over lightly with butter. This makes the crust tender. These buns are delicious and enjoyed by ever one.

PINEAPPLE.

Pineapple Pie.—Line a pieplate with a good crust, grate one pineapple, take one cupful of sugar, half a cupful of butter, one cupful of cream, five eggs, the whites beaten to a stiff froth; cream the butter and sugar and yolks of the eggs until light; add the pineapple, cream, and the whites of the eggs. Pour this mixture in the crust and bake in a slow oven. To be eaten when cold.

Pineapple Shortcake.—Put the pineapple to be used through a food chopper. To the juice and pulp add the juice of half a lemon and half a cupful of sugar. Let it stand for an hour or longer before using. Around individual short-cakes of rich biscuit dough, unsweetened, range circular pieces of thinly sliced oranges, taking care to remove every shred from the outside and center of the oranges. Over all pour the pineapple mixture. The flavor of the pineapple is much improved and enriched by the addition of lemon and sugar to taste.

CHEESE DAINTIES.

Make a pie crust of two cupfuls of flour to two heaping tablespoonfuls of lard and one-third teaspoonful of salt and water. Roll half of pie crust. Sprinkle with flour,

spread scantily with soft butter. Place little dots of cheese no larger than a half pea about an inch apart all over crust. Take a pinch of salt between thumb and finger, and sprinkle a little on each cheese dot. Roll the rest of the pie crust. Place it over the prepared crust, pressing slightly. Cut in two inch squares, prick with a fork and bake.

Cheese Meat.—Make a batter quite thick of one pint of flour, one and one-half teaspoonful of baking powder, salt and pepper, and milk. Cut cheese one-fourth inch thick in inch squares. Dip the cheese in the batter, covering thickly. Have ready hot butter and lard, half and half. With a tablespoon drop the dipped cheese squares in the hot fat, leaving room to spread. Fry quickly, turning to brown each side.

FAVORITE DISHES.

Green Peppers.—Cut tops from six green peppers, scrape out the insides, and let stand in cold water one-half hour, then wipe dry and fill with the following mixture: One cup of cold boiled rice, one-half cup of grated cheese, one-half cup of chopped nuts, one-fourth teaspoonful salt, a dash of cayenne pepper. Bake in a moderate oven thirty minutes. Serve with boiled lamb chops, garnished with diced cold beets.

Fruit Filling.—Stir one tablespoonful of flour, one-third cup of butter, a scant cup of sugar into the beaten yolks of four eggs. Set this in a pan of hot water, heat thoroughly, but do not boil, then add one small can of grated pineapple, five cents' worth of shredded coconut. Put this in stove and cook until thick. Set off and let get cold before spreading on the layers of the cake. This is a most delicious filling.

BANANAS.

Banana Salad.—Pare the bananas, cut into halves, and dip each half into a rich mayonnaise dressing. While the fruit is still moist with the dressing lay it into a dish of finely chopped nut meat and lay each banana on a clean lettuce leaf, adding a border of nut meats or salted almonds.

Baked Bananas.—Peel six bananas and place in an agate baking pan. Mix one-third of a cupful of sugar with two tablespoonfuls of lemon juice and two tablespoonfuls of melted butter. Pour this over the bananas and bake twenty minutes in a slow oven, take out, turn out into a dish and set away to cool. Serve with whipped cream.

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"MOTHER'S WAYS"

Martha was frying doughnuts. She bent her slender form back to escape the sizzling, sputtering heat, while with her long fork she rescued the crisp brown circles from the bubbling fat, and deposited them in a large yellow dish. Dan, up from the field, stopped a moment to look at the picture before he said:

"Well, Matty, doughnuts? That's good.
 "It's a scorcher out," he continued, perching on the white-scoured table and helping himself liberally from the heaping pan. "These are right nice, Matty. Most as good as mother's. You'll catch up if you keep on trying."

A deeper flush than that born of the cook-stove and the hot day mounted to Martha's cheeks. Then a little gurgling sound held her attention, and the color died away. It was a soft little sound at first, but it grew in volume until, losing all dove notes, it burst into an undeniable roar. Martha hurried out, returning with her small son held in her proud arms, the baby tears already changed into smiles.

Dan bolted the last crumb and held out his arms. "Come here, buster! Hello! Going to punch your daddy?"

"Isn't he a darling? Did mammy's baby have a nice nap on the cool porch?"

"You didn't let him sleep outdoors?" said Dan.
 "It's the best place for him this weather."

"There's sure to be drafts. Mother never let us breathe outdoor air when we were asleep."

It was on the tip of Martha's tongue to say, "That's why you take cold so easily," but she held her peace. She stood at the window, hugging baby, as her husband walked down the pasture slope. Then she went to her room, put baby on the bed, and gave him a darning-egg to play with.

"I suppose she'd face him north and give him a rubber ring," she thought. "O baby, dear, I wish I could do something right!"

"Soda biscuit!" said Dan, the next morning, as he sat down to the breakfast-table. "Mother's recipe?"

"Yes."
 "That's right. She made the best I ever ate. I'm going over to Houlton to-day, Matty. You won't be lonesome if I leave you alone, shall you?"

"Not with baby."
 "He's only left two, if they weren't like his mother's," she said to herself, as she cleared off the table. "I wish I didn't mind. Good old Dan!"

Suddenly an idea struck her. "I'll give him a treat, though he'll be worse than ever. It's only a four-mile drive. Baby want to take a ride with mammy?"

Nothing would have hurt Mother Wilde's warm heart more than to know that she, with her two hundred pounds of flesh and her brimming store of kindly intentions, was the skeleton in the closet of her daughter-in-law's domestic happiness. She had seen little of her son's wife. The wooing and winning had taken place in a distant town, and there they had boarded until Dan had bought a small farm a few miles from his old home. It chanced, from one cause and another, that Mrs. Wilde had not yet been in the new house.

"Mother!" cried Dan that night, springing up the steps in surprise. "Well, this is all right!"

"Matty wouldn't take no for an answer. She drove over in all the heat. Why, hain't the baby grown! He's the moral of you, son, only he's got his mother's eyes."

"He couldn't have prettier ones," asserted Dan.

After supper Dan lingered in the kitchen. "I'm glad you brought mother over," he said to Martha. "You can learn a lot of things. Just ask her about corn-cake to-morrow. That was a bit soggy to-night."

The smile that played about Martha's lips spoke more of amusement than annoyance. Then she said:

"Don't say anything about it to her, Dan. Please!"

"Why, of course not, Matty, if you don't want me to. But you'll never learn if you're proud."

"I wonder what he'd say if he knew that she made that corn-cake?" thought Martha, when Dan had joined his mother on the porch. "I'd rather he'd find fault with me than to tell him. She wasn't used to the oven; it wasn't a fair sample."

"You've got as nice a little wife as ever was," said Mrs. Wilde, as her son sat down beside her.

"That's so!" responded Dan, heartily. "You'll be a lot of company for her, and you can teach her your ways."

"Hasn't she got ways of her own?" returned his mother.

The next day Martha fell sick. "A bit run down," said the doctor. "Put her to bed for three or four days, and keep that staver out of her way," pointing to Master Baby.

"It's a real stroke of luck that mother's here," said Dan. "You can just take it easy and get well. Mother'll look after me."

"He won't miss me a mite," thought Martha, and she choked. Then the choke turned into a smile as she remembered the corn-cake.

"Does Matty set her bread overnight?" inquired Mrs. Wilde that night of her son. But Dan's masculine memory was not equal to the occasion.

"You do just as you always do, mother, and we shall get along all right. It will be a good chance to get things into shipshape order."

"Order!" exclaimed Mrs. Wilde. "There isn't a house in better order far nor near!"

"I guess there ain't much lacking," responded Dan. "But she does lots of things different from what you brought me up to. I tell her she ain't got your ways."

"You tell her that?"
 "Why yes, but she's a bit touchy about it sometimes."

"Dan Wilde! You are a gump if you are my son!"

This was all the comment she made aloud, but when he left the room she continued the conversation with herself:

"So that's the way the wind blows! Dan's a regular old maid. I guess I didn't spank him enough when he was little, but he was always so good. 'My ways,' indeed! Poor Matty! I guess that is my chance to work for weal or woe. Many a household's broken up for less than a mother-in-law."

Martha stayed in bed a week, growing rested and strong under tender ministrations.

"You make Dan so comfortable he won't miss me," she said, wistfully, one day.

"Don't you fret, Matty. Dan's awful fond of you. You ought to hear him talk about you."

A few days later Mrs. Wilde drove off in the afternoon stage. As the vehicle creaked its asthmatic way along the dusty road, the good woman's face took on a half-amused half-pathetic expression.

"I don't know as I've done any good," she mused. "I know I haven't done harm, and that's saying something, for it lay to my hand

if I'd been so inclined. I must own I was scared about the baby's sleeping outdoors. A draft's a draft the world over. But he's a stout little fellow, and I guess he'll stand it in spite of them. As for cooking—well, I never could have beat Matty, and Dan would have found it out; but men have to have things pounded into them! I hope it won't be laid up to my charge for deceit in wilful underbaking and a heavy hand with the salt, and letting things get burned on purpose. It goes against the grain to do discredit to your own cooking, with your eyes open, but I guess it paid."

"It seems real good to see baby fixed up once more," remarked Dan, as he sat down to the supper-table that night. "Mother said she didn't have time to wash and iron his white frocks. She said you must be real smart to keep him so fresh. I told her I guessed you were."

"Seems like old times," he added. "Mother didn't use the good dishes."

The next morning Dan added the last drop of content to Martha's cup.

"I declare," he said, "I don't know when I've had such an appetite! Seems as if mother'd fallen off a bit in her cooking. Things didn't taste as they used. I've always thought her ways were all right."

But neither Dan nor Martha suspected that "mother's ways" included the broad and beneficent principle of giving up her own way. —Mary E. Mitchell, in Youth's Companion.

VEGETABLES.

Stuffed Tomatoes.—Use firm, ripe tomatoes. Wash and wipe them dry, cut a small hole in the blossom end and remove the inside, being careful not to break the sides. Mince finely some boiled or roasted chicken or veal, add the tomato pulp, chopped nuts, a little celery and onion, and season with salt, cayenne, lemon juice, and parsley; add sufficient bread crumbs to make a rather stiff mixture. Stuff the tomatoes with the mixture, place in well buttered pan, and bake until tender, basting with melted butter. Dish carefully and garnish with parsley.

Escalloped Cucumbers.—Pare and slice thin two large cucumbers. Put in baking dish alternate layers of cucumbers and cracker crumbs; add salt, pepper, and dots of butter to each layer. Moisten well with water. Bake three-quarters of an hour in moderately hot oven. This will serve six people.

Stuffed Beets.—One can French peas, six medium sized beets. Boil the beets and skin them; heat the peas after the juice has been turned off, and season them with salt and pepper. Cut off the stem end of each beet so that it will stand steadily and scoop a round place in the other end. Sprinkle each beet with salt and pepper and put a tiny bit of butter down in this little well and then fill it high with the peas it will hold.

FLASH LIGHTS.

The happiest people in the world are not always the richest although any poor man knows that they ought to be.

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