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About the Household

Dainty Dishes.

Banana Pie.—Mix one egg and the yolk of another. Add one cupful of sugar, two tablespoonfuls flour, a little butter, a scant cupful milk and a banana mashed fine. Bake in one crust and use white of egg for frosting on top.

Waldorf Salad.—Peel and slice two large apples. Cut into dice. Use the same amount of celery and add a handful of walnut meats chopped fine. Pour over a rich mayonnaise dressing and serve in a large punch bowl garnished with lettuce leaves.

Potato Soup.—Pare four raw potatoes and cut in cubes. Add water to fill the pan or chafing dish. Cook until the potatoes are soft. Put in a few slices of onion, season with salt and pepper. Strain before serving.

Creamed Ham.—Chop fine one cupful of ham and mix in four tablespoonfuls of grated cheese. Melt one and a half tablespoonfuls butter and blend with equal amount of flour. Put in a pan and stir slowly a cupful and a half sweet milk. Season with a little salt and pepper. Lay in the ham and stir until the cheese is melted.

Cream Sponge.—Dissolve one and a half tablespoonfuls of granulated gelatin in two tablespoonfuls cold water. Beat in two cupfuls cream until stiff. Fold in one-half cupful powdered sugar. Add the gelatin and beat a few minutes until well mixed. Flavor with a teaspoonful of vanilla. Turn into a mold and set in ice box until cold.

Celery in Butter Sauce.—Wash three bunches of celery and cut in good size pieces. Boil in salted water until tender and drain. Beat the yolks of four eggs and add one-half cupful of the cooled water in which the celery was cooked. Season with two tablespoonfuls of lemon juice, one-half teaspoon salt and a dash of cayenne. Cook in a double boiler until thick and add one-half cupful of butter—using a little at a time. Arrange the celery on a hot dish and cover with the sauce.

Butterless, Eggless, Milkless Cake.—This is excellent in spite of its economy. It is made by boiling together for five minutes one cupful each of sugar and water, two cupfuls of raisins, one-third cupful of lard, one-third teaspoonful each of powdered cloves and nutmeg, one teaspoonful of powdered cinnamon and a pinch of salt. This must boil five minutes after it begins to bubble. Let cool and add one tablespoonful of soda dissolved in a little warm water and two cupfuls of flour sifted with one-half teaspoonful of baking powder. Bake in shallow tin, as the finished sheet of cake should not be more than one and one-half inches thick. Bake three-quarters of an hour in very slow oven.

Drinks for Hot Weather.

The first warm days are apt to bring with them a loss of appetite and an increase of thirst. So cool drinks served with luncheon, or in place of afternoon tea, are very acceptable.

However, it is often difficult to think of a variety of soft drinks, and one is apt to fall back on the old standbys—cold tea and lemonade. Here are a few suggestions to help out the housekeeper.

Grape juice is an excellent foundation for a variety of delicious drinks and has the advantage of being healthful. It is much more economical to put up your own grape juice each year, but if you have not done this a case of small bottles does not come high.

Grape juice and limes make one of the most delicious cooling of summer drinks. Pour into a tall glass

three or four fingers of grape juice, add the juice of two limes and a slice of peel; fill the glass with water to taste—a sparkling water is preferable—and serve ice cold.

To make a milk shake fill a glass two-thirds full of milk; sweeten it to taste with any fruit or with a little of some strained preserve if you have not the syrup. Fill the glass with cracked ice and shake together until well mixed.

Grape juice and lemonade makes a good combination, and ice cold grape juice and vichy makes a very refreshing drink.

A ginger ale and cold tea punch is a novel drink that is very good. Sweeten half a pitcher of cold tea, add the juice of a lemon and several sprigs of mint. Keep on ice, and at the last minute pour in a bottle of ginger ale. This should not stand before serving, as the ginger ale will lose its sparkle. A rather strong and not too sweet ginger ale should be used for this punch.

Iced cafe au lait is the best drink to serve if the luncheon is very light, and a little extra nourishment is wanted. To make is properly—and it seldom is made properly—it should be carefully blended, mixing the coffee and milk well together and sweetening to taste. It is better, if possible, to use a sugar syrup to sweeten it. Stand on the ice until ready to serve, and then add a little thick cream to each glass and enough cracked ice to fill the glass. For the sweeter varieties of soft drinks, milk shakes and fruit syrups may be used.

Fruit syrups can be made from strawberries, raspberries, cherries or currants. Cook a quart of fruit with a pint of water until well softened, then strain and press out the juice through a heavy cloth. When cold, sweeten and dilute to taste, and serve in tall glasses filled with cracked ice.

WHAT PRUNING DOES.

Tree Trimmers Must Avoid Peeling Off Bark, Says Expert.

In practice summer pruning on a considerable scale is not advisable. It is difficult to see, when the leaves are on, just which branches should be removed, except in the case of dead branches. One must be on his guard, also, to avoid peeling off the bark when it peels readily. Pruning is less expeditiously done in summer than when the trees are dormant.

There are occasions, however, when one desires to complete work of pruning begun early in the season. There need be no fear of injuring the trees by taking off a moderate number of branches when the leaves are on, in spite of the fact that the removal of leaves debilitates a tree. If done early in the summer the injury is less than after the summer growth is nearly completed.

The removal of dead branches can not affect the vitality of the tree, no matter when done. Nor can there be any serious effect if here and there branches, which are too close or which cross, are removed. The thinning out of small, twiggy branches for the purpose of thinning the fruit is not a harmful process in early summer. The drain on the tree is less than it would be to bear an abnormally heavy crop of fruit. There are a great many trees which might be relieved of a surplus of fruit during May and early June to good advantage.

Impossible.

Farmer—"Come down the way you got up."
Tramp—"But I came up head first."

The Coldstream Guards were first raised in 1659.

ARMY IN TRAINING IN ENGLAND

MORE SHOT AND SHELL FIRED THAN AT THE FRONT.

Burn More Powder and Wear Out More Guns Than British Forces in Flanders.

More shot and shell are being fired in England at the present time than from the British front in Flanders.

Millions of dollars' worth of powder is being consumed, millions of rifles are being used up, and thousands of guns, big and little, are being worn out by Kitchener's armies in the course of their training, writes J. Herbert Duckworth.

These statements, extravagant as they may seem, were made to me in London by the Vice-President of one of the biggest concerns in the United States that is making ammunition for the allies. They help to explain the mysterious disappearance of shipload after shipload of war material that for many weeks now have gone from America to England. They account, too, to a large extent, for the seeming lack of progress that is being made by Field Marshal Sir John French's army after ten months of "getting ready."

The din of battle along the 300-mile firing line, extending from Nieupoort to the Swiss frontier, is as a mere whisper compared to the infernal racket that is being kicked up at the numberless rifle ranges and artillery practice grounds in Great Britain. Hundreds of thousands of acres have been cut up with trenches from which clerks, factory hands, shop workers, lawyers, and "gentlemen" that compose the great citizen army have been and are still carrying on an incessant mimic war in order to become fit to take the field.

For some months now countless legions of soldiers have been spending the whole of the working day in real trenches in the far more interesting pastime of potting away at make-believe dummy heads that bob up, by means of an electrical device, out of opposite trenches. Poor shots are not wanted in this war.

The fresh artillery units, too, are using new guns with real shell and high explosives, so that when they get to the front they will know just what their guns can do and will not be disconcerted, therefore, by surprises in the field. I remember watching last October a number of recruits that had joined a howitzer brigade receiving their first lessons on a wooden dummy on Woolwich Common.

The New Targets.

Late this spring I had many opportunities to study the great army of volunteers receiving their finishing touches—the infantry at such camps as Aldershot, Bisley, Salisbury, and Exeter, and the artillery at Shoeburyness, at the mouth of the Thames, at Lydd, and at Cosham, near Portsmouth.

I had an excellent chance to see these "German kokos," as Tommy Atkins calls the new targets, one day down at Bisley Camp, Brookwood, Surrey. Bisley is the home of the National Rifle Association and the scene in times of peace of the annual international rifle competitions, at which, incidentally, Americans more than once have captured prizes. These ingenious targets have made a great hit with the men. Every time a hit is made at a head the men feel as though they had disposed of one more German.

The targets are made of stout cardboard cut in the rude outline of a man's head. They are painted a dirty light brown color—approximating, presumably, the complexion of a soldier when actively campaigning. They are set up behind a trench at

different ranges, and are worked somewhat on the principle of the musician's metronome, but with electricity instead of clockwork as the motive power. They appear from above the parapet every five seconds, remaining in view for not more than two seconds. They make excellent practice. And the men thoroughly enjoy the sport of holding them.

Nearly a dozen miles of trenches must have been excavated at Bisley for the marksmen-in-the-making of Kitchener's armies. The men I saw here had marched over the hills from Aldershot, ten miles away, that morning. They were firing away from every conceivable kind of trench—from the hastily thrown up shallow ditch with the loosened dirt piled up in front, to the eight-foot deep pit, roofed-in and equipped with cunningly hidden loopholes. It didn't require a second's consideration to realize that this kind of shooting was very nearly the real thing.

Ready for War.

A majority of the recruits in the Royal Horse and Royal Field Artillery have been getting the A B C of their profession at Woolwich. One day last February I counted no less than fifteen batteries of 4.7 field guns in firing practice on Woolwich Common, up on the hill overlooking the Arsenal. Of course actual firing was not being done here, as Woolwich is a densely crowded borough of London. But the men were going through all the necessary movements of firing.

After some weeks of this drill the artillery men are taken out to, say, Salisbury Plain, where they fire real shells. Here what looks like waste of work and material is colossal. Corps of engineers first spend many days throwing up huge breastworks, protected by complicated barbed wire entanglements—all for practice—and then the artillery comes along with high explosive shells and demolishes everything—also for practice.

I was not permitted to visit Shoeburyness, Lydd, or Cosham, where the heavy artillery and some of the newest siege guns were being tried out, but I was lucky enough to be able to get as near to the ranges at Cosham as to be able to see and hear that guns of tremendous power and range were being fired. The explosions would shake the very ground upon which I stood, though the guns were five miles away, and after every explosion huge clouds of smoke and debris would be thrown hundreds of feet into the air. I was told at Portsmouth that these big mortars, or whatever they were, were being tested against heavily armored reinforced concrete and steel dummy forts.

Most of the material now being turned out in the United States for England will be used up on the quiet countryside at home. Some of it will go into the reserve, and the rest to the front.



As a matter of fact there is no real reason to believe that England's supply, or the rate at which it is delivered, is unsatisfactory.

Savages of Brazil.

In his account of the Roosevelt-Rondon Scientific Expedition to unknown Brazil, Mr. L. E. Miller describes a primitive tribe known as the Nhamiquara who probably represent the lowest type of civilization to be found anywhere on the South American continent. "As we drew up on the river bank," writes Mr. Miller, "the natives gathered about and stared at us curiously, but betrayed no hostile feelings. Colonel Rondon had but recently succeeded in establishing amicable relations with them. On his first visits to the country, numbers of his men had been slain by their poisoned arrows, and they had resented his every step into their stronghold; but having been persistently treated with kindness, they have learned to look upon him as a friend, and some of them even appeared to be heartily glad to see him. In stature the Nhamiquara are short, but well-built, and of a very dark brown color. Clothes are absolutely unknown to them, and virtually the only ornaments in their possession are strings of beads that they had received from Colonel Rondon. Some of the men have the nose and upper lip pierced, and wear pieces of slender bamboo in the perforations. Their huts, or malocas, are rude structures of grass or leaves, and they cultivate small areas of mandioca; but wild fruits, game, and wild honey form the principal articles of their diet. Both in hunting and in warfare they use bows six feet tall, made of palm wood, and long bamboo arrows. Frequently hunting parties go on long tramps through the jungle, subsisting entirely on the fruits of their prowess. At night they build a rude lean-to of branches, eat the game, which they roast in a roaring fire, and then stretch themselves on the bare ground to sleep."

She Knew.

"I am collecting for the suffering poor."
"But are you sure they really suffer?"
"Oh, yes, indeed. I go to their houses and talk to them for hours at a time."

Only one Englishman has ever been elected Pope of Rome.



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