

About the Household

Selected Recipes.

Foamy Sauce.—One cup sugar, one cup milk, three egg whites; rind and juice one lemon. Heat milk. Beat egg whites stiff, adding sugar gradually. Add milk and flavoring, beating all the while. Serve when foamy.

Scalloped Parsnips.—Mix two cups of cold mashed parsnips with two tablespoonsful of butter and cream enough to make smooth. Put in a pudding dish, sprinkle with buttered bread crumbs, and bake until brown.

Oyster Plant Fritters.—Scrape oyster plant and grate fine. Make batter of one cup milk, two beaten eggs and two tablespoons flour, beating hard. Add grated oyster plant. Season with salt and pepper, and drop from spoon into deep, boiling fat. Fry to golden brown.

Fried Summer Squash.—Wash and cut young summer squash into slices one-half inch thick. Sprinkle with pepper and salt and dip in fine crumbs. Then put the squash into a beaten egg diluted with one tablespoonful milk and again in crumbs. Fry in deep hot fat until lightly browned.

Crumb Tarts.—To one cup crumbs use one egg, two tablespoons milk, one-half cup sugar and one-half teaspoon baking powder. Line sides and bottoms of muffin tins with mixture made of foregoing, leaving space in centres. Fill spaces with apple sauce and a few raisins and bake twenty minutes in moderate oven.

Meat Pie.—One and one-half pounds neck of beef, three pints peeled potatoes, one large onion. Slice onion, and put to stew with beef. Cook and mash potatoes, adding one teaspoon salt and saltspoon pepper to each quart. Line baking dish with one-half the potatoes. Put in stewed meat, seasoned to taste with salt and pepper. Cover with rest of potatoes and bake fifty minutes.

Peppers Stuffed with Mushrooms.—Cut off the small end from young green peppers. Carefully remove the seeds and partitions and parboil five minutes. Mix two cupsful of soft breadcrumbs with three-fourths cupful of cream. Add one cupful of chopped mushrooms and one-fourth teaspoonful salt. Fill the peppers and stand them in a baking pan. Bake a half hour, basting with one-half cupful of water mixed with one tablespoonful butter.

Liver Loaf.—One calf's liver, one-half cup bread crumbs, four slices salt pork chopped, two tablespoons chopped onion, one cup water or stock, one-half teaspoon salt, one-half teaspoon kitchen bouquet, one tablespoon vinegar, few grains cayenne, few gratings nutmeg. Wash liver, chop and cook in boiling water five minutes. Drain, add bread crumbs, chop, and add remaining ingredients. Press into pan, cover and bake one hour in slow oven.

Pittsburgh Potatoes.—Wash and pare potatoes, cut into one-half inch slices and slices into one-half inch cubes—there should be one quart. Add one small onion, finely chopped, and cook in boiling salted water to cover seven minutes. Add one-half can of pimientos cut into strips and boil five minutes, then drain. Put in buttered baking dish, pour over two cups of white sauce, to which has been added one-half pound of grated cheese, and bake until potatoes are soft.

Pear Dumplings.—Pare, core and mince six large, ripe pears. Mix with them one-half nutmeg grated, two ounces clarified butter, sugar to taste and four well-beaten eggs. Add enough finely grated bread crumbs to make mixture stiff and smooth. Mold into egg-shaped balls with bowl of large spoon, dip into boiling water and simmer one-half hour. Serve in heated dish with sugar and dash of cinnamon. In separate dish, serve milk sauce or other pudding sauce, if liked.

Household Hints.

Lace continually cleaned with gasoline or naphtha will turn yellow quickly.

Good lard is much better than butter for basting roasted meat and for frying.

Starch is improved by long boiling, instead of being made in the usual hurried way.

If a pinch of salt be added to the sugar used for stewing sour fruit much less sugar will be required.

In making children's dresses which will need letting down, stretch them with 100 cotton thread, and you will have no trouble in ripping tucks or hems.

To clean brass flower pots or trays, rub them with a piece of lemon; then pour boiling water over them, and finally polish with a soft dry cloth.

When boiled and soiled eggs get mixed, spin them, and the boiled ones will spin quite fast, while those which have not been cooked will hardly spin round once.

The hair mattresses which are fill-

ed with black hair are much better than those filled with white hair, because the latter has generally been bleached and is deprived of its springiness.

When cooking haricot beans add salt to the water first, and they will cook in a third of the time, and will not need to be soaked overnight.

When pickling, boil the corks for bottling, and put into the bottles and jars while hot, when cold they will seal themselves tightly.

To make an old fowl tender rub the bird all over with lemon juice, then wrap in buttered paper, and steam for two or three hours, according to size.

Add a little ground ginger to rice puddings just before placing in the oven. Half a pint of water can then be mixed with the milk and the pudding will taste just as well.

A sandwich hint.—When buttering bread for sandwiches knead the butter on a plate and mix the mustard with it instead of spreading it on the meat.

A sure test of linen is to wet a portion of piece and if moisture is quickly absorbed and shows through to other side you will never be mistaken about linen. This is a never-fail test.

To revive withered flowers plunge the stalks in boiling water and leave them in it till it becomes cold. Then cut about one inch from the ends of the stalks.

If you wish to prevent green vegetables from boiling over, drop a piece of dripping the size of a walnut into the centre of them, just as they commence to boil.

To remove tea stains from woollen materials, cover with powdered fuller's earth, dry and leave for twenty-four hours. Then brush out, and the stain will have disappeared.

A home-made sauce for cold meat. Scrape a tablespoonful of horseradish, mix with one tablespoonful of mixed mustard, a teaspoonful of sugar, and four tablespoonfuls of vinegar.

A use for an old leather belt.—Nail it right side down on a piece of wood about the same size so that the wrong side of the leather is uppermost. This makes an excellent knifeboard.

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There is nothing to equal Baby's Own Tablets for little ones. They are absolutely safe and are guaranteed free from opiates and never fail in giving relief from the minor ills of babyhood and childhood. Concerning them Mrs. Albert Bergeron, St. Agapit, Que., writes: "My baby was suffering from constipation and teething troubles and Baby's Own Tablets quickly cured him. Now I always keep them in the house." The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

FROM TIN SHOP TO PEERAGE.

Remarkable Rise of Welsh King of Industry.

In the history of modern commerce are many romantic stories of self-made men who have risen from lowly stations to positions of affluence, eminence and title; but few more remarkable than that of Lord Glantawe, who has just died.

This Welsh king of industry began his climb to the house of lords as a tin worker. It has been said that he could neither read nor write when he was 15. He attended night school at that age, in order to obtain a knowledge of bookkeeping; and this in spite of the fact that he started work at 5 o'clock in the morning and was kept working until 8 o'clock at night.

John Jones Jenkins, who became Lord Glantawe, saw shining possibilities in tin. He learned all there was to learn about the tin plate trade, and displayed such remarkable business instinct that at 23 he was manager of the works which he had entered as a boy. At that time the tin plate industry was developing rapidly. The manufacture of sheets of iron and steel, thinly coated with tin, originated in Germany, but Welsh plate surpassed all others, and when only 24 years of age John Jones Jenkins and some friends started the Beaufort Tinplate Works, really the nucleus of an industry which now employs 30,000 men.

Lord Glantawe soon became a master in the trade to which he subsequently owed his riches. Three times Mayor of Swansea, he ultimately entered parliament, and it was in return for his public services that he was created a baron in 1906. Lord Glantawe's business capabilities have been inherited by his two daughters, who are both directors of the Mumbles Railway and Pier companies, the Hon. Elaine Jenkins, the younger daughter, also controlling her father's extensive commercial interests in South Wales.

POET DROVE HIS COUNTRY TO WAR

GABRIEL D'ANNUNZIO ITALY'S
NATIONAL FIGURE.

Previous to the Present War He Won
a Great Reputation in
Paris.

The story of Italy and the great war is the story of Gabrielle D'Annunzio, the Italian poet and patriot. Who knows the history of his passion for Italy and the widening circle of his love that shrines the Latin peoples, and can interpret the peculiar quality of his contributions to this last tense period in Italian history, knows best the story of why, with month on month of warning, Italy sent her legions against her ancient enemy.

Italian hopes have been welded into the symbolic personalities of two men: Garibaldi and D'Annunzio. Garibaldi was definitely the leader, setting his torch for Italy. But D'Annunzio is the torch, made from the cumulative flames of the folk heart of Northern Italy, the artist's gardener who lent his spirit for the showing of the emotion of his countrymen. He made a tremendous impression when, as a national poet, he was called to make the



Gabriele D'Annunzio

commemorative speech at the anniversary of the famous expedition of Garibaldi that united the two Sicilies and gave back Naples to the Kingdom of Italy.

A year ago one might have said that Garibaldi as a figure was losing lustre, and for years D'Annunzio has been the voice of voices for Italy, his memory that could not forget, the brightest mirror of Italy's half buried hopes.

There has been no period in the whole of his life when he has not been D'Annunzio the patriot. He was that in the days of his earliest humble journalism. Through all his work he has missed no chance to celebrate the greatness, past and future, of his country.

It is in the preface to "La Nave" that he speaks of "the very bitter Adriatic," and later as "our sea" a little wistfully, and dwells upon the better days that it shall see and what freedom it shall take.

For these touches, disagreeable to Austria, the sale of the book was forbidden. In another place he makes a point of expressing a wish that an Italian aeroplane should fly over all of those lands where Italian was spoken, and the Italians throughout the Trentino secretly gloated over his daring.

German capital was good to Italy, but Italians felt a kind of uneasiness lest they were paying for kindness by the relinquishment of national secret strings.

Success in France.

To Annunzio these banking problems had no interest—the great essential lay in rousing Italy to a sense of the defence she must make against alien Kultur. D'Annunzio's success in France since he went four years ago to Paris has been one of the wonders of the literary and artistic world.

At the beginning of the war D'Annunzio was in Paris, where he flung himself into an ardent sympathy with France, but with the growth of the pro-war sentiment in Italy, overwhelmed by his sense of the kinship of the Latin peoples, he returned to Florence and passionately appealed for war on Austria. It was, many believe, really his influence that swung his country over to the allies.

It is also difficult to unteach a new dog old tricks.

Adversity has ever been considered as the state in which a man the most easily becomes acquainted with himself—particularly as he is in the state free from flattery.

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Chester's Speech.

Chester Thompson did not like to "speak pieces." There are few boys who really enjoy declamation in school, but for Chester the day was particularly full of terrors. He was not shy or sensitive among his mates, but when he faced an audience, even though it was made up wholly of those same school friends, he promptly forgot what he had learned, and felt as if he were walking off a high cliff into space.

Chester felt ashamed of this weakness and tried hard to overcome it, but with poor success. Now he was face to face with something far worse than speaking in school. In only two days more he must stand in the village square, beside the new drinking fountain, and deliver an address before all the people gathered there. How could he ever do it?

Several years earlier, Chester had joined the Band of Mercy, and his love for pets and all animals had led him to remain a member when many of the boys of his age had dropped out. Now he was its president, and this was why they had selected him to speak at the dedication of the beautiful drinking fountain that had been given to the village. His pride would not let him evade the task, but how he dreaded it! With the help of his teacher he had prepared a brief address, and as he said it over and over, he was rather proud of it; but he felt absolutely sure that every word of it would fly from his mind in the panic of the moment.

That is what Chester was thinking of one day while he was walking along the road just outside the village. He stopped to watch two men who were loading a cart with gravel. When the men had filled the cart, one of them spoke sharply to the horses and they plunged forward; but the rear wheels were deep in the ditch and the horses could not start the heavy load. The driver again called loudly to them, and struck them with his whip. As the willing span strained again at the tugs, one of them slipped and fell on its side.

Perhaps the horse was discouraged. Perhaps it was entangled in the harness. Anyway, it lay there with quivering sides while the driver leaped forward and struck it again with his whip. It was a cruel thing and a foolish thing to do, and the sight was more than Chester could bear in silence. Indignation boiled within him, and before he really knew what he was doing, he found himself beside the angry driver and speaking to him with a great earnestness that caused the man to turn in amazement.

Chester could never remember just what he said. Fragments of things that he had learned at the Band of Mercy meetings and snatches of his carefully prepared address for the dedication of the drinking fountain

mingled with the simple and commonsense plea that he made for kinder treatment for the fallen horse.

The anger left the driver's eye and he flushed under his tanned skin. "Well, you are right, young man," he said. "And how you can talk—for a little fellow."

Chester and the driver helped the horse to its feet, patted its nose, and removed a little of the load, and then the man drove away with no more loud words or use of the whip.

Chester said nothing about what had happened until after the dedication exercises at the new fountain were over. When his teacher, among many others, congratulated him and told him how splendidly he had done, he told her briefly about the driver and the fallen horse.

"I knew I could do it after that," he said. "It wasn't simply that I found I could forget myself and talk when I had something to say, but it gave a wholly new meaning to the address that you helped me prepare."

"That is the only way that anyone can speak well in public," said his teacher; "that is, to have something to say that is worth saying, and to put the whole heart into it."—Youth's Companion.

"BOBS" ADMIRE HAMILTON.

Regarded Him as the Ablest Commander in the Field.

When Lord Roberts, not long before his death, was asked whom among the generals of the British army he regarded as the ablest commander in the field, he replied, "Ian Hamilton." The judgment was disputable, but not indefensible; and it was founded, not on Hamilton's audacity, but on his knowledge and on his coolness in directing the complex movements of the battlefield. Like General French, he has been a serious student of war all his life. He comes of a soldier strain, for his father once commanded the 92nd Highlanders, and an ancestor of his was aide-de-camp to the great Marlborough; and his natural aptitude for war has been cultivated, not merely by experience in the field, but by familiarity with Continental methods. As a youth he went to Germany, and from the old Hanoverian, General Dammars, acquired the strategy that had made the Prussians the military masters of Europe. And since then he has learned to apply and qualify that science by the actual experience of war in many fields—in India, in Egypt, in South Africa.

He has not the imperturbable quality of Sir John French, for his temperament is that of the artist, and he once confessed, half jestingly, but with a certain seriousness, that he had "never gone into battle without being in a blue funk and wondering how on earth he was to get through."—Alfred Gardiner, in the Atlantic.