

About the House

Cool Dishes for Hot Days.

Caramel tapioca—3 cups brown sugar, 2 cups water, 1 cup tapioca, 1 cup water, ¼ teaspoon salt, 2 teaspoons vanilla. Soak the tapioca several hours, or until softened in one cup of water; add the remaining water and the sugar. Bake slowly for two hours in a buttered baking dish. Chill and serve with cream.

Snow pudding—¼ box gelatine, ¼ cup water, ¼ cup lemon juice if unflavored gelatine is used, 1¼ cups hot water, 1 cup sugar, 1 teaspoon lemon extract, 1¼ cups hot water, 3 egg whites. Soak the gelatine in one-fourth cup water until softened; add hot water, stir until dissolved; add lemon juice, and one-half the sugar. When the sugar is dissolved, strain and set on ice until thick as honey. Then beat with beater until white and light. Fold into this the egg whites and remaining sugar, which have been beaten together until light and stiff. Put into a large serving bowl or individual dishes as desired. Keep in a cold place until served.

Sauce for pudding—3 egg yolks, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 cup milk, ½ teaspoon lemon extract. Beat three egg yolks until light, add one tablespoon of sugar and one cup of milk. Cook slowly, stirring constantly until it coats the spoon. Flavor with one-half teaspoon of lemon extract. Chill before using.

Strawberry ice—Cook rice in plenty of water (twelve times amount of rice) until done. Drain and cool. Fold into whipped cream (1 cup of whipped cream to two cups of cooked rice). Place fresh strawberries in the bottom of serving dishes, sprinkle with sugar and add two tablespoons of the prepared rice. Put more berries on top, sprinkle with sugar and serve.

Fruit blanc mange—Dissolve two tablespoons corn starch in two cups of fruit juice. Add sugar to taste. Cook until thickened and pour into moulds. Chill and serve with cream.

Fruit sago—¾ cup sago, 3 cups water, 3 cups milk, ½ cup sugar, ¼ teaspoon salt. Soak the sago for a short time in the water, add the milk cook until sago is clear and add the sugar and salt. Cool slightly and pour over raspberries or blackberries which have been placed in a serving bowl. Set away to chill. Serve with or without cream.

Fruit float—1 pint milk, 4 egg yolks, 1 egg white, 4 tablespoons sugar, 8 egg whites. Beat four egg yolks and one egg white slightly, add the milk and cook in a double boiler until thickened. Pour in a serving dish and set away to chill. Beat the three egg whites and the sugar until light and stiff. Fold into this one-half cup of crushed fruit and spread on top of the chilled custard.

Raspberrade—1 cup raspberry juice, 2 teaspoons lemon juice, 1 cup water, 4 teaspoons sugar, 3 bruised mint leaves. Stir until the sugar is dissolved and place on ice to cool.

Raspberry and currantade—1 cup raspberry juice, ½ cup currant juice, 1 cup sugar, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 2 cups cold water. Stir until the sugar

is dissolved and chill. Pie-plant juice may be substituted for currant juice.

Currant sherbet—2 cups currant juice, 3 cups sugar, 2 cups water, 1 egg white. Make a heavy syrup of the sugar and water, the currant juice and enough water to make a quart. Put it in a freezer, add an unbeaten egg white and freeze. Pie-plant juice may be used. If it is used, the flavor is improved by the addition of the juice of one lemon.

The Clue.

"No, Aunt Em, I don't want to hear Lucile's last letter. I am perfectly aware that I am cutting myself off from a very interesting quarter hour, but hearing you read the letter isn't worth the price. I get too madly envious of Lucile. I'd give anything to be a good letter writer, but letter writing is as much a gift as singing is, and I don't have it, and that's all there is about it!"

"You're not usually a shirk, Phyllis," Aunt Em replied calmly.

"A shirk!" Phyllis was too much astounded to be angry. "If you knew how I work over letter writing, Aunt Em! If I could show you the pen handles I've chewed in my agony! And then you call he a shirk!"

"Maybe I was wrong. I should have said, 'If you'd only use your common sense.'"

"Aunt Em!" Phyllis's voice was tragic. "Have you no mercy? Don't you know that it is spiritual murder to destroy a fellow being's self-esteem? I always knew that I never could be ornamental, but I comforted myself with the thought that if I did have one gift it was common sense."

"I am inclined to think," Aunt Em said thoughtfully, "that I was right in the first place, for to have a gift and to refuse to use it is shirking."

Phyllis's reply was a despairing gesture.

Aunt Em's voice became more gentle. "I was thinking of your mother, child; and of what the letters from home mean to her in the hospital."

"As if I wasn't thinking of her!" Phyllis cried.

"And," Aunt Em went on, "of the joy you can give her if you really set your mind upon doing it. And without any trouble on your part, either."

"How?" Phyllis cried. "Aunt Em, how?"

"She wants home news—the tiny, little, everyday things such as what we had for dinner and what dress Kathie is wearing to school—things like those. Just suppose you try doing it once."

At dinner that night Phyllis was unusually quiet. Immediately after she had done eating she went to her room. An hour later Aunt Em, going upstairs, was summoned by her voice. "See if that is all right," said Phyllis, tossing her aunt a piece of paper.

"Dear, dear, dearest mother," Aunt Em read. "I've wanted to write so that I thought I'd burst, but I just can't say things on paper. We're all well, only terribly lonesome without you. Aunt Em told Greta to make

blueberry pudding for dinner, which she hates to do, and we could hear her talking to the atmosphere out in the kitchen. But she is doing beautifully really; the youngsters were wild over the pudding. There was omelet before it, and Billy got a yellow smear on the southwest corner of his mouth, and he added purple ones from the pudding. His face looked like the map of Ontario when he was through. Kathie is wearing her blue chambray and a tissue-paper hair ribbon—that the latest fad. She wears about ten different colors through the day. It makes you feel cross-eyed. She—"

Aunt Em handed back the page. "Bless your heart, child," was all she said. But Phyllis was content.

The Birthday Cake.

Any good cake recipe will do for your birthday cake, which should be made in layers, with a coin, ring and thimble, wrapped in waxed paper, placed between the layers. The cake is covered with frosting, then decorated with one candle for each year, the candles to be lighted just before the guests enter the dining-room. Or the cake can be kept out of sight until it is to be served, when the candles being lighted, it can be carried in and placed before the person whose birthday is being celebrated. When the time comes to serve the cake, this person should blow out the candles, remove them and place them on a plate provided for the purpose, then cut the cake into slices ready for serving. The person getting the coin is supposed to attain wealth; the ring means an early marriage, and the thimble means spinsterhood. These trinkets can be omitted if desired. The small candles and rosebud-shaped holders are very inexpensive and can be bought at most department, house-furnishing and notion stores.

Automobilists and Forest Fires.

In many parts of this continent it is found that automobile registrations and forest fires are increasing about proportionately. A great many people are touring about the country, seeking out places away from the railways and main highways and, unfortunately, through carelessness with fire, some of them misuse and destroy the forests. There is no desire on the part of forest authorities to bar citizens from the forests, but there is no reason why forest fires should follow in the wake of the automobile. All that is needed is that every tourist who camps for the night or stops at noon to boil his kettle in the woods should personally see to it that his fire is dead out before he leaves it. Those who go into the woods for either business or pleasure see the value of the forests and should catch the enthusiasm for the conservation and proper utilization of this great Canadian resource.

And the Ship?

A nervous passenger on the first day of the voyage asked the captain what would be the result if the steamer should strike an iceberg while it was plunging through the fog.

"The iceberg would move right along, madam," the captain replied, courteously, "just as if nothing had happened."

And the old lady was greatly relieved.

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Stories of Famous People

The discussion as to the likeness between Prince Henry and Prince George (which really does not exist) recalls an incident that took place in a shop in the Bond Street region.

The Duke of York made a few purchases, and proposed to pay for them. The shopkeeper, however, assured him that "that would be quite all right, sir."

The Duke looked at him and said, "You know me, then?"

"I should hope, sir, that by this time everyone knows the Prince of Wales," was the retort, and the Duke left the shop scarcely able to conceal his mirth.

Then Hardy Strode On.

There is a story of an American girl who stopped Thomas Hardy on the high road just outside his own gate. "Mr. Hardy?" she queried.

The greatest living novelist shook his head.

"But, surely—" she persisted. "Aren't you mistaken?" suggested Hardy.

"Anyway, you are the very image of him. See right here, now," and she produced a rather creased newspaper

Never Again.

"Scientific management is here to stay. Those who oppose it are as shiftless as the old earl. The old earl, before going to his bath to dress for dinner one evening, for some reason counted his money, six five-pound notes, and laid them on his dressing-

portrait of Hardy, who looked at it tentively.

"His misfortune," he remarked, and raising his hat, strode rapidly away.

Few Canadians have played the varied parts in so many corners of the world as have fallen to the lot of the famous novelist Gilbert Parker, deacon of the Anglican Church, journalist, correspondent, member of parliament, baronet, privy councillor and now scenario writer at Hollywood.

Many years ago when one of his earlier Quebec novels had made his name famous, a good story went the rounds of Ottawa society.

The snobbish wife of one of the capital's titled dignitaries at a tea was heard to exclaim when Gilbert Parker's name was mentioned, "My dear, I can't for the life of me see why all this fuss is made about Parker. Years ago at — he was so impecunious he had to borrow my son N—'s dress trousers to attend a dance."

"Well, Lady —," spoke up a witty young lady, who was pouring tea, "that was one time Gilbert Parker was in the 'Seats of the Mighty,' wasn't it?" and everyone laughed.

table as usual. On returning from his bath he again counted his money, and one of the five-pound notes was missing. He looked ruefully at his valet busily fastening pearl studs in his evening shirt. "Humph," said the old earl, "a loss of five pounds, I never counted my money before and I never will again. It doesn't pay."

— and the worst is yet to come



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