

In the case of the mealy potato, each cell is well filled with starch grains and when cooked these grains burst the walls of their prisons and the result is a flaky mass. If the starch proportion is too high the potatoes will fall apart when boiled, causing a waste as well as a messy appearance. However, they are very good when baked. Potatoes with a netted skin and crisp flesh are likely to be mealy when cooked.

There will be changes in the composition of the potato no matter how carefully they are stored. These changes are taking place continually. Each have their effect upon the food value of the potato. By these changes the starch and sugar are broken up and water is given off with the result that the potato tastes sweeter. As spring draws near and the potato begins to sprout, a distinct change from the mealy condition may be noticed.

The method of cooking potatoes may have some effect upon the quality and food value, because of the change of the texture or the addition of fats and other substances during this process. Boiled potatoes in jackets lose about one per cent. of their food value, while those peeled lose about seven per cent. Baked potatoes lose very little in nutriment or quality.

Potatoes on shamrock—Remove the seeds from one-half of a sweet green pepper and chop with an onion and a bit of parsley. Chop cold boiled potatoes, add salt and the chopped mixture. Place in a steel spider with two tablespoons of hot butter. Cook slowly and when brown, turn out and serve.

Potatoes with cream sauce—Rub two tablespoons of butter and one tablespoon of flour together in a frying pan. Add one cup of stock or milk and stir until it boils. Remove from fire, add five tablespoons grated cheese, salt, and one green sweet pepper chopped fine. Put a layer of this sauce in a baking dish then a layer of sliced (boiled) potatoes and repeat until dish is full, finishing with a layer of sauce. Sprinkle this with bread crumbs and bits of butter and bake for fifteen minutes.

Potato croquettes—To two cups of mashed potatoes, add one tablespoon of butter, yolk of one egg, a bit of onion juice or chopped onion, salt, pepper and parsley. Form into patties and fry in hot fat.

Potato omelet—Put one cup of mashed potatoes through the ricer

#### The Little Thin Dime.

Mother noticed a small white handkerchief that had been flung across a pile of books on the centre table. Good housewife that she was, she picked it up and found tied in one corner a dime. As she looked at it her lips quivered, for it was Margie's handkerchief and Margie's dime.

Margie was the only daughter in the family and worked downtown. She had just had her first month's pay and had given all of it to her mother—all, that is, except the dime. She had not kept out enough money to buy the pretty blouse that she had wanted for so long or the gray suede shoes that she had admired or the hat with the perk bow that she had dreamed of. She had not kept out even enough to buy herself a chocolate nut sundae!

As her mother stood and looked at the little thin dime the tears came and rolled slowly down her cheeks. She remembered when Margie was born and, later, had toddled by her side all day long on her small, uncertain feet; she remembered when Margie was older, and at school and at the head of her class, when she used to set the table, wash the dishes and put hot cloths to her mother's head when she had neuralgia; she remembered Margie's graduating; and now—working all day in a hot office and keeping nothing for herself! Somehow the mother felt rich to have such an unselfish child, a child who knew how hard it was for her to pay the coal bills and keep the grocer satisfied and not run up too large a meat account—Margie, who knew all about the struggle to make ends meet in that little brown house; Margie, who cared more for her mother's comfort and happiness than for the things that she herself liked; Margie, going without that her mother might have her earnings!

As her mother looked at the little dime it seemed to change into something big and precious and beautiful. It glittered with diamonds; it sparkled with rubies; it shone with the lustre of pure gold, for it represented a young girl's sacrifices and a young girl's love. She put the coin back very gently and tied it up just as she had found it in the little white handkerchief. Then she began her daily work, but somehow she did it mechanically. The walls of the house had faded away, and she saw a road, an easy road, and by her side was her good, sweet little girl. The hills were pink, and there weren't any worries, and the flowers were blooming, and overhead the sun was shining, and, oh, what a good world it was.

What a pity that there are not more Margies in the world!

#### The Best Satisfaction.

Successful parenthood is the most important and satisfying experience of our life.—Dr. H. Crichton Miller

"Well, you brought me here," she said at last. "You've fed me, and you don't feed anybody, Conward, without a purpose. What's the consideration?"

"Yes, I have a purpose," he admitted. "I'm pulling off a little joke, and I want you to help me."

"You're some joker," she returned. "Who have you got it in for?"

"You know Elden—Dave Elden?"

"Sure. I've known him ever since that jolt put him out of business up in your rooms, ever so many years ago. He was too rural for that mixture. Still, Elden has lots of friends—decent friends, I mean."

"I'm rather sorry you know him," said Conward. "But—what's more to the point—does he know you?"

"Not he. I guess he had no memory the next morning, and would have made a point of forgetting me, even if he had."

"That's all right, then. Now I want you to get him down to your place some night to be agreed upon—I'll fix the date later—and keep him there until I call for him, with his fiancée."

"Some joke," she said, and there was disgust in her voice. "Who is it on; Elden, me, or the girl?"

"Never mind who it's on," Conward returned. "I'm paying for it. Here's something on account, and if you make a good job of it, I won't be stingy."

He handed her a bill, which she kissed and put in her purse. "I need the money, Conward, or I wouldn't take it. Say, don't you know you're wasting your time in this one-horse town? You ought to get into the big league. Your jokes would sure make a hit."

This part of his trap set, Conward awaited a suitable opportunity to spring it. In the meantime he took Mrs. Hardy partially into his confidence. He allowed her to believe, however, that Elden's habits would stand correction, and he had merely arranged to trap him in one of his favorite haunts. She was very much shocked, and thought it was very dreadful, but of course we must save Irene. Mr. Conward was very clever. That's what came of being a man of experience—and judgment, Mr. Conward, and some knowledge of the world.

But concerning another part of his program Conward was even less frank with Mrs. Hardy. He was clever enough to know that he must observe certain limitations.

At length all his plans appeared to be complete. The city was in a tumult of excitement over the war, but for Conward a deeper interest centred in the plot he was hatching under the unsuspecting noses of Irene and Elden. If he could trap Dave the rest would be easy. If he failed in this he had another plan to give failure at least the appearance of success.

The fact that the nation was now at war probably had an influence in speeding up the plot. Everything was under high tension; powerful currents of thought were bearing the masses along unaccustomed channels; society itself was in a state of flux. If he were to strike at all let the blow fall at once.

On this early August night he ascertained that Dave was working alone in his office. Then he called a number on a telephone.

"This is the night," he explained. "You will find him alone in his office."

And he had, he was alone in his office. "Well, I hope it is, but I won't claim such a distinction. I remember your father very well. Did he send you to me?"

"No, sir. He's too sick. He don't know anybody now. He didn't know me to-night." The boy's voice went thick, and he stopped and swallowed.

"And then I remembered what he said about you, and I just came. Was that all right, Mr. Elden?"

"You say your father is very sick?"

"He don't know anybody."

"Have you help—a doctor—a nurse?"

"No, sir. We haven't any money. My father spent it all for the lots that he bought from you."

Dave winced. Then, turning to the young woman, "I'm afraid this is a more urgent case than yours. I'll call a taxi to take you to your address."

#### (To be continued.)

#### A Brother in Disgrace.

The parrot had been naughty and hurt the baby. This made the mistress so angry that she threw the bird under the bed, where it remained in disgrace.

When the husband came home he inquired for the bird, and was told that it was under the bed.

As he crawled in after it the bird inquired "Halloa, what have you done?"

The Chinese never boil their eggs; they roast them.

#### Why Turkey?

The derivation of the name is somewhat of a mystery. History goes to show that the bird was at one time confounded with the quinal fowl, which originally was known as the turkey. This name seems to have been given to it as a result of its peculiar cry of "Turk, Turk, Turk!" and so, when the tangle of the two breeds was straightened out, it is probable that the larger of the two was christened "turkey."



THE ENTRANCE TO THE TOMB OF TUTANKHAMEN

The discovery of this tomb, 3,000 years old, throws light on an almost unknown period of Egyptian history. It is in the Valley of the Kings, near Thebes, Upper Egypt. The antiques discovered are valued at many millions of dollars.

spoonful stirred in was swallowed quickly. If you are suffering from a cold in the head, put your feet in a footbath of hot water to which has been added a tablespoonful of mustard. This treatment will draw out the cold. Mustard is also used for poultices, being mixed with bread-crumbs and moistened.

The vinegar bottle furnishes several remedies. If the eyes feel tired, bathe them with vinegar and water. Vinegar is an antidote for poisoning from caustic potash, ammonia, soda, and lime; it also has cleansing properties.

The contents of the pepper-pot are useful in cases of sore throat. Infuse pepper in water and gargle.

Most cruet-stands contain an oil bottle. Oil has soothing and laxative properties. In cases of burns or scalds apply cotton-wool or linen soaked in oil to the injured part.

ing all the owner's property to his wife.

The disc was recovered from the sea and cleaning revealed its romantic secret, for it proved to be the "last will and testament" of William Skinner, R.N., plumber aboard H.M.S. Indefatigable, who was lost with that ship in the Battle of Jutland on May 31st, 1916. His property amounted to \$1,290.

A man who was supposed to have committed suicide at Monte Carlo by shooting himself with a revolver had, before doing the fatal deed, written a will on his shirt front. As it had no witnesses it was probably illegal, but the intention was plain, at any rate, as was that of the man found in an empty house who had written a will on the bare plaster of the wall.

Tolstol's last will was written in 1910 on the stump of a tree a few miles from his home at the time; it left all his literary property to his daughter Alexandra, and among other things said:

"Lure me where I die; if in town then in the cheapest cemetery, in the cheapest coffin, like a pauper. No flowers, no wreaths, no speeches."

A man who feared very much the interference of certain people with his own free will in the disposal of his property was supposed to have died intestate, to the great joy of certain relatives. They were chained to find, however, that he had had a will tattooed on his back and properly attested.

There are queer ways of making even an ordinary lawyer's will. A testatrix, suffering from a paralytic stroke, had a pack of cards dealt to her by her solicitor, bearing the names of her relatives, while on another pack were the details of her various properties. The solicitor "dealt" her a card with the name of a person, and she played to it a card with an item of her estate upon it. The solicitor gathered the "trick" and noted it down in the will.

#### When a Penguin Woos.

The quaint love-making habits of the penguin were described recently by Surgeon-Commander Murray Levick.

"The male birds," he said, "go from nest to nest in parties, and when one of them sees a hen which takes his fancy he places a pebble at her feet. If a pebble cannot be found, the male goes through the process of 'woosing'."

"One of the most curious of the penguin's habits," he said, "is that when a male penguin is 'woosing' a female, he picks up a pebble and places it at her feet. The male does not know what to do, and the bird, finding its advances ignored, 'wooses' the stranger, silent animal, until it has 'woosed' it, and then went off."

les, hangings, everything, even if she has never dyed before. Buy "Diamond Dyes"—no other kind—then perfect home dyeing is sure because Diamond Dyes are guaranteed not to spot, fade, streak, or run. Tell your druggist whether the material you wish to dye is wool or silk, or whether it is linen cotton or mixed goods.

#### Learning Young.

The teacher asked her class to explain the word "bachelor," and was very much amused when a little girl answered: "A bachelor is a very happy man."

"Where did you learn that?" asked the teacher.

"Father told me."

Shallow-set tile won't shed water. Deep drainage is the best way of unlocking underlying soil resources.

Germans have to work fourteen days each year to pay their taxes; in France the taxes call for twenty-eight days' work.

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