

HOUSEHOLD.

Hair Mattresses.

A hair mattress may be satisfactorily renovated at home by the following method: Select a mild, sunny day, so that the work may be conducted out of doors, and the hair dried in the sun if possible. Have ready two or three washtubs filled with warm (preferably) or cold water. Carefully remove the hair from the ticking, so as not to stir up the dust which it contains. Put it, a small quantity at a time, in the first tub of water, sousing it up and down, then remove to the other tubs, rinsing it thoroughly. Proceed in this manner until all the hair has been washed. Lay it upon a sheet, cover with another sheet, pin them together, and either spread on the grass or hang it upon a clothesline to dry. In the meantime either wash the old ticking or make a new one, using the old as a pattern. The ticking should be left open on three sides of the top. When the hair is thoroughly dry and the tick in readiness, lay the latter on a bedstead from which all accessories but the slats have been removed. Spread the hair evenly on it, pressing it down firmly all over. This is not an easy task, as it will appear next to impossible to get all the hair in. However, care and patience will accomplish it. Now lay the top, or upper portion of the tick, which is already sewed on one side to the sides and under portion, over the hair and baste strongly the edges all around without removing the mattress from the bed. The next feature of the operation is best done by two persons, one, preferably, a small child who will get under the bed. Take a long mattress needle and strong twine, tack through the mattress between the openings of the slats and instruct the party under the bed to push the needle back again, catching at the same time small bits of ticking folded up, or wads of raw cotton, securely on the under side before returning the needle. Now tie the twine tightly and fasten with another little wad on the upper side. Proceed in this manner until the whole mattress has been tacked. When this is done, with a bent mattress needle, tack the sides of the mattress in two rows by running the needle in and out along the sides at intervals of four inches. Now remove it from the bed and bind all the edges with mattress binding tape which comes for the purpose. This is a successful and practical way of cleansing and making over mattresses, and in many respects exceeds the renovation done in factories. In the country, where such establishments are not near at hand, and the expense of transportation heavy, the above method is a boon to economical and thrifty housekeepers.

To Use the Luscious Grape.

Spiced Grapes: Five pounds of grapes, three pounds of sugar, two teaspoons cinnamon, one of allspice, half teaspoon of cloves. Wash the grapes and take the skins off, boil the skins in water until tender, cook the pulp until the seeds separate, mix together and pour in a colander or sieve, when squeezed through, add the sugar and spices and cook slowly, watching them closely that they do not burn. These are very nice to use with meats.—M. J. Ashton.

Grape Preserve: Wash the grapes and pick over carefully. Slip the pulp from the skins, cook the skins—in water to cover—in one kettle and cook the pulp in its own juice in another kettle till soft and free from seeds. Then rub pulp through hair sieve and when skins are boiled nearly dry add them to the pulp. Allow equal portions of sugar and fruit. Put fruit on to boil for 20 minutes, stirring often, add $\frac{1}{2}$ of the sugar, boil 5 minutes, then add another portion and boil again. When all the sugar is used cook till the skins are soft and turn into small jars.

Canned Grapes: The Isabella is the best for canning, as the skin remains soft after boiling. Pulp them into a dish (putting the skins into another), cook the pulp till the seeds separate, then strain through a colander, add the strained pulp to the skins and sugar to taste. If you prefer them preserved, use 1 lb. of sugar to 1 lb. of fruit.—Alma Pickering.

Grape Catsup: Take 5 lbs of grapes, after they are off the stems, cook and sift through a colander, add 3 lbs of sugar and 1 pint of vinegar, 1 teaspoon of ground cinnamon, one of cloves, one of allspice, one of ground pepper, boil one hour; bottle when hot and seal in the corks.—M. J. Ashton.

Grape Butter: Take a quantity of grapes, wash and pick off the stems, put in a porcelain kettle, cover with water and cook slowly until very soft, pour into a sieve and squeeze through, return to the kettle and cook $\frac{1}{2}$ hour, then add about $\frac{1}{2}$ lb of granulated sugar for every pint of pulp, cook together until thick, put in glass jars. This is a very good way to use grapes which fall off the stems in the bottom of the basket and it makes a nice relish to eat with meats.—M. J. Ashton.

Grape Syrup: Mash the grapes and place aside in a warm place for 4 days, keeping well covered. Turn into a jelly bag and let drip slowly and filter through filtering paper. To every pint of juice allow 2 lbs granulated sugar. Mix the juice and sugar together, then pour into a farina boiler and the heat of the water as it boils around dissolves the sugar. Take off and stand aside to cool. When cold put into small bottles, fill to the top, cork tightly and seal. Keep in a dark cool place. Use a wooden spoon in making all fruit syrups and remember that boiling or too strong heat destroys the flavor and color of the syrup.

Grape Marmalade: After washing and picking over carefully the grapes wash them, heat slowly and boil till very soft. Turn into a fine sieve, and rub with a wooden potato masher till all but seeds and skins have gone through the sieve. Put what remains in the strainer into a little cold water and rinse well till all the pulp is free from the skins. Strain again and add the water to the pulp. Boil for $\frac{1}{2}$ hour slowly. Measure the pulp and add equal amount of

sugar; cook again for ten minutes until it boils up in thick bubbles. Turn into small jars and cover tightly. This is very nice with cold meats.

Some Useful Hints.

The delicately tinted lunch cloths and napkins that are again being fashionably used, are looked upon as very difficult to keep fresh and unfaded from laundering. A friend gives the following directions, which she says are really infallible if followed to the letter:

"Wash your table linens on a different day to the usual family wash, and be sure that the day is a clear, sunny one. Examine every piece before it is put into water, and if there are any coffee, fruit or wine stains wash them out in a weak solution of borax and hang them in the sun. Take a tub of water with $\frac{3}{4}$ or 4 tablespoonfuls of pulverized borax thrown into it and wash your tinted linens in it without soap. Do not use a washboard, but dip up and down in the water till the pieces look clear and clean. Then work out the borax from the pieces by placing them in clear, hot water. Rinse in cold water to which you have added a very little starch, and to which a very small amount of borax has been added. Wring them carefully and stretch each article each way square, placing them to dry on a line in the shade. Take down when dry, pulling them free of wrinkles. Sprinkle them evenly, fold them squarely, and lay them in the clothes basket for about two hours. Iron with care." This has been faithfully tried and not found wanting.

Wide over-turned collars are a special feature of all the latest "separate" or "shirt" waists. The best finish of this kind for a wash waist is to finish with an upright collar to fit the neck, and the long pointed collar sewed into and turned back from this band. For silk, crepon and other "evening" waists the turn-over collar may be of very fine muslin embroidery, of lace, or of the dress material edged with lace. In this style of waist these turn-over collars are often cut with square ends in front instead of pointed ones, and made long enough to hang to the bust line or longer.

OUR CHILDREN'S EYES.

Reduction in the Percentage of Defective Vision Where Hygienic Rules Have Been Enforced.

So many children within the past few years are wearing glasses for the correction of optical defects, that a brief recognition of the causes which have led to this condition, and the mention of a few hygienic principles with a view to its prevention would not be out of place.

We are living in an age of rapid advancement and feverish restlessness. The incessant turmoil, worry, fiery competition in business, and the excessive brain work in our scrambles for the almighty dollar are leaving their mark upon us. The modern inventions, the advent of steam, and the wonders of electricity, together with all the new luxuries and conveniences attending them, have been thrust upon us more rapidly than our physical natures can endure. Our eyes are called upon to do work greatly in excess of what was done fifty years ago. The mechanic at his tools, the artist at his canvass, the business man at his desk, are all compelled to a prolonged and continuous use of these delicate members, despite their frequent calls for relief and rest.

Should we wonder then that nature with her remarkable tendency to adapt herself to every condition, has, under this forcing process, sometimes failed in her work, and as a result produced many instances of abnormal development, or optical defects, in the eyes of our children?

The question arises, how may we retard the progress of these hereditary tendencies?

Experiments and statistics in a large number of European schools show a very marked reduction in the percentage of defective vision where strict hygienic rules have been enforced, and our adoption, even of some of the simplest principles, would certainly go a long way toward lessening the evil.

It is decidedly unwise to hold bright objects or playthings close to the eyes of infants. Many a case of cross-eye has received its first impetus from this practice.

Children should be encouraged as far as consistent to play out of door games, or, if seated round a table their toys should be of proper dimensions and they should sit with their heads as high as possible above the table.

In our schools let us have rooms—well lighted and ventilated. See that the books are printed in large type, on good paper and with black ink. Insist that the pupil read, write and study in an erect position as possible, thus preventing congestion of the ocular tissues consequent upon stooping. Seat them according to their size, at desks where their work will be at a distance of twelve to fifteen inches from their eyes. Let them frequently rest their backs and eyes by straitening up and looking away toward some dark or shaded spot; and let us renounce once for all the badly constructed old-fashioned seats and benches, still so prevalent in the country schools, and adopt for our schools, desks built upon approved hygienic principles with a view to the health and comfort to the little student.

An Indignity.

I've been insulted, said Meandering Mike. I never was so down trod and humiliated in my life.

What's happened? inquired Plodding Pete, anxiously.

I've been offered work. Cheer up. Was things hez happened. Nope. Never. 'Twas a job in a soap-factory.

His Thoughtfulness.

He—Will you—will you—will you—She—Oh, this is so sudden. He—Don't get excited please; I am making it just as slow as I can.

TALMAGE AND THE CZAR

SOME EXTRACTS FROM HIS FORTHCOMING BOOK.

His Visit to the Imperial Palace at Peterhof—Reception by Alexander III, and the Czarina—Impressions of the Present Czar.

Rev. T. De Witt Talmage not long ago made a memorable tour around the world. He preached many times in foreign lands and met notable persons everywhere. His fame as a pulpit orator had preceded him and gave him exceptional opportunity for gathering material for an interesting book.

Writing of his interview with the then Czarowitz, the present Czar of Russia, Dr. Talmage says:

"Before I entered his Imperial Highness room, at the latter's palace an officer came out to ask in what language I would prefer to converse, and I responded, 'English.' As the door opened I found myself in the presence of a young man, as artless in manner as any clerk in a store, or any farmer at the plow-handle. The Crown Prince appeared a refined and warm-hearted gentleman. There was nothing in his manner or bearing that indicated he would ever inherit a throne. Amiability, kindness and sympathy are in the features, but stamped on all of them are strength and firmness and determination.

"He looks more like his mother than his father. He has not now the robustness his father had before the railroad accident, nor is he by 3 or 4 inches as great in stature. But many of the representations made concerning the present Emperor I know to be mistakes. He is not in poor health, and has enough muscle to wrestle down almost any two of his deprecators. His marriage with Princess Alix was exactly to the wishes of his father and mother, and was a case not of international politics, but of old-fashioned love. I prophesy for him a long and happy reign.

"Stepping from the train at St. Petersburg on return from Moscow, a letter was put into my hand, commanding my appearance at the palace of the then Emperor, Alexander III., and here is the account of what I wrote in my memorandum-book concerning that which was to be a most remarkable interview:

A VISIT TO THE LATE CZAR.

"On the day appointed I took the train for Peterhof, about fifteen or twenty miles from St. Petersburg. A messenger of the day before called upon me at the hotel and gave me information as to what train to take. He met me at the train. After a ride through a beautiful region of country I arrived at the station near the imperial grounds. The royal carriage was waiting, and the two decorated representatives of the palace took me to a building, where a suite of three rooms was appointed for me, where I rested and lunched and examined the flowers and walked under the trees.

"After an hour and a half I was told that the carriage was waiting, and after a ride among fountains and statuary and arbors and roads winding through parks of trees from all lands, and flower-beds, circular and stellar, and spread out in a very carnage of color, I dismounted at the palace of the Emperor. Having entered, I was taken to a waiting-room, where I had a long conversation with an aged Prince, who has for many years waited upon the Imperial family.

"He asked me many questions. After awhile word came that the Emperor was ready to receive me. I was led up by a somewhat labyrinthine way, among lines of servants, and to what seemed to be the third story of the palace, where I was again halted. An official entered the Emperor's room and returned, leaving the door open, and requesting me to enter.

"I found the Emperor standing mid-floor, and beside a desk on which he had been writing, a desk loaded with papers. The Emperor greeted me with much heartiness. And at first glance, seeing him to be a splendid gentleman, with no airs of pretension and as artless as any man I ever saw, it seemed to me that we were old friends at the start.

"Sit down," he said. "Sit down," pointing to a chair on one side of a table, while he took the chair on the other. He is the picture of good health, and everything in his looks indicates temperate living. I could easily understand how, when he gets among the children, his own and his nephews and nieces, he challenges them to pull him down, and a half dozen tugging at him fail to make him budge, and then the youngsters chase him under the trees and his nephews and nieces shout at him, 'Uncle Sasha! Uncle Sasha!' he can be the liveliest one of all the romping group.

Most of the photographs of the Czar do not give half the kindness or vivacity to his countenance.

"If I were asked in a few words to give the impression I got of the character of the Emperor, from his manner and conversation, I would say: He is a strong man any way you take him. At the very opening of the conversation I spoke of his rugged and robust physique, and asked him how he got and kept that brawn and muscle and wonderful vitality. He rides. He walks. He bows with an axe. He races with his boys. He takes a cheerful view of life. He worships God. He lives a moral life. He easily digests his food. He fears nothing.

"At 47 he has the appearance of being 35. His autograph, which he gave me, looks like a battlefield, but of ink instead of blood. Besides all that he has a happy home, and his domestic life is beyond criticism. He has a mellow voice, animated manner, radiant countenance. He is about 6 feet 2 inches in stature and well proportioned.

GREETED BY THE EMPRESS.

"He said to me, 'The Empress will see you, but it will be in another room.' So shaking hands twice, and with an intermingling of 'God bless you' we parted, and following a chamberlain I descended to the first floor and waited a few moments in an outer room, and then entered the reception room of the Empress.

"Oh, she is a June morning! She stood mid-floor in her drawing room when I

entered. She is every inch an Empress. Majesty and grace and loveliness are hers. Her pictures do not give her best expression.

"When I said to her: 'There will be no great war in our time, because the weapons of war have been fashioned for such wholesale destruction that the rulers of the earth will prefer arbitration to massacre,' she replied: 'Oh, I hope so,' and then we discoursed of international brotherhood, and in accurate though deliberate English, had something charming to say on many things. She said:

"You must see my children? And, opening the door, she introduced them with enthusiasm of affection, saying: 'This, my daughter, is seventeen years of age. One of the boys is at sea. Here is another son, and here another daughter.' A jollier group never burst forth from the doors of a school room. The elder daughter is affianced to a foreign dignitary, and is fair and intelligent and seemed to be a girl of broad common sense and will be a queen in any house to which she is taken.

"The youngest girl came into the room almost on a skip, a bundle of fun, laughing and sunshiny, and could hardly stand still long enough to shake hands. Standing back by the door till I drew him forward was a prince of about 8 years, collar out sailor shape, a splendid boy, high forehead, but all boy, and had evidently come in from flying kite or playing ball.

"After giving me some flowers for my wife and we had wished each other all happiness in the here and hereafter, I left the room, impressed as much with the idea of a Christian home as with the grandeur of a palace. After dining I departed. Nothing more in the shape of courtesy could have been shown me than was demonstrated that day. The Emperor's carriage and its attendants took me to the railroad station, and his messenger accompanied me to the door of my hotel in St. Petersburg.

"If all the rulers of the earth were of the same spirit which belongs to those I met that day it would not be long before the bells of the millennium would ring, and I think the bells will have much to do with the joy of those coming times. But you can hardly know the full sweetness and power of bells unless you have heard the bells of Moscow ring as I heard them at eventide.

"After examining at the Kremlin some 900 cannon which were picked out of the snow after Napoleon retreated from Moscow, each cannon deep cut with the letter 'N,' I ascended a tower about 300 feet high, just before sunset, and on each platform there were bells, large and small, and I climbed up among the bells, and then, as I reached the top, all the bells underneath me began to ring, and they were joined by the bells of 1400 towers and domes and turrets. Some of the bells sent out a faint tinkle of sound, a sweet tintinnabulation that seemed to bubble in the air, and others thundered forth boom after boom, boom after boom, until it seemed to shake the earth and fill the heavens—sounds so weird, so sweet, so awful, so grand, so charming, so tremendous, so soft, so rippling, so reverberating—and they seemed to wreathe and whirl, and rise, and sink, and burst, and roll, and mount, and die.

"When Napoleon saw Moscow burn it could not have been more brilliant than when I saw all the 1400 turrets aflame with the sunset, roofs of gold and walls of malachite and pillars of porphyry and balustrades of mosaic, and visions of lapis lazuli and architecture of all colors mingling the brown of autumnal forests and the blue of summer heavens, and the conflagration of morning skies, and the green of rich meadows and the foam of teasing seas.

"I said to the Emperor, 'I saw Moscow burn! Somewhat startled, he said: 'What do you mean?' 'I saw it at sunset.' 'Oh,' he replied, smiling, 'I have often seen it in that blaze.'

"The fact is, the mingling of so many colors with so many sounds was an entrancement almost too much for human nerves or human eyes or human ears. But all that was tame compared with the day of millennial glory that is coming to our world when the bells of joy shall sound, not in the sunset, but in the sunrise ringing out 'peace on earth, good will to men.' From the domes of all the churches, from the domes of all the palaces, from the domes of all the capitols, from the domes of all the cities, from the domes of all the nations—bells! bells! bells!"

PEARLS OF TRUTH.

Surely happiness is reflective, like the light of heaven; and every countenance bright with smiles, and glowing with innocent enjoyment, is a mirror transmitting to others the rays of a supreme and ever-shining benevolence.—Irving.

A man with a half volition goes backward and forward, and makes no way on the smoothest road; a man with a whole volition advances on the roughest, and will reach his purpose, if there be even a little wisdom in it.—Carlyle.

What laborious days, what watchings by the midnight lamp, what rackings of the brain, what hopes and fears, what long lives of laborious study, are here sublimized into print, and condensed into the narrow compass of these surrounding shelves.—Horace Smith.

Real merit of any kind can not be long concealed; it will be discovered, and nothing can depreciate it but a man's exhibiting it himself. It may not always be rewarded as it ought, but it will always be known.—Chesterfield.

If ever household affections and loves are graceful things, they are graceful in the poor. The ties that bind the wealthy and the proud to home may be forged on earth, but those which link the poor man to his humble hearth are of the true metal, and bear the stamp of heaven.—Dickens.

It is manifest that the power of kings and magistrates is nothing else but what is only derivative, transferred and committed to them in trust from the people to the common good of them all, in whom the power yet remains fundamentally, and can not be taken from them without a violation of their natural birthright.—Milton.

His Only Chance.

Goslin—I think I'll take a wife, doncher know, Miss Flynn.

Miss Flynn—If you want to get married, that will be your proper plap, I don't suppose that any woman would ever take you.

THE FIELD OF COMMERCE.

Some Items of Interest to the Business Man.

The bank clearings of important centres in United States increased 17.6 per cent. over same week of last year.

Exports of wheat and flour this week aggregate 2,260,000 bushels as against 1,872,000 last week and 3,207,000 bushels the corresponding week of last year.

Cotton markets are very firm. The price in Liverpool for American middlings is now 4 11-32.

The September report of United States crops places condition of wheat at 75.4 per cent. and of corn at 96.4 per cent.

The earnings of Canadian Pacific for the first week of September are \$397,000, an increase of \$16,000 as compared with corresponding week of last year.

Wheat markets continue depressed owing to large receipts in Western States and small export demand. The world's visible supply increased 2,209,000 bushels the past week.

Strong protests have been made by the grain dealers of Toronto and the millers of the Dominion against the Order in Council allowing the mixing of scoured wheat with No. 1 Manitoba hard.

The visible supply of wheat in the United States and Canada is 36,750,000 bushels as compared with 69,168,000 bushels a year ago. The amount afloat to Europe is 25,000,000 bushels as compared with 30,240,000 bushels a year ago.

Trade prospects for the Western part of the Province seem to be very fair. Crops have been better than was expected, and though apples and a few other products have been low in the average, the bulk of what is grown has not been disappointing. The London wholesale houses have been reasonably busy, and state that collections are better than was expected, and that the volume of trade will equal or exceed that of last year. The retail trade, however, of the city has been rather demoralized during the past month, and will be for the next two, owing to the Street Railway system being electrified and extended, and the apportioning of eight or ten of the principal blocks of the city. These needed improvements will bring London well abreast of its Eastern competitors for commercial position, as it is the natural distributing center for a wealthy contiguous agricultural district.

An active trade is reported in nearly all departments of wholesale merchandise at Toronto. This bears out our previous statement that stocks of merchandise generally are smaller at country points than usual at this season of the year. The business sentiment is better at present than for some years past, and indications favor a good autumn trade all round. Travelers are all in, their presence being needed in the warehouses to wait on customers. The retail trade of the city is also active; money is being spent freely and the feeling pervading commercial circles is that of cheerfulness and hope. Money is offering on easy terms on choice securities, the supply being plentiful; call loans rule at 4 to 4 1/2 per cent. Prime commercial paper is discounted at 6 to 6 1/2. The bank of England discount rate is unchanged at 2, and the open market rate is 1 per cent. Speculation has been less active during the week, with a slight reaction in prices. The declines are insignificant, and the prospect is that higher quotations will rule in the near future.

Two Brave Men.

An exhibition of courage was given by an infantryman at the storming of the Gemmun Gate at Ping-Yang. Here the thick stone walls proved impervious to Japanese shot and shell, and after two fruitless assaults it was decided to try some other method. Lieutenant Mimura volunteered to open the gate single-handed, but Private Harada stepped out and said he would follow along and help. Both men then ran for a corner of the gateway, while their comrades diverted the attention of the Chinese defenders by keeping up a hot fusillade. Mimura and Harada clambered quickly up the face of the wall by placing their hands and feet in the chinks between the stones. They succeeded in reaching the top without being seen by the Chinese, who were busy blazing away at the main body of the enemy, and then jumped down and rushed for the inside of the gate. They had to cut their way through a horde of Chinamen as soon as they had gotten inside the town; but they finally beat them off, and threw the bolts of the heavy gates, that were at once shoved in by the attacking force outside. Both Lieutenant Mimura and Private Harada were promoted the next day.

A Message Astray.

A young lady organist in Montreal was anxious to make a good impression on a visiting clergyman on Sunday. Her organ was pumped by a somewhat self-willed old sexton, who had his own ideas as to how long an organ voluntary should last, and would "shut off the wind" when he thought there had been enough.

On this particular Sunday the organist thought she would forestall any such accident by writing an appeal in the early part of the service and giving it to the sexton. The old man received the note, and supposed it was for the minister. In spite of her frantic beckonings, he went straight to the pulpit with the note; and the astonished preacher read this message:

Oblige me this morning by blowing away till I give you the signal to stop.

Proof.

Do you really think there's any such thing as second sight?

Of course. Just ask Stingely for the loan of a quarter, and you may safely bet that he'll look at it twice before giving it to you!

That is Worse.

Mr. Snodgrass (sneeringly)—Women are always changing their mind.
Mrs. Snodgrass—All the men I know have no mind to change.