

## THE DOMESTIC CIRCLE.

### Ladies Will Here Find Seasonable Topics Discussed.

Compiled by Aunt Kate.

#### Eggs vs. Meat.

Would it not be well to substitute more eggs for meat in our daily diet? About one-third of the weight of an egg is solid nutriment. This is more than can be said of meat. There are no bones, no tough pieces that have to be laid aside. A good egg is made up of ten parts shell, sixty parts white and thirty parts yolk. The white of an egg contains sixty-six per cent. water, the yolk fifty-two per cent. Practically an egg is animal food, and yet there is none of the disagreeable work of the butcher necessary to obtain it. The vegetarians of England use eggs freely, and many of these men are 80 and 90 years old, and have been remarkably healthy. Eggs are best when cooked four minutes. This takes away the animal taste that is offensive to some, but does not harden the white or yolk so as to make them hard to digest. An egg if cooked very hard is difficult of digestion except by those of stout stomachs; such eggs should be eaten with bread and masticated very finely. An egg spread on toast is food fit for a king, if kings deserve any better food than anybody else, which is doubtful. Fried eggs are less wholesome than boiled ones. An egg dropped into hot water is not only clean and handsome, but a delicious morsel. Most people spoil the taste of their eggs by adding pepper and salt. A little sweet butter is the best dressing. Eggs contain much phosphorus, which is supposed to be useful to those who use their brains much.

#### Dressing Infants.

A friend, in a private letter, thus expresses her convictions on the subject of dressing infants, to all of which we utter a hearty Amen: "I want to see mothers brave enough to lay aside the long toggery with which they fetter little infants; see them clothe them healthfully in an elastic fabric from neck to ankles, and then treat them so they will have as good a chance for development as our little lambs and calves. I believe great mischief is resulting from the dragging effect of fashionably long clothing upon infants; also, from its having no support except as the bands are pinned tight round the body of the child. If our little colts were treated thus, how long would it be ere men would comprehend the fact that the 'good points' of horse flesh and trotting were being depleted?"

#### The Pie Question.

"But he has always been brought up to have such things, and likes them." That settles the question. Certainly, people must always have what they like and what they have been used to! But wouldn't it be well for the children to have a different diet? What sort of stomachs will they have if they eat such things? For eat them they will, you may be sure, if they are on the table, even if other food is prepared for them, which few mothers will take the trouble to do. Besides, they will be grown up some day, and then they must have these things because they have "been brought up to have them," etc. Perhaps if any one article could stand as a representative of all those things which it is difficult to make well, and which are good for nothing, physiologically, when they are made, it would be that curious Americanism—pie. I never could understand the peculiar fascination which these gastronomic compounds have for the masculine palate, but the man or boy who can resist the blandishments of a piece of pie would be a natural curiosity. The under-crust may be "soggy;" that's no matter, there's the top-crust and the "filling." The one may be leathery, the other full of all the untold indigestible horrors of molasses and mince-meat, citron and cinnamon, cloves and cider, apples and allspice, butter and brandy, sugar and suet, wine and raisins—but it's pie, and that's enough. For the sake of the next generation of wives, mothers of growing boys ought to educate them into a better taste, lest by and by "a piece of pie like that my mother used to make" be the dreadful will-o'-the-wisp to lure the poor wife into a slough of despond. And you, tired housewife, by occasional deserts of fruit and puddings, introduce your husband into the boundless supply of wholesome and toothsome things that we neglect for the sake of pie. He may speak scornfully of your *blanc manges* and custards, or, as the dessert comes on, raise his eyebrows and say significantly, "Nothing but apples?" or "Oh! its rice again." But do not press your "reform" unreasonably; remember the defects of his early education, and if you can convince him that it really saves your time and strength, and if your puddings and custards are good, he will soon be willing to accept the substitute for a part of the time at least.

#### How to Deal with Rats.

The premises may be kept clear of this vermin by making whitewash yellow with copperas and covering the stones and rafters in the cellar with a thick coat of it. In any crevice where a rat might tread put the crystals of the copperas, and scatter the same in the corner of the floor. The result will be a perfect stampede of the rats and mice. Give the same place a coat of the same yellow wash every spring, for a purifier as well as a rat exterminator, and no typhoid, dysentery or fever will attack the family. Many persons deliberately attract all the rats in the neighborhood by leaving fruits and vegetables uncovered in the cellar, and sometimes even the soap is open for their regalement. Cover up everything eatable in the pantry or cellar and you will soon starve them out. These precautions, joined to the service of a good cat, will prove as good a rat exterminator as the cat can provide. Never allow rats to be poisoned in the dwelling; they are liable to die between the walls and produce much annoyance.

#### Useful Recipes, Etc.

Pickled Tomatoes.—Let the tomatoes be thoroughly ripe and let them lie in strong salt and water for three or four days; then put them down in layers in jars, mixing with them small onions and pieces of horseradish; then pour on vinegar, cold, after having spiced it. Use plenty of spice,

cover carefully and let stand for a month before using.

Pickled Red Cabbage.—Slice the cabbage, cover with salt and let it stand two days. Then drain and put it in a pan; cover with vinegar and spice to your taste. Give it a scald and when cold put it in jars and tie up close.

The leaves of the geranium are an excellent application for cuts, when the skin is rubbed off, and other wounds of the same kind; one or two leaves must be bruised and applied on linen to the part, and the wound will become cicatrized in a very short time.

Rusty Nail Wounds.—If you have the misfortune to wound your foot or hand with a rusty nail, you have only to smoke the wound with burning wool or woollen cloth. Fifteen or twenty minutes in the smoke will remove all the pain from the worst class of inflammation.

To Keep Jellies from Moulding.—Pulverize loaf sugar and cover the surface of the jelly to the depth of a quarter of an inch. This will prevent mould even if the jellies be kept for years.

To Preserve Plums.—Look them over and pick out all that are imperfect or unsound. Make a syrup of clear, brown sugar and clarify it. When perfectly clear and boiling hot, pour it over the plums. Let them remain in the syrup two days, then drain it off, make it boiling hot, skim it and pour it over again; let it remain another day or two, then put over the fire and simmer gently till the syrup is thick and rich. Use one pound of sugar to each pound of fruit.

Stewed Pears.—To six large pears add half a pound of white sugar, half the rind of a lemon cut thin, five cloves, and a little prepared cochineal to color them. Cut the pears in halves, and core them. Put them in an enamelled saucepan; water enough to cover them. Let them stew gently till quite soft without breaking them. When done, place them carefully on a dish sufficiently deep to hold the juice. Strain the syrup, and reduce it over the fire; then pour it over the pears.

Lemon Sauce.—Grate the yellow peel from one lemon. Tear out the pulp containing the juice, and cut into bits. The thick white portion is of no use. Soak a heaping teaspoonful of bread crumbs, or a long thick slice of bread in hot water, rubbing it fine and smooth. Add more water, putting lemon, crumbs and water together, so that there shall be about a pint and a half in all. Add a small teaspoonful of sugar, and let all boil together for a few minutes. Then add a level teaspoonful of butter and one egg well beaten. To prevent the egg from cooking unevenly, stir carefully a little of the boiling mixture into the egg, thus thinning it before you turn it into the mixture, always stirring fast as you gradually mix the egg with the rest. When cool this makes an excellent sauce, and eaten with bread is better for children (or any one else) than the common lemon pie. It "goes further," too.

#### In the Earth's Interior.

Sir John Lubbock, in the opening address to the British Association at York on August 30th startled the scientific world with a new theory of the physical character of the globe. Scientists have almost universally held the view that the interior of the earth is a fluid mass intensely hot, but the President of the association asserted that this theory "is now very generally admitted, both by astronomers and geologists, to be untenable." The prevailing feeling of geologists, he added, has been well expressed by Professor Le Conte, who says: "The whole theory of igneous agencies—which is little less than the whole foundation of theoretic geology—must be reconstructed on the basis of a solid earth." This will be news to many able physicists, but it will strike unphilosophical minds with no little force that if, as Professor Le Conte says, the old theory must be reconstructed, then the pretentious fabric of "theoretic geology" founded upon it and the inferences of which many geologists have not scrupled to put before the utterances of revelation itself must be discarded as baseless conceits. Sir John Lubbock certainly seems to exaggerate the scientific sentiment which rejects the old theory of the earth's internal fluidity. But that sentiment appears to be gaining ground. At the session of the Paris Academy of Sciences on the 22nd ult. M. Roche read a paper arguing in favor of a solid globe, and concluding mathematically that its interior mass is two and one-third times as dense as its crust, the nucleus, as to specific weight, being analogous to meteoric iron, while the exterior coating is comparable to aerolites of a stony composition.

#### Piling Wood.

Many people who handle wood do not know that if they wish the bark to come off they should pile it bark down; if they wish to retain the bark the opposite should be done. A correspondent writes to the *Detroit Post-Tribune*, giving his experience, as follows: "I have sold wood for over forty years in Michigan, and I find that when split wood is corded up the bark remains on until I sell and measure up the wood, and all that is piled bark down the bark falls off and measures nothing; besides, there is more heat in the bark than in the sap of the log. The most and best ashes are also in the bark. I have on my place now some maple wood that was chopped nine years ago and corded bark up, and the bark would hold on if I would draw the wood to Saginaw (18 miles) and cord up and measure; besides the bark is lighter to draw. Where the bark is piled down the water runs in around the wood and makes it dozy, wet and heavy. Tell your neighbors to try it. Railroad companies will save thousands of dollars by piling their wood bark up.

The British Consul at Kiukiang, China, says that the Chinese are too much wedded to their wadded cotton dresses to make their country a good market for imported woollens. But the Government have recognized the desirability of woollen clothing for the troops, and have started a mill where coarse blue cloth is made at a rate lower than it could be imported.

A messenger was sent from Muskegon to a Michigan lumber camp to inform a man of the death of his child; but he used the money given him in getting drunk, and did not perform the errand. He never got sober, for lumbermen hanged him before he had time.

## TRADING ON SORROW.

### The Craze to Make Money Exhibited Even in the President's Death.

There is a melancholy satisfaction in remembering that the mourning for the dead President was so universal, and that the funeral services were conducted in a manner every way worthy of the occasion and of the nation's grief. The only break in the train of satisfied thought is occasioned by the reflection that a few scold souls saw nothing in the occasion but an opportunity to make money. The individuals who got up a "corner" on black goods and profited by the desire of the nation for badges of sorrow, were engaged in a legitimate business transaction; but it is not pleasant to think of them. The same may be said of those who peddled Garfield badges and pictures within the funeral inclosure at Cleveland, and of their neighbors who made the presence of mourning thousands in that city a pretext for putting up the prices of the necessaries of life. Among the meanest of the business ghouls was the firm that scattered Cleveland broadcast with a black-bordered dodger, purporting to be "Garfield's Last Letter," which turned out, on examination, to be a letter from a niece of the elder Mrs. Garfield, thanking the firm, in her name, for a lithograph of the President. The firm probably regarded this as an enterprising way of advertising; but those who were deluded by the heading into reading the advertisement must have a very different opinion on the subject.—*Detroit Free Press.*

### How They Salt a Claim.

"I wish you would explain to me all about this salting of claims that I hear so much about," said a meek-eyed tenderfoot to a grizzled old miner who was panning about six ounces of pulverized quartz. "I don't see what they want to salt a claim for, and I don't understand how they do it." "Well, you see, a hot season like this they have to salt a claim lots of times to keep it. A fresh claim is good enough for a fresh tenderfoot, but old-timers won't look at anything but a pickled claim. You know what quartz is, probably?"

"No." "Well, every claim has quartz. Some more and some less. You find out how many pounds of quartz there are, and then put in so many pounds of salt to the quart. Wild cat claims require more salt, because the wild cat spoils quicker than anything else. Sometimes you catch a sucker, too, and you have to put him in brine pretty plenty, or you will lose him. That's one reason why they salt a claim. Then, again, you often grub-stake a man—"

"But what is a grub stake?" "Well, a grub stake is a stake that the boys hang their grub on so they can carry it. Lots of mining men have been knocked cold by a blow from a grub stake. What I wanted to say, though, was this: You will probably at first strike free milling poverty, with indications of something else. Then you will no doubt sink till you strike bed-rock, or a true fissure gopher-hole, with traces of disappointment. That's the time to put in your salt. You can shoot it into the shaft with a double-barreled shot gun, or wet it and apply it with a whitewash brush. If people turn up their noses at your claim then, and say it is a snide, and that there is something rotten in Denmark, you can tell them that they are clear off, and that you know it is all right."

The last seen of the tenderfoot, he was buying a double-barreled shot gun and ten pounds of rock salt. There's no doubt but a mining camp is the place to send a young man who wants to acquire knowledge and fill his system full of information that will be useful to him so long as he lives.—*Laramie Boomerang.*

### Remarkable Highland Sermon.

Scotchmen are intensely patriotic, and take great pride in old Scotia and everything associated with her. Some one has reported a Highland preacher whose sermon shows his loyalty to Scotland: "Ah, my friends, what causes have we for gratitude! Oh, yes, for the deepest gratitude! Look at the place of our habitation!" "How grateful should we be that we do not leave in the far North! Oh, no! Amidst the frost, and the snow, and the cold, and the wet. Oh, no!" "Where's a lang day in the tee-half o' the year. Oh, yes! And a lang night the tither. Oh, yes! That we do not depend upon the aurawry boreawlia. Oh, no! That we do not gang shivering aboot in skins. Oh, no! Smoking among the snaw like modiwarts! Oh, no, no!"

"And how grateful should we be that we do not leave in the far South, beneath the equator, and a sun aye burnin', burnin', and where the sky's awfu' het. Ah, yes! And the yearth's het, and the water's het, and ye're burnt black as a smiddy. Ah, yes!"

"Where there's teegars. Oh, yes! And lions. Oh, yes! And crocodiles. Oh, yes! And fearsome beasts, growlin' and grinin' at ye among the woods."

"Where the very air is a fever, like the burnin' breath o' a fiery dragon. That we do not want to leave in those places. Oh, no, no, no, no!"

"But that we leave in this bleesit island o' ours, Great Breetin'. Oh, yes, yes!"

"And in that part o' it named Scotland, and in that bit o' auld Scotland that looks up at Ben Nevis. Oh, yes, yes, yes! Where there's neither frost, nor cold, nor wind, nor wet, nor hail, nor rain, nor teegars, nor lions, nor burnin' suns, nor hurricanes, nor—"

Here a tremendous blast of wind and rain from Ben Nevis blew in the windows of the kirk and brought the preacher's eloquence to an abrupt conclusion.

Prince Frederick of the Netherlands, whose death was lately announced, was one of the soldiers of Waterloo. During the battle he was stationed with 18,000 men to cover the Duke of Wellington and protect Brussels in case any sudden turn that way should be made by Napoleon. There are not many survivors of those days now. The Emperor William of Germany is one. He took part in the campaigns against France even earlier than the Dutch Prince who has just died. The Emperor was in the field in 1813, and entered Paris in 1814 with the conquering allies. He is a month or so younger than Prince Frederick of the Netherlands; both were born in 1797.

Vienna advises state that United States Minister Phelps has asked to be retired as soon as his successor can reach Vienna.

## TEA, TABLE GOSSIP.

—No true woman will use her husband's slippers to keep tacks in.

—About time to gather and press the tinted autumn leaves.

—Now is the time for farmers to talk about ploughing matches.

—Have the moths been in your ulster during the summer?

—The hop crop in New York state is 25 per cent. below last year's yield.

—Mrs. Jamieson, wife of the Toronto clothier, will, it is believed, recover.

—A man with an impediment in his speech never speaks well of anybody.

—To a man who has no money to spend it makes but little difference where he spends his time.

—An enterprising book-publisher is about to issue the Comet series. It will be devoted to tales.

—Venner admits that the weather is becoming a conundrum to him. He had better give it up.

—Strange as it may seem, there are plenty of people who are happy only when they are miserable.

—"My re-speaks to you," as the fly said to the druggist who had just completed cleansing his show-window.

—A London paper says that Ashmead Bartlett Coutts is growing old very rapidly. Nevertheless, he can't overtake his wife.

—The French troops had better make the North African romads no madder. They are already getting thrashed badly enough.

—Weather auguries point to a mild open fall and green grass again. Further, an old Indian says: "No snow deep this winter."

—Sitting Bull wears his hair very long. The trouble was that he would never permit the white people of his vicinity to wear their hair very long.

—A Frenchman has discovered that the principle of the revolver was put into practical application by a gunmaker at St. Etienne in the eighteenth century. He has much to answer for.

—There is some talk of a branch of the G. W. R. from Clinton to Goderich. It remains to be seen whether Goderich and other places interested have steam enough to make it an accomplished fact.

—The Home District Mutual Fire Insurance Company is being wound up after a career of forty-four years. Its headquarters were in Toronto, and Hon. John McMurich its President for twenty years.

—The Senate of Knox College, Toronto offers a scholarship of \$100 for the best essay on "Scriptural authority for Presbyterianism in its essential principles," to be competed for by all who shall be theological students during the coming session in the various Presbyterian Colleges throughout Canada.

—The prevailing fashion of bonusing enterprises that are likely some day directly or indirectly to add to the income from taxpayers, has led a wide-awake citizen of Guelph to ask if he can't get exemption from taxation on the ground that he is raising a large family who will some day be ratepayers.

—In a primary school, not very long ago, the teacher undertook to convey to her pupils an idea of the use of the hyphen. She wrote on the blackboard "Bird's-nest," and pointing to the hyphen, asked the school, "What is that for?" After a short pause, a young son of the Emerald Isle piped out: "Plaze, ma'am, for the bird to roost on!"

—The *London Lancet* says, speaking of church bells: "They are an intolerable and most mischief-working nuisance. To the sick their ding-dong and jangle are a serious annoyance, and we do not hesitate to say that in many cases the loss of rest and the general disquietude they produce not only lessen the chance of recovery, but may expedite a fatal issue." The bells don't affect Hamiltonians in that way.

—The tailors are drawing the coils tighter and tighter around the limbs of their unhappy customers. That is to say, trouser legs will be more skimp than ever this year. It is a barbarous fashion. Better, far better, the rotund and bourgeois peg-top than the scant measure which betrays our feet in all their hideous enormity, and which contract vulgar bulges at the knees inside of 48 hours.

—A correspondent of the *Philadelphia Ledger* says that "Llanfairpwllgwyngubrwnchillandysilligogo," the name of a Welsh parish, is pronounced as if written thus: "Thlanvirpwoolgwingergoboolthlandysilligogo." This timely explanation will probably prevent any serious misunderstanding, but the *Detroit Free Press* thinks the majority of the people will keep right along pronouncing it as it is spelled.

—A manufacturer whose business requires the use of large amounts of emery has been trying an experiment with the ashes of anthracite coal, and he affirms that he has got good results from ashes as a substitute for the finer grades of emery. He took ashes and saturated them with water, pouring off the liquid after standing an hour or two, then pouring off again and so on until he obtained several grades, down to a substitute for emery flour. When dried the deposit cuts readily and leaves a satisfactory surface.

—Rev. William Arthur, father of the President, was remarkable for his readiness in debate. Some years ago, at a meeting of the old Hudson River Baptist Association, the Rev. Mr. Walden, who had been settled in the West, but had recently taken a church at Troy, said: "I can tell brethren that if they think any sort of ministers will do for the West they are mistaken. It won't do to send second or third rate men there." Mr. Arthur was on his feet in a moment, exclaiming: "Mr. Moderator, I never knew before why Brother Walden came back."

—Lemons are high and pickles sympathetic with lemons. The cucumber crop of 1881 is about one-half the ordinary yield. By reason of this falling-off pickles may be expected to be raised in price this winter, as the pickle manufacturers have to pay a much higher sum than usual. The usual production per acre is 100,000 cucumbers, and it costs about one-third of the selling price to pick them. The farmer nets about \$65 per acre. In place of the market price being \$1 per 1,000 it is now \$2.20 per 1,000, and a further rise may be looked for before the season is over.

## Footlights.

It is again rumored that Lotta will soon be married.

Joe Jefferson has hoofed it across the histrionic boards for forty-six years and is good for a long siege yet.

Mme. Christine Nilsson is going to Stockholm by express invitation of the King of Sweden, to sing at the opera there in the state performance on the occasion of the marriage of the Crown Prince with the Princess Victoria of Baden. Nothing is decided as to Nilsson's projected expedition to America.

Buffalo Bill introduces real Indians in his plays, and they are expected to let him heroically vanquish them; but in a Chicago performance one of them was drunk, and refused to fall when the scout struck him a sham blow. Instead, he tried to use his tomahawk, and had to be dragged off the stage.

There are no less than four new theatres in progress in London now. The Savoy, M. d'Oyley Carte's, will soon be finished; so will the Avenue, a very handsome little structure, built altogether of Caen stone, at the back of the Grand Hotel. A third is in course of erection somewhere off Oxford street, and the projected new opera house stands half finished, as it has been for the last two years, with no sign of advancing further.

A new Chicago theatre has two "fashion boxes," containing twenty chairs, each directly in front of the customary proscenium boxes, and so arranged, with the rails only slightly above the floor and the seats rising sharply, that a clear view of the occupants can be had from the other parts of the house. The idea is to let handsomely dressed women exhibit themselves, and the astonishing fact in the matter is that they embrace the opportunity.

In the possession of a member of the Berkeley family of England, is a ring composed of a large emerald, surrounded by diamonds. This once belonged to the famous Admiral Sir Cloudesley Shovel, drowned off the Scilly Islands in his war ship in 1707. On her deathbed an old woman sent for the parson, to whom she revealed that she had murdered the admiral, whom she found in a state of exhaustion on the shore, for the plunder. The parson gave the ring to Shovel's great friend, Lord Berkeley, who was on one of the ships of the fleet when the wreck occurred.

When the Prince of Wales visited Liverpool the other day, a zealous shopman on the way put over his door a large, red-covered board bearing the words: "May the Lord convert the Prince." The man stepped out into the road to observe his handiwork, when a brougham and a pair of horses driven rapidly down the hill knocked him down, and the horses trampled over him, inflicting injuries. The result was that the board and inscription were removed without delay before the Prince reached the place.

A sad incident is mentioned in a London letter, as follows: "A few weeks ago I was in a large shop in London, when I saw a pale face behind the counter become livid, and in a moment its owner was lying senseless on the floor. 'Poor thing,' said her companions, as they gathered around her, 'it's her first day back.' Inquiry revealed the fact that the 'poor thing' had just recovered from diphtheria, and had hurried back to her work that she might no longer be a burden to her mother."

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