

Household.

Palatable Gravies.

It would seem that every cook, no matter how ignorant in some respects, would be sure of success in the simple process of gravy making, and yet many experienced housekeepers often fail in securing the best results because of thoughtlessness. It is of first importance to have the gravy free from fat, and this is a point often overlooked. It will be well to keep stock on hand whenever possible. This gravy stock is prepared the same as soup stock. The water in which fresh meat, a tongue, or a piece of beef has been boiled may be reserved for the purpose and used for various dishes.

In roasting beef, mutton, lamb or pork, or any other meat that contains much fat, pour off into a dish, half an hour before the dinner hour, all the contents of the dripping pan and set them away in a cool place. The grease will rise to the top and harden, and it will be surprising to note the amount of fat that is usually obtained from a small bowl of gravy. It is customary to make the gravy directly from these contents of the dripping pan as the meat is removed, and the result is usually a rich substance that is born unpalatable and indigestible.

After pouring off the rich drippings from the meat, place in the dripping pan about half pint of the meat stock, or more if necessary, and if there are any cold drippings or gravies left from the previous day remove all fat from the top and put the liquid that remains in the bottom into the dripping pan with the stock. Wet some browned flour as smooth as possible with water, seeing that it is entirely free from lumps; and when the meat is removed from the oven set the pan on the top of the range. The gravy will boil immediately and the wet flour should then be stirred in. It should not be allowed to stand too long, as it will boil away very rapidly.

For veal, venison, etc., the gravy should be made differently because there is but little fat on these meats, and where there is it is not gross. Put some meat liquor or stock into the dripping pan when the meat is arranged for roasting, and add a little more as it boils away. When it is done set the pan on the range and having stirred in the wet flour add a small piece of butter if it is desirable to make it richer. Be careful to stir until the butter is thoroughly melted or it will make the gravy oily.

For poultry the gravy is made by boiling the giblets—namely the neck, liver, heart and gizzard by themselves, in a little water. Skim carefully if a scum arises. After an hour and a half take them out and pour the water into the dripping pan, mash or chop the liver fine and when the gravy is made add this, with a small piece of butter, the wet flour or the thickening with the necessary pepper and salt, and a little sweet marjoram or other herbs if desired. The fat that roasts out of a turkey or goose, or other poultry that is especially fat, should be skimmed off with a spoon before making the gravy, or if it is very fat the contents of the dripping pan may be poured off to cool and skim and the plain stock used as for fat meats.

It will be well to keep browned flour on hand for soups and gravies, as it gives the article a better flavor and color than white flour. To prepare it put about a quart of flour into a frying pan, set it in the oven or on top of the range, and stir it often seeing that it is not allowed to burn. When it is a light brown put it into a jar or a wide mouthed bottle, and it will be ready for use as required.

Silk Waists.

Nothing fits under a cloth or jacket as well as a silk waist. Hence their great popularity. These waists have quite changed in appearance, since the first ones without linings or bones were introduced and are now made as carefully, fitted and boned with as much precision as any waist that is made. The back is now cut not to show any seams, is sometimes plaited in at the waist or shirred, but always with plaiting or shirring sewed flat and firm. The front is made in several ways, always with a full look from the shoulders over the bust, and fitted smoothly and tightly about the waist. The sleeves are large and generally of the leg-of-mutton shape. The collar is made with a small band, so that it can be worn over collars of any color or material to which are fastened the lace or chiffon fronts. The waists this year are worn out more than inside the skirts. They are cut to give the long-waisted effect, and are pointed just a little back and front and finished with a band of the material or with belt and long ends of four-inch width satin ribbon.

For mourning black silk or sarah waists are considered permissible with black cloth skirts. These waists are generally made with turn-back revers edged with bands of crepe and have crepe collar, cuffs and belt.

A Pretty Ceiling

A very small, unpretentious dwelling may be so prettily decorated as to be a joy to the possessor, and a home not in the least behind a larger one, in tasteful arrangement. We will not speak of roofs, verandas, vines, etc., which are all outside, and concerning which gentlemen of the house must be consulted before changes can be made, but of the internal arrangement of walls, woodwork, ceiling. Generally we find the plain whitewashed ceiling in country houses. It can be painted any color that will contrast well with the woodwork and the paper on the walls. Then with a step-ladder, paint, brush, and stencil plate, any lady can decorate her ceiling to suit herself.

If she feels that she has not the skill, though it does not take much, she can purchase exceedingly pretty paper for the ceiling, designed in artistic patterns and colors, for moderate cost. This, however, needs care in putting it on, that it may be straight and smooth, and the pattern not twisted away. I think the paint and stencil

plate easier to manage, and if a simple design has been chosen, it ought not to be considered a very difficult task to put it on.

Good Recipes.

Bakers' Ginger Snaps.—Molasses, 1 pt.; sugar, 1½ cups; butter or lard, 1 cup; cloves, 1 teaspoonful; cinnamon, 1 teaspoonful; ginger, 1 tablespoonful; soda, 1 teaspoonful; flour to make a very stiff batter.

Marble Cake.—White part: Butter, ½ cup; white sugar, 1½ cups; flour, 2 cups; milk, ½ cup; whites of 4 eggs; ½ teaspoonful cream tartar; ¼ teaspoonful soda; flavor with lemon. Dark part: Butter, ½ cup; brown sugar, 1 cup; molasses, ½ cup; flour, 2½ cups; yolks of 4 eggs and white of 1; ½ teaspoon soda; 1 teaspoon cloves, cinnamon, nutmeg and mace. Drop the dark and white in spoonfuls, alternating. This will make two loaves.

Pomona's Pudding.—Soak one cup tapioca over night in cold water, cook in the same adding more if necessary. Add while hot a cup of well-sweetened cranberry sauce, put into a broad, flat dish and spread over the top a frosting made from the whites of two eggs and three heaping tablespoonful of white sugar. Serve cold.

Impromptu Dessert.—Split two or three crackers for each plate, dip quickly in boiling water, put on each piece, a bit of sweet jam or jelly and a spoonful of sweetened whipped cream. This tastes and looks much nicer than it appears from the description, in fact, it is a very nice light dessert.

Molasses Cream Cake.—One cup thick cream, one cup good molasses, one egg, one teaspoonful soda, one-half cup seeded raisins (or one cup blueberries or huckleberries in their season), cinnamon, cloves and a pinch of salt. Add flour to mix a rather stiff batter and bake from 30 to 40 minutes. Frost with one cup of white sugar moistened with either milk or hot water enough to spread over the cake.

Pincushion.

A favorite cushion in our great grandmothers' time was made after the accompanying design, and for its oddity we give it now. The model was dark-blue velvet and lemon colored silk. Cut six velvet and six silk pieces, each three and five-eighths inches square, and fill them with



PINCUSHION.

bran. Take a pencil, sew silk and velvet cushions in alternation around it, the pencil helping to keep them firm. Each of the six little bags is made of a piece of stuff two and three quarter inches square, filled with sachet powder. A full bow of ribbon finishes the top.—Toronto Ladies' Journal.

NO RICHER PRINCE IN EUROPE.

And Yet the Heir to the Belgian Throne Wants an Increased Allowance.

There is no prince in Europe who is possessed of a larger private fortune than the Count of Flanders, the only brother of King Leopold of Belgium, and heir to his throne. He was the favorite son of his father, who left him the major part of his money, which the Count has since vastly increased by judicious investment and thrift. Under the circumstances one can not but deplore his lack of policy in applying to the Belgian Government for an increase of his allowance from \$40,000 to \$50,000 a year, says the New York Recorder. The \$10,000 increase for which he asks is certainly not worth all the abuse that is being hurled at his head, both in and out of the Legislature, and he can certainly not be in need of the money.

In other countries, such as England, Prussia, Italy, etc., there is an object and cause for the nation paying civil lists to the reigning family, since the latter has surrendered its, in each case, immense private estate to the Treasury in return for a definite annuity. There is nothing of this kind in Belgium, where the dynasty has never made any concession of its private property and where the King and his relatives are paid, not as annuitants, but merely as salaried employees.

Now the civil list of the King is all well and good, since he performs services in return for the money. But nothing of this kind can be said of the Count of Flanders, an amiable, indolent man, who takes no part whatsoever in public life save to appear at court entertainments. The Radical Deputies in the Legislature cannot, therefore, be blamed for asking in aggressive tones as to what duties the Count performed in return for his \$40,000 a year allowance.

GREAT SNOWSTORM.

Navigation of the Seine Stopped by Ice—A Blockade in Austria.

A despatch to the London Daily News from Paris says that navigation of the river Seine has been stopped by ice. There are 14 inches of snow at Havre. The railways throughout the country have been impeded by the heavy snowfall. A Vienna despatch to The Daily News says that 2,000 men are at work clearing the Southern railway of snow between Cameral, Moravice and Fiume. It will probably be five days before traffic is resumed. One train was snowbound for 72 hours.

DEVoured BY WOLVES.

AN INCIDENT IN THE EARLY HISTORY OF CANADA.

How a Settler Lost His Wife and Child—The Once Happy Home Burned to the Ground—He Left the Place and Never Returned.

A few days ago at one of Toronto's hotels an old man far into the 80's had this weird and somewhat thrilling experience to tell:

"It is now just about three score years ago since I first landed in Canada, and I tell you boys, there has been a mighty change since then, as you will see by the story I am going to tell you. It took myself and my young wife just thirteen weeks to come from Brechin, Scotland, where we lived to Lake Simcoe, where we settled. We had few neighbors and there lay before us what seemed a Paradise, the maiden forest studded with princely pine and filled with all sorts of game, and the lake filled with fish. Well, anyway, the nearest neighbor kindly gave us shelter till we had built our little home, a log cabin, and we went to it and felt that we were equal to the lords for

WE OWNED OUR OWN HOME.

"The days passed and happy days they were, and in the course of events a baby was born to fill, as it seemed, the cup of our happiness to overflowing. As winter was approaching I found that our supplies had well nigh given out and as Toronto was the nearest place that I could replenish them, I started for here through the woods following the blazed paths that we learned to know as well as the gravel roads of today. I don't want to talk about that, however. To make the story short, I just came here and bought a considerable quantity of ammunition and started for home with a stout heart and a steady step. A heavy snow had fallen, and I can tell you it was no fun beating my own path. But it was all right. I didn't mind it much, for I thought only of my wife and child, and I felt somewhat anxious about them.

"Three days I spent on the journey and the shades of evening had fairly set in when I came in view of my little home, but what a sight. Around the little cabin were what seemed to me an innumerable number of wolves fighting with each other, filling the air with

THEIR HORRIBLE HOWLING

and all the time trying to reach the inmates of the shanty. I was absolutely powerless, though I had any amount of ammunition, I had no gun and even if I had it would have made little difference in a case of this kind, for the wolves were so numerous, I immediately set out for aid, and little did I care for the snow or anything else. With all haste I covered the three miles and with all haste aid returned with me. Can you imagine my feelings as I, with the cheerfully proffered aid, neared my home? As we neared the cabin we noticed even greater disturbance among the hungry wolves and I imagined the worst. As we drew nearer, I saw that the angry beasts had actually broken into my home, and the sight that met my eyes was sickening. We rushed among the wolves, shot in among the pack and they soon disappeared, but we had come too late.

"There on the snow I saw the blood of my dear ones, and a little further I found the bodies of my wife and child. When I turned again to the cabin, I found it in flames. I suppose the wolves had scattered the fire in the hearth.

"That was enough. I left the place that night and have never seen it since."

PROTECTION OF IRON COLUMNS.

Bricks Laid in Portland Cement Successfully Withstand Fire.

Some experiments were recently made by the building inspection department, Vienna, on the protection of iron from fire by casing it with brick, says Engineering. A wrought iron column twelve feet long, and built up of two channels connected by lattice bars, was used. This was set up in a small chamber constructed of brick, and the column was loaded by levers. This done, it was surrounded by a four and one-half inch brick wall laid in fire-clay mortar. The wall did not fit closely around the column, and advantage was taken of this to fix there samples of fusible metals, and which should serve as a gauge of the temperature attained. Various samples of stone, concrete and other materials were also placed in the chamber within the column. This chamber was then filled with split firewood, which was lighted, and the doors immediately walled up with slabs of plaster of Paris. After the fire had broken out the doors were broken in and a stream of water turned into the room from a fourteen horse-power fire engine. An examination of the room next showed that the walls of brick, laid in Portland cement, retained their strength, while most of the material stone left in the chamber had been destroyed. The ceiling had been lined partly with plaster of Paris and partly with terra cotta tiles. Both were damaged. The enclosure around the iron pillars was still standing firm, though corners of the brick work were clipped one inch or so, and the fire clay mortar was largely washed out of the joints. On removing the casing, however, the pillar was found to be uninjured, even the paint being unscorched, and the fusible plugs only showed a temperature of 149 degrees Fahrenheit.

It all Depends.

The smallest boy in the arithmetic class is the son of a man who works in a coal yard. "William," said the teacher, "how many pounds are there in a ton?" The smallest boy was silent. "Why, that's a very easy question, William." "Yes'm. I know it's easy; but, please, ma'am, am I supposed to be buying the coal or selling it?"

HIS HEAD SPLIT.

Man Recovering After His Brain had Been Severed by a Saw.

Of all the peculiar and interesting cases the saw-mills of Puget Sound have sent to Seattle, none competes with that of Horatio Stetson, an engineer in Stetson & Post's mill, whose head was cut half in two the other day by a rip saw. Stetson was the engineer and also assisted his brother in fixing the machinery in the saw-mill. By chance the mill feed belt came off, and Stetson stepped under the table to fix it. He ran his head against the saw, and in less than the twinkling of an eye his head was cut across the top just in front of the ears. The saw went down into the brain fully three inches, the point of exit on either side of the head being on a level with the top of the ears. Stetson crawled out from under the table, and was grabbed by his brother, who clapped the two pieces of his head together. The brother says that "blood and brains were coming from his head, which looked as if it was falling apart."

The wounded man was hurried to the hospital, and while on his way there was possessed with a sort of mania for swinging his right arm. It could not be held. He was speechless, but understood everything said to him. When he was placed on the operating table it was thought he would die before the longitudinal sinews could be stopped from bleeding. He went through the trephining operation, however, and was put to bed.

Toward night partial paralysis of his arms and legs set in, but he regained the power of speech and called for his mother. At that time he said he was not suffering pain. During the night he was restless, but towards dawn he took a bowl of beef tea. From this time on he became stronger, the power of motion of his legs and arms came back to him and his mind was perfectly clear. He could talk, but with difficulty. His temperature was normal and his pulse remained all day and up to 8 o'clock at night in the condition of a perfectly well man and there was no inflammation in the wound, and at last accounts there was no indication of fever setting in.

According to the technical description of the wound it commences on the top of the head and in entering the brain out the fissure of Roland. This section of the brain is supposed to affect the power of motion, the truth of which claim is borne out by the manner in which Stetson acted on his way to the hospital. Many physicians do not wonder at his being alive, but they are mystified at his being possessed of all his mental faculties, and retaining the control of his limbs, having a good appetite and being perfectly normal in all other conditions of his body.

TOLD HIS STORY.

And Then the Other Man Decided not to Drink.

There was an episode at the Toronto Union Station the other day which passed unheeded save by the principals. A young man was seen on whose face exuberance of joy was plainly written, and who could hardly refrain from making everybody else rejoice with him. He took a seat next to a melancholy looking man and tried to engage him in conversation, but it was uphill work.

Finally he said: "Stranger I want to tell you something, seeing that we're both waiting for a train. I am going to get married. I have been away from home two years, and now I am going back to the old folks, and to-morrow I am to be married to the girl I was engaged to when I left. Come and take a drink with me. I feel so good I want some one to feel good with me and I don't know anybody here. Come on and let's have something."

"I can't drink with you," said the other sadly, "but I will tell you a story. I have not been home for two years, either, but that is all there is in common with us. I was married to a loving woman, but mistreated her. Not intentionally, but I drank and drank no matter how I tried not to, until, unable to get a position in my own place, and having lost all my friends and credit, my wife went back to her father's and I started out to make a fresh start. Even then I could not straighten up, but a year ago I took my last drink. It was natural that my father-in-law doubted me, and so, in spite of my reformation, he made it a condition that I should not again claim my wife until I had been a sober man for a year, the alternative being that if she left his roof she should not return if I relapsed. I had not faith enough in myself to reject these terms, so I worked hard and waited. I was expected to-morrow, and, satisfied that my reform was genuine, I should have been received with open arms, restored to my wife and to the respect of my friends, with every prospect in life opened up to me afresh."

Up to this point the young man had spoken under great strain, but without shedding a tear. There he broke down and, pulling a telegram from his pocket, he let it finish the story. It read as follows:

Mary killed in a runaway. Come at once. The prospective bridegroom quietly stole away and left the widower to his grief. He did not take a drink, either.

Cold Comfort.

Mr. Newlywed—Doctor, what are your feelings after uniting a couple in wedlock?

Rev. Dr. Sharp—Of unspeakable joy!

Mr. Newlywed—Is it the sense of having done a good deed?

Rev. Dr. Sharp—No! It's the sense I've had to keep out of it myself.

FOR TWENTY-FIVE YEARS

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER
THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND
LARGEST SALE IN CANADA.



FRANK LEAKE
Oshawa, Ont.

Pains in the Joints

Caused by Inflammatory Swelling

A Perfect Cure by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"It affords me much pleasure to recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla. My son was afflicted with great pain in the joints, accompanied with swelling so bad that he could not get up stairs to bed without crawling on hands and knees. I was very anxious about him, and having read

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

so much about Hood's Sarsaparilla, I determined to try it, and got a half-dozen bottles, four of which entirely cured him." Mrs. G. A. LAKE, Oshawa, Ontario.

N. B. Be sure to get Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Hood's Pills act easily, yet promptly and efficiently, on the liver and bowels. 25c.

SEVEN YEARS OF SUFFERING

The Peculiar Experience of a Hamilton Man.

Neuralgia Made His Life Miserable—Many Remedies Were Tried in Vain—At Last Relief Came—How he Obtained It.

From The Canadian Evangelist, Hamilton.

A member of the staff of The Canadian Evangelist in conversation recently with Mr. Robert Hetherington, who lives at No. 32 Railway Avenue, found him very outspoken in his admissions as to the benefit he had derived from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and anxious that their good qualities should be made widely known. He is so thankful for the good he received from them that he says he considers it his duty to let others know what Pink Pills have done for him. Mr. Hetherington was a severe sufferer from neuralgia for about seven years. It bothered him very much in the head, arms and legs, and the pain was often so excessive, and the soreness so great that he could scarcely walk. He tried, as a matter of course, to find relief, and in doing so tried many so-called remedies, but none of them were of any benefit to him. In August last his attention was called to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and he determined to give them a trial, and procuring a supply began their use. In about two weeks he found himself much relieved and found the pains disappearing, and after using Pink Pills for a few weeks longer every vestige of the pain had disappeared, and he was as well as ever. Mr. Hetherington has refrained from making any public statement before, for the reason that he wished to be convinced that his cure was complete, and he is now satisfied upon this point. In reply to a question Mr. Hetherington said he was satisfied that his present condition is due entirely to the use of Pink Pills. Before beginning them he had discontinued other medicines, and when he found them helping him had continued their use until he felt that he was fully cured. He further remarked that he now felt like a new man. "Formerly," said he, "when I got up in the morning I was so stiff and tired that I could hardly walk, while now I get up feeling fresh and ready to go to work. I have not felt any of the pains since last September, and I wouldn't again suffer for one day the pains I formerly endured for the price of twenty boxes of pills."

Mr. Hetherington is not the only member of the family who has experienced the beneficial results of Pink Pills. One of his daughters, a grown-up young woman, was quite ill for a month or six weeks, and after a course of Pink Pills is again fully restored to health.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have a remarkable efficacy in curing diseases arising from an impoverished condition of the blood, or from an impairment of the nervous system such as loss of appetite, depression of spirits, anemia, chlorosis or green sickness, general muscular weakness, dizziness, loss of memory, locomotor ataxia, paralysis, sciatica, rheumatism, St. Vitus' dance, the after effects of la grippe, scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system, correcting irregularities, suppressions and all forms of female weakness, building anew the blood and restoring the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of any nature. These pills are not a purgative medicine. They contain only life-giving properties, and nothing that could injure the most delicate system.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark and wrapper (printed in red ink.) They are never sold in bulk, or by the dozen or hundred, and any dealer who offers substitutes in this form should be avoided. Ask for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and refuse all imitations and substitutes.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brookville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y., at fifty cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50.

The Slippery Season.

Little drops of water,
Freezing on the walk,
Make a man who steps there,
Indulge in naughty talk.