

THE HOME.

Notes for the Nursery.

Mothers and nurses ought always to be sure of the absolute cleanliness of everything that comes within reach of a baby, so long as he has a tendency to put everything into his mouth. Many babies suffer by being allowed to play with the toys or other children because these are unclean and once in the child's mouth are sources of disease.

It is well to remember that "colicky spells" are often only the natural result of irregular or too much feeding. An infant's stomach holds but a very few ounces of food and requires just as much rest as the stomach of a grown person.

The way to keep milk sweet during hot weather is as follows: Allow it to reach a temperature of 167 degrees Fahrenheit. Boiling the milk is likely to produce an unfavorable change making it unsuited to the child's digestion. Simply kill any germs that the milk may contain by applying enough heat to keep it sweet till the next supply is obtained.

This is a trying time for those who provide the diet of older children and have to decide what foods are unsuitable during the hot months. Eggs may be used two or three times a week, and meat must be used sparingly; milk, macaroni and broths can take the place of meat. Dainty serving is an important adjunct of the nursery, for if the fancy of a child is pleased he will eat most heartily. How often you will see a child drink several glasses of milk when served in a dainty thin glass, whereas he would refuse milk given to him in a mug, saying he wasn't hungry. Beef broth should be given instead of milk to drink when cherries or strawberries are eaten.

Salt-Rising Bread.

One cup of lukewarm water, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup corn meal and a pinch of salt. Mix and let stand over night in a warm place, — in summer a kitchen cupboard will do, writes a correspondent. In the morning strain the water from this (which should be foamy by this time if kept warm enough) and add enough warm water to half fill a quart bowl. Then thicken with flour and set the bowl in a kettle of warm water. About the right temperature at this season of the year is 105 degrees. In two hours it should be light enough to fill the bowl, although I have had nice bread when it took four hours. Two quarts of milk or milk and water, 1 tablespoon salt and a little sugar with your quart of rising must be stirred to a thick batter in a large pan, giving plenty of room to rise. This should be placed over your kettle of warm water and allowed to get very light. It should rise in an hour, but be sure it is light if it takes two hours. Mix into loaves. This makes four in my bread tin. Make them just stiff enough to handle easily and put in a warm place again to rise. This, if all the time it is not allowed to get below 104° in temperature, should be in about 40 minutes. When the loaves begin to crack a little at the sides they should be put in a moderate oven and baked three-quarters of an hour, or till the top and bottom are nicely browned. I have had excellent success with salt rising by this rule and hope it will be definite to follow. The secret of this kind of bread is to keep it warm enough and out of all drafts.

Delicious Desserts.

Tea Ice Cream.—Pour over 4 tablespoons of old Hyson tea, 1 pt. cream, scald in custard kettle or by placing the dish containing it in a kettle of boiling water, remove from the fire and let stand 5 minutes. Strain it into pint of cold cream, put on to scald again and when hot mix with it 4 eggs and $\frac{1}{2}$ lb sugar well beaten together, let cool and freeze.

Orange Sherbet.—One tablespoon gelatine, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cold water, 1 cup sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup boiling water, 1 cup cold water, 6 oranges and two lemons. Put the gelatine into the cold water for 10 minutes, dissolve in boiling water, add the sugar to the juice (a scant pint) and 1 cup cold water, stir in the gelatine, strain into the freezer. Pack in salt and ice, $\frac{1}{2}$ ice and $\frac{1}{4}$ salt.

Ice Water Sponge Cake.—Use $\frac{1}{2}$ cups sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cups flour, 3 eggs, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup ice water, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon baking powder; beat yolks and sugar with 1 tablespoon of water thoroughly. This is better than 10-egg cake.

Cream Pie.—One cup flour, 1 tablespoon lard, 1 tablespoon butter, pinch of salt, mix with water. Bake in 2 jelly cake pans. Filling: One cup milk, let scald, 2 tablespoons corn starch, yolk of 2 eggs, 3 tablespoons sugar. Vanilla flavor.

Picnic Luncheons.

Lemon Sandwiches.—Make into a paste by adding a little hot water, 1 cupful butter and one teaspoonful mustard. Rub together the yolk of 1 egg and two tablespoonfuls lemon juice; mix together, adding a tiny pinch of cayenne pepper. Spread this mixture upon thin slices of white and brown bread. Make the sandwiches of one slice of white and one of brown bread. Trim the edges evenly and cut diagonally.

Meat Sandwiches.—Chop fine either cold boiled ham, tongue, chicken, or equal parts of each, mix with 1 pint of the meat $\frac{1}{2}$ cup melted butter, the yolk of an egg, a little pepper, also mustard if one likes. Spread on thin slices of buttered bread. Nasturtium blossoms (the petals only) placed between slices of buttered white bread, give a spicy taste liked by many.

Eggs.—These, hard-boiled, accompanied by salt and pepper, find a ready market. They may be converted into a salad by boiling hard, chopping fine with equal quantities of raw onion and cold boiled potatoes. Season with salt, pepper, butter and moisten with vinegar. Or, they may be roasted on the picnic grounds. Prick a hole in the eggshell with a pin, wrap each in a wet paper and place in hot ashes. They will take about 15 minutes to cook. Boil a basin of eggs until hard, place in cold water for a few minutes, carefully remove

the shells, cut each egg in halves. Take out the yolks and cut a bit off the bottom of each half of the white to make it stand upright. Mash the yolks and bits of white with plain salad dressing—vinegar, butter, sugar, salt, pepper and mustard—enough to moisten. Fill the cavities of the whites with this mixture. Cut a box the required height, set the eggs in it with a white paper underneath, cover, tie on the box cover and they are ready to pack in the hamper.

Beans, baked with pork, and served with vinegar and mustard are relished by many. Crisp young radishes, cabbage salad, fried chicken, chicken salad, beet pickles, beef loaf, berries or fresh fruit of any kind, jelly, spiced fruit, rusks, drop cakes, ginger cookies, lemons, cold coffee, and many other eatables will be enjoyed by the hungry picnickers.

TWO BEGGARS OF PARIS.

An Old Woman Who Died of Starvation Had Over 30,000 Francs—The Deaf Mute Game.

People in Paris have been deceived recently by two remarkable beggars. One was an old widow of over eighty. She had been living in a house in the Rue du Texel, upon the charity of the other lodgers. She was an object of pity, this distressed, yet ladylike and gentle old woman, and her little purse made up for her each week was contributed to gladly by those who were under the same roof with her.

Her room remained locked for over forty-eight hours and the police were called in. The old woman lay upon her bed. A doctor was called. He said she was dead, and an examination indicated that the cause was starvation. There seemed to be nothing worth making an inventory of, but the police investigated perfunctorily and under a heap of rubbish they found 3,500 francs in large bank notes. A more careful search revealed in the straw of her bed a heap of bonds and other securities to the value of 30,000 francs. The "poor" old woman's heirs are being sought for, but there is not the faintest clue to them.

A clever swindler presented himself in Paris under the guise of a deaf mute. He was first noticed by the police while conducting an energetic begging campaign from house to house. Upon being arrested he went into an energetic pantomime, to which the officers paid little attention. In the police station he suddenly lost his infirmity and uttered a torrent of invective against the police. It was afterwards found out that speaking five languages, he had plied his trade in all the countries of Europe and with remarkable success. His method of operation was to visit only the houses of the wealthy and to strike for large sums. In Paris his operations netted him not less than 50 francs a day.

He would first write to the families whom he intended to visit. They were always of the foreign colony. The letters would detail his pitiable state. They were well written and seemed to have the impress of truth upon them. A few days later he would call and contriving to be seen by master or mistress, would show a host of certificates of physicians, mayors of cities and commissaries of police in proof of what he had written. The interviews with these wealthy people were naturally had upon paper, and the answers to the questions put to him would be so beautifully and carefully written that they would seldom fail to win the sum sought. This young man—Gustav Remshager—is now held by the police, and his conviction is practically assured.

Full of Wonder.

Mrs. Paton, the Scotch missionary's wife, in one of her letters from the New Hebrides, humorously describes the simple-hearted astonishment of the natives at some of the wonderful things shown them by their new teachers.

Two rooms have been added to our island home: one a little study, which has to serve also as a drawing-room. The Aniwans call this the Great House, and are perfectly lost when they get inside, four rooms being quite too much for their comprehension. And although they saw them being built, they ask in each room, with bewildered faces, whether they are north, south, east, or west.

Sometimes we have to take them through the house several times in a day; and it is genuine fun to watch them—a perpetual play, and with the wickedness of attending theatres. Some of the scenes are truly dramatic. One fellow, the other day, got so fantastically excited, when I set the sewing-machine going, that he performed a war-dance in the middle of the floor, flung his arms all about, and called lustily for his dead father.

A skeleton timepiece, under a glass shade, comes in for a large amount of interest. They will stand and watch the pendulum go for ever so long, and ask all sorts of questions. "The path of the sun" was what they called it, after we had explained how the hands and figures indicated the sun's course in the heavens.

Yesterday I tried to explain that it was the earth and not the sun that was going round, but was promptly informed that I was a liar!

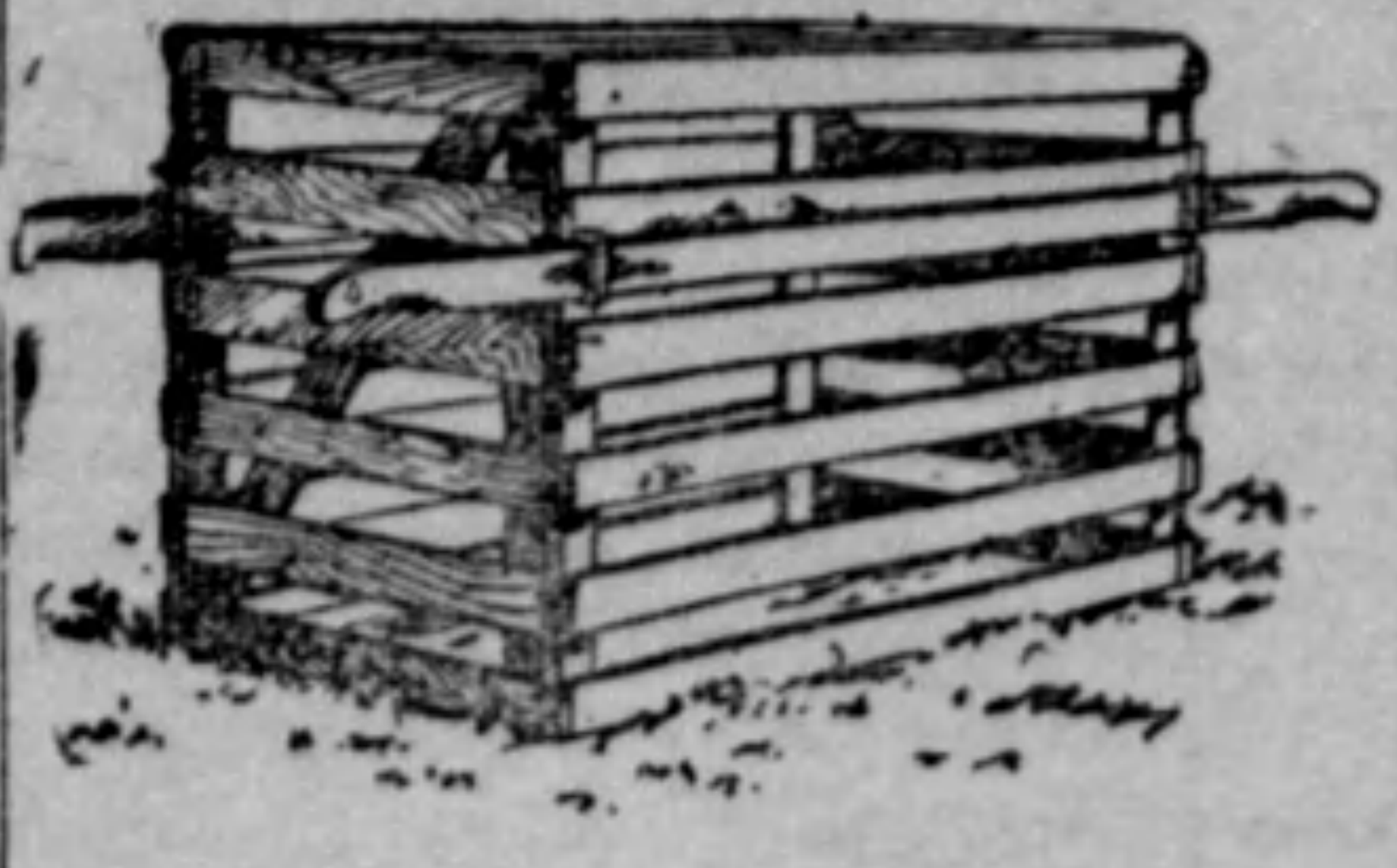
Gold in Russia.

Recent statistics tend to show that Russia holds the third place among gold producing countries. The precious metal however, is only found in large quantities in the Ural Mountains and East and West Siberia, and even there the production fluctuates considerably. During the decade 1880-90, it was greatest in 1880, when the output reached 43,277 kilogrammes (equal to about 43 tons), gradually sinking to 33,020 kilogrammes (33 tons), and subsequently again rising to 39,405 kilogrammes in 1890, or upwards of 39 tons. The output in the Ural Mountains and in West Siberia (says Industries) appears to be steadily increasing, while there is a falling off in Eastern Siberia, with the exception of the Amur district. In the period from 1834 to 1892 East Siberia alone has yielded more than 1000 tons of gold. The expense of working varies so considerably that deposits which are regarded as well worth working in the Ural district are left entirely unworked in the Amur district.

PRACTICAL FARMING.

A Convenient Crate.

The illustration shows a very convenient crate for handling sheep, calves and pigs. Each edge is hinged so that the animal can be driven in at one end, the handles slipped into the iron sockets at the sides, the crate carried to the point desired, and the ani-



CRATE FOR YOUNG STOCK.

mal driven out at the other end. Such a contrivance is especially valuable in handling calves, which in many cases can neither be led, driven, or coaxed along. The crate should be made light but strong, spruce being the very best wood for such constructions, and it is light but exceedingly tough.

Substitutes for Hay.

The prospective shortage for hay may be eaten off in the fields, writes Thom. Shaw. These, in the absence of pastures, may defer the season of feeding, and just in proportion as they do they become substitutes for the fodder that has been stored up for winter. Among the crops that may thus be grown, barley, rye, rape, and turnips may be mentioned.

Barley, as every one knows, is a quick growing crop. If sown just after an early crop has been removed, it will, in many sections, almost reach the earing stage before winter sets in, and when a stand can be obtained to the extent named, it will furnish a large amount of pasture or of soiling crop per acre. Of course it will not stand pasturing by cattle very well, but if eaten off before it gets too far advanced, it will come on again and grow so quickly that it may be repastured two or three times before the winter closes in. It will stand pretty heavy frosts without much injury, but care should be taken not to pasture it when covered with rhyms. It answers splendidly for sheep. Of course it would not be well to go to the expense of growing this crop as indicated, unless to meet in part a shortage in winter fodders.

Winter rye may be sown any time after harvest when moisture enough is found in the soil to secure germination. The preparation of the soil for this crop will depend on the character of the same. The stiffer the soil naturally the greater the need for ploughing it when preparing it for rye. On the prairie it may not be necessary to plough the soil. The seed may be broadcast and covered with the disc harrow, followed by a smoothing harrow, that is, by an ordinary harrow, or the ground may be disced and the seed sown with the grain drill. Two bushels of seed per acre of either barley or rye will suffice. The value of rye as a pasture in autumn will be dependent on moisture and the length of the season for growth. In northerly latitudes near the Canadian boundary it may not be advisable to sow winter rye with the expectation of getting much pasture from it in the autumn.

Rape is probably the most valuable pasture crop that can be grown in the autumn. Sow it in corn just before the last cultivation given to the corn. Use say two or three pounds of seed per acre and you may get a good stand of rape which can be pastured after the corn is removed. Or it may be sown on any kind of stubble ground that has first been disced and harrowed. So late in the season it would not be well, perhaps, to sow more than three or four pounds of seed per acre. The value of the crop will be dependent on the rainfall and the strength of the land. It would not be well to grow rape thus on heavy land. Loam soils will grow it in good form. This crop may be pastured by either cattle or sheep, and it will stand more frost without injury than any other pasture crop that we grow.

The Dwarf Essex rape will yet prove a great boon to this western country. The writer is greatly encouraged by results obtained from growing this plant the present season. It will yet prove a veritable gold-stand to this prairie region. The experiments referred to will be published in due time, and, farmers, I tell you beforehand, that in some respects these results will sound more like fable than sober matter of fact.

Fall turnips may be sown about the same in all respects as rape and under similar conditions. They have no advantage over the Dwarf Essex rape unless it be that in some localities the seed may be more easily obtained. The seed of the turnips may be mixed with rape seed and the two grown together. They may be pastured with cattle or sheep. Be careful to sow the fall turnips. Rutabagas would grow too slowly.

Now remember, farmers, I am not recommending the growth of these crops as a part of a settled system, but to meet the exigency of the shortage in hay and fodder which is confronting the agriculturist in some sections. And yet they would probably pay well enough in any season under favorable conditions.

Feeding Tallow to Dairy Cows.

The results of many experiments in feeding fats and oils to dairy cows have proved that the composition of the milk depends on the nature of the cow, and that any noticed change in the fat or other components of the milk is merely a temporary one, due to the unusual food. Thus linseed, cottonseed, rape, peanut cocoanut, palm and oleo oils and stearine have been successively fed to cows with no increase in the yield of butter. Lately it has been claimed that a dairy ration of tallow would increase the fat in the milk. But Prof. H. H. Wing

obtained no such result in two careful tests with ten different cows of the Cornell herd, of two breeds, of various ages, in various periods of lactation, extending over ten weeks, for at least six of which each cow ate and relished two pounds of shaved clean beef tallow daily mixed with her ground grain. Hence the feeding of tallow to dairy cows will not increase the yield of butter, neither will it decrease the yield.

The Effect of the Hard Times.

A story was recently told of how a preacher tested the effect of the hard times upon his congregation. At the conclusion of one of his sermons, he said: "Let everybody in the house who pay their debts stand up." Instantly every man, woman and child, with one exception, arose to their feet. He seated the crowd, and then said: "Let every man who is not paying his debts stand up." The exception noted, a care-worn, hungry individual, clothed in his last-summer suit, slowly assumed a perpendicular position, and leaned upon the back of the seat in front of him. "How is it, my friend," inquired the minister, "that you are the only man in this large congregation who is unable to meet his obligations?" "I publish a newspaper," he meekly replied, "and my brethren here, who have just stood up are all my subscribers, and—" "Let us pray," exclaimed the minister.

BROUGHT TO LIGHT.

Instances Where Men's Early Sins Have Driven Them From Public Life.

At a general election in England, a candidate personally unknown to the voters of a certain borough was asked by party leaders to stand for it. He belonged to a good family, and was a barrister of promise in London. His path to success was open, as the borough belonged to his party. But when he mounted the platform to address the electors, after a sentence or two he suddenly became pale and confused, his eyes fixed on a board opposite on which was scrawled with charcoal, "Forty pounds!" He stumbled through a short speech, and then hurriedly left the stand.

A few days later he rose to speak in another town, and again the mysterious words written in black on the wall confronted him. Again he left the platform, and that night retired from the contest for the seat in Parliament. Not long afterward he disappeared from public life, and retired to an English colony where he hid himself on a ranch. The words, it was found, referred to a theft committed in his youth, which he supposed had been forgotten.

Alexis Piron, the French poet and satirist, sought for many years to obtain a seat among the Forty immortals in the French Academy. He was recognized among the poets of his day, and was confident of his ultimate admission, when a vile o'le, written when he was a boy, was brought to light, and he knew that the door of the Academy was closed in his face forever.

In both of the political parties of this country there have been instances of men eminent in mental ability, who have failed to receive the high political honors, because of the shadow of some fault or folly of their earlier days.

Behind all the happiness of life, behind even God's love, there is such a thing as law. "Who breaks it always pays the penalty." God may forgive him; but the lines on his face, the taint in his soul, remain to tell of the vice of his early days.

ONE NIGHT IN A CHINESE CITY.

San Francisco Describes Graphically a Sojourn in Canton.

"Why, I wouldn't take a million dollars for the fun I had on that trip," said a returned traveller, "and it is worth repeating. You ought to go through China and stop over night in Canton. That was one of the experiences that nearly drove me crazy. Of course a fellow has such things happen even in the midst of the most delightful times. All night long the local police, togged out like Italian panoramas, moved up and down the streets blowing horns and beating discordant cymbals for the purpose of driving away any thieves who might be operating in the city. About 3 o'clock they let up, and a fellow rolls over to get in a little sleep. In the midst of your dozing, or about sunrise, three fiends perch themselves on a wall across the street from the hotel, and with a sort of a ram's horn about four feet long proceed to blow glad blasts to the rising sun.

They seem to be trying to burst the horns, and keep it up two or three hours. This puts a stop to any further attempt to rest, so you have to get up and make the best of it. I took a trip in a sort of sedan chair throughout the city. Everybody moves about in that way. No one thinks of walking. The Chinamen who carried me, four of them were dressed very slightly. I don't suppose there was enough clothes on the four to flag a handcar. I had a little more on, happily, but about noon the perspiration was pouring off me in streams. Hot? You never saw anything like it. Why, I had to hang all my clothes out to dry when I got back to the hotel. Canton was too many for me, so I got over into Tokio.

Made Insane by Face Powder.

Miss Mary Belcher, a young woman who lives at Sugar Grove, Ky., is a mental wreck, owing to the use of complexion powder. She was a very pretty girl, but suddenly grew pale and bought the powder to hide it. After using the powder for a while coarse black hair began creeping out all over her face, and shaving only made it worse. She was a most popular girl, but when the hair continued to grow she worried so over it that her mind gave way, and it is feared she will never recover her reason.

In the Married State.

Wife—It's the little things that worry. Husband—Especially when there are six of them.

THE TERRORS OF DYSPEPSIA.

A Disease That Make the Life of its Victims Almost Unbearable.

A Sufferer for Years Tells How She Obtained Relief—A Bright Ray of Hope for Those Similarly Affected.

From the Bowmanville News.

The editor of the News, in company with Mr. Jury, of the well known firm of Stott & Jury, visited the home of Samuel Wood, in the township of Darlington, for the purpose of ascertaining the particulars of another of those remarkable cures happily brought about by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. It was Mrs. Wood who had thus been released from suffering, and when the newspaper man made known his mission she said, "Yes I can give you a bright testimony in favor of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, for I believe if they did not save my life, they at all events released me from untold misery. Some three years ago dyspepsia came upon me in a severe form. I doctored with one of the local doctors for more than a year, but all the time was growing steadily worse. The medicine I took cost me a dollar a bottle, and the expenditure was worse than useless for it did me no good. Then my husband thought as I was growing worse, it would be better to try something else, as they felt that unless a change soon came I was doomed to live through the terrors of a dyspeptic's life. Sometimes I would be fairly doubled up with the pain, and it seemed as if a knife was cutting into me. I then tried a number of medicines recommended for dyspepsia, but none of them brought the hoped for relief. We had so often read of the remarkable cures achieved by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills that I determined to give them a trial. I got a supply and before the second box was gone I found myself getting better. I continued the use of the pills until I had taken eleven boxes when I was fully recovered. This was a couple of years ago, and I have not now the least sign of dyspepsia." Mrs. Wood further said that her husband had been a victim of kidney trouble for a long time and had taken a great deal of medicine for its cure but to no avail. When it was seen that Pink Pills were doing his wife so much good, Mr. Wood determined to try them, and they acted like a charm as he is now entirely free from his complaint, and he attributed all to the use of Pink Pills and would not be without them in the house.

Messrs. Stott & Jury informed the News that Pink Pills have an enormous sale. They have handled Pink Pills for years and say that they cannot recall a single instance in which a customer came back and said they were not perfectly satisfied with the results. This is certainly a remarkable record, but then Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is a remarkable medicine, and cures when other medicines fail.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark and wrapper (printed in red ink), and may be had of all druggists or direct by mail by Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y. at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50.

THE OLD TEASER.

A Venerable Side-Wheeler Watch Has Seen Much Service.

One more round trip of the Mirimich between Montreal and the Gulf ports and he staunch old boat's life work will have ended. The quaint side-wheeler of the fashion of a generation ago will give place to the modern twin screw steamship Campana. The early history of the Mirimich is unique, inasmuch as she was designed for an entirely different trade from the peaceful one she has followed since the early 70's. She was built at London, England, in 1866, by J. Penn, and was christened the Teaser.

For whom she was originally built is not known. This was kept a secret, no doubt, for the reason that her intended trade was of a semi-piratical nature. She was designed for a blockade runner between Southern ports of the United States and Europe. In that year—1864—the war of the rebellion was at its height, and the navy of the United States had completely blocked all traffic between the rebel ports and Europe. The speed of the Teaser was about sixteen miles per hour, which was accounted very fast in those days, and it was thought that she could outstrip the ships of the United States navy. She was captured, however, on her first trip, as she was trying to get out of a blockaded Southern port with a cargo of cotton. After the close of the war, in 1865, she was sold by the United States Government, and for a time was employed in the Gulf of Mexico between New Orleans and Galveston. Coal being very expensive, this did not prove a paying investment, and she was laid up in New Orleans until 1872, when her present owners, the Quebec Steamship Company, purchased her. Alterations, such as the deck houses, etc., have since been made. Her boilers were renewed six years ago, though the engines are the same as when she was built. She has made 300 round trips to the lower ports, which aggregate over 600,000 miles, and in all her service has never lost a life.

Died of a Pin Prick.

The Rev. S. H. Phillips of Durham, Pa., aged 31, died on Wednesday at St. Luke's Hospital of blood poisoning. Six weeks ago Miss Cope, one of his parishioners, for a jest pricked him with a hat pin in the leg. Blood poisoning followed, and to save his life the leg was amputated on Saturday. He failed to survive the ordeal. The young woman who caused the preacher's death is almost crazed with grief.

For twenty-five years

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER

THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND
LARGEST SALE IN CANADA.