CURRENT NOTES.

"Jean, a hundred years hence they'll think mair o' me than they do now," is the apt quotation with which a London paper introduces a notice of the forthcoming exhibition in Glasgow of the relics of Robert Burns. And it does not need the imposing array of names of societies and celebrities taking part in promoting the exhibition to prove how abundantly the prophecy has been verified. Indeed, it is hardly an exaggeration to say that there is no poet who holds the same position as Burns in the affection and admiration of his fellow-countrymen. This national feeling is equally creditable to the poet and his admirers.

There is the obvious contrast to be drawn between the recognition extended to Burns to-day and the lack of recognition which he received in his lifetime, but no one now can wish that his lot had been different. The man might have suffered less but the world would have been loser by the change. Of all the conditions that contributed to his greatness none was more essential than the experience of suffering and material failure that fell to his lot. It is impossible to conceive of such a poet as Burns petted by society and patronized by aristocracy, competed for by publishers and computing the value of his deathless poems by the number of guineas a line they would bring in the market.

The world is not producing any poets of the Burns class nowadays, and the world of fashion and of success can under no circumstances produce such a poet. The nobility and gentry of Scotland and the aristocracy of English literature, whose members are now competing with each other for the distinction of showing him honor, need feel no pang of self-reproach for the neglect which was the living poet's portion. That treatment was so far from doing him harm that it is among the chief causes which make the world think more of him now.

The New York Journal says that on a recent Sunday night "the most popular minister in Chicago found himself confronted by a congregation of exactly fifteen, whom he speedily dismissed, saying they were too few to waste a good sermon on. The same night the city was visited by a storm in which it rained mud turtles and coarse gravel." The Journal evidently discerns a deep significance in the providential appearance of the mud turtles and (would one persume to say?) the unprovidential non-appearance of the worshippers. But possibly, the expectation of this very storm prevented a larger attendance that evening at the Chicago churches. We have known instances where individuals were deterred from attendance at church services by their anticipation of a rain which was likely to occur at any time during the next thirty days, though we cannot recall any authentic, properly accredited instance where atmospheric conditions, actual or possible, interfered with the attendance of these same individuals of a week-day at a concert or party. As for the zoological portion of the story, we hesitate to believe that the Lord wastes good turtles on bad Chicagoans either as provender or as object lessons. Coarse gravel or hail would be more understandable as punitive agents or providential monitions, and might be not unwelcome as an occasional visitation, so long as nobody was hurt, and the churches were filled. With respect to the minister's omitted sermon we cannot forbear registering our opinion that if the Master thought it not beneath his Messianic dignity to preach once to a single hearer by Jacob's well, a modern disciple of his in Chicago need not regard it as the wasting of a good sermon to unfold the gospel to a company fifteen times as large as the Saviours' Samaritan audience.

DEATH BY DROWNING.

Two Minutes Under Water Sufficient to Cause Fatal Unconsciousness.

Drowning is a quicker death than most people suppose. Insensibility is said to begin in about one minute, and fatal unconsciousness generally supervenes in the neighborhood of two. Even practiced divers cannot remain under water more than a minute and a half, and it is almost fatal to remain beneath the surface longer than that.

At Navarino, where there are many expert divers who plunge into the sea after sponges, not one was found who could remain under water for two minutes. In the Red Sea the Arab divers generally remain down one and a quarter minutes; while at Ceylon the pearl fishers can seldom stay below for even one minute. There is a case on record at Falmouth, England, where a diver had descended eighty feet and on giving the signal was drawn up slowly so it was two minutes before he reached the surface. Blood ran from his ears and nose and he was insensible. He died without speaking.

Insensibility, however, does not always involve death, for in many cases a person may be resuscitated by the use of energetic measures. The bringing to of people who have been under water for five consecutive minutes is, however, considered doubtful by physisicians. There have been extraordinary cases related, nevertheless, where persons have been brought back to life after having been submerged for fifteen or twenty minutes, but it is probable that they have come to the surface again and again during that time.

About the House.

THE GRUMBLER.

He sat at the dinner-table
With a discontented frown—
"The potatoes and steak were undone,
And the bread was baked too brown.
The pie too sour, the pudding too sweet,
And the roast was much too fat;
The soup so greasy, too, and salt,
Sure 'twas hardly fit for the cat."

"I wish you could eat the bread and pies
I've seen my mother make;
They are something like, and 'twould do you good
Just to look at a loaf of her cake."
Said the smiling wife, "I'll improve with age,
Just now I'm but a beginner,
But your mother has come to visit us,
And to-day she cooked the dinner."

USING THE FRAGMENTS.

It has been said of us by a learned professor that "wasting is carried on so extensively in our kitchens, it has become one of the common sciences." The charge is a serious one, if it be true, and while we may make indignant denial of such a sweeping condemnation of our household administration, yet the fact remains that waste, to a greater or less extent, can be found in the culinary arrangements of the majority of our homes.

In nearly every instance this is caused by the inability to use the fragments which are left from each meal, so as to save them. It is in itself an art to prepare appetizing dishes from cold meats and vegetables, and to serve them in such a manner as to disguise the fact that they are "warmed over."

The most common way of serving cold meat is in the form of "hash," which dish has furnished as many standard jokes (?) for the press as even the modern mother-in-law. Yet hash, properly prepared and served, is a most appetizing breakfast dish.

The following recipes have furnished many palatable dishes in one household, of which the mistress aims at a variety on successive meals, rather than many dishes at each meal:

Ham Balls.—Cold boiled ham, chopped fine; add one egg for each person, and enough flour to make into balls. Fry in hot beef drippings; serve on toast.

Beefsteak on Toast.—An excellent method of using small pieces of cooked steak is to chop them very fine, cook in a very little water, add a cupful of cream or milk, thickened, seasoned with salt, pepper and butter, and pour over slices of toast.

Beef a la Mode.—The boiled beef left after soup makes a nice supper dish, if prepared as follows. Cut the beef from the bone into small slices. Spice it with salt, pepper and a small quantity of mace. Cover with hot vinegar, and set in a cool place until served.

Meat and Potato Pie.—To use the cold meat and potatoes left from dinner, put alternate layers of each in a pie-dish, having the potatoes at the bottom and top. Season with salt, pepper and a large spoonful of butter, brown nicely, serve hot.

Cold Meat and Tomatoes.—To make a meat pie of cold beef or mutton and tomatoes, take a deep baking-dish, strew bottom thickly with bread crumbs, then fill with alternate layers of meat, sliced thin, and tomatoes, cold cooked tomatoes left from dinner are excellent; if there are none, use sliced raw ones. Season each layer, using salt, pepper and butter; finish with tomatoes and bread crumbs, dot with butter, brown, serve hot.

Bread crumbs and stale slices of bread can be utilized in so many ways, it is wanton waste to throw away even a crumb of bread. Dried bread crumbs, sifted, and kept in glass jars, are always ready for use.

A delicious apple-pudding is made from alternate layers of bread crumbs and apples, sliced very thin, seasoned with nutmeg, sugar and butter, and baked slowly to a delicate brown.

Bread crumbs are also nice in place of the usual pastry in preparing dessert for invalids, by using buttered crumbs for lining of pan and top, and filling with fruit in the usual manner.

A very nice dish is made from stale slices of bread, by trimming off the crust, placing half of a peeled apple on each slice, sprinkle with sugar and bake.

These are but a few of the many ways of using cold meat and stale bread. There are so many ways, all good, of serving cold potatoes, that it would require a separate paper to enumerate them. But one thing is certain, there can always be found a way to serve again, in some acceptable way, the remnants, which from time to time discourage even the most experienced housekeeper.

TWO FRENCH FRIES.

There are two methods of frying known to experts, rather elegantly named in English "wet frying" and "dry frying," or in French by the terms sauter and frire. Both are excellent when used suitably; when improperly employed the result is, to say the least of it, unfortunate, and leads to the waste of good material. The reason why our cooks so often fail to fry successfully is that they "dry fry" everything, having no notion whatever of wet frying.

To sauter, or dry fry, is to cook food in a small quantity of hot fat and in a shallow pan. Omelets, pancakes, liver and bacon, chopped vegetables cut small, are samples of the sort of food which may be correctly cooked thus. Small pieces of meat and fish may also be sautes, and when carefully done are very good, although it is open to question whether they would not be much more satisfactory if fried in a larger pan, with a more generous proportion of fat. When saute, articles should be in constant motion, owing to the pan being jerked to keep them from sticking; and they should be turned, so that they may be equally cooked on both sides.

To wet fry is to immerse in hot fat, and this method it is of which cooks are so much afraid, which constitutes real frying. The first necessity for it is to have plenty of fat; sufficient, that is, to cover the food all over, so that the heat shall be conveyed to every part alike, above and below. Nor need it be supposed that to use a quantity of fat thus is extravagant. It is, on the contrary, economical, as the fat can be used again and again. The small quantity of fat that is melted in a frying pan gets burnt, and is always thrown out; it is strained free from any little pieces of bread or batter that may have got into it, is washed when dirty, and can be constantly renewed, little pieces of fat being melted or drained into it, thus keeping up its bulk and also its quality. It is never allowed to burn, because it is never left on the hot plate a moment after it has done its work. People who understand frying treat fat most respectfully, looking upon it as a household treasure.

Not only should the fat used in frying be perfectly dry, but the article to be fried should be dry also. It is by way of insuring dryness that so many people flour food that is to be fried just before plunging it into the fat. Usually, also, the food is dipped in batter or egged and breaded before frying. It is well to remember that egging and breading should be done some time, flouring immediately, before frying. To prevents accidents, be careful that the pan used for frying is not more than half full of fat. Also, when a frying basket is used (a great aid to successful frying) it should not be allowed to touch the bottom of the kettle; nor the articles in the basket touch each other. Should an accident occur when frying the best thing to do is to throw a strip of carpet or a thick cloth on the flame. With many people the first impulse would be to use water, but this would create steam, which might do as much harm as the flame.

Fat for frying should, we know, be hot before the food to be fried is plunged into it, but it is requisite to have a clear idea of what is meant by this. Boiling water registers 212 degrees on the thermometer, but different fats boil at different temperatures, so it is no guide to say that fat must boil; and, as a matter of fact, fat must not boil; it must simply be hot enough to produce what the French graphically call the "surprise;" that is hot enough to contract the tissues of the meat and carbonize its surface. Fat has attained this condition when it is still (water of course, bubbles when it boils), and when a blue fume rises from the centre. The ordinary domestic test is a very good one. Throw a piece of bread into the fat. If it browns immediately, the fat is hot enough; if it remains pale, the fat needs to heat a little longer. And, it may be added, the smaller the article to be fried the hotter should be the fat. Supposing we could test the heat of fat by a thermometer, we should let it attain a temperature of 365 degrees for articles that need to be cooked through and of 400 degrees for such as can be cooked instantly. We can rarely test the heat thus, but the fact shows that for some things the fat must be hotter than it is for others.

It cannot be too strongly insisted upon that for successful frying the temperature of the fat is a matter of supreme importance. When fried articles come to the table broken, sodden, uneven, and mottled-looking, the probability is that they have been cooked in too little fat. When they come to table greasy, the fat has not been hot enough. A good brown color and a crisp, dry surface are the marks of good frying.

AN OPERATION AVOIDED.

A Smith's Falls Case of Great Importance.

Erysipelas in the Face Developes Into a Running Sore—Doctors Declared That only an Operation Could Bring Relief —A Medicince Found Which Made the Painful Operation Unnecessary.

From the Smith's Falls Record:—

A famous German medical scientist once remarked that the world is full of men and women who are sick because of their scepticism. The wisdom of this remark was never more self-evident than it is to-day. There are countless scores of sufferers who would rather suffer than use any medicine not prescribed by their favorite doctor. To these people, perhaps, the story of Mr. Thos. E. Phillips, of Smith's Falls, may convey a moral. The following is the story as given by Mr. Phillips to a Record reporter:—"Several years ago I began to fail in weight, lost my appetite and erysipelas started in my face, and then a running sore broke out on my cheek. I consulted three physicians and they all said it would be necessary to remove a portion of the bone. All this time I was unable to do any work and was suffering intense mental and physical agony when I chanced to read in the Record about Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and resolved to try them, thinking they would do me no harm anyway. I had not used one box when I felt they were helping me. I continued and after taking eight boxes the running sore on my cheek healed and the operation the doctors said was necessary was avoided. I regained my weight and am once more posessing a good appetite. In fact I was made a new man so remarkable was the change. We now consider Pink Pills a household necessity." Mr. Phillips was a respectable and well-to-do farmer of Wolford township until last spring when he sold his farm and is now living a retired life in Smith's Falls. He is about fifty years of age though looking younger, and a living witness of the wonderful curative properties contained in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. This great medical discovery has reached the high position which it holds through the power of its own merits. By its timely use the weak are made strong; pale wan cheeks are given a rosy hue; lost vigor is renewed and the suffering ones are released from pain. If your dealer does not keep Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, they will be sent by mail on receipt of fifty cents a box or six boxes for $2.50, by addressing the company at Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N.Y. Remember that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure when other medicines fail and do not be persuaded to take either a substitute or an imitation.

I learn several great truths; as that it is impossible to see into the ways of futurity, that punishment always attends the villain, that love is the fond soother of the human breast. —Goldsmith.

FAMINE BREAD OF ARMENIA.

A Sad Picture of Affairs in That Unhappy Country.

Those who have contributed either from their abundance or from their little to the Armenian relief fund will be interested in the passage quoted below. It is taken from a brochure issued recently by the Armenian Relief Association of New York, fitly entitled "Horrors of Armenia." Its author, Mr. William W. Howard, was the only one of the fifteen newspaper correspondents who departed from London in December, 1894, on the quest of investigation into the condition of eastern Turkey who was successful under peculiar perils in penetrating to the interior of that desolated land. A second visit, just completed, was undertaken by him as relief commissioner under a Turkish embargo, the penalty attendant upon which was his devoted head. He writes from the intimate knowledge acquired during an observation extending over a year and a half in Armenia. Scenes of so surpassing sadness as he witnessed have in the intensity of his indignation winged his words with an almost brutal force.

"Passing through an Armenian village in the Province of Van one afternoon," he says, "I halted my party before a house where a little girl was crying in the street.

A SPECTRE,

in the person of a middle-aged man, sat listlessly by the door.

"'Why does the child cry?' I asked.

"The man looked up weakly with the eyes of despair. 'I know not,' he said.

"'Surely one who is apparently the child's father makes a strange reply to a simple question. Speak, thou, why does the child cry?'

"'It cries because it cries,' he answered wearily.

"'Not so; there must be a better reason.'

"'Perhaps so; but I am a Christian dog, and thou art a great lord with fine horses and strong servants. Why should the grief of my little child concern thee?'

"'Thou art a man as I am. Speak, then, as man to man. Why does the child cry?'

"'It cries because it is hungry.'

"'Is there no food for a helpless child?' My cook had already dismounted with a bag of bread in his hand.

"'Food!' said the man, moving unsteadily his wasted hands. 'Truly there is abundance of food. There is the bark of trees by the watercourses, which one may gnaw from dawn till dark; there is grass growing in the fields; there are roots to be dug on the mountain side; there are strong weeds to be had in the ditches, and there is moss to be gathered from the rocks!'

"'But bread!' I broke in with. 'Is there no bread for a crying child?'

"'Verily, master, there is much bread,' he replied; 'beautiful black bread made from

LINSEED AND FLAXSEED

and the seed of the clover, which intoxicates him who eats. See, my lord, here is bread, if it please you to eat. Fear not to touch it, for it is not a cake of stable refuse, although it may have that appearance.' He held out a round, black resembling material which serves as fuel in Asia.

"'It is the hunger bread of Armenia,' said one of my men. 'Do not eat of it, for a steady diet injures the mind.' I broke off a small piece. It was enough. It had the taste of bitter weeds or nauseous medicinal herbs. I exchanged good wholesome wheat bread for five small cakes of it, which I have brought to America as specimens of the famine food of Armenia."

The spectacle, so piteous, of an entire nation, intelligent, peaceful, industrious, lying prostrate at the gates of the civilized world, full of sores and sickness, licking up the crumbs which fall from the rich man's table, must sere the most callous of hearts.

THE FAVORITE THREE

Known All Over Canada—Everybody Has Words of Praise for the Three Great South American Remedies—Absolute Specifics for Kidney, Rheumatic and Nervous Troubles—They Relieve in a Few Hours.

THE KIDNEYS—Distressing kidneys and bladder diseases are relieved in six hours by South American Kidney Cure. This remedy is a great surprise and delight on account of its exceeding promptness in relieving pain in the bladder, kidneys, back, and every part of the urinary passages in male or female. It relieves retention of water and pain in passing it almost immediately. It will cure Bright's disease and diabetes after all pills and powders have failed; as it, being a liquid and solvent, dissolves the sand-like particles which always appear in the blood of persons troubled with these disorders. A dry powder or pill, cannot possibly do this, as neither is a solvent. Use South American Kidney Cure if you would live and enjoy health.

RHEUMATISM—"For the last year," writes William Marshall, of Vardon, Ont., a resident of that district for 40 years, "I was confined almost entirely to my bed with rheumatism. Nothing gave me relief, and I had finally given up hope when South American Rheumatic Cure was recommended to me. The first dose gave me instant relief, and I was out of my bed the following day. I have used three bottles, and I must say, I am completely cured, as I suffer no pain, whatever now."

THE STOMACH AND NERVES—Mrs. Capt. Hackley, of Owen Sound, was one on whom La Grippe had left its marks. She seemed never to have completely recovered from an attack, and nervous prostration took hold of the system. All the doctoring had only a temporary effect. She tried South American Nervine, and says the first bottle gave her hope, and, continuing its use, in a short time she completely regained her strength. Use South American Nervine if you seem to be wearing out. It will rebuild the life forces with surprising rapidity.

Sold by W. E. Richardson.

My Back

Arms and limbs are stiff and lame and it is misery for me to move. This is rheumatism, caused by lactic acid in the blood. Neutralize this acid, purify the blood, and cure rheumatism by taking the one true blood purifier, Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"I have been taking Hood's Sarsaparilla for the last six months, and find it a great help to me. I have been suffering with rheumatism in my left arm and shoulder, which was rendered entirely helpless. I am able to use them again since taking Hood's Sarsaparilla." MRS. C. E. SAY, Box 414, Junction City, Kansas.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the One True Blood Purifier. $1; 6 for $5

Hood's Pills cure all Liver Ills. 25 cents

FOR TWENTY-SIX YEARS.

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER

THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

LARGEST SALE IN CANADA.

THE CONQUERING HEROES

Kidney Disease, Rheumatism and Stomach Trouble Conqered by the Three Great South American Remedies.

Prompt Relief for Every Sufferer.

Safety to the sufferer from kidney disease is in driving the poison from the system. Pills and powders, whilst they give apparent relief, and thus deceive the patient, do not eradicate the disease. The hard, sand-like particles that gather in the blood must be dissolved if the system is to be cleared of the poison, and it is only a remedy like South American Kidney Cure that will do this. Mr. Michael McMullen, a well-known resident of Chesley, Ont., was a victim of kidney disease, so severe that at times he could not lie down, or remain in any one position for a length of time. Where other medicines accomplished nothing, he secured immediate relief from South American Kidney Cure. The soreness and weariness, after using the medicine soon left him, and to-day there is not a sign of the trouble in his system.

There is no question of the magical character of the South American Rheumatic Cure. This remedy will drive the worst forms of rheumatism from the system. Mr. Robert E. Gibson, of Pembroke, Ont., suffered untold misery. Doctors blistered him, and applied every known remedy, but did no good. "The first dose of South American Rheumatic Cure," says Mr. Gibson, "gave me relief, and after using a bottle cured."

The nervous prostration that comes to many women can be quickly overcome by the use of South American Nervine. This medicine attacks the nerve centres, which are the fountains of all health, and the disease banished from these the system can soon be built up. Mrs. M Williams, of Fordwich, Ont., wife of the well-known manufacturer of that town, suffered intensely from nervous prostration for years, and seemed beyond relief of the best medical skill. "I was under medical treatment," says this lady, "for two or three years, but my condition only got worse. I read of the wonders performed by South American Nervine, and tried a bottle. One bottle gave me sufficient relief to encourage me to continue the medicine, Sold by W. E. Richardson.

HERE AND THERE A GEM.

A good laugh is sunshine in a house. —Thackeray.

In law nothing is certain but the expense.—S. Butler.

The envious man grows lean at the excess of his neighbor.—Horace.

Angling is somewhat like poetry; men are to be born so.—Izaak Walton.

Sow good services; sweet remembrances will grow from them.—Mme. de Stael.

Some who affect to dislike flattery may yet be flattered indirectly by a well-seasoned abuse and ridicule of their rivals.—Colton.

Those who make us happy are always thankful to us for being so; their gratitude is the reward of their benefits.—Mme. Swetchine.

The spirit of a person's life is ever shedding some power, just as a flower is steadily bestowing fragrance upon the air.—T. Starr King.

Time's gradual touch has moldered into beauty many a tower, which, when it frowned with all its battlements, was only terrible.—Mason.

Of what use is genius, if the organ is too convex or concave, and can not find a focal distance within the actual horizon of human life.—Emerson.

The angels may have wider spheres of action, may have nobler forms of duty, but right with them and with us is one and the same thing.—Chapin.

Some decent, regulated pre-eminence, some preference (not exclusive appropriation) given to birth, is neither unnatural nor unjust nor impolitic.—Burke.

Nothing more powerfully argues a life beyond this than the failure of ideals here. Each gives us only fragments of humanity, of heart, of mind, of charity, of love and virtue.—Anon.

Men spend their lives in anticipations in determining to be vastly happy at some period or other, when they have time. But the present time has one advantage over every other, it is our own.—Colton.