THE HOME.

DAILY WORK FOR SUMMER.

The hot weather brings with it considerable work in the attention to small things, which if neglected, may cause much discomfort and even sickness. Daily inspection and care may take but a few moments, and it is always wise to take th e precaution of attending to things in time.

This is the time when particular attention should be paid to the cellar. It should be thoroughly ventilated to secure health in the home, and for this purpose the windows ought to be kept open during the day, especially during hot, dry weather. A damp or musty-smelling cellar is most unhealthy. Pans of charcoal set on the floor and shelves will make the air pure and sweet, and fresh lime is also recommended. It will absorb moisture and prevent malaria troubles. A cellar should not be used as a storehouse for all kinds of vegetables. Potatoes and apples are all that should be stored there. It should be kept as clean as the living rooms, and not made a repository for all manner of rubbish for foul air from the cellar finds its way over the entire house. Wire screens over the windows will prevent insects and animals from entering, and they may be kept open all day safely. Strong hinges should be provided so that the windows can be fastened back without danger of blowing closed or being broken by a wind. Milk which has been standing in a musty-smelling cellar often becomes tainted, and if there is no other place to keep it, it may be of benefit to know that a basketful of charcoal kept where the milk stands will prevent it from spoiling. Sweep the cellar once a week and burn up the rubbish. Fire removes many evils.

Of equal importance is the ice-chest or refrigerator. One cannot be too particular about the receptacle where the food for the family is kept. The shelves should be wiped every morning. A few drops of milk spilled and allowed to sour or a bit of meat dropped and allowed to spoil will taint other food. Once or twice a week the whole chest should be washed inside with hot water and soap. Ammonia or soda in the water will prove effectual as celansers and deodorizers. The drain pipe and the drip pan should also be washed, and together with the racks, dried in the sun. The cover of the chest should be left open until it is thoroughly cool and aired. Ice should not be put in without first being rinsed with a pailful of water to free it from the straw or sawdust with which it is generally covered, and if a cloth is wrapped about it in the box see that it is clean. Wash it frequently and hang it in the sun to dry.

Closets, sinks and dishcloths are among the things which need daily inspection. Air the closets, and occasionally look for moths. If woolen garments are allowed to hang there during the summer they require frequent looking over and airing in the sunlight. Moths do their destructive work very quickly. The sinks and stationary washbowls should be flushed every day with boiling water, containing either ammonia, borax, copperas or washing soda, and the hot water poured down the drains. The way some people care for the dishcloth is disgusting. Never allow it to lie about wet or to become sour. A few moments only are required to rinse it up in soapy water after dishes are washed, and it should be hung in the sun to dry, when it will keep sweet and clean.

Much is written and advised about the use of disinfectants in the drug line, but probably the cheapest and the very best after all is pure air. A house which is open to pure air and thoroughly ventilated both summer and winter will need none of the so-called disinfectants, and the inmates will be the healthier and happier for it. In fact, disinfectants are very inefficient unless plenty of pure air accompanies them. So many people seem afraid to admit sunlight and air into their houses, and every room in such a house becomes musty and ill-smelling. It is reasonable to expect its inmates will become pale and sickly. Admit pure air into an invalid's room. Do not be afraid to open a window, only protect the sick one from a direct draught. If the air in the other part of the house is kept sweet and pure there may be no necessity for opening a window in the invalid's room, providing the door is open to admit the air. It is all very well to close down the shutters and exclude the hot sun in summer. Such a practice will keep a room cool, but every room should have been aired first. Bedroom windows should be thrown wide open and the bedclothes placed where the sun will strike them. An hour of this daily will make sweet, healthful beds. Fill your own lungs with the life-giving oxygen in long breaths many times a day and less medicine will be necessary. Take as much exercise in the open air as your time will permit and you will be rewarded with better health for it. Apropos of disinfectants it would be well to mention that all manner of waste and rubbish left about the premises is decidedly unhealthful. Burn up whatever is useless from paper to waste food. Permit no old clothes to hang or lie about. Give them away, use them for rag carpets or burn them up. Keep the dooryard clean, and if one can have no flowers or vegetables there do not go to the other extreme and have it littered up with paper, rags, leaves and old tin cans.

Blow flies, those ugly summer pests, can only be kept out of the larder by the most scrupulous cleanliness, and even then some may find their way in and very speedily do a great deal of mischief, if there are fresh joints of meat or poultry. Moisten a rag with creosote and hang it in the pantry, or spray the shelves with it, and the blow fly will take his departure. It is best, however, to cover everything closely, especially meat, and not keep on hand more than will last for a day or two unless there is a spacious ice chest. Even then things spoil soon in hot weather. Poisonous fly papers are disagreeable, because dead flies fall into everything from every place, and the sticky fly paper seems cruel, yet one must resort to either if flies persist in torturing us. For the sticky fly paper boil together an equal quantity of glue and molasses. Spread the mixture with an old knife while hot over heavy paper. Place a piece in every room, but not where people are apt to come in contact with it. The flies are easily captured and the paper may be burned. The oil from bay leaves is said to be especially disagreeable to flies. It is not expensive, and if a little is kept in a dish on the window sill the flies will not enter the room. In country houses ants are sometimes a great annoyance. Carbolic acid is often offensive to people, but if the shelves and woodwork in the pantry are washed with a strong solution of carbolic acid and water the ants will not come near. Borax and powdered sugar sprinkled thickly into cracks and crevices in which the ants lodge will drive them away. Crickets may be driven away by putting Scotch snuff in the holes or corners frequented by them. Or any of the poisonous powders will have a like effect.

COLD DESSERTS.

Arrowroot Pudding.—Dissolve four teacupfuls of arrowroot in a quart of fresh milk. Stir it well while it is boiling, or until it becomes a smooth batter. Flavor with bitter almonds. When it is quite cool, add six eggs; well beaten to the batter; then mix with it a quarter of a pound of powdered white sugar—if brown is used it spoils the color. Grate some lemon peel into the mixture and add a little of the juice. The pudding should be baked an hour and sent to the table cold. Quince, raspberry or strawberry preserves may be served with it; and to add to the appearance, ornament the top with slices of preserves.

Barley Pudding.—Soak half a box of gelatine in enough cold water to cover it, for two hours. Turn over it a cup of boiling milk and stir until the gelatine is dissolved. Heat one pint of milk to boiling point and stir into it three tablespoonfuls of sugar and the well-beaten yolks of four eggs. Do not allow the mixture to boil after the yolks are added, but take from the fire and stir frequently until partly cool; then add the dissolved gelatine. Flavor with a teaspoonful of vanilla, maraschino, or sherry, and finally add the whites of the eggs beaten light. Line a lightly buttered pudding mould with fitted half-inch slices of rich, black fruit cake. Fill the lined mould with the custard and set it in a cool place for a number of hours or over night. When serving turn the mould of pudding out upon a dish and heap around it whipped cream that has been suitably flavored and sweetened.

DARK TIMES FOR RUSSIA.

The harvest prospects in Central and south Russia are growing worse and worse. Continuous rains are destroying the hay crops while the exceptionally poor beet crop in Podolien, Podolia, has practically ruined the sugar industry. The crops in some of the Baltic provinces also have suffered heavily from rains and a significant sign of the gravity of the situation is the fact that an unusually severe censorship is exercised over news concerning it. There is every likelihood that the present will be one of the darkest years in Russian history.

A TERRIBLE CALAMITY.

Little Aaron rushing in—Oh, Miss Philenda, Miss Philenda! Charles Henry Pritchett's team ran away just now with the mowing maching and threw him in front of the knives and cut off his head.

Miss Philenda Fortysmith, terribly agitated,—Dear me, suzz! And men are so scarce around here, too.

"HE HATH THE FALLING SICKNESS."

—Shakespeare

Epilepsy or the "Falling Sickness" has been known for many centuries, and for as long a period of time no cure has been discovered, till Ryckman's Kootenay Cure came upon the scene and revolutionized the healing art. Julius Cæsar, one of the greatest men of ancient times, was a victim to it, and no physician of his day could effect a cure. Napoleon, the greatest warrior of modern times, fell a prey to it, and among all his conquering hosts there was not one that could conquer this insidious disease.

But here is Samuel Duffin, residing in the Township of West Nissouri, eight miles from the City of London, who makes a sworn statement before a Notary Public, that about eight years ago he had a paralytic stroke, and has ever since been subject to Epileptic Fits, which came upon him so often that it was unsafe for him to be left alone. He was treated by five of the best physicians in the province, and spent hundreds of dollars, to no avail, in endeavoring to get relief. Then he tried Kootenay Cure, which contains the new ingredient. Note the change.

"I have taken between three and four bottles." "I have now a good appetite, sleep well every night, and best of all, the fits have almost entirely left me." "My friends see a change in my appearance, and ask me what I have been doing, I gladly tell them I have been taking Kootenay. My general health is wonderfully improved, and I certainly feel, after twelve years of terrible suffering, I have been given a new lease of life by Kootenay Cure, the Greatest Medicine of the Age."

The price of Kootenay Cure is $1 50 per bottle. If your druggist does not keep it, send to the Ryckman Medicine Co., Hamilton, Ont. Chart book free on application. One bottle lasts over a month

REMARKABLE WEDDING.

A COUPLE MARRIED THOUSANDS OF MILES APART.

But the Obligation Is Binding to the Man and Woman Concerned--A South African Romance.

The oddest marriage in the history of South Africa has just taken place at Pretoria, and in Holland. The bride and the groom were the trifle of six thousand miles apart, and yet all the clergy of the world could not make the tie between them more strong than it is to-day. The circumstances surrounding the case make it almost an international marriage. The bridegroom was Ernest Van Trotsenburg, the head of the State telegraphic department. The bride was Miss E. H. Morsman, a resident of Amsterdam, Holland. It was, in fact, a marriage by proxy with the aid of the cable. The circumstances were so odd that they are well worth relating in detail.

All arrangements for the marriage had been made by letter and cable, the time having been agreed upon, the difference in time between Pretoria and Amsterdam being allowed for, and each party knew at a certain moment just exactly where the other was, and what it was prepared to do. In the Hotel Kruger the bridegroom and his friends met. A wire from the cable had been run to the room, and the arrangement had been perfected whereby it was possible to secure direct connection with Amsterdam, and therefore it was almost as easy for the bride and the groom to

SPEAK TO EACH OTHER.

as if they had been in adjoining rooms with the door open.

There were ten friends accompanying the bridegroom who sat beside the little table of the cable operator, and when the proper moment came sent a message saying that he was all ready and anxious to become the husband of the young woman. Mr. Van Trotsenburg knew that in her pleasant home in Amsterdam Miss Morsman and a party of friends were awaiting the cable from him to begin the ceremony. The bridegroom had given a friend of his in Amsterdam power of attorney to act as his proxy at the wedding. This proxy made the responses for the bridegroom and grasped one end of a glove belonging to the bridegroom, while the bride took hold of the other end.

It is this feature of the marriage by proxy which gives it its name, "the glove marriage." One of the numerous technicalities of the Dutch marriage law renders the holding of the glove an absolute necessity. If this action is omitted, the marriage is not legal. Only two cablegrams are necessary nowadays, one stating that the bridegroom is ready to begin, and the other from the bride saying that all is over and that the change of name has been successfully accomplished. Then the bride has a wedding breakfast, at which the proxy, who is really the best man, assists her. After that, the young wife goes aboard the steamer and sets out for the land in which her husband dwells.

In this instance, the wedding breakfast at Amsterdam was an exceedingly elaborate affair, and the dinner given by the bridegroom in Pretoria was one of the most notable events of the sort that has occurred in many a long day. Both events were rendered more joyful by the constant

INTERCHANGE OF CABLEGRAMS.

In this way a regular conversation was kept up, messages of congratulations received and sent, and words that were relative to future bliss were whispered into the ears of groom and bride through the medium of electricity.

The practice of marriage by proxy dates back to the old Dutch colonial days. In those times it was quite a fashion for the young colonist to go to a far away land to found a home, and then, when he had laid that foundation, to send back to the old country for the fraulein who had promised to be his before he left his native soil.

Mr. Van Trotsenburg had expected to return to Holland to be married at a certain time, but business events transpired which rendered such a journey an impossibility. He was in despair until some one suggested the proxy marriage, and then the way seemed smooth. So it is that Mr. Van Trotsenburg has his cake and has eaten it, too. He has not neglected his business, but he has a wife, who will probably be with him before these words are printed.

CLOTHES RUIN THEM.

Physical Decay Follows the Savage's Adoption of Raiment.

When civilization reaches a race of natives, whether they be Pacific Islanders or African Islanders or African Zulus, the first thing it says is, "You must be dressed." No doubt clothes are an excellent thing in their way, but to insist on the wearing in hot countries, by races who have never before been clothed, of our absurd and ill-suited dress, is a far more certain way of killing them off than even whisky. It is easily to be seen why.

The savage's skin, just like an animal's is tough and hardy, and accustomed to easily adjust itself to the changes of moisture and temperature. A savage never catches cold until he takes to clothes. So what happens when he is covered with clothes? The skin loses its quick power of accommodation. Its natural moisture is not allowed to dry. For the first time in his life he catches cold.

This is the beginning of the end. He does not know how how to take care of himself. Very soon his lungs become affected, and his health entirely breaks.

The Maoris, finest of all savage races ascribe their physical decay to clothes more than anything else, and the Sandwich Islanders have died and are dying of pneumonia and consumption brought on by clothes.

THE LION GOT LOOSE.

Kaid Maimon's Coolness in the Presence of Danger.

In the early part of this century Kaid Maimon, a governor of Tangier, was taking a journey thither, carrying a large lion in a cage borne by four mules as a present from the sultan to the King of Portugal. One evening, after the tents had been pitched and Maimon was resting on a divan in his pavilion, he heard a neighing of horses and then a trampling and stampede of the animals tethered outside. He clapped his hands to summon the attendants, but for a few moments no one came. Then appeared his prisoner, the lion, glaring fiercely as he approached.

Kaid Maimon was a very courageous man, and when the lion was advancing, there was time to think of many things. It was of no use to draw his sword; and moreover, if he should succeed in killing the lion, the sultan would probably cut off his own head in return. So he sat perfectly still, and addressed the creature by the name which had been given him.

"You are a brave fellow, Maimon," said he, "to leave your cage and take a walk this fine evening. O judicious and well-be-haved lion, you do well to enjoy yourself!" For the creature, pleased with the Kaid's voice had begun to roll upon the carpet. "O bravest and most trustworthy!"

And now the lion had risen rubbed himself catlike against his host, and lain down with his head upon the Kaid's knee.

Brave though he was, the Kaid shuddered, and the perspiration of fear broke out upon him. Not a sound was to be heard in the camp, save the terrified neigh of a horse which had not been able to escape with the others, and which still scented the lion.

Maimon woke, stretched himself, and put out his long, terrible claws. He stalked toward the door, lashing his tail. At its first movement the Kaid's turban was knocked off, and in replacing it he muttered to himself:

"I hope this visit is coming to an end! May it be the last of the kind I shall ever receive!"

The horse, meantime had succeeded in galloping away, and the elion broke at once into pursuit. He overtook his victim in two bounds, and laid him low with lacerated sides and bleeding throat. While he was thus engaged, the Kaid escaped from the back of his tent and managed to summon his men, who half a mile away, were huddled together with the horses and mules.

"The first man who runs away again," said he, "I will bastinado till the breath is out of his body!"

And no one attempte dto run. For though remaining might mean death, the bastinado was a horrible certainty. So they waited until the lion had gorged himself by sleepiness, and then cautiously recaptured him.

A LAME BACK.

ONE OF THE MOST PAINFUL OF MALADIES.

Mr. Peter Millar Suffered for Years, and Experimented With Many Medicines Before Finding a Cure.

From the Brockville Recorder.

Perhaps no prettier place is to be seen in Ontario than that at Newman's upper lock on the Rideau Canal. At this station for a quarter of a century resided Mr. Peter Millar, who during that period acted in the capacity of lockman, and was perhaps the best known man on the canal. Mr. Millar is now a resident of Merrickville, having retired from active life. To a correspondent of the Recorder he related the following experience: "For many years I was troubled with a lame back, which gave me great pain at times, and caused me much loss of sleep. I tried different kinds of medicine but found little or no relief. The spring of 1895 I was assisting at getting out ice one day when I felt something snap or give way in my back, and it was some time before I could straighten myself up. I now became so bad that when I laid down I was unable to rise without assistance, and I fully made up my mind that I had become a chronic invalid, and never expected to see a well day again. A couple of weeks after my back had almost entirely given out, I saw by an article in a paper that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills had cured a person troubled similarly, and I immediately sent and procured a box to test them. Before I had finished the box I found my back somewhat stronger, so I procured five boxes more and by the time they were used I found myself completely cured. Since I took the last box I have not had a pain or particle of lameness, and my health has been far better than it had been for years before.

To ensure obtaining the genuine always ask for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, as there are many pink colored imitations.

A FRISKY COW.

The other day a well-known business man of Point St. Charles, Montreal, sold his cow, which he had kept in stable all winter and spring to a local dealer. The man who was sent for it contented himself with driving it along instead of leading it with rope around the nec kthe animal was so overjoyed at its release that it became frisky and developed extraordinary jumping powers. Finally, after leaving its driver a mile behind it jumped a fence into a yard where a woman was ironing. Its sudden appearance so terrified the woman that she fainted, and is still confined to her bed in a dangerous condition from shock.

NOTHING IN A NAME.

Cumso—Who was that meek, depressed looking man I saw you talking to?

Cawker—His name is Oliver Cromwell Wellington.

AT ODDS WITH THE WORLD.

Bixler sat in the park and railed at the world. Like the pipe he smoked, Bixler was short and black; his railings, though they were black enough, and bitter enough, were far from short, for they lasted from luncheon time until dinner time, and the afternoon was that of a long, hot July day. The world at which he railed had demanded very little of Bixler. Perhaps that was the trouble. That he pay his debts, with the money his mother left him, that he wear a spike-tail coat at dinner, that he wash his linen in private—this was all the work asked, and the first and last, were expectations rather than demands; the world did not always insist upon them.

And yet Bixler was not happy. He felt it hard to have been born into a world peopled with fools and dolts. It's an unsatisfactory sort of existence, even if it does give one something to rail at.

He watched a young couple meet at the fountain. Bixler had seen them there before. She was a shop girl, evidently, tired with ten or twelve hours' standing in a hot and crowded shop. Bixler pitied and envied and hated her as the light flashed into her eyes when the man came up trying to conceal his eager hurry. He was a factory hand with only part of the factory-grime washed off.

"Come near being late, Liz," the fellow was saying, "Don't suppose you'd 'a' cared, would you?"

"Wouldn't I?" exclaimed the girl, looking unutterable things as she took his arm.

Bixler looked and listened and felt no sense of being an eavesdropper. He saw the little squeeze the girl gave the fellow's arm, and he saw the glad, happy look in the boy's face, and Bixler smiled with contempt.

"Young idiots," he said half aloud. He'll be beating her, or what's worse, stamping on her heart in a year—if she has any heart left by that time. And in five years—Lord! here comes the picture of what they'll be in five years."

A man with his hands in his pockets and a week stubble on his face, slouched down the path.

"Don't go so fast, Bill," a woman was snarling at him. "These kids are draggin' the life out of me."

But Bill gave no heed. He, too, was smoking a short black pipe. The woman gave the child she was leading a vicious jerk, saying: "Come on, why don't you," at which the child began to howl and the baby in the woman's arms took up the wail.

"Can't ye keep them brats still?" growled Bill, as they passed from sight.

The lovers had seated themselves on the bench nearest the fountain. The girl looked up at the sound of the children's cries, and laughed, a laugh in which the fellow at her side joined.

"There's love for you," said Bixler knocking the ashes out of his pipe, and immediately re-filling it. "That's love with its clothes off, and those two blooming idiots don't know it. Yet if I'd go over and try to point it out to them, the fellow probably would thrash me."

The lovers moved away while Bixler was relighting his pipe, and he plunged into deeper bitterness. In such gloom he did not notice the healthy young fellow who came swinging toward him.

"Well, for heaven's sake," cried the newcomer. "You look like you had lost both friends and fortune."

"Never had either," said Bixler.

"Look here Bixler," said the friend, "You want to throw away that stinking pipe, take a few grains of pepsin, and then come with me up to the house—sort of an informal garden party, you know. Miss DeVere will be there, and"—

"What!" cried Bixler, springing to his feet.

"Why, yes," said the frined. "She's back. In fact, she sent me out to look for you."

They were already moving toward Bixler's apartments "to get into some clothes." As they left the park, they almost ran into the shop girl and the factory hand. Bixler smiled kindly as he recognized them.

"A pair of spoons," said the friend.

"Don't say that," said Bixler. "They are probably very much in love, and when it's the real thing, it's a thing to respect."

The friend looked at Bixler out of a very small corner of his eyes, but he understood it all, and was glad he had found Bixler.

MORPHINE HABIT.

A Parisian work on the morphine habit says it is most prevalent in Germany, France and the United States, and, strange to say, that the medical profession furnished the largest number of morphinists, forty per cent. Men of leisure come next, with ten per cent then merchants, 8 per cent. Of 1,000 fiends 650 were men, and of the female victims women of means furnished 43 per cent. and wives of medical men 10 per cent.

Judge Abraham Marks, who is still practicing law in Kansas is the original Lawyer Marks of "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

FOR TWENTY-SEVEN YEARS.

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER

THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

LARGEST SALE IN CANADA.