About the House

SOME GOOD RECIPES.

Yorkshire Pudding.—To 1 pint milk add 4 eggs, whites and yolks beaten separately, 1 tablespoon salt and 2 tablespoons baking powder sifted through 2 of flour. It should be mixed very smooth, about the consistency of cream. Regulate your time when you put in your roast so that it will be done one-half hour or forty minutes before dishing it up. Take it from the oven and set it where it will keep hot. In the meantime have the pudding prepared; now into two common biscuit tins, pour the pudding, half in each, set them in the hot oven and keep them there until the dinner is dished up. Take these puddings out at the last moment and send to the table hot. This is much better than the old way of cooking the pudding under the meat and is excellent with a roast of beef.

To fill jelly glasses, try this plan: When the fruit juice is ready, take the kettle to the sink, skim thoroughly and strain into the glasses. Let them cool uncovered that the steam may not collect in drops of water on the top of the jelly. The top moisture is what causes jelly to mold. When cold, cover with melted paraffin and put on the tin covers and label.

Veal Short Cakes.—Try making a veal short cake for a change. Make a biscuit dough, divide it into two parts and roll out half an inch thick. Spread a little butter on one part, place the other half on top and bake in a hot oven. Cut cold boiled or baked veal into small pieces, add a little water and gravy if you can have it, and season to taste with salt and pepper. If too thin, it may be thickened a little with flour and water. When the biscuit is done open it and put the veal between the layers and on top. The top layer should be turned bottom side up. This is very good indeed.

Browned Tomatoes.—Put a lump of butter in a hot spider and add bread cut in cubes, and an onion sliced. When well browned, pour over it a can of tomatoes and season. The more butter the better.

Cold Fish Pie—To 1 pint any sort of cold fish, cut fine and all bones and bits of skin removed, add one-half cup sweet cream and butter, salt and pepper to taste. Bake in an open top crust and sprinkle the top with fine crumbs. Canned clams or cove oysters make fine pies, but two crusts should be used, and the juice should be thickened with flour before it is turned into the crust.

Jellied Prunes—There is so much medicinal value in prunes that we should use them as much as possible, especially during winter and spring. As one soon tires of them when cooked in but one way, it is well to make a change in the way of serving them, and there is no better way to use the fruit than this: Soak one-half box gelatine in one-half cup cold water for one-half hour. Wash one pound prunes, then add three cups boiling water and simmer very slowly till tender. Remove the pits and put the fruit back in the liquid in which it was cooked, and if it has been much reduced in cooking, add hot water to make the original quantity. When it boils up again add the gelatine, remove at once from the fire and stir in the juice of one lemon and one cup sugar. Set the pan in a cold place, stirring the contents occasionally till it begins to thicken, then pour into a wet mold. It may be put in a fancy mold so that when turned out it can be surrounded with whipped cream, or it may be put in a border mold so whipped cream can be heaped in the centre. In either case the dish is placed on the table before being served. For family use we serve it in sherbert cups with a spoonful of whipped cream in each.

Quick Whole Wheat Bread — Take six large tablespoonfuls of whole wheat flour, four of good white flour, a pinch of salt, and two heaped teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Mix well together with milk into a smooth dough, not too stiff. It can be made either in a deep loaf or baked in a tin. It is best to bake on the bottom shelf in the oven and finish at the top. The oven should be hot and the bread put in as soon as made. Do not handle it more than necessary in mixing.

USEFUL HINTS.

For polishing windows and mirrors there is nothing that does the work quite so well as newspaper, owing, it is said, to some quality of the printers' ink.

To make a thin light crust on bread put a piece of brown paper over the top and cover it with a sheet of newspepar when baking.

If you have a pan or bottle of soured milk let it stand until it is thick. Put tarnished silver forks, spoons, and small pieces into a shallow pan and pour the milk over them. Let them remain in the milk half an hour or longer, then wash them and rejoice in their brightness.

Cut newspaper sheets into four pieces put a string through one corner, and hang near the sink. If a sheet of paper is placed under any cooking utensil that is set in the sink after being taken off the stove much scrubbing and cleaning will be saved.

The use of nuts as everyday food is increasing. One of the newest ways of baking apples is to core them and fill the centres with sugar and chopped almonds. They are really very much better than ordinary baked apples, and possess a higher food value.

No less a medical authority than the London Lancet is responsible for the assertion that perfumes are powerful disinfectants, equal to carbolic acid, the essential oil which forms the basis of all perfumes being a strong antiseptic.

Cheer for the Home.—Don't be afraid of a little fun at home. Don't shut your house lest the sun should fade your carpets, and your hearts lest a hearty laugh should shake down some of the musty old cobwebs there. If you want to ruin your sons, let them think that all mirth and social enjoyment must be left on the threshold without when they come home at night. When once a house is regarded as only a place to eat, drink, and sleep in, bad work is indeed begun.

To Clean Kid Gloves.—Make a strong lather of white soap and new milk. Put one glove on the hand and use a soft brush or a fine piece of new flannel, keeping the strokes towards the end of the fingers. Apply until all the dirt disappears, then take a clean soft towel and dab it till the soap is removed. Take the glove from the hand and blow it open to the fingers, then hang it up (with a bit of string put through the buttonhole) in a warm place, where there is a current of air. When dry they will have regained their color, and will also be smooth and soft.

To Preserve Lamp Chimneys.—There is not the slightest doubt that lamp chimneys and globes may be tempered in such a manner as to make them less susceptible to breakage. It is not to the interest of the makers to have them last too long, but the housekeeper can lengthen their days by putting them, when first purchased, into a pan of cold water. Then place the pan on the stove and let it stay there until the water boils. Take it off, and leave them in the water until it is perfectly cold. It is astonishing how strong this simple method of tempering makes the glass, and how much longer they may be used. If you are inclined to doubt, try an experiment; take two chimneys from the same case, temper one and not the other, and see which serves its purpose longest.

Look After Your Clothes.—Never neglect small repairs—a stitch in time saves not only nine, but ninety! Don't let buttons hang by their last thread, darn small holes, never wear dirty or tumbled lace, brush off mud, and bind frayed skirts. Fine feathers make fine birds, but never go in for only outside show. Your lingerie, corsets and stockings should be good, if plain, and always carefully kept in order. A clean cotton petticoat is better than a shabby silk one, and the smartest boots look bad if they are worn down at the heel or minus buttons or tidy laces. Remembera the outward appearance is often an index of a person's character, and that one is apt to get "untidy" in one's character when habits of untidiness are indulged in. The tidy girl makes a tidy wife and a tidy mother, and her influence goes far like the ripples that spread in water after a stone has been thrown in it.

Mother's Ear

A WORD IN MOTHER'S EAR: WHEN NURSING AN INFANT, AND IN THE MONTHS THAT COME BEFORE THAT TIME,

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HOW CONVICTS KILL TIME.

Some Have Made Useful Articles—One Learned Old Testament.

The convict whose idle hours are the bitterest of his term of imprisonment must kill time clandestinely unless the governor or the chaplain is willing to take a very broad view of the regulations in order to help him, says London Tit-Bits. Sometimes a skilled workman of an industrious turn of mind will appeal to one or other of these gentlemen to find him some employment for his spare time. Thus a clever wood carver mentioned in a recent report of the prison commissioners was able to present to the chapel a really magnificently carved eagle lectern in oak, entirely the work of his own hands, and done in hours which might otherwise have been spent in solitude and idleness.

An ex-governor of a great prison has in his possession a remarkably handsome sideboard in walnut, which was made for him by a convict of a prison where he was governor for some ten years. The man appealed to him for some means of killing time, and, knowing the man to be a cabinet maker, he provided him with wood and tools. The sideboard was the surprising result, and in consequence of it, when the convict took his discharge, there was a substantial present from the governor to help him in making a fresh start in life. Moreover, while thus employed his hand was not losing its cunning nor his mind lying fallow, and his chances of leading an honest life thereafter were therefore greatly increased.

On the other hand, prisoners have been known to kill time secretly by such melancholy devices as making mats and baskets of straw taken from their beds, rather than simply sit and brood. Others have set themselves to count the number of times certain letters occur in the Bible, with a copy of which every convict is provided, and it is quite a common practice for prisoners to learn whole chapters, gospels, and epistles by heart. A certain hardened character once committed to memory the whole of the Old Testament, but the moral good it did him could not have been very great, for two days after his release he committed a burglary, for which he was sentenced to three years imprisonment.

The chaplain of a prison possesses considerable powers in the way of providing convicts with spare time occupations, and with his co-operation an educated convict will sometimes indulge in such "literary pursuits" as inditing his autobiography, which many chaplains consider an excellent method of getting a prisoner to weigh his own character, though they are often disappointed by the measure of hypocritical claptrap such autobiographies contain.

HIDE-AND-SEEK IN THE JUNGLE

An Unarmed Traveller's Adventure With an Angry Elephant.

Grown-up persons often enjoy a return to the sports of youth, but when the hider is a man and the seeker an angry elephant, the pastime consists of something more than fun. An account of such a game is contained in Mr. Kingston's "First Voyage to Southern Seas," and the adventure is the author's own.

Dago and I were working our way to where three elephants lay, when suddenly the native exclaimed:

"Sahib, look dere! look dere! Elephant come!"

I looked round, and saw a huge creature at full charge through the long grass, head high, ears cocked, tail straight out, and uttering unearthly screams. It was impossible for me to escape through the thick grass, which hindered the elephant no more than cobwebs. I foolishly had not loaded my gun after the last shot, so only one barrel was ready. I thought my last moment had come.

On came the beast at a greater speed than I had thought possible for an elephant. His trunk was raised, so I could not hope to hit his forehead. When he was within three feet of me I fired full in his face, and sprang to one side. Like a flash of lightning he hit me with his powerful trunk, and hurled me like a golf ball for about twelve yards. Fortunately, I struck in the long grass, and although my thigh was hurt severely, I was not stunned.

I scarcely dared stir, but ventured to turn my head enough to look up. I could see where the elephant was by the movement in the grass, which he was beating in evident search of me. I lay as still as death; it was my only hope of not being discovered.

Nearer and nearer came the thrashing, and presently a long black trunk waved over the very spot where I was lying. Back and forth it went, to left and right; if it so much as grazed me my fate would have been sealed. But my shot had evidently blinded the beast and destroyed his power of scent.

Round and round he walked, roaring in fury. The circle of his search grew larger. I dared to draw a long breath, but not to move. Farther and farther sounded the footfalls.

Suddenly I heard three rapid shots and a heavy fall. In great pain from my thigh, I managed to get on to my feet, and then shouted at the top of my lungs. Dago came rushing up in great joy, for he had thought I was killed. The dead elephant proved to be a monster.

WEAK KIDNEYS.

Restored to Strength by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Bad blood is the cause of weak kidneys. The impurities of the blood clog the kidneys so that they are unable to perform their work of separating the waste matter from the blood—the bad from good. The symptoms of diseased kidneys are numerous. The dull sunken eye, the coated tongue, the backache, weak shaky knees, sallow, swollen face all show what is wrong. This disease must not be neglected. Every day delayed in finding a cure is a day nearer "Bright's disease"—that trouble is incurable. Do not waste time and money on a medicine which acts only on the kidneys. It may relieve, but it cannot cure you. The trouble to be permanently cured must be treated through the blood. Good blood makes healthy kidneys. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills actually make new, rich blood—that's why they cure when other medicines fail. Thousands owe good health—some life itself—to this medicine. Among them is Roy Davidson, who resides with his uncle, Mr. C. B. Maclean, near Brockville, Ont. Mr. Maclean says: "My nephew, Roy, had weak kidneys. About a year ago he took the measles and this left him in a bad state. His kidneys were so weak that they were incapable of performing their functions. He suffered from backache, weakness and restlessness. For a time he had to leave school. Our family doctor was unable to help him.. In fact he told me that Roy might never get better; that the disease would probably grow worse. I then procured a supply of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I had already used the Pills myself with great benefit and felt confident they would cure Roy. He began taking them, and continued their use until he had taken a half dozen boxes, which fully cured him. He is now stronger and better than he ever was and neither study nor work about the farm seem to fatigue him. I believe Dr. Williams' Pink Pills saved him from a life of misery."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills do just one thing—but they do that thoroughly. They actually make new, rich, red blood, which feeds and strengthens every nerve and organ in the body. That is why this medicine cures such common ailments as anaemia, general weakness, headaches and backaches, indigestion, palpitation of the heart, rheumatism, neuralgia, and the ailments which make the lives of so many women and young girls miserable. Don'te take something else which the dealer may say is "just as good." If you can't get the genuine Pills from your dealer send to The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and get them by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50.

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PARSONS' PERPLEXITIES

SOME DISCONCERTING INCIDENTS OF CLERICAL LIFE.

Forgotten Sermons and Texts—The Odd Questions They Are Asked.

A parson's nightmare (when he is unfortunate enough to suffer from one) generally takes the same form—a crowded church, an expectant congregation and the unhappy dreamer striving, in a perfect frenzy, to make sense of a hopeless rigmarole which ought to be his sermon but is not, says the London Daily Mail.

Every clergyman has experienced such episodes. Even the Archbishop of Canterbury himself has not escaped. Probably, amid all the many incidents of his Grace's life, he remembers one Sunday, some years ago, when he was preaching at Twickenham.

In addition to the sermon, the Dean of Windsor (as he then was) had the first lesson assigned to him. He stepped to the lectern to read it. A pained expression of suspense was visible throughout the congregation; something was wrong.

The psalm ended, the Dean's mouth was in the very act of forming the opening sentence, "Here beginneth," when—another psalm was commenced by the organist.

The future Archbishop had been a little premature, and it is quite safe to say that not one of the many portraits published of his Grace gives the slightest approximation of the expression his face wore.

There is the possibility of going to the other extreme, and not being prepared

WHEN THE MOMENT COMES.

In a church not many miles from the one last mentioned a very nervous curate stepped out to read a lesson.

The place was not found; the lesson was from the "Lamentations," so short a book that it is very easy for a nervous man turning the pages rapidly to miss it altogether. He did miss it—badly—and every fresh miss added to his consternation and to the pained intensity of the silence.

The vicar came to the rescue by finding the place in a small Bible and handing it to the curate, but by that time the poor man was reduced to such a state that he could not utter a word. Of course, parsons suffer from nightmare; who wouldn't under the circumstances?

There is a certain much advertised volume of excellent outline sermons which a certain young clergyman, distrustful of his own resources, determined to use.

He gave out his text boldly, as it was printed, "Proverbs xviii., 22." A look of interest came over the faces of the young ladies of the congregation.

The preacher repeated the reference in sonorous tones, and then looked at his Bible to read it out. The interest was explained; the words confronting him were, "Whoso findeth a wife, findeth a good thing"—a bold subject to choose for a first sermon! Now that book is still in print,

THE ERROR STILL REMAINS,

and if young clergymen would avoid raising false hopes they had better verify their texts.

The disconcerting incidents of clerical life, however, are not confined to services in church. A few years ago a clergyman of very solemn aspect and most serious intentions was ministering to one whom we will call Jones, who lay upon a sickbed seriously ill.

Now Jones had not been a model character, and the parson knew it. It was clearly necessary to bring Jones to a repentant frame of mind, but it was equally clear that the sick man did not intend to "give himself away." At last he replied to his spiritual adviser. "Now, look 'ere, sir; I tell 'e straight, I ain't got a sin on my mind."

The clergyman looked at Jones searchingly. "I wish I could say that, but I am afraid I can't," he observed, solemnly. Jones viewed him with a new interest "Ah! I shouldn't wonder," he remarked, after a pause, "you be out and about, but here be I; what can I do?"

One more sickbed reminiscence to illustrate a parson's perplexity. A certain ancient dame in a country village had listened, during a long period of illness, to the exhortations of her vicar. She was devout and attentive, but hinted more than once that she had something on her mind.

There was a question she wished to ask. She hoped to have it answered before she died, but she wasn't quite sure whether the vicar could do so.

It was quite clear from the clergyman's encouraging manner that whether he could or not he meant to try, but when the question came it was a little disconcerting—

"OUGHT PASS'NS TO SWEAR?"

Anxious to gain fuller knowledge of the reasons behind this extraordinary question, the vicar inquired why she asked it.

The old lady was quite serious, quite in earnest; it was a question she had wished answered ever since she was a little girl, and now—well, perhaps she could get her answer at last. Her reason? Yes, she would tell the reason, which she did in the following words:

"When I was a little maid the rector of—— was a terrible fine preacher, for sure. When he did come to preach at our church, glad enough we was, I reckon. Now, the pupil was a girt high place as big as ever you did see, and pass'n used to go up the steps wearing his spurs, just as he had ridden over, and a girt gownd. One day, when I was in the front seat just by the foot of the pulpit stairs, Pass'n —— was to praich. Up the steps he went, as fine a figure of a man as ever I did see; but when a raiched the top step, the spur did catch in his gownd and down a fell, topsy-turvy like. Well, sir, I do assure you 'twas a proper mux-up. You couldn't see pass'n for the gownd that had rolled round and round 'un.

"By and by his spur did tear a hole, where he did kick and scrummage, and I don't know for sure, but I thought as out of thiccy hole there came a word a pas'n shouldn't say."

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WARM.

May Roxley (at the telephone): "That you, Jack? You know you promised you'd speak to father to-day."

Jack Lovett: "Yes, I—er—spoke to him this morning at his office."

May Roxley: "Oh! What did he say?"

Jack Lovett: "Why—er—I didn't wait to hear all of it."

NONBELIEVER.

Enpeck: "I don't believe our marriage was made in heaven. If it was, you wouldn't order me around as you do."

Mrs. Enpeck: "Oh, that's all right, my dear. Order is heaven's first law."