THE MARKETS

Prices of Grain, Cattle in Trade Centres.

Toronto, May 6.—Flour—Ontario 90 per cent. Ontario patents firm at $2.82 middle freights, in bulk, in sacks. Straight rollers, in bulk, quoted at $3.20 to $3.25. Manitoba patents are firm at $4 to $4.10 Toronto; and strong bakers at $3.80 to $3.85.

Buckwheat—Offerings small, prices nominal at 60 to 61c east.

Oatmeal—Car lots, in bbls, $4.40 on track, and in sacks at $4.60. Broken lots, 25c extra.

Millfeed—Bran dull at $18.50 east-side. Shorts, $18.50 to $19 east-side. At Toronto bran is $18, and shorts $20.

Wheat—No. 1 Manitoba hard, 86½c at 86½c, Toronto and west; No. 1 Northern, at 83c; and No. 2 Northern at 80½c, Toronto and west. For grinding in transit, 8c higher than these prices. No. 2 white Ontario sold at 74½c, middle freight.

Peas—No. 2 white quoted at 80c west.

Corn—No. 2 yellow, 60c west, and No. 2 mixed, 58c west.

THE DAIRY MARKETS.

Butter—The market is unchanged with receipts fair. We quote choice 1-lb rolls, 18 to 19c; choice large rolls, 16½ to 17½c; second grades, 10 to 12c; creamery prints, 21 to 22c; solids, 20c.

Eggs—The market is steady, with a good demand. Sales at 12 to 12½c per dozen for new laid, and at 10c for No. 2.

Cheese—The market is firm; finest September, 11½ to 12c; under grades, 10½ to 11c; new, 11 to 11½c.

HOGS AND PROVISIONS.

Dressed hogs are firm. Hog products in good demand and firmer. We quote: Bacon, long clear, 10½c in ton and case lots. Mess pork, $21; do., short cut, $22.

Smoked meats—Hams, 13c; breakfast bacon, 14 to 14½c; rolls, 11c; backs, 14 to 14½c, and shoulders, 10½c.

Lard—The market is unchanged with track quoted at $5 to $5.50 for the latter for No. 1.

Poultry—Receipts small. We quote: Fresh killed turkeys, 13 to 15c per lb., chickens, 75c to $1. Ducks, 95c to $1.

Potatoes—The market is quiet with car lots quoted at 70 to 75c per bag, and small lots at 85c.

UNITED STATES' MARKETS.

Toledo, May 6.—Wheat, dull and steady; cash, 84½c; May, 84c; July, 78½c. Corn—Dull, weak; cash, 62c; May, 62½c; July, 63½c; Sept., 62½c. Oats—Dull, weak; cash, 42c; May, 42½c; July, 53½c; Sept., 30c. Clover seed—Dull, easier; April, $5.22½; Oct., $5.32½; No. 2, $3.70 to $5.

Minneapolis, May 6.—Wheat—May, 74c; July, 73½ to 75½c; on track, No. 1 hard, 77½c; No. 1 Northern, 75½ to 75½c; No. 2 Northern, 74 to 74½c.

Detroit, May 6.—Wheat closed—No. 1 white, cash, 88c; No. 2 red, cash and April, 86½c; July, 79½c.

St. Louis, May 6.—Wheat closed—Cash, 78½c; May, 78½c; July, 74½c.

CATTLE MARKET.

Toronto, May 6.—At the Western cattle yards to-day the receipts were 5 carloads of live stock, including 100 cattle, 1,100 hogs, 300 sheep and lambs, 120 calves, and a dozen milch cows.

Prices for good cattle were not quotably changed, and as the quality of the supplies was not as a rule first-class, what really good stuff we had here sold at well-maintained prices. For the best shippers prices ranged from 5 to 6c per pound, and for extra choice stuff 6¼c per pound was paid. For the prime cattle there was a ready sale, but he demand was a little more slow than it was last week.

Good butcher cattle were also steady at from 4½ to 5¼c per pound, but the local demand was easy, and the secondary and inferior kinds of cattle were a trifle slow of sale.

The following is the range of quotations:

Cattle.		
Shippers, per cwt	$5.00	$6.00
Export bulls, per cwt	4.25	4.75
Export cows, choice, per cwt	5.00	5.50
Export cows, ordinary to good, per cwt	4.00	4.50
Bulls, per cwt	2.50	4.00
Sheep and Lambs.		
Export ewes, per cwt	3.75	4.50
Export bucks, each	2.00	5.00
Lambs, per cwt	5.50	6.50
Spring lambs, per cwt	3.50	4.00
Milkers and Calves.		
Milkers, each	25.00	50.00
Calves, each	2.00	10.00
Hogs.		
Hogs, fed and watered, per cwt	6.25	6.75
Hogs, f.o.b., per cwt	6.25	6.50
Hogs, fed and watered, per cwt	6.25	6.50
Sows, per cwt	3.50	4.00
Stags, per cwt	0.00	2.00

MAY BRING TRUST TO TIME

Refusal of People to Eat Meat Has Demoralized Trade.

A Chicago despatch says:—The business of Chicago packers has been staggered by the refusal of the people of the country to eat meat at the prevailing high prices, according to the Chronicle. The demand for dressed meats in the last few days has fallen off 33 1-3 per cent., and the discharge of men in the packing houses is general. The shipments of dressed beef from the yards have so decreased during the last ten days that cars are piling up in the railroad yards. The only hope for restoration is in cutting the prices.

THE LATE DR. TALMAGE

Memorial Sermon by His Son, Rev. Frank De Witt Talmage.

(Entered according to Act of the Parliament of Canada, in the year One Thousand Nine Hundred and Two, by William Sally, of Toronto, at the Department of Agriculture, Ottawa.)

A despatch from Chicago says:—On Sunday morning in the Jefferson Park Presbyterian Church the Rev. Frank Talmage, D.D., delivered a sermon in which he paid a touching and timely tribute to his late distinguished father. The text was I. Kings xix. 20, "Let me, I pray thee, kiss my father."

Affection's most sacred form of salutation is a kiss. We bow to an acquaintance, we shake hands with a friend, but we press the lip against the lip of one whom we love. This statement is especially true when applied to Elisha, the son of Shaphat, who was about to leave home and go forth into the great wide world. Elisha was summoned to carry on the work of Elijah. Already the horses were being harnessed to the chariot of fire for the old prophet's famous journey from earthly struggle to heavenly triumph. His successor, starting out on his arduous task, desires first to imprint on his father's face the kiss of farewell.

The salutation of the kiss is even more sacred when used by one who is standing by the open casket of a father whose eloquent tongue has often spoken the golden words of the gospel to countless throngs — who with a pen guided by a spirit sprinkled with the blood of the Lamb, has every week proclaimed the divine message to millions upon millions of readers who were wearied with sin and heavy with trouble. My father's work for nearly twenty years has been the pillar of cloud by day and the pillar of fire by night to guide great multitudes through the dark wilderness of earth toward the brightness of

THE PROMISED LAND.

Many pens are writing eulogies upon the lifework of Rev. T. De Witt Talmage. Perhaps a few words may be welcome from his son. I speak as one having authority. For over twenty years I was his constant companion. When he was at home, I rarely left his study until after the midnight hour. Twice with him I visited the European cities. Once we circled the globe. Together we sailed forth from the Golden Gate of the Pacific. Side by side we have seen the light at the entrance of New York harbor beckon us into the Narrows, welcome to us as was the Star of Bethlehem to the three astrologers wandering over the sea of sand. But no more will we have sweet companionship. The world becomes instantly changed to the son who is compelled to let his parent sleep among the flowers and who bears a summons to more strenuous service. Before I start forth anew for my life's work I would, with filial emotion, ask a moment for the tribute of personal affection as Elisha spake to Elijah in reference to Shaphat: "Let me, I pray thee, kiss my father. Then I will follow thee."

My father was the most original and yet the most natural man I ever knew. Original in the sense that he always did everything in a way different from anyone else. He wrote differently, he lectured differently, he preached differently. If two persons stood before him at the nuptial altar, his marriage ceremony was unique. It was impossible to compare him to anyone else. The mold used for the formation of his character was a special one. There has never been another like unto it since he lay in his humble cradle in the

BOUND BROOK FARMHOUSE.

Yet my father was natural in the sense that he never strove to be original and different from every one else. It was in his personality that he was different. He was the same in the home as in the pulpit, on the street as upon the lecture platform. He was the same original and yet natural character when writing to one of his children as he was when penning an article for the press. He uttered the message which was given to him as naturally and yet with the dissimilarity that characterizes the notes of the birds of the forest. As the brown winged thrush lifts his treble note when he is awakened by the rising sun, as a goldfinch chirrups when hopping between the garden rows, as a Baltimore oriole sings when he swings backward and forward upon the tree branch which overhangs the brook, each bird is melodious in his own way, yet each singing a different song. He was so different from other men that for many years the American pulpit could not understand him. Under the scrutinizing eye of the theological critic there could be found no heretical flaw in his sermons. When he arose to preach, a solemn stillness like the expectant hush of the coming judgment day silenced his auditors. Every eye was focused upon that tall, straight form and broad, massive brow. Each ear was alert to catch the first word which fell from those wondering lips. But though the buildings in which he preached in our own and other lands were always crowded to hear him, though great multitudes were brought to decision for Christ under his preaching in the Brooklyn Tabernacle, where he passed the most active years of his life's ministry, yet for years he was a misunderstood man.

WITH ONE WAVE OF HIS HAND

he swept away all the cobwebs which had accumulated around the traditional methods of sermonic oratory. With his mighty original personality he broke the shackles of ecclesiastical slavery. He proved to the world that the ministers of the twentieth century could plead with sinners to come to Christ with the energy and enthusiasm and intensity with which the lawyer could plead for the life of a defendant falsely charged with murder. He proved to the religious world that it was not so important what kind of a white linen operating gown the gospel surgeon wore as it was that the nerve of the operator be firm and the hand steady that held the keen, sacred blade with which he cut out the cancer of sin. He dispensed with the ministerial gown and hurled from the church the old fashioned pulpit, but he still clung to the old truths. He spoke the gospel message in its simplicity. Because the story was so simply told it was told with originality.

He was a genius, but he developed every one of his ten talents by the hardest kind of mental and physical application. No labor for him was too full of drudgery. Morning, noon and night found him in his study. He took physical exercise not for pleasure, but to fit himself for the pulpit. He lived not to eat, but he ate so that he could live. He placed his standard very high, and into every sermon he put his best thought. He used to say to me: "Frank, do not make the mistake of many literary men. They say to themselves, I will save that thought and put it into another speech or article. Give to the world

THE BEST YOU HAVE.

Crowd everything in that strengthens an argument, but always strive for quality and not for quantity." When a theological student, I wanted to occupy for some weeks the pulpit of a small country church. He uttered his protest, saying, "You ought to spend at least three months upon your first sermon, writing upon it from six to ten hours a day." What a testimony is this to his own careful work, coming from the cold lips which are now closed in the casket. What a homiletic lecture it is for the young ministers, for the young lawyers and budding statesmen who maintain that the oratorical art is a divine gift which has no need for struggling upon the rough mountain side of drudgery. What a clarion note it is, summoning all men and women to do their best under all conditions. The lesson is as powerful for the merchant of ten talents as for the clerk of two talents. To him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath.

There is, however, a warning that comes from my father's intense application to work which deserves the attention of all those who are tending their physical, mental and spiritual energies to accomplish something in life's struggle. About twenty-five years ago the first danger signal was lifted when insomnia, like a hideous spectre, sat at the foot of his bed and refused to let him sleep. Night after night he would be up four and five times walking the floor. After awhile the children became used to it. We would greet him at breakfast, saying, "Father, how did you sleep?" and when he answered, "Not very well," he would look so fresh and vigorous that we, too, were deceived, and we would hope that he had slept better than he thought he did. But he could not be induced to spare himself. He over-estimated his reserve of strength. My father ought to have lived with that magnificent body at least fifteen years longer. Had he economized his strength the best years of his life might have been those last fifteen years.

HE DIED FROM OVERWORK.

Domestic bereavement fell upon him, and people who saw only his outward cheerfulness had no conception how deeply the iron had entered his soul. When my father was dying he continually talked about the boy who had been his pride, his eldest son, who is now sleeping by his side as he once sat at his feet. He was a noble lad, a brilliant young lawyer. We carried him out one cold winter day and laid him away to rest under a soft quilt of snow. My father went back to his work. He said, "I dare not lay it down even for an hour lest the effort to take it up again should be too great for me." He took up his cross in the same cheerful, hopeful spirit as before, though the wound in his heart never healed. He always carried a scar which was cut by the gravedigger's spade. Yes, he had his troubles, but he always maintained a brave heart and made the most out of life by being cheerful.

My father's best sermon was the daily life which he lived in his own home. I bear my testimony to the fact that from my boyhood until the time that I entered my own parsonage and was ordained by him for my own pulpit I had before me the example and upon me the sweet influence of a Christian home. There never was in America a happier or more prayerful home than that of which he was the head. The children idolized him. The example he set before them was that of a consecrated Christian gentleman always anxious to do what Christ would have him do. There was no bitterness in the nursery. From him we learned how to forget as well as to forgive. Among all the men I have known in various walks of life I never knew a human being who was like him in the characteristic that he could never bear a grudge against any one. An enemy might do everything in his power to destroy him, but my father never struck back. If he could, he would not only forgive, but he would go any distance to

SERVE AED HELP AN ENEMY.

It was because my father's sermons were the products of a Spirit-filled life that the millions were able to find comfort in him. Whenever he would take a leaflet this and people would crowd about him by the thousands, uttering such greetings as "I read your sermon upon 'Recognition of Friends in Heaven' to my mother when she was dying." "I read this or that when I was in a certain trouble, and the sermon brought light to my soul." Let no hearer or reader of this sermon think for one instant that my father's work was a man made work. My father's work was a divinely inspired work. He was called as certainly to do his work as Paul and Peter and John were called to do theirs. He was inspired by prayer and communion with God and just as certainly may we in our work be inspired if we plead for the gift of the Holy Spirit.

A dear old family friend uttered a sweet prayer. That was all. We watched and waited until his mortal life was lifted into the heavenly life. There were a few tears, a few callings of goodby. He slipped away so quietly we could not tell when he was gone. He was asleep. The tired heart ceased to beat. The old sweet restful look came back to the loving face. We laid him away for a little while in the family plot in beautiful Greenwood. As I lifted my hand over the open grave to pronounce the benediction, I said to myself, "So may we all live and labor, that when our work is done we may go to our rest in the full conviction that when we awake it will be like this glorified spirit in the likeness of his Lord."

READING CAMPS.

Of Great Benefit to the Lumbermen of the Country.

The promoters of the Canadian Reading Camp movement have just published another pamphlet on "Library Extension in Ontario Reading Camps and Club Houses," including the second annual report of the movement. The pamphlet is prefaced with an extract from Carlyle's Sartor Resartus on "The Diffusion of Education"; "Two men I honor, and no third. First the toil-worn Craftsman that with earth-made implement laboriously conquers the earth, and makes her man's. Venerable to me is the hard hand; crooked, coarse; wherein notwithstanding lies a cunning virtue, indefeasibly royal, as of the Sceptre of this Planet. Venerable too is the rugged face, all weather-tanned, besoiled, with its rude intelligence; for it is the face of a man living manlike. For us was thy back so bent, for us were thy straight limbs and fingers so deformed; thou were our Conscript, on whom the lot fell and fighting our battles were so marred. For in thee, too, lay a God-created Form; but it was not to be unfolded; incrusted must it stand with the thick adhesions and defacements of Labor; and thy body like thy soul was not to know freedom," etc.

Free books are but one factor of the scheme. The separate buildings to serve for the purpose of reading and recreation rooms are the principal feature. The avowed aim of the friends of this work is to induce the Provincial Government to place two or three reading camps under the direct supervision of a duly qualified teacher who would surprise and conduct evening classes in these camps and adapt them to local conditions.

Mr. Alfred Fitzpatrick, of Nairn Centre, secretary of this movement, stated in last year's report that several men had learned to read with comparatively little assistance; further experiments this season, he says, have fully demonstrated the practicability of instruction. If evening classes are desirable in towns and cities where there are

SO MANY PRIVILEGES,

they cannot fail, he argues, to be helpful where there are no social literary or religious opportunities. Mr. Fitzpatrick claims that pictures, music, reading aloud from the best authors, innocent games and the use of magic lanterns will counteract the benumbing influence of hard labor, and awaken the necessary enthusiasm. That the employers in the lumbering and mining industries are themselves the principal promoters of this work is enough to prove its feasibility.

Over one-third of the revenue of the Province is derived from the woods and forests alone, to say nothing of that from the mineral resources of the country. It is all right to endow libraries and schools in the older parts of the Province, says Mr. Fitzpatrick, but why should the men who play so prominent a part in the exploitation of this wealth not share in the direct benefits as well as others? The free reading camp, with duly qualified instructors, would be a most useful adjunct to the free school, and free public library.

The Ontario Library Association and the Ontario Teachers' Association, at their recent sessions, both passed strong resolutions urging upon the Department of Education the extension of this important phase of public education. Until adequate provision is made by the Ontario Government for this important branch of public education, the promoters should receive the most generous support of the public.

Free copies of the above-mentioned pamphlet may be had on application to John Dougal & Son, Montreal.

ROYAL LIVES INSURED.

King Edward VII.'s life is insured for about $3,750,000, while the Prince of Wales is contented with $2,500,000. The Czar is insured for $1,500,000, and his eldest daughter, the Grand Duchess Olga, for $2,500,000, while the Czarina's policies amount to $1,250,000. The most heavily insured monarch was the late King Humbert, whose life was valued by himself at $7,500,000, so that the many insurance companies among which the risks were divided were very hard hit by his assassination. The German Emperor's insurance also runs into seven figures.

FOR THE HOME

Recipes for the Kitchen. Hygiene and Other Notes for the Housekeeper.

DOMESTIC RECIPES.

Delicious Corn Bread.—One large cup of cornmeal and one small cup of flour, a half cup of sugar, two eggs, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, three teaspoonfuls of butter, one teaspoonful of salt, milk to make thin batter. Mix like cake and bake in a biscuit tin. This recipe is sixty years old and is commended by Harper's Bazar.

Potatoes a la Delmonico.—Hash four medium sized potatoes; put in saucepan, add a half tablespoonful of butter, half cup of cream, a little salt and pepper; stir carefully for five minutes. Turn into a baking dish, sprinkle over ten tablespoonfuls grated cheese and two tablespoonfuls of bread crumbs. Put on bits of butter and leave twenty minutes in a hot oven.

Spanish stew—Cut in small pieces any cold meats that may be at hand. Place in the frying pan with one tablespoon butter, one small onion sliced, a half-teaspoon of prepared horseradish and a few pieces of red pepper. Fry till the butter is well browned, then add two cups of hot water and one tablespoon tomato catsup. Thicken with one tablespoon flour and cook till the flour taste disappears. Pour into a small, deep platter, sprinkle a few minced pickles over it and send piping hot to the table.

Veal Galatine—Trim all the fat from a large veal steak. Make a force meat of a cup of minced ham, a half cup of bread crumbs, a dozen stoned and minced olives, salt and pepper. Moisten this mixture with enough milk to make a thick paste. Lay steak upon board, spread with the force meat, roll up and sew this roll tightly in a piece of muslin. Put into a pot with enough water or stock to nearly cover and simmer three hours. Let meat cool in the liquor, then remove cloth and set in a cool place till wanted. Serve with aspic jelly.

Potato Croquettes.—Two cups mashed potatoes, two tablespoons melted butter, two well-beaten eggs, one-half cup milk, one-half teaspoon salt. Mix well together and mold in oblongs; dent on the tops crosswise with a knife blade. Bake on a greased baking sheet about one-half hour till nicely browned. Have the cream sauce ready; pour into a platter and when the croquettes are baked remove them to the platter, placing them on the cream sauce as artistically as possible. Serve at once.

Little Raisin Cakes—One-half cup butter creamed, one cup sugar, one-half cup of milk, one egg well-beaten, three-fourths cup chopped raisins, one and one-half cups flour. Beat the batter vigorously, then bake in patty pans and serve warm.

Baked Parsnips—Boil the parsnips till tender, but not broken. Drain the water and place them in a baking pan; pour over them one-half cup of hot water, add a tablespoonful of butter and sprinkle with salt and pepper. Place in the oven and baste occasionally till nicely browned.

Cheese Salad—Boil three eggs hard put into cold water, then remove shells, cut crosswise and remove yolks. Mash the yolks fine and rub with them one cup finely grated cheese, season, add dressing and mix well. Heap this roughly upon a bed of lettuce, and garnish with the whites cut in rings and a few slivers of celery. Serve with hot crackers.

Peach Pudding.—One quart well-sweetened peaches, one-half cup butter, one-half cup sugar, one-half cup milk, one egg, one-fourth teaspoonful salt, one teaspoon baking powder sifted with the flour, two cups flour. Put the peaches in the bottom of the baking pan. Make a batter with the other ingredients; and when smooth spread over the peaches. Bake in a very slow oven for one hour. Serve with whipped cream.

ASPARAGUS WAYS.

Cream of asparagus soup—Cut the tender joints off 3 bunches of asparagus, and break the tough portion of the stalks into small pieces. Cook the stalks (not the joints) in a little boiling water until perfectly tender. Drain, rub the pulp through a colander, add 3 pts scalding hot milk. The tips should be soaked until tender (about 15 minutes) in slightly salted boiling water and then added to the asparagus pulp and milk. Let it all boil up, season to taste, thicken with two tablespoons butter, and serve very hot with croutons.

Asparagus in Cases—Cut off enough tender asparagus heads in two-inch lengths to make one pint. Cook in a little boiling water until tender, drain, add ½ cup cream sauce, season to taste, and fill into hot baking powder biscuit, which have been prepared by cutting off the tops and scooping out the inside.

Asparagus with Cheese—Cut tender asparagus stalks into inch lengths, and cook in slightly salted boiling water. When done, drain, and place in a well buttered baking dish. Dot with little bits of butter, sprinkle over 1 cup grated cheese, a little minced onion, and some seasoning. Let brown in a moderate oven, and serve very hot. If no outside silver baking dish is at hand serve in the one in which it was cooked, with a white napkin pinned neatly around it.

Asparagus on Toast—Wash the asparagus, tie in a bundle again, and cook with the tough white ends of the stalks down in slightly salted boiling water until tender. Drain, untie, and spread on very thin slices of nicely browned toast with a cream sauce poured over the asparagus.

Asparagus Croquettes—Mash 1 cup cooked asparagus tips, add ½ cup fine bread crumbs, 1 cup diced chicken or veal (cooked) and season to taste. Mix well and moisten just sufficiently to form into croquettes with cream sauce. Turn into a shallow dish and let get cold. Then make into croquettes, roll in slightly beaten egg, then in bread crumbs, and fry in hot oil or fat. Drain on brown paper, and serve hot.

WHERE MOTHS ORIGINATE.

The distracted housekeeper wages war against the little, white-winged moths that will fly around so industriously in the spring, usually near her most expensive carpets, draperies and furs. She wonders where they can come from in such armies, and she spends a great deal of time and strength in scattering borax, insect powder and naphtha about her carpets, and uses every available newspaper and countless mothballs in stowing away her winter furs. John's best overcoat and numerous other garments that these little pests like to feed upon.

Now, we are quite sure if this same vigilant housekeeper were some day to go on a hunting expedition from attic to cellar, she would, be more than likely to run across an old blanket or piece of fur which contained larvae enough to stock a whole neighborhood with these pests. Perhaps a skein of soft white wool might be pulled out of some corner not often peered into, which would literally drop to pieces when she touched it, so industriously had it been preyed upon by these busy workers.

If the search should be very thorough, and everything thus infested should be burned, she would be apt to find the next year when she looked her labor had not been in vain. And if she should continue to destroy all useless woolen garments that prove such prolific breeding-places, she would in time completely rid herself of the troublesome carpet moth.

HINTS TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

When flat-irons do not heat well turn a large dishpan over them. It is said that if the feet are well soaked in warm water at night and then the corns rubbed with castor oil there troublesome excrescences will disappear.

A housekeeper says that scorched lard is not necessarily spoiled. She advises: Put the lard in a kettle and add an equal quantity of water. Let it come to a boil, then cool. The scorched part will settle to the bottom in the water, and the lard will be in a cake on top which can be lifted off. Sausage and fried meat fat can be purified and whitened in the same way.

Those who do not like boiled cabbage or want a new way of serving it, may try this way: Pull off the outer leaves until you come to those that are crisp and white. Pull them off and serve them with a mayonnaise as you would lettuce.

To cook bacon properly cut very thin, lay the slices on the broiler, rest this on a dripping pan and put in a hot oven. Turn once, and avoid all smoke and smudge. Your bacon is pink, crisp and delicious and easily digested. Bacon is the best possible meat for breakfast.

Fresh orange peel thrown into water before it is to be used imparts a pleasant fragrance and also softens it.

LEIGH SHIRT WAIST.

The Leigh Shirt Waist is the model waist of the season. It is quite plain and has three forward turning plaits on the back. There is no yoke or other trimming or complications about it. As a pattern it is most desirable because from it all waists may be modeled and no end of tucking and decorations may be wrought upon it before placing the pattern on the cloth.

Quantities of material required: 32 and 34 bust measure will require three and one-half yards of goods twenty-seven inches wide.

36 bust measure will require three and three-fourths yards of goods twenty-seven inches wide.

38 and 40 bust measure will require four yards of goods twenty-seven inches wide.

DOG DWARFERS.

Stunted dogs are very much admired by Parisian ladies. The demand for them is met by at least forty professional "dog-dwarfers," who bring up the pups on an alcoholic diet, which has the effect of stunting them.

Geoffrey—"Father, they say that history repeats itself, don't they?" Parent—"Yes, my son." Geoffrey—"Well, why don't it repeat itself when I'm trying to learn it?"

Mr. Manley—"Well, darling, I've had my life insured for $5,000." Mrs. M.—"How very sensible of you! Now I shan't have to keep telling you to be so careful every place you go to."

THE S. S. LESSON.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON MAY 11.

Text of the Lesson, Acts xii. 1-10. Golden Text, Ps. xxiv, 7.

1, 2. Now, about that time Herod the king stretched forth his hands to vex certain of the church, and he killed James, the brother of John, with the sword.

From the time that the devil, the murderer and liar (John viii, 44), put it into the heart of Cain to kill Abel he has never shown his hatred of God and his people of God by using his worst weapon, death (Heb. ii, 14), and that even against the Son of God Himself. It was a good day for James, for he was instantly with the Lord, in the enjoyment of the very far better.

3-5. And because he saw it pleased the Jews he proceeded further to take Peter also. (Being Passover time, he kept Peter in prison under the care of four companies of soldiers, intending after that season to kill him also to still further please the Jews—some of the same Jews, no doubt, who were the reason to crucify the Lord Jesus and stone Stephen and all the while professed to be doing God's service. Yet God lives, the only living and true God, and all power is His, and He permits these things to be, and He is not discouraged, and the kingdoms of this world shall yet be the kingdom of our Lord and of His Christ (Rev. xi, 15). We can do what the church did for Peter, earnestly and unceasingly cry unto God and be ready to lay down our lives for Christ.

6. Peter was sleeping between two soldiers, bound with two chains.

A double guard, a strong prison, chains, gates, and, as far as human vision could see, death for Peter on the morrow, yet Peter slept, and doubtless quietly, for he was in Christ and Christ in God. The wall of fire was round about him, and within all was well whether he remained in the mortal body or not (2 Cor. ii, 3; Zech. ii, 5, 8; Isa. iii, 10, 15; Phil. i, 23) and to see God and the countenances not people; to see angels and people only as they God and be still and know that He is God (Ps. xlvi, 10; Rom. viii, 28, 29).

7-9. And, behold, the angel of the Lord came upon him, and a light shined in the prison.

Before Peter could realize it, his chains were off, his sandals were on, his garment about him, and he was following the angel out of the prison, the soldiers still soundly sleeping, but Peter thought it was all a beautiful vision which God had granted him. How great and glorious is the ministry of angels who minister unto the heirs of salvation (Heb. i, 14).

10, 11. When Peter was come to himself he said, Now I know of a surety that the Lord hath sent His angel and hath delivered me out of the hand of Herod and from all the expectation of the people of the Jews.

On they went past the first ward and the second, and the iron gate opened of its own accord—perhaps other angels swung it open at the approach of the angel followed by Peter—and still on they went through one street, well away from the prison, before the angel left Peter. Then, being left alone and finding himself in the night out on a street of the city, he began to realize that it was no dream, but that he was actually a free man by the mighty power of an angel of God.

12. He came to the house of Mary the mother of John, whose surname was Mark, where many were gathered together praying.

This he did as soon as, having come to himself, he considered the matter. He knew just where to go, for on a previous occasion when he and John had been released from prison and from the power of the rulers, it is written that "being let go they went to their own company" (Acts iv, 23).

13-15. Thou art mad. It is his angel.

What strange words for a company of praying believers when they are told that their prayers are answered. And Peter is at the door knocking for admission. Rhoda was so glad that she forgot to open the door for him, and they were so amazed that they could not believe her. We might not wonder to have the world count the believer mad (Isa. liii, 3, 5, margin; Hos. ix, 7; John x, 20), but for believers, and such as these, to count each other mad is more strange. May we not be so slow to act upon Jer. xxviii, 9, or to live in Ps. lxii, 5.

16, 17. Go show these things unto James and to the brethren.

Peter continued knocking, the only thing he could do, for doors did not open to him as prison gates, by the angel, and in due time they opened to him and were astonished to see him. He, quieting them told them all that the Lord had done for him and bade them tell James and the others. This is the James of chapter xv, 13, who seems to have been president of the council at Jerusalem. James the brother of John having been slain (verse 2). Every redeemed soul has been delivered from prison and death far worse than any Herod could afflict with, and how gladly we should tell of the deliverance God has wrought for us (Ps. xl, 1-3), but how few seem glad to tell it to His glory that He may be magnified.

18, 19. Herod's soldiers put to death, and Herod himself dying such an awful death (verse 23), while Peter was delivered from their hands, reminds us of that morning when Daniel came forth from the den of lions, but his enemies were put into the same den never to come forth. It makes us think of the glorious morning of our Lord's appearing (Ps. xix, 14; xxx, 5; xlvi, 5 margin; cxxx, 6, etc.) for the deliverance of His people and of the unbelievers for whom there shall be no morning, but only the outer darkness forever (Isa. xiii, 20, R.V.).