

An English Served Tea.

Once mention food and cooking, then in point of technique la France is easily queen. There is only one social function in which England, excels France, and that is afternoon tea.

Paris, of course, has its afternoon tea—not to do so when all the world is turning English and even the Chinese are Anglicizing the pigtail would be a la mode. But in Paris afternoon tea is called "fifoclocky," so be sure you do not laugh in her face in 1890 if a Parisian lady asks you without a smile:

"Voulez-vous fifoclocky avec moi mardi prochain?" On her day the servant demands with all seriousness:

"Is it that madam will have fifoclocky for her world this day also?" But this is Paris. Outside of the capital if you want tea you must get it at a chemist's, and poor stuff it is too who will ask you in sympathy:

"Tea? Perfectly, madam, and what sickness have you in your family?" But cross the channel and tea is the epitome of home life. The love of it and its comfort seems to equalize high and low. Queen Victoria herself shows how she enjoys going of an afternoon to drink a cup of tea with some one of the cottagers on the demesne of Windsor or Balmoral, and the grocer of the act tells, besides, her deference to the worth of the least of "his little ones" and how universal is the custom of the afternoon refectation all over the United Kingdom.

Go anywhere—into a house of any rank in Great Britain and Ireland—and if you are admitted at all, whether as a stranger or friend, you will be given a cup of tea any hour between 3 and 4.

Generally about 4.30 all London drinks a cup of tea; and by all London is meant lords and commoners, bankers, lawyers, doctors, journalists and "city" men, small clerks and costermongers. It is not made on a little bachelor stove, the simple affair is brought in from the nearest A. B. C. Aerated Bread Company's restaurant, to lawyers and the general world of money-makers. Gentlemen and statesmen get it in their buffet reserve under the shade of Westminster's gray towers, while the people one does not know anything about get it where they may. But they get it.

In the homes of the wealthy or even the comfortably off folk the hour of a charm found nowhere so clinging so lasting. Like their French ancestors, the English think much of friendship, and anyone who claims to be at all has an intimate circle of three or more friends who will join at tea any afternoon in the week. For some one is always at home to receive it. Rising in rank, the lady spends a day at home at which her set consists without being otherwise notified than by her return to town. This is for general visitors, but at any other day, her not-at-home days, the hour brings an intimate friend or friends, and that is the real hour you thoroughly enjoy if you belong to the intimate circle.

Never is the tea other than good. Tea is cheap in England and is growing cheaper. So many of the young-sons of important families have gone to the tea planting. As a rule the breakfast is simple, the well-made tea accompanied by only thin bread and butter. But for pet friends one gets dainties that one gets nowhere else but in an English home.

London, with its lodging-house reputation, affords tea cake, a confection brought at the pastry cook's. Scottish cake, cut in slices, is served. "Gentle cake" and Madeira loaf, a sort of pound cake marked at the top with a ring of sliced citron, and on festive occasions "Dundee cake," a rich fruit cake well seeded at the top with almond. But out of the hurly-burly of city life in her houses Surrey and Kent and Hampstead shire, where thinking and acting are elbow room, added grace is given when one's best friends come, and there all is as fair, as free and as genuine as the traditions at least of the Faubourg St. Germain suppose the culture to be.

The same tea cake, which in Scotland is baked large and round, is called "scone" in old-fashioned people in England and Scottish-Canadian farmers bake the scones very thin, rather than on both sides, pile them up, and when serving out through the pie. But the very "swagger" afternoon tea scone, such as would be served at Kensington Palace, if you have a concrete case, is a tiny affair, not much larger than a Marguerite, half an inch thick. It is made of "nurse" paste, rolled thin and baked on a girdle in England and in America. This method of baking it gives to the scone a delightful, incomparable, unique, hemi-demi-metaphysical flavor relished by high authorities on all that is commensurate—that is to say correctly English, in England, at the afternoon refectation. When baked they are split open, torn a trick of the finger—never out, and again and put into the oven to



THE MAHDI'S TOMB.

The Dome of which was smashed by the British artillery fire in the attack on Khartoum.

dish, perforated at the apex, preferably of silver.

But the tea scone is a treat and gem only when the cook is in good humor, for she cannot always be persuaded to stop her dinner arrangements—last as the English dining hour is—to fuss about tea which "is the parlor maid's duty anyhow." She generally grumbles to the request. In winter, when one comes in from a drive or shopping, or if a man from the department in the civil service or the bureau in the government or some welcome masculinity off duty from the Horse Guards or the Lanciers, joins the group, then the covered dish conceals hot muffins or crumpets to pile on carbon for the human engine needing extra fuel on cold days.

But it is spring that brings beauty to the tea table; spring when the Lent lilies give their ever-offending yellow light shining in reflected glory in the burnished silver of the teapot, the quaint bulbous, old-fashioned teapot telling stories in every curve of its hammered bloom. Then it is when the early cress yields its verdure for the confection of the daintiest of sandwiches of the best bread cut thinnest, so thin that dainty green of seasoned cress peeps through the creamy butter and the bread sponge and gives picture as well as comfort to every fastidious home-lover of old-fashioned joys.

NUNS IN MEN'S ATTIRE.

Sir Charles Gordon's "Recollections of Thirty-nine Years in the Army," contains a quaint little anecdote which we have not so far seen quoted. In 1860, at Tientsin, the two Gordons, when seeking for hospital sites, came across a Buddhist nunnery. Despite the warnings of one of the inmates, who appeared in boy's clothes, they entered the building and found that the inmates all wore male clothing. The Buddhist ladies were greatly shocked at the intrusion. "Our regret," says Sir Charles, "was real. Explanations were exchanged; we were informed that the community within adopted male costume as an indication that they not only renounced the world, but with it the emblems of their sex. We were 'received' by the Lady Superior, tea and cakes offered to and partaken of by us. We were then permitted to visit the 'private chapel,' and finally we parted from the religiouses on the best of terms."

A Self Estimate—What do you think of Puffington? Oh, he is the kind of a man who thinks that when he steps on one end of the country the other end bounds up into the air.

AN EXASPERATING TRAIT.

There are few characters in fiction for whom the average reader feels a greater loathing than for Uriah Heep. He maddens us with his meekness. And in every-day life there are people who exasperate us by their conspicuously gentle and resigned spirits. We long to shake them and make them express themselves forcibly or violently. And finding fault with them is like fighting a feather bed. There is some satisfaction in throwing down a rubber ball, for it will bounce back, and, unless one dodges, it may strike him in the face. Or it may roll away into a corner and let one alone. But if you throw down a feather cushion, it will simply lie at your feet, an inert mass, just where you put it. This is the most trying thing about the martyr-like person, who prides himself upon his lack of temper and upon his willingness to be trampled upon. He has no spirit. And just as there can be no virtue in the ignorant courage that does not appreciate the existence of danger, so there is no virtue in the inertia that feels no temptation and yet is often mistaken for meekness. The true meek, they who inherit the earth, are those who know how to resist, how to fight back, and who for the sake of a principle dare to be quiet. They are strong and have overcome. But they are not the Uriah Heeps of life. One has learned even in the flame to hold still, although every fibre of his being quivers with agony. He sets his teeth and makes no moan. The other has not felt the flame, and not having felt it, can talk calmly of its heat, and smilingly take to himself credit for being willing to endure its fury with so-called meekness and resignation.

COAL BURNED BY STEAMSHIPS.

The amount of coal consumed by a vessel during a voyage depends very largely upon the speed, for the consumption of coal increases almost in a geometrical ratio to the speed. There are many ships which burn from 100 to 300 tons of coal per day, the lowest consumption being when the vessel is going at a moderate rate. Men-of-war do not consume so much in proportion as swift passenger steamers which ply between Europe and America, for, unless in an emergency, they are not driven at the highest attainable speed. The ocean passenger steamers often burn from 2,500 to 3,500 tons during a passage lasting six to seven days.

JOKING WITH THE QUEEN.

There is said to be only one man who has ever dared to make a joke in the presence of the Queen. This is Canon Teignmouth-Shore, at one time governor to the children of the Prince of Wales, and a splendid type of Irish humorist. He was discussing with Her Majesty the question why it was that shoemakers were supposed to be so advanced in their heterodoxy and in the want of faith in futurity. "Why, ma'am," quietly remarked the audacious Canon, "one could hardly expect a shoemaker to believe in the immortality of the soul!" Her Majesty enjoyed the joke and laughed very heartily over it.

DON'T RIDE IN A THUNDER STORM.

A great deal of nonsense has recently been published to the effect that a man mounted on a bicycle is perfectly safe in a thunder storm, because he is supposed to be insulated from the earth by the rubber tires of his machine. As a matter of fact, the tires are usually covered with a film of water from the rainfall and they are not to be relied upon as adequate protection against the lightning stroke. The fallacy of this reasoning is shown by the fact that more than one case has happened in which a cyclist has been instantly killed while hurrying home on his machine. In one instance, the cap, shirt and coat of the rider were torn to shreds, and his chest was severely burnt. The safest thing a bicyclist, as well as a pedestrian, can do during a thunder storm, is to seek the shelter of some building with doors and windows closed.

ABSENT-MINDED CLUB WOMEN.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, on one occasion, presented herself at a club of which she is a member with her bonnet wrong side in front. After some hesitation lest Mrs. Howe should feel hurt, a sister member informed her of her mistake. "What a blow to my vanity!" said Mrs. Howe, with an amused smile. "I thought I was receiving an unusual amount of attention as I came down town on the car, but attributed it solely to my own attractions."

"LADY OF BALMORAL."

Queen Victoria will soon celebrate her jubilee as "Lady of Balmoral." She purchased Balmoral in the summer of 1848, and took possession of it in the following September. Hence, when she goes there in the autumn she will have been a resident on Deeside for half a century, a fact which is to be commemorated by the erection of a fountain on the Ballater Road.

MADE A DIFFERENCE.

Desk Sergeant—Case of dead drunk, isn't it who is he? Policeman—He's a son of old Struckett-Ritch, the nabob down the avenue. Desk Sergeant—We'll put it down as overcomes by the heat. Send word to his folks. Peasant—Five dollars for entering this estate. Tourist—But why is no

DYSPEPSIA.

"For over eleven years I suffered terribly with Dyspepsia and tried everything I could think of, but got no relief until I started using Burdock Blood Bitters. I had only taken one bottle when I commenced to feel better, and after taking five or six bottles was entirely well, and have been so ever since. I feel as if B. B. B. had saved my life." Mrs. T. G. Joyce, Stanhope, Que.

B. B. B. cures Biliousness, Sick Headache, Sour Stomach, Dyspepsia, Constipation, Coated Tongue, Liver Complaint, Jaundice, Kidney Disease, and makes the blood rich, red and pure. It is a highly concentrated vegetable compound. One teaspoonful is the dose for adults; 10 to 30 drops for children. Add the water yourself.



A HEALTHY WOMAN.

Nine-tenths of all the suffering and disease in the world comes from the kidneys. Yet how few people there are who take any care of these delicate little organs. Backache, lame back, headaches, listlessness, all signs of kidney trouble, are almost universal.

Doan's Kidney Pills

Tone and regulate the kidneys and help them to throw off the poisons from the system.

Mrs. A. Brown, P. O. Box 800, Dresden, Ont., says: "For years I suffered from dropsical trouble which caused me much distress. I heard of Doan's Kidney Pills and got a box of them at Switzer's Drug Store. Before commencing to take them I was unable to button my shoes on account of my swollen condition, but by the time I had finished the first box I could do this without inconvenience. I have now taken a second box and have no hesitancy in recommending Doan's Kidney Pills for any Kidney or Dropsical trouble." Price 50c. a box, 3 for \$1.25, all Druggists. The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.

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AT THE BRICK FOUNDRY -- WE MAKE -- Furnace Kettles, Power Staw Cutters, Hot Air Furnaces, Shingle Machinery, Band Saws, Emery Machines, hand or power; Cresting Farmers' Kettles, Columns, Church Seat Ends, Bed Fasteners, Fencing, Pump-Makers' Supplies, School Desks, Fanning Mill Castings, Light Castings and Builders' Supplies, Sole Plates and Points for the different ploughs in use. Casting repairs for Flour and Saw Mills.

-- WE REPAIR -- Steam Engines, Horse Powers, Separators, Mowers, Reapers. Circular and Cross-Cut Saws Gummed, Filed and Set. I am prepared to fill orders for good shingles.

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County of Grey, including a valuable Water Power, Brick dwelling, and many eligible building lots, will be sold in one or more lots. Also lot No. 60, Con. 2, W. G. R. Township of Bentinck, 100 acres, adjoining Town plot, Durham. Mortgages taken for part purchase money. Apply to JAMES EDGE, Edge Hill P.O. Oct. 2nd.

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Wanted—An Idea

Who can think of some simple protect your dearest thing to be lost? Write JOHN WEDDERBURN & CO. Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C. for their \$1.50 price offer and list of two hundred inventions wanted.

SMART WOMAN.

Progressive! he said. Well, I should think she was. Why, do you know what the woman did? They admitted that they did not. She had secured the services of a hypnotist he explained.

Advertisement for Dr. K. & K.'s SYPHILIS EMISSIONS STRICTURE CURED. Includes testimonials from Mrs. Chas. Ferry, Wm. A. Walker, and others, and a list of symptoms treated.

Mixed. Vinegar. OIL. School. ggest, al Sale. property in the To manby in the of Grey. ADD ET AL. AN ORDER FOR made in an action in the 12th day of April, the approval of the Court, Master of the Court for Ontario at and in the County of offered for sale at the HOUSE. of Durham, signed Master, on the 10th day of September, 1890. afternoon, the following property, being LOT 3rd Concession W. Township of Normanby, Grey, known as the "Farm," containing more or less. said Lot are cleared and cultivation; the balance is bush. There are said to be three houses and a being 2 log houses one 18 feet by 30 feet and a 8 feet by 36 feet, with There are three wells a good supply of water. rail in a fair state of a small orchard on the property is distant from the date neighborhood and is distant. will be sold subject to a James Webber, Junior, the 15th March next, and which purchaser will be season's fall ploughing, reserve bid fixed by the will be payable 10 per of sale to the Vendor's lance into Court within at interest. Conditions standing conditions of the Vendors will only be Registrar's abstract of the conditions of Sale and further obtained from the Vendor under signed, or Esquire, Owen Sound, Esquire, Owen Sound, day of July, A.D. 1888. MORRISON, Master at Owen Sound. CAUL, or's Solicitor. Allan, TAILOR, Removed his the New McIntyre er the Standard dy to fill all or- the Latest Styles T. ing the slack' seam- time to get your SUIT and Carefully Fin- AS. ALLAN. e Block, Durham.