

## HEALTH AND HOME HINTS.

Slamming the door of the oven makes the cake fall.

All canned fruits should be kept in a cool, dark place.

Vinegar pickles will not keep in a jar in which any greasy substance had been kept.

Drop a little lump of sugar among the turnips while cooking; it improves them wonderfully.

Lemon juice applied with a camel's hair brush, night and morning, will remove freckles of not too long standing.

When grating nutmegs remember they will grate best if started from the blossom end.

Children's overshoes need not get mixed if kept together with patent clothespins.

Lemons hardened by long standing may be made usable by covering a few moments with boiling water.

**German Steaks.**—Try this recipe when the Sunday joint of beef is getting shabby—Take half a pound of cold beef, free from fat and skin, one chopped onion, a little mixed herbs, pepper, salt, a little nutmeg, and one raw egg—if you have it a little chopped ham or bacon always improves a dish of this kind. Mince the meat and add the other ingredients, binding all with the egg. Form into flat cakes, dip in egg and then in bread crumbs, and fry a nice brown. Garnish with a liberal supply of fried onions.

**Blackberry Cordial.**—Wash and mash the fresh berries, strain out the juice, and to each four quarts add one quart of boiling water. Let it stand in a cool place for twenty-four hours, stirring occasionally. Then strain again, and to each gallon add two and a half pounds of refined sugar. Stir well and cork tightly in jugs or seal in cans.

**Luncheon Rolls.**—Scald one cup of milk, add four tablespoons of sugar and one-half teaspoon of salt; when lukewarm add one compressed yeast cake dissolved in one-fourth cup of lukewarm water; and one and one-half cups of flour; beat thoroughly. Cover and let rise; then add one-fourth cup melted butter, two eggs thoroughly beaten, one-half teaspoon grated lemon rind, and sufficient flour to knead. Let rise again; roll to one-half inch thickness; shape with small biscuit cutter, to keep them uniform in size, then roll in finger-shaped rolls; place on a buttered sheet, an inch and a half apart. Let rise again and bake fifteen minutes in a hot oven.

## WORLD RIDDLES.

What grows the less tired the more it works? A carriage wheel.

What fruit is the most visionary. The apple of the eye.

Why does a hair-dresser have a sad death?

Because he curls up and dies (dyes). Why was Blackstone like an Irish vegetable? Because he was a common fater.

When may a man be said to breakfast before he gets up? When he takes a roll in bed.

What causes a cold, cures a cold, and fees the doctor? A draft.

What is worse than "raining cats and dogs?" Hailing cabs and omnibuses.

Mr. Bertram Mackennal, who has been appointed to design and model the coronation medal and the coinage of the new reign, is an Australian sculptor, born in Melbourne in 1863. He designed and modeled the medals for the Olympic Games of 1896 and was elected an associate of the Royal Academy in 1909, being the first colonial to achieve that distinction, as he is the first ever called upon to design the English coinage.

Penitence has two faces. It looks toward the past and the future at the same time. There is not only a grief for sin, but a determination after a new obedience.

## SPARKLES.

"Please, ma'am," said the servant, "there's a poor man at the door with wooden legs."

"Why, Mary," answered the mistress in a reproving tone, "what can we do with wooden legs? Tell him we don't want any."

A friend met a cheerful Irish citizen who had plainly suffered some hard knocks. "Well, Pat, how are you getting along now?" he enquired. "Oh, O!m hard up yet; but O! have a fine job in Honolulu, and fare paid. O! sail to-morrow." "Sure, man, you'll never be able to work there. The temperature is a hundred in the shade." Pat had endured too much cheerfully to be discouraged. "Well," he replied, hopefully, "O! it'll not be workin' in th' shade all th' toime."

"In Venice at last! Ah, my dear, half the dream of my youth is now fulfilled."

"Why only half, auntie?" the young girl asked.

"You counted on going to Venice," sighed the spinster, "on my wedding journey."

Invalid Husband—"Was I to take all that medicine?"

Wife—"Yes, dear."

Invalid Husband—"Why, there's enough there to kill a donkey."

Wife (anxiously)—"Then you'd better not take all of it, John."—Tid Bits.

"Pa," said little Willie, who was struggling over his lessons, "what is an obtuse angle?"

"An obtuse angle," replied his father, "is an Englishman to whom you try to explain a joke."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

"Well, I've beaten all records this time."

"In what?"

"Why, I've lived on an apple a day for five weeks."

"Well, that's nothing. I've lived on earth for thirty-five years."—Illustrated Bits.

They tell in London a story of an elderly American lady, who, while sightseeing, visited Westminster Abbey. After going about for some time with an air of eager curiosity, she approached a verger. "I wonder if you can help me?" she asked hopefully. "I am looking for the grave of King Edward II."

"Sorry, ma'am," said the verger apologetically, "but we 'aven't got Edward II."

"But," protested the visitor, "I understood that the Abbey was the burial place of kings."

"So it is, ma'am, in a way," returned the verger, "but we honly 'ave the odd numbers 'ere."

The secret of success is constancy of purpose.—Disraeli.

No man is happy who does not think himself so.—Publius Syrus.

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## PORCUPINE FAMILY.

Some workmen, who were employed cutting down trees in a wood, found a nest of five little porcupines in a little hollow. Seeing neither of the animals' parents, and that the little porcupines were hungry, they took them a distance of four miles and presented them to their employer's children, who kindly cared for the animals.

Late in the evening the house dog set up a great howl outside. The girl opened the door, when the excited dog rushed in with a bleeding nose. Close behind, a big porcupine walked quickly through the hall. The dog was furious, but the porcupine sniffed her way to the door without heeding the dog at all. The door was open, and she trotted through another room to the next door and from there to the box where her babies were. She crawled into the box and laid herself by her little ones, talking soothingly and nursing them to sleep.

The next evening the dog began the same racket and, when the girl went out, he was rolling a big ball of quills around in dismay. She took the ball in her apron and carried it to the box. It turned out to be Mr. Porcupine, who also wanted to be with his family.

The children took the reunited family to the barn. Here the porcupines seemed happy all winter and were so tame that they often crawled into the children's laps to be petted.

Toward spring the door of the barn was left open one night, and in the morning the Porcupine family was missing. How it happened that the door was open, the children never understood, but I think their mother thought the porcupines wanted to be free again.

The relation between joy and duty is not recognized as it should be. The disregard of duty destroys joy in the life. But the discharge of duty destroys much worry and sorrow and brings the soul into quietness and peace. John R. Mott has given a good injunction when he says "Break out into duty, and I pledge you will soon break out into song."

Wherever thou art, thou hast near thee an altar and a sacrifice, for thou art thyself priest, altar, and sacrifice. Our worship is not external, like that of the Jews. Wherever thou art, thou canst build an altar; it suffices that thou shouldst feel deeply the want of God's help; even if thou canst not bend the knee, strike thy breast, or raise thy hands towards heaven. A woman at her spindle can raise her soul to God, and cry with her heart to Him; a merchant at the market, or at the exchange, can examine himself and pray with fervor. An artisan at his workshop can pray. God only requires that the heart should be warm and the desire honest.—Chrysostom.

The Sabbath is necessary, not because it is commanded; but it is commanded because it is necessary.—F. W. Robertson.

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