

## A MALAY WATER SLIDE.

The Malays of Perak cannot slide on the ice. They never have any. So they go sliding on water instead. It does not sound easy, but the little Malay boys find it so, and wherever there are a waterfall and a pool they practise away till they can toboggan down on a palm leaf as successfully as an American boy can coast downhill on a sled.

Every now and then the Malay rajahs of Perak give a water slide in grand style. They send out a notice through the country round, and hundreds of men, women, and children assemble for the Meng-gelunchor of game of the water slide. A spur of hills, from which a suitable waterfall leaps a hundred feet or so into a suitable deep pool below, is chosen as the place of assemblage. Plenty of food for the occasion is provided by the chiefs, but the women are expected to do the cooking. Fires are lighted on the hills, the cooks set to work, and the rest sit at ease on the rocks watching the water-sliders.

The game of meng-gelunchor is begun by the small boys. With the daring and the coolness of small boys the world over, they get out on the top of the fall, sit right down on the smooth-curving water of one of the cascades, stick their feet out straight, stretch out their hands on each side to balance and support themselves, and whish!—down they go the whole hundred-and-odd feet of falling water, plunging deep into the pool, swimming and clambering out and up again, and taking their places for another turn. They come so fast that they fall on top of one another in the pool; the game becomes as swift and exciting as on a switchback railway.

The men come next, and then the girls and women who can get away from the cooking. The Malay girl is as much at home in the water as her brother, and asks no odds. Occasionally, to add to the fun a slider loses his or her balance. Grasping at every one round, slipping, sprawling, bumping, tumbling wildly into the pool, the awkward slider has a tumultuous time. Peals of laughter from the hillside audience follow each mishap. The sliders who are not veterans use the tough flower sheaths of the Pinang palm as seats to slide upon. But the star sliders need no such adjuncts. Why nobody is drowned remains a mystery to outsiders. There certainly is danger in the game, and pluck and endurance are necessary. But beyond scratches and bruises, nobody ever seems to get hurt.

But a little after noon the sliders are tired and hungry, and the dinner part of the meng-gelunchor begins. All sorts of Malay good things are dished up and eaten with picnic appetites. Then, after an hour of rest, the pleasure-seekers go home, and the water slide is over.

When the British Governor visits the Malay federated States the meng-gelunchor is usually part of the programme for his amusement. This tobogganing down a waterfall, indeed, is of ancient origin among the Peraks, though exactly when and how the sport started no Malay knows, and no Malay, except those of Perak, knows how to do it, either.—Mildred Elliott, in Sabbath School Visitor.

At one of the Torrey-Alexander meetings at Sheffield, England, recently, was a man who had walked twenty miles in order to attend the services. He is in his 70th year. Twenty years ago he gave up the use of tobacco through the influence of a temperance lecturer. Since that time the man has saved his tobacco money, has invested it, and through it has now in his old age three houses which give him a comfortable income.

The place of business calls for the active brain and the diligent hand; but so does the business of the Great King.

## HEALTH AND HOME HINTS

Teacups, even when carefully kept, sometimes have dark stains at the bottom, caused by the action of the tannin in the tea. Salt, slightly moistened, will remove these, but in the case of very fine china sometimes scratches it a little. Powdered whiting will be found quite harmless and equally good.

Hominy Griddlecakes.—To one cupful of cooked hominy add half a teaspoonful of salt, the beaten yolks of two eggs (well beaten into the hominy), one and one-half cupfuls of thick, sour milk, and one-half cupful of flour with which has been sifted three quarters of a teaspoonful of soda. When thoroughly mixed fold in the beaten whites of two eggs, and bake by spoonfuls on a hot griddle the stiffly beaten whites of the eggs. Cook from five to seven minutes in very small muffin tins.

German Pudding.—One teaspoonful of flour, half teaspoonful of arrow-root or corn-flour, half-pint milk, one ounce butter, sugar to taste, the rind of half a lemon, two eggs. Boil the milk with the lemon rind until well flavored, strain it; mix flour, cornflour, butter, and sugar, boil for a few minutes, then take off the fire and mix in the two well-beaten eggs, candy line a basin and pour the mixture in, tie down with a cloth and steam for one hour. When turned out the sugar makes a nice sauce.

Kisses.—Beat the whites of three eggs until they are stiff, then sift over the eggs three-quarters of a cupful of powdered sugar. Mix the sugar in lightly with a knife. Cover a board with paper, drop the mixture on it by spoonfuls, and place in a moderate oven leaving the door open for thirty or forty minutes, then close the door for a few minutes to let them color. Stick two together with a little jelly or jam between them.

Tongue Salad.—Take about one-fourth pound of cold tongue. Slice some of it thinly, and lay on one side, passing the remainder three or four times through a mincing machine; then add to it either oil or cream, and season highly with tarragon vinegar, cayenne, salt, and a little made mustard. Place some lettuce in a salad bowl, and pour over the dressing, and mix well. Ornament the top with slices of tongue and hard egg, and dust parsley lightly over.

Walnut cookies are old-time favorites with children. Allow one cup of butter, one and a half cups of sugar, three eggs, and one cup of flour mixed with two cups of chopped walnut meats. Cream the butter and sugar, and add the eggs and floured nuts. Lastly, stir in one and a half cups of flour into which has been sifted a teaspoonful of baking powder. Drop on a buttered sheet, allowing room for soredading, decorating the top of each cookie with half a nut meat and a sprinkle of granulated sugar.

## SALT WATER BATHS.

Visit Canada's health resort during the long winter and prolong your lease of life by bathing in the healing waters of the "St. Catharines Well," a clear, sparkling, mineral saline spring, considerably denser than sea water. As a tonic for tired humanity it is invaluable, and as a cure for rheumatic and nervous troubles or in skin diseases it is well known. Consult any good standard medical work on therapeutics for its analysis. Why undertake a long, trying journey, when this Mecca for health seekers is at your door, on the main line of the Grand Trunk Railway System. Write G. T. Bell, G. P. & T. A., Grand Trunk Railway System, Montreal, for full particulars.

"He who goes down into the battle of life giving a smile for every frown, a cheer word for every cross one, and lending a helping hand to the unfortunate, is, after all, the best of missionaries."

## SPARKLER.

"What did you do with all those unpaid bills, Julia?"

"I saw they were beginning to worry me, dear, so I destroyed them."—Life.

Mistress: "If such a thing happens again, Marie, I shall have to get another servant."

Marie: "I wish you would, madam; there's quite enough work for two of us."—Chicago News.

"One er de troubled of dis life," said Uncle Eben, "is dat ever'body pears to hab a large supply of good advice on hand dat don't apply to his own personal needs."

A north of England board school boy has produced the following essay on Nelson—"Nelson was born when he was a little boy. He lost an eye, an arm, and got shut (North-Country for shot) in the back, and then he said 'Thank God I have done my duty.'" The boy had underlined the word *my*.

"A Fife shepherd, who was in the Grassmarket of Edinburgh on a week day, found that his dog had strayed to some distance, and was making off in a wrong direction. He begged an acquaintance whom he had met to whistle for the animal. 'Whistle on your ain dog,' was the indignant reply. 'Na, na, man,' said the perturbed drover, 'I canna dae that, for you see its our Fast Day in Kirkaldy!'"

An indignant mother entered a Dundee school in a terrific rage, vowing vengeance on the teacher, who had had occasion to use the strap to her child. Mother—"How did ye strike my bairn fur naething?" Teacher—"I punished him, because he wouldn't tell me how many letters there were in the alphabet. He only stood and stared at me." Mother—"Eh, and dy'e expect my bairn, eight year auld, to ken a' that a'ready? Man, I cudna tell ye hoo many letters there wis in the Post office if Dundee far less any o' yer foreign toons, an' ye expect him to ken."

"This," said the fond father to the dermatological expert, "seems to be a pretty big bill for the treatment you have given my daughter."

"It was a difficult treatment," explained the skin doctor. "You see, we had to remove all the cuticle from her cheeks and graft a new epidermis upon them."

"Well," said the father, reaching for his checkbook, "I don't know which one of us you skinned the most."—Baltimore American.

"Mother's compliments," said a youngster to a butcher who kept a shop in a busy suburban thoroughfare, "and she's sent me to show you the big bone brought with the piece of beef this morning."

"Tell your mother next time I kill a bullock without bones in it I'll make her a present of a joint," said the man of meat, with a grin.

"Mother's compliments," continued the boy, "and she says next time you find a bit of sirloin with a shoulder-of-mutton bone in it she'd like to buy the whole carcass as a curiosity!"

Concession is the secret of unity. Where neither side is willing to yield there can be no such thing as harmony. This is just as true of churches as it is of families.

Some men's hearts are as great as the world, and still have no room in them to hold the memory of a wrong.

Exercise, unlike medicine, cannot be taken in sweetened pellet form. The Christian who wants to grow strong and keep so must pay the price of persistent effort.