

HEALTH AND HOME HINTS.

Always iron brown linen, calicoes, cambrics and lawns on the wrong side.

Satin panels for the walls, with a velvet bird of rich plumage, appliqued, are very handsome.

Sometimes a knife with which onions have been cut will keep the odor in spite of scouring. Jab it in the damp earth a few times and it will be cleansed perfectly.

To keep the color of parsley, dip it for a minute or two in boiling water, then shake off the water and chop fine for the soup or sauce.

Batter Pudding.—One quart milk, sixteen tablespoonfuls flour, four eggs beaten very light; salt to taste. Stir until the batter is free from lumps, and bake in buttered pie plates or very shallow pudding dishes.

A friend once told me that she always saved all her envelopes, which had been addressed, but not sealed, and, cutting off the mucillaged parts, used them for labelling her preserves and jellies.

Potato Puffs.—Take two cups of cold mashed potatoes, three tablespoonfuls of melted butter, beaten to a cream; add two well-beaten eggs, one cup of cream or milk. Pour it in a deep dish and bake in a quick oven.

Few people know how to apply a mustard plaster so as not to blister the skin. If the mustard be mixed with the white of an egg, instead of water, the plaster will draw thoroughly without blistering the most delicate skin.

Dr. Bangs, of New York, gives an account of three cases in his experience which led him to believe that in many instances restlessness, irritability, melancholia, and even egyptisms simulating collapse following operations, may be due to the sudden withdrawal of tobacco from patients who have acquired the tobacco habit in a marked degree.—"The Hospital."

Vegetable Goose.—Will you really think you are eating roast goose, I wonder? Hardly, I fancy when you reckon the cost up. Hardly threepence for a goose! It is only in the vegetarian line we can have game so cheaply. Put two teaspoonfuls of bread-crumbs into a basin, pour over it boiling water or milk, let it soak awhile, then press out as much moisture as possible. Add a dessert-spoonful of grated onion, a teaspoonful of chopped parsley, a pinch of herbs or mace, salt, white pepper, half a teaspoonful of marmite or other extract, sufficient mushroom ketchup to flavour it nicely to taste. Mix all well, add a beaten egg to bind them all together. If still too stiff, add a little milk, stock, or gravy. Put into a flat, well-buttered baking-pan, and bake for about one hour, basting occasionally with butter or vegetable fat. Serve with fried tomatoes or any suitable sauce.

Tomato and Rice Pie.—In the warmer weather we naturally seem to gravitate towards lighter foods. This pie is very savoury, and it can be made even more so by the addition of a sprinkling of curry powder over the middle layers. Wash well a teaspoonful of rice—Patna is the most suitable—and put on in a double saucepan with cold water to cover; allow it to cook slowly until all the water has been absorbed. A half-teaspoonful of salt should be added to the rice. Do not stir it. Peel one pound of tomatoes, cut them in half-inch slices, and put in a buttered pie-dish. Put in the rice, sprinkle with curry powder, season to taste, put the rest of the tomatoes on the top, add more seasoning and a layer of bread-crumbs; a few pieces of butter on the top keep it from becoming dry. Bake in the oven for three-quarters of an hour. In order to vary this dish hard-boiled eggs might be added, or even grated cheese; mixed with rice after it is cooked.

SPARKLES.

Characteristic of the readiness of the Celt is a reply noted in "Leaves from the Diary of Henry Greville."

"I can not get over your nose," said a frank American woman to the Irish novelist, Colley Grattan, whose nose was flattened.

"No wonder you can't," he retorted, "for the bridge is broken."—Ex.

"Full many a man, both young and old, Has gone to his esophagus By pouring water, icy cold, A-down his hot esophagus."

Maurice and Johnnie have been rude to their mamma. Mamma has complained to papa, who is heard coming upstairs. Johnnie: "I say, Maurice, here comes papa. I shall pretend to be asleep."

Maurice: "I shan't; I shall get up and put on my trousers."

"Now's our chants," whispered the choir boy, when the organist fell asleep. "See if you canticle the tenor," suggested the soprano.

"You daren't duet," replied the contralto.

"It would wake hymn," growled the baritone.

"You're alto bass to sing in a choir," said the falsetto.

"Blow you all," murmured the bellows boy, but solo that nobody heard him.

Then the organist woke up.

The tramcar was crowded, and the passengers were listening to the conversation of two stylishly-dressed ladies, one of whom was accompanied by a small boy. Soon everyone knew that one of the speakers had recently been on the Continent.

"We stopped," she said, "at the largest hotel in Paris. The people all said I was the prettiest lady in the city. I looked so natural," they said.

At this point "sonny," with his nose plastered to the window-pane, yelled—"Look, mummy, look! There's the man who brought your hair."

They got out at the next stopping place!

The sable monarch from sunny Africa was being shown over a great engineering place by the manager, who, in explaining the working of certain machinery, unfortunately got his coat-tails caught in it, and in a moment was being whirled round at so many hundred revolutions per minute.

Luckily for the manager, his garments were unequal to the strain of more than a few revolutions, and he was hurled, dishevelled and dazed, at the feet of the Royal visitor.

That exalted personage roared with laughter, and said something to his interpreter.

"Sah," said that functionary to the manager, "his Majesty say he am berry pleased with de trick, an' will you please do it again!"

THE LESSON OF THE TREES.

Master, I learn this lesson from the trees: Not to grow old. The maple by my door puts forth green leaves as cheerily as I, When I was taller than this self-same tree.

Put forth my youthful longings. I have erred, Standing a bleak and barren leafless thing Among my hopeful brothers. I am ashamed.

I will not be less hopeful than the trees; I will not cease to labor and aspire; I will not pause in patient high endeavor; I will be young in heart until I die.

—Richard Kirk, in Lippincott's Magazine.

CURE FOR IVY POISONING.

The person who takes rambles through the woods is very likely to suffer for days thereafter with swollen wrists and itching hands, sometimes suffering real agony, from ivy-poison. Poison-oak and ivy are much like the copper-head snakes in the hills in that both seem to try hard to torture human beings with their poison, and will do so if they come too close, especially in the spring. A physician once told us that there was nothing that would cure ivy-poison quickly, but that doctoring it and letting it alone took about equal time; so he advised washing the parts affected quite often, and letting it take its course. Now, the cure consists in a very simple adherence to two things: Preventing the spreading of the poison and drying it up quickly. Its spread can be prevented only by washing frequently with hot water; its cure by anointing the affected parts with tincture of grindelia, procurable in any drug store, as soon as the skin has been dried. Every camp outfit should contain a four-ounce bottle of grindelia. Its cure is very rapid, and it soon stops the almost unbearable itching by which ivy-poison is first noticed. This remedy is a very old one, but it is not known as well as it should be.—Forest and Stream.

PRACTICAL WIVES.

The wives of men of sentiment often possess a vein of strong common sense, and a matter-of-fact nature which may at times serve to bring their poetical husbands down from their flights of fancy rather rudely.

Jean Paul represents Siebenkas as reading one of his beautiful fancies to his wife, who listened with eyes cast down, and apparently absorbed in his words. As he finished and waited for her appreciation to express itself, she said quickly:

"Don't put on those stockings to-morrow, dear. I must mend that hole in the left one."

One day, when Sir Walter and Lady Scott were roaming about their estate, they saw some playful lambs in a meadow.

"Ah," said Sir Walter, "'tis no wonder that poets from the earliest ages have made the lamb the emblem of peace and innocence!"

"They are indeed delightful animals," said Lady Scott, "particularly with mint sauce."

BEWARE OF PRACTICAL JOKES.

Very risky is the way of the practical joker who "goes for" his friends in the street.

One of these was an archdeacon of blameless reputation, but of irrepressible spirits, who sighted a friend, as he supposed, in Oxford street, popped up behind him, and snatched his pocket handkerchief. The victim, who turned sharply round, proved to be a complete stranger, and at once gave the joker into custody.

It was in vain that the prisoner protested the innocence of his intention. "I assure you that I am Archdeacon —," he said. "Oh, yes, I've no doubt; we had a 'bishop' yesterday," answered the constable, as he led the way to a police station.

The military use of the flag in Britain is as old as the Norman Conquest.

The stone for Kildonan church was brought fifteen miles across the prairie, one stone at a time, on single sleds, drawn by oxen.

In 1872 at the first communion service presided over by Rev. Prof. Bryce, nine persons were present. Today there are 6,218 communicants on the roll of the city churches.