

Recipes.

A GOOD WAY OF DRESSING COLD FISH.—This recipe is suitable for dressing cod, haddock, plaice, turbot. Remove the skin and bones from the fish, and break it into flakes. Have ready two or three hard boiled eggs, some white sauce made rather thick with milk, butter and flour, a little salt and cayenne, also some well mashed potatoes. Take a hot flat dish and place a bank of mashed potatoes two inches high round near the edge of it, lay the cold fish evenly over the middle of the dish. Cut the eggs in quarters and place them on the top of the fish, then pour in the sauce, which must be quite hot, fill to nearly the top of the potato bank, and put into a brisk oven to brown.

ONE HOUR SOUP.—Two pounds round steak with bone, two quarts cold water, one fourth cup each of chopped potatoes, turnips, cabbage; two tablespoons rice, salt and pepper to taste, and if you have celery add a little chopped fine, cook one hour, keeping water enough in to make two quarts of soup.

OAT MEAL BATTER CAKES.—To one half pint of oat meal cooked as a porridge, add two well beaten eggs, one cup each of sour and sweet milk, flour just sufficient to make the cakes turn, soda to counteract acidity of milk, and salt to taste. Or use all sweet milk and baking powder.

BAKED CABBAGE.—Boil a cabbage, then put in a colander, and drain it until perfectly dry; then chop fine; put in pepper, salt, and a little cream, and put in an earthen baking-pan and into the oven. Bake one hour.

TEA BISCUIT.—One quart flour and three heaping teaspoons baking powder; sift together well, and add enough nice rich milk to make dough as soft as can be rolled; flour the board and roll till about an inch thick. Have ready three tablespoons soft butter, into which beat two tablespoons white sugar, spread evenly and quickly over the dough, commence at one edge and roll, like jelly cake. When all rolled up, commence at one end and cut off pieces an inch thick, with a very sharp knife, till the roll is all cut up; place quickly in the biscuit tin, and into a hot oven; they will bake in about twenty minutes. They should be handled as little as possible; the more quickly they are put together and got into the oven the better they will be; easily made, and just delicious.

CREAM FRITTERS.—1½ pints flour, 1 pint milk, 6 beaten eggs, ½ nutmeg, 2 teaspoons salt, 1 pint cream; fry in small cakes, in very hot fat.

AUNT LUCY'S APPLE CUSTARD PIE.—Peel some apples; stew until tender (not too much water), put through the colander; for 1 pie take 3 eggs, ½ cup butter, ½ cup of sugar, flavour with lemon (fresh or extract), and nutmeg; use only the yolks of the eggs in the pie, and cover with the whites, and brown the same as for lemon pies.

CAKE WITH MAPLE FROSTING.—Three eggs, one cup white sugar, two tablespoons sweet milk, one heaping cup flour with two teaspoons baking powder in it. *Filling*—one cup maple syrup boiled to wax; beat the white of one egg to a stiff froth, and pour on the syrup, stirring briskly. Very nice.

PLUM PUDDING.—Baked.—Six butter crackers, rolled fine and soaked in three pints of milk. Cream one-quarter of, a cup of butter

with one cup of sugar; add a teaspoonful of mixed spice and six well-beaten eggs. Stir it all into the milk, and add one pound of the best raisins. Bake in a deep pudding dish, well greased with cold butter. Bake very slowly in a moderate oven three or four hours. Stir several times during the first hour to keep the raisins from setting.

Household Hints.

A good way to clean an iron sink is to rub well with a cloth wet in kerosene oil.

Glaze the bottom crust of fruit pies with white of an egg and they will not get soggy.

Whole cloves are now used to exterminate moths, and are better for that purpose than either tobacco, camphor, or cedar shavings.

By rubbing with a damp flannel dipped in the best whiting, the brown discoloration may be taken off cups in which custards have been baked.

The Village Choir.

[Some distance after Tennyson.]

Half a bar, half a bar,
Half a bar onward!

Into an awful ditch,
Choir and Precentor hitch,
Into a mess of pitch,
They led the Old Hundred.

Trebles to right of them,
Tenors to the left of them,
Basses in front of them,
Bellowed and thundered.

Oh! that Precentor's look,
When the sopranos took
Their own time and hook,
From the Old Hundred,

Screeched all the trebles here,
Boggled the tenors there,
Raising the parson's hair,
While his mind wandered;
Theirs not to reason why—
This psalm was pitched too high;
Theirs but to gasp and cry—
Out the Old Hundred.
Trebles to right of them,
Tenors to left of them,
Basses in front of them,
Bellowed and thundered.
Stormed they with shout and yell,
Not wise they sang, nor well,
Drowning the sexton's bell.
While all the church wondered.

Dire the Precentor's glare,
Flash'd his pitchfork in air,
Sounding fresh keys to bear
Out the Old Hundred.
Swiftly he turn'd his back,
Reach'd he his hat from rack,
Then from the screaming pack
Himself he sundered.
Tenors to right of him,
Trebles to left of him,
Discords behind him
Bellowed and thundered.
Oh, the wild howls they wrought;
Right to the end they fought!
Some tune they sang, but not,
Not the Old Hundred.

—Andre's Journal.

Pat borrowed some money of a friend, and was unable to pay it back when he came for it; and the friend became very angry, and said: "Now, Pat, if you don't pay me that money by next Monday, I shall give you a thrashing." The next day, as Pat was strolling along the street, he jostled a man, who cried out, "Look out what you are doing or I will knock you in to the middle of next week." "Be jabbers: an' I wish ye wud, sorr; for then I wud be over Monday."

The Girl that Everybody Likes.

She is not beautiful—Oh, no! Nobody thinks of calling her that. Not one of a dozen can tell whether her eyes are black or blue. If you should ask them to describe her they would only say, "She is just right," and there it would end. She is a merry-hearted, fun-loving, bewitching maiden, without a spark of envy or malice in her whole composition. She enjoys herself, and wants everybody else to do the same. She has always a kind word and a pleasant smile for the oldest man or woman; in fact I can think of nothing she resembles more than a sun-beam, which brightens everything it comes in contact with. All pay her marked attention, from rich Mr. Watts, who lives in a mansion on the hill, to Sam, the sweep. All look after her with an admiring eye, and say to themselves: "She is just the right sort of a girl!" The young men of the town vie with one another as to who can show her most attention; but she never encourages them beyond being simply kind and jolly; so no one can call her a flirt; no, indeed, the young men all deny such an assertion as quickly as she. Girls—wonderful to relate—like her too, for she never delights in hurting their feelings, or saying spiteful things behind their backs. She is always willing to join in their little plans and assist them in any way. They go to her with their love affairs, and she manages adroitly to see Willie or Peter, and drop a good word for Ida or Jennie, until their little difficulties are all patched up and everything goes smoothly again—thanks to her. Old ladies say she is "delightful." The sly witch—she knows how to manage them. She listens patiently to complaints of rheumatism or neuralgia, and then sympathizes with them so heartily that they are more than half cured. But she cannot always remain with us. A young man comes from a neighboring town, after a time, and marries her. The villagers crowd around to tell him what a prize he has won, but he seems to know it pretty well without any telling, to judge from his face. So she leaves us, and it is not long before we hear from that place. She is there, the woman that everybody likes.—[Christian Advocate.]

A woman living near Glendive, Montana, was the owner of a pet dog, which on Tuesday last, when playing, gave a yelp of almost mortal terror as a large eagle, with wings larger than a blacksmith's apron, swooped down and picked up the little cur in his talons. On this instant its owner flew into the kitchen, where her husband kept his shotgun, and hurried to the front door gun in hand. In an instant she directed her eye into the air, where, soaring about ten feet distant, she discerned the emblem of national liberty with her yellow poodle grasped convulsively, but firmly, in its claws. For a moment she ran her trained eye along the barrel of the gun, in the direction of the bird, and banged away. When she opened her eyes the eagle was prospecting interstellar space, and the dog lay scattered around in fragments all over the yard.

SIR,—Inclosed I send one dollar for FARMER'S ADVOCATE for 1886. I like your paper very much, it is the only real farmers' paper in Canada that I am acquainted with, although I get several. Wishing you every prosperity in your undertaking. I remain a lover of the ADVOCATE.—J. W. REID, Reaborn.