

HOME.

SELECTED RECIPES.

Batter Pudding.—One pint of milk, three eggs, one tablespoonful of melted butter, one teaspoonful of salt, two heaping teaspoonfuls of baking powder, three and a half cups of flour, one pint of blueberries (canned or fresh). Beat the eggs, whites and yolks, together until light; then cream the milk, then the flour. Beat until smooth, add melted butter, salt, and baking powder. Drain the berries, dredge with flour, stir into the pudding, turn into a greased pudding mold. Cover and set in a pot of boiling water. Boil steadily three hours.

Walnut Cake.—Butter size of an egg, one cup of sugar, two eggs well beaten, three-quarters cup of milk, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of baking powder, flour enough to make a batter fairly firm, but not thick, chopped walnuts, one cupful. Bake with paper over top of pan for a few minutes, then brown.

Goulash.—Cut bacon and onions into little cubes, add a little butter and fry it all to a nice brown. Have ready some rice lean beef, cut into about half-inch cubes, cover tight and let it simmer in its own juice until all moisture is gone. If not tender, add beef-juice or water till done. Season with salt, of course, and cayenne pepper to taste. Thicken with a little flour. One can make only enough for one meal, or by the gallon, as it will keep a long time, and warmed up, a little at a time, will be always like that freshly made.

Fried Graham Muffins.—For them mix one and a half pints of graham flour with half a cup of sugar, a cup of wheat flour and a teaspoonful of salt. Sift with two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar and one of soda, or two "rounded" teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Then add two well beaten eggs and a pint of milk. Dip large spoonfuls of the dough in hot lard, and fry them a golden brown. Serve hot.

Baked Turnips.—Wash and pare a good sized turnip, and then cut in cross-wise slices about a quarter of an inch thick; boil until tender, but not too soft; then remove carefully, and place in a pan with a spoonful of butter, three tablespoonfuls of water and a little salt, and bake until a nice brown. When done place in a vegetable dish and cover with melted butter. Serve hot.

Oyster Halls.—Fry a dozen good-sized oysters in butter; then chop and season well with a cupful of well-cooked rice, one egg, a little chopped onion and milk enough to hold the mixture together when made into balls. Roll in egg and then in cracker crumbs and fry in butter. A nice luncheon dish.

Cream Spunge Cake.—Whip separately and mix thoroughly together the yolks and whites of three eggs, and one cup of sugar, one-third of a cup of milk, one-half of a teaspoonful of soda mixed in two scant cupfuls of flour, and one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, dissolved in milk. Bake in a square pan, and if desired split when cool and add a filling.

Date Patty Cakes.—Mix a third of a cupful of soft butter with 1-1/3 cupfuls of brown sugar. When partly creamed break in two eggs and beat the mixture until very light. Then add half a cupful of milk, Add 1/2 cupfuls of sifted flour, in which have been mixed two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Beat to a smooth batter, then stir in half a teaspoonful each of cinnamon and nutmeg. Add half a pound of dates which have had the stones removed, cut small, and mix with a little flour. Then beat hard for five or ten minutes. Bake in small fancy patty pans, in a moderate oven. When cold cover with vanilla icing.

HINTS FOR THE SEAMSTRESS.

Home dressmakers who have trouble in fitting themselves are aided by a practical modiste to buy one and one-half yard of strong lining and cut a perfectly fitting bodice pattern to come five or six inches below the waist line. Bone and stitch it as if for an ordinary dress. Instead of hooks and eyes, sew together down the front, then stuff, using truly with starch, shaping it as the worker proceeds. Sew a lining across the bottom so as to stand on a table, add a stock collar at neck with a piece of lining across the top. The model is most useful for draping and trimming blouses, also for fitting collars and yokes.

Imnumerable little hints are given by this same dressmaker which are valuable for one who isn't entirely proficient in the art of sewing, and hasn't the experience of older housekeepers. One valuable little suggestion when sewing on buttons is, before you lay the button on the garment, put the thread through so that the knot will be on the right side. That leaves it under the bottom and prevents it from being ironed and torn away.

Before you begin sewing lay a large pin, or if a man's coat button, a match or something the same size, so that the threads go over the pin. After the sewing is completed draw out the pin or the match and wind the thread round and round beneath the button. This makes a stem to sustain the pulling and wear of the button hole, and presents a much better appearance than the garment is buttoned up.

When sewing black cotton materials, such as Italian cloth, saten and black prints, always use silk, as the black sewing cotton turns rusty with wear and washing, and spoils the appearance of the articles on which it is used.

Another admirable suggestion which many professional dressmakers

CROUP

is one of the dangers of childhood. It must be cured quickly and permanently. Shiloh's Consumption Cure, the Lung Tonic, is pleasant to take and cures thoroughly. Your money back, if it doesn't.

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are not aware of is that it is always best to thread the needle before cutting the cotton to insure threading the right end, otherwise it may tangle. Cut your cotton; do not bite it or break it. Use the right size needle, and suitable cotton for your material.

HOUSECLEANING HINTS.

Zealous young housekeepers sometimes make the mistake of cleaning paint with sand soap. Don't! It only scratches the paint; the other soap will do the work.

Take your carpets, and even your oilcloths, up once a year.

If you put matting down, be sure the floors are thoroughly dry before it is laid.

Year-old matting gains new life by being wiped up with salt and water.

Clean springs and woodwork of beds carefully, going over joints and ends of slats and every crevice with corrosive sublimate, by way of guarding against possible dust creatures.

Clean out closets and bureaus with turpentine water and use generous proportions of the turpentine. It's a good ounce of prevention against moths.

Don't shroud picture and mirrors in netting—if they're too much trouble to keep right, put away anything you can away.

Lining bureau and chifonier drawers and closet shelves with heavy white paper keeps the contents fresh, and should be renewed from time to time to be always perfectly clean.

Wash white marbles with clear water and a soft brush.

Have all your implements handy before you begin your cleaning—brooms and brushes, plenty of scrubbing and dust cloths, broom bags, soap, turpentine and chlorides, or caustic soda, for pipes.

Take every book from your cases, and dust them first, "Ibrarian's way," which is by striking one with another lightly, so that the dust dies out; then dust them with a cloth. Take the same precaution with the bookcases as you did with bureaus—wipe them out with turpentine water. Little insects often play havoc with valuable books and bindings.

Treat your music cabinet and the separate books and sheets of music as you did your books and cases. The same little insects attack both.

Four chlorides dust pipes, or perhaps better still, caustic soda, which cuts the accumulated grease.

After cleaning, get rid of heavy hangings, and see that white curtains are spick and span.

PECULIAR HORSES.

In the outlying provinces of Argentina are found horses of a singular variety, known as "criollos."

They are generally regarded as descendants of Arabian and Barbary horses, introduced by the early Spanish conquerors. They are now characterized by a dun color, with a dark band on the back and stripes on the legs and shoulders. They are remarkable for their vigor and their powers of endurance, and are difficult to handle. Prof. Robert Wallace suggests that natural selection has eliminated the unfit among them, with the result that the survivors present all the traits that Darwin associated with the ancestors of the common horse.

WEIGHT OF CHILDREN.

According to the Lancet, well authenticated instances of children weighing at birth as much as 13lb. are of extreme rarity. Among 15,166 children born in Chrobak's Clinic in Vienna, only one weighed 5,300 grammes (11lb.); while in seven years at the Clinic Baudouque, in Paris, there were only six children who exceeded 5,000 grammes (11lb.) at birth, the largest weighing 6,150 grammes (13lb.). Dubois, in 1897, collected twenty-eight cases in which the child weighed more than 5,500 grammes (12lb.) at birth, and stated that the heaviest children on record weighed, respectively, 24lb. 5oz., 24lb. 2oz., and 23lb. 12oz.

JAPANESE POLICEMAN.

The Japanese policeman is often a sort of street magistrate. He seldom has much trouble in making an arrest. He is invested with all the majesty of the law, and to the Japanese law is supreme. It seems very peculiar to see him holding a solemn court in the street, to settle some dispute between the inhabitants. With the utmost gravity he examines the parties, notes the information, and pronounces his decision, which is generally obeyed.

INTERNAL CLEANLINESS.

In all the published accounts of visits which European surgeons have made to the Japanese hospitals stress is laid on the immunity from the after-effects of wounds which has resulted from the Japanese soldiers' care of the body within and without. "The Japanese soldier," says one observer, "has been taught how to treat his inside, and consequently his inside is now treating him with equal consideration," and, in addition to this, flesh wounds, owing to the national cleanliness, have healed very quickly.

PARSONS OF ODD FAME

CURIOUS MEANS ADOPTED TO SAVE SOULS.

A Cemetery Zoo in London—Boxing Ring in a Church.

Probably there is only one place within the confines of civilization where monkeys can be seen turning somersaults and otherwise disporting themselves on graves where people are buried says a London letter. That is in a rather extraordinary private menagerie which has been set up in London by a clergyman of the Church of England. The clergyman in question is the Reverend J. W. Horsley of Waltham, who set the folk of that rather grimy London district aghast a while ago by turning the cemetery behind Saint Peter's Church, where he officiates, into a zoo.

This zoo contains no less than four monkeys, who spend most of their time in climbing a series of posts erected amongst the graves in the cemetery for their delectation. The rest of the while, however, the monkeys occupy in romping over the least resting places of long-dead Waltham folk in a fashion which cannot yet be viewed with complacency by the descendants of the latter. The other inhabitants of the reverend gentleman's zoo consist of three owls, a flock of pigeons, some white rats, and 30 guinea pigs.

There are about 1,000 graves in the cemetery which this clergyman saw fit to turn into a playground for the children of the choked-up district. Of course, each grave had its headstone and when Mr. Horsley set about transforming the place he had all these headstones removed and stacked up alongside the iron fence which separates the cemetery from the street. Afterward he had the poles put up for his monkeys and provided suitable accommodation for the rest of his menagerie.

The owls are in a big cage, the pigeons occupy a second, and the white rats a third, while the guinea pigs have a big runway enclosed by a wire netting, inside of whose confines they have eaten long graves quite bare. This to the further disgust of the many Waltham folk whose wrath was kindled to start with by the introduction of the monkeys. In fact, the vestry council of the district has been appealed to several times, with a view to making the Reverend Mr. Horsley cease his menagerie from the cemetery, but so far the councilors have supported the parson.

CRYPTIC CLUBROOM.

This ingenious divine first became known to fame outside the scene of his intensely earnest, if rather startling activities, when he performed another feat only less novel in way than that of transmuting his graveyard into a recreation ground and menagerie. This was several years ago, when Mr. Horsley, at a loss for a clubroom in which to gather the young men of the district, determined to get the space needed by forcing the crypt of Saint Peter's to disgorge. The place was literally filled with coffins, of which had been there for a century or more—the church being over 800 years old—but in a comparatively short time the energetic pastor had got the last of the caskets out of the crypt and seen to it that all the remains were reburied in consecrated ground in the suburbs of Woking. Then he had the crypt thoroughly disinfected and after being whitewashed and painted and supplied with a few necessary fittings, it made exactly the sort of room which the pastor needed. It is now a favorite rendezvous for the young men and some of the young women of the district and contains among other things an excellent gymnasium. During the winter a kitchen is set up in the crypt and soup dispensed where once coffins rested.

It was quite by chance that Mr. Horsley came to set up his cemetery zoo. His original idea was merely to make the graveyard into a playground for the children of the district, who needed an open space badly. But when he was considering this worthy project somebody was offering him the small herd of guinea pigs which now resides in the cemetery. Mr. Horsley accepted the guinea pigs and for awhile boarded them out as individuals at the homes of various small boys, making sure that the animals should be well treated by offering regular prizes for the guinea pig kept in the best condition. A bit later, however, the parson's white rats were bestowed upon him by some admirer and soon afterward the monkeys and pigeons came along and then it was that the clergyman hit on the idea of setting up his menagerie in the churchyard.

The reverend gentleman was halted into court recently and fined \$1.50 because one of the monkeys in his cemetery bit a little girl.

PRIZING IN A CHURCH.

Unusual, however, as the Gorleston vicar's doings are, England contains at least half a dozen clergymen whose performances either in connection with their calling or outside of it, make those of Athol Forbes seem comparatively commonplace. Of these divines, by far the most picturesque is the Reverend A. Osborne Jay, whose church in Shore-ditch contains a boxing ring where during the winter months prizefights to a finish take place almost every night. These contests are usually for a purse and are generally presided over by a professional referee. The prizefighting is literally under the Reverend Mr. Jay's altar rail, and it is in the middle of the room which forms the basement of his church—Holy Trin-

ity—and every match is attended by the clergyman who, though he doesn't box himself, has learned a good deal about the fighting game in the sixteen years during which he has been a constant onlooker at sparring matches. In Shore-ditch, which is the Jago about which Arthur Morrison wrote his slim novel—boxing is the most popular masculine pastime, and when Father Jay, as he is called, was sent down into this section of Whitechapel by his bishop nearly twenty years ago to found a church there, he could find only one way of winning the good will of the men in the district. That was by giving them a place in which sparring matches could be held in a comfortable and scientific manner. Of course, Mr. Jay tried a lot of other things first—amongst them, the conventional reading-room, and quarters where games could be played—but nothing fetched the hard citizens of the district until the clergymen fixed up a twelve-foot ring in a room over a stable, provided boxing gloves and told the local aspirants for fistie honors to go it to their hearts' content.

RESULTS JUSTIFIED HIM.

Since that time prizefights under clerical supervision have been a feature of life in Shore-ditch and how much the Reverend Mr. Jay has been enabled to accomplish in really getting in touch with the male members of the flock would take too long to tell. It is significant, however, that when Mr. Jay finally managed to get enough money to build a church he transferred his boxing ring from its original location to the basement of the sacred edifice.

Knockouts are frequent in the fights that occur there; in fact, there is practically nothing to distinguish these contests from real prizefights, except that the purse—contributed by the audience—is really of no value, that only non-alcoholic drinks are served at the ringside, and that no profanity is allowed. Of course, Mr. Jay has been criticized severely for his unconventional method of winning the district, but the results appear to justify it. Several of the coster youths who learned to use their fists in Father Jay's club are now getting their living in the prize-ring, one of these being Willie Smith, the ten-stone champion of England, but this fact does not disgust the clergyman. "There is no harm in boxing itself," said Father Jay, in a conversation I once had with him on the subject. "We do not fear to teach a boy to write because he may some day commit forgery. Shore-ditch is called pugilists' cradle, and its men and boys will box whether you like it or not, and if not in my club then in some low 'boozie,' as they call the saloons."

NOT LIKE THE CZAR.

Incident of the King's Recent Visit to Portsmouth.

During his recent visit to the fleet at Portsmouth, the King drove off the jetty through the dockyard. It was an interesting coincidence that the King left the jetty just after the noon bell had rung for the dockyard men to cease work. The carriage threaded its way through the thousands of men in their labor-stained clothing and as they made way they loyally saluted his Majesty. One workman turned to a mate and remarked, "That's the kind even by the mounted policemen passed on, 'I say, wouldn't the Czar like to be able to drive about like that?' All along the route to the Clarence Barracks, the crowd had gathered, and they cheered lustily."

TERRIBLE TEMPTATION.

An eminent English surgeon, whose brusqueness with grown-ups recalls that of the famous Abernethy, is quite another person when children are his patients. Then he is as amiable as an angel or a big St. Bernard dog. A short time ago, according to St. James's Budget, this gentle giant got up out of a warm bed at three o'clock of a bitter morning to attend a tiny boy in piteous plight from diphtheria. He performed the operation of tracheotomy and saved the child's life.

Time went on and his general condition improved, but there was one disquieting symptom. He refused to use his voice. When he was questioned he nodded or shook his head, but would not speak. Finally the surgeon found a way. One morning he talked at his stubborn little patient.

"I'm sorry he can't speak to me, nurse," the surgeon said, "because I'm going up to London to-morrow, and shouldn't know whether to bring him a horse or a gun."

There was a brief silence. The surgeon and nurse waited breathlessly. Then a tiny finger stooped up to a wounded throat, and the ghost of a baby boy's voice said: "Please, doctor, bring me a tickle gun!"

GLASS WORKMANSHIP.

One of the greatest artistic marvels of the world is to be seen in the museum at Harvard University. This curiosity consists of hundreds of specimens of flowers and plants formed of glass, but with such exquisite fidelity to Nature that they appear to be every tint and marking, every tiniest detail, being faithfully reproduced. They are made by a secret process, the artists being a father and son in Germany, who, it is said, may let their secret die with them. As an instance of the wonderful workmanship, it may be mentioned that the very hairs which appear on the stems on certain plants are reproduced on the glass imitations.

Mr. Rooke—"I hope you didn't believe what I said about me." Miss Budd—"I make a point never to believe more than half I hear." Mr. Rooke—"But the trouble is, you women generally believe the wrong half."



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YOUNG FOLKS

COOKIN' THINGS.

When my mother's cookin' things You bet I never wait To put away my ball or gun— I drop 'em where they are an' run For fear I'll be too late. The most exciting kind o' game Er toy, or storybook, I let 'em go, an' never mind, The very minute that I find My mother's goin' to cook.

THE FINDING OF TIMOLEEN.

"I am sure this is the most dreadful birthday any little girl ever had!" said Mildred, as she and Aunt Judith stood before the stove in a dingy little station far away in British Columbia. The train had been three hours late. It was past eleven, and pouring in torrents. "Can you get us a carriage?" asked Aunt Judith of the sleepy-looking station-master.

"Not to-night, ma'am." "How far is it to the village?" "Nearly three miles, ma'am." "Three miles from the village, rain, wind and Egyptian darkness! Not a very pleasant prospect for a walk!" laughed Aunt Judith.

"Ountly, what ever in the world shall we do?" cried Mildred. "Stay here all night, I suppose," said Aunt Judith, who had travelled all over Europe and Asia, and was never daunted by any ordinary difficulty.

"Yes, ma'am," said the station-master, "just what you'll have to do. It is not very comfortable here, but at any rate there will be a roof over your head, and that's a great thing on a night like this."

There were two rickety settees in the room. Aunt Judith made a nest by shawls upon one of them for Mildred, and settled herself upon the other. Soon the south-bound train steamed noisily in, but left no passengers; and when it had gone, the station-master took his hat and coat and the lantern and went out, saying he would return at six in the morning.

"Ountly," cried Mildred, "he has left us in the dark!" "The light from the stove is enough. We shall sleep all the better," said Aunt Judith.

"But, Ountly, he has locked the door! He has locked us in!" cried Mildred, in dismay. "No matter," laughed Aunt Judith. "He will unlock us bright and early to-morrow morning."

"How the wind howled! How the rain dashed against the windows! One window had a broken pane, and they could hear the water dripping, dripping, down the wall to the floor. 'What a dreadful birthday!' sighed Mildred.

Just then she heard a noise at the broken window and raised herself on her elbow to listen. What could it be? Was it a tramp? Was it a burglar? Was it a bear? Again came the noise. First a scratching, then a scrambling, and then something small and white bounded into the room, and jumped up on Mildred, whining and licking her hands. Mildred sprang up with a scream of delight.

"Oh, you darling, darling thing! Oh, you sweet, dear wee bit of a doggy! Ountly Judith, did you ever, ever see such a cunning little doggy?" They carried him to the stove and examined him by the faint light of the dying coals.

"A very valuable silver Yorkshire," said Aunt Judith. "See his tiny black nose and his little pink tongue," said Mildred, "and just feel how soft and silky he is. And oh, do look at his lovely silver collar and his blue ribbon!" "Perhaps we shall find his owner's name upon the collar," said Aunt Judith. "Keep still, you mite, and let me see."

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A CONSIDERATE JUDGE.

Rarely does a judge show hesitancy in the court-room, or a disposition to change his mind when he has once publicly expressed it, but an account of a refreshing exception is furnished by Sir Henry Hawkins, Lord Brampton, the eminent English justice, in a recent book of reminiscences.

Baron Martin, whose native leniency and sense of fun often placed him at the mercy of the very men he was trying, was once about to sentence an old offender, charged with a petty theft.

"Look," said the baron, with an assumption of severity, "I hardly know what to do, but you can take six months."

"I can't take that, my lord; it's too much," said the prisoner, respectfully but firmly. "I can't take it. Your lordship sees I didn't steal very much, after all."

The baron indulged in one of his low chuckling laughs before replying. "Well, that's vera true; ye didn't steal much," he said. "Well, then, ye can tak' four months. Will that do—four months?"

"Nay, my lord, but I can't take that, neither," said the witness, patiently. "Then tak' three."

"That's nearer the mark, my lord," said the prisoner, approvingly. "But I'd rather you made it two, if you will be so kind."

"Vera well, then, tak' two," said the judge, with the air of one who is pleased to have done the right thing at last. "And mind, don't come again; if you do I'll give you well, it all depends!"

LEARNED CABMEN. Linguistic cabmen have just appeared in the streets of Dresden. The police of the place where the china comes from have issued a decree enacting that cabmen who speak foreign languages must indicate on a leather armband in color the particular tongues they have mastered—English, French, Italian, Russian, and so on. One of the cabmen, a Hungarian, can scarcely find space on his armband for the inscription of the numerous languages he professes to speak, for there are eight of them.

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