

Recipes.

TAPIOCA PUDDING.—Four tablespoonfuls of tapioca soaked in water two hours. Heat one quart of milk, and add to it the tapioca, the yolks of three eggs well beaten, sugar and salt to taste. Stir until it becomes thickened, then turn into a pudding dish, and frost with the whites of the eggs beaten with sugar. Brown slightly in the oven.

FRENCH CABBAGE.—Chop cold boiled white cabbage and let it drain till perfectly dry; stir in some melted butter to taste; pepper, salt, and four teaspoonfuls of cream; after it is heated through add two well-beaten eggs; then turn the mixture into a buttered frying-pan, stirring until it is very hot and becomes a delicate brown on the other side. Place a hot dish over the pan, which must be reversed when turned out to be served.

PUMPKIN SOUP.—Remove the seeds and pare off the rind from two pounds of pumpkin. Cut the pumpkin into small pieces and simmer slowly in half a pint of water for an hour and a half. Then rub it through a sieve and put it on the fire with a pint and a half of boiling milk, a piece of butter the size of an egg, some salt and pepper, a very little sugar and three slices of stale bread cut into small pieces. Stir a little and serve as soon as it boils.

MINCE MEAT.—Two quarts of chopped apples, one quart of chopped beef, two ounces of minced suet or the same amount of butter, one teaspoonful of salt, two of cinnamon, one of nutmeg, and a little clove—not more than half a teaspoonful—one cup of boiled cider, one cup of clear stock in which the beef was boiled, one pound of raisins seeded and cut in halves, and three cups of nicely flavored brown sugar. Stir all thoroughly together in an earthen or granitized pan, and let the mixture come to a simmer at the back of the stove while the pastry is being made.

PLUM PUDDING.—Here is a recipe for the real old English plum pudding and everything appertaining thereto. There are a few general rules for all boiled puddings that any one attempting to make a plum pudding should understand. If boiled in a mold it should never be more than two-thirds filled; the cover must fit so tightly that no water can enter. If a bag or cloth is used, it must be thoroughly soaked in hot water, then wrung out and the inside dredged with flour. If this is done, and the bag plunged in cold water for a second after it is removed from the fire, it will turn out of the cloth without sticking. Plum pudding wants plenty of water to swim about in; therefore the vessel must be large and contain plenty of boiling water when it is put in. The water must boil the whole time, otherwise it will soak into the cloth and make the pudding heavy, and as the water boils away it must be replenished from another kettle of boiling water. If cold water is used it will be certain to make it heavy. Armed with this knowledge you may proceed as follows:—Chop one pound of suet very fine, and mix it with three-quarters of a pound of bread crumbs, half-a-pound of flour, one and one-half pounds of raisins, stoned, one pound of Zante currants, washed and dried, and a half a pound each of orange peel and preserved citron cut into shreds; stir all these well together with half a grated nutmeg and ten eggs well beaten. If boiled in a bag leave a

little room for it to swell. Boil it for six hours, ornament with holly, pour brandy around it and set fire to it as soon as placed on the table. —[Toronto Mail.

CRANBERRY SAUCE.—Pick over the cranberries, put in a colander or sieve and wash through two waters; cook in an enamelled stew-pan with or without additional water. The water that remains about them after washing is generally sufficient to stew them properly. Keep a steady heat under the cranberries, stirring them up from the bottom frequently, as they are easily burned. When soft, mash them with the back of a spoon, and when quite shapeless take off the fire, and while very hot stir in gradually an ample quantity of nice brown sugar. They require much sweetening, but no other flavoring.

CRANBERRY JELLY.—Wash and pick over the fruit carefully, and boil it till very soft in water enough to cover it. Then strain through a hair sieve, and weigh equal quantities of the pulp and fine sugar. Boil this gently, and with care, that it does not burn, fifteen or twenty minutes.

On the Wing.

NORTH WALES.

(Continued.)

Having referred to South Stack and vicinity, the scenery and other interesting natural features, we will now touch briefly on Holyhead. This must have been one of the old Roman strongholds, as there still exists an old stone wall, six feet thick; it now partially surrounds the burying ground around the remains of a very ancient church or cathedral that has from time to time been repaired and altered, but portions of the old walls, etc., still remain. It is now the Episcopal Church, and must have been taken from the Roman Catholics. The old sexton informed us that it is claimed it was first built at the time that Matthew's Gospel was written. Be that as it may, old inscriptions and ancient dates are so traceable here that we are inclined to consider this relic quite an ancient as any we have seen belonging to the British Isles. And what may be of interest to some of the inhabitants of London, Canada, is the fact that in no ancient burying ground in Great Britain have we noticed half as many names of residents of that city as we traced on the old time-worn slate and stone monuments, in this old burial place. It is pleasing to us to look back into the past, and it may be of interest to some of our readers to know where their ancestors have been interred. The following are the names we took down that we could decipher:—Rogers, Harper, Owen, Griffith, Evans, Pritchard, Davis, Roberts, Mann, Williams, Ellis, Nailor, Harvey, Edwards, Martin, Lewis, Skinner, Hutchinson, Penras, Hughes, Gardiner, Thomas, Morris, Taylor, Hammond, Humphrey, Rowland, Percival, Watkin, Parry. Time would not allow us to decipher more, as these were mixed with many Welsh names that we could not pronounce, if we could write them. Maelgwyn Gwynedd was one of the princes of North Wales. Some of the Queen's ancestors are buried here. We leave this ancient relic, on which modern dates show that repairs have been made that are over 1000 years old.

We leave the dead, and take a walk down the Breakwater—a wonderful work. Here we met a workmen superintending some mason

work, from whom we obtained the following:—His name was Hugh Jones. He worked on this breakwater twenty-three years, never having been one day off work during that time. The work has been in progress twenty-eight years; 1,700 men have been employed. There were five tramways to the mountains, and seven locomotives to draw the trains; a large number of engines were used in the hills to excavate and load the cars. The stones weigh from four to five tons, those on the top twelve tons, and one stone twenty-seven tons. This breakwater is about a mile long, carried out into the sea where the water is deep; the sea often was so rough as to wash these heavy stones away and prevent the progress of the work. You can only form a very crude idea of this gigantic work from any description that can be given; only a walk on the breakwater can give you any idea of its magnitude. It is erected to make a safe harbor, in expectation of directing some of the Liverpool trade to this port. A fine hotel has been erected, but it is a monopoly, so that no railway or steamboat passengers can obtain any accommodation except from the company owning it. A long wall is erected to prevent people from approaching the town without great inconvenience; in fact, to Americans it looks like walling in and walling out, as if the majority of travellers could afford and wished to expend from \$5 to \$25 per day for obtaining accommodation, and only one hotel to be patronized. Lord Stanley owns large estates here. We have been informed that Stanley's Explorations in Africa, a book extensively sold in America, was an imposition that a person named Rowland wrote the work.

The Girl's Own Room.

As a medical man I have often the honor—an honor born of necessity—of seeing the inside of a girl's own apartment, and a single glance reveals to me very much of my patient's habits of life and character, and these in their turn assist me greatly in laying down a plan of treatment. But what, it may be asked, has a doctor to do with the composition or arrangement of one's window blinds or window curtains, or with the shape or framework of one's looking glass, or with the appearance or material of the carpet? Very much indeed, as I am prepared to show you. And not only with these, but with nearly every article that finds, or ought to find, a place in your apartment.

First, then, let me tell you that there are many things less inimical to human life than is dust. It is dirt in a dry state, it collects and harbors matter that cannot be breathed with impunity, nay, even the very germs of disease itself are produced by it.

Many a young girl sows the seed of future illness, which eventually proves fatal, by sleeping for a time in a dusty room. Hence, I say, if you value your health, shrink from dust as you would from a deadly foe. Don't harbor it; don't let it lie about anywhere; it finds its way readily in without encouragement, so take especial care not to bring it in, either on your dress or on your boots; give it as few places to rest in as possible; and lastly, see that it is removed every day. It must be most carefully swept, not brushed, from the carpet, probably after a sprinkling of moist tea leaves, and it must be mopped with a duster from the furniture. In this latter sentence I am careful to choose my