



A tablespoonful of turpentine boiled with white clothes will aid in the whitening process.

Bananas baked without the skins and eaten cold with cream and sugar, or hot with sauce, are considered delicious for dessert.

For a boil, take the skin of a boiled egg, moisten it and apply. It will draw off the matter and relieve the soreness in a few hours.

Authorities hold that currants are best when eaten for breakfast. They should be iced cold, and sugared an hour before they are served.

Figs, raspberries, strawberries, currants and cherries are all cooling and purifying to the system, while being nutritious at the same time.

Worsted goods are composed of wool that has been carded and combed, while woollen goods are made of wool that has been carded but not combed.

Oranges pared, cut in very thin slices, baked in a deep dish for ten minutes, then covered with grated cocoanut and eaten ice-cold, make a good dish for high tea.

It is an easy matter generally to decide whether berries are fresh or stale; if stale, they are withered, or show signs of decay; if fresh the colour is bright and clear, the berry firm and perfect in shape.

Lemon syllabub is a mixture of one pint and a half of cream, the white of six eggs, the juice of three lemons, a gill of the juice of some fruit, if prepared, and a pound of sugar. Whip and serve in glasses.

To cure a baby's colic hold it by the feet, with the head down, for a few seconds; repeat this if it still cries. This is an old Irish remedy, which is really quite scientific, as it removes the constriction which is probably the cause of colic.

Slip is an old-fashioned concoction of Southern origin. Its simplicity recommends it. Warm a quart of new milk, stirring in a tablespoonful of prepared rennet. After it has thickened set it on ice and serve with cream and sugar.

Study tables, desks, etc., covered with leather, may be restored to much of their original freshness by rubbing a little vaseline over them with a soft rag. Bookcases with glass doors should be opened occasionally, as the books are otherwise apt to get damp.

To bathe the eyes properly, take a large basin of cold water, bend the head close above it, and with both hands throw the water with some force on the gently-closed lids. This has something of the same effect as a shower-bath, and has a toning-up influence.

ALMOND CREAM.—Melt half an ounce of gelatine in a small teacup of boiling water, with half a teacup of sugar; grate four ounces of almond paste into it, and stir over a kettle of boiling water until dissolved. Let cool. Whip a pint of cream and stir in lightly. Flavour the gelatine strongly with lemon; set on ice.

To soften paint brushes which have become hardened by paint drying on them, soak in turpentine and renew the fluid occasionally. To keep them soft when not using, wash thoroughly with turpentine after using, or, if this is objectionable, keep them in water. This will exclude oxygen or air, without which oil-paint cannot dry.

COCOANUT CUSTARD.—Heat one quart of milk till a film rises to the top; then stir in two tablespoonfuls of cornstarch, moistened with water or milk, and add two beaten eggs, one-half of sugar, one-half teaspoonful each of butter and salt; flavour with vanilla or rose, pour over grated cocoanut or stir in the custard, stirring well. Place in a glass dish or serve in separate dishes, covering with frosting and bits of jelly.

For a new dessert try sweet-potato pudding. It is a great dish in the South and a pleasant change from pumpkin pie. Take four good-sized potatoes,

peel them, cut into half, boil until tender, and then mash fine. Add two eggs well beaten, a little salt, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, a grated nutmeg, and two cups of milk. Put into a pudding dish and bake half an hour; eat either cold or warm.

CHICKEN CURRY.—Boil the chicken until tender in plenty of water, then put the fowl in another saucepan with a little of the liquor in which it was boiled. To four pounds of meat take a tablespoonful of curry powder, a teacupful of boiled rice, a tablespoonful of flour, and one of melted butter and a little salt, mix with the rest of the liquor and pour it over the chicken, when it will be ready to serve. Use boiled rice as an accompaniment.

At the fruit shops bouquets of peach leaves are kept for the customers who like the flavour in tea and who line the dish from which the fruit is served. Blackberries are sent to table in little blocks of ice hollowed out to contain a teaspoonful of fruit. The block may be wrapped around with a folded napkin and set on a dessert plate, or sent to table in ice cream saucers sufficiently deep to hold the water, if there is gas-light to increase the heat.

CHICKEN SALAD.—Broth can be made from the liquor in which the chicken is boiled. Cut up the chicken for salad into small bits, and add twice as much celery as chicken; if celery is scarce, substitute a little cabbage, add hard-boiled eggs. For the dressing beat well five or six eggs; while beating, add, a little at a time, a teacupful of oil, two tablespoonfuls of mixed mustard, a tablespoonful of salt, a good pinch of cayenne; set the dish in hot water and stir while it thickens. When needed for use thin with a teacupful of vinegar, and pour over the salad. Prepare this a few hours before serving that the dressing may have time to blend with the salad.

THE LEMON LUNCH.—Lawn parties are the thing in the suburbs, and the lemon lunch is the favourite of all, and it must be confessed it is not a bad idea for a hot day. The invitations to the lemon lunch bear a lemon for a crest, and everybody who attends wears a knot of lemon coloured ribbon. Each one brings a lemon, too. Some young ladies of the hostess's family or acquaintance cut the lemons in two as they come, and put the seeds into a lemon coloured bowl. The ingenuity of the lady of the estate is displayed in the decoration of her table. Everything is yellow, so far as possible—flowers, china, the border of the napkins and cloth. Each dish has the flavour or seasoning or garnishing of lemon. At the end of the lunch the lemon seed bowl is brought on, and each lady has a guess how many seeds it contains, the one guessing nearest receiving a prize of a piece of yellow china, the one making the worst estimate a lemon squeezer.

A SPLENDID CATCH.

On Saturday morning last, while some of the guests of the McGregor House, at Courtright, were enjoying themselves with hook and line, by pulling out any number of the beautiful pickerel that abounds in that neighbourhood, an unusual commotion was seen in a boat in the middle of the river, occupied by Mr. B. S. Van Tuyl, of this town, and Mr. 'Dolphe McGregor, of Courtright. Both of their lines were out, when all of a sudden Mr. Van felt himself gradually leaving the boat, and called to his companion to catch hold of him, which that gentleman did, just in time to save him from being precipitated into the middle of the stream, whose current at that point runs fully six miles an hour. Of course, the real cause of this was, that Van had evidently a bite; yes, a bite in earnest, too, as was soon made manifest by the both gentlemen pulling at the strong cord, and hauling to the surface an immense fish, of apparently colossal proportions. War was now declared, and the fight raged at its height. Van at the edge of the boat, holding on to the line with one hand, and grabbing at the monster with the other, while 'Dolphe held on to Van to keep them both in the boat, while their finny antagonist was taking them down stream at the rate of forty miles an hour. After several ineffectual attempts to get hold of the brute, Van made a grab at its head, running his two centre fingers into its mouth, upon

which the brute immediately closed down, and Van of course yelled furiously for mercy. At this juncture, which was evidently serious, 'Dolphe grabbed the monster by the tail and, with the united efforts of Van, 'Dolphe and the fish itself, they landed it in the boat. As soon as it struck the bottom of the boat Van jumped on it with both feet, and held it down while 'Dolphe secured it fast from any further trouble. By this time they had been taken down past the Oakland, and 'Dolphe took hold of the oars and pulled for home, where a large crowd had assembled to see the "catch." Upon landing the fish it was weighed and measured and found to go 18 feet, 8 inches long, and weighed a trifle over 98 pounds. The guests of the McGregor House are now being regaled every morning with delicious halibut steak. It might not be out of place to mention that the two gentlemen who went through this ordeal are not light weights, as each tips the scale at 275 lbs., so that the reader can well imagine the appearance of both as they emerged from the terrible conflict. 'Dolphe came off comparatively easy, while Van lost his both cuffs, gold buttons and hat. —*Petrolia Advertiser.*

THE PRIMEVAL POTATO.

In some unknown region of the New World, probably somewhere about the highlands of Peru—for the origin of the potato, like that of Mr. Jeames de la Pluche and other important personages, is "wrop in mystery"—there grew, at that precise period of history known to chronologers as "once upon a time," a solanaceous plant peculiarly persecuted in the struggle for life by the persistent attentions of too many hungry and herbivorous admirers. In such a case the common resource of any ordinary unscrupulous member of the solanum family would doubtless have been to adopt the usual solanaceous tactics of poisoning these its obtrusive friends and actual enemies. Any other solanum would have filled its stem and leaves with narcotic juices, and made itself exceedingly bitter to the taste, so that the beasts and birds, disgusted at the first bite, would have desisted from the vain attempt to devour it. Not so the father of all potatoes. That honest and straightforward plant declined to have recourse to such mean strategy. Hard pressed by herbivores in the struggle for existence, it struck out a new line for itself and for Ireland. It invented the tuber. And what is the tuber, which natural selection, thus acting upon the necessities of the primeval potato, succeeded in producing for a hungry world? Essentially and fundamentally it is not, as most people imagine, a root, but an underground branch, bearing buds and undeveloped leaves on its surface, which we know as eyes, and capable of doing all the work of a branch in producing foliage, flowers, and berries. All that is peculiar to the tuber, viewed as a branch, sums itself up in two cardinal points. First, it happens to develop under ground (an accident which as we all know in the familiar cases of layers and suckers, may occur with any ordinary branch any day,) and, secondly, it is large, swollen and soft, because it contains large reserves of material, laid up by the plant in this safe retreat to aid the future growth of its stems and leaves in a second season. A tuber, in fact, must be regarded merely as one of the many plans adopted by plants in order to secure for themselves continuity of existence. In woody shrubs and trees the material laid up by the individual to provide for next year's leaves and flowers is stored in the inner bark, which does not die, and this accounts for the way in which such trees as almonds, mezereon, and pyrus japonica are enabled to blossom in early Spring before the foliage itself begins to come out.—*The Cornhill Magazine.*

TROUT FISHING.—When you are fishing for trout and notice some other fellow trying to sneak in ahead of you, why just let him go, instead of taking a short cut to head him off. It won't pay to race him. Sit down beside the tumbling stream as it bounds from rock to rock, light your cigar and wait. Take up your rod, see that the flies are all O. K., then make your cast behind that rock or log, and if you're posted in your line of business, you will soon have Mr. Trout in the basket. If you are not an expert with the rod and fly, why, hire some first class man to go with you until you become proficient in one of the prettiest sports that man ever had offered him.