

THE HOUSEHOLD.

POTATO CAKES.—Mash the potatoes, and with milk thicken with flour, make into a thin batter; to every pint add one egg. Fry in small cakes.

CREAM SPONGE CAKE.—Two eggs, half cup sugar, three-fourths cup flour, one teaspoonful baking powder, two tablespoonfuls cold water. Beat whites and yolks separately.

RICED PIES.—Four eggs, well beaten, stirred into a quart of milk, two cups boiled rice, sweeten to taste and flavor. When boiling rice add a little salt. Bake with under crust same as custard pies.

STEAMER OATMEAL.—Half pint oatmeal, one teaspoonful salt; put in two-quart basin and pour over it a quart of boiling water; put in a steamer and steam two hours. Do not remove the cover during that time.

CREAM CAKE.—Beat together one cup sugar and one-half cup butter, add one egg, well beaten, one cup milk, one and a half teaspoonfuls baking powder, flour enough to make a stiff batter. The baking powder should be sifted in with the flour. Bake in a moderate oven.

BEEF FRITTERS.—Chop pieces of beefsteak of cold roast beef very fine. Make a batter of milk, flour and salt, mix the meat with it. Then lump of butter into a saucpan, let it melt, then drop the batter into it from a large spoon. Season with pepper and salt, and a little parsley. Fry until brown.

CREAM CELERY.—Cut the celery into inch pieces; put them into a saucpan and cover with boiling water; boil ten minutes. Make a sauce with one teaspoonful corn starch stirred into a half pint of boiling water, and a little butter and salt. Drain the celery, put it into a vegetable dish and pour over it the sauce while hot.

LEMON CUSTARD PIE.—One teacup white sugar, one teaspoonful butter, one egg, juice and grated rind of one lemon, one tablespoonful corn starch dissolved in water, one teacup boiling water; stir the corn starch into the hot water, add the butter and sugar well beaten together; when cold add lemon and beaten egg. Bake with bottom crust.

DRONERS EGGS.—Have on the stove a saucpan half full of boiling water, into which a little salt is put. Break the eggs first into a saucer to see if they are good; drop them gently into the water; with a teaspoon dip up the water and pour it over the yolks; in a few seconds the white will completely cover the yolks; lift from the water and serve on toast or plain.

HINTS.—Grained woods should be washed with cold water, and then, after being wiped dry, rubbed with linseed oil.

Cloths dipped into hot potato water are recommended for immediate and complete relief in the severest cases of rheumatism.

A piece of charcoal laid upon a burn will ease it almost immediately, and if kept there about an hour, it is said, the wound will be entirely healed.

If roses are wilted before they can be put in water, immerse the ends of the stalks in very hot water for a minute or two, and they will regain their pristine freshness.

For those suffering from weak lungs or a hacking cough, a few drops of tar taken on a lump of sugar will give relief; five or six drops should be sufficient for a grown person.

When attacked by palpitation of the heart, lie the patient lie down as possible on the right side, partially on the face. In this position the heart will resume its action almost immediately.

Oilcloths should never be washed in hot soap suds; they should first be washed clean with cold water, then rubbed dry with a cloth wet with milk. The same treatment applied to a stone or slate hearth.

Lime water may be made cheaply by taking a fresh piece of lime as large as an egg, pouring two quarts of soft water on it, and allowing it to stand two or three days, shaking it occasionally. Bottle and keep for use.

To preserve goods from moths, do not use camphur in any form. Pieces of tar paper laid in fur boxes and closets are a better protection. Five cents will buy enough to equip all the packing boxes and closets of a large house for a year.

A bottle of turpentine should be kept in every house, for its uses are numerous. A few drops sprinkled where cockroaches congregate will exterminate them in a very short time, and the black turpentine will flow from the odor of it. Besides, it is an excellent application for a burn or cut. It will take ink stains out of white muslin, when added to soap, and will help to washen clothes if added to them while boiling.

To cure a felon, saturate a bit of grated wild turp the size of a bean with spirits of turpentine, and apply to the affected part. It relieves the pain at once, and in twelve hours or less there will be a whole to be seen. Dress with salicylic acid, and the finger is well.

A good knowledge of water is at the bottom of success with window flowers. Water must run in readily and run out readily. When a plant is watered, it is a good sign to see the water rush out at once into the saucer through the bottom of the pot. If it does not do that, something is wrong.

Never place fresh eggs near lard, fruit, cheese, fish or other articles from which any odors arise. The eggs are extremely active in absorbing power, and in a very short time they are completely saturated by the odors of the objects in their neighborhood, by which the peculiar and exquisite taste of a new-laid egg is destroyed.

ENJOY LIFE.

What a truly beautiful world we live in! Nature gives us grand and mounting pleasures, and thousands of means of enjoyment. We can desire no better when in perfect health; but how often do the majority of people feel like giving it up, disheartened, discouraged and worn out with disease, when there is no occasion for this feeling, as every sufferer can easily obtain satisfactory proof that Green's August Flower will make them free from disease, the direct cause of seventy-five per cent. of such maladies as Biliousness, Indigestion, Sick Headache, Constiveness, Nervous Prostration, Dizziness of the Head, Palpitation of the Heart, and other distressing symptoms. Three doses of August Flower will prove its wonderful effect. Sample bottles, 10c. Try it.

AMUSING INTELLIGENCE OF A DOG.

A dog-loving family on Staten Island has a remarkably intelligent pet. Discerning his wit one day, it was proposed to send him up stairs for his mistress's wrap. But first one of the ladies went up stairs, laid the wrap on the floor and sat down on it with her sewing. The dog was sent, and quickly found the wrap. Vainly he tried to get it, but he was then on the other side. Discouraged, but not dismayed, he paused for a moment, when, suddenly making a dash, he seized the sewing in his teeth and ran toward his mistress. His opponent, now off her guard, ran after him to rescue her work. This was enough; the dog dropped the sewing, ran for the wrap, and bore it in triumph to his mistress.

Of obscure the road that leads to health, Unmarked by board or sign; Wisdom avails not, powerless is wealth To sooth the aches of thine. But do not despair, with life there's hope, The cloud conceals the sun; With Pierce's Favorite Prescription at hand Thy life's full course may run.

More truth than poetry in these lines, as thousands of ladies all over the world testify, with health and vitality the great curative powers of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, adapted by much research and careful study to the happy relief of all those weaknesses and ailments peculiar to females. All druggists.

THEY KEEP A LIST.

HOW MARRIAGEABLE YOUNG MEN ARE SIZED UP BY THE DEAR GIRLS.

I am about to give away a secret. I think the way the girls talk about young men behind their backs is shameful, says a writer in the San Francisco Bulletin. Young men never despise girls until they are jilted, and that feeling only lasts about forty-eight hours, because another girl turns up. When a fellow gets discharged from his employment two or three times he finds it very hard to get anybody to have confidence in him. But he can be kicked out of a whole row of houses, one at a time, and the girls in the next block will reach for him all the same.

I know a fellow who had been jilted twenty-five times in different neighborhoods, and now he is in love with about half a dozen girls. Those girls all have a kind of secret code. You know how it is. You are introduced to a girl. She invites you to call. You call. She invites you to a party. You go. She introduces you to a whole circle. That whole circle discusses you, calmly apporions you to three or four girls; they gradually reduce themselves to one. Then you're out. She writes of you to the other girls. They all kick out of the circle. Well, all these girls have discussed every one of your young male friends the same way. This is what a cynical girl told me. I don't know of my own knowledge.

But talk of trades unions and Knights of Labor! Their organization dwindles into absolute uselessness when compared with U.O.M.E.C. (United Order of Marriage Girls). I don't say that is exactly the way the thing is done; but it is the principle condensed. They have a kind of secret register, and they have you all down free. For instance, this is the idea:

Name: Henry Jones; good looking; twenty-five years old; dresses well; good for his ice cream any time; very soft; melts at sixty degrees.

William Smith—Very forward; plain but attractive; very conceited; thinks everybody's in love with him; boils over at about one hundred degrees.

Alexander Thompson—Seventeen; good looking boy; very young; boils over at twenty-five degrees.

John Jenkins—Fine looking; clever; hard to deal with; dangerous; boiling point not yet discovered.

James Johnson—Very inflammable; simmers at fifty degrees; boils at sixty degrees; explodes at seventy-five degrees.

That's the kind of analysis. But please don't believe you have no chance because the girls give you behind your back. That does not mean anything, bad. It means they've got you on the list.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their express and P. O. address.

Respectfully,
DR. A. SLOCUM,
BRANCH OFFICE: 37 Yonge St., Toronto.
32—L.

WHY SOME PERSONS DO NOT READ CATHOLIC JOURNALS.

Some persons do not read Catholic journals because, they assert, they are not "interesting." What should we say of a citizen of a free State who was not interested in the affairs of that State? He would not care five cents if it was well or ill-governed, who took "no interest" in its prosperity, or in whose hands its power was lodged, who cared nothing if an enemy was on the point of invading it, and who was profoundly indifferent to all its concerns? What should we say of a man who took no interest in his business, who was indifferent about balancing his books, who did not care how his assistants performed their duties, or who they were, or anything about them? Certainly such a care-less citizen, such a selfish business man, would be an anomaly.

Yet there are Catholics who say that they feel "no interest" in Catholic news. They do not care to know what the Pope is doing, why they should not "care" in any Catholic movement, not even those going on in their own country and under their very nose! The whole Church may go to ruin, for all they care to know about it, except, through some stray paragraph in a secular daily.

Yet, strange to say, these persons often read with great pleasure papers containing very little but scandals about the Church. They feel "no interest" in the good being done daily in the Church, but eagerly pounce on any stray slander (which is generally false and always exaggerated) and devour the details with the keenest relish. They are like travellers going through a beautiful country, full of flowers, and abounding in splendid views of hill and dale, and cultivated gardens; who feel "no interest" in all this, but look out for a stagnant pool, or a ditch, and carefully examine its nauseating contents.

Such persons are also generally remarkable for their great ignorance of Catholic ideas and Catholic customs. When asked by a Protestant friend, they are unable to answer it, and perhaps let the inquirers go away with the idea confirmed in their own minds that Catholics are ignorant and untaught, worshipping in a manner they know not. Thus prejudices are deepened, and an opportunity for good is lost.

These persons, also, by their non-acquaintance with what is going on and what is being written in the Catholic press, constantly believe the most ridiculous stories that are told about the Catholic Church; or if they disbelieve them, they are unable to confute them.

If they read a good Catholic paper regularly, they would be informed on a great many matters of which they are now ignorant. They would be acquainted with what was going on. They would not be going about in a fog of uncertainty, but have clear ideas of the history of their own times. They would acquire fresh ideas, and would be able to sympathize with the triumphs of the Church, and sorrow over its reverses. They would feel that they could be aiding by their subscription in the great and important work of the spread of Catholic literature, Catholic intelligence, and Catholic influence in their country.—Catholic Standard.

COWS MILK FOR INFANTS.

The practice of feeding infants with cow's milk is often disastrous. It contains too large a proportion of casein, which forms indigestible curds, and frequently brings on serious bowel disorders. Lactated Food, on the contrary, is identical in effect with mother's milk, and will prevent and cure all stomach and bowel troubles.

Few people have as great a teacher as Jonah. It was the whale that brought him up.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE IN NERVOUS IRRITABILITY.
Dr. B. H. Grover, Rushford, N.Y., says: "I have prescribed it for nervous irritability, with marked results."

Why are a shoemaker's plans always frustrated? Because his plans always end in defeat.

AFTER LONG YEARS.

"I was troubled with liver complaints for a number of years, finding no cure. I tried B.B.B. I took four bottles, and am perfectly cured, strong and hearty." Mrs. Maria Askott, Alms, Ont.

MISERERE DOMINE.

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There are few classes whose memories are more severely taxed than those of the actors. The amount of reading matter—upon all sorts of subjects ancient and modern—that pipes through the wards of their brain is, in a few years immense. Of course, a great deal of respect to time required to study a part depends upon the style of the author; they have to memorize the ordinary sensational play is comparatively easy; but language is commonplace, and the substitution of words other than the author's, with the same meaning (and which is sometimes an improvement), is not objected to; but in what is called the legitimate drama, it is vastly different. In the latter case, the performance must be "dead-letter-perfect," which can only be acquired by hard and patient study.

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CAUTIOUS TO THE LAST.
A PARTY OF THE COUNTRY WHERE BOYS ARE ONTO ALL SKIN GAMES.

When the census marshal reached the farmhouse of Macomber Oberheister, in Conistoga County, Pa., the wary farmer met him at the door with a shot-gun, and when the marshal asked his name, one of the boys went out to the barn and untied three dogs. They chased the marshal clear across the meadow and beat me out of the house. The boys then put him to the test and he held him off, and then they put him to the test and he held him off. "You see," said Farmer Oberheister, "we're onto those sharpers; they think we're fools because we live in the country, but we're too smart for these town swindlers. You see, in 1879 there came along a fellow who played the reaping machine clear across the meadow and beat me out of \$800; that made me mad. Then along in 1881, a fellow from Philadelphia came out here and played the cloth game on me, and that cost me \$265. Then the Three Horse Clevis man came next year and he beat me out of \$80 easy enough. Then the everlasting metallic paint man he played me for \$140, and then last year the gumme-wax fellow got into all of us for about \$50 apiece, and this year the Bohemian cats crowd got about all the ready money there was in the country and took notes for the rest of it, and now this fellow he comes along and wants to know what my name is, but I am too sharp for him. Oh, I tell you, the Conistoga County boys are onto these fellows. It will be apt to go hard with the census marshal, although his trial will not come off for some time, as a man has just come into the county selling State rights for the Potomac Fertilizer, a machine that grinds up the hardest stones into the richest and cheapest fertilizer ever put on the ground, and the farmers are too stupidly engaged securing agencies for the machine to attend to court business.—Burdette, in Brooklyn Eagle.

Holloway's Ointment.—Go where you may, in every country and all climates persons will be found who have a ready word of praise for this Ointment. "Chop, chop," they exclaim, "brush and sprays, and all the rest of it, are of no use; but Holloway's Ointment, which is applied to the affected part, gives the greatest relief, and cures the disease in a few days. This ointment should have a place in every nursery. It will cure all these manifold skin affections, which, originating in childhood, gain strength with the child's growth.

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The labor of editors may claim some indulgence from the circumstances in which they are performed. Whatever may be the cares and calls of business or company, the disease of languor, which comes over the mind and body of the writer, his task must be finished on the appointed day and by a certain hour. There can be no delay, no waiting for a more propitious season for composition. Toils of this kind are far more exhausting than those of a sedentary nature. Mr. Madden says:—The compulsory toil of a periodical compilation has a greater interest, and a more important nature, than the labor of a far greater amount. This opinion is corroborated by an authority on any subject connected with literature or history. He that condemns himself to compose on a stated day will often bring to his work a taste and attention dissipated; a memory embarrassed, a mind distracted with a body with the feeling that he will have to labor on barren topics till it is too late to change it; for in the ardor of invention his thoughts become diffused into wild exuberance, which the pressing hour of publication cannot suffer judgment to examine or reduce. There is no labor more destructive to health than that of periodical literature, and in the case of a writer of annual employment, is the wear and tear of body so early and so severely felt. The readers of those light articles, which appear to cost so little labor, in the various publications of the day, are little aware how many constitutions are broken down in the advice of their literary taste.

A FORTUNATE BRAKEMAN ONCE OF SCRANTON, PA.
Mr. Frank Corcoran, in the employ of the Ill. Central R.R., in this city, was interviewed. He drew \$14,000 in prizes, and was awarded \$3,866, which took the second capital prize of \$30,000 in the Louisiana State Lottery in the drawing of May 10th. He takes his good fortune as a matter of course, not being elated thereby. He was well off financially before. He expects to continue right along as he has been for many years, brakeman on the steam trucks. He is a bachelor, about 48 years of age, Irish parents and came from Pennsylvania in 1852. He has two brothers and two sisters in Scranton, Pa., all in easy circumstances.—Cairo (Ill.) Argus, May 23.

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CAUTIOUS TO THE LAST.
A PARTY OF THE COUNTRY WHERE BOYS ARE ONTO ALL SKIN GAMES.

When the census marshal reached the farmhouse of Macomber Oberheister, in Conistoga County, Pa., the wary farmer met him at the door with a shot-gun, and when the marshal asked his name, one of the boys went out to the barn and untied three dogs. They chased the marshal clear across the meadow and beat me out of the house. The boys then put him to the test and he held him off, and then they put him to the test and he held him off. "You see," said Farmer Oberheister, "we're onto those sharpers; they think we're fools because we live in the country, but we're too smart for these town swindlers. You see, in 1879 there came along a fellow who played the reaping machine clear across the meadow and beat me out of \$800; that made me mad. Then along in 1881, a fellow from Philadelphia came out here and played the cloth game on me, and that cost me \$265. Then the Three Horse Clevis man came next year and he beat me out of \$80 easy enough. Then the everlasting metallic paint man he played me for \$140, and then last year the gumme-wax fellow got into all of us for about \$50 apiece, and this year the Bohemian cats crowd got about all the ready money there was in the country and took notes for the rest of it, and now this fellow he comes along and wants to know what my name is, but I am too sharp for him. Oh, I tell you, the Conistoga County boys are onto these fellows. It will be apt to go hard with the census marshal, although his trial will not come off for some time, as a man has just come into the county selling State rights for the Potomac Fertilizer, a machine that grinds up the hardest stones into the richest and cheapest fertilizer ever put on the ground, and the farmers are too stupidly engaged securing agencies for the machine to attend to court business.—Burdette, in Brooklyn Eagle.

Holloway's Ointment.—Go where you may, in every country and all climates persons will be found who have a ready word of praise for this Ointment. "Chop, chop," they exclaim, "brush and sprays, and all the rest of it, are of no use; but Holloway's Ointment, which is applied to the affected part, gives the greatest relief, and cures the disease in a few days. This ointment should have a place in every nursery. It will cure all these manifold skin affections, which, originating in childhood, gain strength with the child's growth.

THE LABOR OF EDITORS.
The labor of editors may claim some indulgence from the circumstances in which they are performed. Whatever may be the cares and calls of business or company, the disease of languor, which comes over the mind and body of the writer, his task must be finished on the appointed day and by a certain hour. There can be no delay, no waiting for a more propitious season for composition. Toils of this kind are far more exhausting than those of a sedentary nature. Mr. Madden says:—The compulsory toil of a periodical compilation has a greater interest, and a more important nature, than the labor of a far greater amount. This opinion is corroborated by an authority on any subject connected with literature or history. He that condemns himself to compose on a stated day will often bring to his work a taste and attention dissipated; a memory embarrassed, a mind distracted with a body with the feeling that he will have to labor on barren topics till it is too late to change it; for in the ardor of invention his thoughts become diffused into wild exuberance, which the pressing hour of publication cannot suffer judgment to examine or reduce. There is no labor more destructive to health than that of periodical literature, and in the case of a writer of annual employment, is the wear and tear of body so early and so severely felt. The readers of those light articles, which appear to cost so little labor, in the various publications of the day, are little aware how many constitutions are broken down in the advice of their literary taste.

A FORTUNATE BRAKEMAN ONCE OF SCRANTON, PA.
Mr. Frank Corcoran, in the employ of the Ill. Central R.R., in this city, was interviewed. He drew \$14,000 in prizes, and was awarded \$3,866, which took the second capital prize of \$30,000 in the Louisiana State Lottery in the drawing of May 10th. He takes his good fortune as a matter of course, not being elated thereby. He was well off financially before. He expects to continue right along as he has been for many years, brakeman on the steam trucks. He is a bachelor, about 48 years of age, Irish parents and came from Pennsylvania in 1852. He has two brothers and two sisters in Scranton, Pa., all in easy circumstances.—Cairo (Ill.) Argus, May 23.

A certain doctor having heard a village poet repeat some verses on a scolding wife was so delighted with them that he requested a copy. There's no necessity for that," said the poet. "You have got the original."

THE TORY CONCESSIONS.

MEMBERS OF THE DRAMATIC PROFESSION WHOSE MINDS ARE GREATLY TANKED.

There are few classes whose memories are more severely taxed than those of the actors. The amount of reading matter—upon all sorts of subjects ancient and modern—that pipes through the wards of their brain is, in a few years immense. Of course, a great deal of respect to time required to study a part depends upon the style of the author; they have to memorize the ordinary sensational play is comparatively easy; but language is commonplace, and the substitution of words other than the author's, with the same meaning (and which is sometimes an improvement), is not objected to; but in what is called the legitimate drama, it is vastly different. In the latter case, the performance must be "dead-letter-perfect," which can only be acquired by hard and patient study.

People are apt to think that Shakespeare is difficult to commit to memory, whereas he is not by any means so much so as many others. There is that beautiful flow of words, that musical rhythm