

SUGGESTIONS FOR CHRISTMAS PRESENTS, FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.

1. A black broadcloth hand-bag, with initials cut from black leather or kid applied on one side. Another of crocheted silk in a simple pattern, lined with silk of the same shade.—From Harper's Bazar.

2. A crocheted or cretonne belt, with small purse of the same fixed to the left of buckle. Make the purse with a flap to be closed by a large dome fastener.—Miss S. P.

3. A set of holders for handling hot plates, etc. These may be made of ticking, denim, etc. Cut from 6 to 8 inches square, of two thicknesses, and bind around with tape. Put a loop at one corner to hang them up by. These holders will be appreciated. They should be in every house, as they are such a saving on tea-towels.—Mrs. Hall, Illinois.

4. Embroider a pair of towels with your friend's initials, in raised work. The gift will be sure to please her.—Mrs. B.

5. For the friend who travels or visits much make a wash-rag bag or a travelling case, of denim or cretonne. Make the first like an envelope, bound about with tape, line it with rubber or oilcloth, and place a dome fastener on the flap. The travelling case is made by stitching rows of pockets, each with a button and button-hole, on a piece of material about 18 inches long and 10 inches wide. Bind the whole neatly about with tape, and fasten a tape to tie the case up with when rolled. The pockets should be small—just the right size for comb, toothbrush, chamois, etc. Some make the case large enough to include a pocket for the night-dress, but this is unnecessary, and makes the case too bulky to be of real use.

6. A slipper case or medicine cabinet will be appreciated by many. For the former make a foundation, round, square, or oval, of stiff pasteboard, covered with denim or cretonne, and bound about with braid or tape. Then make pockets, similarly finished, and fasten to the foundation. Finally put a loop at the top of the whole for hanging the case on the wall. The medicine cabinet, which may also be used as a receptacle for toilet bottles if preferred, may be made of a similar foundation, covered with oilcloth or denim, bound about with tape. To make the pockets, stitch two horizontal strips of the same material across the foundation (this should be done before the whole is fastened to the foundation), leaving the strips a little loose; then stitch across again to form a series of pockets. Be sure to leave plenty of room between the two rows of pockets so the bottles will not "interfere."—Mrs. L.

7. An art canvas cushion cover stencilled in some pretty design will be an inexpensive gift that will be appreciated.—Mrs. B.

SOME CURIOUS OLD RULES.

[The following was sent in by one of our Chatterers a long time ago. We trust she will forgive the delay, and that she will understand it was not through lack of appreciation of her contribution that it did not appear sooner.]

Dear Dame Durden,—Looking over my "common-place book" just now, I came across the enclosed. It is an old subject, is it not, that of the relation of man and wife? The last part of the last paragraph is as "pat" as the old answer, "Feed the beast," is it not? I hope you will appreciate the clipping.

G. W. R.

"The following extract from Berrow's Worcester Journal, one of the oldest English newspapers, will be read with interest:

Worcester, Feb. 24, 1766.

MR. BERROW,

As I do not remember to have seen the following Matrimonial Rules in any News Paper, it may not perhaps, be a disagreeable Amusement to your Readers to peruse them.—Should any of the Fair Sex communicate her Objections to you, I hope they will appear in Print.

I am, Sir; your constant Reader,

A. Y.

RULES and MAXIMS

For promoting Matrimonial Happiness. Addressed to the LADIES.

Article I. THE likeliest Way either to

obtain a good Husband, or to keep one, is to be good yourself.

II. Never use a Lover ill whom you design to make your Husband, lest he should upbraid you with it, or return it afterwards; and if you find at any Time an Inclination to play the Tyrant, remember these two Lines of Truth and Justice:

Gently shall those be rul'd, who gently sway'd,
Abject shall those, obey, who haughty were obey'd.

III. Avoid both before and after Marriage all Thoughts of managing your Husband; never endeavour to deceive or impose on his Understanding, nor give him Uneasiness (as some do very foolishly) to try his Temper, but treat him always before-hand with Sincerity, and afterwards with Affection and Respect.

IV. Be not over sanguine before Marriage, nor promise yourself Felicity without Alloy, for that is impossible to be attained in this present State of Things. Consider before-hand that the Person you are going to spend your Days with, is a Man, and not an Angel; and if when you are come together you discover any Thing in his Humour or Behaviour that is not altogether to agreeable as you expected, pass it over as an human Frailty, smooth your Brow, compose your Temper, and strive to amend it by Chearfulness and good Nature.

Curdling of Tomato Soup.

Dear Dame Durden,—It is a long time since I called at "Ingle Nook," but I have read with much pleasure and profit the experiences of the chatterers. Now, perplexities of my own urge me to seek aid from our good Dame and her friends. Why will the milk persist in curdling when making tomato soup? I have tried and tried again, but nearly always with the same result—failure. Sometimes it does not curdle until the salt is added. My knowledge of chemistry is so dimmed by the passing years that I cannot study out the action of salt, soda, and the acid or alkalis in the tomatoes. Who will help me?

Oxford Co., Ont.

The acid in tomatoes curdles the milk just as any other acid would. To counteract it, stir a little soda in the tomatoes just before adding the milk. The alkali in the soda "kills" the acid, and so curdling is prevented. Salt should not be added until the last minute, nor should the milk and tomatoes boil together at all. Better heat them separately, and mix immediately before serving.

If you wish a more scientific explanation, we may say that milk is composed of water, proteids—chiefly casein—sugar, fat, and certain mineral substances. When it curdles its casein is simply separated, and thrown down as a precipitate. Boiling tends to this precipitation, as does also the addition of salt, hence it may be seen that the joint action of boiling, salt, and the acid of the tomatoes, is a very good guarantee of curdled soup.

Canning Pumpkin.

I am a constant reader of your paper, and enjoy it very much; would not like to be without it in our home. I am sending for a recipe to can pumpkins, as I have never seen it given in the paper.

A CONSTANT READER.

Halton Co., Ont.

There is no way to can pumpkin except the old one of sealing in sterilized sealers, but as this vegetable spoils very readily, care must be taken that the sterilizing is perfect. Indeed, it should always be perfect. In the first place, see that you have new rubber rings. Wash your sealers with soap or washing soda and water, then rinse in clear water and place sideways in a kettle of cold water. Slip the tin rings and glass tops in beside the sealers. Now set the kettle on the stove and let boil. Prepare the pumpkin by cutting in very small bits, and stewing, tightly covered, in a very little water. When quite soft mash fine and leave on the stove a little longer. Take the sealers out of the boiling water; dip the rubber rings into it, then adjust them: fill up before they cool at all with the hot pumpkin, letting the pumpkin heap up a little at the top, so that no air space will be left; take the glass top out of the boiling water and crush down

on the pumpkin, then put on the ring and screw down quickly. If you wish, you may add some spice to the pumpkin while it is stewing, as spice helps to preserve, and is usually put into pumpkin pies. Keep the sealers in a cool, dark place; the colder the better, as long as there is no danger of freezing.

POWER LOT

A Story of "Down East."

BY SARAH McLEAN GREENE.

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CHAPTER XXIII.—Continued.

"That's as may be," assented Caroline, with a look of considerable gratification; "though my connipations when my sinfulness first come home to me an' the preacher made out his descriptions o' hell wasn't outdone by any at the goslin' age I then was. Thar' was some tang to that kind o' yeast, an' it has leavened on me up ever sence, though my c'nvictions has learned to spread themselves out in a calmer aspect, sech as is more becomin' to my years."

Jacob was about to assert that her years were still green and tender, but she waved him aside with a communication of her own.

"Do you, Jacob, whatever the goin's-on may be down 't the exp'sition, do you make quick an' haughty work o' the part they've giv' you to act in it, an' then lay off an' let them 'salt their own meal an' chase their own b'ars,' as the sayin' is."

Mrs. Skipper seemed a little shocked.

"It's a great compliment to Jacob, I'm sure," she said, "f'r them to ask him ter lead off the meet'n'. But it ain't hardly the place ter be haughty. The r'al true way is to go by the doctrines, an' jest stand an' open yer mouth and let the Lord fill it."

"I seen that tried once," said Caroline, and the retrospective seriousness of her features caused even Mrs. Skipper to listen with a mouth avid for tragedy. "Oh my, ya-as, I seen that tried once, an' the proudest man 't ever put his foot down in leathers was made so cheap by it that I don't know as he'd ever 'a' got over it to this day, ef he'd lived so long."

"Old Bots'll Hurtle, he'd come in to the church under some special quickenin' that didn't seem ter stay by him very long, for he got as cantackarous as ever, an' they tryin' ter hold him down to religion; an' the minister comes an' says, 'Bots'll, you ain't led off yit on neither prayer nor testemony,' says he, 'an' I expect you ter lead off next Sunday evenin' meet'n', says he; and that meant somethin' in them days, when Sunday evenin' meet'n's was all well attended as a carnival or a auction is now. So, Bots'll, he begun a studyin' up on somethin' tur'ble high-flown, f'r he was a vary proud man; but Mis' Bots'll—who'd allus been in grace—she shut him off. 'The' won't no sech talk as that from a new convert do down with parson,' said she; 'you got ter come down about ten pegs an' a lap-over,' said she."

"What d' ye mean?" says Bots'll. "Why," says she, "the only thing f'r you to do, an' the only thing as parson 'll let you do, is for you to stan' up, contrite an' humble, as ye ought ter be, an' jest open yer mouth an' let it be filled," says she."

"Shucks," says he, "I ain't one o' that kind. You could do it, an' easy," says he to Mis' Bots'll, "but I run to somethin' besides gab," says he. "I'd do better to study up my piece beforehan'." But she kep' at him, an' the minister kep' at him, that the' wan't no sech pompous, hi-falutin' works as them goin' ter do f'r anybody so recent bro't under c'nviction; so he snagged out o' the whole subject, glad ter let it drop off his mind, thinkin', as I suppose

we all do, that to-morrow might never come, or the minister f'ugit to haul him up, or somethin'; but, no.

"I c'n hear the minister speakin' them words now—'Brother Bots'll Hurtle, we will listen to yer testemony.' Wal' thar' he was, an' nothin' for it but ter foller their recipy now, an' see what 'ud come of it, live 'r die, fa'r weather 'r foul; so up he gits, sure enough, an' no sooner had he riz on his feet but what he sets his mouth open."

There followed a singular and untimely pause, during which Caroline's thoughts seemed to drift gently away to another channel.

Mrs. Skipper at last spoke, with soft impatience.

"Was it filled, Car'line?"

"Nary so much as a fly offered," replied that fountain of unfailing reminiscence, "though it was the wane o' July, an' the meet'n'-house buzzed with 'em. No, nothin' went in," she reassured, with grave literalness, "not even so much 's a fly. I set in the front row of the choir, whar' all was plain ter see."

"How long'd he wait?" said little Mrs. Skipper, even a proper sanctimony lost in her morbid avarice for the conclusion of the tale.

"Wal'," responded Caroline, obligingly searching her memory for the faithful particulars connected with this most extraordinary affair, "he waited tell all hopes was gone, that's sartin; but he was a proud man, an' 'twan't easy ter give up. So he hung on tell Bill Hants—that was the best bass we ever had, an' set right back o' me—let out one o' them snorts o' his behind his handkercher; but he might as well blowed through a fog-horn f'r all the good the handkercher done him to'ds deadenin' the sound; it didn't meller of it down a mite."

We looked to see if Caroline was struggling for an assuagement of any irreverent smiles that might be supposed to trouble her countenance at this point, but that mild and lovely face remained unruined; though "Them was my goslin' years," she elucidated further, "an' maybe I wa'n't hard set to it not ter let out a screech o' some sort, myself; but women c'n allus hold themselves under better 'n what men can."

"They can so, Car'line," said old man Trawles, regarding her adoringly.

But Mrs. Skipper sighed, still absorbed in Bots'll Hurtle's speechless predicament.

"He didn't have the speerit, ye see," said she.

"He had sperrit enough," affirmed our faithful narrator; "as soon as he got out o' that meet'n'-house you could 'a' heard him from Shag's Point to the Bay o' Fundy. But he laid it out in sw'arin' at his old flock o' sheep, that—jes' as though he hadn't enough already ter tanterize him—jumped fence that very evenin' an' come caperin' down the road under a full moon ter meet him an' conduc' him home from meet'n'. Ef he was glad ter see 'em, ye'd never 'a' known it from the tune he let fly at 'em."

"But," concluded Caroline, "all this misery, strange ter say, only brung him an' Mis' Hurtle closer together in the end, f'r they both laid it onto the minister, an' stopped goin' ter meet'n', an' practiced good works amongst their neighbors that was needy or sick—f'r the Hurtles were very forehanded folks—an' spoke mild ter each other, an' stuck close together as thieves all the rest o' their mortal lives."

"Poor creatures," said Mrs. Skipper, with a hope that she seemed to trust might not prove as illusory as it appeared to her to be unorthodox.

Jacob Trawles, duly impressed by Caroline's warnings, opened the Sunday-school exposition in due time, with a few extremely brief and dignified remarks. The felicitations of a widely discursive mental ramble on the part of the old lover had, no doubt, been reckoned on by his audience; but any such small matter of disappointment was forgotten in the abundant wonder and entertainment afforded by Cuby Tee-bo's acting.

(To be continued.)