

HEALTH AND HOME HINTS.

Paraffin oil will prevent leather from cracking, makes the shoes wear longer, and polish easier.

When wanted to use as a disinfectant, carbolic acid will mix readily with water if the latter is boiling.

Chamois skin slightly dampened with cold water makes the most satisfactory duster to use on furniture.

When book cases are to be closed for some time, sprinkle a few drops of oil of lavender on the shelves to prevent the books from molding.

As far as possible casters should be placed on tables and other kitchen furniture to ensure easy moving. They are inexpensive, and anyone handy with tools can easily put them on.

Cook tomatoes for breakfast as follows:—Get large tomatoes, wash them and wipe dry; then divide into slices about one inch thick. Sprinkle each slice with pepper and salt and fry it. When cooked, put a little flour into the frying-pan and a teaspoonful of cream; stir together and pour over the tomatoes. Serve very hot, with a garnish of rashers of bacon.

Gooseberry Chutnee—Ingredients—Three pounds of green gooseberries, half a pound of chopped raisins, half a pound of chopped onions, three-quarters of a pound of brown sugar, quarter of a pound of salt, two teaspoonfuls of cayenne pepper, two teaspoonfuls of ground ginger, and one pint of vinegar. Prepare and mix all the ingredients and boil in an enamelled or lined copper stew-pan till the chutnee is thick and brown. Keep the pickle well stirred to prevent it sticking to the pan, as it burns quickly if not attended to.

Lamb Pudding—Make a nice light crust and with it line a basin. Take two pounds or three pounds of the scrap end of neck of lamb and cut it into neat pieces, dipping each into flour seasoned with pepper, chopped parsley, and salt. Place the meat lightly in a basin, pour a teacupful of water or stock over, and then cover with crust. Wrap a cloth in boiling water, flour it quickly, and tie over the pudding, which must boil slowly for three hours. To serve, send to table in the basin with a napkin folded neatly round. This is a very delicate pudding, and preferred by many people to one of beefsteak.

Veal Cake—Is a good cold dish for supper or a picnic. Boil three or four eggs hard and cut them in slices. Chop up some parsley, and mix it with some grated lemon rind, pepper and salt. Line a plain mould with the slices of egg, cut up one pound of veal outside into neat pieces, and put it in the mould with alternate layers of bacon cut in slices and the slices of egg, sprinkling each layer with the seasoning. When the mould is full add a gill of stock. Cover over tightly with buttered paper, put a weight on the top, and bake in a slow oven for three or four hours. When quite cold turn out and serve.

AN EMERGENCY RHYME.

If poisoned, take mustard or salt, table-spoon
In a cup of warm water, and swallow right soon.
For burns, put dry soda and wet bandage too;
If blistered, then oil and dry flannel will do;
In children's convulsions warm baths are the rule
(With castor oil dose, too), but keep the head cool.
Give eyepain of lice when croup in store;
For fainting, stretch patient right out on the floor;
To seek in hot water is best for a sprain—
Remember these rules, and 'twill save you much pain.—The Household.

SPARKLES.

"You are in my pew, sir," said Mr. Upjohn stiffly.

"Then I am sitting in the seat of the scornful!" replied the stranger, getting out of it with alacrity, and taking a seat further back in the church.

Nell—"Why is it that a girl can never catch a ball like a man?"

Belle—"A man is so much larger and easier to catch."

Farmer—"Wanter marry my darter, eh? Why, sonny, you ain't able to take keer of yourself yet!"

Sonny—"No; but I almost kin, and I'd think she'd be able to help some."

"Bruddern an' sistahs," began Parson White, "I hab heard many complaints about de length ob mah sermons; so I hab decided on a reform. Hereafter de collection will always be counted befo' I begin mah sermon, an'—de emallah de collection de longah de suhmon."

Lawyer—"Did you say the assault and battery was committed in an adjacent locality?" Witness—"No; in the basement."

"Why," exclaimed the kind old lady to the beggar, "are they the best shoes you've got?" "Why, lady," replied the candid beggar, "could yer imagine better ones fur dis bizness? Every one o' dem holes means nickles an' dimes to me."

"Mother," said a thoughtful Boston child, "is Philadelphia older than Boston?"

"Of course not, my son. The first settlement was made in Charlestown in 1630, while William Penn did not arrive on the site of Philadelphia until fifty-two years later."

"That was always my impression, mother; how is it then that Philadelphia is mentioned in the Bible, while Boston is not?"

"All that you are," said the lecturer, addressing his remarks to an elderly man sitting in the front seat, "all that you are, I repeat, you owe to heredity and environment." "What?" said the elderly man much excited, "I never had no dealin's with that firm in my life and I don't owe them or anybody else a cent."

Sometimes an hour of Fate's serene weather

Strikes through our changeful sky its coming beams;

Somewhere above us, in elusive ether,
Waits the fulfilment of our dearest dreams. —Taylor.

If the devil tells you it is "too hot in Church," remind him of Dives—that ought to cool you off.—Rev. E. R. McCauley.

Our best guideboards to heaven are the gravestones of the blessed dead.

By working for the good of all, we work for the good of ourselves. We only succeed as we work for the good of the whole.—The Fra.

We write our blessings on the water, but our afflictions on the rock.—Guthrie.

Johnson Brothers, contractors, of Brantford, have completed the grade of the Grand Trunk Pacific from Winnipeg to Portage La Prairie, and begun work on a heavy contract "Subbed" from the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway Company. This latter contract begins at Plaster Rock on Tubuque River in New Brunswick, and runs east twenty-eight miles. The country here is rough or rolling and heavily timbered, but there will be some good agricultural lands along this part of line.

A MISPLACED SWITCH.

Headless of the fact that it was Sunday evening, and that the larder might be, and in fact was expected to be, rather low, Deacon Black had invited the minister home to supper. Mrs. Black, mindful of the fact that a small salad was all that could be placed on the board, was horrified at her husband's invitation, but with true hospitality attempted to make the best of the situation.

Leading from the parlor to the dining room is a passage, dark and so narrow that but one can pass in comfort at a time. With a woman's quick wit, Mrs. Black, who had come into the parlor after laying what she could find on the table, determined to use a variation of the "family holdback" that so often plays a part when the unexpected guest has come. Following her husband into the passage, on the way to the table, she glitched an arm, and pulling down his head, whispered vehemently:

"Don't touch that salad, for goodness' sake!"

"All right," he answered in a similar whisper. Then the party proceeded to the table.

"I am very sorry, Mrs. Black," exclaimed the minister, as the party seated themselves, "but I feel a little indisposed from the heat to-day, and I think I will have only a cup of tea."

"Why, that's too bad!" the wife remarked. "I did want you to have a good supper."

"You didn't say anything to me about feeling ill," put in Deacon Black, who, despite the warning, had helped himself to a large portion of the main dish. "If I had known that, I wouldn't have pressed you to come."

The clergyman passed the situation off with some light remark, and after a suitable period took his departure.

"Well, John," said Mrs. Black, "I'm glad for your sake that the doctor couldn't eat much, for there was so little, and I know how fond you are of salad."

"Yes," said her husband, "but there would have been enough to go round, I guess. I can't understand why the doctor accepted my invitation if he was ill."

"Anyway," she answered, "I'm glad I caught you in the passage and warned you about the salad."

"Passage? Salad? What are you talking about?" he exclaimed.

"John Black, didn't I speak to you in the passage?" his wife almost screamed.

"Why, no, the doctor let me go ahead of him after we started!" cried Black. "What did you say?"—Youth's Companion.

LOVE AND OLD AGE.

We forget that the inward craving of old age conceives of no analogies and knows no reason why the old-time cares and fondling should be things of the past. It transmutes everything into neglect. Age softens the heart, and the soul pines for the touch of the hand that would stroke the golden locks of a prattling child. Let's love them more than by mere sentiment! What would we do without these saints? Amid these reveries, we recall the lines of Elizabeth Gould:

"Put your arms around me—
There, like that;
I want a little petting
At life's setting,
For 'tis harder to be brave
When feeble age comes creeping
And finds me weeping
Dear ones gone.
Just a little petting
At life's setting;
For I'm old, alone, and tired
And my long life's work is done."
—Homiletic Review.

It is well to keep a good resolution even though we may have been beguiled into making it.