



MINNIE MAY'S DEPARTMENT.

"It never rains but it pours."
Hitherto you have been all so "backward about coming forward" with recipes, &c., that I began to think I should never hear from you, but this month I have plenty of letters full of excellent advice.

I thank all my correspondents for their favors, and hope they will continue to aid in this very important department.

MINNIE MAY.

Southwold, Sept. 10th, 1873.

Dear Minnie May,—It pleases me very much to see that my old friend the Advocate has a place in its columns for the farmer's wives and daughters, and I mean to do my share in filling it up.

I send you a good idea for

CLEANING STOVES.

Stove lustre, when mixed in turpentine and applied in the usual manner, is blacker, more glossy, and more durable than when mixed with any other liquid. The turpentine prevents rust, and when put on an old rusty stove, will make it look as well as new.

I wish you would let me ask my sisters in the great 'Advocate' family to send you good receipts for taking out grease spots.—They are the plague of my life.

Your friend,

MAGGIE KNOWLTON.

Clinton, Sept. 3rd, 1873.

My Dear Minnie May,—Would you be kind enough to tell me how I am to avoid CHAPPED HANDS. I am always troubled with them in the fall, and when I have chaps on my hands I fear I may not please the other chaps.

In return for this information I will tell you how to make

PARSNIP FRITTERS.

Boil the parsnips in salted water, so as to flavor them thoroughly. Make a light batter, cut them in long slices, and dip in the batter. Have hot lard ready. Take them up with a tablespoon, and drop them in the lard while boiling. As they rise to the surface turn them, and when browned on both sides take them out. Let them drain, and set them in the oven to keep hot. Serve them with broiled or fried meat, or fowls.

Now, Minnie, do not fail to give me the information I want. Yours expectantly,

MARY L.

Here are two recipes for Mary:

CHAPPED HANDS.

The following is said to be a sure recipe for the cure of chapped hands:—Dissolve clarified beeswax in pure sweet oil, by heating over a moderate fire. Apply at night before retiring.

The easiest and simplest remedy for chapped hands is found in every store-room.—Take common starch and pulverize with the blade of a knife until reduced to the smoothest powder. Every time the hands are taken from the suds or dish-water, wipe them, and while yet damp rub a portion of the starch over them, thoroughly covering the whole surface. The effect is magical.

Chatham, Sept. 6th, 1873.

Minnie May,—You will excuse me for trying to come into your column, being one of the despised MALE kind. However, I have a question which I want you to solve for me: "How shall I manage my wife?" She has just got it into her head that she has just as much authority in the house as I have, and I want to let her know that the man is intended to be always the superior, and that his will is law.

Now, I know that if you will only take my side and show her that I must be right, and she must obey, why things will again be all happy in the house of

Yours truly,
JOHN K.

I don't give John's full name as I know he will get hauled over the coals rather roughly by my correspondents, to whom I hand him over. Let me hear your opinions of this man. The idea, indeed! Obey!

Riverside Farm, Sept. 13th, 1873.

Dear Minnie May,—Many thanks for the good things which I always find in your column. Let me do my share towards helping it along. Here is a good recipe for

WATERPROOFING BOOTS AND SHOES.

Before applying, warm the boots a little, but take care not to hold them too near the fire. Melt together half a pint of boiled linseed oil, two ounces of suet, half an ounce of beeswax, and half an ounce of rosin.

I always look at Minnie May's Department first thing when the Advocate comes home. Christmas is coming, and, Oh dear! it is so hard to decide what to make for everybody for Christmas presents. I have no great purse of money to spare, you know, so I must make up the most of my presents myself. Now, Minnie, like a dear, kind creature, help me; give me some ideas.

Your loving friend,

ANNIE LONG.

Sombra, Sept., 1873.

Dear Minnie May,—I appreciate the good work you are doing us in your department, and much wish to help you. I have four girls growing up and make them read your letters every month. Jane will send you some recipes next month. We have just got through with our preserving, and if I had thought of it in time, I would have sent you a description of my way of doing such work. Here is my way of

PICKLING GREEN TOMATOES.

Cut the tomatoes in slices and scald them in weak salted water. Drain, and lay them in a jar, sprinkling each layer with sugar and a trifle of ground mustard and cloves. Scald sufficient vinegar to cover them, and pour it over while hot. After eight or ten days drain off the vinegar and reject it. Scald a fresh supply and pour over them hot. If horse-radish is available add a few pieces, first washing thoroughly and splitting through the centre.

If you are ever down our way give us a call, and you may be sure of a hearty welcome.

Your well-wisher,

HARRIET E. CHASE.

Willowdell, Aug. 31st, 1873.

My Dear Minnie May,—I am so glad that you have a column in the Advocate. I know you are a good housekeeper and a good wife, and I want to be both. I am always on the look out for something to please my husband with, and your recipes have always turned out well with me. James is not hard to please, but I always know when he is extra well pleased. Here is something he likes:

POTATO BREAD.

Take six good-sized potatoes, boil and mash very fine. Add three pints boiling water.—Stir flour in till it makes a stiff batter.—When lukewarm, add your yeast and set in a moderately warm place. In the morning knead in flour and salt as stiff as you can.—Set in a warm place to rise: knead again, adding as little flour as possible. Let it rise again and then put it into your pans, making them half full. When the loaves have risen to the top of the pans, bake them to a good brown.

Now, dear Minnie, go on with your good work, and we will all help you.

I am your loving friend,
EVA J. ALLEN.

Here is from one of Mr. Weld's correspondents:

"Aunt Minnie wishes to know how to get rid of the flies; she has probably observed that about sunset the flies settle on the ceilings and walls of the rooms; well, then, let her open the windows on one side of the room, then take a towel in each hand, and beginning on the side opposite the open windows, drive the flies out of the room and close the windows; the night air kills them. However, I would not advise her to get a big boy to help her, as in the excitement and hurry two heads might come into contact, and I would not answer for the consequences."

C. J.

Uncle Tom says I had better let him help, but indeed I won't.

I hope to receive many letters from you all this month, and will always be pleased to help you in any way possible.

MINNIE MAY.



UNCLE TOM'S COLUMN.

My niece Clara says she likes the geographical puzzles very well; so do I, but then my children send in so few of them that I have none for this month.

Here are some selections from a very nice letter I received this month:

Dear Uncle Tom,—It was I who sent you the letter without a name, but it was unintentionally done. It is the first time in the course of my correspondence that I have done that trick. I am always interested in your monthly visitor, as I have and always had a great taste for puzzles or anything that leads one to think and search. If I can at any time drop a line or two to interest the younger portion of your readers it will give me pleasure to do so. I will endeavor to imitate the little corresponding spider. I would have you thank Minnie May for me, for her information relative to frame making. I am a frame maker myself, but mine are made out of strips of paper we framed into a star, and the stars are woven together, but I think Minnie's would be nice for a change. I would like to tell F. E. Chittenden that I guessed the answer to his puzzle the first time reading over, and as I am well acquainted with an eastern portion of the island. I claim to be one of England's daughters, and I love the home of my childhood, for in it I spent many happy hours.

I must say that I agree with Clara Thomas in thinking that you are a jolly old gentleman, and are still fond of fun, and I like to see old people so too, for they must remember that they were young once and the adage "You cannot put an old head on young shoulders" is very true.

LIZZIE ELKINGTON.

Paris, Aug. 28, 1873.

I want Lizzie to read below Katie R's letter about the picture of Uncle Tom's family. I want her in it. She sends the following puzzles:

126. Spell BUTT with fourteen letters.

127. Find the circle of sciences in "a nice cold pie."

Clara L. Boake sends the following along with answers:

128. I'm large, small, black, white, King, queen, emperor, knight, Man, woman, husband, wife, Sometimes when the latter the plague of your life.

129. Before I'm anybody, Behind I'm nobody.

Barbara Stratton, Dundonald, sends answers and puzzles. A subscriber, Fullarton, also sends some puzzles, but I have had them all in before.



130. A continent.

Another of my very little nieces has been distinguishing herself:

"Mamma," said she "they sang 'I want to be an angel' in Sunday School this morning, and I sang with them." "Why, Nellie," exclaimed mamma, "could you keep time with the rest?" "I guess I could," proudly answered little Nellie. "I kept ahead of them most all the way through."

Lavilla Heacock writes me a nice letter this month. She says she did not get the seeds I sent her this year. Well, if she will remind me of it at the proper time next spring, they will be sent to her again. Here is one of her puzzles:

131. Make one word out of NEW DOBS.

The following puzzle has been sent in by several of my nephews and nieces:

132. There is a word of plural number, A foe to peace and human slumber: Now any word you choose to take, By adding S you plural make, But this, how strange the metamorphosis, By adding S plural is plural then no more, And sweet what bitter was before. If from six you take nine, And from nine you take ten, And from forty take fifty, Half a dozen will remain.

AMELIA CAMPBELL, Terrytown.



134. A Canadian city.

My ever-welcome niece, Mollie, writes this pleasant letter:

Myrtleville Farm, Sept. 10th, 1873.

Dear Uncle Tom,—You will think your niece Mollie has forgotten you, but such is not the case. I take great interest in your column, but am not clever enough to send answers to all your puzzles. I think you should have your photograph taken the time of the fair, with your large small family about you. Would it not be fun?—Good bye, Uncle. From your little niece, MOLLIE GOOD.

I do want to see the faces of my large small family, and I know all of you would be interested by such a picture. My far-away niece, Katie R., suggests a very good way to get it up. Here is her letter:

Fast Bay, Nova Scotia, Aug. 20, 1873.

Dear Uncle Tom,—

I like your column better and better every month. It is so pleasant and chatty that I feel as if I was hearing you talk. Now, I live a long way off from you and from all my cousins, and don't suppose I shall ever see you or them, so I have been trying to think up a way by which I might get a sight of the pictures of you and your large family; here is my idea, and please do, dear Uncle Tom, agree to it:

Let each of us send you our photograph, one of the card kind, and then take them all, put them together with yours in the centre and Minnie May's there too, if she will only agree to it. Then have a photograph taken of the whole picture, and send a copy to each of us who sends fifty cents for it, for you can get them made for that. Now, would not that be splendid? We could then, all of us, have a picture of yourself and all our dear cousins. I will send my picture and fifty cents in about a week, and you must agree to my proposal.

I don't like to refuse Katie's request, so if enough of you comply with it and send in pictures and money, why we will get it up as she says. If not, I will send back the money, but I want the pictures for myself anyway.

Next month I will tell you about prizes, so be preparing; I am looking around now to find something good to offer for prizes, and will decide by that time, so be preparing.

Louis B. D. Smcke says:

135. Why is a hen the most profitable thing a farmer can raise?

136. Subtract 45 from 45 and have 45 left.

137. If the B M T, put: If.

AMELIA BOBBER.

Dear Uncle Tom,—

I am a little boy. I have a great many uncles now, but the more the merrier, so I wish to add you to the list. Pa takes your paper and likes it very much, and I have a little sister who takes more interest in reading it than any other paper or book either. I hope you will receive me as your nephew.

AMASA B. MILLER.

Certainly I will, and your sister will be a niece.

ANSWERS TO SEPTEMBER PUZZLES.

118. Because he drops a line by every post. 119. When it is a little reddish (radish). 120. When he makes a poke R and shove L. 121. England. 122. Fiddle-de-dee, because it is spelled with more ease (e's). 123. P.G., which is Pig without an I (eye). 124. Adder.

—Translations of important Assyrian and Egyptian texts in the collections of England and the Continent are to be published under the auspices of the Society of Biblical Archaeology. Nearly all the principal translators have offered their services, and while each author will be alone responsible for his own portion of the work, the general arrangement of the materials will rest with the president of the society.