

HEALTH AND HOME HINTS.

Rats and mice are usually very lively and noisy just previous to a storm.

Tough fowls will be as tender as chickens if they are steamed for several hours. Serve with white or parsley sauce.

Hysterical people are common enough, nor is the condition of hysteria confined to the gentle sex, as many people suppose. Men, too, may be the subjects of hysteria.

Many house plants are killed by too lavish watering. The best plan is to immerse the pot for two hours in lukewarm water, and not to water the plants again until the top of the earth just begins to look dry and hard.

Mustard.—Delicious mustard is made by first slicing an onion in a bowl and covering it with vinegar. Let this stand forty-eight hours, when pour off the vinegar into another bowl, and add a little red pepper, salt, sugar and enough dry mustard to thicken to a cream. The proportions should be a teaspoonful of the pepper and salt and twice that of sugar, but tastes differ somewhat as to the quantity of sweet used.

Southern Griddle Cakes, or "Slappers."—Put a quart of cornmeal in a bowl, make a hole in the centre, and drop in a lump of lard as large as a hickory nut. Add a spoonful of salt and one teaspoonful of sugar. Slowly pour on boiling water, stirring the meal until it is moistened, and press it compactly in the bottom of the bowl, leaving it to swell. When cool enough so that it won't scald the eggs break in three, one at a time, and stir briskly to mix each egg through the dough. Then add a little milk and let the batter stand a little to swell. From time to time add a little milk until quite thin. Do not add soda or baking powder.

Stewed lamb and cucumbers is a very reasonable dish. Have a small piece of neck or breast of lamb. Cook it in a saucepan with two ounces of dripping for a quarter of an hour. Then add half a pint of stock or water, some sweet herbs, and a cucumber peeled and cut in thick slices. Stew this slowly for two hours. Place the meat and vegetable on a hot dish, thicken the gravy and pour round.

Tomato chutney should be made now. Chop two pounds of ripe tomatoes, one pound and a half of sour apples, one pound of stoned raisins, and two large onions. Then add one quart of vinegar, three ounces of salt, one ounce of ground ginger, one ounce of allspice, and one teaspoonful of cayenne pepper. Put all into a jar and the down, then cook in a saucepan of boiling water for about four hours. Place in pots and the over with bladder.

Trifle Without Wine.—Put four penny sponge cakes in a glass dish, crumble over them a large macaroon. Put into a saucepan half a pint of cold water, a heaped tablespoonful of sugar, the juice of a lemon, and a little peel. Boil till the sugar is dissolved. When it has cooled pour sufficient over the cakes to soak them. Make a custard with half a pint of milk, the yolks of two eggs, and a large teaspoonful of flour. Pour this over the sponge cakes and stick it with blanched and split almonds. Beat the whites to a stiff froth and put lumps of it on the trifle.

Aunt Mary—I hope, Emily, that you and Charles will never become cold and distant.

Emily—We may get cold, auntie, but I am sure there is no danger in our becoming distant. We intend to live always in a flat.

"William," said the teacher of the juvenile class, "what is syntax?"
"I don't know," replied the little fellow, "unless it's the tax on whisky."

We must love the Lord, if we would learn to serve Him and win others to Him.—Dr. W. Ormiston.

SPARKLES.

Tommy and George had been told that they must never on any account play cricket on Sundays, and, as a rule, were quite good and obedient.

But one day two cousins came to spend the day, and the boys found themselves rather hard put to it to entertain them.

Presently the father went into the garden, and found all four in the middle of an exciting game of cricket.

"Tommy! George!" he exclaimed sternly. "Haven't I told you that you must not play cricket on Sundays?"
"We're not really playing, daddy," answered George. "We're just showing Lenny and Roy how we do play on weekdays."

In the British Museum a man and a girl were discussing some Egyptian coin. "Them there," said the girl, "must be three or four 'undred years old, eh, Bill?" "Three thousand, more likely," estimated her companion. "Aw, go on, Bill! Why, we're only in 1909 now!"

Possible Boarder.—"Ah, that was a ripping dinner, and if that was a fair sample of your meals, I should like to come to terms."

Scotch Farmer.—"Before we gang any further, was that a fair sample o' yer appetite?"

"I see," said the veteran husband, "that Parisian advices indicate that women's hats will be much smaller next summer."

The other man looked pleased. "That's good," he said. "The women can cut their big hats down."

For he was a very young husband, you understand, and knew little about the ways of women—and milliners.

"Yaas, she tweated me very badly." "How so, Algy?" "Accepted me, rehearsed the wedding sixteen times, and then married a fellow who came on from California. I think it was a plot."

Our little boy ate salt mackerel for the first time the other morning. "Where does these fish come from—the lake?" he asked, after the first bite. "No, from the ocean," answered his father. "Well," said Benny, "I don't wonder the ocean's salty!"

Wife (after a quarrel)—I wish I had never met you!
Hub—Oh, yes! Now when it is too late you are sorry for me.

"Annie, where's papa?"
"He's upstairs, asleep."
"Were you upstairs, dear?"
"No, ma."
"Then how do you know he's asleep?"
"I heard him doing it. He's sleeping out loud."

"Do you think it is an advantage for a young singer to go abroad to study?"
"I dunno as it's any advantage," answered Mr. Cumrox. "But it's mighty considerate of the home folks and the neighbors."

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CHURCH YOKE.

When a weary, selfish heart comes to the Saviour, the Saviour meets his need by saying: "Take my yoke upon you." "But Lord, he is tired and weary already; another yoke will crush him." No; he has just been carrying himself, and himself only, and that is the heaviest of all loads, and that is heavier than any one can bear. But strange it is, that if he adds another burden, his own burden will become light. That is the mystery of grace, that the burden of a selfish man are lightened by adding more. "Take my yoke upon you." And what yoke is that, Lord? "The yoke of other people's needs—the burdens of the blind, and the deaf, and the lame, and the lepers—the burdens of other folks' sorrows; put them on to thy shoulders—take my yoke upon thee—increase thy burden, and thy burden shall become light, and instead of weariness thou shalt find rest."—J. H. Jowett, M.A.

More reasoning never convinced a single doubter, because the devil in our hearts is always ready with a sophism or a cavil in answer to our best judgment. Reason cannot grasp the infinite, or discern the spiritual. But, where we adore God, reason becomes faith.