

The Saint and the Czar.

St. Philip came of a wealthy family. He was attached to the Court of the Czar Ivan the Terrible, but in what capacity I did not learn.

At all events, in 1598 he left the Court and entered Solovetsk as a monk. He found it a place of little wooden chapels and miserable huts; he left it with a fortified stone monastery, a real fine cathedral and more than one well-built church. In short, the whole working organism of Solovetsk is due to him. They called him back to Moscow after he had been seventeen years in Solovetsk, and made him Metropolitan of all Russia.

Now, Ivan the Terrible, among his other eccentricities, was like Norman kings, in that he loved to lay waste the lands about. But he was much worse than they were, for he did it not for purposes of sport, nor did he do it in so kind a way. His idea was simply to thin out the districts, so that there might be no mutterings and no crowd. Therefore, when a district became a little too much overstocked for his liking, out he rode, with his sword in hand, and thinned it. And one day, when starting on a hunt of this kind, in which he expected extraordinary sport, and to be able to depopulate pretty well a certain district, he chanced upon his Metropolitan, whom he straightway asked to bless the expedition. But Philip the Bishop not only refused, but expostulated with him on his cruelty. Hereupon, without more demur, Ivan dropped him into prison and had him strangled there. This was in 1569.

A Great Good Fortune.

Mr. C. Leonard, South Boston, Mass., writes: "I have suffered a great deal from dyspepsia the last five years; have tried about everything, but with little benefit. Having the good fortune to hear of K.D.C., I thought I would try it; it worked wonders in my case, and I am now as well as ever. I earnestly recommend it to all those suffering from dyspepsia or indigestion. Try it and you will be convinced."

Oldest Book Extant.

According to the best present authority, says the *Sioux City Tribune*, the oldest book now extant which has come down to us through all these ages intact, is the "Prisse" papyrus, one of the antique book gems of the national library in Paris. Its title is the "Precepts of Ptah-hotep, Viceroy of Assa, King of the South and North."

It was written about 5,245 years ago, or nearly 200 years before the death of Adam—that is, the death of Adam according to the chronology which for many years it was believed the Bible gave. It is a book of sixteen pages and forty-four chapters, and its subject matter relates to in what manner a ruler should govern. Even in those days of alleged pagan darkness, the writer distinctly recognizes that there is only one God. In his small volume not less than sixteen times does Ptah-hotep use the word "God," and in no instance in the plural. In the concluding lines of the last chapter the writer tells of himself and says: "I am now 110 years old, and have written this book myself from beginning to end." The interesting little volume, which throws such a flood of light on the habits of mind and standards of life of the mysterious people of the Nile, has been translated, and is as complete as on the day its viceregal author penned the last sentence.

There now exists in the same library a few leaves of a yet older work, written by Kakimna, viceroy of Senefru, who reigned some 260 years before the time of Ptah-hotep—more than 1,000 years before the great deluge which is said to have covered the entire face of the earth. It is to be by no means supposed that these were the first books that appeared during the dawn of civilization, nor are they the most ancient that may yet be yielded up to the untiring hands of the restless explorers of the Nile Valley.

VALUABLE TO KNOW.—Consumption may be more easily prevented than cured. The irritating and harassing cough will be greatly relieved by the use of Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam, that cures coughs, colds, bronchitis and all pulmonary troubles.

A Famous Show of Beauty.

The show of distinguished beauty, transfixed by famous artists, which is now taking place at the Academy of Fine Arts in New York, has been anticipated by *The Cosmopolitan Magazine* in its November issue, in an article by Wm. A. Coffin, with illustrations of some of the more beautiful faces. The "Great Passions of History" series has for this month's subject the romantic career of Agnes Sorel, who influenced the destinies of France under Charles VII. "The Art Schools of America," "The Great British Northwest Territory," "The Chiefs of the American Press," and the "Public Library Movement," are amongst *The Cosmopolitan's* table of contents. Survivors of the war and their children will find intense interest in "The Story of a Thousand," a personal narrative begun in this number by Albion W. Tourgee, who tells, in a graphic way, of a regiment which saw fierce service—of its organization, its marches, its sport, and its death-roll.

Loss of Memory.

The most curious incidents connected with memory are, of course, its entire lapse, and such cases are not by any means so infrequent as is generally supposed. It is startling enough, no doubt, to hear a fellow creature asking another creature to tell him who he is, but such things have actually happened. Indeed, it was only last year that a case of that kind was engaging the attention of Melbourne physicians.

A young man about thirty years of age called at the police barracks, and demanded to be informed as to his own identity. At first it was thought that the man was a lunatic, but it soon became evident that his statement as to his memory having failed him was perfectly genuine. He was taken into custody and kept in jail, where he was the object of much attention and curiosity on the part of physicians and warders.

He persisted in the declaration that he did not remember anything before the day on which he visited the police barracks, and several medical men expressed their belief in his statement, attributing his lack of memory to masked epilepsy. Curiously enough, the man ultimately recovered his "senses" through the music of the jail Sunday service. One morning he was observed listening attentively to the singing. He was questioned about it and said: "I seem to have heard that somewhere. What is it?" He did not seem to understand when told it was music, but at the close of the service Dr. Shields took him up to the organ, and having told him that the sounds he had heard were produced by fingering the keys, seated himself in front of the instrument.

The man struck several notes intelligibly, and then a chord or two in harmony, and in an instant with a look of pleasure he commenced a selection from "The Creation," which he played correctly and well. He used the stops and showed that he was familiar with the instrument, and in this way, as already indicated, he gradually recovered his loss of memory.

—The Church of St. Just-in-Penwith, Cornwall, contains two or three interesting relics of great antiquity. Two of these are said by archaeologists to date from the fifth century. The first is a small stone preserved in the chancel, which was found in a water-course near the ruins of St. Helen's, Cape Cornwall. It is cut out rudely in the form of a cross, on the face of which is carved the Chi-Rho monogram. The second is a pillar stone which was discovered in repairing the chancel wall in 1834. It has an inscription and is also marked with the monogram in a somewhat different style. Another relic is the stem of an old cross ornamented with vines and twisted serpents.

Common Sense

Should be used in attempting to cure that very disagreeable disease, catarrh. As catarrh originates in impurities in the blood, local applications can do no permanent good. The common sense method of treatment is to purify the blood, and for this purpose there is no preparation superior to Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Hints to Housekeepers.

If you don't believe oyster or clam-shells put against the bricks of a furnace or range are a remedy for clinkers, just try them once, and you will be convinced of the truth of the oft-repeated statement.

CARAMELS.—One-quarter pound of chocolate, one-quarter pound of butter, one pound and a half of sugar, one cup of milk, vanilla flavoring. Boil all together, stirring frequently until it will candy in cold water.

If your furniture is dull and needs its lustre restored, try a polish made from two parts of raw linseed oil and one of turpentine. Mix thoroughly by shaking, apply a thin coat with a flannel cloth, and rub thoroughly and briskly with a dry cloth. This polish is used by furniture dealers.

MAPLE SUGAR CANDY.—Take two pounds of maple sugar, broken in small pieces, and put it in a saucepan with a quart of rich milk—part cream is better. Let it boil until it reaches the stage where it hardens in cold water; pour it into pans and make into squares as you would taffy or caramels.

If you have the appearance of a felon coming, put some hardwood ashes in an old tin cup, pour over them warm water, immerse the end of the sore finger in the ashes, set the dish on some live coals or on top of the stove, keeping the finger in as long as you can, and soak it several times a day. If taken in time it generally prevents a felon from coming if the finger is wet with it often.

Peach cheese is a very nice dessert and one that is by no means common. Cut up a dozen ripe peaches and put them in a preserving can with eight ounces of sugar, a pint of water, and the juice of half a lemon; stir on the fire until the fruit is dissolved, and then rub the pulp through a hair sieve: add two ounces of gelatine; mix and fill a piped mould. When the cheese is set firm turn out and fill the centre with whipped cream.

Pickled barberries make a pretty garnish for winter salads. Procure the berries, if possible, in large clusters or bunches. Soak them in salt and water for four or five hours, drain them, and cover with scalding vinegar. The berries may be kept in brine a while, if one chooses, and freshened and pickled as they are used.

COCOANUT LAYER CAKE.—Three-quarters of a cup of sugar, half a cup of butter, one and one-half cups of prepared flour, the grated rind and juice of half a lemon, the whites of three eggs and a half cup of milk; stir butter and sugar to a light white cream; beat the whites to a stiff froth and add them by degrees alternately with the sifted flour and milk to the creamed butter and sugar; butter two good-sized jelly cake tins and line them with buttered paper; put an equal portion in each tin, spread it evenly with a broad-bladed knife dipped in water, and bake them in a medium hot oven to a delicate brown colour; when done remove them from the oven and let them stand for a few minutes; then turn the cakes on to buttered paper to cool; in the meantime grate one cocoanut and beat the white of one egg to a stiff froth; add three-quarters of a cup of powdered sugar and the juice of half a lemon; lay one cake layer bottom side up on a jelly dish, spread over half the white icing and sprinkle over a thick layer of the freshly grated cocoanut; put on the remaining layer right side up, spread over the rest of the icing, cover with a thick layer of cocoanut, and sift over some powdered sugar.

INDIGESTION CURED.—Gentlemen,—I can safely say that B.B.B. is a successful cure for Indigestion. I had this trouble bad last summer and two bottles of B.B.B. built me up again. It's a good reliable medicine, both for Indigestion and as a blood purifier. J. G. Almond, Hopedown, Que.

A BABY SAVED.—Dear Sirs,—My baby had a terrible cough. The doctor said it was whooping cough, but it got worse all the time until baby was just like a skeleton. When he was four months old I tried Milburn's Cod Liver Oil Emulsion, and after using one and a half bottles my baby was entirely cured. No other remedy but the Emulsion was used, and baby is now strong and healthy. Mrs. J. G. Thompson, Callender, Ont.

K.D.C. Pills tone and regulate the bowels.