

Some Tested Recipes.

APPLE FRITTERS.—Slice apple into a batter made of one pint of milk, two teacupfuls of flour, three eggs beaten stiff, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, and half a teaspoonful of salt. Drop in hot lard. Eat with maple syrup.

RICE WAFFLES.—Beat three eggs separately. Add to the yolks a teacupful of boiled rice, a lump of butter. Sift in one and a half pints of flour, add a pint of sweet milk, a little salt, and lastly whites of eggs. Bake in waffle irons.

COFFEE CAKE.—One cup sugar, one cup melted butter, one cup New Orleans molasses, one cup strong coffee, one egg, one teaspoonful baking powder, one teaspoonful ground cloves, one tablespoon ground cinnamon, one-half pound each of raisins and currants, four cups sifted flour.

CHEESE CAKES.—Cut slices of bread half an inch thick, then with a large round cutter cut in circles; then cut these in half; take a tablespoonful of butter, put in a small saucepan—more if you have much bread; fry your pieces a light brown; when done take them up and set on tin or on your stove pans and heap them with grated cheese and sprinkle on them a little pepper and salt; set aside until ready for serving, and then put in the stove a few minutes until nicely browned.

APRICOT BLANC MANGE.—Cut one and a half dozen apricots in two and take out the stones; boil them in a syrup made of half sugar and half water, let them cook till they are very tender, then rub them through a sieve. Put three cupfuls of fresh milk and half a cup of sugar, to boil, in a farina kettle. Beat well the yolks of eight eggs and add them to the milk when it just comes to the boiling point. Stir this faithfully till it thickens, but do not let it boil. Have one ounce of gelatine dissolved in a little water, strain the custard, add the gelatine and stir till nearly cold. Mix the apricots with the custard and pour it into a buttered mold. Serve when it is stiff and very cold with or without whipped cream.

SOUP MILK PIE.— $\frac{1}{2}$ cups sour milk, or buttermilk, 1 heaping cup sugar, 1 cup chopped raisins, 1 tablespoonful strong vinegar, 3 eggs, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonfuls flour or corn starch, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful each, cinnamon, clove, nutmeg. Bake in two crusts, which should be very rich and flaky. This will make two pies.

GERMAN CREAM PUFFS.—Make a batter for a sponge cake, and bake it in round, gem pans. While they are hot cut off the tops and take out all you can of the soft inside, then replace the cover and set them where they will dry. Just before tea time fill them with whipped cream and a little jelly.

OYSTER STEW.—Put one quart of oysters and their liquor with half a pint of cold water in a porcelain kettle, or a bright tin-pail if you have nothing better; iron spoils the flavor. Add what salt they require, and heat them scalding hot. The scum will rise as soon as they begin to heat, and must be removed. Just as they are about to boil, skim out all the oysters into your soup-tureen, add to their liquor one half-pint of cream or rich milk, a piece of butter the size of an egg, as much pepper as you like, and a little finely-rolled cracker crumbs. When this is boiling hot, pour it on to the oysters and serve. The crackers to be eaten with the soup should be heated, as it makes them more brittle.

POTATOES AND ONIONS.—Pare and slice eight potatoes and one-half as many onions; put in stew-kettle with two tablespoonfuls of butter or lard, and a little water, salt and pepper, and let it stew till they are soft and well mixed together, stirring often to prevent burning.

FRUIT CAKE.—3 eggs, well beaten, $\frac{1}{2}$ cups sugar, 1 cup rich sour cream, 1 teaspoon ground cinnamon, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cloves, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon lemon extract, 1-5 teaspoon grated nutmeg, 1 pound raisins, stoned and chopped. Stir all well together, then add two level teaspoonfuls pulverized soda and two cups flour. Bake in a moderate oven.

Tribute From a Jealous Rival.

The San Francisco *Call* is continually directing attention to our trade progress on the Pacific with the hope of inducing the Washington government to do something more than it is doing to encourage United States trade in that direction. The *Call's* latest diatribe is so splendid a tribute to Canadian enterprise and energy, that we cannot refrain from quoting it. Says our contemporary: "The Pacific Mail Steamship Company and the Occidental and Oriental Company had better look to their laurels. The three new steamships which the Canadian Pacific Company has built for the Asiatic trade are nearly completed, and will go to sea, at intervals of a

month, in January February and March next. They will be magnificent vessels, each 5,700 tons gross, 485 feet long and 51 feet beam. Of course, they do not compare with the monster steamships which ply between Liverpool and New York. The Teutonic is 9,685 tons gross, 582 feet long and 67 feet beam. But they surpass the largest American built vessel sailing out of this port, the City of Peking, which is only 5,000 tons gross, 408 feet long and 47 feet beam. The contract under which they were built requires them to make 19 knots in a smooth sea, which is considerably more than any captain would get out of the Peking. It is reckoned that they will make the voyage from Vancouver to Yokohama, sailing in the circle of the forties, in something like 12 days. Under the pressure of competition the steamers which now sail out of this port for Asia will make better time than they do. But they will not strive as they may, cross the ocean in as short a number of days and hours as the Canadian steamers, which follow the shorter sailing circles; and if merchandise and travellers do not take the shorter voyage in preference to the longer, it will be the first instance on record in which they have not done so. The danger that these new steamers will seriously interfere with the Asiatic trade of this port is real and imminent. The energy with which the Canadians are stretching forth a long arm to grasp that trade is as noteworthy as the supineness with which their efforts are witnessed on this side of the line. Ten years ago it did not seem possible that British Columbia and its chief city (Victoria) could ever compete with California and San Francisco for the commerce of the Pacific ocean. The British colony possessed none of the prerequisites for foreign trade. It had no surplus products to export, and no population that could consume foreign imports. It had no money, no banking facilities, hardly any people, and no connection with the Atlantic coast. But all these drawbacks have been overcome. British Columbia has a railroad which carries passengers and tea as swiftly from the Pacific coast to New York as they can be conveyed over our own lines. It is gaining population, and great English banks have established agencies and corresponding banks at Victoria. Now it is going to have a line of steamers faster and larger than those which sail out of this port. The struggle for traffic is going to be no child's play.

He Worried About It.

"The sun's heat will give out in ten million years more."
And he worried about it:
"It will surely give out then, if it doesn't before,"
And he worried about it:
It would surely give out, so the scientists said in all scientific books that he read.
And the whole mighty universe then would be dead.
And he worried about it:
"And some day the earth will fall into the sun."
And he worried about it:
"Just as sure, and as straight, as if shot from a gun."
And he worried about it:
"When strong gravitation unbuckles her straps."
Just picture," he said, "what a fearful collapse!
It will come in a few million ages, perhaps."
And he worried about it:
"The earth will become much too small for the race."
And he worried about it:
"When we'll pay thirty dollars an inch for pure space."
And he worried about it:
"The earth will be crowded so much without doubt.
That there'll be no room for one's tongue to stick out.
And no room for one's thoughts to wander about."
And he worried about it:
"The Gulf Stream will curve, and Canada grow torrid."
And he worried about it:
"Than was ever the climate of southernmost Florida."
And he worried about it:
"The ice cap will be knocked into small smithereens.
And crocodiles block up our moving machines
And we'll lose our fine crops of potatoes and beans."
And he worried about it:
"And in less than ten thousand years there's no doubt."
And he worried about it:
"Our supply of lumber and coal will give out,"
And he worried about it:
"Just then the Ice Age will return cold and raw.
Frozen men will stand stiff with arms outstretched in awe.
As if vainly beseeching a general thaw."
And he worried about it:
His wife took in washing (a dollar a day).
He didn't worry about it:
His daughter sewed shirts, the rude grocer to boot.
He didn't worry about it:
While his wife beat her tireless rub-a-dub-dub
On the washboard drum in her old wooden tub,
He sat by the stove and he just let her rub,
He didn't worry about it.
S. W. Foss.

Short Lived Beauty.

The woman who is pretty is far too liable to think that that is enough; she will conquer her kingdom by means of it; and when the day of reckoning, the day of fading comes, the kingdom will be hers by right of possession. Indeed she does not consider the day of fading; it is something as difficult for her to realize as death itself is to the young; it is far off, vague, all but impossible; how is she ever going to look other than she does now, and still be herself? And at any rate there are always the means to make the repairs of beauty, and sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof. And so, in an average of more than half the instances, says *Harper's Bazar*, she goes dancing off about her pleasure like a fly in the sun, as full of the present, as careless of the future; she makes no preparation for the impending fate which insure to come to her if she live long enough; she relies on her fair face, her blushes, her dimples, her radiance, her smiles, her glances, her sweetness. To please, to attract, to marry, to marry well, is the mark she has set before her; and it does not need cultivation of the sterner virtues for that; the sterner virtues are not greatly called into account in this quest, have little opportunity of asserting themselves, or even of being missed.

Nor is great intellectual cultivation in the scheme of our pretty woman's life: according to her plan of action it is entirely unnecessary. Who cares for syllogisms, lectures, instructions, she unconsciously argues from rosy lips? Who will stop to ask if the bright eyes have dulled themselves over dry pages of scholastic lore? Let who will be learned; it is enough for her to be gay and happy.

What, then, has our pretty creature left for the dim passages of middle age, when beauty has fallen away, but there still is left the desire to hold captive what once beauty gained? The time is coming when there will be deep crescents round the mouth whose lovely curves have been dragged down by flaccid muscles, when there will be fine spider-web lines about the eyes, when there will be hollows in the cheeks, when the red and white of the skin will have become blurred and mottled or overlaid with yellow sallowness, when perhaps there will be present in the vacuous face only "that divine smile which has lost the two front teeth."

Let the pretty girl remember that in the darkness of that middle passage the beauty that she had before she entered it will not signify; all faces are in the dark together then, the girl that was plain with the girl that was beautiful; the wreck of beauty signifies then no more than the wreck of what never was beauty. It is the sweet voice, the kindly manner, the burden of what is said, the tender-heartedness of what is done, that tells with any effect then. It will not be long before she arrives at this time, which, in comparison to the blaze of youth, neighbors close on the dark; and she will need then all with which she can have filled her intellect and fed her soul, all that wit and virtue and breeding can have given her, in order to retain anything of that kingdom to which in the early days she felt herself born by right divine.

How to Take Life.

Take life like a man. Take it just as though it was—as it is—an earnest, vital, essential affair. Take it just as though you personally were born to the task of performing a merry part in it—as though the world had waited for your coming. Take it as though it was a grand opportunity to do and to achieve, to carry forward great and good schemes; to help and cheer a suffering, weary, it may be heartbroken, brother. The fact is, life is undervalued by a great majority of mankind. It is not made half as much of as should be the case. Where is the man, or woman, who accomplishes one tithe of what might be done? Who cannot look back upon opportunities lost, plans unachieved, thoughts crushed, aspirations unfulfilled, and all caused from the lack of the necessary and possible effort? If we knew better how to take and make the most of life, it would be far greater than it is. Now and then a man stands aside from the crowd, labours earnestly, steadfastly, confidently, and straightaway becomes famous for wisdom, intellect, skill, greatness of some sort. The world wonders, admires, idolizes; and yet it only illustrates what each may do if he takes hold of life with a purpose. If a man but say he will, and follows it up, there is nothing in reason he may not expect to accomplish. There is no magic, no miracle, no secret to him: who is brave in heart and determined in spirit.

The lawyer believes in "millions for defence" and the same amount for prosecution.



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To show what an Indian can stand when he has to, I may tell of an incident which happened during the winter I was with them. Toward evening on a very cold winter day, when it was snowing just a little and drifting a great deal, an Indian came to the log house with a jug half full of whisky and with his rifle. I imagine that the jug had been entirely full of whisky when he started, and by the time he got to the house he was in rather a jolly condition. The jug and the rifle were taken away from him, and he was ordered to get to his wigwam as quick as he could before darkness came on. He left, and was supposed to have gone to the camp, but early next morning his squaw appeared at the house and said he had not come home that night, and as the night was cold she had been anxious about him. Then the search for the lost Indian began.

He was found in one of the sheds near the barn under a heap of drifted snow, and the chances are that the snow that was above him had helped to save his life. The searchers for the Indian had gone in different directions, and it was his own squaw who, with true Indian instinct, had tracked him out, and she was alone when she found him. Apparently the Indian was a frozen corpse. She tumbled him off the snow bank and pulled off his blankets and dragged him down to the creek, where a deep hole was cut in the ice for the purpose of watering the cattle. Laying the Indian out on the snow, she took the pan that was beside the hole, and, filling it repeatedly, dashed painful after painful of ice water over the body of the Indian. By the time the other unsuccessful searchers had returned she had her old man thawed out and seated by the fire wrapped up in blankets. There is no question that if he had been found by the others, and had been taken in the house frozen as he was, he would have died.