

MINNIE MAY'S DEPARTMENT.

MY DEAR NIECES:—

The poultry and egg industry has grown suddenly to be one of the most important in our Dominion, and there is fortune and success in it for any woman who will take it up with enough of patience and taste to develop it, for like every other industry it has to be perfected by slow degrees; but it has this advantage over others, that there is a ready sale for all produced. Do not hope to gain fortune and success all at once, for you must gain experience as you go on. Poultry can never be made remunerative as they are kept by the average farmer's wife now. Like all farm stock, they require to be petted and familiarized with the human beings about, and there is a vast difference in the productive properties of hens so petted to those that fly like crazy things when approached. To accomplish this familiarizing process, they must be housed in a warm room, fed and watered twice per day, their setting watched and the chicks taken care of. In fact, the care of poultry is as important as the care of stock if you intend they shall be profitable. The Plymouth Rocks are the hardiest of the large breeds; good layers, steady setters and careful mothers, besides dressing about six pounds apiece for market.

Supposing your stock now consists of fifty half-breeds or common barnyard fowls, procure six dozen of Plymouth Rock eggs from a dealer as you require them, and put them under the steadiest setters. You should have from this amount of eggs between forty and fifty pullets, and if hatched in May will give you eggs from November until they in turn begin to hatch for themselves. The cost of this outlay will be more than covered by the sale of the old stock in the autumn. It is a popular opinion that hens do not thrive when shut up. On the contrary they do not thrive when they are not shut up, picking their living amongst the live stock, roosting on the rafters of the barn, and often without food or water for days together. As the chicks come out, take possession of them. Coop the old mother and keep her there until the chickens are strong enough to follow her; house them every night in the coop, and cover with an old piece of carpet; feed regularly on curds, meal and sweet milk or boiled potatoes. Keep this up for three weeks, or until the pin feathers appear. This may appear to be very troublesome, but you cannot make a success of it otherwise. The fowl should have grain and plenty of fresh water or milk. In another letter, when your chickens are full grown, I shall tell you how to manage your fowls in cold weather. Do not be afraid of the sound of your "industry"; they may laugh who win, and success will attend you if you go to work determined to make a success of it. MINNIE MAY.

Our Irish Letter.

DEAR CANADIAN SISTERS AND BROTHERS:

I hope that by this time you have begun to look out for my letters. This will be altogether about the wonderfully loyal demonstration which was held on Saturday evening last in the Leinster Hall, which was built to accommodate 1,500 persons, and which was densely packed, so much so that the window stools and all the passages were crowded. I had the honor of receiving a platform ticket, and was immediately behind the speakers, so could comfortably take the notes which I now have the pleasure of sending you. The Earl of Erne was chairman; Mr. Ellison McCartney, M. P., and Judge (Lord) Morris were one on either side. (Lord Morris, though a staunch Conservative, is a Roman Catholic.) Mr. Caldebeck, Rev. Canon O'Connor, and the Rev. Duncan Craig were amongst the speakers. There were so many as thirty clergymen of different denominations on the platform, several of whom I did not know, but one I was much amused at—a Rev. Clarke. When he wished to emphasize, he first would stamp one foot and declare "we shall not have Home Rule"; then stamp the other and inform us we must not have Home Rule. He need not have striven so to impress me at least. I quite agreed; he was too funny. Hundreds of men in the body of the hall had sticks and orange flyers, only waved when some speech pleased them particularly. I liked Mr. McCartney's speech best of all. When he spoke of our birthright possibly about to be sold for a mess of Mid-Lothian pottage, he was greeted with such cheers and such wavings of flags as Dublin has seldom heard of before. He is a polished gentleman, as well as a fluent speaker—two gifts which do not always hunt in couples. Then Lord Erne spoke and told us of you, you, you Canadian brothers having come to the front with practical offers of men and money—two excellent backers for most needs. You were given cheer after cheer. Lord Erne told us also of the great pleasure it had given him during the last seven years, whenever he found himself wanted in any capacity where his presence or his purse, or both together, could be made use of for the loyal cause. I was able to take down his speech, but I fear I dare not trespass too much on either the editor's space or patience. He also told us that we were met together to protest against the most iniquitous Bill which had ever been laid before the House—one which must (if passed) "bring ruin on our land, and prove equally disastrous to the British Empire." It was hard to expect us to keep a calm heart and cool head in the face of these wrongs, but we must try to remember that we were members of a great "religious institution whose

principles are based on God's Word." We must trust in Him, knowing that "He is our refuge and strength—a very present help in time of trouble." We seek no ascendancy, but are resolute to maintain the civil and religious liberty won for us by our ancestors, for the benefit of our Roman Catholic countrymen as well as for ourselves. He was very pleased to see before him many faces of his Roman Catholic countrymen—faces that he knew well—and to know that at his side was the great Lord Morris, a Roman Catholic, a judge, and a member of the House of Lords, who "agreed with him" that loss of conscience and loss of friends would be a far greater calamity than loss of land; and who could doubt but that if Home Rule were established it must bring home ruin and home riot in its wake, and leave us at the mercy of the most intolerant priesthood the world had ever known. It had been suggested, he said, that every man who purposed attending that meeting should do so with his Bible in his hand, and with one hand clasping it and the other upraised to Heaven, should ask God to continue to us the priceless heritage of a free and open Bible in our land, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.

The Rev. Duncan Craig then told us of a member of the Bonaparte family once giving him his opinion, which was that Home Rule for Ireland meant "hell"; for England, "suicide." He believed there had been a proposal made to do away with our dear old Union Jack, and substitute a flag instead on which was to be portrayed a hyena, with the numbers underneath, 1663. I hope my Canadian friends will know what this means; I am ashamed to say I do not. (I think this gives me an opportunity which I've wanted, to tell them that I ask neither for advice or assistance in any form when writing my letters, so that when they are dull or illiterate, or anything that is disagreeable, only my own small self is to be scolded.) I always do my business, whatever it may be, to the best of my ability; neither man or woman could do more.

Mr. Craig also told us that a new Herald was spoken of as coming to this new parliament in College Green, and he protested against our milk-and-water resolutions in connection with these contemplated changes, but would now ask Brother Caldebeck to say how we were to meet them, which Mr. Caldebeck did by saying that we in person, led by an "Erne" and an "Enniskillen," must decide upon meeting this rebel parliament at the Boyne, and the 100,000 men who were able and willing to come towards Dublin must join and come together and take the key of the new House of Parliament and the new hyenic flag and throw them both into the Liffey, then march to Clontarf, their hands playing God save the Queen, and wait for their opponents there. The dear old Queen's ears should have been very cold just then; the roof rang with cheers for her three times three. He told us also that we must not accept one clause of the Bill, or two clauses of the Bill, but were to protest against it purely and simply altogether.

Rev. McGregor believed that the Bill was intended to sell up Presbyterianism, but he refused to be sold, or allow his people to be sold, and wound up by sending you Canadian men this message: "That he and his, we and ours, trusted and believed we could 'Hold the Fort' against all comers," but that should we find we were over-rating our strength, we would one and all look to you Canadian brothers for the support you have so pluckily offered us." (You were cheered then, I tell you.)

Mr. Ellison McCartney then came to the front (in every sense of the word) and delivered a message from the Loyalists of Leinster-Munster, and need I say Ulster, which thanked us for the spontaneous and enthusiastic burst of loyalty we had shown in organizing these magnificent meetings over Ireland; warned us that we were face to face with hard facts (I mentally added hard knocks, too), but that they firmly believed we were able to cope with them. We had all been looking for this Bill for six years. Now that it had come, what did we read and see? That it required of us a complete surrender of ourselves and abandonment of the loyalty of our country. He believed there was no half-way house between the Imperial Parliament being everything or nothing. It was for us loyal men and women to say which we would have. He had no doubt that if the Loyalists of Ireland were obliged to hold their own over these issues, they would be able to give a good account of themselves; but that was an extreme issue which we should all think of with stilled hearts and spirits bowed to the "Throne of Grace," praying that such an hour might never come on this subject. He or they should not bind themselves to give or hold to any personal opinion, but consent to be guided by their imperial grand master, the Duke of Leinster, at the same time remembering what a leader, an "Enniskillen," had said in years gone by: "Let us not wait as though expecting this danger, let us go to meet it." They must be prepared to raise their banner with the old Derry motto on it, "No Surrender." There was tremendous cheering then, and he wound up with three times three.

Colonel Rowley ended the meeting by quoting the God-fearing old Emperor of Germany's famous words, "We fear none but God"; at the same time he said, "We must for ever love and honor our Queen yet." Love, honor and fear the God (who has left her with us so long) first and most. When he ended there was a perfect torrent of cheers, Kentish fire, and waving of loyal banners. The band then played God bless the Prince of Wales, and, after it, for the last time, God save the Queen. Hundreds of voices joined in, and when finished the immense

concourse separated without one rough sound or word. For some hours I could see from my window that the streets were thronged, the electric light made everything and everybody so plainly to be seen, but there was no disturbance whatever. I could hear an occasional "Boo" for Gladstone, "Boo" for Jim Healy, and "Boo" for Morley, but it appeared to be only fun. There was not a shadow of a quarrel to be seen or heard, and now good-bye. I am, your Irish friend,

S. M. STUDDERT KENNEDY,
Blackrock, Co. Dublin.

Home-Made Dainties

WHICH WILL CERTAINLY PLEASE THE CHILDREN.
The recipes given below have all been tried many times and found most satisfactory.

DELICIOUS CARAMELS.

One and one-half pounds of white sugar, one cake, or half a pound of chocolate, a cupful of cream, a quarter-pound of butter, a teaspoonful of flavoring. The mixture will boil up and dent on the surface when nearly done. A good test is to take a little out and rub with the back of a spoon, to see if it will crumble, when it should be taken off. Mark off in squares before it is entirely cold.

FRUIT AND NUT CANDY.

Half a pint of citron, half a pint of raisins, half a pound of figs, a quarter-pound of shelled almonds, a pint of peanuts (before they are hulled), two pounds of sugar. Moisten with a little vinegar. Add a large spoonful of butter and cook the butter and sugar until it is almost hard, but not brittle. Beat it up well with the spoon and put in the mixed fruit and nuts; of course, after having prepared these by stoning the raisins, cutting up the figs and citron, blanching the almonds, and hulling the peanuts. Any other kind of nuts may be used, if wished. Pour into a wet cloth and roll it up like a pudding, slicing off the candy in pieces after it is cold. (This is also known as Mrs. Mary Stuart Smith's Pudding Candy.)

DARK AND LIGHT CANDY.

Half a pound of chocolate, two pounds of white sugar, one tablespoonful of butter, one teacupful of cream, one teaspoonful of vanilla. Stir this all the while it is cooking. This will be brown. Then butter a flat dish and put a layer on it, let it harden a little, and add a layer of white candy, made as follows: Three cupfuls of white sugar and one of cream, flavored with orange or lemon, and boiled for twenty minutes. Do not stir this very much. After the white layer hardens a little, put another of the brown. Mark off into squares or long pieces, and cut so as to show to advantage the alternating stripes of color. Instead of the brown, one can color the first with poke-berry jelly or other coloring that will give a red tint, and if vanilla is not liked, pineapple will make a nice contrast to the flavor of the white candy.

MARROONS GLACES.

One-half pound of mixed nuts—almonds, pecans and English walnuts. Divide the English walnuts and pecans in half. Two cupfuls of white sugar are put in a stewpan with one cup of water, or enough to cover it well. It would be advisable to use a stewpan with a lip, so that it will pour easily, and a handle for the protection of the hands. Do not stir with a spoon. In fact, do not touch it with a spoon, except now and then to dip out a little to see when it is done. Drop a little into very cold water; if done, it will form into crinkly little wires, which will sound hard and clear when struck against the side of the bowl. It ought to be cooked twenty minutes. After it is done, pour in drops—the size of a silver quarter of a dollar—on a marble slab, and press into each drop one almond, or one-half of an English walnut, or pecan. Two persons can make this candy far better than one, as the nut must be put in as soon as a drop is poured.

COCONUT CANDY.

Four cupfuls of white sugar, one cupful of the milk of the coconut only in case it is perfectly good; otherwise do not use it. One coconut, grated—do not use the desiccated. Cook the sugar, either with the milk, if good, or if not, with water, a little less than candy that has to be pulled. Try by dropping into cold water to see if it is done. Take it off the fire, pour in the coconut, stir until thoroughly mixed, pour into a dish, and when cold enough, cut into squares.

CHOCOLATE DROPS.

Dissolve one cake of chocolate in a bowl set in hot water. Boil two cupfuls of white sugar and one cupful of new milk twenty minutes. Season with one teaspoonful of vanilla. Empty this into a dish, and beat until it is a good consistency to make into balls. Lay the balls on buttered paper, and after they are quite hard, dip one by one into the melted chocolate. Use a fork in dipping, and replace the balls on the buttered paper. One can also use nuts with these balls, taking half of an English walnut to a ball. Children take especial delight in nut candy, but it is rather rich, so it might be very well to make both kinds.

To keep the teeth clean is part of your duty towards your neighbor, and they should be brushed every morning and night with harmless tooth powder or soap and water.

To relieve a sore throat dip a band of flannel in whiskey, cover with black pepper, fold together to keep the pepper inside, and apply. Immediate relief is afforded.