

DEADLY ANAEMIA.

Leads to Consumption Unless Promptly Cured.

Many a young life might be saved from consumption if simple anaemia were promptly treated. Anaemia is the doctor's name for weak, watery blood. When the blood is in this condition the lungs have no strength. The whole system begins to break down. Then the growing girl slips slowly into decline, until at last the cough starts and her doom is sealed. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills can cure all weak, anemic people without doubt or difficulty. They actually make new rich, health-giving blood—they cure anaemia and prevent consumption. This has been proved in thousands of cases. Mrs. Edward Cochran, Merritt, Ont., says: "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cured my daughter Matilda, when I felt that her case was almost hopeless. For more than a year she was a sufferer from anaemia. She gradually grew weak, was subject to violent headache, and dark circles appeared under her eyes. She was melancholy, had no appetite and complained of being constantly tired. At different times she was treated by two doctors, but with no improvement. As her case progressed, she was attacked by violent palpitation of the heart, and a suffocating shortness of breath. She had a deadly palor, took food easily, and continued to decline in weight, until I felt that she was in a hopeless decline. At this time my attention was called to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I began giving them to her. She had not been taking the pills many weeks when her appetite was greatly improved, and this was the first sign that they were helping her. She continued the pills until she had taken eight or nine boxes, when she was again the picture of healthy girlhood. Every symptom of her trouble had disappeared, she has increased in weight, and is strong and robust. Her recovery is looked upon as marvellous, for the doctors thought her case hopeless."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will cure any case of bloodlessness just as surely as they cured this case. The pills, anaemia need only one thing—a new blood. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills do only one thing—they make new, rich, life-giving blood. That is why Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure all common diseases like anaemia, indigestion, kidney trouble, palpitation of the heart, neuralgia, nervous troubles, and those special ailments that make the lives of so many young girls and women miserable. Be careful to get the genuine pills with the full name Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People on the wrapper around each box. If in doubt, send direct to The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and the pills will be sent by mail at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50.

VENTILATE THE CELLAR

Some people do not see the great importance of ventilating and purifying this part of the house as much or even more than other parts. Mothers should not neglect to see every day that their cellar is well aired, by opening all the windows in it, and at the same time be sure that there are no decaying fruits or vegetables in any part of it, or the house. There should be no bad odors in the cellar. I say this emphatically because a mother once said to me when I asked her if she kept the baby's milk in a pure, clean place: "Oh, yes, indeed, I always put it 'down cellar' myself." "Do you air your cellar? Do you keep fruit and vegetables near the milk?" "Certainly; I have no other place." "Is the milk covered?" "Oh, no," she replied; "we have fresh milk every day; if I should open the cellar windows the flies would get in. The smell of the cellar cannot get upstairs for we always keep the door shut." Yet this young mother wondered why her baby was not just as well and rosy as the baby across the street, whose food was kept in covered glass and in a pure, clean ice-chest, away from fruit and vegetables! She had not thought that she could put screens in the cellar windows just as well as in other windows upstairs.—Trained Motherhood.

HEARTH AND HOME HINTS.

The death rate in infancy among the poor is six times higher than among the rich.

It takes eight times the strength to go upstairs that is required to accomplish the same distance on a level.

In making batonholes, if the cotton is passed through beeswax it will prevent its knotting and be much stronger.

Physicians assert that baked potatoes are more nutritious than those cooked in any other way, and that fried ones are the most difficult to digest.

The clear juice of one lemon, taken without sugar, in a wineglassful of cold water, is a thorough remedy for quickly complexioned and eruptions on the skin.

Flowers and growing plants need not be banished from the sick room, except at night, as—according to scientists—they distribute oxygen when under the influence of sunlight. Their brightness, fragrance and beauty are beneficial to the invalid, and this alone should give them a passport to the room, which ought to be the most cheerful in the house.

Ragumullins.—Into one pint of sweet milk stir one egg, one tablespoonful of sugar, one half teaspoonful of salt and one tablespoonful of butter, softened. Set it on level teaspoonfuls of baking powder with one quart of flour twice, stir in the milk mixture and roll out quickly with as little handling as possible; roll to about one-half inch thickness, spread over with one tablespoonful of butter, sprinkle thickly with light brown sugar, and grate one-half of a nutmeg over all; roll as you would a sheet of music and cut one-half inch thick; flour a large biscuit pan, lay in the muffins flat, and bake in a quick oven fifteen minutes. Serve warm with sifted sugar, or they are equally nice cold for Sabbath evening tea.

Apple Jelly Cake.—Beat to a cream half a teaspoonful of butter and a teaspoonful of sugar, add two beaten eggs, half a teaspoonful of sweet milk, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder twice sifted with two teaspoonfuls of flour. Beat five minutes and bake in three layers.

For the filling mix a pint of grated Australian apples with a teaspoonful of sugar, the juice and half the grated rind of a lemon. Cook, and when cold spread between the layers. Dust the top layer thickly with powdered sugar. Plantain may be used in place of the lemon juice, and lemon extract instead of the grated peel.

Tomato Jelly.—Take a half can of tomatoes or the equivalent in fresh-stewed ones, and add a little grated onion juice, a half-teaspoonful of salt, three or four cloves and a bay leaf. Cook for ten minutes and press through a sieve. Add a third of a box of gelatine which you have previously soaked till soft in cold water. Stir till dissolved; add two tablespoonfuls of medium strength vinegar, and pour into molds. This jelly served on lettuce leaves with a mayonnaise dressing is an unusually appetizing dish.

IN THE SCHOOL OF I'LL TRY

By Frank Walcott Hutt.

Oh, there's many a Smile and there's many a Sigh;

In the school of I'll Try;

And there's many a Wish and there's many a Why,

In the school of I'll Try;

But it's Being and Doing that win, after all.

Though many a failure and many a fall;

For they never drop back very far beyond call.

In the school of I'll Try.

It's the truant and dullard that never get far

In the school of I'll Try.

But the wise and the willing keep safe above nar

In the school of I'll Try.

And it's Hopeful that asks just a bit of a start.

And it's Purpose that knows every line of his part.

And it's caring and Daring that never lose heart.

In the school of I'll Try.

—The King's Own

SPARKLES.

Stranger in an Irish village—"Have you any public or historic buildings in this place?" Native—"Nivir a wan, sorr, but ye kin hev a drhop, if ye've a moind, by goin' out to the cross roads at Patsy Deolan's shop."

"Just from Ireland, are you?" asked Mrs. Snapper of the applicant. "And were you trained across the water?" "Shure, ye must know better nor that, ma'am," replied the girl; "I came across in a ship."

Queen Alexandra, when Princess of Wales, came one day upon a tiny mite of a boy crying piteously. He was in charge of a fat and comfortable old lady, who seemed quite unmoved by his grief.

"What is the matter?" inquired the princess who is very fond of children "Is he ill?"

"Well, ma'am," said the comfortable old lady, "he isn't hexactly ill; but no stomach can't stand nine buns!"

"Some people," said the timid man, "are criminally reckless. Now the fellow who jumped on a moving train is a fool."

"Well," replied the clumsy fellow, "if he's not a fool he feels like one when the woman who owns the train glares at him."

"Homer!" shouted the young man in the grand stand, as the player paused at third base.

"Dear me!" exclaimed the young lady who was seeing a ball game for the first time. "I didn't know that ball games were so literary. Why, that gentleman actually brought up the name of the old poet Homer!"

"You are a clergyman, ain't you?" asked a garrulous old Pennsylvania agnostic of the venerable and sainted Dr. Willits.

"I am, sir," said the gray-haired minister.

"And you preach out of the Bible?" "Why of course I do!" said the doctor, smiling.

"And you find a good many things in that book that you didn't understand?"

"Oh yes, of course; some things do puzzle me a little."

"What do you do then, Doctor?"

"Oh, I do just as I do when I am eating a luscious Delaware shad, and come to the bones; I quietly lay them aside and go on with the delicious shad and let some old, foolish idiot choke himself with the bones."—Ex.

ANSWERING THE CRITICS

Some members of the congregation of the late Dr. Joseph Brown, objected to his frequent absence from home, and complained of it—some of them personally, and more of them behind his back. When he thought he had heard enough of it, he addressed his congregation one Sunday thus:

"With regard to objections concerning my absence, I have to say, first, when I am out of the pulpit, I am usually in some other body's pulpit. When you are not in your own pew, are you in some other body's pew?"

"Second, when I am out of my own pulpit, I put some other body into it. When you are out of your pew do you put some other body into it?"

"Third, when I am out of my pulpit, I sometimes get better men than myself to fill it, and you have a chance of hearing the leading preachers in the Church; and sometimes I get worse men than myself to make you thankful for your mercies."