

"Now a glass of wine, please, Somerset," said Lora, who seemed determined to carry out Dr. Argyle's admonitions to the letter, and at once—"a good full glass."

"No, thank you," said Stella, in a tone of a little annoyance, and detaching her wine-glass. "You know I don't like it."

(To be continued.)

The Art of Forgetting.

One of the secrets of a long and happy life is the art of forgetting. There are any number of disagreeable incidents constantly occurring, which, if remembered and repeated, not only tend to make one's own life miserable, but often work untold mischief and harm to others. If our neighbors and acquaintances have faults, is it not more charitable to forget them, than to let them lessen our regard by being kept constantly in remembrance? If our friends possess peculiarities of disposition not always conducive to harmonious intercourse, is it not better to enlarge upon their good qualities which may the more endear them to us? If we hear evil report or slander of others, will not our own inattention and forgetfulness be the best means of silencing it? If others find fault with us, and seek to depreciate our efforts for good, will we not feel happier if we draw the veil of forgetfulness over it all, rather than to fan the flame of probable animosity by constantly dwelling upon the cause that provoked it?

Erase from life the petty annoyances which soon grow into actual disturbances if magnified by thought and feeling. Forget all the meanness and malice which aims to belittle the character of another, and which seeks by familiarity to drag you down to the same low level. Forget all that was unpleasant in the life of yesterday; blot out the disagreeable happenings of to-day, and paint upon the canvas of memory only those incidents which it will be a pleasure to recall as the years pass on.

Be Happy.

It is as much a duty for the true Christian to be happy, joyful and contented as it is to be pure and holy.

The latter virtues are considered absolutely necessary to fit us for life beyond, and justly so? but are not the former attributes just as indispensable to the life we must live here, if we hope at last to be greeted with the welcome summons: "Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord?"

If Heaven is to be a Heaven of eternal joy, will we be fully prepared to enter into the fulness of its blessing, if our lives here are spent in looking on the dark side of everything, and in making the lives of those around us as unhappy as our own, by our constant repining and complaining? Think you a life in which gloom, joylessness, despondency and unhappiness had been the chief characteristics, would feel at home in Heaven? Such a spirit would be as much out of place as the most hardened sinner, producing discord amid the angelic hosts, and making itself even more unhappy by being compelled to witness the supreme joy of others.

The unhappy Christian—if such a state be possible—has either failed to realize the fulness of God's promises, or is afflicted with an acute case of religious dyspepsia, and needs both the stimulating and invigorating effect of that joy which is unspeakable and full of glory.

A joyous, happy, cheerful, sunlit life will do more towards making the world believe in the blessed nearness of God here, and the eternal peace and rest of His promised hereafter, than all the other attractions, influence and aids of life combined. Let every Christian show his happiness and joy in believing, in his daily life; let the radiance and sunshine of God's loving presence stream out through his every act and word, and the effect upon the world at large would be simply marvelous.

K.D.C. cleanses the stomach and sweetens the breath. Try it! Free sample, guarantee and testimonials sent to any address. K.D.C. Company, Ltd., New Glasgow, N.S., or 127 State St., Boston, Mass.

"Why Is He So Irritable?"

This question is often heard and nearly as often unanswered.

It is not always remembered, as it should be, that the occasion of ill-temper and irritability is often to be found in the physical condition of the persons affected. What is the use of trying to "harmonize" a man whose liver has gone back on him? If a man is tortured with rheumatism, how can he be expected to be affable and agreeable? Can a confirmed dyspeptic be expected to be cheerful and always ready to tell a funny story? The only way to remove the difficulty is to get at the cause. Dyspepsia, rheumatism, impure blood and liver troubles yield to Hood's Sarsaparilla; this is why it is an effective tranquilizer, a peaceful messenger, and a preventative of domestic quarrels.

—Try Weather and Waterproof floor paint. It dries quick, finishes with a gloss and wears well. Ask your dealer for it and do not be put off with any other. Manufactured by the Weather and Waterproof Paint Company of Canada, Ltd., 122 and 124 Richmond st. east, Toronto.

Beautiful Side of Life.

It is hardly an exaggeration to say that two-thirds of all that makes it "beautiful to be alive" consists in cup-offerings of water. Not an hour of life's journey but is rendered easier by their freshening or harder by their absence. Why? Because most of us are burden-bearers of one sort or another; because to most of us a large part of the journey is a dull and trivial trudge; because there is so much dust upon the road, and not so many bad places as probably we think, yet many common-places; and it is load and dust and stretches of the common-place that makes one thirsty. If the feeling on our shoulders were of wings instead of load; if on Mondays, "in some good cause not our own," we were marching singing to a battle, and on Saturdays were coming back victorious, then the greetings on the way would make less difference to us. But as it is, we crave the roadside recognition, which gives praise for the good deed attempted, pity for the hard luck and the fall, a hand-lift now and then, to ease the burden's chafe, and now and then a word of sympathy in the step-step-stepping that takes us through the dust. And this is all that most of us can wait to give, for we, too, are here on business. You can not step my journey for me, can not carry me on your back, can not do me any great service; but it makes a world of difference to me whether I do my part in the world with or without these little helps which fellow-travelers exchange. "I am busy, Johnnie, and can't help it," said the sister, writing away when the little fellow hurt his fingers. "Yes, you could—you might have said 'O!' " sobbed Johnnie. There's a Johnnie in tears inside of all of us upon occasions. The old Quaker was right: "I expect to pass through this life but once. If there is any kindness or any good thing I can do my fellow-beings, let me do it now. I shall pass this way but once."

No good blood is made by the Dyspeptic. K. D. C. makes good blood by restoring the stomach to healthy action. Ask your druggist for it.

A Pure Home.

There is nothing on earth for which one ought to be more thankful than for having been brought up in a pure home. Such a home may be deficient in mere material comforts, but it has in it the forces on which great characters are nurtured. One of our noblest friends once said: "I was the son of poor parents, and from my youth up was inured to self-denial and hardship; but I do not remember ever to have heard a word from the lips of either my father or my mother that was not as chaste as snow." Better such a recollection as that than an inheritance of untold wealth?

The worst disease, Dyspepsia—The best cure, K. D. C. Free Sample, K. D. C. Company, Ltd., New Glasgow, N.S., Canada, or 127 State St. Boston, Mass.

Hints to Housekeepers.

SWEET PICKLED WATERMELON RINDS.—Pare the rinds and put them in weak brine for one night. In the morning put them in fresh water and scald until tender; then take out and drain. Allow 3 pounds of sugar and 1 pint of vinegar to 7 pounds of rinds. Tie up in a muslin bag a tablespoonful of cloves and one of cinnamon, and boil them with the melon and vinegar. Take out the pickle; pour it into jars. Let it stand for two days. Pour off the syrup and boil it again. Pour it over the melon rinds while hot, and when cold the pickle is ready.

PRESERVES PUDDING.—One pint bread crumbs, one quart milk, eight tablespoonfuls sugar, yolks of four eggs; beat yolks and sugar together, then stir in the crumbs with boiling milk and rind of one lemon. Bake. When done beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth with two tablespoonfuls white sugar; spread pudding with jam, put on whites of eggs and bake a light brown.

EXCELLENT FOR AN INVALID.—Break a whole egg in a basin and add by degrees half a gill of cream and the same of good thick broth in which you have dissolved a little meat extract. Season delicately with nutmeg, pepper and salt, and pour into a buttered earthenware dish, cover with a piece of buttered paper and steam very slowly for half an hour, never allowing the water beneath it to boil. When well set, take it out and put away till quite cold. This is an excellent dinner for a young child or an invalid, delicate and nourishing.

Who has ever tried serving lemon cut in slices with the tea? This is a healthful drink and gives a delicious flavour; in using lemon, of course milk must be omitted. Let the slices of lemon be thin; the shaving of peel and pulp is sufficient; for an ordinary cup use just enough to correct the flavour and not injure the taste.

STUFFED POTATO.—Choose a moderately large potato, bake it until soft, cut it in two lengthways, scrape most of the contents into a hot cup, have ready a small tablespoonful of hot milk, a little butter, pepper and salt. Mash the potato smooth and add these ingredients; beat until light, then heap the mixture in the skins and replace in the oven to brown.

Give your plants the best light possible. If you have so many in the window that all of them cannot get the sunshine at the same time, give each its turn, unless it happens to be one that doesn't care for sunshine. Most plants require all the sunshine they can get in winter to encourage early and healthy growth.

TO PREVENT A MERINGUE FROM FALLING.—From a far-away reader there comes an inquiry about the means of preventing a meringue from falling when taken from the oven. Usually the trouble arises from baking the meringue in too high a temperature. If you beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff, dry froth, then gradually beat in the powdered sugar (a generous tablespoonful for each white of an egg), put the meringue on the pie or pudding when partially cooled, and bake in a moderate oven, with the door open, for eighteen or twenty minutes, the annoyance may be avoided.

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.

B. B. B. STOOD THE TEST.—I tried every known remedy I could think of for rheumatism, without giving me any relief, until I tried Burdock Blood Bitters, which remedy I can highly recommend to all afflicted as I was.

HENRY SMITH, Milverton, Ont.

HIGHLY PRAISED.—Gentlemen,—I have used your Hagyard's Yellow Oil and have found it unequalled for burns, sprains, scalds, rheumatism, croup and colds. I have recommended it to many friends and they also speak highly of it.

MRS. HIGHT, Montreal, Que.