

## HEALTH AND HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

It is far more important to brush the teeth before going to bed than it is on rising.

When cutting rashers always take the rind off the bacon before slicing it and cut very thin.

When singeing a fowl take care not to blacken or mark it in any way or its appearance will be spoiled.

Your leather satchel can be cleaned with a sponge dipped in warm water in which a little oxalic acid has been dissolved.

Instead of adding bluing to water in which lace has been rinsed, try making the final rinsing in milk; it gives a lovely creamy tone to the lace.

**Prune Pudding.**—Remove the pits from one pint of stewed prunes, sweeten and beat with three well-beaten eggs. Lay an inch layer of puff paste in the bottom of a pudding dish and spread the prune mixture on the crust. Bake a nice brown. Serve with sweet cream or pudding sauce.

**Welsh Rarebit.**—Half-pound cheese, two eggs, dust of cayenne, tablespoonful butter, one teaspoonful mustard, half teaspoonful salt, half cupful cream. Break cheese in small pieces and put it and other ingredients in a clean saucepan, over which put boiling water. Stir until cheese melts; then spread mixture on slices of crisp toast. Serve immediately with poached eggs.

**Stewed celery** is a delicious vegetable. Well wash a head of celery. Cut it into four-inch lengths, and put it in a stewpan. Stew with milk, or milk and water, season with salt and white pepper till quite tender. Take up the celery; put it on a hot dish, thicken some of the milk with butter and flour, and pour over the vegetable. Scatter a very little parsley over, and serve at once.

**To Purify a Room.**—To purify a room, set a pitcher of water in it, and in a few hours it will have absorbed all the respired gases in the room, the air of which will become purer, but the water utterly filthy. The colder the water is, the greater the capacity to contain these gases. At the ordinary temperature a pail of water will absorb a pint of carbonic acid gas and several pints of ammonia. The capacity is nearly doubled by reducing the water to the temperature of ice. Hence, water kept in a room for a while is unfit for use.

**Chicken Pie.**—Boil a chicken until it falls from the bones, then put it in a deep pan. Make a sauce of three tablespoonfuls of butter rubbed into three of flour, a cup of cream or milk, and three cups of warm chicken stock. Cook this until smooth and thick, then pour over the chicken in the pan. Make a crust of two cups of flour, one teaspoonful of baking powder, one teaspoonful of shortening, one egg, beaten light, and a cup of milk. Mix well, and, with a spoon, spread it over the top of the contents of the pan. Bake in a quick oven. This is delicious.

Mosquitoes are now found to convey other diseases than malaria and yellow fever. A representative of the Zoological Gardens in London tells of a means of warring on the mosquito by breeding a fish which devours the eggs of the insect. This fish is only about an inch in length, is short lived, but prolific, and its presence in the Barbadoes waters accounts for the freedom of those islands from insect pests. Many small fishes consume the eggs of the mosquito, and fish will be depended on to keep the Panama canal clear of the pests. But this species is so much more efficient than others that it ought to be introduced into all waters where it will live.

## SPARKLES.

**Hungry Guest:** How is this? I ordered a steak and a poached egg. I see the egg, but where is the steak? **Sable attendant:** Dat's all right, sah. De steak am under de egg.

"You must learn to trust your fellow-men," said the professional optimist. "There's no use in talking that way to me," answered the worried-looking citizen. "I'm in the grocery business."

**Wife** (to husband, an eminent physician): What wonderful advances have been made in medical science during the past few years, my dear! **Eminent physician:** Wonderful, wonderful, **Wife:** So many new names to old diseases!

A sagacious deacon said concerning his minister: "The trouble is not that his minister isn't orthodox, or that he isn't earnest, but when he is earnest he isn't orthodox, and when he is orthodox he isn't earnest."

A brother in a prayer meeting in a neighboring town prayed for "the absent who were prostrated on beds of sickness and sofas of wellness."

A literary man who recently tried the power of the human eye on a ferocious bull, is recovering from his wounds and bruises, but has lost all faith in such mesmerism.

"What a lovely little snowdrop that is!" said a friend to a wag, as a blonde beauty, with flowing tresses, passed them in the park. "A snowdrop? I should say she was a hair belle," said the wag.

"I must congratulate Mark on his golden wedding." "Golden wedding? Why, he's only just married." "I know, but the bride is worth a million."—Boston Transcript.

"The hand that rocks the cradle, you know, is the hand that rules the world." "You're badly mistaken. I don't know of anybody who has a cook who is willing to take care of the baby."

"Jack," said mother to her smart eleven-year-old, "what became of that little pie your sister made for you yesterday? Did you eat it?" "No," said Jack. "I gave it to my teacher at school." "Oh! And did she eat it?" "Yes, I think so," was the reply. "She wasn't at school to-day!"

## PRIEST NOT WORSTED.

A correspondent sends to a Paris contemporary an amusing contest of wit which he recently heard in a railway carriage on a journey between Compiegne and Roye. There were several passengers. One believed himself to possess a fund of humor which he intended to expend on the priest, who got in at one of the intermediate stations. Bestowing a patronizing look on the clergyman, he said:—"Have you heard the news, Monsieur le cure?" "No, my friend, I have not," was the reply: "I have been out all day and have not had time to glance at the papers." Then said the traveler, "It is something dreadful; the devil is dead." "Indeed," replied the ecclesiastic without the smallest surprise or displeasure. Then, seeming deeply touched, he added: "Monsieur, I have always taken the greatest interest in orphans. Will you accept these two sous?" The wit, as he is told, retired as gracefully and as quickly as he was able.—London Globe.

In the last fifty years, while the population of Scotland has increased by two millions, that of Ireland has diminished by the same number.

## OVERTAXED NERVES

## A DISTRESS SIGNAL

The Trouble Can Only be Cured by Enriching the Blood Supply.

When your nervous system is exhausted the trouble makes itself evident in many ways. You feel always fatigued and unfit for work. Severe headaches distract you; your back is weak; you sleep badly; your appetite is uncertain; you are nervous and irritable and after any exercise you tremble and perspire excessively. If the trouble is not checked your case goes from bad to worse until you feel that your condition is hopeless and that insanity is threatened.

Your nerves are calling for help. They are starved because they demand from the blood more nourishment than it can supply. New rich blood is the secret of nerve strength and Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People cure nervous disorders because they feed the weak, exhausted nerves with rich, red blood. The case of Mrs. Emma Hall, of Hamilton, Ont., furnishes proof that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will cure even the most stubborn cases of nerve exhaustion. Mrs. Hall was left a widow and was forced to work in a mill to maintain herself and her two little children. She bravely faced the battle of life, though she had never had to conform to such conditions before. Notwithstanding the splendid spirit she displayed the work played havoc with a delicate constitution, and some years ago Mrs. Hall noticed signs in herself of a nervous collapse. She consulted a doctor who gave her some medicine and told her she "would be all right in a few days." But relief did not come and it was finally a daily occurrence for her to faint at her work. These fainting spells quickly developed into pronounced hysteria and chronic irritability, and Mrs. Hall says that death would have been a relief. She consulted several doctors but got no help, and she felt that she was almost bordering on insanity. In this condition she was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Grasping at even the possibility of help she decided to do so. After taking three boxes she actually found some improvement, and from that time on this improvement was steady and increasing daily until after a few months she felt the cure was complete. She says: "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done what doctors failed to do and what I myself thought was impossible. They have freed me from the terrible trouble I suffered and my old joy in life has been renewed." When Mrs. Hall began taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills she weighed only one hundred pounds while under her renewed health her weight has increased to one hundred and thirty pounds.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills can be had from any dealer in medicines or will be sent by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

We sometimes say of a man, "He is a good man, but as stubborn as a mule." Is it possible for a man to be good and "mulist"? Providing the man is not too much of a mule, we may admit his goodness, for we rather suspect that we must allow for a little of the mule in most good men; but when there is too much mule, then we must revise our estimate of his goodness. The truly good man is reasonable as well as good.

They who tread life's pathway, ever bearing on their faces an expression of cheerfulness, are radiant ministers of good to mankind. They scatter sunshine on all they meet, depression and gloom fade away in their presence.