

HEALTH AND HOME HINTS.

WELSH CROQUETTES.—This dainty is a combination of rice croquettes prepared and cooked as usual, but served with a rabbit dressing. Cook them at the same time, allowing one beaten egg and one ounce of grated cheese to three croquettes. Turn the rabbit dressing over the croquettes just as it is served.

PRINCESS PUDDING.—Beat the yolks of three eggs until thick and lemon-colored, and add, gradually, while beating constantly, one-third cup sugar; then add grated rind one-half lemon, two table-spoons lemon juice and three-fourths table-spoon granulated gelatine dissolved in three table-spoons boiling water. As mixture begins to thicken fold in the whites of three eggs beaten until stiff. Mold and chill.

CRYSTAL PALACE PUDDING.—Three parts fill a mold with layers of sponge cake, chopped almonds and jam of some kind. Make a custard with a pint of milk and the yolks of four eggs, with sugar to taste. Dissolve one-half ounce of gelatine in a little milk and add to the custard with a few drops of almond flavoring. Pour this over the cakes in the mold and leave till next day, when it will turn out.

BLANC MANGE IN RHUBARB NESTS.—Make blanc mange after the usual rule, only using about half a cupful less of milk. When it is nearly done, add half a cupful of hot strawberry juice. This will make it a pretty pink. Mold in small cupfuls. When firm, turn each one out carefully on a pretty china saucer. Have ready cold rhubarb which has been cut in inch lengths, and cooked until tender, but not broken, in a very rich sirup. Drain off the sirup carefully, and arrange the pieces of rhubarb around the blanc mange. Garnish with whipped cream.

RICE GRIDDLE CAKES.—Put two cupfuls of warm boiled rice through a sieve. Sift together one pint of flour, half a teaspoonful of salt, a teaspoonful of sugar and a teaspoonful and a half of baking powder. Add the rice and beaten yolks of two eggs, and enough milk to make a smooth batter. It will probably require about a pint and a half. Lastly, fold in the beaten whites of the eggs. Have the griddle hot, make the cakes rather large, brown them, and serve with maple sirup. This batter must be beaten each time the griddle is filled. The cakes should be about a quarter of an inch thick.

HONOR THY PARENTS.

At the risk of being considered old-fashioned and unsophisticated I must confess that I regret the passing away of the good old days, when the art of gentle courtesy and noble chivalry was cultivated and practised.

Twenty or thirty years ago, when education was beginning to leaven the black ignorance of the lower classes, women were treated with some respect, old age was venerated, and parents enjoyed the filial regard of their children. Then parents ruled over their own house, and their authority was recognised; nor were they listened to with unrestrained impatience should they offer the advice of practical and matured experience.

Now, alas! the modern schoolboy is apt to look upon his parents as "a bit slow," "uneducated." In these days of advanced learning he thinks they have but little knowledge of the world and its ways.

With a modicum of culture, and a smattering of Latin, they say "pater" and "mater," talk of the "old folk" to their friends, and glibly refer to their father as the "old man," and the mother who has dangled them upon her knees—although they do not care to be reminded of this fact—as the "old woman."

Yes, education and the amelioration of the masses has helped the nation to make wonderful advances during the last two or three decades, but it has evidently failed to teach the rising generation that the first and chief duty of children is to honor one's father and mother.

SPARKLES.

"What dat, Judge, yer ax me what my wocashun am?"

"Yes, what is your vocation? I mean, what do you do for a living?"

"Ah, yesser, yesser, I understands yer ncw. Wat's I does for a livin' is—my wife takes in washin'."

There are two things you never need to pay any attention to—abuse and flattery. The first cannot harm you and the second can't help you.

A man never seems to value his hat so highly as he does when a frisky wind keeps it rolling along the pavement just three feet in front of him.

"Well, I believe old Slyman is beginning to make his pile." "Why do you think so?" "He's always holding forth now about how much happier a man is when he's poor."

Judy.—Will you give me your promise, Dennis, that ye'll love me forever? Dennis.—Sure, on O'd boike to do that same, Judy, but O'm hardly of the opinion that O'll last as long as that.

Hetty.—Looking over the dictionary again? Evidently you find it intensely interesting. Bertha.—No, not interesting, but amusing. It spells words so different from the way I spell them, you know.

"Look pleasant, please," said the photographer to his (more or less) fair sister. "Click! It's all over ma'am. You may resume your natural expression."

Morrison.—"What 's the matter, Dumley? You look terribly mystified."

Dumley.—"No wonder. I was talking with Jinkins just now. We were speaking of the Joneses, and he said that the elder was the younger and the deacon the elder. I can't get at the rights of the thing to save me."

WHAT THE CROW SAID.

By Atwood Miller.

Mary found a hen's nest robbed;

The robber was a crow.

She said, "I'll bring another egg

That you'll not take, I know."

She ran and brought a glass nest egg.

Then hid to see the fun.

She didn't have to tarry long

Till crow came on the run.

At first he tried to break it

By pecking with his beak;

And then he thought to take it,

Some hiding place to seek.

Alas! he couldn't hold it.

It slipped right from his claws.

She cried, "What made you drop it?"

He answered her by "caws."

A boy who swims may say he's swum; but milk that is skimmed is skoldum skum, and nails you trim, they are not trum. When words you speak, those words are spoken; but a nose is tweaked and can't be twoken, and what you seek is never soken. If we forget, then we've forgotten; but things we wet are never waten, and honess let can not be lotten. The goods one sells are always sold; but fears dispelled are not dispelled, and what you smell is never smoled. When juvenile, a top you spun, but did you see a grin e'er grun, or a potato neatly skun?—The Technical World.

In some French quarries stone is sawn by means of steel wire cables moistened with wet sand and passing in an endless rose over a series of pulleys. The wire, which runs from 1,000 feet to 1,200 feet per minute, is charged as it enters the cut with a jet of water and sand, which forms the cutting material. A running cable of 500 feet can make a cut 100 feet long.

DEATH SEEMED NEAR.

Three Doctors Baffled but Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Came to the Rescue.

Just a few months ago: the home of Mr. James Beers, of Emerson, N.B., was filled with sorrow. It seemed that death would claim the life of their bright little girl. Today this gloom is changed to joy. The little one is no longer ill, but is now bright, active and happy. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills brought this change after three doctors had failed. Concerning this illness and cure, Mrs. Beers says: "At the age of six my little girl became very ill. At different times for the next year and a half three doctors treated her without benefit. She was terribly run down and her blood was nothing but water. Then dropsy set in. She would swell so that her clothes were much too small for her. Her legs and feet were nearly twice their natural size. To make her torture worse rheumatism set in. Her state was pitiable. Sometimes we thought she could not live much longer and for three months she could not walk a step. To touch her was to cause her the greatest agony. The doctors were baffled—they could do nothing for her and as a last resort we began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. She took the pills several weeks when we saw there was a slight improvement. The improvement gradually became more marked and by the time she had taken twenty-one boxes her cure was complete. It is now nine months since she took the pills and she is now as well as she ever was and goes to school every day. I cannot speak too highly in favor of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, for I feel they saved my little girl's life."

Watery blood is the cause of half the sickness which prevails today. To have health, strength and happiness you must have rich, red blood. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have this rich, red blood; that is why they cure anemia, nervous troubles, heart palpitation and all the ailments peculiar to growing girls and women. Sold by dealers in medicine or by mail at 50c a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

BUILDING SENSIBLY.

He builds best whose building lasts. That is why those who make their dwellings of imperishable materials are wiser and happier than those who build on the earth what with the earth must pass away. Shelley tells us in one of his sonnets of an ancient king, who built in pride a mighty city, and at its gate set a giant image of himself with this engraved upon its pedestal:

"My name is Ozmandias, king of kings: Look on my words, ye mighty, and despair!"

And now one looks and there is nothing but a broken statue, and a waste of tumbled stone, and desert sand. Yet of that same day there were a few—a philosopher here, a saint there—whose words of wisdom or works of mercy are as high and fair in the world of today as when they first appeared. Did not Paul speak wisely when he said: "If any man's work shall abide . . . he shall receive a reward."—Selected.

The Pilgrim is not a new magazine, but an old favorite under new management, and fully up to date. In its pages will be found all the departments usually appearing in a modern, well conducted magazine. The Pilgrim and The Presbyterian, \$1.50 for a year. See advertisement on last page.

The man who has begun to live more seriously within, begins to live more simply without.—Phillips Brooks.