

HEALTH AND HOME HINTS.

A package or envelope sealed with white of egg cannot be steamed open.

For hic-cough—Three sips of water; a lump of sugar saturated in vinegar; or simply stretch both hands above the head.

Good for Chapped Hands and Lips.—Take equal parts of mutton tallow and gum camphor and melt together. Apply as often as desired.

Inhaling the fumes of vinegar from a well-saturated cloth will overcome the effects of ordinary anaesthetics and prevent the unpleasant nausea.

When your bottle of vaseline begins to look smeary and messy don't bear with it as a necessary evil, but melt it over in the original bottle by simply putting it on the back of the stove. Then if you like you can transfer it to smaller jars or bottles.

In making apple-sauce, pare and slice juicy tart apples, put into a tinned or porcelain-lined vessel, pour in half a cup of water to prevent scorching, and cook gently until tender and broken to pieces. Turn out into a bowl, sweeten abundantly, and rub through a clean colander. Set away to cool.

Chicken Jelly for Invalids.—To a quart of cold water put half a cold chicken cut up fine; let it stand an hour, then boil it slowly till it is reduced to half the quantity; season with salt and pepper if allowed by the doctor. Strain it through a colander first, then through a cloth into a mould.

A simple method that has saved much time and strength is that of using a common wooden potato masher to cream butter and sugar for cake or other mixtures. Warm the mixing bowl on the range, then mash the butter and sugar as potatoes. It is surprising how quickly and easily the whole becomes a creamy mass.

Potato Balls.—Select large potatoes; wash, pare and soak them in cold water. Shape in balls, using a French vegetable cutter. Cook in boiling salted water until soft. Drain, and to each cupful of potatoes add one tablespoonful of melted butter; then sprinkle with salt, paprika and finely chopped parsley.

White Custard.—Separate the yolks and whites of three eggs; use the whites only. Take, also, one-fourth teaspoonful of salt, two tablespoonfuls of sugar. Give a light grating of nutmeg; then one pint rich milk. Beat sugar, whites, salt and nutmeg; then add a little milk, and beat thoroughly; then add the rest of the milk. Bake in cups, set in a pan of water. When firm in the centre, put on the ice to cool.

Fricatelli.—Chop raw, fresh pork very fine, add a little salt, plenty of pepper, and two small onions chopped fine, half as much bread as there is meat, soaked until soft, two eggs; mix well together, make into oblong patties, and fry like oysters. These are nice for breakfast or for supper, and should be served with sliced lemon, or some kind of dainty pickles.

Sweetbread.—Put the sweetbreads over the fire in cold water, and when it boils take them off and let cold water run over them until they are entirely cold. Put some lard and butter mixed in a

stew-pan with some sliced onions, carrots, thyme, whole peppers and a clove, and the sweetbread with consomme enough to nearly cover it. Put over the fire closely covered, and when it begins to boil place it in a hot oven for half an hour. Have some chicken livers baked. Take a small piece of sweetbread, some truffles and olives, and put all in a saucepan with brown sauce, and let heat gradually. Dish up the sweetbread, put the garniture around it, and serve.

SPARKLES.

Hostess (to little Johnny, who is just leaving the party)—"Won't you have an orange, Johnny?"

Johnny—"No, thank you. I couldn't eat any more."

Hostess—"Well, put one in your pocket."

Johnny (much embarrassed, and with considerable hesitation)—"I—I can't. They're full already."

Mrs. Shellpod—"Hiram, some o' them there hobos hev stole ther wash offen the line agin."

Farmer Shellpod—"Haow dew you know they wuz hobos?"

Mrs. Shellpod—"Becuz they tuk every-thing but th' towels."

A lady was looking at a flat and was delighted with it, when the janitor asked her: "Have you any children?"

"Oh, yes," she said proudly, "two."

"Then I'm sorry, ma'am, but you can't have it. No children are allowed."

"Oh, but my children are grown up. One is in China and one in South Africa."

"It don't matter, ma'am. My orders is not to let it to any one with children."

Aunt Amandy—"Ain't you ashamed ter kum around here beggin'?" Onniz Way—"Well, dis ain't a werry 'ristokratik neighborhood, fer a fact, but we mustn't be too pertiekler, mum."

THE ROBIN AND THE BEE.

(St. Nicholas.)

"I suppose you know it's autumn?"

Said the Robin to the Bee;

"And the leaves are getting thinner

On the most courageous tree.

You have noticed that no butterflies

Across the garden rove,

And that every single chestnut

Has been scattered in the grove?

It's a fortnight since the swallows

Took their passage o'er the sea—

So perhaps you know it's autumn,"

Said the Robin to the Bee.

"Old Winter soon gets busy,

When the feeble sunbeams fade,

And he turns the flower-beds over

With a white and frosty spade.

He rolls the gravel pathways

Till they ring like iron roads,

And the twigs on all the bushes

With a sparkling cloak he loads.

That's right! Let's both fly southward

'Till May once more we see—

When we'll find a warmer welcome,"

Said the Robin to the Bee.

Customer (to coal dealer)—"Have you got any name for those scales of yours?"

"I never heard of scales having a name."

"Well, you ought to call your scales Ambush. You see, they are always lying in wait."

The soil is said to be so fertile in Cuba that if you stick a pin in the earth it becomes a terra-pin. It is even said that they raise umbrellas there—during the rainy season.

Fortunes left to the young and inexperienced and untrained often prove to be great misfortune. It is best for all to be trained to "earn their bread by the sweat of their face" and to economy before a large fortune is left them

When the dust of business so fills your room that it threatens to choke you, sprinkle it with the water of prayer, and then you can cleanse it out with comfort and expedition.—James Stalker.

HUSBAND AND WIFE

Both Restored to Health by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

"Both myself and my wife can truthfully say that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have been of great benefit to us, and we are constantly recommending them to our friends." Thus writes Mr. Ernest L. Archibald, Truro, N.S., who further says,—"In my own case I had been subject to dizzy headaches for over a year, and three boxes of Pills completely cured me of the trouble. About a year ago my wife began to complain. She seemed to be completely run down; was very pale and weak; she could not walk up stairs without stopping on the way to get breath, and ultimately she grew so weak she could not sweep a floor without resting. She tried several tonics but received no benefit. Then I persuaded her to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and got her a half dozen boxes. After she had used a couple of boxes her appetite began to improve and the color to return to her face. She continued using the Pills until she had taken the six boxes, and today she is perfectly well, feels stronger and looks better than she has done for some years. While she was taking the Pills she gained twelve pounds in weight."

Dr. Williams' Pills cures troubles like these because they are rooted in the blood. Bad blood is the cause of all common diseases like anaemia, rheumatism, indigestion, neuralgia, St. Vitus dance, general weakness, and those ailments that only women folks know: with their attendant headaches and backaches and irregularities. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a sure cure when given a fair trial, because they enrich the blood and thus reach the root of disease. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

SING TO THE CHILDREN.

All children are fond of music and enjoy hearing those they love, sing, especially if they sing those old familiar hymns so dear to us all.

After the evening prayer is said and they are snugly tucked in bed, their mother should sing a hymn or two, no matter if her voice is weak and lacks culture, it will be very beautiful to the children, and their sleep will be sweeter and dreams pleasanter because of mother's singing. As we look back in memory to the days of childhood, we can plainly see the old "trundle bed," and hear mother singing, "Nearer my God, to Thee" and "I Need Thee Every Hour," and peace rested over our home, when mother sang, like a benediction from Heaven. Even now though mother is old and feeble she sometimes sings those old quaint hymns and there comes to us again that same feeling of peacefulness and rest.

All children should be blessed with the music of the Gospel, sung as only a mother can sing it.

It does take a little time from other things and often mother is almost too weary to make the effort, but the reward is so great that she feels more than paid when she hears the children singing bits of hymns about their play.

Since at least one hymn each night, and it will help the children in later years as no other influence can.—By S., in the Morning Star.

There is a law that runs through all things, which finds its cruellest force in money: the more a man has the less he thinks he has.