

## COFFEE AS A FUMIGANT.

"Coffee is an excellent fumigant, and one whose pungent odor vanishes more quickly than those in ordinary use," Professor Marcus I. Epstein states. "No matter what the disagreeable odor in the apartment may be, the coffee not only drives it out, but absorbs, decomposes it, one might say, and replaces it with the healthy odor of coffee, which cannot be disagreeable even to the most sensitive."

"A proof of the fact that the coffee actually absorbs the other odor is found when the coffee is first burnt. If it simply drove the other odor from the room the smell of coffee around the stove would be very strong, but it can hardly be noticed for some minutes, and then appears generally in all portions of the place being fumigated. To use coffee as a fumigant a quantity must be crushed and placed on the top of a very hot stove and allowed to burn, either directly on the stove lids or in a receptacle provided for the purpose. It destroys all odors effectually, and its own odor will vanish in one-fifth the time it takes to get rid of sulphur. Furthermore, one may move about in the room at will without suffering any inconvenience. A test of the utility of burning coffee for this purpose was recently made.

"A quantity of meat in a very bad condition was placed in a room and allowed to remain there, with the doors and windows closed, for some hours. When the room was opened the odor was such that none could enter without protecting their nostrils, but a quarter of a pound of coffee poured on the stove caused it to vanish completely within less than five minutes, and three minutes later the coffee odor had disappeared and the atmosphere was fresh and sweet."

## HEALTH AND HOME HINTS.

**The Best Lemon Pie.**—Make a rich pie crust, as for any other pie. Take six eggs, set aside the whites of four for meringue. Beat eggs well, add one and one-half teaspoons sugar, two tablespoons of butter and juice of two lemons; beat all together well and bake in pie crust. While this cooks, beat the four whites till stiff and add one tablespoon of sugar; spread on pies and brown in a slow oven. This recipe makes two pies.

**Rhubarb Charlotte.**—Butter a baking dish and toss stale bread crumbs in it until the sides are coated; then put a layer of buttered crumbs, next a layer of rhubarb, cut in pieces, with a generous sprinkling of sugar, a dash of salt and a grating of nutmeg. Cover with the buttered crumbs, then more rhubarb and crumbs on top. Bake for half an hour in a moderate oven; serve warm with a creamy, hard sauce.

In serving salads of whatever description, the housewife must remember that one of the essential things is to have the salad fresh and cold, and if green to have the leaves crisp and dry. All greens used should stand for at least thirty minutes in ice water, before they are carefully washed to free them from dust and insects; and as, if any water is allowed to remain on the leaves, the dressing will not adhere to them, but will run to the bottom of the salad bowl, they should be carefully freed from moisture by swinging them in a wire basket or carefully dried without bruising in a clean napkin. The beauty and wholesomeness of a perfectly prepared salad, especially at this season of the year, should commend itself to every provident housekeeper, as the salts necessary for the good condition of the blood are habitually contained in these green vegetables. The addition of a dressing composed of pure olive oil, a few drops of lemon juice and a light seasoning of salt, garlic and pepper, furnish an ideal way of acquiring the fatty food also required by the system.

## SPARKLES.

**Weaver**—Poets, you know, are born, not made." **Sisson**—So it's not their fault, after all. I'll try to remember that in future.

**Ethel**—Mother, when I get married shall I have a husband like father? **Mamma**—Certainly, my dear. **Ethel**—And if I stay single shall I be an old maid, like Aunt Anna? **Mamma**—I think you will. **Ethel** (with a sigh)—Well, I am in a fix.

**The Preacher**—"What's this—fishing on Sunday? I shall tell your father at once." **The Urchin**—"Yes, sir." **The Preacher**—"Where shall I find him?" **The Urchin**—"Over there by the fence, diggin' some more bait."

A clergyman met a man declaiming against foreign missions. "Why doesn't the church look after the heathen at home?" "We do," said the clergyman quietly, and gave the man a tract.

Two Irishmen were working in a quarry, when one of them fell into a deep hole. The other came to the margin of the hole, and called out: "Arrah Pat, are ye killed entirely? If ye're dead, spake?" Pat reassured him from the bottom by saying in answer: "No, Tim, I'm not dead, but I'm spadiless."

The little three-year-old daughter of a leading minister resents too great familiarity. A few evenings ago, though she seemed a little unwilling, a caller took her upon his lap, whereupon she said with great gravity: "I want to sit in my own lap." Needless to add, he immediately put her down.

"Now," chortled the amateur Sherlock to his lady partner, "it is easy to see that gentlemen yonder is not married." "Pray, how can you tell?" "By his neglected air, his frowsy appearance. No woman would let a man go about like that. His coat lacks two buttons, you perceive, and he is not brushed." "Still," said the lady, "he is married." "You know him, then?" "I am his wife."

A colored preacher in a Georgia settlement the other day offered up the following paper—"Lawd, we wants a blessin' fer ever one, 'ont dat one is a yaller nigger, what boarded de railroad train, en runned off wid de whole collection what was took up ter pay my salary wid Lawd, please make de train jump de track—don't hurt de yuther passengers, but take off one leg fum dat nigger."

## PALE, FEEBLE GIRLS.

A great and serious responsibility rests upon every mother whose daughter is passing the threshold of girlhood into womanhood. She is at a crisis, and if she is to be a healthy, happy woman, she must develop rightly now. She must not be pale, sunken-eyed, sallow, languid and bloodless at this time. She must have additional strength and rich, pure blood to help her to strong, healthy womanhood. There is only one absolutely certain way to get new rich, health-giving blood and that is through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. — Every pill helps to make rich life-giving blood that brings strength to every organ in the body and the glow of health to pale, sallow cheeks. Thousands of pale, anemic girls in all parts of Canada have been made well and strong through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Mrs. Rachel Johnson, Hemford, N.S., says "As a result of overstudy in school, the health of my daughter, Ellen, became greatly impaired. She grew extremely nervous, was pale and thin, and suffered from most severe headaches. She had no appetite, and notwithstanding all we did for her in the way of medical treatment, her suffering continued, and I began to feel that her condition was hopeless. Indeed I began to fear her mental powers were failing. One of my friends strongly urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and as I was willing to do anything that might help her I sent for a supply. After using six pills for less than a month, we saw that her vigor was returning, and in less than three months her health was fully restored. Considering the fact that she had been ill for two years, and that doctor's treatment did her not one particle of good, I think her cure speaks volumes for the wonderful merit of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

The new blood which Dr. Williams' Pink Pills actually make, is the whole secret of their great power to cure diseases. That is the reason these pills cure anemia, heart palpitation, headaches and backaches, neurasthenia, neuralgia, kidney troubles, and a host of other ailments due to bad blood and weak nerves. But be sure you have the genuine with the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," on the wrapper around each box. If in doubt, write direct to 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.

A Massachusetts Associate says it is easily proved by the records of the county and state that "the direct cost of the liquor traffic is about five times as much as the license-fees received." The same thing is practically true wherever license of the saloon prevails.

If a Japanese farmer has as much as ten acres of land he is looked upon as a monopolist.

In Spain Hebrews are not permitted to erect and maintain houses of worship. They have no civil rights, and exist in the kingdom only as aliens.

One of the Masonic lodges has had a history of the institution compiled, and traces its foundation charter away back to the days of King Malcolm.

What is said to be a solid mountain of iron has been discovered in Styria, Austria. The mountain is situated in the famous iron mining district of Leoben.

A proposal is about to be carried out whereby the cairn on the Culloden battlefield will be surrounded by protecting rails the gravestones re-lettered, the whins cleared away, and the mounds on both sides of the public road levelled.

One of the greatest engineers of the time is Sir Douglas Fox, who has just connected the spans of the great bridge over the Victoria Falls on the Zambesi. The bridge is the highest in the world, and is situated in scenery the beauty of which words can only partly describe.

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