

HEALTH AND HOME HINTS.

Celery is a nerve tonic; onions also are a tonic for the nerves.

Beetroot is fattening and good for people who want to put on flesh.

If the pipe from the sink in the scullery becomes clogged with grease, pour down strong boiling soda water the last thing at night, and in the morning flush the sink well with cold water.

A flannel cloth dipped into warm soap-suds, and then into whiting and applied to paint, will remove all grease and dirt. Wash with clean water and dry. The most delicate paint will not be injured, and will look like new.

Sweet Potato Purée: Cook, mash and season sweet potatoes, then press through vermiculator. Set the dish in the warming-oven a few moments, and serve very hot.

Scalloped Onions: Boil white onions until tender. Put them then into a deep dish and pour over them a sauce made by rubbing a tablespoonful of butter into one of flour and adding a pint of hot milk. Cook as you would custard, and when it has been poured over the onions bake for half an hour.

Spiced Hash: Take bits of cold beef or any other kind of roasted or boiled meat, and hash fine. Mix with potatoes mashed well; as much potatoes as meat. Add two beaten eggs, season with salt, pepper, sage or summer savory. Shape into a loaf, and bake brown. It is good hot; or as a relish, cold.

Bread Griddle Cakes: Grate enough stale bread to fill one cup; soak in one cup of milk for twenty minutes; beat, add a saltspoon of salt, two tablespoons of melted butter and one egg well beaten. Add a cup of flour and beat again. Stir in quickly one and one-half level teaspoons of baking powder; bake on a griddle and serve with syrup.

Chocolate Cake: Cream a piece of butter size of an egg and add one cup of brown sugar, four tablespoonfuls of chocolate and one-half cup of milk; mix well; then mix two teaspoonfuls of baking powder with one and one-half cups of flour and add to the mixture. Lastly, add the whites of the three eggs. Bake in three layers.

Chicken Pie: Cut up a chick with half a pound of beef-steak; stew for half an hour in just water enough to cover the meat, season to taste with pepper and salt, and bake in a deep dish about another half hour; the crust should be good and not very thin, and do not have a bottom crust, only strips around the sides of the dish; a bottom crust will be soft and absorb all the gravy.

A Quickly Made Vegetable Soup: Boil turnips, onions, carrots, cabbage and celery, chopped fine, in quantity desired, in two parts of water, with a piece of butter the size of a large walnut, and a little salt. A few minutes before dinner, add a quarter of a forty-cent jar of extract of beef, stirring it until dissolved, and add salt and pepper to suit. Those who like rice in the soup with vegetables should add two or three tablespoonfuls, when the vegetables are half cooked. This quantity is enough for six or eight persons, but should, unexpectedly, more be needed, some more boiling water and a little beef extract added, will, in a moment, make all the soup required without changing its quality in the least.

An American who was traveling in Europe when he visited the Vatican, asked to see the cattle-pens.

The attendant was very much surprised, and said: "Cattle-pens? Why we have nothing of the sort, signor."

The response was, "Where in the world do you keep the papal bulls?"

SPARKLES.

"Listen to this, Maria," said Mr. Stubb as he unfolded his scientific paper. "This article states that in some of the old Roman prisons that have been unearthed they found the petrified remains of the prisoners."

"Gracious, John!" replied Mrs. Stubb, with a smile. "I suppose you would call them hardened criminals."

The Rector: "And now would you like to be a clergyman when you grow up, Tommy?" The Boy: "Not for me! I'm sick of wearin' things that button at the back."

"My son, my son!" exclaimed the dismayed mother, as she saw all her boy's belongings stacked in a corner of the closet. "Haven't I tried over and over to teach you that you should have a place for everything?"

"Yep," said the son, cheerfully, "and this is the place."

A learned judge at a dinner was unexpectedly called upon to reply to a toast. Recovering somewhat from his surprise, he said his situation reminded him of a man who fell into the water while he was fishing. With no little difficulty he was rescued; and, after he had regained his breath, his rescuer asked him how he came to fall into the water. "I did not come to fall into the water," replied the unfortunate fisherman; "I came to fish."

Teacher—Remember the text, "Eat, drink, and be merry, for tomorrow you die."

Pupil—Please, teacher, in our family we don't. We all take medicine next day.

THE TOILER'S FEAR.

By Anna Louise Strong.

There is one thing I fear—

Not death, nor sharp disease,
Nor loss of friends I hold most dear,
Nor pain, nor want—not these.

But the life of which men say:

"The world has given him bread;
And what gives he to the world as pay
For the crust on which he fed?"

I would pour out strength, and then

When I have no strength to give,
No use, no share in the lives of men
Who toil, and fight, and live—

Then let the end come fast,

Whatever my past success;
That I may not cumber the ground at last,
Nor linger in uselessness.

SPREADING THE GOSPEL.

A Highland minister, who had an exceedingly large parish, the outlying district of which he used to visit periodically on foot, accidentally injured his foot while paying a visit to an old crofter who resided in one of these districts. The minister was obliged to be at home that evening, and as railways are unknown in the district and the roads were bad there was nothing for it but to take the horse which the old crofter kindly proffered him. This, however, he was very loath to do, as he was by no means an adept in the art of horsemanship, and he did not like the appearance of the animal, which seemed to be a spirited one. However, mustering up his courage, he mounted the horse, remarking to the crofter as he did so: "Surely, Donald, you are not so unregenerate as to give me a horse which would throw a good Presbyterian minister!" "Weel," replied Donald, with a small twinkle in his eye, "disna ken. Up here, ye ken, we be 'a spreadin' the Gospel."

RHEUMATISM

IN THE BLOOD

Liniments and Rubbing Will Not Cure It—The Disease Must be Treated Through the Blood.

The trouble with men and women who have rheumatism is that they waste valuable time in trying to rub the complaint away. If they rub hard enough the friction causes warmth in the affected part, which temporarily relieves the pain, but in a short time the aches and pains are as bad as ever. All the rubbing, and all the liniments and outward applications in the world won't cure rheumatism, because it is rooted in the blood. Rubbing won't remove the poisonous acid in the blood that causes the pain. But Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will, because they are a blood medicine acting on the blood. That is why the aches and pains and stiff swollen joints of rheumatism disappear when these pills are used. That's why sensible people waste no time in rubbing but take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills when the first twinges of rheumatism come on, and these speedily drive the trouble out of their system. Mr. John Evans, 12 Kempi Road, Halifax, N.S., says: "About three years ago I had an attack of rheumatism which settled in my right leg and ankle, which became very much swollen and was exceedingly painful. I wasted a good deal of time trying to get rid of the trouble by rubbing with liniments, but it did not do me a bit of good. My daughter was using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills at the time and finally persuaded me to try them. Inside of a week the pills began to help me, and after taking them a few weeks longer the trouble had completely disappeared and has not bothered me since. My daughter was also taking the pills at the time for weakness and anaemia, was also cured by them, and I am now a firm friend of this medicine."

Most of the troubles that afflict mankind are due to poor, watery blood. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills actually make new red blood. That is why they cure anaemia, with its headaches and back-aches, and dizziness and fainting spells; the pangs of rheumatism, and the sharp stabbing pains of neuralgia; also indigestion, St. Vitus dance, paralysis and the ailments of young girls and women of mature age. Good blood is the secret of health, and the secret of good blood is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Sir Christopher Furness has offered to sell his great ship yards to the trade unions, or to admit the workmen into co-partnership, with a reduction of 5 per cent. in wages. The latter would seem a most advantageous offer, and an opportunity of a lifetime, one which the workmen should eagerly grasp. It is worth something to have an interest in the business. The workmen could probably manage to increase both the quantity and quality of the product by each giving special attention to his part of the work. In bad years they might get 5 per cent. less than at present, but would be more sure of employment. In good years they have the chance of sharing the profits.

Do you suppose that it was the nails that held Him to that cross; that it was helplessness that made Him yield to death? No, no, it was His redeeming love that bound Him to the cross and kept Him there until He had completed our redemption.—Geo. F. Pentecost.