

## HEALTH AND HOME HINTS.

To drive moths from upholstered work, sprinkle the upholstered parts with benzine.

When boiling milk, if a little water is first boiled in the saucepan, this will prevent the milk burning or sticking.

Cure for Insomnia—Place an open vessel of cold water under the head of the bed of a restless sleeper, and renew each night. This will give quiet and relief.

Fowl Salute and Green Peas.—Cut up into pieces the remains of a cold roast fowl and place with two ounces of butter in a stewpan. Fry the fowl a nice brown, and sprinkle with pepper, salt and a little pounded mace.

Deviled Liver—This makes a good breakfast dish. Chop some cold liver till very fine, dredge with flour, and stir in a tablespoonful of made mustard, pepper, salt, and a cupful of good gravy. Stew slowly, then add two hard-boiled eggs thinly sliced, and serve on toast.

When making an Omelet, if the yolks and whites are first beaten separately the omelet will not fall as soon as it is removed from the fire.

Pasty can be quickly prepared if there is kept on hand a quantity of flour and lard well chopped together. This can be set away in the refrigerator in a glass can, and has only to be mixed with ice-cold water when pastry is needed hastily.

For treacle pudding take a quarter of a pound of flour, 1 ounce of suet, a quarter of a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda, one teaspoonful of ground ginger, half a gill of treacle, and half a gill of milk. Chop the suet and mix it with the flour, add the carbonate of soda and ginger. Mix treacle and milk together, then add the flour, suet, carbonate of soda, and ginger, and blend well together. Grease a pudding basin, and pour the mixture in; cover with a greased paper, and steam for one hour.

Stuffed Dates.—Purchase the finest and largest dates possible, carefully remove the seed by splitting on one side only, and fill with chopped nuts prepared with a little powdered sugar and lemon juice to form a paste. Press the date together to secure the filling, and dust with powdered sugar.

Walnut Creams.—These dainty tid-bits are easily and quickly made by mixing a quantity of powdered or confectioner's sugar with the stiffly beaten white of one egg and just enough cold water to make a paste. Form this paste into balls of the required size, press half of an English walnut on each side and dust with powdered sugar. Pecan nuts may be substituted for the walnuts if so desired. Candies, to be at their best, must be freshly made; this is especially true of walnut creams.

## THE HANDICAPPED HALF-BREED.

"There will be Indians in the Canadian Northwest when there are no half-breeds." These were the words of a veteran trader just from the far north, Henry A. Cahler—a stalwart Natty Bumppo in corduroys. Consumption, this observant Leather-Stocking says, is the blight which is fast wiping the half-breed out of existence.

"Nine out of ten half-breeds die of consumption," he continued. "So swift are the ravages of this disease among these people that the fire in the cemetery is always kept burning to thaw out the ground that the graves may be dug.

"The Indian does not seem to suffer like his half-brother. After watching these people for a number of years it seems to me that they are born with the disease in them. Then his careless, slovenly life helps it along. In the spring the half-breed wades out into the alouga and ponds and catches a cold and, unlike the Indian, is unable to throw it off. The half-breed morally is also weaker than the Indian. He has all the vices of both the red man and the white man, and but few of their virtues."—St. Paul Dispatch.

## SPARKLETS.

He—"Oh, I say, Miss Fordyce! Do you—aw—think cigarettes affect the brain, I say?" Mrs. Fordyce—"Oh, not a bit. Fellows with brains don't smoke them."

"Opportunity knocks at a man's door but once in his lifetime," exclaimed the prison chaplain to the bank sneak. "Now, see here, parson, opportunity knocked at my door four times that I can remember of." "And did you grasp it each time?" "I d'd. and got sent up each time."

The father—"Ef I give you some money to spend while ye be in London ye woa't go to no music-halls or gambling places, or drink champagne with it, will ye?" Son—"No, pa." The father—"Well, then, here's a shilling, an' mind ye keep yer word."

A young Glasgow minister, who thought himself quite capable of making great improvements, performing his first marriage-ceremony, asked the bride: "Do you take this man in preference to every other man?" received the smart answer, "Deed, no, sir; I'd rather hae yersel!"

Harris—"Heard the news? Steve has gone to work for the Government." Brewster—"You don't mean it!" Harris—"Oh, well, of course, you know what I mean. He has got a Government position."

Mamma—"Why, Johnnie, is it possible you are in the jam again, after I whipped you an hour ago for getting into it?" Johnny—"Yes, ma'am. I heard you tell grandma you had whipped me too hard, so I thought I'd make it even."

Askington—"Quite a clever girl, isn't she?" Sapsmith—"Clever? Why, she has brains enough for two!" "Marry her, old fellow! Marry her, as quick as you can!"

He—"At last we're alone, I've been hoping for this chance—." She—"So have I." He—"Ah! you know then that I wanted to tell you that I loved—." She—"Yes, and I wanted to say 'No' and get it over with."

"Our chauffeur is such a careful man." "I'm glad to hear you say that." "Yes. The last time we were out he ran over two dogs and a huckster without getting a single thing out of repair."

Visitor (from the sunny South)—"I am told there is a theory up here that your climate is changing." Host—"There is no theory about it. It's a recognized fact. Our climate is always changing."

## WEAK LUNGS

## Made Sound and Strong by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

If your blood is weak, if it is poor and watery, a touch of cold or influenza will settle in your lungs and the apparently harmless cough of today will become the racking consumptive's cough of tomorrow. Weak blood is an open invitation for consumption to lay upon you the hand of death. The only way to avoid consumption and to strengthen and brace the whole system is by enriching your blood and strengthening your lungs with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They make new, rich, warm blood. They add resisting power to the lungs. They have saved scores from a consumptive's grave—not after the lungs are hopelessly diseased, but where taken when the cough first attacks the enfeebled system. Here is positive proof. Mrs. Harry Stead, St. Catharines, Ont., says: "A few years ago I was attacked with lung trouble, and the doctor, after treating me for a time, thought I was going into consumption. I grew pale and emaciated, had no appetite, was troubled with a hacking cough, and I felt that I was fast going towards the grave. Neither the doctor's medicine nor other medicine that I took seemed to help me. Then a good friend urged me to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. By the time I had used four boxes it was plain that they were helping me. I began to recover my appetite, and in other ways felt better. I took six boxes more, and was as well as ever, and had gained in weight. I believe Dr. Williams' Pink Pills saved me from a consumptive's grave, and I feel very grateful."

Now, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills build up the strength in just one way—they actually make new blood. That is all they do, but they do it well. They don't act on the bowels. They don't bother with mere symptoms. They won't cure any disease that isn't caused by bad blood. But then, nearly all common diseases spring from that one cause—anaemia, indigestion, biliousness, headaches, side-aches, backaches, kidney trouble, lumbago, rheumatism, sciatica, neuralgia, nervousness, general weakness and the special secret ailments that growing girls and women do not like to talk about even to their doctors. But you must get the genuine with full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," on the wrapper around each box. If in doubt send for price—50 cents a box or \$2.50 for six boxes, to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and get the pills by mail postpaid.

## AN ALL-WORLD REDEEMER.

Jesus did not despise any who came unto him nor did he have respect of persons. His heart was open to the world and his love went out to all. The despised publican, Matthew, and the scholarly Nichodemus; Zaccheus in his curiosity and the Samaritan woman in her sin; Bartimeus in his poverty and the young ruler in his wealth were alike the subjects of his uniform faithfulness and compassion. His speech was always in wisdom. He never trifled with great themes. He never addressed the inquirer in double language or in words that would be misunderstood. And no matter who came to him he was ready with his compassion to relieve the burdens of their hearts. And his tenderness is just as great today as then; his voice of compassion is the same. It still is, "Ho, everyone;" "Come an' to me all ye;" "Whosoever will." He has a promise for all though their "sins be as scarlet." He is not the Saviour of any class or clique, but the open-hearted, all-wise, ever-present Redeemer of humanity; the white skin and the black, the civilized and the savage, the far-away and the near hand. Whatever the need, whatever the condition; he is an all-world Saviour.

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