

HEALTH AND HOME HINTS.

Alcohol will take out candle grease.

Lamb chops are delicious if dipped in lemon juice before broiling.

A stiff quill feather will make a good brush for washing the leaves of plants.

Bits of old velvet are a very good substitute for chamolis in polishing articles, and are more easily washed.

Large tin cracker and candy boxes are very convenient, and can be utilized as lunch boxes for school, travel, etc. They also serve as a picnic basket.

Veal Loaf—Take 1 1/2 pound of veal, 1 1/2 pound of pork chopped fine, add 2 crackers, 2 eggs, 1 teaspoonful of salt, butter the size of an egg, and 1 1/2 cupful of sweet milk. Mix well, and bake in a loaf.

Jellied Apples—Slice fresh apples (Spitzenburgs, if you have them), put in a pudding dish with alternate layers of sugar; add half cup of water and cover with a plate and bake in a slow oven four hours. Turn out when cold.

In making cracked wheat, for which we have developed quite a fondness, I soak the wheat all night in salted water—just a little more than enough to cover it—and steam it in the same way. I do rice or oatmeal. Sometimes I add chopped walnuts and dates just before I light the fire under the wheat, and the combination is delicious. Try it.

Cream Cake—One cup of pounded sugar, two-thirds of a cup of butter, four eggs, one-half of a cup of milk, one-half teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, three cups of flour. Filling: one-half pint of milk, two small teaspoonfuls of corn starch, one egg, one teaspoonful of vanilla, one-half cup of sugar.

Vegetable Soup—Two pounds lean beef with bone (not cracked), three quarts water, adding more as it boils away; one teaspoonful salt; when the meat is cooked tender take it, with the bone, out, and add to stock one small carrot, one small turnip and six medium-sized potatoes, chopped fine. Save the meat for mince pies. We can heartily recommend this soup as the best of its kind.

Baked Macaroni—Take one-half package macaroni and boil it until tender (usually twenty minutes), in salted water. Put it in an earthen baking dish, first a layer of macaroni, then of grated cheese, letting the last layer be of the cheese. Add bits of butter, more salt if necessary, and turn milk over all. Bake until crisp on top, which will in a hot oven be about half an hour. This may be varied by using, instead of cheese, onions or tomatoes, and it is exceedingly nice with celery salt as the flavor.

Potato Beignets—Mash a large plateful of mealy potatoes with two ounces of butter and two well beaten eggs. Rub them till no lumps remain, spread the mass out smooth, not quite an inch thick; then cut out with cutters half-moons, round, oval, and three-cornered shapes. Coat them with egg and bread crumbs, and grate cheese over. Fry them a delicate yellow, or put them in the oven to bake a nice pale colour, without drying. Serve them hot, either alone or as a garnish to different dishes.

Dresden Eggs—Four eggs, 2 tomatoes, 3 ounces of ham, 4 rounds of bread, pepper. Stamp out four rounds of bread with a cutter 2 inches across; fry them a golden brown in hot fat. Chop the ham very finely and season it with pepper, and if required, a little salt. Put a layer of ham on each crouté of bread; on this put half a tomato. Next put the croutés on a baking tin in the oven until the tomato is tender. Fry the eggs carefully, drain off as much fat as possible, then place an egg on each slice of tomato. Serve them as hot as possible.

SPARKLES.

"This is the chicken salad," said the caterer's boy, as he delivered the package. "I guess it was your husband that ordered it sent, ma'am."

"Yes," said little Mrs. Bridey, "here's your money. Now, how do you make it?"

"O! I don't know anything about that, ma'am."

"You don't? Why, my husband told me if I paid you you'd give me the receipt."

Captain (to the man at the wheel)—"Another pint a port, quartermaster." Lady passenger—"Goodness, gracious! that's the second pint of port he has called for within a few minutes. How those captains drink."

"Does he know much?" "Well, he not only knows that he doesn't know much, but he knows enough to keep others from knowing it."

"What's the matter with my husband, doctor?" asked the anxious wife. "He's suffering from auto-intoxication," replied the M.D. "That's not so," snapped the wife. "He hasn't been in an auto this year, and he's never tasted liquor in his life."

"Did you see the Alps?" "Oh, yes; our car broke down right opposite them, and, do you know, I'm almost glad it did; I found them so charming and interesting."

"The light that shines farthest, shines brightest at home." If it is not shining at home it assuredly is not shining afar.

Jennie—I don't know what to do for this frightful cold. What do most people do when they have a cold?

Bennie—They cough.

"On your trip abroad did you see any wonderful old ruins?" he asked.

"Yes," she replied archly, "and guess what?"

"Well?"

"One of them wanted to marry me."

It was bedtime for Herbert and Grace. The two ventured timidly along the unlighted hallway. When the bottom of the stairs was reached, Herbert stopped. After vainly trying to pierce the darkness which lay before him, he loudly called:

"Oh, I say, mother; it isn't polite for men to go first, is it?"

"No, dear," came the response from the distance.

"Then go ahead, Grace," commanded the much-relieved Herbert, courageously pushing his sister to the fore.

A THRASHING FROM THE MINISTER.

A serious war of words had taken place between the minister and the leading elder of a Scottish kirk.

Whether it was about a knotty theological point or the sale of a horse was not quite clear to the parishioners who looked on but the elder waxed so very wroth as to forget the respect due to his spiritual head.

"Man," he roared, "if it wisna' for the black coat on yer back an' the Reverend afore yer name I wud lick ye whaur ye stan'!"

Making a half-turn to the left, the minister planted his stick in the ground, hung his black coat on the stick, and crowned the garment with his hat.

"Stan' ye there, Reverend Alexander Sandison," he admonished the figure, "ill plain Sandy Sandison g'ies this man a guid thrashing."

This he did, and the man afterwards respected the minister the more because he was a "muscular" Christian.

WHY I RECOMMEND
DR. WILLIAMS'
PINK PILLS

The Particulars of a Remarkable Cure
Told by a Presbyterian Clergyman
—The Sufferer Brought Back From
Death's Door.

St. Andrew's Manse,
Cardigan, P.E.I., Jan., 1908.

Though I have never been sick myself, and have not had occasion to use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, I thought you ought to know of the remarkable cure they have wrought in Mr. Olding's case.

During a visit to my home in Merigomish, N.S., some years ago, I was grieved to find our next door neighbor and friend, Michael Olding, very low. "He is not expected to live," my mother informed me, "And you must go over and see him, as he is liable to pass away at any moment." "Not expected to live," that was the opinion not only of the doctor who attended him, but of his wife and family as well. Upon visiting him myself I found abundant evidence to confirm their opinion.

Mr. Olding had for years been afflicted with asthma and bronchitis, but now a complication of diseases was ravishing his system. He had been confined to his bed for months and was reduced to a skeleton. Though evidently glad to see me, he conversed with the greatest difficulty, and seemed to realize that it was the beginning of the end. He was daily growing weaker; his feet were swollen to twice their natural size, and the cold hand of death was upon his brow. "It's no use," he said feebly, "the doctor's medicine is not helping me and I am going down rapidly." I prayed with him as for a man soon to pass into eternity, and when I took his hand in parting it was the last time I expected to see him in the flesh.

Three years later while on another visit to my mother's, Michael Olding was seemingly in better health than I had ever seen him, for, as I said, he had always been ailing. In sheer desperation he had asked his wife to get Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They soon began to help him. His appetite and strength began to improve, and to the astonishment of his family and friends he rapidly regained his health. Now, though the burden of well nigh four score years is upon him, he is able to do a fair day's work, and is in the enjoyment of good health, even the asthma has ceased to trouble him as in former years.

Mr. Olding himself, as well as his neighbors and the writer of this letter, confidently believe that his rescue from the very jaws of death—seemingly so miraculous—is due under the blessing of God to the timely and continuous use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

REV. EDWIN SMITH, M.A.

Mr. Olding himself writes:—"I am glad Rev. Mr. Smith has written you about my wonderful cure, for I confidently believe that if it had not been for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I would have been dead long ago. It would be impossible to exaggerate the desperate condition I was in when I began to use the Pills. No one thought I could get better. I scarcely dared hope myself that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills would bring me through, but they did and I have ever since enjoyed good health. Though I am seventy-nine years old people are always remarking on how young I look—and I feel young. I can do a fair day's work, and I am better in every way than I had been for years. I cannot say too much in praise of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and I take every opportunity I can to recommend them to friends who are ailing."