

HEALTH AND HOME HINTS.

Soap-tree bark, that can be bought at any druggist's is splendid for cleansing any woollen goods or gentlemen's clothes. Pour boiling water over and make a strong decoction, and wash the goods with a brush.

If brooms are dipped for a minute or two in a kettle of boiling suds once a week they will last much longer. It makes them tough but pliable, and a carpet is not worn half so much by sweeping with a broom cared for in this manner.

Pumpkin Pies.—Peel and remove the seeds, then boil the pumpkin in a very little water, allowing it to stew for several hours, but be careful not to let it burn. Rub it through a colander, and add sufficient sweet milk to the pulp to bring it to a thick batter, add eggs in the proportion of one to a quart of the batter, sugar to your taste, season with ginger; line the baking dishes with good pie-crust, fill with the batter, well warmed, and bake about three quarters of an hour. Squash pies are made the same way.

PUREE OF CHESTNUTS.

Shell and blanch one pound of Italian chestnuts, cook in boiling water until tender, drain and pass through a puree sieve; add half a cup of sugar and a little hot cream; cook two or three minutes, remove from the fire, and flavor with one teaspoon of vanilla; stir in half a cup of candied cherries cut into pieces, and form into a mound. To a cup of thick cream add one-fourth a cup of milk, half a teaspoon of vanilla, and one-third a cup of sugar, and beat solid. With a part of the cream cover the mound of chestnuts. Decorate with candied cherries and serve very cold.

HOW TO AVOID COLDS.

Habitual colds are due to an ill-kept skin on the outside, and dyspeptic mucous membranes on the inside, the result of indigestion or constipation, coupled with carelessness.

Cold water, proper food and common sense are the foundations upon which a cold cure must rest. A cold sponge bath, one to three minutes long, with a brisk dry rub immediately before and after, is excellent—usually all that is necessary to keep the cutaneous circulation alive and the skin reactive to sudden changes of temperature.

For those unaccustomed to cold water, tolerance can be gained in three weeks' time by the use of water at any comfortable temperature, making it one degree colder each day, until it can be employed without dread as cold as it will run. Salt may be added to the water for its stimulating effect, or alcohol; witch hazel is also useful.

Cold water, intelligently used, does not steal vitality, but fosters it. It stimulates the nerves that control the expansion and contraction of the blood vessels, and regulates the cutaneous circulation. The dry rub is a fair substitute for those who cannot take the cold sponge bath.

Hot water may be employed once or twice a week, when a full bath is taken and soap used. This bath should end with a cold sponge.

For cold feet, wading ankle deep in cold water in the bath tub for one or two minutes before retiring will be found effective. Its reaction does not set in after brisk rubbing, wrap the feet in flannel; they will soon thaw out. Do not use hot water bottles or other debilitating forms of heat. Cold hands may be treated on the same principle, but they have to be kept in cold water usually a much longer time.

SPARKLES.

Englishman (in British Museum)—This book, sir, was once owned by Cicero.
American Tourist—Pshaw! that's nothing. Why, in one of our American museums we have the lead pencil which Noah used to check off the animals as they came out of the ark.

"Come, now, Pat," said a Cookney tourist to an Irish peasant whom he had encountered in Connemara. "I'll give you a sovereign if you tell a bigger lie than you ever told before."
"Faith, sir, you're a real gentleman," Pat responded, and the company unanimously declared the sovereign earned.

"Do you play any instrument, Mr. Jimp?"
"Yes, I'm a cornetist."
"And your sister?"
"She's a pianist."
"Does your mother play?"
"She's a zitherist."
"And your father?"
"He's a pessimist."

Mrs. Aristocrat—Did you hear what Mrs. Nouveau Rich said to me at the concert this afternoon?

Mrs. Wellborn—No, my dear, do tell me all about it.

Mrs. Aristocrat—Well, she informed me she had decided to have a non de plume in her hat.

"There was a strange man here to see you to-day, papa," said little Ethel, as she ran to meet her father in the hall.
"Did he have a bill?" "No papa; he had just a plain noe."

The infant of the household was in its cradle. The head of the house was at home, peevish and faultfinding. At length he became unendurable.

"You've done nothing but make mistakes to-day," he growled.

"Yes," she answered, meekly. "I began by putting the wrong baby to bed."

A little girl was asked to tell the meaning of the word "happy." "To be happy," she said, "is to feel as if you wanted to give all your things to your little sister."

RIDDLES, NEW AND OLD.

Which is swifter, heat or cold? Heat, because you can catch cold.

Why does a Russian soldier wear brass buttons on his coat and an Austrian soldier wear steel ones? To keep his coat buttoned.

What is the difference between an old cent and a new dime? Nine cents.

When is a bee a great nuisance? When he is a humbug.

What is the difference between a hill and a pill? One is hard to get up, the other is hard to get down.

Why is a lazy dog like a hill? Because he is a slow pup (slope up).

A man had twenty-six (twenty sick) sheep and one died; how many remained? Nineteen.

What is the oldest table in the world? The multiplication table.

Why is the professional thief very comfortable? Because he usually takes things easy.

Why is A like honeysuckle? Because B. follows it.—Children's Magazine.

"All Gaul is divided into three parts," an old Roman once wrote. But he did not know. He had never been one of three speakers at an evening banquet, each of whom was to have a half-hour, and the first of whom spoke for an hour and a half. That man had all the gall in the world, and it was not divided.—Philadelphia Westminster.

A CURE FOR RHEUMATISM

The Trouble Yields to the Rich, Red Blood Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Actually Make.

Ask any doctor and he will tell you that rheumatism is rooted in the blood; that nothing can cure it that does not reach the blood. It is sheer waste of money and time to try to cure rheumatism with liniments and lotions that only go skin deep. You can speedily cure rheumatism with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which enrich the blood, drive out the poisonous acid and loosen the stiffened, aching joints. Among the thousands of rheumatic sufferers cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is Mr. W. A. Taylor, Newcastle, N.B., who says:—For a number of years I was a sufferer from rheumatism which was seated in my shoulders and knee joints. I tried liniments and blistering, but with no effect. In fact the trouble was getting worse, and my knee joints grew so stiff that they would snap if I stooped, and I could scarcely straighten up. Altogether I was a terrible sufferer, and nothing I did or took gave me any relief until I began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I took the Pills steadily for a couple of months and every vestige of the trouble disappeared. That was two years ago, and as I have had no return of the trouble I feel safe in assuming that the cure is permanent.

Nine-tenths of the common ailments that afflict humanity are due to bad blood, and as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills actually make new blood that is the reason they cure so many different troubles, such as anaemia, indigestion, rheumatism, eczema, neuralgia, St. Vitus dance, paralysis and the ailments of girlhood and womanhood with all their distressing headaches, backaches and irregularities. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50c a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

JENNIE'S SELFISHNESS.

Johnnie and Jennie were having a tea party.

"You can pour out the tea, Jennie," said Johnnie, graciously.

"And I will help to the cake," went on Johnnie.

"We—ll," repeated Jennie, more doubtfully.

So Jennie poured out the tea, and Johnnie cut up the cake. Mamma had given them quite a large piece. Johnnie cut the large piece into five smaller pieces. They were all about the same size.

He helped Jennie to one piece, and began to eat another himself. Jennie poured another cup of tea, and the feast went on. Mamma, in the next room, heard them talking peacefully awhile, but presently arose a discussion, and then a prolonged wail from Johnnie.

"What is the matter?" asked mamma. "Jennie's greedy, and selfish, too," cried Johnnie, between his sobs.

Then he cried again. "What is the matter?" repeated mamma, going in to find out.

"Why," explained Johnnie, as soon as he could speak, "we each had two pieces of cake, and there was only one left, and Jennie, she took it all!"

"That does seem rather selfish of Jennie!"

"Yes, it was!" Johnnie wept, "cause I cut the cake so's I could have the extra piece myself."