

## HEALTH AND HOME HINTS.

Windows should be closed during a thunder-storm, as window glass is one of the worst possible conductors of lightning.

If in covering a kitchen table with oil-cloth a layer of brown paper is put on first, it will prevent the oilcloth cracking, and make it wear three times as long.

Beds should be aired as early as possible after rising, and windows opened to admit the fresh morning air. Before the sun gets high enough to warm the rooms, the shutters should be closed to keep them cool.

If a can of milk is placed near an open vessel containing turpentine the smell of turpentine is soon communicated to the milk. The same result occurs as regards tobacco, paraffin, asphaltum, camphor and many other strong smelling substances.

To keep a fruit or seed cake moist, place it in an airtight tin with a good sound apple, renewing the apple if it becomes in the least decayed.

Those who take cold easily after washing their head should rub a little eau-de-cologne or other spirit into the scalp after the hair is dried.

A sprinkling of fresh-ground coffee will keep game sweet for several days. All game packed in hampers or boxes should be treated in this way.

Match marks on a polished or varnished surface may be removed by being first rubbed with a cut lemon, an then with a rag dipped in clean water.

Corn dodgers.—Put two cups of white corn meal into a bowl; add a rounding tablespoonful of butter, and sufficient hot water to simply moisten; let this stand for fifteen minutes, and add two tablespoonfuls of milk and one egg well beaten. Spoon by spoonful on a baking pan and bake in a quick oven twenty minutes.

Strawberry Cream.—Add to the beaten yolks of six eggs one and a half tablespoonfuls of flour and seven ounces of sugar; mix the whole thoroughly, and stir it over a slow fire to a smooth cream. Having rubbed one pint of strawberries through a sieve stir the fruit juice into the cream, let it come to a boil, color it with a few drops of tincture of cochineal, and add to it the whites of the six eggs beaten stiff. Pour into a mould and set away to harden.

Beef Bouillon.—Stir well together four pounds of finely chopped beef and two quarts of water; add a slice of onion, two bay leaves, six cloves one carrot chopped fine, and a blade of mace. Stand the mixture over the fire, bring slowly to boiling point, and simmer for one hour. Put a tablespoonful of sugar in a small saucepan. When it burns add a slice of onion; stir until the onion is brown, then add it to the bouillon. Strain through a strainer. Beat the whites of two eggs slightly, add them to the bouillon, bring to boiling point and boil for two minutes. Strain through two thicknesses of cheesecloth. Add a palatable seasoning of salt and pepper and half a teaspoonful of kitchen bouquet. Re-heat and serve in bouillon cups.

The editor of a country paper received the query: "Can you tell me what the weather will be next month? In reply he wrote: "It is my belief that the weather next month will be very much like your subscription." The inquirer wondered for an hour what the editor was driving at, when he happened to think of the word "unsettled." He went in next day and squared his account.

"When he started in life he worked in a country store and was glad to sleep under the counter."

"And now?"

"He's so troubled with insomnia that he'd be glad to sleep anywhere."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

He who lives by noble ideals never sneers at exalted standards in others.

## THE QUEEN IN ROMANCE.

An English lady tells a story of Queen Victoria which she believes has not before appeared in print, and which she knows is true. Three children were walking along the road between Windsor and Stoke Poges. They heard the sound of carriage wheels. It was the queen's carriage, and she was in it.

The oldest child (a little boy) had been reading oriental stories and fairy lore. He knew what was due to a queen, and cried to the others:

"Get down flat in the dust before the carriage, and we'll all call out at once 'O Queen, live forever!'"

Down went the three little bodies flat in the dust, much to the mystification of the coachman, who reined up sharply.

The queen leaned forward and asked: "What in the world is the matter, children? Are you frightened?"

"Yes, O queen!"

Then there was a pause, and one reproachful voice said, "There, we forgot the 'live forever' part!"

The queen grasped the situation and laughed aloud, as her coachman afterwards said, "more heartily than she had laughed for years."

"Did you ever laugh until you cried, Tommy?"

"Yes, only this morning."

"What at?"

"Well, we stepped on a tack and I laughed, then you caught me laughing, and I cried."

"Do you ever have your own way?" asked the cynical near relative.

"Yes," answered Mr. Meekton. "Sometimes I have my own way; but not without consulting Henrietta very closely before I make up my mind."

A bachelor farmer a little past his prime, finding himself hard up, thought the best thing he could do would be to marry a neighbor of his, who was reported to have some bawbees. Meeting with no obstacles to his wooing he soon got married. One of the first purchases he made with part of her money was a horse. When he brought it home he called out his wife to see it. After admiring it she said:

"Well, Sam, if it hadna been for my siller it wadna been here."

"Jenny," Sam replied, "if it hadna been for yer siller ye wadna been here yerse!"—Philadelphia Telegraph.

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## WHEN DOCTORS FAILED.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Brought New Health and Strength.

From The Post, Thorold, Ont.

Mr. Reuben Lindsay, a fruit grower at Ridgeville, Ont., is one of the best known men in that section, having lived in the village or its vicinity all his life. All Mr. Lindsay's neighbors know that about a year ago his condition of health was very serious. To use his own words he "began to go to pieces—was all wasting away." When a reporter of the Thorold Post called on Mr. Lindsay recently, he found him again enjoying the best of health, and when asked what had wrought his cure, he replied very emphatically, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills; they did for me what medical treatment and other medicines failed to do. In the spring of 1903," continued Mr. Lindsay, "I grew so weak that I could hardly move about. My appetite completely failed me, and I seemed to be wasting away to a mere shadow. I grew so weak that I could not work, and could scarcely look after my horses without resting. I doctored with two or three good physicians, but got no permanent benefit. In fact they seemed doubtful as to what my trouble was. One said liver trouble, another kidney disease, but whatever the trouble was it was rapidly using me up. A neighbor who had used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills with benefit, advised me to try them, but I felt somewhat skeptical. However, I was finally induced to try them, and before I had finished the second box, I could note an improvement. I continued using the pills until I had taken some twelve boxes, when I was again enjoying robust health—in fact I have no hesitation in saying that I believe Dr. Williams' Pink Pills saved my life. Remembering my former unbelief in these pills, I gladly give this testimonial, in the hope that it may induce some other sufferer to try this great health-giving medicine."

Other ailing people all speedily find new health and strength through a fair use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Every case sends new, rich red blood coursing through the veins, and that is the reason these pills cure anaemia, neuralgia, indigestion, kidney and liver troubles, rheumatism, and all other diseases having their origin in poor or watery blood—including the special ailments that make the lives of so many growing girls and women of all ages miserable. See that the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" is printed on the wrapper around each box. If in doubt, you can get the pills by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by writing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Bobby's father had given him a ten-cent piece—and a quarter of a dollar, telling him he might put one or the other on the contribution plate.

"Which did you give, Bobby?" his father asked when the boy came home from church.

"Well, father, I thought at first I ought to put in the quarter," said Bobby, "but then just in time I remembered, 'The Lord loveth a cheerful giver,' and I knew I could give the ten-cent piece a great deal more cheerfully, so I put that in."—Youth's Companion.

A small Scotch boy was to give evidence against his father. The Magistrate said to him:

"Come, now, my man, speak the truth, and let us hear all you know of this affair."

"Weel, sir, dae you ken the coal wharf?"

"Yes."

"Weel, when you turn the corner you gang up the High street?"

"Yes, my boy, you're very clever."

"Well, you gang on till you come to a pump."

"Yes, yes, I know it well."

"Weel, you can gang and pump it, for you'll no pump me."

And the boy departed.