

HEALTH AND HOME HINTS.

Mix prunes and raisins for a supper dish. The raisins give the prunes a tang that is savory.

To purify water.—Sprinkle a little powdered alum in the water, and in a few hours all impurities will be precipitated to the bottom, leaving the water pure and clear as spring water.

Toothache Drops.—One ounce of alcohol, two drachms of Cayenne, one ounce of kerosene oil; let it stand twenty-four hours after mixing. It cures the worst case of toothache.

The human foot is becoming smaller. The masculine foot of twenty centuries ago was about twelve inches long. The average man's foot of today is easily fitted with a number eight and a-half shoe, which is about ten and a-half inches in length.

A Head-Wash.—Sage tea is one of the very best preparations for washing and dressing the hair. The hair should be carefully brushed and braided in two firm braids, and the roots rubbed with a sponge dipped in lukewarm sage tea. The braids can then be washed and dried with a towel. This preserves the color of the hair, and keeps the scalp clean.

Cream egg.—Boil five or six eggs until they are hard. Make a sauce of a pint of milk, a lump of butter the size of an egg, pepper and salt, and enough corn starch to make it thick as thick cream. Take the shells off the eggs while hot and cut them in two, lengthwise; pour the cream dressing over them, and serve hot. It is nice to place thin slices of buttered toast under the eggs.

Rich Coffee Cake.—Two cups of butter, three of sugar, one of molasses, one of very strong coffee, one of cream or rich milk, the yolks of eight eggs, one pound each of raisins and currants, one-half pound of citron, the same of figs and five cups of brown sugar after it is stirred. Put the flour in the oven until a rich brown, being careful not to burn it. When cold sift with it three table-spoonfuls of good baking powder and a little salt. Cut the figs in long strips, dredge all the fruit with flour, beat the cake well up and bake in a moderate oven from four to five hours.

The Art of Patching.—This is an operation requiring far more skill than does the making of a new garment, and, when well executed, may save the purchase of many a costly one; the most expensive robe may by an accident be torn or spotted the first day of its wear; the piece inserted in lieu of the damaged one is a patch. If a figured material, the pattern has to be exactly matched; in all cases the insertion must be made without pucker, and the kind of seam to be such as, though strong, will be least apparent; the corners must be turned with neatness. Is not this an art which requires teaching.—The Domestic World.

Vegetarian Beef Tea.—Ordinary beef tea is declared to be a concoction of hot water, delusion and stimulant, whereas the vegetarian liquid consists of hot water, reality and nourishment. Half a pound of haricot beans should be washed and put to stew in an earthenware jar containing a quart of hot water. Half a small onion should be added, and the ingredients should simmer steadily for three hours, when about a pint and a half of liquid should remain. The meaty part of the beans must not be allowed to break into the liquid, and the beans must be strained off when the mixture is removed from the fire. The remaining half of the small onion should then be sliced and fried with an ounce of butter, and sprinkled with pepper and salt. The slices, when browned, should be added to the broth, which must then be strained again. This beverage is savory, and is declared to be "vastly superior in sustaining properties" to the beef tea made from butcher's meat.

SPARKLES.

Maude: Mr. Hardcash called on me last evening. He's the most engaging talker I ever listened to.

Clara: Indeed! What did he say?
Maude: He asked me to marry him.—Minneapolis Journal.

"Nell is married after all, and she declared she wouldn't marry the best man living."

"Of course she couldn't. The bride never does marry the best man."

Entering his club, The Athenaeum, the other day, Sir Victor Horsley was accosted by a friend, who said:—

"Hello, Horeley! Can you tell me what whiskey is yet?"

"The most popular poison in the world, my dear sir," was the prompt retort.

Diogenes, lantern in hand, entered the village drug store. "Say, have you anything that will cure a cold?" he asked.

"No, sir, I have not," answered the pill compiler.

"Give me your hand," exclaimed Diogenes, dropping his lantern. "I have at last found an honest man."

"What's the difference between vision and sight?"

"See those two girls across the street?"

"Yes."

"Well, the pretty one I would call a vision of loveliness, but the other one—she's a sight."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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.

"Why are you so vexed, Irma?"

"I am so exasperated! I attended the meeting of the Social Equity League, and my parlormaid presided, and had the audacity to call me to order three times!"

"I wonder," said the sweet young thing, "why a man is always so frightened when he proposes."

"That," said the chronic bachelor, "is his guardian angel trying to hold him back."

"Why do you always go out on to the balcony when I begin to sing? Can't you bear to listen to me?" asked a Kingston lady last Saturday.

"It isn't that, but I don't want the neighbors to take me for a wife-beater."

Our fair morning is at hand. The day-star is near rising, and we are not many miles from home.—Samuel Rutherford.

Let suspicion and alarm be awakened when we find our minds at work to make out anything to be innocent against doubt and an uneasy conscience.—John Foster.

If one should give me a dish of sand, and tell me there were particles of iron in it, I might look for them with my eyes forever, and search for them with my clumsy fingers, and be unable to find them; but let me take a magnet and sweep it, and how it would draw to itself the most invisible particles by the power of attraction! The unthankful heart, like my finger in the sand, discovers no mercies; but let the thankful heart sweep through the day, and, as the magnet finds the iron, so it will find in every hour some heavenly blessings; only, the iron in God's sand is gold.—O. W. Holmes.

"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, Gardigan, 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 Merigonish, 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 doctors' 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 him 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."