

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

To Cut Whalebone.—Hold it in the flame of the lamp an instant, and you can cut it with shears.

To Remove Stains from Ivory Handles.—If assafoetida be applied with a little friction, all stains from ivory handles disappear.

Corn Starch Cake.—One cup of sugar; one-third cup of butter; one and one-fourth cups of flour; one-half cup of sweet milk; one-half cup of corn starch; two teaspoons of baking powder.

Borax in the Laundry.—Borax is a good thing to use in the laundry. It will effect a large saving in the consumption of soap. It does not injure linen, and it softens the hard water, which is a great advantage.

Frozen Fruit-Cream.—One pound of fruit, one quart of good fresh cream, sweetened to taste, rub all through a fine sieve, place in a freezer; as it freezes scrape down from the sides like ice cream; if moulded in fancy forms it must be first frozen, then packed well in the forms, and re-packed in ice and salt like the beginning; place the forms in warm water for a moment; so as to turn out nicely.

Fruit Egg Nog.—Beat one raw egg quite stiff, add one-half glass of fruit juice and beat again. Then add one-half glass of cream, whip thoroughly and serve at once.

Plain Coffee Ice Cream.—Flavor one quart of rich milk with one cupful of strong coffee and put on to boil. Moisten one-half cupful of sugar, one tablespoonful of salt and three level tablespoonfuls of flour with one-quarter cupful of cold milk. Stir into the boiling milk and cook over boiling water for twenty minutes, stirring until smooth and thickened. Add two eggs well beaten with another half cupful of sugar and stir a moment until the egg is set. Strain, and when cold, freeze, using three parts of fine ice to one part of rock salt. A half cupful of cream added before freezing will improve this inexpensive cream, but is not essential. More eggs may be used, if liked richer. The flour will not taste if well cooked.

NERVES AND TEARS.

How then can the nervous sufferer help himself? To begin with, he should ask himself: "What is there in my physical life which may account for my nervous weakness? Is my diet sufficient in quantity and nutritious in quality? Do I get enough sleep? Is my work congenial? Is my environment in any degree suited to my tastes and aptitudes?" These are simple questions, and yet upon their answer often depends the possibility of nervous health or nervous disease. If the sufferer discovers that any of the physical causes of a nervous breakdown are in operation, it is obvious that it is his first duty to fight against these causes, to lessen them, and, if possible, to remove them altogether. In the next place—and this is especially to be noted by nervous women—one of the essential conditions of nervous balance is the control of the emotions. The tendency on the slightest provocation to give way to a paroxysm of tears is dangerous because it leads to weakness, bodily and mental. No doubt there are moments of poignant agony when tears are nature's beneficial provision for some relief to an overstrained nervous or mental organism, but these moments come at rare intervals in our lives, and, as a rule, so far from weakening our mental or moral life, they uplift and purify it. What nervous people must be warned against is the tendency to let themselves go because of some petty worry or slight domestic difference, or through some morbid impulse to self-pity—Harper's Bazar.

SPARKLES.

"I don't want to play with Jessie," said a five-year-old boy to his mother, "cause she's too ladylike."
"What do you mean, Peter, dear?"
"I mean she's bossy—tells you to do things, like she was your mother."

The little girl in the class was reading laboriously.

"See Mary and the lamb," she read, slowly. "Does Mary love the lamb, button-hook?"

"Why do you say button-hook?" asked the teacher.

"Picture of a button-hook here," replied the child, pointing triumphantly to the interrogation mark.

There was once an Ichthyosaurus, Who lived when the earth was all porus;

But he fainted with shame When he first heard his name, And departed a long time before us. St. Nicholas.

Too Economical.—This is the message the telegraph messenger handed to the young husband:—"Come down soon as you can. I am dying.—Kate." Eight hours after, he arrived at the summer hotel, to be met on the piazza by Kate herself. "Why, what did you mean by sending me such a message?" he asked. "Oh," she murmured, "I wanted to say that I was dying to see you, but my ten words ran out and I had to stop."

Worse Than Chicago.—The ever-burning question, "What shall we do with our boys?" seems to be satisfactorily answered in the following advertisement, which appears in the window of a taster, a respectable boy for beef sausages.—London Tribune.

Corrected.—At a dedication festival service at a country church the following announcement was made by the vicar: "The collections to-day will be devoted to the arch-fund, and not, as erroneously printed on the service papers, to the arch-fiend."—London Daily News.

ARMS AND LEGS.

According to the result of many measurements made at the Anthropological Laboratory in London, the right arm in human beings is, in a majority of cases, longer than the left arm, while, on the contrary, the left leg is longer than the right leg.

Sometimes, however, the relative proportions are exactly reversed, but very seldom does perfect equality exist between the two sides. The tendency of the right arm to exceed the left arm in strength is somewhat greater in men than in women, while equality of strength in the two arms occurs almost twice as frequently with women as with men.—Harper's Weekly.

"L. the GOLD DUST twins do your work."



More clothes are rubbed out than worn out.

GOLD DUST

will spare your back and save your clothes. Better and far more economical than soap and other Washing Powders.

Made only by THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY Montreal, Chicago, New York, Boston, St. Louis Makers of COPCO SOAP (oval cake)

WOES OF WOMANHOOD

Weakness and Suffering Banished by

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are good for men and women and growing boys and girls, but they are good in a special way for woman. At special times a woman needs a medicine to enrich and regulate her blood supply, or her life will be one round of suffering. That is when Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are worth their weight in gold, for they actually make new blood. There is not a month in her life from fifteen to fifty that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are not a boon to every woman. They help the growing girl safely over the critical time when her blood is overtaxed by new demands. To the woman of middle life they bring relief and bring her strength for her time of change. And during the thirty to fifty that lie between, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills fill a woman's life with the happiness of health, giving her strength and energy for every function. A woman's surest protection against all the ills that come to her because of her sex, is to set her blood right at once by a course of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and then to keep the blood right by taking the Pills occasionally. Mrs. Eliza Cloutier, St. Jerome, Que., is one of the many unfortunate sufferers restored to health by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. She says: "It would be difficult for me to say how much I suffered. I was tormented by headaches and backaches; my appetite failed, and I wasted away to such an extent that I was unable to do housework. I was constantly taking medicine, but it did not help me any. One day a friend urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I procured a couple of boxes. By the time these were done I felt some improvement, and thus encouraged I continued the use of the Pills, gaining strength day by day, until after I had taken six or seven boxes I was again well and strong, and I have since continued in the best of health. I can strongly recommend these Pills to all weak and ailing women."

Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

IS THIS THE MEANEST MAN.

Instances of remarkable and ingenious selfishness are, unfortunately, not hard to find. A writer in the New York Sun gives one which would be difficult to match. Two strangers met at one of the small tables in a dining-car. They found a common bond in the effort to secure something to eat, and by the time the coffee came they were on friendly terms.

"I wonder if you will do me a favor," said the first one, as he paid his bill. The other man seemed receptive, and the first one continued:—"Have you a lower berth for tonight?"

The man across the table nodded. "Well, I'm travelling with my mother, who is rather well along in life, and I'm anxious to make her comfortable. Would you be willing to give her your berth?"

"I should be delighted," responded the stranger.

They went back to the sleeper, where the accommodating man was presented to the other's mother, a white-haired old lady with a charming face.

The good Samaritan had exchanged his lower berth for the upper, belonging to the old lady, and was radiating with a sense of charitable kindness.

It led him to remark affably to the other man:—"But where are you going to sleep?"

"Oh, that's all right," was the answer. "That's my lower over there."