

HEALTH AND HOME HINTS.

Irish Potato Cake—To one cup of mashed potatoes, seasoned with butter and salt, add one-half cup of milk and one and one-half cups of flour; beat lightly, add one teaspoon of caraway seeds. Roll into a round cake one inch thick and bake in buttered frying pan, covered, on top of the range. Bake brown, cut into four quarters and serve hot, with butter and salt.

Remedy for Rough and Chapped Hands—One third each of eau de cologne, glycerine and rosewater. The addition of rosewater will prevent the usual sticky feeling.

Apple and Lemon Sauce—Boil half a pint of water with three-quarter pound white sugar until it becomes a rich syrup; add the grated peel and juice of a large lemon and one pound apples, weighed after they have been peeled, cored and cut small. Boil until reduced to a pulp; put into a jar. This sauce will keep for a year.

Fig and Nut Filling—Boil a cupful of sugar and one-third of a cupful of water without stirring until the syrup threads. Pour the syrup in a fine stream on the white of an egg beaten to a froth; add one-fourth of a pound of figs finely chopped and cooked smooth in one-fourth of a cupful of English walnuts or pecans, finely chopped. Beat occasionally till cold, then spread on the cake.

Chocolate Cake—One-half cup of butter one cup sugar, and one-half cup of milk, two cups flour, two eggs, one teaspoon soda, one teaspoon cinnamon; mix this all together, then take one-half cup milk, two-thirds cup of sugar, two squares of chocolate, one teaspoon vanilla; put all in a dish and set in hot water until chocolate is dissolved; then break yolks of two eggs and add to the chocolate mixture; then mix with the above and bake in a moderate oven. Use a boiled frosting made with one cup of sugar and white of the two eggs.

Apple Fluff—One fresh egg, yolk and white in separate dishes. Set the latter on ice. Add to the yolk one cup of rich milk, a generous tablespoonful of sugar, and cook to a custard. (This makes a thin custard.) Add one-half teaspoonful of vanilla and set on ice. In a large, deep bowl grate one pared apple, a Spy or Baldwin, as it should have a decided flavor. Have ready one-half cup of sugar, which sprinkle gradually over the apple while working, to prevent it from discoloring. Add a few drops of cider if convenient. Now turn on this mixture the egg-white and beat for half an hour with a wire whip or fork. This will make a large quantity of apple-snow, which pile irregular on a dainty green china dish and pour over it the custard. A delicious dish.

INTERRUPTION.

Don't interrupt your father when he's telling funny jokes;
Don't interrupt your mother when she's entertaining folks;
Don't interrupt a visitor when he has come to call;
In fact, it's wiser not to interrupt at all.

—St. Nicholas.

KEEPING THEIR WINGS DRY.

If you will go to the banks of a little stream, and watch the flies that come to bathe in it, you will notice that, while they plunge their bodies in the water, they keep their wings high out of the water; and, after swimming about a little while, they fly away, with their wings unwet, through the sunny air. Now, that is a lesson for us. Here we are immersed in the cares and business of the world; but let us keep the wings of our soul, our faith, and our love, out of the world, that, with these unlogged, we may be ready to take our flight to heaven.—J. Inglis.

SPARKLES.

"Why are you here, my misguided friend?" The Prisoner—"I'm the victim of an unlucky number thirteen." The Visitor—"Indeed, how's that?" The Prisoner—"Twelve jurors and one judge."

A little tot, saying her prayers, was asked by her mother why she had not asked forgiveness for some special act of disobedience. "Why, mamma, I didn't s'pose you wanted it mentioned outside the family."

Is there any more pathetic sight, asks Peter, than that provided by a pair of respectably dressed men seated in a car, each fumbling in his pocket for the necessary coins to pay both fares, and each doing his best to be the last?

Banquo—I say, old man, can you keep a secret? Well, Smiggins told me in confidence that—Elmore—Hold on! Can you keep a secret? Banquo—! Why, yes; certainly. Elmore—Then you'd better do so.

To get the cream of railway humor you must go to Ireland. An Irish railway porter simply can't help being funny. Only the other day a zealous luggage smasher wrathfully pulled a gentleman out of a third class carriage because he had a first-class ticket. "Cheating the company," he called it. It must have been a relative of his who walked down a platform, put his head into each carriage of a train, and asked—"Is there anything there for here? But even this genius was eclipsed by a brother on the line, who, before the departure of an express, fiercely rang a bell, and bellowed in gloomy warning—"This train stops nowhere at all!"

A very just complaint was brought before an eminent English bishop that a certain clergyman in the diocese was wearing an Oxford master's hood, when, as a matter of fact, he had no such degree. "I call it, my lord," said the complainant, "wearing a lie on his back." "We need not use quite so strong a word, Mr. Smith," the bishop replied in his blandest manner. "Call it a false hood."

The minister of a Scottish congregation mentioned in Sir Archibald Geikie's "Reminiscences" neglected to bring the manuscript of his sermon to church one Sunday, and had to make time to go home, a mile away, and fetch it.

Greatly agitated, he gave out the one hundred and nineteenth Psalm, and as soon as the congregation began to sing the first of the one hundred and seventy-six verses the minister rushed away to the manse, from which he by and by returned to the church, breathless, and found the clerk waiting, nervous and uneasy.

"How are you getting on?" gasped the minister.

"O Sir," said the clerk, "they've got to the end of the eighty-fourth verse, and they're cheepin' like wee mice."

The situation was saved, but clerical remissness had nearly done for the pious congregation.

THE STEPMOTHER.

By Kathleen Kavanaugh.

Within a fortnight of my birth
My fair young mother passed from earth.

And memory left to me no trace
Of her dear form or face.
In time another took her place:

The one who led me down the years,
Who kissed away all fret and tears,
Upon whose warm responsive breast,
Whenever care oppressed,
I always found relief and rest.

It is my hope I'll see them stand
At heaven's gate clasped hand in hand,
The mother sweet I never knew.
The one tried, noble, true,
Who filled her place—my mother, too.

SHATTERED NERVES.

Made Strong and Sturdy by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

When your nerves are out of order your whole health is on the verge of a break-down. Sudden sounds startle you; your muscles twitch and your hands tremble; your self-control is shattered; your will power gone. Your head aches; your feet are often cold and your face flushed. Your heart jumps and thumps at the least excitement; you are restless at night and tired when you wake. Your temper is irritable and you feel utterly downhearted. And the whole trouble is because your blood is too thin and watery to keep the nerves strong. There is only one way to have strong, healthy nerves—feed them with the rich, red blood that only Dr. Williams' Pink Pills can make—and do make. Mr. Fred Forth, 17 Sullivan street, Toronto, says—"I was a complete wreck with nervous prostration, but Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have made a new man of me. I had been nervous for years; the least noise would startle me and the least exertion would leave me utterly prostrated. I lost in weight, and physically I was almost a wreck. I had not taken the pills long when I found they were helping me; my appetite improved, my nerves began to grow steady, and day by day I gained until I was again a well man. My weight increased twenty-five pounds while I was using the pills. To any who sufferer as I did, I can say that if Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are given a fair trial, a cure will be sure to follow."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills restored Mr. Forth, simply because they made the rich, pure blood which properly nourishes the nerves and keeps them strong. They will cure all the diseases due to bad blood and shattered nerves, such as anaemia, indigestion, headaches and backaches, rheumatism, lumbago, St. Vitus dance, paralysis, general weakness and the secret ailments of growing girls and women. But you must always insist on getting the genuine pills with the full name Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People on the wrapper around each box. Sold by medicine dealers or sent direct by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

ANIMALS WITH HANDS.

Kangaroos use their hands very readily hold food in and to put it to their mouths. As their fore legs are so short that they have to browse in a stooping position, they seem pleased when able to secure a large bunch of cabbage or other vegetable provender and to hold it in their hands to eat. Sometimes the young kangaroo, looking out of the pouch, catches one or two of the leaves which the old one drops, and the pair may be seen, each nibbling at the salad held in their hands, one, so to speak, "one floor" above the other. Many lizards' feet are so like hands that they are only used for running and climbing. But that is the main purpose to which lizards apply them. The slow, deliberate clapping and unclapping of a chameleon's feet look like the movements which the hands of a sleep-walker might make were he trying to creep down the banisters. To see many of the smaller rodents—ground squirrels, prairie dogs, and marmots—hold their food, usually in both paws, is to learn a lesson in the dexterous use of hands without thumbs. Rats and mice do not, as a rule, "clinch" what they hold, but merely support it in their paws, the movements being much less human than they appear. Nothing more readily suggests the momentary impression that a pretty little monkey is remotely "a man and a brother" than when he stretches out his neat little palm, fingers and thumb, and with all the movements proper to the civilized mode of greeting insists on shaking hands.