

Health and Home Hints.

An almost invisible cement for mending glass is made of isinglass boiled in spirits of wine.

Discolored saucepans of enamel can often be made to look like new by boiling a little chloride of lime in the water with which they are filled.

A little salt sprinkled on a smoky fire will clear it. The same method on a fire prepared for broiling will give the blue flame so much desired.

A Simple Disinfectant.—To fumigate a room put a few red-hot coals in an empty coal shovel or iron kettle and sprinkle a little sulphur over them. Close the windows and doors for several hours.

Running is one of the best exercises in the world for girls. It contributes, for one thing, that elasticity without which grace is impossible, and spurs every bodily function to its appropriate duty.

Cheese Canapus.—Take one egg, two ounces of butter, four ounces of grated cheese. Beat butter to a cream, then add cheese, a little salt and cayenne pepper to taste. Beat the egg well and stir all well together. Put the mixture on pieces of buttered toast and brown in a very hot oven. Serve hot on a hot dish.

A Valuable Poultrice.—Three tablespoonfuls oatmeal, three teaspoonfuls ground ginger, two teaspoonfuls cayenne pepper; mix to the proper consistency with vinegar and spread on brown paper the size and shape required. Turn up the edges to prevent its running over. It will keep warm till morning.

Sandwich Cakes.—When dough made as for light rolls is ready to work into cakes, roll it out in sheets a quarter of an inch thick, place two sheets together, first rubbing the sides that go together with butter slightly melted, cut into little rounds, let them rise; then bake, and, when cool, pull apart and spread with finely chopped ham.

Scotch Mist.—Crush fine one dozen and a half of macaroon biscuits, place in a bowl, add a spoonful or two of cream, and mix all to a nice smooth paste. Take a small jar of cream, whip to a thick froth. Lay a little of the macaroon paste roughly in the bottom of a glass dish, then some cream, then some more paste until the dish is full, then cover over all with the cream roughly; this makes a very pretty dish.

Stewed Mutton Chop.—Put a chop (cut from the gigot, and trimmed) into a stewpan with a small piece of dripping. Stand it over the fire until the chop is brown all over, turn it once. Add a teaspoonful of minced onion, a seasoning of salt and pepper. Pour over it two tablespoonfuls of water, cover closely and simmer very slowly for about two hours. Serve on a bed of mashed potatoes—one large potato will be sufficient.

OUT OR IN.

"Trouble is with Maria," said Cousin Jane, "that all her doors open in. Anything that's brought to her she's willin' enough to have. If her friends'll come in, and make a fuss over her, Maria's glad to see them. Her door turns on the hinges easy enough to let in the things and the people she likes. When she was young and good-looking, and well off, Maria enjoyed life pretty well. When she wanted come to her, and she was contented enough. But now that she's older, and hasn't as much to live on as she used to, she frets, and complains that life isn't worth living, and thinks people slight her, and that she has a hard and bitter lot. So far as I can see, the bitterness is mostly in Maria, more'n in her lot, for it's just an average lot."

"If she once knew what some folks had to bear, she wouldn't feel so—she'd be thankful instead. But her doors don't open out. She doesn't get into other people's lives. She has never gone out of herself to help a friend, even. She's never set out to do any work for others. Things must come to her; she doesn't go to them. Everything leads in, and nothing out, in Maria's life. It's no wonder folks have got tired of bringing love and sympathy and cheerfulness and brightness to her, when she never comes out of herself to bring anything to anybody."

"If I was Maria, I'd take my doors off, and rehang them, all opening out instead of in. 'Twould be something of a job in the way of repairs, but it would pay—yes, it would!"

SOMETHING TO PRAISE

Some Scotchmen were dining together, and after the usual toasts, songs were proposed. After all but Dr. MacDonald had thus contributed to the entertainment he was pressed to sing, but declined.

"Come, come, Dr. MacDonald," said the chairman, "we cannot let you escape."

The doctor protested he could not sing. "As a matter of fact," he explained, "my voice is altogether unmusical, and resembles the sound caused by the act of rubbing a brick along the panels of a door."

The company attributed this to the doctor's modesty. Good singers, he was reminded, always need a lot of pressing.

"Very well," said the doctor, "if you can stand it, I will sing."

Long before he had finished his audience was uneasy. There was a painful silence as the doctor sat down, broken at length by the voice of a braw Scot at the end of the table.

"Men," he exclaimed, "your singin's no up to much, but your veracity's just awfu! Ye're richt aboot that brick."

STOMACH TROUBLE.

The Agonies of Indigestion Can be Cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

All over the land there are people whose lives have been made miserable through the pangs of indigestion, who have been restored to the enjoyment of health through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. One of these is Mr. Wm. Moore, of Welland, Ont. Mr. Moore is the manager of the electric light plant in that town, and stands high in the estimation of the citizens. He says: "It is really a pleasure to speak in favor of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. For four years prior to 1903 I suffered great torture from indigestion and stomach trouble. I could not eat solid food without experiencing great agony, and for over two years I had to resort to a milk diet. I had grown emaciated and was almost unfit for active work. I was treated by doctors and took advertised medicines, but without any lasting benefit. One day a friend urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I began their use, but I must confess that it was without much hope that they would cure me. After taking a couple of boxes I could see an improvement, and this gave me encouragement. I continued using the pills until I had taken eight boxes, when I was completely cured and able to eat any kind of food I desired. I shall always praise Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, as they saved me from such misery as only a dyspeptic knows. I might add that my wife has also used the pills for troubles that afflict her sex, and has been fully restored to health."

Bad blood, poor blood, watery blood, is the cause of nearly every ailment that afflicts mankind. It is because every dose of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills makes new, rich, red blood that they have such wonderful power to cure such ailments as indigestion, anæmia, rheumatism, neuralgia, St. Vitus dance, heart troubles, kidney and liver troubles, and the special ailments of women, young and old. But you must get the genuine pills with the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" on the wrapper around each box. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

New Candle Shades.

If for the drawing room where strong lights are not needed, what could you find to better set off the beauty of a handsome mantel than a pair of candlesticks with our new Candle Shades?

If for the bedroom, boudoir or dressing room our New Shades add a tone of refinement.

If for the dining room, our three light Candelabra fitted with our New Shades add inspiring good cheer to all gathered about the festive board.

A. Rosenthal & Sons,

Goldsmith's Hall.

Jewelers to Their Excellencies.