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The Decrees of Society

(BY ETHEL M. CHAPMAN)

Violets and white ribbon and a deep long breath of the old happy days! The girl buried her face in the mass of dewy blossoms and breathed deeply the heavy fragrance, because he had sent them; then she held them away from her and gazed into the delicate velvety mass with a misery of hunger in her brown eyes. Dr. Ross had sent her flowers before, but tonight the violets brought back so vividly the old happy days before Jimmy went away, the days when as children they had gathered violets in the hollow on the slope of the pasture land, the days when Jimmy was just her idolized brother, before he went to the West and people began to call him "wild." Then he had ceased writing so suddenly, and they had never heard from him since. People often wondered why she never seemed perfectly happy, but no one knew.

A wonderful tenderness drove away the agony of the dark eyes for a moment as she fastened the exquisite blossoms against her dress, but again as the luxury of their beauty and fragrance smote her senses, she wondered when had Jimmy seen violets. Perhaps, tonight, when the whole world was aching with the bells of Christmas, when hearths were bright with blazing logs, and wreathed with holly, perhaps Jimmy was cold and starving, and dead, where? Reports had come to her of his haunting saloons and gambling dens, and her imagination had been ruthless in its pictures of the rest. A sickening sensation overcame her at the thought of her own unnecessary luxury in its horrible incongruity with the want that might be his. It is true that the flowers did not breathe of elegance more than the white satin gown, but it was a part of the game. If she was to make a living as a professional musician, her dress was as much a matter of necessity as either her voice or violin at society functions. Society had ever been a little more gracious toward her than circumstances required. She was a stranger and it had taken her in, because, of course, it did not know about Jimmy.

It was Christmas Eve, and she was to play at an at-home. A carriage was sent for her, and as she was driven through the crowded streets, from every house poured forth floods of light and sounds of festivities. When she reached her destination an even more brilliant glare of lights told of the gaiety within. The drawing-rooms were dazzling with a confusion of variant soft tints in delicate dresses, and gleaming shoulders and jeweled hair, the air was heavy with the spicy fragrance of cut flowers, from the hall-rooms came the dreamy strains of the orchestra, and everywhere, the silvery laughter and light chatter told of intoxicating pleasure. It was Christmas Eve, the anniversary of that night, when, in a little stable in Bethlehem, because there was no room in the inn, the Christ that came to redeem the world, was born; and they were celebrating it.

She tuned her violin absently, but with the first sweet, full chords upon its strings, her whole soul poured itself into the music, and everything else was, for the time, forgotten. The rhythmic flow and tender passion of the thrilling strains transfused the musician's face until it glowed, as with the touch of an artist she drew her bow across the strings in one long pathetic finale. For a moment a breathless hush filled the room; then the applause came with a crash. She was presented with a huge bouquet of crimson beauty roses, and still they applauded.

Just as she was raising her violin to respond to the encore, her eyes were irresistibly drawn to a window. For an instant she stood motionless, with eyes fixed on the spot where a white face had for a minute looked straight into her own, then suddenly withdrew. The violin dropped to her side, and forgetting everything but the face at the window, she passed quickly from the room. What if he should be gone before she reached him? She ran through the hall and opened the door just in time to catch a tall, dark figure going down the steps.

"Jimmy?" she called in astonishment, and the next instant he felt her bare arms about his neck and her cheek wet against his own.

"Oh Jimmy, I'm so glad!" she cried, "I thought I've waited so long. Come to bed!"

She looked down at her thin dress and her bare feet. It was too cold for her to come, and he couldn't leave her in this so beautifully furnished room. "Come to bed!" she called in a pleading voice.

"I had no right to follow you here," he said in a whisper, "but I wanted to see you before I go west again."

"I'm going to-night. Listen! If I go no one will ever suspect it's your brother. To-morrow the papers will be full of it. You see, I've just got out." A dull red mounted slowly to his forehead. "I could kill myself for it, but I've disgraced myself and everyone belonging to me. I might as well tell you. I got in beyond my depth and used the bank's money, and was sent down for two years. You didn't know, because they didn't have my right name; that's why I didn't write; but I owned up at last, because, well, it would seem queer that I should care, but it didn't seem just square, so I told who I was, and to-morrow the names of those whose names will be published. Still, if I go to-night, no one will ever think of me being any connection of yours."

He raised his eyes for the first time to his sister's face. It was white and drawn, with dilated eyes and parted lips, but instead of scorn or reproach, he found in it only pity and love. With a sudden rush of tears, he threw his arms impulsively about her.

"I've been a brute," he cried, "to bring you all this trouble; but that was the worst. I never did anything worse than have told you—just drank and gambled and used the bank's money. I want to pay it back. But I'm going to fight it down. Really, if it would give you any comfort to know it, I could go back to-morrow to the old farm and the old church, and—ah, and be contented just to start all over again."

"Then we'll go together," she replied, promptly.

"No no. Everyone would know; they would stand aloof from both of us. That's the way of society," he ended, bitterly.

Footsteps sounded in the hall. He pushed her away from him, and sprang towards the door, but she stood against it, a wild terror in her eyes. If he went out again into the night, alone at Christmas time, an outcast from society, and with his disgrace published by the press, what hope was there that he might not again seek the old haunts that were always so hospitable? The footsteps drew nearer, but she still stood with her slight form pressed rigidly against the door, as if to forcibly prevent his escape.

"Good-bye," he said, as he kissed her forehead. "God knows I'd give the world to stay, but it wouldn't do. He took her by the shoulders and moved her away from the door. At the same instant she slipped the key from the lock and threw it straight across the room into the glowing coals. Then she looked up, white and trembling.

"Tell me you don't want to go," she pleaded.

"To-morrow we will go home together. Mother has been breaking her heart for you. We'll get a Christmas tree from the cedar swamp and light the old fireplace and open the piano."

A boyish smile that was half a safeguard against tears, lighted up the wretched face until it was almost his again. The door opened from the outside, and the hostess entered to see what was detaining her violinist; but she was all forgiveness when the girl, with an unmistakable pride at which he marvelled, introduced her brother; and the smile and wonder had not passed off when he left her and she knew she had won.

It was nearly midnight before Dr. Ross came in, but then he was often late, and no one was surprised. He exercised a most reckless freedom in ignoring the claims of society for the sake of his patients. He made his way through the crowds of jaded dancers to the one woman who was never jaded, a woman with a pair of sweet eyes, who wore his violets against her breast. She had finished her programme and was putting away her music when he found her, and seeing the weariness behind the welcome in her brown eyes, he hesitated for a moment before he asked:

"I wonder if you are too tired to come down to the sanitarium with me? I've been there since six o'clock with a young fellow who can't live till morning, and you get no comfort from anything. I'm afraid it would be pretty hard for you, but if you could come and stay just one for him, I believe it would do him more good than anything else."

As they passed down the crowded streets she began to realize more keenly than ever before what this man's friendliness meant to her. It had been such a pillar of security to her in her little moments of the new city life. And it was not the broad shoulders or keen intellect, or professional skill that gave this strength to his mission, so much as the disregard for the conventionalities that rob life of its highest things, and the sympathy with what was, which, after all, the red cross of humanity, is the worthy her prize's Christmas gift, a woman's whole-hearted respect for a strong man, and it was with a keen sense of loss that she realized they had come to the dividing of the ways.

To-morrow the whole city would read of her brother's disgrace, and her friends would whisper it from house to house in July horror. To think that they had received into their midst the sister of an ex-convict! Of course, if some relative, a wealthy father or uncle, had paid the debt and smoothed things over, that would have been different. Society would have smiled, and said he was "rowing his wild oats," and that it had all come about through a fondness for company. But a "wild oat" of

course, they must guard their young people from such an associate. It was presumptuous to expect anything else.

Inside the doors of the sanitarium it seemed as though the rejoicing and gaiety of the Christmas season belonged to another world. As they passed the rows of white coats, great, wasted faces gazed out from white, anaemic faces—eyes that were staring, despairingly into the future with dread, discouragement, hope or resignation, but when the doctor slipped his arm under hers and held it tight as he led her around a screen that separated one cot from the others, a sudden horror seized her. There on the pillow she saw the face of a young man, a face that had some time been beautiful, but which now, even in its deathly pallor, was drawn in lines of bitterness and discouragement.

At the strong pressure of the doctor's hand-clasp, a warmth passed over the rigid features, and the wild, hopeless eyes opened. They glanced in annoyed indifference from the girl's satin shoes up to the delicate gown and white throat, then stopped at the sweet face as though they had discovered something they had not expected to find.

"I brought Miss Always to play for you," the doctor explained.

"Did you tell her what you were bringing her to?" the patient inquired quickly. "I see you haven't. Well, I'm not going to stand for the lie any longer." A wild light of delirium filled the glazing eyes as they gazed into her face. "Life is all a lie—but death—there's no lie there. I'll be meeting it any time now, and I'll meet it squarely. I'm about as low down as you find them, a drunkard, and, well, that covers everything. I don't know how it started, but before I knew it, it was too late. But there was a time when I believe I could have quit it. I made up my mind to throw up my job, chuck the old friends and go home, and start in fresh. I had a sister, a beautiful girl, but when I came home she was going to be married to a man a king in the stock exchange and a pillar of society, and of course it wouldn't do to have me around just then. Poor Ann—I don't blame her. I was a disgraceful-looking wreck, but there didn't seem to be any other place for me, so I just drifted back."

"And your sister—does she know? Where is she?"

"Dead. He soon tired of her, and broke her heart—killed her, by degrees of course. It's nothing unusual."

"Then you're looking forward to meeting her in Heaven?"

"Heaven! I never calculated to get to Heaven; never thought about it since I was a little kid, until now—and, oh, God, things look black." He tossed wearily in a torment of hopelessness, then he cried fiercely, "I've been bad, too bad for decent people to associate with; but I've tried, really tried some times, but it was just the same. People didn't expect anything better of me. But, say, this is Christmas eve; they wouldn't take him in either, would they? It didn't weaken him, of course; but don't you suppose he would—kind of make allowance?"

The wild eyes brightened for a minute, then sank again in agony of despair. "I'm a fool to think of it," he said, brokenly. "I've wasted my chances, and it's too late now."

There was a tense silence for a minute, then softly, to the farthest corner of the ward, rose the sweet, tender tones of a violin, notes athril with feeling, and so distinct in the familiar old strains that a spirit voice seemed to pronounce the words:

"There were ninety and nine that safely lay
In the shelter of the fold,
But one was out on the hills away
Far from the gates of gold,
Away on the mountains wild and bare,
Away from the tender Shepherd's care."

"Lord, Thou hast here thy ninety and nine,
Are they not enough for Thee
But the Shepherd made answer, this of mine
Hath wandered away from Me,
And although the road be rough and steep,
I'll go to the desert to find my sheep.

"And all through the mountains, thund'ring
And up from the rocky steep,
There arose a cry to the gate of Heaven,
'Rejoice, I have found my sheep,'
And the angels echoed around the throne,
'Rejoice, for the Lord brings back His own.'"

As she finished she raised her tearful eyes to the face on the pillow, where the doctor with his arm about the powerless form, supported it. A smile of mysterious happiness transfigured the dying features.

"It's all right," he whispered, "I'm glad you told me. 'Brings back—His own.' That means—me."

The labored breathing ceased. The doctor laid the limp form back on the bed. A nurse came and drew the screen closer, and they went away.

As they passed down the ward, a girl's eyes followed them wistfully. The violinist stopped, and bending over her, asked gently, "What is it?"

"I've dressed. I had a dress like that once. I was to be married in it, but—Lemme touch it?" She stroked the silky folds dreamily, then the reminiscence overcame her, and burying her face in the pillow, she sobbed brokenly, "It wasn't my fault. They sent me away from home, but they couldn't understand." The slight frame was shaken in an agony of dry, hollow coughing. She

was the same girl who had been so beautiful, but which now, even in its deathly pallor, was drawn in lines of bitterness and discouragement.

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Test It. We'll refund
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\$12.00 for \$8.99

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A FRIGHTFUL DEATH

SUFFOCATED IN ASTHMA ATTACK

Every sufferer from asthma knows the terror, the abrupt fear that overcomes them when agonizing attacks beset them. The old-fashioned remedy may relieve, but never cure. Best results come from Catarrhzone, which cures Asthma after hope is abandoned. It's because Catarrhzone kills the asthma germ that it cures. Choking spells and labored breathing are relieved, suffocating sensations and loss of breath are cured. Every trace of asthma is driven from the system, and even old chronics experience immediate relief and lasting cure. Equally good for bronchitis, throat trouble and catarrh. The large \$1.00 outfit includes the inhaler and lasts two months. Sold by all dealers or from the Catarrhzone Co., Kingston, Canada.

was a mere girl, scarcely a woman, driven from the protection of her father's home, and thrown upon the tender mercies of life in a big city. No wonder the charity hospitals were full! In the compassion of her eternal instinct, the motherhood in the truest sense that is the glory of all beautiful womanhood, Miss Always gathered the grief-stricken form in her arms, crushing the sunny curls against the fragrant violets. The girl ceased sobbing in amazement. Never in her life—since that happened—had she been treated like this.

"Violets!" she gasped. "Folks used to send me violets once."

The musician took some from the white ribbon and left them with her, and long through the silent night the nurses heard her murmur while she clasped the flowers tightly in her thin fingers.

"An' she touched me. 'Tisn't often the likes of her touches the likes of me.' 'I'm afraid that was an awful ordeal for you,' Dr. Ross said, half apologetically, as they left the sanitarium and turned into a delightful little supper-room, which at this midnight hour was almost deserted. Certainly he might imagine the ordeal had been a very severe one, judging from her white face and brimming eyes. But the eyes looked bravely into his own now, as she said:

"My brother came home to-night. He robbed the bank, and—has been in prison for two years."

"Yes?" If he was surprised he didn't show it.

"You know the only reason that half of society isn't suffering the penalty of the law is that they haven't been caught."

"But if he had gone back west to-night, what might not have happened to him?"

"But he didn't go back. His life is still before him."

"You are very good," she said, with a faint smile of gratitude, "but society, of course, will not look at it in that light. Don't understand that I am ashamed of Jimmy. I think I care for him more tonight than I ever did, but it would be useless for me to try to go on with my music here now, so we are going home to-morrow, and he can begin again."

"Do you mind giving up your life here very much? I mean the social side of it?"

"No. After what I have seen to-night of the other side of life, I hate it—the frivolity and dress, and show and emptiness. I hate it all."

"So do I, but are you so very glad to leave—everyone?"

"Well—" She was not at all pale now, and he saw beneath the fluttering lids what he had waited for. He leaned across the table as far as was permissible in such a place.

"Then you'll come back soon, won't you? For I want you so much," he said.

A SOUTH SEA LEGEND.

One of the most picturesque legends connected with the solar beams is that told in the islands of the South Pacific, where sunbeams are known as "the ropes of Maui." It is related that in former times the sun god, Ra, was not so regular in his habits as he is to-day. In fact, he caused the South Sea Islanders much annoyance by setting in the morning, or at noon, or at other inopportune times, just when his light was needed for the daily tasks of mankind.

The great hero Maui undertook to cure him of these erratic habits, and the first step was to make the sun god prisoner. This was accomplished by laying a series of six snares, made of strong cocoanut fibre, along the sun's path in the sky. When the deity next rose from Avaiki, or the land of ghosts, the first noose encircled him, but slipped down and only caught his feet; the second slipped, too, but caught the sun god's knees; the third caught around his hips.

Still Ra pressed on, scarcely hampered by these contrivances. The fourth noose tightened around his waist, the fifth under his arms, and finally the sixth and last caught him around the neck and almost strangled him. Then the sun god confessed himself vanquished and, in fear of his life, promised Maui that he would in future adjust his daily journeys more in accordance with the comfort and convenience of mortal men.

Ra was then allowed to proceed on his way, but Maui prudently declined to take off the ropes, which may still be seen hanging from the sun at dawn, and when he descends into the ocean at night. Hence the Islanders say, when they behold the beams radiating from the sun, "Teua te Taura a Maui!"—See the ropes of Maui!—Philadelphia Engineer.

Thunder.

Winter thunder is considered throughout Europe to be of very ill omen, but April thunder is considered to be very beneficial. In Devonshire and other cider counties of England there is a saying that "when it thunders in April you must clean up the barrels"—in readiness, that is, for a plentiful crop of apples. The French consider April thunder to be indicative of a good yield from vineyards and cornfields.

THE LIMIT.

(Life)

"He's a terrible failure as a dog, isn't he?"

"The limit. I call him Dandy—that's all."

REMEDY FOR MIGRAINE.

More Common in Women Than in Men.

Everyone is familiar with this distressing condition. It is frequently hereditary, and it is more common in women than men. It usually develops in early life. Anemia, gastric disturbances, gout, eye-strain, pelvic disorders, overwork and prolonged excitement predispose to it. The symptoms are easily recognized. The attack is often preceded by malaise, restlessness and perverted vision. A sufferer will frequently say: "Oh, I am blind with a headache!" and she is in reality unable to see clearly. The pain is sharp and stabbing, and is frequently in forehead and temple of side. The patient is very sensitive to light and sound and usually confines herself to a darkened room. In some cases there is nausea and vomiting. The face is pale and the pupil of the eyes large and in other cases the face is flushed and the pupils appear small. The duration of the attacks vary from a few hours to several days. In the intervals, which are often of definite duration, the patient will be quite well.

A perfect cure is rare, but the severity and frequency of the seizures may be considerably lessened by treatment. In the interval the treatment is that of neuralgia, and this should be given by a physician.

During an attack the patient should be kept at rest in a quiet, darkened, well-ventilated room. She should undress and be kept warm in bed by hot water bottles at her feet and at her head. Small hotwater bottles are sold in the shops, which are of a size to easily hold against the forehead. If nausea is not relieved by vomiting, drink six tumblerfuls of water (preferably warm) rapidly one after the other—this procedure will quickly dislodge any offending substance in the stomach and bring it away, and the pain generally subsides instantly, and the patient falls asleep at once. If there is or has been any constipation a bottle of citrate of magnesia should be taken while preparing to get in bed. Tablets to relieve the pain are seldom necessary if one has vomited freely and taken a laxative. The rest in bed with the external applications of warmth and the cleansing of the digestive canal are always a perfectly safe and in nearly all instances a satisfactory remedy for migraine.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People is a perfect cure for migraine. It is a powerful remedy for all cases of neuralgia, and this should be given by a physician.

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Ottawa Girl's Message of Hope

TELLS TIRED WOMEN OF DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS.

Miss Logan Tells How They Relieved Her of Pains and Aches so Many Run-down Women Know.

Ottawa, Ont., Feb. 21.—(Special).—"I am glad to say I have found Dodd's Kidney Pills have done me a wonderful lot of good." So says Miss Gladys E. M. Logan, of 264 Queen street, this city.

"I suffered from drowsiness and sharp pains across my back. My sleep was broken and unrefreshing. I had headaches and was subject to neuralgia and rheumatism. I was depressed and low-spirited and troubled with palpitation of the heart."

"I was always tired and nervous and very sensitive and there were hollows under my eyes."

"For two years I was in this worn-out condition, often having to lay off for a day or two. I was attended by doctors and wasted money on useless medicines, but I only found relief when I used Dodd's Kidney Pills."

Miss Logan's statement is a message of hope to thousands of women in Canada. They are suffering just as she suffered. She wants them to know they can find relief in Dodd's Kidney Pills.

CHILD TEMPER.

Great Care is Needed in Restraining Stormy Dispositions.

Temper storms seem to be frequent among the nursery folk. One little boy of about two and a half years of age, with his screams and stamping and flinging himself on the ground, drew the attention of a whole street party for his mother. She could do nothing with him, so left him and went on with the other children. At a cry from the bystanders she turned, to see the boy, temporarily demented, rush off the pavement into the street. Fortunately, he was rescued in time; but what a life in that home and what a future for that boy!

The incident brought to mind the urgency for a better understanding of the causes and treatment of the young child's furious temper.

It is often forgotten that neither the reasoning powers nor self-control are strong enough to restrain a child's aggressive energy. The habit of restraint over the primitive propensities has not yet been set up. Consequently, injudicious diet, nervous excitement, want of fresh air, or the company of irritable, quarrelsome people foster a mental condition liable to be set ablaze by some slight cause. The will, which can be quite strong even in a baby, is roused to exertion, and then—the storm bursts and continues usually until the boy is exhausted.

Apart from the physical aspect of temper and its treatment, there are other methods to be followed. Prevention of an outburst is easier than its stopping.

The mother or nurse should watch for the immediate cause of these storms and in future should avoid them whenever possible by distracting the attention in time, or so manoeuvring that the conditions are changed. Every outburst avoided is a gain to the child. It is essential in dealing with a passionate child that his whole character and propensities should be understood, so that all that is possible can be done to help him. With control established and energy directed to useful purposes the boy stands a far better chance of developing into a man of strong character than another child of uniformly calm temperament.

THE ACUTE PAIN FROM NEURALGIA

Permanently Cured Through the Use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

A clever medical writer has said that "Neuralgia is a cry from the nerves for better blood." In other words, neuralgia is not a disease—it is only a symptom, but a very painful one. Neuralgia is the surest sign that your blood is weak, watery and impure, and that your nerves are literally starving. Bad blood is the one cause—rich, red blood the only cure. This gives you the real reason why Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure neuralgia. They are the only medicine that contains in correct proportions the elements needed to make rich, red blood. This new, rich blood reaches the root of the trouble, soothes the jangled nerves, drives away the nagging, stabbing pain, and braces up your health in other ways as well. In proof of these statements, Mrs. A. T. Oulton, Little Shemogue, N. B., says: "A few years ago my mother was an intense sufferer from neuralgia, which was located in her face, head and shoulders. The pain, especially in her head, was intense. She doctored for some time without getting relief, and there seemed to be no ceasing of the pain whatever. Instead it seemed to be extending, and her whole nervous system became affected. Finally she decided to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. After taking them for a while the pain in her head became less severe, and of course this was a great relief to her. Under the continued use of the Pills she felt herself growing better and stronger each day, until she was no longer a sufferer, and was completely cured, and as felt no symptoms of the trouble since."

You can get Dr. Williams' Pink Pills from any medicine dealer, or by mail, none paid, at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

THE ARCH IN THE FOOT.

Flat Foot Results From Not Being Supported.

Foot troubles are oftentimes difficult to remedy. This is not so much because the condition itself is serious, but for the reason the patient is unwilling or unable to do as he is instructed to do. The condition known as flat foot is caused by a falling or lowering of the natural arch in the foot. The most effective treatment for this condition is something to hold up or support the arch. Various forms of arch supports can be bought in the shops where medical and surgical appliances are sold, and supporters are made to order, if desired, to fit the foot of the person requiring it. Slender feet are best treated by supports made of felt or wool, which are inserted into the inside surface of sole of the shoe. Metallic supports seem to be better for persons having large or thick feet. Occasionally there are persons who cannot wear any form of support placed in the shoe, and for these sufferers the only treatment is to wear a shoe with a high heel and a high arch. It is impossible for the central part of the foot to sag down when wearing a high-heeled shoe. Unless flat foot is corrected there will be corns and bunions form on the feet from the pressure and on the toes due to standing and walking with the feet in an abnormal position. The weight of the body is not intended to be carried by the heels in standing or walking. The fore part of the foot is for this purpose. The most comfortable walking or running is a kind of tip-toeing movement; no weight is brought to bear on the heels. The heels on shoes must be kept true and even. A worn down heel makes the tread uneven and allows the foot to be rubbed by the shoe and corns quickly form. Leg pains and aches are never complained of by those who wear shoes with high arches and high heels. The heels, however, must not be stilted nor the toes of the shoes narrow and pointed—the toe portion of the shoes must be wide enough to allow the toes to be freely moved. Shoes are better to be a trifle too long, as this will permit of free movement in walking. The foot slides a little forward in walking, and there should be length enough to permit this. Persons who suffer habitually from backache and leg pains will find relief from their aches by changing the heels of their shoes.

Puffiness Under Eyes.

For removing the puffiness under the eyes make a solution by mixing 20 grains of tannic acid with one ounce of glycerine. Paint the skin beneath the lower lid with this, using a fine camel's hair brush, and gently massage there, the movement of the stroke to be from the nose to the outer corner of the eye.

How to Tell Fresh Eggs.

If an egg is "strictly fresh" it will, when placed in a pan of water, lie on its side on the bottom. If stale it will stand on end, and if very old will rise to the surface. When just a few days old the egg will begin to tilt a trifle, and as it ages more and more the angle at which it tilts will increase.

For Your Egg Beater.

An egg beater will last longer and give better service if a drop of olive oil is occasionally put on the pivot at the centre of the large wheel. The cogs of the wheels should also be slightly oiled. Do not wash the wheels or the oil will all be removed.

VALID CAUSE FOR COMPLAINT.

(The Wife)

A mother once sent this somewhat garbled note to the teacher of her small son:

"Pardon me for calling your attention to the fact that you have given my little right ear until it is getting bigger than the other. Please pull his left ear for awhile, and oblige his mother."

For Iron Rust on Nipples.

Moisten the spots with soft water, rub cream of tartar and then salt on both sides and place in the sun to dry.