

HEALTH AND HOME HINTS.

Laundry starch makes the best paste for scrap-books, because age does not turn it yellow.

To keep mould from rising on a cat-sap of pickles, add a teaspoonful of ground horse radish to every quart.

A small piece of charcoal placed in meat larder will keep the articles sweet and wholesome, as well as ice. Charcoal is a great disinfectant.

A little cold water dashed over the chest and back of a baby or young child after the bath and followed by a brisk rubbing will often prevent sensitiveness to colds.

You can get a bottle or barrel of oil out of any carpet or woollen stuff by applying buckwheat plentifully and faithfully. Never put water to such a grease spot, or liquid of any kind.

In making oatmeal scones, sift one and a half cups of whole wheat flour and one teaspoonful of baking powder into one pint of oatmeal left from the day before, and stir together with half a cup of water. After mixing well roll out on a baking board a quarter of an inch thick. Cut in fancy shapes and bake on a griddle fifteen minutes.

For fricasseed chicken parboil in a small quantity of water, cut up when cool, add to the liquor in which they were boiled the trimmings of the fowls, a little lemon peel, white pepper, uace, mixed herbs, and an onion. Stew well and strain, then simmer the fowls in it till quite tender, take them up and keep them hot. Thicken the sauce with floured butter and grate of nutmeg and salt, boil up, stir in the yolk of an egg, and beat in half a pint of cream, which must not be boiled.

Sponge Cake—Beat three eggs two minutes, add one and a half cups of white sugar, beat five minutes, one cup of flour, beat one minute, one teaspoonful of cream tartar, one half teaspoonful of soda, one cup of cold water, beat one minute, then another cup of flour, beat one minute, flavor with lemon, bake in a quick oven. This will make two cakes or one large one.

A Sauce for any Hashed Meat.—The evaporated or dried "tart" apples come in usefully at this time, before the fresh apple crop is due. They need to be soaked a short time in cold water to give them their form again. Try a handful of them, with a couple of sliced onions, in some good dripping until they are all a soft sauce together. Add a tablespoonful of corn starch, ground rice or farina for thickening, and, if you like the taste of curry powder, a spoonful, large or small, to your taste, with salt and pepper. Put all together, with sufficient hot water, soup stock or gravy, to make a sauce for the cold meat, which has been sliced. When the sauce has boiled up, stir until quite smooth and put the meat in merely to heat through slowly. Then serve. Rice or mashed potatoes make a good bordering.

A Bad Breath.—There is nothing much more disagreeable than a bad breath, and besides the unpleasantness, it is dangerous, as contagious diseases are often thus propagated. Among the chief causes of bad breath are diseased condition of the nose; sore throat and bad tonsils; decayed teeth and diseases of the lungs and stomach. A severe catarrhal condition of the nose often gives rise to such an odor that it makes fetid the whole atmosphere of a room. Antiseptic sprays for the nose, and mouth-washers should be resorted to, and the use of some kinds of tablets are also good, but one should discover the root of the trouble and see that it is remedied, and then the breath will be all right. Each person exhales a peculiar odor from the secretions of the glandular structure of the various tissues. This odor is strengthened and made more individual by the use of certain soaps and perfumes. One should see to it that this personal odor is agreeable. Heavy perfumes are often disagreeable to some and should be avoided.

SPARKLES.

—"But surely you are the man to whom I gave some pie a fortnight ago!"
"Yes, lidy. I thought p'raps you'd like to know I'm able to get about again."

"For goodness sake!" exclaimed mamma, returning from a shopping trip, "what's the matter with little Tommy?"

"'Tis a bad boomp he got, ma'am. Ye know ye told me I was to let him play upon the pianny, and' onct whin he was slidin' on the top of it he slid too far, ma'am."

Stranger—What sort of a man is your neighbor, John Braggs?

Native—Oh, he's all right, but he has a telescopic imagination.

Stranger—How's that?

Native—Yes. He can't even tell the truth without getting it at least two sizes larger than it is.

Thump-rattley-bang went the piano. "What are you trying to play, Janet?" called out her father from the next room. "It's an exercise from my new instruction book, 'First Steps in Music,'" she answered. "Well, I knew you were playing with your feet," he said grimly. "Don't step so heavily on the keys; it disturbs my thoughts."

Mrs. Knicker: Women's dresses have no pockets.

Knicker: And after they are paid for there is nothing in a man's.

Politician—I don't think I'll have a bit of trouble getting re-elected. Look how easily I won last year when the people hardly knew me at all.

Miss Sweet—But that's the whole trouble. The people—know you now.

Gwendolen (much embarrassed)—I have to apologize to you this evening, Mr. Whackster. The girl has been cooking onions in the kitchen, and the odor fills the house.

The young man (not at all embarrassed)—I don't mind that a bit, Miss Gwendolen. I've just been eating onions myself.

(Dense silence.)

PROGRESSIVE.

Chapter I. "What is your name, little boy?" asked the teacher.

"Johnny Lemon," answered the boy. And it was on record on the roll.

Chapter II. "What is your name?" the high-school teacher inquired.

"John Dennis Lemon," replied the boy. Which was duly entered.

Chapter III. "Your name, sir," said the college dignitary.

"J. Dennison Lemon," responded the young man who was about to enroll himself as a student. Inscribed in accordance therewith.

Chapter IV. "May I ask your name?" queried the society editor of "The Daily Bread."

"Jean D'Ennice LeMon," replied the swell personage in the opera box. And it was duly jotted down.

There has been much said about the universal brotherhood of man. Why not talk now about the universal manhood of the brother?

To love one's self is probably better than to love nothing. Self-love makes a crippled soul. To love nothing is living death.

The element of gratitude is common to the human heart. No stream can escape its source, neither can man break every cord that binds him to his Maker. Defer not till to-morrow to be wise;

DANGEROUS

PURGATIVES

Many People Ruin Their Health Using Purgatives in Spring.

A spring medicine is an actual necessity. Nature demands it as an aid to carrying off the impurities that have accumulated in the blood during the winter months. Thousands of people recognizing the necessity of a spring medicine dose themselves with harsh, griping purgatives. This is a serious mistake. Ask any doctor and he will tell you that the use of purgative medicine weakens the system, but does not cure disease. In the spring the system needs building up—purgatives weaken. The blood should be made rich, red and pure—purgatives cannot do this. What is needed in the spring is a tonic, and the best tonic medical science has yet devised is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Every dose of this medicine actually makes new rich red blood. This new blood strengthens every organ, every nerve, every part of the body. That is why Dr. Williams' Pink Pills banish pimples and unsightly skin eruptions. That is why they cure headaches, backaches, rheumatism, neuralgia, general weakness and a host of other troubles that come from poor, watery blood. That is why men and women who use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills eat well, sleep well, and feel bright, active and strong. Mrs. Joseph Lepage, St. Jerome, Que., says: "My daughter suffered from headaches and dizziness. Her appetite was poor. She had no strength and could not study or do any work. She was thin and pale as a sheet. A neighbor advised the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and after taking a couple of boxes we could see an improvement in her condition. She used the pills for some weeks longer when they fully restored her health, and she is now enjoying the best health she ever did." Try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills this spring if you want to be healthy and strong. 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.

CALLS CAT BY TELEPHONE.

Frank Whipple has a cat named Nigger, who not only knows his name but recognizes his call over the telephone. Nigger is perfectly at home both at the Whipple residence and at the express office, and sometimes at the latter place makes himself a nuisance by walking over the papers on Frank's desk where he is trying to write. Telling the cat to keep off does no good, but an effectual means of getting rid of his catship has been discovered by asking Mrs. Whipple to call the animal home, and when his mistress says "Nigger! Nigger!" over the phone and the receiver is held to the cat's ear, the owner of the name scampers for home as fast as four black feet can carry him.

A mother in an humble home is displeased, if she looks down, to fret and complain because of her circumscribed position, and she wonders sometimes if any one has greater trials than herself; but when she realizes that she is where God would have her to be, and that without her His plan would be incomplete, her difficulties become rings in a ladder which slowly but surely enable her to climb into heaven, certainly into the heavenly places.—Dr. Chapman.

In Prussia only 6,497 of 100,000 attempts at suicide were successful.