

HEALTH AND HOME HINTS.

In selecting spoons for kitchen use, it is a wise plan to get those with holes in the handle. They may be hung up and thus kept accessible.

A plain cloth dipped in hot water and then in a saucer of bran will clean white paint and not injure it. The bran acts like a soap on the paint.

Carrot soup—Grate 3 good sized carrots and 1 onion with a vegetable grater, add 3 cups of boiling water and let boil till water is almost gone. Then add 1 1/2 quarts sweet milk and let come to a boil, season with salt, pepper and a small lump of butter, just before serving.

Browned Potatoes — Wash and peel neatly two pounds of medium-sized potatoes. When drained, arrange them on a baking pan, season with salt and add two ounces of dissolved butter. Bake in a moderately heated oven until done; shake the pan occasionally so as to get the potatoes nicely browned. To serve, drain them from fat and dish upon a hot vegetable dish.

Chill Sauce—Twenty, large ripe tomatoes, six onions, three large green peppers, three tablespoons salt, half teaspoon ground cloves, two teaspoons ground ginger, two cups brown sugar, six cups good vinegar; boil till perfectly soft; half cup sugar added for those that like it sweet.

Meat Jelly—Cut up two pounds of beef into small pieces, and put into a saucepan with two small shanks of mutton and one knuckle of veal. Cover with water, and boil slowly for some hours; season with salt and pepper, strain through a fine cloth or muslin, and pour into a mold. When cold turn out and serve whole, or break it up with two forks, into rocky pieces, and pile on a glass dish.

Caring for the Hair—After washing my hair it always used to be unmanageable for a whole week—soft and limp so that combs and hairpins simply wouldn't stay in it. Now I have no trouble at all. I wash my hair at night, and after drying it rub vaseline on the scalp before going to bed. In the morning I sprinkle it freely with talcum powder, which takes the grease from the hair, and then brush the powder out. This gives the hair enough body, as it were, to make it perfectly manageable, and doesn't make life a burden as it generally is to a girl for several days after washing her hair.—Harper's Bazar.

Oyster Loaf. Cut the top crust from a loaf of bread and scoop and scrape out the inside, leaving the bottom and sides whole. Set the hollowed loaf, with the top crust laid by it, in an open oven and let get very dry and warm. Cut four dozen oysters in halves and cook them over the fire in their own liquor. When they begin to curl at the edges, add the crumbs of the loaf rubbed very fine, a large tablespoonful of butter rolled in one of flour, and a teaspoonful of milk. Season with salt and pepper, and cook for three minutes after the milk is added. Butter the inside of the dried loaf, fill with the oyster mixture, put on the upper crust and serve.

A seasonable recipe: Mustard pickle—One quart large cucumbers cut one, one quart small cucumbers left whole, one quart large onions cut fine, one quart small onions left whole, three green peppers chopped fine. Put cucumbers and onions in separate dishes cover with hot brine, then cover over the mouth of vessel to keep the steam in. Let stand over night. In the morning pour off the brine and mix all together. Then add one half gallon vinegar, three cups sugar, one half pound white mustard seed, one quarter ounce celery seed. Let come to a boil, make a paste of three quarters of a cup of flour, one half-cup of ground mustard. Let all boil until the large cucumbers are tender. Bottle when hot.

SPARKLES.

Friend—Hello, Pat! I scarcely knew you with your whiskers off.
Pat—The same wid me, me bhoy, I didn't know myself when I looked into the glass except by me voice.

"She married an octogenarian, didn't she?"
"I guess not. He looked to be as white as any of us."

"But I shall always be a brother to you," he murmured.
"If I had any use for a brother," she replied, sweetly, "I could reach under the sofa and get one right now."

"What is the difference between twelve ten and twelve eleven?"
"None whatever. Don't you see that twice ten makes twenty and twice eleven makes twenty-two (too)?"

Instructor in Public Speaking — What is the matter with you, Mr. Brown? Can't you speak any louder? be more enthusiastic. Open your mouth and throw yourself into it!

The Teacher (reading): "Then the girl warrior faced the mocking foe and unsheathed her deadly weapon." What does that mean children? Well, Elsie?

Elsie: Please, ma'am, I think it means she stuck out her tongue.

Tommy: Pa, what is an equinox?
Pa: Why, er—it is—ahem. For goodness sake, Tommy, don't you know anything about mythology, at all? An equinox was a fabled animal, half-horse, half cow. Its name is derived from the words "equine" and "ox." It does seem as these public schools don't teach children anything nowadays!

Eleanor, aged six, had been going to school only a few weeks. She had learned to raise her hand if she wanted anything. One day she put this into effect when she was sent to the chicken-house to get the eggs.

Just as she reached the chicken-house door her mother heard her say, "All you chickens that have laid an egg, raise your hands."

She—You see, we were discussing whether two could live as cheaply as one, and—well, we both had the same chair—and papa came in.

He—and did you decide the question?

She—No; but we agreed after papa left that two could feel as cheap as one, any way.

A carping old Scotch woman said to her pastor one day:

"Dear me, meenisters mak' muckle adae about their hard work. But what's two bits o' sermons in the week tae mak' up? I cud dae it mase!"
"Well, Janet," said the minister, "let's hear ye."

"Come awa' wi' a text, then," quoth she.

He repeated with emphasis: "It is better to dwell in the corner of the housetop than with a brawling woman and in a wide house."

Janet fired up instantly. "What's that ye say, sir? Dae ye intend onything personal?"
"Stop, stop!" broke in the pastor. "You wud never dae for a meenister."

"An' what for no?" asked she sharply.

"Because, Janet, you come ower soon tae the application!"

There are comforters that have been born into service, and disciplined, not so much through personal experience of trial as through a perfect communion with the great Peace-giver, in whom the springs of comfort rise. Love and sacrifice hold the meaning of all that is great and true and beautiful for one's own soul, and must hold the secret of all powers of helpfulness to the world.—Anon.

WOMEN'S HEALTH
WHEN FORTY-FIVE

A Critical Period When Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Are a Real Blessing.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are absolutely the finest medicine that ever a woman took. At special periods a woman needs a medicine to regulate her blood supply or her life will be a round of pain and suffering. It is at such times that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are worth their weight in gold, for they make new, rich blood, that banish the secret symptoms of distress that only well-known and growing girls know. They strengthen every vital organ for its special task and bring rose cheeks and shapely forms that tell of womanly health and happiness. Mrs. Richard Lobb, Red Deer, Alta., says: "At that critical period in my life known as the change I suffered so much that I hardly hoped to pull through. I doctored for months, but did not get any relief, and I grew so weak that I could hardly walk about, and it was impossible for me to do my housework. Only women who have suffered similarly can tell how much I endured—the constant misery, the dragged out feeling, and the terrible backaches that beset me. No woman could have been in a more wretched condition than I was at this time, and it was then that my attention was directed to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I got a half dozen boxes and before they were all gone I had seen a good improvement in my condition. Then I got six more boxes and before I had used them all I felt like a new woman and was enjoying better health than I had done for years. Not only have Dr. Williams' Pink Pills proved a blessing to me, but they also worked a great change in the case of my daughter, who was in a very miserable condition after childbirth. I know also of two young girls whom I believe would have been in their graves now but for the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Considering what they have done for me and what I have seen them do for others, I am justified in my enthusiasm for this medicine and I never lose an opportunity to recommend it."

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.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN

Mr. David Watson, postman, Perth, has been presented with the Imperial service medal, he having 25 years' faultless service to his credit.

Rev. W. Avre, Macduff, has been elected minister of Kirkcowan parish, Wigtownshire.

Rev. D. Bruce Nicol, B.D., Aberdeen, lately assistant in St. Andrews' Church, Buenos Ayres, has been appointed to the vacant assistantship in St. Cuthbert's Parish Church, Edinburgh.

The census returns give the population of Greater New York as 4,766,883, an increase of 1,329,651 over the census of 1900.

The death has taken place at Shotts, near Glasgow, of Mary Currie or McIntyre, who recently entered her one hundredth and fourth year, having been born in Argyllshire in August, 1807. She preserved all her faculties to the end.

The Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland and the Countess of Aberdeen visited the Dublin Horse Show and the annual exhibition of the Dublin Horticultural Society, and were subsequently present at the opening of a Home for Consumptives.

Commenting on the general expansion of prosperity in South Australia, Mr. Denny, Attorney-General, said last year's figures read like a fair tale.

Lord Methuen, the commander-in-chief in South Africa, celebrated his 65th birthday recently. His name will always be linked with the South African war, where he knew both defeat and victory.