

HEALTH AND HOME HINTS.

A few drops of turpentine on a woolen cloth will clean tan shoes very well, and a drop or two of orange or lemon juice will give a brilliant polish to any leather.

Instead of sewing tapes or loops on holders, use the brass rings so cheaply sold by the dozen. Large rings can sometimes supply the place of and out-wear buttonholes, as on waists to which skirts are buttoned.

Fever patients are often troubled greatly by thirst, when water drunk in any quantity would be harmful. Ice broken into small pieces, and mixed with lemon jelly also cut into bits, is very refreshing, and may be given safely.

Mulled buttermilk is strengthening but must not be given if there is any tendency to summer complaint. Put a pint of fresh buttermilk on to boil; add a beaten egg, drop by drop; stir and remove from the fire after one boil; sweeten. It may be also boiled, sweetened with honey, and seasoned with salt. Add a tablespoonful of butter to each pint of milk.

Oatmeal Bread.—Stir into two cups of cooked oatmeal after being cooled, one-half cup of molasses, one small cake compressed yeast dissolved in one-half cup of lukewarm water, one heaping teaspoonful of salt, two heaping teaspoonfuls of sugar; add flour enough to knead into a nice, soft dough. Set aside in warm place to rise for four hours. Put in two pans and let rise for two hours, then bake for one hour.

Moths in Carpets.—Moths will work in carpets in rooms that are kept warm in the winter as well as in the summer. A sure method of removing the nests is to pour strong alum water on the floor to the distance of half a yard around the edges before laying the carpets. Then once or twice during the season sprinkle dry salt over the carpet before sweeping. Insects do not like salt, and sufficient adheres to the carpet to prevent their alighting upon it.

Home-Made Tonic.—A spring tonic which our grandmothers placed great faith in. Take the juice of two lemons, and an ounce each of sulphur, and cream of tartar. Put in a jar and pour one quart of boiling water into it, stirring as you do so. When cold or next day use as follows. A wine glassful half an hour before breakfast, half as much for a child. This simple tonic clears the blood and prevents the outbreak of eruptions, and has not the disagreeable effects of sulphur taken in the usual way.

Orange Custard.—Line a glass bowl with lady fingers split and stood on end. Then slice oranges, sprinkle with sugar; now bananas and nut meats. Repeat until your bowl is two-thirds full. Then pour over all a custard made of one pint of sweet milk, scalded, with the yolks of two eggs, one cup of sugar, and one tablespoon of cornstarch. Pour this over your fruit in dish and let cool. Beat whites of eggs with two tablespoons pulverized sugar and spend on top. Set in oven to brown. Serve with whipped cream cold.

Temperance and labor are the two best physicians of man; labor sharpens the appetite, and temperance prevents him from indulging to excess.

Happiness, in this world, when it comes, comes incidentally. Make it the object of pursuit, and it leads us a wildgoose chase, and is never attained.

SPARKLES.

Editor—My dear sir, we can't publish stuff like this. Why, it's not verse at all; it's an escape of gas.

Spring Poet — O, I see—something wrong with the meter.

One morning as a country physician was driving through a country village he saw a man amusing a crowd with the antics of his trick dog. The doctor pulled up and watched the fun awhile, and then said: "My dear man, how do you manage to train your dog that way? I can't teach mine a single trick." The man looked up, and, with that simple, rustic look, replied, "Well, you see it's this way: you have to know mor'n the dog, or you can't teach him nothin'."

"The bachelor is worse off than the married man." "How do you make that out?" "The married man is afraid of only one woman, the bachelor is afraid of all of them."

She—What do you want? He—Pen-north o' pudden. She—Plain or plum? He—plain. She—Hot or cold. He—Hot. She—Have it 'ere, or tike it wiv yer? He—'Ere. She—Fork or fingers? He—(wearily)—O blow yer pudden! Gimme 'am!

"Tell your mother, Johnny," said his kind maiden aunt, as she placed a piece of cake in his hand. "that I was very sorry your sister couldn't come." "And what will I say," replied little Johnny, with an air of strategy, "if mamma asks where is sister's piece of cake?"

"I have three witnesses who will swear that at the hour when this man was robbed I was in my own chamber, taking care of my baby." "Yes, your honor," glibly answered the prisoner's counsel, "that is strictly true. We can prove a lullaby, your honor."

This story is told of the great Brooklyn preacher: Some would-be wag sent Henry Ward Beecher a letter, containing on a sheet of paper only the words, "April Fool." Mr. Beecher opened it, and then a delighted smile beamed over his face, as he exclaimed: "Well! I've often heard of a man writing a letter and forgetting to sign it, but this is the first case of a man signing his name and forgetting to write the letter!"

"You refuse to cash my cheque for \$100?"

"Yes."

"And yet you offer to lend me \$10?"

"I do."

"I don't understand you."

"Well, isn't \$90 worth saving?"

Archie Campbell, a well-known city officer in Auld Reekie, was celebrated for his cunning and wit. His mother having died in Edinburgh, Archie hired a hearse and carried her to the family burial place in the Highlands. He returned, it is said, with the hearse full of smuggled whiskey, and being teased about it by a friend, he said, "Wow, man, there's nae harm done; I only took awa' the body and brought back the speerit."

"Lay off your overcoat or you won't feel it when you go out," said the landlord of a Western inn to a guest who was sitting by the fire.

"That's what I'm afraid of," returned the man. "The last time I was here I laid off my overcoat, I didn't feel it when I went out, and I haven't felt it since."

Happiness grows at our firesides, and it is not picked up in strangers' gardens.

A GRATEFUL WOMAN

Tells of Remarkable Cure Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Wrought in Her Case—Had Undergone Four Operations Without Help.

When women approach that critical period in their lives known as the turn of life, they do so with a feeling of apprehension and uncertainty for in the manner in which they pass that crisis determines the health of their after life. During this most important time in the life of a woman, her whole aim should be to build up and strengthen her system to meet the unusual demands upon it. Devotion to family should not lead to neglect of self. The hard work and worries of household cares should be avoided as far as possible. But whether she is able to do this or not, no woman should fail to take the tonic treatment offered by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which will build up her blood and fortify her whole system, enabling her to pass this critical period with safety. We give the following strong proof of what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are constantly doing for suffering women:

Mrs. Margaret Wood, Southfield, N.B., says: Some years ago I became a victim to the troubles that afflict so many of my sex, in the very worst form. The doctor in charge neither through medicine nor local treatment gave me any help, and he decided that I must undergo an operation if I was to have any relief. During the next two years I underwent four successive operations. During this time I had the attention of some of the best physicians. From each operation I received some benefit, but only of short duration, and then I drifted back into the same wretched condition as before. During all this time I was taking medicine to build up my system, but with no avail. I was reduced to a mere skeleton; my nerves were utterly broken down. My blood was of a light yellowish color, and I was so far gone that I took spells in which my lips, fingers and tongue would seem paralyzed. I cannot begin to express what I suffered and went through in those two years. I was completely discouraged and thought I could not live long. Then on the urgent advice of friends I began to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and after some weeks perceived a change for the better. I continued to take the Pills for several months gradually growing stronger and suffering less, and in the end found myself once more a well woman and enjoying the blessing of such good health as I had not known for years. I now always keep these Pills in the house and after a hard day's work take them for a few days and they always seem to put new life and energy in my body. I sincerely hope my experience may be of benefit to some other suffering woman."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all dealers in medicines or will be sent by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by addressing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Note broadly . . . Shakespeare has no heroes . . . he has only heroines. There is hardly a play that has not a perfect woman in it, steadfast in grave hope and errorless purpose, conceived in the highest heroic type of humanity . . . The catastrophe of every play is caused always by the folly or fault of a man; the redemption, if there be any, is by the wisdom and virtue of a woman's, and, failing in that, there is none.—Ruskin.