

HOW TO WASH BLANKETS.

First make some soap-jelly by heating and simmering one pound of soap in a quart of water until the former is dissolved. When cold it will be a jelly. Allow a heaping tablespoonful of this jelly and a teaspoonful of liquid ammonia for each gallon of washing water, which should be just hot enough to bear the hand in comfortably. When the soap is dissolved put the blankets into the suds, pressing them well down. leave for a quarter of an hour. Wring them with a wringer if possible, and put into another similar lot of suds. Souse up and down in this and wring again, and if the blankets do not look clean put them through a third lot of suds. Rinse in clear water, wring as dry as possible, shake and hang in a nice airy place to dry—out of doors if possible. Quilts, eiderdowns and shawls can be washed in exactly the same way, but eiderdowns need to be frequently shaken during the drying process, or they will be "lumpy."—Ex.

MOTHER SHIPTON'S PROPHECIES.

Many inquiries warrant the reprinting of the accepted Mother Shipton's prophecies, as under:

Carriages without horses shall go,
And accidents fill the world with woe.
Around the world man's thoughts shall fly,

In the twinkling of an eye.
Water shall yet more wonders do—
How strange; but yet they shall be true.

The world upside down shall be
And gold be found at the root of a tree.

Through hills man shall ride,
And no horse or ass be at his side.
Under water men shall walk,
Shall ride, shall sleep, shall talk.

In the air men shall be seen
In white, in black, in green.
Iron on the water shall float
As easily as a wooden boat.
Gold shall be found and shown
In lands now not known.
England shall at last admit a Jew,
And fire and water shall wonders do.
The world to an end shall come
In eighteen hundred and eighty-one.

Martha Shipton was born Ursula, though some say Agatha, Sonthiel, about 1488; married an artisan named Toby Shipton, settled near York, England, and started prophesying, dying about 1561. Her prophecies were regarded as pure fiction, being put in shape from time to time by scribes for commercial purposes. The accepted version given above is said to have been the work of one Charles Hindley, and was published about 1862 and, as relate, "caused great anxiety" to many persons who expected the end of the world in 1881.

There is considerable talk of a union being consummated between the Methodist and Presbyterian congregations in Tilbury, and there is every likelihood that the idea will be carried out. Each congregation is small, and the expense of maintenance, is heavy at present; in fact, is a trifle too much for either to bear alone. Instead of two struggling organizations, the union would devolve a strong congregation, capable of paying its way with ease. And money counts in church work as elsewhere.

DR. MILLIGAN TO RESIGN
AFTER A LONG SERVICE.

After almost thirty-five years' ministry in St. Andrew's church, Carlton street, Toronto, the Rev. Dr. G. M. Milligan at the morning service, May 2nd, announced his impending resignation and called a meeting of the church managers to officially accept the resignation.

Dr. Milligan confined himself to the bare statement, and although in a measure the congregation had lately feared such a statement might come at any time, yet, when made, it caused quite a shock to many. Indeed, there were not a few who could barely restrain their emotion.

Thirty-four years ago, on the 24th of last October, Rev. Dr. Milligan was inducted to the charge of St. Andrew's. At that time the membership roll contained but fifty-seven names. The present edifice was not opened until March 17, 1878. The old church on the corner of Church and Adelaide streets was used until the present structure was ready. In these thirty-four years the church membership has grown until to-day it numbers 772. The church is known as being one which keeps its membership roll close up, with no names on it but those who are in reality members. In few churches, if any, have the relationships between the pastor and congregation been so harmonious as between Dr. Milligan and his flock. During the long years of his ministry no serious differences has arisen. From the church have gone forth many young men who have occupied or still occupy foremost places in the professional and business life of the country.

Although nothing officially will be decided until the church managers' meeting, it is the wish of the whole congregation that Dr. Milligan remain minister emeritus as St. Andrew's church as long as he lives. It is believed that this desire will be acceded to by Dr. Milligan.

Dr. Milligan's health has not been good for the past year or so, but he has just returned from a brief stay in Atlantic City greatly strengthened. He purposes visiting Britain this summer and expects to go to his childhood's home in the county of Caithness, and to preach in Wick and probably in Canshaw parish churches.

There was some talk a few months ago of appointing an assistant for Dr. Milligan, but as Prof. Law of Knox college undertook to deliver a series of discourses in St. Andrew's the necessity for an assistant was obviated, for the present at any rate.

The increase in the membership of the church led the congregation recently to decide to add five more elders, who were yesterday morning formally ordained in office. They are Messrs. W. J. Fraser, John J. Gibson, Duncan Sinclair, Dr. F. C. Husband and Rev. Prof. Law of Knox college.

"Let hte GOLD DUST Twins do Your work"



GOLD DUST

WASHING POWDER "CLEANS EVERYTHING."

The N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY
MONTREAL

GOOD BLOOD

GOOD HEALTH

Just a Little More Rich, Red Blood.
Cures Most Ailments.

The lack of sufficient red, health-giving blood doesn't end merely in a pale complexion. It is much more serious. Bloodless people are the tired, languid, run down folk who never have a bit of enjoyment in life. Food does not nourish, there's indigestion, heart palpitation, headache, backache, sometimes fainting fits and always nervousness. If anaemia or bloodlessness be neglected too long a decline is sure to follow. Just a little more blood cures all these troubles. Just more rich, red blood; then abounding health and vitality and pleasure in life. To get more blood the remedy is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. No other medicine increases the blood supply so quickly or so surely. The cure actually begins with the first dose, though naturally it is not noticeable. This is not a mere claim. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have been doing this over and over again in Canada for years. This is why thousands of people always have a good word to say about this medicine. The following is the experience of one of the many who praise this medicine. Mrs. J. J. Thibodeau, Bathurst Village, N.B., says: "Some years ago while teaching school I became so run down that I could hardly walk. My breath was short and I had failed in weight and lost color. I had to rest several times on my way to school and during school hours it took more than all my strength to fulfill my duty. My doctor advised me to give up teaching and take a long rest. But at this time a friend persuaded me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and I got six boxes. I hadn't finished the first box when I felt a little better and by the time I had used the six boxes I was fully recovered and enjoying the best of health. At a later date I was troubled with eczema and my faith in Pink Pills led me to try them again, and I was not disappointed, as they cured this trouble also. I can't praise Dr. Williams' Pink Pills too much for they have done me a power of good."

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

I WOULD BE TRUE.

By Howard A. Walter.

I would be true, for there are those trust me;

I would be pure, for there are those who care;

I would be strong, for there is much to suffer,

I would be brave, for there is much to dare.

I would be friend of all—the foe, the friendless;

I would be giving, and forget the gift;

I would be humble, for I know my weakness;

I would look up and laugh, and love, and lift.

Priests and schools may doubt
Who never have believed, but I have loved.

For in my soul one hope forever burns.

That at the next white corner of a road

My eyes may look on Him!

All! All! I know Him for I love Him!

Go!

—G. K. Chesterton.