

## HEALTH AND HOME HINTS.

Linen that has yellowed with age is whitened by boiling in milk and soap, one pound of soap to a gallon of milk.

When using cornstarch or arrowroot for thickening, always wet it well with cold milk or water before stirring into the hot liquid.

Coarse salt wet with vinegar is an excellent cleansing paste for enamel ware which has become discolored through use.

Keep lemons in a wide-mouthed jar covered with cold water. Change the water ever day and there is no danger of moulding.

Sour Milk Griddle Cakes.—Into a quart of curdled milk stir a quart of flour, a teaspoonful of salt and two beaten eggs. Mix thoroughly then add as much flour as will be needed to make a good batter. Last of all, add a teaspoon of baking soda dissolved in a tablespoonful of hot water. Bake at once on a very hot griddle.

Apple Float.—Whip whites of eggs to a stiff froth. Add sugar to taste and whip until it stands. Peel one apple at a time and grate it to egg, keeping well stirred, or apple will turn dark. Whip again until stiff and dry, and when you think you have it stiff enough, whip a little longer, or it will turn to water. You can use jelly or cooked fruit in place of apple, but fruit must be mashed smooth first. A little lemon juice may be added if desired. Serve with cream.

Tomato and Cheese Toast.—Peel three-quarters of a pound of tomatoes. Stew them in a little butter for ten minutes. Then add a teaspoonful of finely-chopped onion. Continue cooking for about eight minutes, and then stir in half a teaspoonful of finely grated cheese. Work well, stirring all the time, and finally spread on round croutons of fried bread. Sprinkle a very little grated horse-radish over each and serve at once.

Potato and Nut Salad. — Take some cold boiled potatoes which have not been overcooked. Slice them thinly and lay them for five minutes to soak in a dressing of oil and vinegar, black pepper and salt. A little onion-juice added to the oil improves the flavor. Then wash the inner stalks of a head of celery and scrape it into shreds. Place in a salad bowl, adding the potatoes and some chopped pecan nuts and shelled walnuts. Pour the dressing over the top, and decorate with sliced beetroot and hard-boiled eggs.

Grape Jam.—Six pounds of grapes, three pounds of sugar, two teaspoonfuls each of cinnamon and cloves. Pulp the grapes, cook and strain the pulp, boil skins tender, add sugar, spices and vinegar, if liked, boil down until it thickens, can and seal.

Good Recipe.—Peel and slice several pounds of ripe tomatoes, add three and a half pounds of sugar, a pint of vinegar, a teaspoonful of salt, a tablespoonful of cinnamon, and a teaspoonful of cloves. Boil slowly two hours. Cool in the kettle and put in pint cans. It is well nigh impossible to make a jam of spiced fruit directly over the fire, or even on the griddle, without its sticking to the kettle and scorching. Make in a double boiler, or set in the oven when ironing, or have a continuous hot fire.

## THE BOY AND HIS SURROUNDINGS

A boy's room has every chance of being one of the most interesting rooms in the house. It may be a workshop in the basement or in the rear extension, an improvised corner in the open attic, or a small study, but if it enters into the spirit of a boy's activities, it is sure to be a good-looking and well-furnished room. The mind is all powerful in the basement or elevation of a material, and a boy should early realize this power over his surroundings. There is no material so humble but it can be ennobled through thought. — St. Nicholas.

## SPARKLES.

Angler (who is telling his big fish story).—What weight was he? Well, they hadn't right weights at the inn, but he weighed exactly a flatiron, two eggs and a bit of soap.—Punch.

Uncle Ethan was in a cautious frame of mind. "Which," somebody asked him, "do you think is the worst, a flood or a drought?"

Uncle Ethan scratched his head. "It always depends," he replied. "I should say that a flood was a great deal worse, providing, of course, that there WAS a flood."

Mr. Microbe—Horrible catastrophe! Ten million lives lost!

Mrs. Microbe — Good gracious, Mike! What happened?

Mr. Microbe—The First National Bank, without a word of warning, sterilized a dollar bill.

Picking up a sharp knife from the meat stand, the customer extends it to the butcher, with the remark:

"I haven't any use for it, but you may cut it off and I'll take it along, anyhow."

"Cut what off?" gasps the astonished butcher.

"Your hand. You weighed it with the meat, you know, and I want all I pay for."

"So you're a butcher now?"

"Yes," explained the former dry goods clerk. "The ladies don't try to match spare ribs or steak."

"He always was a lucky fellow."

"What do you mean?"

"When he fell out of his airship he plunged straight through the skylight of a hospital."

A bright little tot of three years asked at the breakfast table for a biscuit, and not being waited on as promptly as she desired, said, in a very aggrieved tone:

"Please give me a biscuit—I am waiting as fast as I can."

"O, John," cried the farmer's wife, so Punch avers, "I'm afraid I've taken that dreadful new disease!"

"What makes you think so, dear?" he asked, alarmed, gathering the frail little woman into his arms and stroking the thinning hair, as she sobbed out the story of her fears upon his broad shoulder.

"Well," she explained, "after I have gotten up, dressed myself and the children, cooked breakfast, washed the dishes, prepared the children for school, strained the new milk and set it away to cool, churned and worked the butter, swept and dusted, done the ironing, given the baby his bath, cooked dinner and washed the dishes, sewed all afternoon, cooned supper and washed the dishes, undressed the children and put them to bed, and sat down for the evening, I am too tired to do any darning! I never used to feel so. It must be the hookworm!"

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HOW ONE WOMAN  
REGAINED HEALTH

A Striking Example of Its Cure by the Tonic Treatment.

St. Vitus dance is the commonest form of nervous trouble which afflicts children, because of the great demands made on the body by growth and development, and there is the added strain caused by study. It is when these demands become so great that they impoverish the blood, and the nerves fail to receive their full supply of nourishment, that the nervous debility which leads to St. Vitus dance.

The remarkable success of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in curing St. Vitus dance should lead parents to give their children this great blood-building medicine at the first signs of the approach of the disease. Fear, listlessness, inattention, restlessness and irritability are all symptoms which early show that the blood and nerves are failing to meet the demands made upon them. Mrs. A. Winters, of Virden, Man., says: "When my little girl was six years old she was attacked with scarlatina, which was followed by St. Vitus dance. Her limbs would jerk and twitch. Her speech became affected, and at last she became so bad that she could scarcely walk, and we hardly dared trust her alone. She was under the care of a doctor, but in spite of this was steadily growing worse, and we feared that we would lose her. As Dr. Williams' Pink Pills had cured her older sister of anaemia I decided to try them again. After the use of a few boxes, to our great joy, we found they were helping her and in the course of a few weeks more her power of speech fully returned, and she could walk and go about as well as any child, and she has been well and healthy since. When illness comes to any one of our family now, we never call in a doctor, but simply use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and they never disappoint us."

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.

Doctor — Have you consulted any one else?

Patient—I went to see a chemist and he told me—

Doctor (interrupting)—Don't tell me that you asked the advice of a chemist. No one except a lunatic would take the advice of a chemist.

Patient—I was about to say that he told me to come to you."

"What kind of a career have you mapped out for your boy, Josh?"

"I'm goin' to make a lawyer of him," answered Farmer Cortnasel. "He's got an unconquerable fancy for tendin' to other folks' business, an' he might as well git paid for it."

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