

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Every scrap of tissue paper that comes into the house should be kept for wiping mirrors. It gives a peculiar luster to the glass.

Silverware may be kept bright by washing in the water in which potatoes have been boiled. It can be kept bottled for the purpose.

Neither table nor floor oilcloths should be washed in hot soapuds; they should be washed clean with warm water and then rubbed dry with a cloth wet in milk.

In boiling meat it is well to remember that rapid boiling is a sure method of making the meat hard. Boiling for either meat or vegetables should be changed to simmering, for vegetables are surely spoiled by too quick cooking, which sends the good vegetable juices off in steam.

Oatmeal Cakes.—Three cups of oatmeal, two cups of flour, one cup of butter, one and a half cups of sugar, one teaspoonful of salt, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder; rub all together and wet with milk or cream until you have a dough that you can roll; roll thin and bake in quick oven.

The best oil for softening leather and making it pliable is castor oil.

If a turkey is roasted with breast down the white meat, usually dry and tasteless, will be juicy and sweet! Half an hour before removing from the oven turn the fowl over for the breast to brown.

Sometimes it is extremely difficult to clean the inside of flower-glasses and vases. A mixture of rock-salt and vinegar will prove successful. Dissolve a tablespoonful of the salt in about a gill of vinegar; pour this into the glasses, shaking them about for a few minutes, and then rinse with clean water.

Rich Coffee Cake.—One-half cup of butter, one cup sugar, two tablespoons molasses, one-half cup strong coffee, one tablespoon brandy, two eggs, two cups flour, one-half teaspoon salt, two level teaspoon baking powder, one-half teaspoon cinnamon, one-quarter teaspoon cloves, one-quarter teaspoon nutmeg, one-half cup raisins (stoned), one-third cup currants, two tablespoons citron, cut fine; cream the butter, add gradually the sugar, then the molasses, eggs, fruit and coffee; sift together thoroughly the flour, salt, baking powder, cinnamon, cloves, nutmeg and add to the mixture; bake in a cake pan fifty minutes.

Parsnip Fricassee.—This savory homely dish has been rightly dubbed "pot luck." Cut in narrow fingers, fat picked pork, fry lightly, cover with boiling water and simmer an hour. Then add four parsnips (to half a pound of pork) which have been pared and cut in quarters, and water to cover the parsnips. When this reaches the boiling point, throw in an equal measure of pared egg sized potatoes cut in half. A teaspoonful of salt and half that amount of white pepper. When the potatoes crumble, drain off the water, replace it with milk, cover the kettle with a steamer, in which steam for five minutes small slices of stale bread, add a generous lump of butter to the fricassee, turn into a hot dish, sprinkle with chopped parsley and arrange the steamed bread on top.

MUCH ADD ABOUT NOTHING.

An old woman who entered a country savings bank not long ago was asked whether she wanted to draw or deposit.

"Nayther. Oi wants to put some money in," was the reply.

The clerk entered the amount and pushed the slip toward her to sign.

"Sign on this line, please," he said.

"Above or below it?"

"Just above it."

"Me whole name?"

"Yea."

"Before Oi was married?"

"No; just as it is now."

"Oi can't write."

SPARKLES.

Lots of people would never think of walking on the grass if it wasn't for the sign that tells them to keep off.

Pat, on being told that the price of bread had fallen, exclaimed, "This is the first time I ever rejoiced at the fall of my best friend."

The mother—I do hope Jack doesn't feel homesick at college. When did you write to him last?

The father—I can tell you in a minute if you'll hand me my check book.

McTavish—"Have you a light, Donald?"

Donald—"Aye, but it's oot."—Scraps.

Married people have lots of trouble because either he doesn't get home in time for dinner, or, if he does, dinner doesn't get ready in time for him.

Mrs. Homer—"You can't go home while it is raining. Stay and have dinner with us." Mr. Witles—"Oh, no, thank you. It isn't as bad as that!"

"John, what is the best thing to feed a parrot on?" asked an elderly lady of her bachelor brother, who hated parrots. "Arsenic," gruffly answered John.

The late Andrew Balfour, one of the judges in the Commissary Court of Edinburgh, used to talk in a very pompous and inflated style of language. Having made an appointment with the late Honorable Henry Erskine, on some particular business, and failing to attend, he apologized for it, by telling the learned advocate that his brother, the Laird of Balbirnie, had fallen down from the stile and sprained his ankle. This trifling accident he related in language highly pedantic and bombastical. The witty advocate, with his usual vivacity, replied—"It was very fortunate for your brother, Andrew, that it was not from your stile he fell, or he had broken his neck, instead of spraining his ankle!" —T. D. Brown.

TIT FOR TAT.

A famous Canadian judge, who has a great fund of anecdotes, and who would never think of suppressing a joke because he is himself the victim of it, tells of an attempt which he recently made to poke fun at an Irishman. He was returning to his home after a session of court in a distant county, and as the train was standing at a small station, about twenty miles from his destination, he espied an old laborer, whom he slightly knew, about to enter a carriage. The judge promptly took the man into a parlor car with himself and paid for his seat. As the train rolled along past pleasant farms, the judge, knowing the man's great love for the Emerald Isle, said:

"Well, John, this is a great country, this Canada. It's away ahead of Ireland, isn't it?"

Tears came into the eyes of the old man at the mention of his native land, and he shook his head as he replied:

"No, indeed, this country is nothing like Ireland."

"Tut, tut, man," said the judge, in a persuasive tone; "you'd be a long time in Ireland before you'd enjoy the honor of riding in a parlor car with a judge."

"Troth, and you're right," replied his companion, "and you'd be a mighty long time in Ireland before they'd make you a judge."—Tit-Bits.

Miss Marie Hall, the famous violinist, sums up her impressions of America, from which she has just returned, in four words: "Teed water; hot hotels."

The syndicate which runs the saloons at Monte Carlo pays the Prince £50,000 a year for the privilege, and also has to bear the whole cost of maintaining the Principality.

A SPRING TONIC.

Weak, Tired and Depressed People
Need a Tonic at This Season to
Put the Blood Right.

Spring blood is bad blood. Indoor life during the winter months is responsible for weak, watery, impure blood. You need a tonic to build up the blood in the spring just as much as a tree needs new sap to give it vitality for the summer. In the spring the bad blood shows itself in many ways. In some it breeds pimples and eruptions. In others it may be through occasional headaches, a variable appetite, perhaps twinges of neuralgia, or rheumatism, or a lazy feeling in the morning and a desire to avoid exertion. For these spring ailments it is a tonic you need, and the greatest blood-making, health-giving tonic in all the world is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Every dose helps to make new, rich, red, health-giving blood, which reaches every nerve and every organ in the body, bringing health, strength and energy to weak, despondent, ailing men and women. Here is proof. Mrs. Chas. Blackburn, Aylesford Station, N. S., says: "For the past ten years Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is the only medicine I have taken when I found I needed a medicine. Last spring I was feeling poorly, was weak, easily tired and depressed. I got three boxes and they made me feel like a new person. These pills are the best medicine I know of when the blood is out of order."

Thousands of people not actually sick need a tonic in the spring, and to all these a box or two of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will bring new energy and new strength. To those who may be more seriously ailing, who are suffering from any of the ailments due to bad blood—a fair treatment with these pills will bring new health and vitality. You can get these pills from any medicine dealer or by mail from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50.

BLIND OBEDIENCE.

"Bridget," said the mistress, to her latest "treasure," "you really must not be so slow in answering the door bell. When Mrs. Corler came this afternoon you kept her waiting several minutes before you admitted her."

"I were scrubbing out the sink, mum," explained Bridget.

"I can't help that," returned her mistress; "you should have left it. Please understand that when anybody comes you must drop everything and go to the door at once."

"Very good, mum," replied Bridget, and she retired.

Ten minutes later there came another peal at the bell. It was immediately followed by a fiendish crash in the kitchen.

Out rushed the mistress and met her assistant en route for the front door.

"What on earth was that noise?" she exclaimed.

"It were the big meat dish and three or four plates, mum," replied Bridget; "I dropped 'em dreckly the bell rung. I'm afraid they ain't none the better for it, though," she added thoughtfully.

YOUTHFUL BEAUTY.

If you wish to be young looking and happy, adopt as your principle in life never to expect too much of people. A large amount of worry and trouble arises from our too great expectations of others. We expect too much of our children; they must be gifted, beautiful, obedient, little compendiums of all the virtues, and if they are not this we think bitter things and sow wrinkles and gray hair for ourselves. We expect too much of our friends, and ill nature is the result of the disappointments encountered. The housekeeper develops into a domestic pessimist who does not find the orderliness and cleanliness which she expects.