

HEALTH AND HOME HINTS.

Save fat from soup, clarify it, and you will have the wherewithal for basting meat and frying vegetables.

Slices of cold pork, seasoned with pepper and salt, fried on both sides, and served with apple sauce, will make a tasty dish.

Finely chopped cabbage scattered over carpets before sweeping is a wonderful cleanser, and to be preferred to tea leaves.

Bathe before breakfast if you can; if not, wait for quite two hours after a meal, so as not to interfere with the digestion.

For chafed skins nothing is better than the best Fuller's earth. If a child has a delicate skin, always use it after washing.

Baby's bare feet are pretty, but if you value his health, you will put on little woollen socks. His little feet should always be kept warm.

Grated cheese is more digestible than plain cheese, moreover, it makes a prettier dish. Serve a small dish of it for the cheese course, and see how it will be appreciated.

Dusting, or rather good dusting is an art. A slightly moistened duster in the left hand and a dry duster in the right, if well used, will collect the dust, and leave a perfectly clean surface.

Baked Sweet Potatoes.—Wash and scrape them and split them lengthwise. Steam or boil until nearly done. Drain and put them into a baking dish, placing over them lumps of butter, pepper and salt. Sprinkle thickly with sugar and bake in an oven until they are nicely browned.

Saturday Pudding.—Put a layer of jam in the bottom of a pldish, and spread over it breadcrumbs to the depth of an inch. Beat up two eggs with a pint of milk, grate in a little lemon rind, and pour over. Bake for twenty-five minutes in a moderate oven.

Scalloped Fish.—Cut uncooked fresh fish into small pieces free from bones and season with salt and pepper. Fill a buttered baking dish three-fourths full with the prepared fish, cover with hot, sweet milk, sprinkle with bread crumbs and bake in moderate oven until the fish is tender and the crumbs are brown.

Force-meat Balls.—Chop finely a quarter of a pound of suet, two ounces of lean bacon or ham, and the rind or half a lemon. Add a good pinch of powdered herbs, six ounces of bread crumbs, and a good seasoning of pepper and salt. Mix with two eggs, or one egg and a little milk, and form into balls.

The best thing to do if you happen to overboil potatoes is to drain off the water as much as possible. Put them, still in the saucepan, but without the lid, over the fire and stir with a wooden spoon until the water has evaporated and the potatoes become floury. Mash them until no lumps are left. Add salt, pepper, a lump of butter or dripping and a little milk. Mix and beat well and serve as mashed potatoes.

Egg and Tomato Pie.—Hard boil some eggs and cut them in slices. Grease a pldish and line it with breadcrumbs. Put a layer of egg slices in it, season with pepper and salt, then more breadcrumbs and a layer of tomatoes, and so on till the dish is full. Cover with breadcrumbs. Over all pour some gravy or stock, put a few bits of butter on the top and bake.

First Farmer (pointing to the faring horn on an automobile)—What's thet thing for?

Second Farmer—Thet's the thing they blow jes' before they run y' down!

SPARKLES.

Mistress (excitedly)—"Bridget, you have roasted the chicken for dinner and I wanted to have the mutton to-day." Bridget—"Ye niver said so." Mistress—"No, but I thought you would have known." Bridget—"Shure, mum, and did ye expect a mould-reader for folve shillin's a wake?"

Mrs. Rural (angrily)—"You promised me, when you went up to London last winter, that you wouldn't go near Cousin Maggie's."

Mr. Rural—"Y-e-s, my dear."

"But you did."

"I—I only took one meal there, my dear."

"I knew it—I knew you had taken a meal there or something. Murder will out."

"What has happened, my dear?"

"She writes that she is coming here with her six children to stay for a month."

A big Indian and a little Indian were walking down the street one day. The little Indian was the big Indian's son.

"The big Indian was the little Indian's father. What relation was the big Indian to the little Indian? His mother."

"A mothers' club," exclaimed Mrs. Farmer Hayrick, putting the newspaper down. "The very idee o' sech a thing! I never use nothing but a shingle. Nice sort o' mothers they must be that has to use a club!"

"Talking of ants," said the American casually, "we've got 'em as big as crabs out West. I've seen them fight with long thorns which they used as lances, charging each other like knights in a tournament."

The English traveller smiled.

"They don't compare with the ants I saw in the East," he said quietly. "The natives there have them trained as beasts of burden. One alone could trail a ton load for miles with ease. Sometimes, however, they will turn and crush the life out of their drivers."

The American asked the name of the particular kind of ant.

The reply was elephants!

In a certain church in Ireland, a young priest took for his text, "The Feeding of the Multitude." But he said—"And they fed ten thousand people with ten thousand loaves and ten thousand fishes." Thereat an old Irishman said—"That's no miracle; Begorra, I could do that myself," which the priest overheard. The next Sunday, the priest announced the same text, but he had it right this time—"And they fed ten thousand people on ten loaves of bread and ten fishes." He waited a second, and then leaned over the pulpit and said—"And could you do that, Mr. Murphy?"

Murphy replied, "Sure, your reverence, I could." "And how could you do it," said the priest. "Sure, your reverence, I could do it with your was left over from last Sunday."—San Francisco Argonaut.

"Let the GOLD DUST Twins do Your work"



GOLD DUST

WASHING POWDER "CLEANS EVERYTHING."

The N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY

MONTREAL

A MAINSTAY FOR ALL MEN

All Breadwinners Who Find Health
Declining Should Take Dr.
Williams' Pink Pills.

Thousands of men throughout Canada are suffering to-day from a deplorable failure of strength without knowing that they are the victims of nervous exhaustion. The signs are plain. The sufferer cannot keep his mind on work, passes restless nights, turns against food and cannot digest it, feels exhausted after exertion, while headaches and fits of dizziness often add to his misery. These symptoms denote that the nervous system is weakened and insufficiently nourished. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will promptly cure because they enrich the impure weak blood and thus give new strength and tone to the exhausted nerves. No other medicine can do this so promptly and so surely.

Mr. W. H. Hipson, East Pubnico, N.S., says:—"For a number of years I was troubled with violent headaches. When these spells came on the pain was so severe that I feared I would lose my senses. At the outset these headaches would come on about once a week. I doctored for the trouble, and did everything possible to get relief, but without avail, and as time went on the attacks grew both in frequency and severity. The pain was terrible, and with each attack seemed to grow worse. The only relief I could get was from a hot mustard foot bath, and the application of hot water and ammonia to my head. I would then have to be led to bed, where I had to remain until the attack passed away. At this time Dr. Williams' Pink Pills were brought to my notice, and while I scarcely hoped they would cure me, I decided to try them. After taking a few boxes I found that the attacks were not so severe, and I joyfully continued taking the pills until I had used ten boxes, when every symptom of the trouble had passed away, and I was in better health than I had ever enjoyed before. It is several years since my cure was effected, and as I have not had a headache since I feel that the cure is permanent. This is a plain statement of my case, but no words can tell what my sufferings really were, and I believe that but for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I would have been in my grave, for I could not have stood the pain much longer, and doctors did not do me any good."

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

WORTH WHILE.

Edward Sanford Martin.

I pray Thee, Lord, that when it comes to me
To say I will follow Truth and Thee,
Or choose instead to win as better worth
My pains, some cloying recompense of earth—

Grant me, great Father, from a hard-fought field,
Forespent and bruised, upon a battered shield,
Home to obscure endurance to be borne
Rather than live my own mean gains to scorn.

Far better fall with face turned toward the goal
At one with wisdom and my own worn soul,
Than ever come to see myself prevail,
When to succeed at last is but to fail.

Mean ends to win and therewith be content—
Save me from that! Direct Thou the event
As suits Thy will: where'er the prizes go,
Grant me the struggle, that my soul may grow.