

HEALTH AND HOME HINTS.

An apple poultice is an excellent thing in many cases of weak and inflamed eyes. Old stockings stuffed with rags and sewn up at the ends make good stove polishers.

The thin woman should eat plenty of bananas, potatoes, carrots, turnips, beans and peas, abundance of good bread and butter, and hot milk and cocoa for her beverages.

To obtain a beautiful skin one must diet properly. Butter, fat meat, and greasy food of every kind must be avoided. Coffee and tea must be given up, so must chocolate and all kinds of wine, milk or lemonade substituted. Fruit and vegetables should be eaten in abundance, rich sweets and cake being avoided.

The most nauseous physic may be given to children, without trouble by previously letting them take a peppermint lozenge, a piece of alum, or a bit of orange-peel. Many people make the mistake of giving a sweet afterwards to take away the disagreeable taste; it is far better to destroy it in the first instance.

For oatmeal gruel take one-fourth of a cupful of oatmeal, one and one-half cupfuls boiling water, one-fourth teaspoonful salt, milk or cream. Add the oatmeal, mixed with salt, to boiling water, let boil two minutes, then cook over hot water one hour. Strain, bring to boiling point, and add milk or cream to meet the needs of the case.

First-Class Doughnuts.—Beat together well two eggs, three heaping teaspoonfuls sugar, half teaspoonful salt and a little butter; pour on this two large iron spoonfuls lard (or four tablespoonfuls), smoking hot; add one teaspoonful sweet milk (condensed milk will do, with water added to it in proportion), flour to make a soft dough, into which has been placed two teaspoonfuls baking powder. Do not cut too thin and do not have lard too hot when put on to fry, as they will crust over too soon and not be light. Roll in powdered sugar. They do not absorb the grease while frying.

Cherry Roley Poley.—Make a crust as for short cake, two cups clear in which has been placed two teaspoonfuls baking powder and half teaspoonful salt. Rub well together. Wet up with water to right consistency, roll out, butter the top, then spread with canned or stewed dried cherries, well drained. Roll up like a jelly roll. Pinch ends well together; prick top with a fork, bake, serve with sauce of the cherry juice thickened with corn starch and seasoned with sugar.

Pepper Omelet.—The following recipe for a pepper omelet is in frequent use in the culinary department of the White House: "Melt an ounce of butter in a saucepan, and in it stir two spoonfuls of flour. Use one pint of beef stock. Half a dozen good-sized mushrooms, half a dozen whole peppers. Season with salt, pepper, a dash of nutmeg, and cook for twenty minutes. When done add a half pint of shrimps, three fresh peppers, chopped fine, and let simmer for five minutes. Prepare a plain omelet and pour in the mixture before it is turned over. Serve on hot plates."

Some folk, says Peter, tell all they know, and in order to show their ability, add additions of their own to their knowledge.

The Doctor:—"No; he's been a man a' his days," as the mother of the great Dr. George Jeffrey of Glasgow once said of her distinguished son to George Gilliland, in contrast to his brother Robert, who, she said, "had been aye a divertin' craik' ur."

A gentleman bought a new variety of potatoes, and told his gardener to be sure and plant them far enough apart. "Well, Sam, did you plant the potatoes far apart, as I told you?" Sam—"I did, sir. I planted some in your garden and some in mine, so they are four miles apart."

SPARKLES.

If a man boasts that he has no enemies he seldom has occasion to boast of his friends.

The man who tries to drown his troubles always seems to think they are located in his stomach.

Grocer—"What are you grumbling about? D'ye want the earth?" Customer—"No, not in the sugar."

Customer—"When was this chicken killed?" Waiter—"We don't furnish dates with chickens, sir. Only bread and butter."

"So many prominent men are reported to be ill. What do you suppose is the matter with them?" "Probably suffering from exposure."

She—"I notice that it is the single men who are the most anxious to go to war." He (much married)—"Yes. They don't know what war is!"

Miss H.—"It was simply wonderful what the mind reader did. He knew all my thoughts by just looking into my face." Miss V.—"He probably read between the lines."

Purchaser—"Is there any pedigree goes with this dog?" Itinerant Dog Vendor—"No, sir. I'm all out of pedigree. But I don't mind chucking in a chain and collar."

She—"Family quarrels are the man's fault nine times out of ten." He—"Maybe aye, maybe no'. But what about the teeth time?" She—"Oh! the woman's time; they don't quarrel then."

A country minister talking to an old lady about one of her sons who had emigrated, was very pathetic over the "dangers of the deep." "Hoots, minister," quoth Janet, "it'll be nae sae awfu' deen; it's been a dry simmer."

He turned to an old man petulantly. "Who on earth is this Mrs. John Thomas Irving, anyway?" he sneered. "She is John Thomas Irving's wife," the old man answered. "And who on earth is John Thomas Irving?" "I am," said the old man.

Mother—"Well, Johnnie, what are you going to give your governor for a Christmas present?" Johnnie—"It's too soon to talk about that yet, mammy; it all depends on how she behaves herself between now and Christmas!"

HOW TO GET RICH.

By Atwood Miller.

Said Jones to Smith one summer day: "How do you ever make things pay? You give too much for what you buy, And never sell when rates are high."

"It seems to me your stock don't grow. Leastways, they never make no show. Your barnyard fowls, I guess, don't lay, Although you feed them well, you say."

"I notice waste about your barn. Of course, to me, it's no consarn; But I do hate to see things so. And thought I'd plainly let you know."

"That you'll not have my sympathy If days of poverty you see. Then gals of your'n spend far too much For frocks and hats and gloves and such."

"Your horse that died was quite a loss. Them gals should now let you be boss, And tell them just how much to spend, Or in the poorhouse you will end."

"I thank you kindly, Neighbor Jones; I'm glad to find the man that owns A heart and head that's large enough To run his own and all my stuff."

"And maybe I have news for you; I'm making friends and money, too. By sticking to a good old rule My father taught me while in school."

"You, making money!—money—your? Do tell me how the thing you do." "I will, 'twill save you many cares— I strictly tend to my own affairs."

—United Presbyterian.

SUMMER FAQ.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills the Best Tonic for Summer.

The long hot summer thins the blood, and leaves you weary, worn and wretched. Nothing can cure that summer lag except Dr. Williams' Pink Pills—because they actually make new blood and thus strengthen every organ and every tissue in the body. Every dose fills you with new strength, new energy, new life. Purgative pills only weaken you more. Common tonics only stimulate for the moment. But Dr. Williams' Pink Pills actually make new blood, and nothing but good, pure rich, red blood can brace you to stand the summer. This is why you should take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills now. Mr. W. J. Norfolk, White Horse, Yukon Territory, says: "I am thirty-nine years of age and have been an athlete who scarcely knew the meaning of illness. Last year, however, my health gave way. I became nervous, did not sleep well and grew as weak as a kitten. It seemed as though I was completely worn out. I tried several so-called tonics, but it was only a waste of money, for they did me no good. Finally I began using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and they put me on my feet again, and gave me new health and strength."

Every weak and easily tired man and woman will find new health, new strength and new energy through a fair use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They cure all blood and nerve diseases. Like anaemia, nervous exhaustion, headaches and back-aches, indigestion, neuralgia, rheumatism and the special ailments that afflict most growing girls and women of mature years. 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.

WHEN TO CRY.

There are millions of little boys and girls in the world who want to do just the right thing and the very best thing. But they do not always know what just the right thing is, and sometimes they cannot tell the very best thing from the very worst thing.

Now I have often thought that there are little boys and girls who cry now and then at the wrong time; and I have asked many of the older people, but none of them could tell me the best time to cry.

But the other day I met a man older and wiser than any of the rest. He was very old and very wise and he told me:

"It is bad luck to cry on Monday."

"To cry on Tuesday makes red eyes."

"Crying on Wednesday is bad for children's heads and for the heads of older people."

"It is said that if a child begins to cry on Thursday, he will find it hard to stop. It is not best for children to cry on Friday. It makes them unhappy."

"Never cry on Saturday. It is too busy a day."

"Tears shed on the Sabbath are salt and bitter."

"Children should on no account cry at night. The nights are for sleep."

"They may cry whenever else they please, but not at any of these times, unless it is for something serious."

I wrote down the rules just as the old man gave them to me. Of course they will be of no use to boys and girls who are past six, for those children do not cry. The wise man meant them for the little ones—the millions of little boys and girls who want to do the right thing and the very best thing.—Mary Elizabeth Stone, in St. Nicholas.

A writer once said the funniest thing he ever heard was about the man who asked a bystander, "Which is the other side of the river?" "Yonder, of course," answered the bystander, pointing across the water. "I knew it was," said the man, musingly, "and yet when I was ever there they told me it was this side."

Our most exuberant hopes are but faint foreshadowings of the rapture that awaits us.