

HEALTH AND HOME HINTS.

The easiest way to clean a cereal cooker is to turn it upside down in a pan of boiling water and steam it until the sticky mass is soft and loosened from the sides of the pan.

Try a little lemon and salt mixed the next time a price mark sticks to the bottom of china dishes or bric-a-brac.

Coat hangers may be made by sawing wooden barrel hoops the required length, cover with lining, and hang with a strong string.

German Spareribs.—Three pounds of spareribs, one pound of bread crumbs, one quart of apples. Put in roasting pan a layer of ribs, sprinkled with salt and pepper, next a layer of sliced apples, then a layer of bread crumbs, repeat it, but let the top layer be ribs. Bake in a moderate oven two hours. Serve baked potatoes with it.

Spirits of ammonia is undoubtedly of great value in cases of heart or nerve exhaustion, and a few drops in a glassful of cold vichy water is a great tonic. It is not one that should be taken without the advice of a physician, however, for it is capable of injuring the heart.

Canadian Toast.—To one egg well beaten put one cup of sweet milk, and a little salt. Slice light bread and put into the mixture. Let each slice absorb some of the milk; then brown on a hot buttered griddle or frying pan. Spread with butter and serve hot.

For sage cream wash a teacupful of small sage well in water and boil it to a jelly, adding two pints of sweet milk. Lift from the fire, and when it has ceased to boil stir in the beaten yolks of six eggs; sweeten to taste, and return to the fire to thicken, stirring all the time that it may be perfectly smooth. If flavoring is desired, stir in a teaspoonful of any flavoring essence, according to taste, after it has been removed from the fire. Allow to cool, pour into a glass dish, and serve with sugar and cream.

ALCOHOL AND PARENTHOOD.

A remarkably interesting utterance on "Alcohol and Eugenics" was delivered by Dr. C. W. Saleeby, London, before the Society for the Study of Inebriety. The effects of alcoholic poisoning and lead poisoning, Dr. Saleeby pointed out, are very similar. The evidence that both caused degeneracy in offspring, was, he said, indubitable. The mother, the developing child, and the race suffered. It had been shown, he said, that an enormously large proportion of the children born of parents employed in lead works, or in allied trades, died during the first year of existence, and a similar proportion of those who survived were either morally or physically degenerate. It was the same regarding alcohol. Taken in its entirety, he said, the case against alcoholic parenthood was overwhelming. No phenomenon so horrible was to be found in the wide realm of nature outside the circumscribed sphere of man.

In remedying the evil, he said, it was not necessary to go back to Nature's method and destroy. It was not proposed to work through a selective death-rate as Nature did, but through a selective birth-rate. They distinguished between the right to live and the right to parenthood. The application of this principle to the persons affected involved the greatest happiness for them, and the greatest monetary economy for society, while, at the same time, protecting the future. The interests of the race, and the individual, he said, were one. The practical policy that it was desirable should be advocated was interference with the parenthood of the alcoholic devotee. All future legislation, he declared, and all future public opinion in this matter would more and more take the line of insistence on the immense importance of parenthood and of restricting the parenthood of persons addicted to alcoholism.

SPARKLES.

"Do you keep a diary?" "Yes. I've kept one for the first two weeks in January for the last seven years."

Jinks—"Mr. Manton says he never spoke a harsh word to his wife." "Yes," remarked a lady, "but was that due to kindness or caution? That's what I should like to know."

Local Politician—"Of course, my dear, I suppose you sometimes quarrel with your husband?" Mrs. Newed—"Indeed, I don't; but he—er—sometimes quarrels with me."

Golfer—"You've caddied for me before. Will you give me some hints before we start?" Sandy—"Weel, if ye'll just no' dae what ye'e gaein' to dae, ye'll no' dae sae bad!"

Mrs. Caller—"You surely don't always give your husband a necktie on his birthday?" Mrs. Athome—"Yes, I do, and the poor dear doesn't even know it's the same one each time."

A man hurried into a quick-lunch restaurant recently and called to the waiter, "Give me a ham sandwich." "Yes, sir," said the waiter, reaching for the sandwich; "will you eat it or take it with you?" "Both," was the unexpected but obvious reply.

Mamma—"Has Mr. Dorrance given you any reason to believe that he means business?" Clara—"Business! I should think he did mean business. I'm sick of the word business. All he has talked about the last three times he has been here was papa's business."

He was very deferential, but he was a deacon in the church, and he felt that he had a right to criticize.

"I hope you'll pardon me," he said, "if I suggest that your sermons are—ah—"

"Too prosy, I suppose," suggested the minister.

"Oh, no; not that. But too long." "But you mustn't blame me for that," returned the minister, pleasantly. "If you knew a little more I wouldn't have to tell you so much."

WANTED TO KNOW.

A citizen returning home late one night encountered another citizen to whom the notion of homegoing had come too late for his own good. Tackling across the pavement, the second "home" came to his beam ends upon the shoulders of the first and entreated him to act as conveyer. The sober citizen yielded, and together they made a somewhat hazardous passage to the second man's lodgings. At the front door, after expressing his thanks profusely, the rescued one asked for his rescuer's name. "Why," replied the rescuer after a pause, "I don't want it generally known, but I'll tell you. I'm St. Paul."

The other, drawing himself up, regarded him with intense gravity. "That's so, that's so. Didn't recognize y' a first? Beg pardon." Then slowly his features relaxed, and he began to chuckle.

The chuckle was prolonged and got on the first man's nerves. "What's the matter with you anyway?" he demanded.

"Nothin' nothin'," answered the other. "I was wonderin', jus' wonderin'."

"Wondering what?" "Wonderin' if you'd tell me somethin'."

"What is it?"

"I was jus' wonderin' whether you'd tell me—in stric' confidence, o' course—whether you ever got any answer to that blamed long letter you wrote the Ephesians?"

Truth alone is not salvation, the belief and the believer must go together. Jesus said, I am the truth. Without the I, the truth would be of little use.

ONLY ONE CURE
FOR A BAD STOMACH

Indigestion and Similar Troubles Must be Treated Through the Blood.

Indigestion can be treated in many ways, but it can be cured in only one way—through the blood. Purgatives cannot cure indigestion. By main force they move the food on still undigested. That weakens the whole system, uses up the natural juices of the body and leaves the stomach and bowels parched and sore. It is a cause of indigestion—not a cure. Others try pedigested foods and peptonized drugs. But drugs which digest the food for the stomach really weaken its power. The digestive organs can never do the work properly until they are strong enough to do it for themselves. Nothing can give the stomach that power but the new, rich, red blood so abundantly supplied by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. So the reason for their success is plain. The health of the stomach depends upon the blood in its delicate veins. If that blood is weak and watery the gastric glands haven't the strength to secrete the juices which alone can digest the food. If the blood is loaded with impurities it cannot absorb the good from the food when it is digested. Nothing can stimulate the glands, and nothing can absorb the nourishment but pure, red blood. And nothing can give that pure, red blood but Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Mrs. Alfred Gallant, Mill River, P.E.I., says:—"For several years, previous and up to two years ago, I suffered continually from indigestion. I could not eat enough to keep my strength, and what little I did eat, no matter what kind of food, caused great pains, so that I became much reduced in flesh, strength and energy. I consulted several doctors and took medicine from them but without any benefit whatever. On the advice of a friend I began to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and soon good results were noticed. I could slowly increase the amount of food day after day, and suffered no inconvenience, until after taking ten boxes I could eat any kind of food and in a short time got back to my normal state of health and feel that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have surely cured me of a most stubborn case of indigestion."

You can get these Pills from any dealer in medicine or they will be sent by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

TALKS WITH NATURE.

"I think you're quite funny," I said
To the river, "for, while you're a bed,
You're awake night and day,
And run on, yet you stay;
And your mouth is so far from your head."

I said to the hill: "I'll allow
You have a most wonderful brow,
But you've such a big foot
That you never can put
On a shoe of the style they use now."

I said to the tree: "You are queer;
Your trunk is all packed, but I fear
You can't leave until spring,
When—a curious thing!—
You must still remain standing right here."

To a green-red blackberry I said—
"I know you are green, when you're red,
And you're red when you're green,
But to say what I mean
Is enough to befuddle one's head."
—St. Nicholas.

God loves to give, and He loves to have His people give. He does not like to have them covetous; He does not like to see them hoard; so, when we learn to give, and love to give, we become like him.