

HEALTH AND HOME HINTS.

A good china cement is made by mixing with a strong solution of gum arabic and water enough plaster of Paris to make a thick paste. This should be applied to the broken edges with a camel-hair brush.

The lid of a teapot should always be left so that the air may get in; slip in a piece of paper to keep it open. This prevents mustiness. The same rule applies to a coffee-pot.

Hair brushes in daily use should be washed at least once a month. Put a little ammonia into the water, and dip the brush—bristles only—into this. Dry the brush in the open air.

Yawning for health is advocated by a German professor of gymnastics. He maintains that deep yawning, practised as a regular exercise, is the cheapest and surest road to perfect health. The expansion of the breast bones and the stretching of the arms which accompany a whole-hearted yawn, together with the filling of the lungs, form a splendid daily exercise.

Cure for Night Sweats.—This complaint may be cured by sponging the body with salt water, and patients who are suffering from fevers may be made cool and comfortable by frequent sponging with soda water. In all cases where there is liability to chill during the sponging one limb or a small portion of the body should be sponged at a time, and then covered up before the next portion is touched.

German Potato Cakes.—Pare and grate raw six large potatoes, add two eggs, one pint of milk, pepper, salt and a tablespoon of sugar, one-half pint of flour and one teaspoon baking powder; drop the batter by the spoonful on a hot greased griddle as for pancakes. Serve hot with butter and salt, or with stewed fruit.

Baked Bacon.—If you find fried bacon objectionable and indigestible, try this way: Place thin strips of bacon, after removing the rind, on a broiler. But the broiler above a pan so that the grease will not touch the bacon, and put it all in a hot oven; turn the broiler once. The oven should be hot enough to cook it in five minutes. The bacon is then so crisp and so greaseless that it can be eaten with the fingers.

Cream.—Beat the yolks of six eggs with half a cupful of powdered sugar; add a pint of rich milk. Set over the fire and stir until very hot, but not boiling; take off and let cool. Cut up one-fourth pound of citron. Ornament the sides of a mold with candied strawberries and leaves cut from thin sheets of lemon jelly. Stir two tablespoonfuls of melted gelatin into a pint of whipped cream; add to the custard with the chopped citron; pour into the mold and set on ice.

Milk Toast.—The very best way to make milk toast is by the time-honored recipe handed down from our grandmothers. They browned and buttered the toast, setting it aside to keep hot while they heated and stirred smoothly together over the fire one tablespoonful each of flour and butter and one-quarter teaspoonful of salt to each cup of milk. The hot milk was added and all cooked to a smooth, slightly thickened cream. Then the slices of toast were bathed in the liquid just long enough to soften them, before the whole was dishied and sent in to the table. This, it may be repeated, is the best way, but, if the milk is rather limited, an allowable variation is to add a pinch of salt to each slice of toast, pour boiling water quickly over, and then replace it with the hot-thickened milk on the platter on which it is to be served.

Stammering is almost unknown among savage tribes.

Sweet clover, placed in a room, will drive away flies, as they seem to have a deep dislike for the plant, and quickly make their escape from any place in which a quantity of it is kept.

SPARKLES.

"Say, pa, what's 'mutum in parvo'?"
"Those three dumplings you have just eaten."

He—"Who is that pretty woman talking to the captain?" She—"Oh, that's one of the lieutenants' wives." He—"Indeed! How many wives has the lieutenant?"

When Sir Walter Scott was at school a boy in the same class was asked by the dominie what part of speech with was. "A noun, sir," said the boy. "You young blockhead!" cried the pedagogue. "What example can you give of such a thing?" "I can tell you, sir," interrupted Scott. "There's a verse in the Bible which says, 'They bound Samson with 'withs.'"

A new story is being told of Adam Smith. He made an offer of marriage to a lady, but was refused. The next day she met him in Princess street, Edinburgh, and asked the philosopher if he remembered her answer. He said he did. "Well," the lady remarked, "I was only joking." "You remember what I asked?" he then said. "Of course." "Well," Smith replied, "I was only joking too."

Anxious Father—"I beg your pardon, young man, but would you mind letting Helen go to bed, and having me sit up with you the rest of the night?"

"What do you most desire for Christmas, Miss Mabel?" "Oh, George, this is so sudden." "Why—what do you mean?" "Why, of course, I want you!"

Jones—"Do you think that the perils of Atlantic travelling have been entirely done away with?" Brown—"Well, not entirely; three men I know got engaged to girls on the voyage across."

Husband (impatiently)—If the fool-killer would strike this town he would find plenty of work to do.

Wife—Is there such a person, dear?
Husband—Of course there is.
John, (with anxiety)—Well, I do hope, John, that you will be very careful.—London Tit-Bits.

Young Housekeeper (timidly)—Isn't fourteen cents rather high for turkey? I am quite sure the price across the way is only thirteen.

Butcher—With feet on?
Young Housekeeper—No, I think the feet are cut off.

Butcher (with a superior smile)—I thought so. When we sell a turkey, ma'am, we sell it feet and all.—Collier's.

Rev. Russell Day, a famous Eton master, once ordered a boy to stay after school; but when the hour came, he himself was in a better temper. "What may your name be?" Mr. Day asked of the prepitor. "Cole, sir," replied the boy. "Then, my friend," said Mr. Day, "I think you had better scuttle."

"Tis weary watching wave by wave,
And yet the Tide heaves onward;
We climb like corals, grave by grave,
That pave a pathway sunward;

We are driven back, for our next fray
A newer strength to borrow,
And where the Vanguard camps to lay
The Rear shall rest tomorrow!

Bullets made of precious stones are rarely used, but during the fighting on the Cashmere frontier, when the British troops defeated the rebellious Hunzas the latter fired missiles formed of garnets encased in lead.

The Chinese detective force is a secret body, and the best organized in the world. Its members keep an eye on every man, woman, or child, foreign or native, throughout China, and, in addition, watch each other.

A MOTHER'S DUTY.

She Should Carefully Guard the Health of Her Growing Daughter—Her Future Happiness Depends Upon the Change from Girlhood to Womanhood.

Every mother should watch with the greatest care the health of her growing daughter. She is a girl to-day—to-morrow a woman. The happy health of womanhood depends upon this vital change from girlhood. When nature makes new demands upon her blood supply, you must build up her blood with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Her system is unequal to that strain if her back aches, if she is pale or thin, dull-eyed or languid. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will give her new, rich, red blood and tide her over the crisis. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will make her development perfect and regular—they will make her a strong, happy, graceful woman. Miss Enderne Vilandre, St. Germain, Que., says: "While attending school my health began to give way. I suffered from headaches and dizziness, my appetite left me and I grew pale as a corpse. As the doctors did not help me any my father got me a supply of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Before I had used two boxes there was an improvement, and when I had taken a half dozen I was again in perfect health. I believe all weak girls will find new health if they take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Thousands of growing girls, and thousands of women owe health and happiness to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They keep the blood rich and pure and regular. They banish headaches and dizziness and backaches, and they bring the rosy glow of perfect health to pale and sallow cheeks. But you must get the genuine with the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," on the wrapper around each box. Sold by all medicine dealers or sent by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

STRANGERS IN CHURCH.

Several years ago two strangers, well-dressed young men, entered a church in a small town and seated themselves in an empty pew. Presently an elderly woman, the owner of the pew, came to the door and motioned to them to come out until she could pass to the farther end. They were offended at her discourteous manner and marched angrily out of the church, refusing to listen to any invitation to remain.

A few years afterward the Queen of Holland, being an invalid, visited the city of Heidleberg, Germany, for medical treatment. While there, she went each Sabbath to a modest little church, occupying the back seat in order to escape notice.

One day a scholarly-looking man, plainly dressed, came into the church and took a seat near the pulpit. A few minutes later a haughty German woman swept up to the pew and, seeing a stranger in it, ordered him by an imperious gesture to leave it.

The stranger quickly obeyed and, going into one of the seats reserved for the poor, joined devoutly in the services. After they were over, the lady's friends gathered around her and demanded whether she knew who it was she had treated so rudely.

"No; some pushing stranger," she replied.

"It was King Oscar of Sweden," was the answer. "He is here visiting the Queen."

Her mortification may be imagined. A correspondent who was an eye-witness of both of these scenes, sends the story to us and asks, "Which played the more manly part, the two vain young men or King Oscar?—Ex.

It is a good deal better for the Church to enter politics than it is for politics to enter the Church.