

HEALTH AND HOME HINTS.

Bread Pudding.—One pint of grated bread crumbs, one teaspoonful of sugar, six eggs, one quart of milk flavored to taste. Save the whites of four eggs, beat to a froth, add three tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar, and when the pudding is done pour over the top and set in the oven until a nice brown.

Cream Cake Without Eggs.—Four cups of flour, three cups of sugar, one cup of butter, two cups of sour cream, three teaspoonfuls of saleratus dissolved in a little water, half grated nutmeg, and a teaspoonful of essence of lemon.

Curried Salmon.—Put in a saucepan a tablespoonful of butter and a tablespoonful of chopped onion and cook slowly together until the onion changes color. Add a tablespoonful of flour and a teaspoonful of curry powder, mix with the butter, then add three-quarters of a pint of milk. When smooth add more seasoning if liked, draw to one side and simmer ten minutes. Add one pound of salmon (canned or boiled), freed from bones and skin, and broken in good-sized pieces. Gently cook fifteen minutes longer, and serve with boiled rice in a separate dish.

Disinfecting Rooms.—Experiments have been made by a committee of French experts, including M. Pasteur, in order to ascertain the best means of disinfecting chambers in which cases of contagious affections have been lodged. The committee report that sulphurous acid gas is the best disinfectant; but recommended that instead of simply burning sulphur, as is done in barracks and such places, bisulphide of carbon should be burned in rooms, as it is less injurious to furniture or metals.

Stewed Prunes.—Stewed prunes are the best for general use. Wash and soak them one hour in cold water, then stew slowly in a porcelain stewpan until soft. Sugar to taste before sending to the table, or they can be sweetened while stewing.

Cream of Celery Soup.—Boil two large heads of celery in a quart of water for forty minutes. Let a quart of milk come to a boil, with a little mace in it; stir into it two tablespoonfuls of cornstarch, well mixed in four tablespoonfuls of cold milk. Let this boil ten minutes. Mash the celery in the water in which it is cooked, and stir it into the boiling milk, add a quarter of a pound of butter, salt and pepper to taste. Strain into a hot tureen, and add a cupful of whipped cream.

Ottawa Salad.—About six or seven sticks of celery, same or less of apples, English walnuts, if desired. Chop fine, just before meal time. Make a good Mayonnaise dressing, add, and mix well. For Mayonnaise:—One-fourth cup vinegar, one-fourth water or less, two eggs, salt and pepper to taste, one small tablespoon of sugar, one tablespoon butter. Let vinegar and water just come to the boiling point. Have the other things well beaten with a small tablespoon of flour or corn-starch. Add this, stirring all the time. Don't let it boil, but just thicken. Pour over the salad at once and put to cool. This salad can be varied by adding bananas or other fruit, or boiled potatoes. Serve with lettuce, if desired.

A gentleman would rather be taken for a servant than fail to be of service.

It will take more than an eight-hour day to make the twenty-four hours divine.

You never find truth by losing the temper.

Delight is never found in flight from duty.

SPARKLES.

Lola.—Last night young Borem declared he would willingly go to the ends of the earth for me.

Grace.—And what did you say?

Lola.—I finally got him to make a start for home, and let it go at that.

"Bluffington is suffering with rheumatism, I hear."

"No, he isn't suffering. He's got it, but he's quite proud and happy. His doctor calls it 'gout.'"

He—I like the English method of spelling best.

She—And why, pray?

He—Well, take a "parlour" for example; having "u" in it makes all the difference in the world.

Scribbler.—She isn't writing any more articles on how to manage a husband.

Scrawler.—No, she knows better now. She's married.

The late Dr. W. B. Robertson, of Irvine, was once addressing a boys' meeting, and having delighted them with some of his racy anecdotes, he began to draw to a close by saying:

"Now I'm going to point out the moral of all this."

"Never mind the moral," shouted a little fellow from the middle of the hall: "gie's anther story."

"You are always trying to throw cold water on my literary ambitions," growled the aspiring author. "You say it doesn't pay. Look at Charles Dickens, will you? He left a fortune of \$400,000, all earned with his pen."

"I know it dear," said his wife, carressing him; "but don't you remember that Aladdin could make more than that in five minutes by simply rubbing an old lamp. I'd so much rather you'd do something of that kind, Will!"

THE REASON.

"Pray tell me why, if you can, The gossip's whisper light Will penetrate, as sure as fate, The noisy day and night."

"No matter what the noise may be, The gossip's lightest word On every hand, on sea and land, By every ear is heard."

"Just bend your head: your eyes I see With eager questions glisten. The reason why is—you and I To gossip always listen."

WITHOUT MOTIVE.

The venerable and learned Justice John M. Harlan, during a game of golf, at Chevy Chase, explained the intricacies of evidence to a young man.

"Usually in conflicting evidence," he said, "one statement is far more probable than the other, so that we can decide easily which to believe."

"It is like the boy and the house-hunter."

"A house-hunter getting off a train at a suburban station, said to a boy:

"My lad, I am looking for Mr. Smithson's new block of semi-detached cottages. How far are they from here?"

"About twenty minutes' walk," the boy replied.

"Twenty minutes?" exclaimed the house-hunter. "Nonsense. The advertisement says five."

"Well," said the boy, "you can believe me or you can believe the advertisement but I ain't tryin' to make no sale."

Hard is the exit from Easy Street and many there be that find it.

A MEDICINE FOR THE SPRING

Do Not Dose With Purgatives A Tonic is All You Need.

Not exactly sick—but not feeling quite well. That's the way most people feel in the spring. Easily tired, appetite fickle, sometimes headaches and a feeling of depression. Perhaps pimples or eruptions may appear on the skin, or there may be twinges of rheumatism or neuralgia. Any of them indicate that the blood is out of order; that the indoor life of winter has left its mark upon you and may easily develop into more serious trouble. Don't dose yourself with purgatives, as many people foolishly do, in the hope that you can put your blood right. Purgatives gallop through the system and weaken instead of giving strength. What you need in spring is a tonic that will make new blood and build up the nerves. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is the one medicine that can do this speedily, safely and surely. Every dose of this medicine helps to make new blood, which clears the skin, strengthens the appetite, and makes tired depressed men and women bright, active and strong. Miss Mary C. yer, Ward Brook, N.S., says: "I cannot speak too highly in favor of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I was weak and run down and quite unable to work. I often had headaches, and my appetite was poor. I began taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and in a short time there was a marked improvement, and today I am in better health than I have been for 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.

THE SAUCER PIE.

Once upon a time there was a saucer pie. A saucer pie is a pie that is baked in a saucer instead of a pan; and if you have never seen one, I hope you will before you are a hundred years old.

This pie was baked in a saucer that belonged to a little girl named Polly. Her grandmother had given her the saucer, and it was as blue as the sky.

When her mamma took the pie out of the oven, and put it on the table to cool, she said:—

"Here is a nice little, brown little pie. Baked in a saucer as blue as the sky."

The pie belonged to Polly as well as the saucer. Her mamma had baked it for her because it was her birthday, and she was very proud of it.

"Tell me about it again," she said, as she stood on tiptoe by the table to see it. Then her mamma said:—

"Here is a pie that is dainty and sweet."

Baked in a saucer for Polly to eat." But Polly did not want to eat her saucer pie by herself.

"I will have a party," she said; and away she went with dancing feet to call her neighbors in. There was Martha and Margaret and little boy John, and all of them came to Polly's party.

When they got there, the table was set with Polly's doll dishes, and in the middle of the table was the pie.

"A nice little pie, in a saucer blue. Baked in the oven for Polly and you," said mamma, as she cut the pie, once across this way, and once across that. Each child had a slice; and then, nibble, nibble:—

All that was left of the saucer pie, Was a crumb in the saucer as blue as the sky.

—Maud Lindsay, in "Kindergarten Review."