

HEALTH AND HOME HINTS.

To clean currants and raisins, roll in flour, and then pick off all stalks, etc. If currants are washed, they must be dried before being added to cakes.

When frying cold potatoes they should first be sliced, and then well dredged with flour. This not only causes the potatoes to brown more quickly, but also improves their flavour.

Luncheon Ham.—Fill a medium sized baking dish with alternate layers of stale bread and cold chopped ham. Cover with two cups milk mixed with three well beaten eggs, salt to taste, and bake one-half hour.

Sour Cream Pie.—To the yolks of two eggs add three fourths cup of chopped raisins, three-fourths cup of sugar, one cup of sour cream, one-half teaspoon of cinnamon and one-half teaspoon of cloves. Bake with one crust, using the whites for a meringue.

Saving the Boiler.—When the boiler is dried and ready to put away after the week's wash, set it on the stove, and while hot rub it all over the inside and around the seams with laundry soap. It prevents rusting, and the boiler will keep new and last much longer. All the soap is not lost, either, as it is dissolved in the water for the next week's wash.

Cream Dressing.—One cupful of cream (sweet or sour), half a cupful of tomato catsup, two tablespoonfuls of olive oil, two tablespoonfuls of vinegar, two tablespoonfuls of sugar and one tablespoonful of salt. Mix the oil, salt, sugar and vinegar together; then beat in the catsup, and finally add the cream, beating it in gradually. This dressing is very good for vegetables, or for fish salads.

The Scotch Scone—This is also an American way of making a delicious foreign invention. Make a soft dough, just stiff enough to roll out, of two cups of buttermilk, two tablespoons of butter, the same of sugar, one teaspoon of salt and about four cups of flour sifted, with two teaspoons of baking powder. Just before putting in the flour, the yolks of one or two eggs may be added to make the scones light and yellow. These are rolled about half an inch thick, cut with small round biscuit cutter, baked on a griddle, and served hot with afternoon tea.

The memory of "the good-night" kiss in the stormy years which may be in store for your little one will be like a far-off, steady star in the years to come. "My father—my mother loved me." Lips all fever-parched in a distant land will become dewey again when tender memories crowd in thick and fast. Kiss your child before he goes to sleep. The memories crowd in thick and fast. The hour may come when you would give the gold of the world just to touch those ruby lips once more.

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Dr. McTaggart's tobacco remedy removes all desire for the weed in a few days. A vegetable medicine, and only requires touching the tongue with it occasionally. Price \$2.

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The English Muffin.—This is made with the same beginning, but using all milk and making a much stiffer batter—about two cups of flour. It will take three or four hours for these to rise, on account of the extra flour. They are put immediately on the hot griddle in the rings, and when baked on one side they are turned and baked on the other. Then they are allowed to cool, when they are split, toasted, buttered and served.

SPARKLES.

Sarcasm is like a wasp, the principal thing about it is the sting.

Grump—"Do you call this steak fit for a Christian to eat? Waiter—"We hain't anxious about de religion of our customers, boss."

Employer (engaging clerk)—"But do you always stammer like that?"

Applicant—"N-n-n-no, sir, only w-w-w-w when I t-t-talk."

Mary—May I have some nuts, mother?

Mother—Yes; take a handful.

Mary—Mother, would you mind giving them to me?

Mother—Why? Can't you get them?

Mary—Yes, but your hand holds more than mine.

Lawson—Scribbler is a genius, isn't he?

Dawson—I guess so. His wife told me yesterday that he didn't know how to build the furnace fire.—Somerville Journal.

Evelyn—Some of our proverbs are so ridiculous. For instance, "Where ignorance is bliss—"

Ethel—What's the matter now?

Evelyn—Why, you know, Fred gave me my engagement ring last week and I simply can't find out how much it cost him.—Judge.

Merchant—(entering his office suddenly, to his clerk)—Ah, caught you this time.

Clerk—What do you mean, sir? I am working, am I not?

Merchant—Yes, that's just it. Strange to say, you are.—Lustige Blaetter.

Mother—"Tommy, what's your little brother crying about?"

Tommy—"Cause I'm eatin' my cake an' won't give him any."

Mother—"Is his own cake finished?"

Tommy—"Yes'm; an' he cried while I was eatin' that, too."

It was in Newgate that Defoe wrote his "Jure Divino," says the Westminster Gazette, and began his "Review"; in Carisbrooke Castle, Sir William Davenant wooed the Muse of Poetry; Howell wrote the greater part of his "Familiar Letters," and many another work in the Fleet Prison; Voltaire penned most of his "Henriade" in the Bastille, and Bunyan his "Pilgrim's Progress" in Bedford jail. Raleigh's "History of the World," lightened eleven years of imprisonment; Cervantes is said to have written "Don Quixote" while a captive in Barbary, and Boethius and Grotius piled equally busy pens within prison walls.

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BADLY RUN DOWN.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Came to the Rescue After Doctors Treatment Failed.

The life of any constant traveller is always a hard one, but those whose work compel them to take long tire-some drives over rough roads, exposed to all conditions of weather, are in constant danger of losing their health. The extreme heat of summer or the piercing winds of winter sap their strength, the kidneys become diseased or rheumatism sets in. What is needed to withstand this hardship is rich red blood—the nice blood that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills alone can make. These pills are the travellers' never-failing friend. Concerning them Mr. George Dalna, of St. Floi. Ore., says:—"I am a grain dealer and am obliged to make frequent trips, sometimes very tiring. I returned home from one of these trips last summer very much fatigued. I was overheated and tried to cool and rest myself by lounging on the verandah till late at night. I caught cold and the next day I did not feel at all well. I had a headache, pains in my stomach and was very weak. I went to see a doctor but he said I would be alright in a day or so, so I started on another trip. I had not gone far before I felt very ill and had to return home and go to bed. I had chills, headache, pains in my stomach and kidneys. The doctor came to see me and he said I was overworked. He treated me for several months but instead of improving I continually grew worse. I wasted away almost to a skeleton and really thought I was going to die. One day my wife returned from the village with a supply of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. She urged me to take them as she said they had been very highly recommended to her. I did so and by the time I had taken four boxes I felt enough benefit to decide me to continue them and I took about a dozen boxes. They fully cured me and today I am able to go about my work without feeling fatigued."

Fatigue, on the least exertion is a sign that the blood is poor. Replace the bad blood with good blood and labor will be a pleasure. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills make pure, red blood. That is why they cure anaemia, rheumatism, kidney trouble, indigestion, heart palpitation and the nerve-racking ills of girlhood and womanhood. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Co., Brockville, Ont.

LOVE TESTED.

"I do love God," said a little girl to her papa one day when he had been talking to her about loving God.

"Perhaps you think so, Maria."

"Oh, I do, indeed I do, papa!"

"Suppose, my child, you should come to me and say, 'Dear papa, I do love you,' and then go away and disobey me, could I believe you?"

"No, papa."

"Well, dear, how can I believe you love God when I see you every day doing those things which He forbids? You know, the Bible says, 'If you love me, keep my commandments.'"

Obedience is the test of love and faith. We are to love not only with the heart and soul, but with the mind and might.

The struggle for life is the order of the world at which it is vain to repine.

Any one hears the thunder crash, and believes that the voice of the Almighty Creator is in it. The still, small voice is heard only by the inner ear of the spirit.