

## HEALTH AND HOME HINTS.

To darken woodwork, paint it with liquid ammonia.

Oysters which open easily are stale; therefore, reject them.

When windows are difficult to open, rub the sash-lines with soft soap.

When choosing apples, take those that weigh heaviest, they will be the best fruit.

**Sharp Knives in the Kitchen**—If you wish the knives to keep sharp, never put them into hot fat.

**Pickled Prunes.**—One pound prunes, one-half pound sugar, one-half cupful vinegar, one-fourth tablespoonful cloves, same of cinnamon, small pinch of ginger. Soak the prunes over night and simmer two hours. Boil sugar, vinegar and spice together ten minutes, and the prunes with one-half cupful of their juice and cook slowly until a little thick.

It is a well-known fact that no one eats as much olive oil as he should. It is not always pleasant to take and it is not so beneficial when taken in vinegar or lemon juice as when taken alone. I have found that an excellent and most nutritious way to take it is on sliced bananas. It doesn't sound palatable, I know, but just try it for yourself and be convinced.—J. E. G.

**Pig Pudding.**—Cut half a pound of cooking figs into small bits, and make a batter of two well-beaten eggs, one cupful of sweet milk, a tablespoonful of melted butter, one and a half cupfuls of flour with a teaspoonful of baking powder and a half cupful of white sugar. Stir in the figs and put into a buttered mould and steam for 2 hours. Serve with whipped cream sweetened with strained honey, or maple syrup can be used.

**Welsh Rarebit.**—Since the chafing dish has come into so general use, we have nearly forgotten that the original rarebit was generally cooked in the oven. This is the method among the housewives in the land of its birth. Cut the bread in thin slices and toast it delicately. Then cover it with slices of cheese and spread a little prepared mustard between the cheese. Lay them on and remove them the moment the cheese has melted, and serve at once on hot plates. If one can watch it carefully, the rarebit may be prepared in the same way and the pan placed under the broiling burner, and the heat adjusted as desired, using just enough to melt the cheese.

## STUFFED BAKED POTATOES.

For stuffed baked potatoes select those of medium size, and bake them in their skins until they are nearly done, cut nearly through the potato at one end, scoop out a little from the centre, and fill the hollow space with a thin slice of fried bacon, slightly rolled. Close down the half-severed end of the potato, return to the oven, and finish baking.

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## GOLD DUST

WASHING POWDER "CLEANS EVERYTHING."

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## SPARKLES.

Teacher—Jimmie, correct this sentence.—Our teacher am in sight.  
Jimmie—Our teacher am a sight.—Tilt-Bits.

Knicker—Does she know anything about finance?

Bocker—Yes; she considers her husband a trust company and her father a bank.

Wife (heatedly)—George, I wonder you can maintain that Mr. Jones is kind to his wife! He has been away for two weeks, and has not sent her a penny. What kindness do you call that?

Husband—Unremitting kindness, my dear.—Modern Society.

"How far," asked the first automobilist, as they met at a turn in the road, "is it from here to the next town where there's a repair shop?"

"Eleven hills, three bad bridges, one long stretch of deep sand and two arrests," answered the second automobilist.—Chicago Tribune.

"If marriages are made in heaven, why are not divorces?" asked the attorney.

"Well, because it takes a lawyer to get a divorce, and there are none up there," replied the client.—Yonkers Statesman.

Father (left in charge)—"No, you cannot have any more cake." (Very seriously) "Do you know what I shall have to do if you go on making that dreadful noise?"

Little Girl (sobbing)—"Yes."

Father—"Well, what is it?"

Little Girl—"Give me some more cake!"

And she was quite right.

Golfer—"Dear, dear! there cannot be worse players than myself!"

Caddie—"Weel, weel, maybe they're worse players, but they dinna play!"

Miss Flannigan—"I will give yez my answer in a month, Pat."

He—"That's right, me darlint; tek plenty av time to think it over. But tell me wan thing now—will it be yes or no?"

Boy (who has been naughty, and sent out into the garden to find a switch to punish him with—"Oh, Mummy, but couldn't find a switch anywhere, but here's a stone you can throw at me."

## SPANISH OMELET.

A well-made Spanish omelet is a delicious breakfast or luncheon dish. To make one, fry four thin slices of bacon until crisp, drain from the fat, add two tablespoons of minced onion, cook in the hot fat until yellow; add also two ripe tomatoes and one tablespoonful of green pepper, freed from seeds and chopped fine. Let them cook slowly, without scorching, while four eggs are beaten slightly; add a little salt and four tablespoons of hot water. Put one teaspoonful of butter in a hot omelet pan, pour in the mixture and put in the centre. Add the crisp bacon crumbled fine; fold the other half of the omelet over, and turn out on a hot platter.

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THE DOCTOR SAID  
HE COULD NOT LIVEAn Almost Fatal Illness Following an  
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The danger from the grip is seldom over when the characteristic symptoms, the fever, the headache and the depression of spirits, pass away. Grip leaves behind it weakened vital powers, thin, watery blood impaired digestion and over-sensitive nerves—a condition that makes the system an easy prey to pneumonia, bronchitis, rheumatism, nervous prostration and even consumption. Too much stress cannot be laid on the importance of strengthening the blood and nerves during convalescence, and for this purpose no other medicine can equal Dr. Williams' Pink Pills which contain the elements necessary to enrich the blood and restore weakened nerves. Mr. James L. Whitman, Mulgrave, N.S., says:—"Following a severe attack of La Grippe I was completely prostrated. The doctor who attended me said that my whole system had gone wrong. My heart was affected, my kidneys weakened, digestion impaired, and to make the trouble worse I had a hemorrhage of the bowels, and nearly bled to death. The doctor said I could not live, and told my wife to tell me that I had better settle up my worldly affairs. I did not care to live my sufferings were so intense. I could not sleep, my ankles and feet were swollen, and my complexion very yellow. Friends came to see me for the last time, and one of these, more hopeful than the others, persuaded me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. While I had but little faith that they would help me I decided to try them. Quite soon they seemed to benefit me for my appetite improved and by heart became stronger. Continuing the use of the Pills it was not long before I was able to be out of bed, and after using fifteen boxes I am in good health for a man of my age. The doctor and those who knew of my case look upon me a living wonder, as none of them expected me to get better."

You can get Dr. Williams' Pink Pills from any medicine dealer or by mail at 50 cents or six boxes for \$2.50 from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

"May I offer you my umbrella and my escort home."

"Many thanks, I will take the umbrella."—Fliegende Blaetter.

He—"Why do you force me to wait for an answer?"

She (who is up in political economy) —"Because I don't want to give you a monopoly until I find out whether there's any competition."

"We should not on the weary past, In gloomy moods unwisely dwell, But on those joys too sweet to last, Too-fair and bright to bid farewell. Grieve not o'er days when losses came

And hope grew faint to die betrayed, But look to him who gives thee aid, In royal splendor, all arrayed.

Having these many signs of God's favor and acceptance, we thought it would be great ingratitude if secretly we should smother up the same or content ourselves with private thanksgiving for that which by private prayer could not be obtained.—Edward Winslow.

A gracious God sometimes sees it meet to test the faith and patience of His people. He loves to hear their importunate pleadings, to see them undeterred by difficulties and unrepelled by apparent denial. But He will come at last. The pent-up fountain of His love and mercy will at length burst forth.