

## HEALTH AND HOME HINTS.

**Custard.**—Out of 1 pt. of milk take sufficient to mix 1 dessertspoonful of custard powder to a smooth paste. Put remainder on to boil with 1 tablespoonful of sugar and a pinch of salt; when boiling pour on to the mixture in basin, stirring well.

**Stewed Rhubarb.**—Wipe the rhubarb with a clean cloth, but do not peel it. Cut into 3 in. lengths with a sharp knife. Place in a shallow stew-pan with a half-teacupful of water, and simmer for about ten minutes until quite tender but not broken. Then sprinkle very thickly with sugar, and allow to stand near the fire until the sugar is dissolved.

**Savory Cheese.**—Stew four onions until quite tender, then place on a plate, and mince finely. Pour the water out of the pan, and put in one break-fastcupful of shredded cheese, one teacupful of milk, one teaspoonful of mixed mustard, and the onions. Stir until boiling. Put into a pudding dish, and place in hot oven until just required. Have plenty of hot buttered toast ready to serve with this dish.

**Refreshing Barley Drink.**—Patent barley flour, two tablespoonfuls; boiling water, 1 quart; thin rind and juice of lemon; sugar to taste. Mix barley flour to smooth paste, boil with water 10 minutes, add sugar and lemon, and stand in very cold place. Strain before serving.

## A PLEA FOR BROWN BREAD.

A plea for the use of whitemeat bread, especially by those who have the care of children, is made in an influentially signed circular just issued by the Bread and Food Reform League of Great Britain.

It is shown from official documents that the annual consumption per head in the United Kingdom of corn, wheat, meal, and flour is nearly 355 pounds, and that in working class families, with incomes ranging from twenty-one to fifty-two shillings a week, two-fifths of the weight of food consumed consists of bread and flour. Bread, it is pointed out, is almost the sole diet of numbers of poor children.

Owing to the present great distress and general shrinkage of incomes, it is stated, "a supply of nourishing bread is of vital national importance. Chemistry proves that the whole of the wheat grain contains more nutriment than the part usually made into fine white flour." Experiments in Germany are quoted which show that from finely ground wheat meal the body assimilates two and a half times more of the mineral substances which form bones and teeth, and which nourish the brain, nerves, and tissue, than from fine white flour.

## IN CASE OF FIRE.

In the case of an overturned lamp, to throw water upon the blaze is useless. The flame should be smothered with some material that will absorb the oil, or buried with flour, sand, or earth from the garden.

A lot can be done with a syphon of soda water if the curtains are alight. Not only does the force with which the liquid leaves the tube allow of its being directed well above the operator's head, but the carbonic acid gas with which the water is charged materially helps to deaden the flames.

To escape through passages filled with suffocating smoke, tie a wet handkerchief over the mouth and nose and crawl upon the hands and knees, for the smoke tends to rise with the hot air, and will be found less dense close to the floor.

If escape by the stairs is cut off, preparations should be made to leave by the window. Tie all the sheets and blankets together by knots which will not slip, no matter how much strain is put upon them. Then drop the mattress from the window, in order that there may be some kind of break in the event of a fall.

## SPARKLES.

**Papa** "Your mother tells me you haven't been a very good boy to-day, Johnny."

**Johnny:** "Between us, pa, I think she's a little prejudiced against me. It was only the other day she told Aunt Kate I was just like you."

Two matrons met by chance at a reception, and talked excitedly of their daughters, both this season's debutantes.

"Dear Helen is going everywhere," said the first matron, twitching her shoulders to keep up her ermine stole. "She is invited simply everywhere. She keeps me on the go. Your daughter doesn't go out at all, does she?"

"Oh, no," came the crushing retort; "you see, she became engaged a little while ago, and doesn't have to."

Lord Halifax is the most militant of Churchmen, and he is regularly in his place in the House of Lords to guard the interests of his faith. It was during a debate on some religious topic that he perpetrated this gem:—"All classes, all creeds, all ranks," he cried, dramatically, "from the Queen sitting on her throne to the laborer sitting on his cottage." The rest of the speech was lost.

The amateur artist was of the impressionist school. He had just given the last touches to a purple and blue canvas when his wife came into the studio.

"My dear," said he, "this is the landscape I wanted you to suggest a title for."

"Why not call it 'Home'?" she said, after a long look.

"Home? Why?"

"Because there's no place like it," she replied meekly.

A young man at Oxford, who is ambitious to attain fame at the Bar, was conversing with a friend touching the probabilities of success, when the latter was moved to take a pessimistic view of the situation.

"Don't you?" he asked, "ever despair of gaining a good practice at the law?"

"I do not," was the confident response of the young disciple of Blackstone.

"At least you will admit," went on the other, "that the profession is already overcrowded."

"Perhaps it is," responded the youth. "All the same, I propose to go in for law, and those who are already in the profession will have to take their chance."

A boy looking for something to do saw the notice, "Boy Wanted," hanging outside a shop. He took down the notice and entered the shop. The proprietor met him. "What did you bring that in here for?" asked the shopkeeper. "You won't need it any more," said the lad, cheerfully. "I'm going to take the job."

## BREATHING.

The following is a copy of a composition on "Breathing," written by a boy in a Yorkshire school:—

"Breath is made of air. If it wasn't for our breath, we should die when we slept. Our breath keeps the life a-going through our nose when we are asleep. Boys that stay in a room all day should not breathe. They should wait till they get out doors. Boys in a room make carbonic acid. Carbonic acid is poisoner than mad dogs. A heap of soldiers was in a black hole in India, and a carbonic acid got in and killed nearly every one before the morning. Girls kill the breath with corsets that squeeze the diagram. Girls can't run or holler like boys because their diagram is squeezed too much."—Children's Answers.

## WEAK, TIRED GIRLS

## Will Find Health and Strength Through Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

There is a time in the life of every girl when the strain upon her blood becomes too great; when she grows weak; has headaches and backaches; when dizziness seizes her and she becomes extremely miserable. That is the time of life she needs a tonic—a medicine that will not fail to enrich her blood and give her strength to withstand the changes through which she is passing. Such a tonic is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. They have raised thousands of growing girls out of the depths of misery and despair to a full enjoyment of good health and strength. Among those who have found good health through these Pills is Miss Suddard of Haldimand, Que., concerning whose case her mother writes as follows:—"Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have been a great benefit to my daughter who was weak and miserable. She was pale, easily tired and was bothered with indigestion. The use of the Pills has brought back her health, and made her strong and active. I am very grateful for what this wonderful medicine has done for her."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the greatest blood builder known to medical science. That is why they cure anaemia, rheumatism, heart palpitation, indigestion, neuralgia, etc. That is why they are of such value to women and girls during the changes through which they pass from girlhood to maturity. The pills are sold by all medicine dealers or direct by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

## A SERMON ON PUSH FOR BOYS.

When cousin Will was at home for vacation, the boys always expected plenty of fun. The last frolic, before he went back to his studies, was a long tramp after hazel-nuts. As they were hurrying along in high glee, they came upon a discouraged-looking cart. The cart was standing before an orchard. The man was trying to pull it up hill to his own house. The boys did not wait to be invited, but ran to help with a good will. "Push! push!" was the cry.

The man brightened up; the cart trundled along as fast as rheumatism would do it, and in five minutes they all stood panting at the top of the hill.

"Obliged to ye," said the man; "you just wait a minute," and he hurried into the house, while two or three pink-aproned children peeped out of the door.

"Now, boy's," said cousin Will, "this is a small thing; but I wish we could all take a motto out of it, and keep it for life. 'Push!' It is just the word for a grand, clear morning. If anybody is in trouble and you see it, don't stand back; push!"

"If there's any thing good doing in any place where you happen to be, push!"

"Whenever there's a kind thing, a Christian thing, whether it is your own or not, whether it is at home or in town, at church or at school, just help with all your might—push!"

At that moment the farmer came out with a dish of his wife's best nuts, and a dish of his own best apples; and that was the end of this little sermon.

"Egbert," said the blushing maiden, toying with a button of his coat, "have you any preference as to the style of my wedding gown?"

"Yes, love," said Egbert, "I want it to be one of the early June variety."

Laziness grows on people; it begins in cobwebs and ends in iron chains. The more business a man has to do the more he is able to accomplish, for he learns to economize his time.—Sir Matthew Hale.