

## HEALTH AND HOME HINTS.

Oilecloths will last twice as long if a layer or two of wadded carpet-lining is placed under them.

Don't try to prevent colds and illness by coddling. Create a vigorous healthful body by proper eating, proper exercise, proper clothing, proper bathing, and by proper medication if ill.

If any person who is liable to poison with poison ivy will take pure olive oil after being exposed to it he will feel no bad effects, and the oil will neutralize the evils of the poison if a few drops be taken even after the poison has broken out.

The addition of three-fourths of an ounce of borax to a pound of soap, melted in without boiling makes a saving one-half in the cost of soap, and three-fourths the labor in washing. It also improves the whiteness of the fabric. It is also excellent to make the hands soft.

## COOKING FOR THE CHILDREN.

**Simple Pudding.**—Half cup of rice, one quart of milk, two eggs, half cup of sugar, teaspoonful of salt. Boil until it is entirely smooth then add the eggs while it is hot, and slowly beat in half cup of sugar and a little salt. Put this mixture into a mold. When cold cut in slices and eat with cream and sugar or maple syrup.

**Grandma's Hard Gingerbread.**—One and a half cups of molasses, half cup of sugar, one cup of melted butter, one egg, two heaping teaspoonfuls of yellow ginger, one teaspoonful of baking powder and just flour enough to roll very thin. Roll and cut in small square pieces; lay them on a sheet or tin, or on the bottom of a new well-greased baking pan, and bake until crisp and brown in a very quick oven.

**Prune Sandwiches.**—Stew a pound of the best prunes with a very little of the New Orleans molasses added to the water, and when the prunes are quite soft allow them to stand a few minutes, then remove the stones and lay the prunes (drained from all juice) between slices of buttered bread. This is a suitable sandwich for school children.

**Egg Sandwiches.**—Hard boil some fresh eggs, and then when very cold remove shells, cut in thin slices, and lay them between some very thin slices of buttered bread. Remove the crusts from the bread and cut the slices in long strips or in three-cornered pieces. Season with celery salt or plain salt and a little pepper. Sometimes a leaf of lettuce added to the egg makes a pleasant change.

**Virginia Batter Bread.**—Two eggs, 1 teaspoonful of salt, 1 quart of sour milk, 3/4 of a teaspoonful of soda, 1 pint of cornmeal. Beat the eggs, stir the soda in the milk till it foams, sift the salt with the meal, stir the meal into the milk, adding the eggs. Beat hard for five minutes, pour into a greased china baking dish, and bake in a moderately hot oven till brown.

Let the man who has the blues take a map and census table of the world, and estimate how many millions there are who would gladly exchange lots with him, and let him begin on some practicable plan to do all the good he can to as many as he can, and he will soon forget to be despondent.—O. S. Marden.

Doubt and incoherence, which are the maladies of the man of thought, rarely afflict the man of action.—William J. Dawson.

Genuine patriotism sees and acknowledges the faults of our native land and honestly seeks the remedy.

## SPARKLES.

"Jones is always wasting his time, isn't he?"  
"How?"  
"Arguing with his wife."

**Irate Wife** (to bibulous husband)—  
"Where have you been until this hour?"  
**Bibulous Husband**—"Been out shopping, m'dear."

**Irate Wife**—"Then why didn't you have your purchases sent home, instead of trying to carry such a load yourself?"

**Mother**—"Just run upstairs, Tommy, and fetch baby's nightgown."  
**Tommy**—"Don't want to."

**Mother**—"Oh, well, if you're going to be unkind to your little sister, she'll put on her wings and fly back to heaven."

**Tommy**—"Then let her put on her wings and fetch her nightgown."

**The Bachelor**—I wonder why they call the boys about a hotel "buttons?" Do you know?

**The Benedict**—I suppose it is because you can never find 'em in the places where they should be.—Yonkers Statesman.

"Gracious!" exclaimed Mr. Swellman, "the baby has eaten a lot of that dog biscuit!"

"Never mind, dear," replied Mrs. Swellman; "it just serves Fido right, for he's taken the baby's food many a time. Yes, Fido, naughty! naughty!"—Philadelphia Press.

"Johnny, why don't you be a good boy like your brother, Willy?" the mother was sternly admonishing her naughty son. "Willy here may be president some day, while you will have to dig in the sewer."

"But, mother," wailed Willy, "can't I dig in the sewer sometimes, too?"

"When shall I call again with this bill, Mr. Ardup?"

"I think, young man, as a concession to the conventionalities, you'd better not come any more till I have returned at least one of your calls."

"Are you aware," said his parent, "that, according to the statistics of this newspaper, no less than £15,000,000 is expended yearly on cigarettes?" "Yes," replied his offspring with the double collar and a small allowance; "why, my last week's cigarette bill worked out at over the sevenpence halfpenny, and I am positive I smoked only a fifty box of 'June Blossoms.'"

Here's another tale of the canny Scot. The American had discovered a fine collie dog, and he at once tried to induce it owner, an old shepherd, to sell it.

"Wad ye be takin' him to Ameroo?" inquired the old Scot.

"Yes, I guess so," said the Yankee. "I thocht as muckle," said the shepherd. "I couldna pairt wi' Jock."

But while they sat and chatted an English tourist came up, and to him the shepherd sold the collie for much less than the American had offered.

"You told me you wouldn't sell him," said the Yankee, when the purchaser had departed.

"Na," replied the Scot; "I said I couldna pairt wi' him. Jock'll be back in a day or so, but he couldna swim the Atlantic."

A crossless man, whatever else he may be, is not a disciple of Jesus. The sign of discipleship is a cross: the mark of Christianity is a cross. When we come to the last scene, when the nations are assembled before the throne of God, God will not ask about our creed, or emotions, or if our names are on the church roll, but if we bear the mark of the nails in our hand.—Samuel Chadwick.

## ST. VITUS DANCE

## A Severe Case Cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

St. Vitus dance is a disease of the nerves brought on by a morbid condition of the blood. It is a common disease with children and attacks females oftener than males. The only cure lies in plenty of pure blood, because good blood is the life food of the nerves. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure even the most severe forms of this trouble because they enrich the blood supply, thus carrying the necessary food to the nerves. In proof of this we have the statement of Mrs. Alex. Cameron, Summerside, P. E. I., who says: "Some years ago my daughter Lena, then a child of ten years, became afflicted with St. Vitus dance. At that time she was attending school, and the first indication I had that something was wrong was that she appeared easily discouraged in her studies. She was naturally a spirited child, not given to tears, but she would cry over what I thought should be easy work for her. The disease progressed so rapidly that in the course of a few weeks she became unable to hold anything in her hands, and we were obliged to take her out of school. She became so afflicted that she could not hold a cup to her lips without suddenly losing hold of it. I knew from the first by the symptoms that her ailment was St. Vitus dance, and despaired of seeing her cured, as it was looked on as such a hopeless ailment. She became so bad that she could not hold herself still for the space of ten seconds. Her hands or feet were continually moving, and last of all she would contort her features so that she was losing her natural expression. At this stage I chanced on a paper containing a testimonial in favor of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, describing the cure of a little girl afflicted as mine was. I hastened to get a couple of boxes of the pills, and by the time she had used them I noticed a decided change for the better, and purchased a further supply. By the time she had taken seven boxes she was entirely cured. Although she seemed thoroughly cured I was afraid the disease might return again, but it never did, and she has since enjoyed the best of health. I cannot thank Dr. Williams' Pink Pills enough for what they did for my child, and I hope my experience may be of benefit to some one afflicted as my daughter was."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all medicine dealers or may be obtained by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

## HOW MANY MILES TO BABY-LON?

By Anna Marion Smith.

How many miles to Babylon?  
Threescore miles and ten.  
Can I get there by candle light?  
Yes, and back again.

How shall I go to Babylon?  
Who will tell me true?  
Oh, there are trains and there are boats,  
And automobiles, too.

And one may ride a bicycle,  
Or go in a balloon;  
Or one may travel on his feet  
And get there 'most as soon.

For trains go off the track, you see,  
And boats go down below;  
And automobiles go to smash  
In ways that none may know.

And tires of bicycles go pop,  
Balloons will go and balk;  
So, taking all in all, I think  
If I were you, I'd walk.

The greatest truths are the simplest,  
and so are the greatest men.