

HEALTH AND HOME HINTS.

To stop bleeding. A handful of flour bound on the cut.

Potash put down the drain pipes will prevent the plumber's bill.

For cough roast a lemon very carefully without burning it; when it is thoroughly hot, cut and squeeze into a cup upon three ounces of sugar finely powdered. Take a spoonful whenever your cough troubles you.

A flannel cloth dipped into warm soapsuds, and then into whiting and applied to paint, will remove grease and dirt. Wash with clean water, and dry. The most delicate paint will not be injured and will look like new.

Vanilla Sauce.—Cream together quarter of a cupful of sweet butter and a cupful of pulverized sugar. Add the beaten whites of two eggs and a cupful of hot milk. Flavor with vanilla.

Graham Pudding.—Two cupfuls of graham flour, one cupful of thin sour cream (or rich milk), one cupful of molasses, one cupful of raisins, a small teaspoonful of soda and a pinch of salt. Boil or bake as above.

Delicate Pudding.—One pint of flour, one egg, four tablespoonfuls of melted butter, one coffee-cup of sugar, one coffee-cup of sweet milk, and four teaspoonfuls of baking powder. First beat the egg, sugar and butter to a cream, then add the milk; sift the flour and baking powder together, before stirring them in with the other ingredients; flavor with lemon. Sauce to your fancy. Bake in shallow pans.

Pommes en Surprise.—Choose some nice large apples, peel and take out the core. Put them whole into a syrup flavored with cinnamon or lemon peel. When thoroughly done, take them out carefully and place in a compotier. Then fill up the middles with a little preserve and crystallized fruit, cut into small pieces and strewn over with pounded macaroons. Boil the syrup in which the apples were cooked until quite thick, and pour into the dish.

Save your Saucepans.—An easy way to keep enamel saucepans, pie dishes, etc., clean: Take a small piece of emery cloth, or a cloth well rubbed with soap, dampen it, and rub all soiled parts; rinse well first in soapy then clean water, when they will be found quite spotless and quite new.

Marmalade Apples.—Core some large, fine sweet apples. Fill the cavity with crisp bread crumbs and orange, or some other marmalade with plenty of spice and sugar and a pinch of salt, and on top of all put a ball of butter the size of a walnut. Then set the apples in a baking pan in which is a cupful of water, well mixed with syrup or molasses. Bake very slowly, so that the apples become candied and luscious. They are served with whipped cream, hot or cold, as one may fancy.

OUT OF THE WAY NOTES.

One Amsterdam factory alone cuts 400,000 diamonds every year.

The elephant's span of life is one century.

Ten pounds of blood are sent through the human system at each pulsation of the heart.

The Kimberley diamond fields have been developing only since 1871.

A new London library has a room set apart for conversation on literary matters.

Accident insurance is compulsory among the workmen of Holland and sickness insurance voluntary.

The whale is thought to be the longest lived of the animal kingdom. Its average age is about 500 years.

The Italian government is making efforts to divert the tide of emigration from the United States to Africa.

SPARKLES.

—Eph: 'How'd you git along ridin' in them there sleepin' cars when you took your trip?'

Simp: 'Got long all right, but I caught a colored feller tryin' to sneak away with my boots an' made 'im bring 'em back.'

A little girl was told by her teacher that ferment means to work, and was requested to write a sentence containing that word. Her sentence was: "I would rather play out of doors than to ferment in school."

—Principal of Public School: What are your views on the subject of corporal punishment? Do you approve it? New Boy's Mother: No, indeed, sir. I think when they're bad ye should just give 'em a good thrashing.

"You refuse me!" said the ardent youth.

"I do, indeed," replied the beautiful girl.

"Ah, then, I shall go off to war. Suppose I return minus an arm, minus an ear and minus a chin. Suppose I return a mere remnant of a man! What would you say?"

The beautiful girl brightened up. "I should accept you on the spot. I always had an irresistible fascination for remnants."

With new hope the modern Romeo started off for the scene of battle.

She—"Now that we are going to be married we must begin to save. Promise me you will do nothing you cannot afford."

He—"But in that case I would have to break off the engagement."—Life.

Elsie—"Miss Timmins told me to-day in the geography lesson that Stonehenge was over two thousand years old."

Jack—"What nonsense! Why it's only 1903 now!"—Punch.

A young man of Boston who had failed to pay his laundry bill endeavored to turn his Chinaman aside from inquiry by an attack upon the Celestial's manner of speech. "Why do you say 'Fliday,' John?" he asked. "Say Fliday because I mean Fliday," replied John, stoutly. "No say Fliday, and mean maybe week after nex', like Melican man."—Selected.

"It's hard," said the sentimental landlady at the dinner table, "to think that this poor little lamb should be destroyed in its youth just to cater to our appetites."

"Yee," replied the smart boarder, struggling with his portion, "it is tough."

LOVE AND OLD AGE.

We forget that the inward craving of old age conceives of no analogies and knows no reason why the old-time cares and fondling should be things of the past. It transmutes everything into neglect. Age softens the heart, and the soul pines for the touch of the hand that would stroke the golden locks of a prattling child. Let's love them more than by mere sentiment! What would we do without these saints? Amid these reveries, we recall the lines of Elizabeth Gould:

"Put your arms around me—

There, like that;

I want a little petting

At life's setting.

For 'tis harder to be brave

When feeble age comes creeping

And finds me weeping

Dear ones gone.

Just a little petting

At life's setting;

For I'm old, alone, and tired

And my life's work is done."

—Homiletic Review.

MEAL TIME MISERIES.

Indigestion Can be Cured by the Tonic

Treatment of Dr. Williams'

Pink Pills.

There is only one way to cure indigestion and that is to give your system so much good, red blood that the stomach will have strength enough to do its natural work in a healthy vigorous way. Many dyspeptics dose the stomach with tablets, syrups and other things alleged to assist in digesting food, but these things merely give temporary relief—they never cure indigestion—and the trouble grows worse and worse, until the poor dyspeptic is gradually starving. In a case of indigestion a half dozen boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are worth all the mixtures and so-called remediated foods in the country. These pills cure indigestion because they strengthen and tone the stomach, thus enabling it to do the work nature intends it should do.

Mr. Paul Charbonneau, St. Jerome, Que., says: "For months I suffered tortures from indigestion. After every meal the misery was intense, so that I finally ate most sparingly. I tried several so-called indigestion cures, but they did me no good. My general health began to run down. I suffered from headaches and dizziness and pains about the heart. Often after the lightest meal I would be afflicted with a smothering sensation. Finally my mother induced me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Under the use of this medicine the trouble began to disappear, and in less than a couple of months I had completely recovered my health and can now enjoy a hearty meal as well as any one."

It is because they make new, rich blood that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills always cure indigestion, anaemia, rheumatism, heart palpitation, neuralgia, sciatitis, St. Vitus dance and the headaches, backaches, and other indescribable ills of girlhood and womanhood. Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

ABOUT ELEPHANTS.

"Elephants are easily trapped," said a zoo keeper. "Very easy trapped, very easy tamed. The trapper chooses a spot that is a popular elephant haunt, and here he digs a hole five feet deep and twenty foot square. He surrounds this hole with a high board fence, except in one place, where he hangs a swinging gate. So far so good. Next he finds a herd of elephants, chooses the animal he wants, maddens it, and makes it chase him. Lickety-split, lickety-split, the man tears along on his nag, the elephant thunders closely after, and just at the gateway the man everree to the right, but the elephant, too heavy to everree, bangs right on through, ker-thump, into the hole. He's mad at first, outrageous, terrible. But they give him no food nor drink, they build around the pit fires of damp wood that suffocate him nearly with the smoke, and they daze him with shouts and the bangin' of brass pans. That there wild elephant is completely broke and subdued in three or four days. He comes forth and follows the trapper humbly and timidly, with tears in his eyes. Monkeys are trapped—ain't it a shame!—with booze. You rush in among a flock of them, and they take to the trees, chatterin' and watchful. You roll out some bottles of strong, sweet booze, pretend to drink from them, then lay them down and go away. On your return an hour later the floor of the jungle is strewn with the limp, alim bodies of drunken monkeys. The only animal impossible to trap is the gorilla. Too strong and fierce."