

HEALTH AND HOME HINTS.

Cheese and Almond Sandwiches.—Blanch twenty almonds, mince fine, add a Philadelphia cream cheese and a dozen chopped olives. Spread on white bread.

Watercress Sandwich.—Remove the stems and chop fine one bunch of fresh watercress. Add five or six tablespoonfuls dressing, mix and spread over thin slices of bread.

Baked Eggs.—Butter well a platter and add a thin grating of cheese. Break on this the eggs, sprinkle with salt and pepper, cover with a grating of cheese and bake in a quick oven.

French Corn Muffins.—Cream one-half cup of sugar with one-half cup of butter, add one-half cup sweet milk, and three cups of flour and one-half cup of corn meal sifted with three teaspoons of baking powder.

Salad Dressing Minus Onions and Oil.—Six tablespoonfuls melted butter, six tablespoonfuls sweet cream, one tablespoonful salt, one tablespoonful ground mustard, one-half tablespoonful pepper, one cup of vinegar. Add three eggs, beaten to a foam. Remove from fire and stir.

Quince Marmalade.—Free the quinces from skins and cores, cut into quarters, cook slowly in preserving kettle until soft enough to be mashed to a pulp and pressed through a sieve. To every two cupfuls of fruit allow a pint of sugar, boil until stiff, frequently stirring to prevent the mass from burning. Pour in small moulds and put away like jelly.

Sago and Apple.—Put three ounces of very fine sago in a pudding dish, stir into it three tablespoonfuls of sugar and one pint of water. Peel and core six good baking apples. Place in the pudding dish. Fill the hole in each apple with sugar and spice. Place a few thin shavings of suet on the top of the water. Put into a slow oven and bake for an hour. When done, the apples should be whole, and imbedded in a stiff jelly—from the sago and water. As the apples should be covered with the water, use a small but deep pudding dish for cooking them.

Sunshine Cake.—Whites of eight eggs; yolks of five eggs; one and one-quarter cupfuls granulated sugar; one and one-quarter cupfuls of fine pastry flour; one teaspoonful of orange flavoring; one-half teaspoonful of lemon flavoring; one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, and a pinch of salt. Sift sugar and flour five times before measuring; beat the yolks for five minutes, whip whites with salt and cream of tartar, as directed for angel-food, then add sugar gradually to whites and whip for two minutes, add flavoring to yolks, beat one minute, add this slowly to whites, whipping until well mixed and creamy, then fold in flour and bake.

LIQUOR AND TOBACCO HABITS.

A. McTaggart, M.D., C.M.

75 Yonge Street, Toronto, Canada.

References as to Dr. McTaggart's professional standing and personal integrity permitted by:—

Sir W. R. Meredith, Chief Justice,
Hon. G. W. Ross, ex-Premier of Ontario.

Rev. John Fotts, D.D., Victoria College
Rev. Father Teefy, President of St. Michael's College, Toronto.

Rev. Wm. McLaren, D.D., Principal Knox College, Toronto.

Dr. McTaggart's vegetable remedies for the liquor and tobacco habits are healthful, safe, inexpensive home treatments. No hypodermic injections, no publicity, no loss of time from business, and a certainty of cure.

Consultation or correspondence invited.

SPARKLES.

"Have you heard from your sister since she went abroad?"
"She has sent me seventeen picture post cards, but I haven't heard from her."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Queer duck, Tompkins."
"In what way?"
"He bought an alarm clock and then fixed it so it couldn't go off."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

The following bit of conversation between two negroes was recently overheard by a friend of mine in Georgia:
"Ain't you got no eggs?"
"I ain't said I ain't."
"I ain't axed you is you ain't. I axed you is you is? Is you?"—Ida Fraser.

"You insist on the old-time ideas of a state of future punishment?"
"Yes," answered the embittered person. "You see I know so many people for whom nothing else would be suitable."

"Deduction is the thing," declared the law student. "For instance, vonder is a pile of ashes in our yard. That is evidence that we had fires last winter."
"And, by the way, John," broke in his father, "you might go out and sift that evidence."

Father of the pastor (after the sermon): "How Horace has changed since he was a babe!"

The Mother: "What an idea! Of course he has changed."

Father: "What I mean is, that when he was a baby he used to keep me awake."

They were holding mid-year examinations in one of the public schools. The subject was geography. One of the questions was:

"What is the equator?"
"The equator," read the answer of a nine-year-old boy, "is a menagerie lion running around the centre of the earth."—Judge.

PUMPKIN PIE.

There's nothing more delicious
That I could ever find
Than pie made of the pumpkin.
The yellow, mellow kind.
The sort which has its filling
An inch thick, just about,
The sort of which you never
Stop eating till it's out.

The autumn gives us melons,
The peach, the pear, the plum;
Oh, from the fields and orchards
A world of sweet things come.
I'm fond of all, I tell you,
But I must say that I
Like most of all the pumpkin,
In good old pumpkin pie.

"Let the GOLD DUST Twins do Your Work"



GOLD DUST
WASHING POWDER "CLEANS EVERYTHING."
The N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY

MONTREAL

A FARMER'S TRIALS.

Weak and Worn Out Through Overwork and Long Hours.

The farmer's life is always a hard one, but if he is weak or suffering it is almost unbearable. The hours are long and the work so hard that none but the strongest can stand it. An illustration of the effect of hard work on the system is given by Mr. Geo. Huntsberg, a farmer of Spry, Ont. He says:—"I have lived nearly all my life in the Bruce peninsula. I am a farmer and have always had my share of hard work and like a good many other men I thought there was no wearout to my system. In this I was mistaken for about a year and a half ago I began to go gradually down hill. I would tire at the least exertion; my appetite failed me; I had a severe pain in my side and around my heart. The doctor told me I was suffering from pernicious anaemia; that I was almost bloodless. I doctored for six months but instead of improving I grew so weak that I could hardly move without assistance. I lost flesh till I was almost a skeleton. A friend from Stokes Bay told me of the great benefit she had derived from the use of Dr. Williams Pink Pills and advised me to try them. My sister-in-law had also received great benefit from their use so I decided to give them a trial. After using the pills about a month I began to gain strength and from that on I improved rapidly. New blood seemed to course through my veins; my appetite improved; the pain left my side and heart and I gained in weight. After using about a dozen boxes of the pills I was again enjoying the best of health. I have nothing but praise for Dr. Williams Pink Pills as they cured me after medical treatment had failed—I really believe they saved my life."

Good blood is the secret of health. Keep the blood pure and such diseases as anaemia, rheumatism, sciatia, indigestion, heart palpitation, eczema and the secret ills of women will not exist. The most perfect blood tonic and nerve restorer in the world is Dr. Williams Pink Pills. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

DOING MORE THAN OUR SHARE.

No man can be "kept down" who always does a little better than any one has a right to expect of him. And no man ever "gets to the top" in any walk of life unless he does just this. It is such a simple recipe for sure success, and is so often called attention to, that the wonder is that we are so slow to adopt it. The man who only fills his place, and no more, is likely to remain a fixture in that place, while others, who are more than filling their places, crowd themselves out into bigger, better positions. Indeed, the man who no more than fills his place is likely to lose even that place to one who gives evidence of being able to make still more of it. Christ himself struck unmistakably at the failure of stopping with our own work when he said, "when ye shall have done all the things that are commanded you, say, We are unprofitable servants; we have done that which is our duty to do." We begin to make ourselves profitable only when we do more than our simple duty.

His mother tucked four-year-old Johnny away in the top berth of the sleeping car, says a writer in "Youth." Hearing him stirring in the middle of the night, she softly called:

"Johnny, do you know where you are?"

"Course I do," he returned, sturdily, "I'm in the top drawer."