

HEALTH AND HOME HINTS.

Cistern water that has become hard from long standing can be softened by adding a little borax.

An excellent antidote for burns is a wet woollen cloth, covered with bicarbonate of soda. Care should be taken to apply this external.

Oil of sweet almonds, eight ounces; white wax, three ounces; rhodium, fifty drops; mix all with white sugar candy and you have an excellent lip salve.

How to bake eggs.—Salt the whites of the eggs while beating to a stiff froth, then spread on a platter. Place the yolks at regular distances apart in cavities made in the beaten whites, and bake till brown.

Nut Cake.—One and a half cups of sugar, a half cup of butter, whites of four eggs, three-fourths of a cup of milk, one and a half teaspoonfuls of baking powder, two cups of flour, one cup of nuts and one cup of raisins chopped fine.

Rice Pudding Without Eggs.—Two quarts of milk, two-thirds of a cup of rice, same of sugar, small pieces of butter and a little salt; stir it occasionally till boiling hot, and cook in a slow oven until the consistency of cream.

Oat Griddle Cakes.—One-half pint fine oatmeal, one teaspoonful each of sugar and baking powder, half a teaspoonful of salt; mix the baking powder in with the flour; add cold water to make a thin batter; beat together thoroughly, and bake immediately.

Fruit Cake that will Last a Year.—Wash and drain well one pound of currants; chop coarsely one pound of raisins; chop or slice one-half pound citron. Beat five eggs and two cups of brown sugar together, then add to them one cup of butter, one cup of molasses, one-half-cupful of sour milk, one teaspoonful of spice to taste.

Food for an Invalid.—The following is recommended as a good dish for an invalid: Crumb crackers into a bowl—more or less, according to the size of the crackers. Pour boiling water, sufficient to soak them, over the crumbs. Break a fresh egg, and add quickly, stirring the whole rapidly. The boiling water cooks the egg. Season according to discretion, with salt, pepper, cream, or butter.

HOT WATER.—I always look upon hot water as one of the great luxuries of life that can be shared alike by rich and poor. A hot bath occasionally goes far to keep the skin in good working condition. Hot water for the basin seems to stimulate the whole system, and a good wash can be accomplished far more efficiently and in half the time than if cold be used. Hot water bottles for those who are sick or feel the cold severely are a real comfort. A year ago, a poor, infirm old man in a feeble voice told me, "I lie and shake with cold in my knees, and in my feet." "Have you tried a hot bottle?" I asked him, and added, "if you have not a stone bottle, a hot brick is a capital substitute." Months later, I happened to meet him again. "How are you?" I asked. "Well, you see, miss, I have used that hot water bottle all through the winter, and have had good nights, so I am a deal easier!" If bricks are used, they must not be too hot, and should be put in a bag.

F. M. W.

The morals of a nation, like the morals of an individual, must either advance or retrograde. The pendulum will swing to one extreme or the other. And if Christian men will lend their aid to advance civic unrighteousness under the guise of prosperity they are sending the pendulum in the wrong direction.

SPARKLES.

"That remains to be seen" is what the young lady remarked when she left something on the plate "for manners."

"How does the new girl strike you?" asked a citizen of Detroit, at dinner lately. "She hasn't struck me yet," answered his wife, meekly. "But she has done almost everything else."

Can a man lose anything he never owned. Why, certainly; people lose railroad trains every day.

An editor recently received a poem entitled, "The Oyster Stew," with the request: "Please put it on your inside." He rather regretted that he couldn't.

"Well," said an old tramp, wiping the perspiration from his brow with the back of his hand, "I wish somebody would explain why so much water comes out of my pores. I never absorb any."

"Paul," said his mamma, "will you go in the parlour and see if grandpa is asleep?" "Yes, mamma," whispered Paul on his return, "he is all asleep but his nose."

Collector: Mr. Jones, I am sorry to have to ask you to pay this little bill. Jones: Are you, my boy? Well I can sympathize with you from the bottom of my heart. I'm sorry you have to ask me.

"I deeply regret it, sir, but honour and my altered circumstances compel me to release your daughter from her engagement. I cannot enter your family a beggar. In the recent deal in the North End stocks I lost my entire fortune." "Not another word, my boy—not another word. I got it."

A commercial traveller who occupied the same apartment with a clergyman, asked him if he ever heard that in Paris, as often as a price was hanged a donkey was hanged at the same time. The victim of the joke replied in his blandest manner: "Well, then, let us both be thankful that we were not in Paris."

"Gaze upon that pure, beautiful evening star, and swear to be true while its light shall shine! Swear, my love! Swear by Venus!" exclaimed the youth in impassioned accents. "How stupid you are!" answered the Vassar girl. "That is not Venus. The right ascension of Venus this month is 15h. 9m; her declination is 17 degrees, 25 minutes south, and her diameter is 10.2."

"Will you be kind enough to tell me if it is a fact that the President has vetoed the Pension Bill?" "He has." "Well, if this country gets into another war, just count me out. I'll never risk my life again in the service of my country." "Were you hurt during the war?" "Indeed I was." "What regiment were you in?" "I wasn't in any regiment. I got the rheumatism from bathing in the St. Lawrence River during the second day of the Battle of Gettysburg. Ah, sir, those were the times that tried men's souls. Haven't got a surplus dime for an old vet., have you?"

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THE CAPITAL OF THE WORLD.

London has been, since the conquest, the real centre of government, of the thought, the growth, the culture, and the life of the nation. No other city in Europe has kept that prerogative unbroken for eight centuries until our own day. At the very utmost, Paris has possessed it for not more than four centuries, and in an incomplete manner for at least half of these four. The capitals of Prussia, Austria, Russia and Spain are merely the artificial work of recent ages, and the capitals of Italy and Greece are mere antiquarian revivals. England was centralized earlier than any other European nation, and thus the congeries of towns that we now call London has formed, from the early days of our monarchy, the essential seat of government, the military headquarters, the permanent home of the law, the connecting link between England and the Continent, and one of the great centres of the commerce of Europe. Hence it has come about that the life of England has been concentrated on the banks of the Thames more completely and for a longer period than the life of any great nation has been concentrated in any single modern city. When we add to that fact the happy circumstances that at least down to the memory of living men London retained a more complete series of public monuments, a more varied set of local associations, more noble buildings bound up with the memory of more great events and more great men than any single city in Europe, (except, perhaps, Rome itself), we come to the conclusion that London is a city unsurpassed in historic interest.—Macmillan's Magazine.

MORNING REVERIE.

Night is passed in God's safe keeping,
He, the wat h, while we were sleeping,
Wonder not to see us gather,
Round the sire to thank the Father,
E'er we scent the hay or clover,
See the cloudlets round us hover,
Or go forth amidst the rattle,
Of life's busy hum and battle.
Wonder not e'er these things mingle,
With their harsh incessant jingle,
We should claim that thanks be given
To our vigilant Guard in heaven,
That in love, with mercy blended,
Life's another day extended;
And our souls we place in keeping
Of the Guardian never sleeping;
Pray our thoughts be kept from wandering,

And our tongues from evil slandering,
That our hearts should a ways brighten,
If a burden we can lighten;
Or with love and mercy blended
Some poor broken heart we've mended,
So, when comes down the setting sun,
A day of Christian work's been done.

—Col. D. Wylie.

"NO MORE SEA."

"The sea is the symbol of separation." When our loved ones have landed on a foreign shore, what a new meaning the sea has for us, how vast its expanse, how great its distances, how sure its separation! When John was on Patmos, how far away seemed the Christians whom he loved in the land of his labors! But with the eye of faith he saw a time when "there will be no more sea," and nothing to separate us from God and God's people. The friends who have fallen asleep are now divided from us by the narrow sea of death, but one day we shall awake to find there is no more sea—no separation.—Exchange.

Small man (furiously): Who struck my friend? Large man (contemptuously): I did, what of it? Small man (timidly): N'n'nothing, but — (struck with a bright idea) didn't you hit him a daisy paste?