

HEALTH AND HOME HINTS.

If in ironing you scorch an article soap-suds and the hot sun will remove it.

Wash small fruits by putting them a few at a time in a wire sieve or colander.

If the children leave food on their plates do not compel or hire them to eat, but serve them with less and avoid waste.

A sleepless child is often soothed to rest by gently rubbing its hand or face, singing some low, monotonous song meanwhile.

Keep the cake griddle in good condition by the vigorous use of sand-paper, occasionally using very little grease for frying the cakes.

Ripe bananas sliced thin and mixed with shredded pineapples or sliced oranges, make a delicious salad. Good for dinner on a hot day.

Drop a lump of sugar in metal teapots when they are put away and they will not acquire an unpleasant taste or odor. It is worth the trouble to obviate that musty smell so usual in metal pots kept covered some time.

Papering Rooms.—A safe rule is to choose nothing extravagant or unnatural. The parlor should have a warm and comfortable-looking paper, the bedroom one cool and quiet. Never put dark paper in bedrooms, which should be as light as possible; and do not have a border if your ceilings are low, as it takes away from the look of height. Canned Beets.—Cook and peel young beets as if for the table. Slice them and pack in glass jars with air-tight rubbers and tops. Put into a porcelain-lined kettle cold vinegar and bring to a boil adding sugar, salt and pepper to taste. While still at the boiling point pour the vinegar over the beets in the jars until these overflow and screw on the tops immediately. Wrap in brown paper and keep in a dark closet.

Peach marmalade.—Peel and stone the peaches and weigh them. Allow three-quarters of a pound of sugar to each pound of the fruit. Put the fruit into the preserving kettle and set at the side of the range, where it will come gradually to the boil. Stew until tender and broken, drain off the superfluous liquid, add the sugar and cook steadily for 10 minutes more. Just before taking from the fire stir in a tablespoonful of lemon juice for every pound of peaches. Take at once from the fire and seal.

Macaroni and Eggs.—Three ounces of macaroni, half a pint of white sauce, one tablespoonful of grated cheese, pepper and salt, four eggs. This makes a delicious first course for luncheon. Boil the macaroni till tender, then put it in a saucepan with the white sauce (only using as much of the sauce as is necessary to moisten the macaroni), cheese and seasoning. When thoroughly hot arrange on a dish, lay four nicely poached eggs on it, scatter a little chopped parsley over, and serve.

Spice bread.—When making bread take from it enough of the sponge for one loaf, add a heaping teaspoonful of lard, a teaspoonful of sugar, three tablespoonfuls of syrup, a teaspoonful of powdered cinnamon, a half cup of currants. Add flour to make a good dough. Set to rise, and when light, bake.

You must learn, you must let God teach you, that the only way to get rid of your past is to get a future out of it. God will waste nothing. There is something in your past—something, if it be only the sin of which you have repented, which, if you put it into the Saviour's hand, will be a new life to you.—Phillips Brooks.

I begin to suspect that the common transactions of life are the most sacred channels for the spread of the heavenly leaven.—Geo. Macdonald.

SPARKLES.

Nell (seriously)—Between the rich old man I don't love and the poor young man I do love I am between two horns of a dilemma.

Boll (flippantly)—Then take the horn of plenty.

On a gravestone in Aberdwr (Radnorshire) Churchyard is the following—
Eighteen years I was a maid,
Eleven months a wife,
Eighteen days a mother,
And then I lost my life.

An English tourist engaged the farce-actor who recommended his horse "because it's a jewel as a poetical baste." Dublin was reached at last after a long journey. "Why," asked the delayed tourist, as he paid his fare, "why did you call your horse poetical?" "Shure yer honor, it's thrue," said Pat. With his best blarney; "for his good qualities are imaginary, not real."

Ina came in from the country on her fifth birthday to visit her cousin May. At night they were put to bed early. An hour passed, when heart-breaking sobs were heard from the children's bedroom.

"What is the matter, children?" asked May's mother, entering the dark room.

"From under the bedclothes Ina sobbed out. "May won't give me any of her peanuts."

"But May has no peanuts," replied her aunt.

"I know that," sobbed Ina, "but she said if she did have peanuts she wouldn't give me any."

Gamekeeper—What are you doing in here? Didn't you see the board—"Private. Trespassers will be prosecuted?"

Tripper—Well—yes—I see'd a board, but I read 'Private' on it, so read no further, thinking it was none of my business.

"Some grocers," remarked the customer, "have an off-hand way of weighing sugar, but I notice you're not one of them."

"Off-hand way? How do you mean?" asked the grocer.

"I noticed you kept your hand on the scales just now while you measured out five pounds for me."

When you see a young man sitting in the park with the ugliest four-year-old boy that ever frightened himself in a mirror clambering over his knees, jerking his neckle out of place, ruffling his shirt-front, pulling his hair, kicking his shins, feeling in all his pockets for coppers, while the unresisting victim smiles all the time like the cover of a comic paper, you may safely say that the howling boy has a sister who is in a room not twenty feet away, and that the young man doesn't come there just for the fun of playing with her brother.

The campaign for local option in the township of Nepean was opened with a rousing meeting held under the auspices of the Nepean Temperance association in the township hall at Westboro Wednesday. The hall was packed and at the close of the evening, on the motion of Mr. John McKellar, seconded by Mr. John Hamilton, a resolution strongly endorsing the aims of local option was unanimously carried. Captain Thompson of the Salvation Army and Mr. A. G. Learoyd, ex-president of the association, Rev. E. C. Russell, Rev. T. G. Thompson, pastor of the Westboro Presbyterian Church, and others delivered addresses on Temperance. The tenor of the gathering was decidedly enthusiastic.

So if thou be a walker with God, it will appear in the relations wherein thou standest; for grace makes a good husband, a good wife, a good master, a good servant.—Thomas Boston.

RHEUMATISM DRIVEN FROM THE BLOOD

A Remedy Which Assists Nature Makes a Cure Which is Permanent as This Case Proves.

Every sufferer from rheumatism wants to be cured and to stay cured. The prospect of the frequent return of the trouble is not attractive to anybody who has gone through one siege. Most treatments aim simply to "keep down" the rheumatic poisons in the blood. The tonic treatment by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills has proved by hundreds of cures that it builds up the blood to a point that enables it to cast out these poisons through the regular channels of excretion—the bowels, the kidneys and the skin. When this is done the rheumatism is permanently cured, and as long as the blood is kept pure and rich the patient will be free from rheumatism. Mr. Thomas McNeil, Richibucto, N.B., says—"Permit me to bear testimony to the worth of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills as a cure for acute rheumatism. My son, Frederick, was subject to this painful trouble for a period of eight or ten years, and during this time periodical attacks would regularly occur. His last attack was a most severe one, and the pains were excruciating in the extreme, shooting through the various parts of the body to such an extent that even the approach of any person would cause him to cry out with fear, and he could rest neither day or night. Our family doctor, a man of skill and experience, applied many remedies without avail, and could give no encouragement other than that the warmer weather then approaching might prove beneficial. Just at this time we noticed where some person similarly afflicted had been cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and decided to try them. He kept on using the Pills, each succeeding box showing improvement, until he had taken ten boxes, when all pains and aches had completely disappeared, and although his mode of life is that of a fisherman, and consequently exposed to both wet and cold, he has had no return of any of the symptoms whatever. The cure is complete, and is entirely due to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

You can get these Pills from any medicine dealer or they will be sent by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

A new church building is being erected in the Presbyterian Gordon Memorial Mission in Natal, South Africa. It was begun two years ago with the thank-offerings of the natives, but fever and other calamities prevented the people from being able to complete it unaided. The church is to raise one thousand and requires twenty-five hundred dollars to complete it. Contributions are asked for it. At a recent communion one thousand were present and seven hundred communicated; ten office-bearers were added to the staff and one hundred new members were received.

Conscience is given to man for his own guidance in things moral and religious, and not as a measuring-stick by which he is to measure and pronounce judgment upon the moral, religious life of others.

The best way to establish the value of the Christian religion is to practice the precepts and follow the example of Jesus every day.

Each of us has the power of making happier, sunnier, the little spot wherein our life is spent. Archbishop of Canterbury.