

HEALTH AND HOME HINTS.

To cook smelts so that they will be attractive, fasten the head and tail together with a toothpick after the fish is dipped in egg and crumbs.

Candle ends melted and mixed with an equal quantity of turpentine make an excellent polish for floors, oil cloths, etc. It is equal to good beeswax.

When haggard from fatigue try a not bath in which a little vinegar and cologne have been added.

Most good housekeepers like to fill a few cans with apples in the spring for use later. In putting these up, the addition of one or two oranges to each quart can give a zest and richness extremely well worth while. Slice the whole orange very thin rejecting only the seeds, and can in the usual manner.

Celery in Apple Cups.—Cut a good-sized head of celery into half-inch pieces, slice two cucumbers thin, cut a dozen stuffed olives in rings. Add half as many English walnut meats as you have pieces of celery. Chop part of them, using some whole to scatter on top of the salad. Mix with mayonnaise and fill apples which have been previously scooped out. Serve on lettuce leaves.

French Mustard.—Slice up an onion in a bowl; cover with good vinegar; leave two or three days; pour off vinegar into a basin; put into it one teaspoonful of pepper, one of salt, one tablespoonful of brown sugar, and mustard enough to thicken; smooth the mustard for vinegar as you would flour for gravy; mix all together; set on the stove and stir until it boils, when remove and use it cold.

Fritters of Sliced Bread.—Cut thick slices of partly stale bread, then cut crosswise, and trim off the crust. Prepare the following mixture:—Three eggs beaten well, half pint milk or cream, and a little salt. Dip the bread in and take out when a little soft and fry on a buttered griddle, and brown to a light brown.

An Economical Custard.—Boil one pint of new milk in a camellid saucepan, with a quarter of a candied lemon rind cut in strips, two bay leaves, and sugar to taste. Meanwhile, rub down smooth a dessert spoonful of rice flour into a cup of cold milk, and mix with the eggs well beaten. Take about half of the hot milk and mix with the cold milk and eggs, then pour it back into the saucepan, and stir it one way till it thickens and is on the point of boiling. Next pour it out into a jug, or other vessel, stir it for some time, adding a tablespoonful of peach water, and any flavoring you please.

Cold Meats.—One of the simplest things to be done with cold meat is to prepare it with an aspic jelly. To use cold lamb, remove the meat from the bones, cover the bones with water, add a bit of onion juice, a sprig of parsley, a bay leaf, and salt and cayenne, and simmer till you have a pint of good stock. If it happens that you have but few bones and the stock is not strong enough, put in a few drops of kitchen bouquet. Dissolve an even tablespoonful of gelatine in cold water, stir this in, and strain through a flannel bag till clear. Cut the cold meats into small even pieces and drain a cup of cooked and seasoned peas. Lay a spoonful of peas first in a mold, then a layer of lamb, then more peas, and so on until the mold is quite full. Pour the stock over and set away to grow perfectly cold. In serving turn this out on a platter, surround with a circle of slices of hard-boiled egg mixed with sprigs of parsley, or with a circle of tomato slices with French dressing. A dish of the same kind may be made of veal instead of lamb, or even of sliced beef, though this is not as good.

It is noble to be able to ignore criticism, to crucify vanity, and to consider the good of our fellow men. It requires a heart full of grace to do these things. Criticism cuts deep into a sensitive soul, vanity clings tenaciously to the human heart, and selfishness sits snug in the soul, until a mighty Power, higher than ourselves, releases us from their dominion.

SPARKLES.

Villager Constable (to villager who has been knocked down by passing motor cyclist): "You didn't see the number, but could you swear to the man?"

Villager: "I did; but I don't think 'e 'eard me."—Punch.

Meenister: "And why didn't ye come to the kirk last Sawbath?" Sandy: "I had nowt but a shillin' in my claes, that's ower muckle siller to pit in th' contribution box all at ain time."—Cleveland Leader.

"My wife made an engagement for me to dine at the Bings. I forgot and went fishing."

"Catch anything?"

"Not until I got home."

"Dear father," wrote a youngster of twelve, "we are all well and happy. The baby has grown ever so much, and has a great deal more sense than he used to have. Hoping the same of you, I remain, your affectionate son, James."

"Pa, I wish we were Christian Scientists."

"Why?"

"Coz Willie Green's folks are, an' he ain't afraid to eat green apples."

"Is he sick?"

"Yes."

"What is the matter?"

"Enlarged pocketbook and inflamed self-conceit."

"He has such good manners."

"Well, they ought to be good."

"Why?"

"He never uses them when he is at home."

"What kind of a tree is that?"

"A dogwood."

"How do they tell?"

"By the bark."

"What do you consider the most crying need of the age?"

"I don't know; but if you had said the most crying need of the nigat, I should have said sterilized milk."

"No use of talking," drawled the freckled youth on the roadside fence, "there certainly is money in cattle."

"In the stock-raising business, young man?" asked the tourist.

"No, not exactly; but an automobile ran over that spotted calf a few minutes ago and the man with the big spectacles over his eyes got out and handed me a \$5 note."

"Five dollars? That's not so much for a good-sized calf."

"Yes, but, mister, the calf wasn't mine."

"Have you been married, Bridget?"

"Twice, mum."

"And have you any children?"

"Yis, mum—I've three. One be th' third wife av me second husband, an' two by the second wife av me first."

"I hear you have traded doctors."

"Yes."

"What was the matter with the old one?"

"Nothing, but I couldn't pay him just now, and I thought I would divide up my favors."

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In the spring the system needs toning up. In the spring to be healthy and strong you must have new blood, just as the trees must have new sap. Nature demands it and without this new blood you will feel weak and languid. You may have twinges of rheumatism or the sharp stabbing pains of neuralgia. Often there are disgusting pimples or eruptions on the skin. In other cases there is merely a feeling of tiredness and a variable appetite. Any of these are signs that the blood is out of order—that the indoor life of winter has told upon you. What is needed to put you right is a tonic, and in all the world there is no tonic can equal Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These Pills actually make new, rich, red blood—your greatest need in spring. This new blood drives out disease, clears the skin and makes weak, easily tired men and women and children bright, active and strong. Miss A. M. Dugay, Lowe Cove, N.S., says: "I believe I owe my life to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. My blood seemed to have turned to water. I was pale as a sheet; I suffered from headaches, and floating specks seemed to be constantly before my eyes. As the trouble progressed my limbs began to swell, and it was feared that dropsy had set in and that my case was hopeless. Up to this time two doctors had attended me, but notwithstanding I kept growing worse. It was at this juncture I began using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and after taking a few boxes I was much improved. I kept on using the Pills until I had taken eight boxes, when my health was completely restored."

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.

There was never a sunbeam lost, and never a drop of rain;
There was never a carol sweet that was sung in vain;
There was never a noble thought but through endless years it lives.
And never a blacksmith's blow, but an endless use it gives.
Know, then, that it still holds true, from the skies to the humblest soil,
That there is no wasted love, and there is no wasted toil.

THE JOY OF WORK.

Do not look on your work as a dull duty. If you choose, you can make it interesting. Throw your heart into it, master its meaning, trace out the causes and previous history, consider it in all its bearings, think how many even the humblest labor may benefit, and there is scarcely one of our duties which we may not look to with enthusiasm. You will get to love your work, and if you do it with delight you will do it with ease. Even if at first you find this impossible, if for a time it seems mere drudgery, this may be just what you require; it may be good like mountain air to brace up your character. — Lord Avebury.

Teacher: I shall not keep you after school, Johnnie. You may go home now."

Johnnie: I don't want ter go home. There's a baby just come to our house.

Teacher: You ought to be glad, Johnnie. A dear little baby—

Johnnie (vehemently): I ain't glad! Pa'll blame me—he blames me for everything.