

HEALTH AND HOME HINTS.

Children born in summer are, generally speaking, stronger, healthier and brighter than those born in winter.

Brown boots wear longer, and become a better color, if bought of a natural tint, and darkened with castor oil.

Gloves will not split if you place them between the folds of a towel, slightly dampened, before putting them on.

People subject to hay fever are recommended to refrain from taking country walks or exposing themselves to sun and dust, at this time of the year, but the general experience of those who habitually suffer from this distressing complaint is, that staying indoors, or in town, does not save them from this annual affliction.

If you are afraid of lightning here is a very simple safeguard to remember. Simply put on your gum shoes or rubbers and then stand up so that your clothes won't touch anything. Whether you are in doors or out of doors you are perfectly safe, for rubber is a non-conductor, and you are perfectly insulated.

Care of Linoleum.—Linoleum should never be scrubbed, but may be washed with soap and water and then dried with a cloth. It is a good plan to polish it with coal tar pitch of oil and vinegar applied with a flannel. This should be rubbed off carefully with a cloth, so that not the least stickiness remains.

Picnic Salad.—A delicious salad for a picnic is made with equal proportions of chopped apples, celery and nuts packed in paraffine paper. Just before serving, pour over a good mayonnaise dressing carried in an olive bottle. The salad is more appetizing if served on a lettuce leaf.

At this season of the year a few Thubarb receipts may be useful.

Shortcake.—Make a rich biscuit dough, spread it an inch thick on buttered pie tins, and bake in a quick oven. When done, split open, butter, and spread with thick stewed rhubarb. Serve with cream, plain or whipped, and powdered sugar.

Tart.—Line a pie dish with good paste, brush it over with white of egg, and bake in a quick oven. When done, fill the pie with rhubarb marmalade, and when cold, heap over it whipped cream flavored with lemon. Do not add the cream until just before serving.

Butter.—Wash, and chop the rhubarb fine. To each pound allow one pound of sugar. Add a very little water, just enough to keep it from burning, and cook gently for an hour or longer, according to the age of the rhubarb. Keep an asbestos mat under the preserving kettle, and stir frequently to prevent it from burning. Half orange pulp, black currants or strawberries combine delightfully with rhubarb in making butter, jam or marmalade.

Fritters.—Cut rhubarb into pieces two inches long. Cook until tender, but not broken, in a rich syrup. Let lie in the syrup until cold; then drain each piece carefully, and dust with powdered sugar. Make a batter with one cupful of milk, one and one-half cupfuls of sifted flour, one teaspoonful of baking powder, and two beaten eggs. Add the milk and the sugar to the whipped eggs, and the flour in which the baking powder has been sifted. Mix thoroughly, then dip the pieces of rhubarb in the batter, and fry in deep hot fat. Drain on unglazed paper, roll in granulated sugar, and serve at once with the syrup drained from the rhubarb.

Blanc Mange in Rhubarb Nests—Mate blanc mange after the usual rule, only using about half a cupful less of milk. When it is nearly done, add half a cupful of hot strawberry juice. This will make it a pretty pink. Mold in small cupfuls. When firm, turn each one out carefully on a pretty china saucer. Have ready cold rhubarb which has been cut in inch lengths, and cooked until tender, but not broken in a very rich syrup. Drain off the syrup carefully, and arrange the piece of rhubarb around the blanc mange, Garnish with whipped cream.

SPARKLES.

"Keep your temper, laddie," said an old Scotsman to a rather fiery tempered son. "Never quarrel with an angry person, especially a woman. Mind ye, a soft answer pays best. It's commanded and forswere it makes them far madder than any thing else you could say."

"Is there anything you don't need that I might take?" asked the slovenly old junkman, watching Subbubs packing his goods on the moving van.

"Yes," snapped Subbubs, "a bath."

Hapley—"Clara and I have concluded to go into partnership for life." —Bass—"So? Who furnishes the capital—Clara's father?"

"Do you think I'm a fool, sir?" thundered a fiery laird to his new footman. "You see, sir," replied the canny Scot, "I'm no' lang here, and I dinna ken yet."

Rev. Dr. Watson ("Ian Maclaren") at a dinner party of literary friends said he could make as passable a pun as any in the room. The challenge was accepted. Thereupon he appeared wrapped in thought. "Come along, Watson," exclaimed Hall Caine, "we're all waiting." Quick as thought the nimble-witted clergyman turned to his brother author. "Quite so, but please don't be in such a hurry."

It's a wise son who knows when to ask his father for money.

A Scotch minister, far advanced in years, thought it advisable to marry for the fourth time. "You see," said he to one of his senior elders, "I am an old man now, and I cannot expect to be very long here, so I feel that when the end comes I would like to have some one to close my eyes." "Aweel," replied the elder, "I've had two, and I can tell ye they hae both opened mine."

An Englishman was once talking to a grizzled old woman when he chanced to refer to the Queen.

"O, 'ow I would like to be the Queen!" said the ancient dame.

"Why?"

"O, it isn't because of her 'orses, because if I were Queen I would 'ave a donkey-cart with red wheels; but just think, if she wakes up at 3 o'clock in the morning and wants a bite to eat, she can just touch a bell and 'ave beef and boiled cabbage right away."

OLD DAME CRICKET.

Old Dame Cricket,
Down in a thicket,
Brought in her children of nine
Queer little chaps,
In glossy black caps
And brown little suits so fine,
"My children," she said,
"The birds are a-bed;
Go and make the dark earth glad;
Chirp while you can!"
And then she began,
Till, oh, what a concert they had!
They hopped with delight,
They chirped all night,
Singing, "Cheer up! cheer up! cheer!"
Old Dame Cricket,
Down in the thicket,
Sat awake till dawn to hear,
"Nice children," she said,
"and very well bred;
My darlings have done their best;
Their naps they must take;
The birds are awake,
And they can sing all the rest."

A pretty constant smoker does not consume more than four ounces of tobacco a week, and at this rate he won't have to smoke steadily for 172 years before he got through a ton. Some men smoke as much as six ounces a week, and at this rate it would take 115 years to consume a ton.

PALE WEAK WOMEN.

Gain new Health and Strength Through Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Anæmia is just the doctor's name for bloodlessness. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People actually make new blood. Can any cure be more direct or certain? Blood is found to cure bloodlessness. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure anæmia just as food cures hunger. They cured Mrs. Clara Cook, a young English woman who recently came to this country from Portsmouth, England, and is at present residing at Prince's Lodge, Halifax Co., N.S. She says: "I am an enthusiastic believer in the value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills as a cure for anæmia. I had suffered from the trouble almost from childhood, but a few years ago it developed into a severe type of the trouble. My skin was pale and waxy; my lips seemed bloodless, and my entire system was run down. I suffered from headaches, dizziness, and weak spells, and my friends feared that I was going into a decline. I tried tonics and emulsions, but without benefit. Then a friend who had used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, for the same trouble, advised me to try them. In a short time they began to help me, and in a couple of months I was quite well, the appetite having returned to my face, my appetite improved and I had gained in weight. I can strongly recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to all anæmic girls and women."

The pale anæmic person needs only one thing—new blood. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills do only one thing—they make new blood. They won't cure any disease that isn't originally caused by bad blood. But when Dr. Williams' Pink Pills replace bad blood with good blood they strike straight at the root and cause of all common diseases like anæmia, headaches and backaches, rheumatism, indigestion, neuralgia, St. Vitus' dance, kidney trouble and the secret troubles that every woman knows but none of them like to talk about, even to their doctors. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are 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.

KINDNESS TO A HOUSEHOLD OF ROBINS.

James Russell of Lowell relates the following personal incident: I once had a chance to do a kindness to a household of them, which they received with very friendly concension. I had my eye for some time past upon a nest, and was puzzled by a constant fluttering of what seemed full-grown wings in it whenever I drew near. At last I climbed the tree in spite of the angry protests from the old birds against my intrusion. The mystery had a very simple solution. In building the nest, a long piece of pack-thread had been somewhat loosely woven in, three of the young had contrived to entangle themselves in it, and had become full-grown without being able to launch themselves into the air. One was unharmed; another had so tightly twisted the cord about its shank that one foot was curled up and seemed paralyzed; the third, in his struggles to escape, had sawed through the flesh of the thigh, and so much harmed himself that I thought it humane to put an end to its misery.

When I took out my knife to cut their hempen bonds, the heads of the family seemed to divine my friendly interest. Suddenly ceasing their cries and threats they perched quietly within reach of my hand and watched me in my work of manumission. This, owing to the fluttering terror of the prisoners, was an affair of some delicacy; but ere long I was rewarded by seeing one of them fly away to a neighboring tree while the cripple, making a parachute of his wings, came lightly to the ground and hopped off as well as he could with one leg, obsequiously waited upon by the elders. A week later I had the satisfaction of meeting him in the vine walk in good spirits, and already so far recovered as to be able to balance himself with the lame foot.