

## HEALTH AND HOME HINTS.

Potatoes are good for torpid liver, but should be avoided by gouty people.

Lettuce has a soothing effect on the nerves and is excellent for sufferers from insomnia.

Floor Polish.—Melt a tablespoon of lard and put into kerosene. Better than any floor polish.

The best polish for engraved silver is whiting and ammonia. It should be applied with a soft brush then rubbed with cheese-cloth or soft cotton cloths.

The flavor of pumpkin is made much more delicate if all the moisture possible is squeezed out through cheese-cloth, and the desired consistency obtained by adding milk.

Boiled Apple Pudding.—Chop finely half a pound of apples, half a pound of beef suet, and mix with half a pound of breadcrumbs, two ounces of flour, a quarter of a pound of moist sugar, two eggs, and, if necessary, a very little milk. Boil steadily in a well-greased mould for three hours. Serve with sweet melted butter sauce.

Date Balls—Ingredients—Two pounds of dates, half a pound of desiccated cocoanut, quarter of a pound of shelled walnuts, small piece of butter. Method.—Wash the dates well in warm water, removing the stones; then chop them well together with the walnuts, adding the butter. Ground almonds may be used instead of walnuts. Take small pieces of the mixture and roll in the cocoanut.

Potatoes Waldorf.—Pare and wash potatoes, and cut round and round in curls, as though paring apples; place two dishes of fat over the fire for deep frying. When smoking hot throw the curls into one kettle, and fry until just commencing to color, remove with a skimmer to the second kettle, and cook until tender and nicely browned; drain on soft paper in the oven. Serve on a doyley after dusting with salt.

ALMOND CAKE.—Beat the yolks of four eggs until light and thick. Beat in gradually, one cup of sugar, one-third a cup of grated chocolate, half a cup of blanched and powdered almonds, and three quarters a cup of grated and sifted breadcrumbs mixed with one teaspoon of baking powder. Finish by folding in the whites of four eggs beaten dry. Bake in layer cake tins. Put jelly between the layers and frost the top.

Plain Omelet.—Break together six eggs, and beat well. Heat a fryin-pan, and put in two tablespoonfuls of butter; when it is melted, tip the pan so it runs all over, and pour in the eggs after seasoning them. Watch carefully and as soon as the edge begins to cook, draw it to the centre with a fork; when all but the middle part is set, lift half with a cake turner, and fold over the other half, and slip on a hot platter. In making omelets it is necessary to have only a moderate fire, and not let the center of the frying-pan get very hot; if the pan is kept on the edge of the stove after heating, it is safer.

## THE TASK GROWS SWEET.

Here in my worship where I toil  
Till head and hands are well-nigh spent,

Out on the road where the dust and soil  
Fall thick on garments worn and rent,  
Or in the kitchen where I bake

The bread the little children eat,  
He comes, His hand of strength I take,  
And every lonely task grows sweet.

## SPARKLES.

Paul, at the age of four, was asked one morning by his papa, "What is the name of the first meal of the day?"  
"Oatmeal," responded little Paul, promptly.

May—"I'll never have another photograph taken."

Dorothy—"Gracious! Why not dear?"  
May—"Because if its like me I don't like it, and if it flatters me my friends don't like it."

Professor Blinkers—"I hope you did not find my lecture too technical, Miss Kaynes?"

Miss Baynes (with pride)—"Oh, no, Professor, I was able to follow it all."

Professor B.—"I am glad that, as I tried to make it intelligible to the meanest comprehension."

His Wife—John, these shoes don't fit me at all. You'll have to take them back and get another pair.

Her Husband—Why, they look comfortable.

His Wife—Yes, that's the trouble. I've had them nearly an hour and they don't hurt in the least, so of course they are entirely too big.

## DOT SCHMALL LETTLE BABY.

Drue as I leef, 'most efery day  
I laugh me wild to saw der vay  
My schmall young baby drie to pay—  
Dot funny leetle baby.

Vhe. I look to dem leetle toes,  
Und see dot funny leetle nose,  
Und Lear der vay dot rooster crows,  
I schmile like I vas grazy.

Sometimes dere comes a leetle schquall,  
Dot's when der vindy vind crawl,  
Right in his leetle schtomach schmall,  
Dot's too bad for der baby.

Dot make him sing at night so schvvet,  
Und gorrybarrie he must eat,  
Und I must chump sphry on my feet  
To help dat leetle baby.

He bulls my nose and kicks my hair,  
Und grawls me ofer eferywhere,  
Und chlobbers me—but vot I care?  
Dot vos my schmall young baby.

Around my head dot leetle arm  
Vos schquozin me so nice and varm—  
O, may dere never come some harm  
To dot schmall leetle baby.  
—Charles Follen Adams.

Customer—What is the price of the duck?

Little Girl—Pleasee, mumm, it's three shillings. But mother says if you grumble, it's two-and-six.

Mother—Johnnie, you left out part of your prayers. You didn't say "God bless Aunt Hattie and make here happy."

Johnnie—Why, mumm. I don't have to put that in any more. Aunt Hattie's engaged!"

## LIQUOR AND TOBACCO HABITS.

A. McTaggart, M.D., C.M., 75 Yonge St. Toronto, Canada.

References as to Dr. McTaggart's professional standing and personal integrity permitted by:—Sir W. R. Meredith, Chief Justice; Hon. Geo. W. Ross, ex-Premier of Ontario; Rev. N. Burwash, President Victoria College; Rev. Father Teffy, President of St. Michael's College, Toronto; Right Rev. A. Sweatman, Archbishop of Toronto; Rev. Wm. MacLaren, D.D., ex-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 loss of time from business, and a cure certain. Consultation or correspondence invited.

## THE PANGS OF SCIATICA

Can Be Cured by the Fair Use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Pierce darting pains. Pains like red hot needles being driven through the flesh—in the thigh, perhaps down the legs to the ankles—that's sciatica. None but the victim can realize the torture of this trouble. But the sufferer need not grow discouraged for there is a cure in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These Pills enrich the blood, feed the starved sciatic nerve and thus drives out the pain. Mrs. Joseph L. Brown, Wilmet, N.S., was a victim of sciatica and found a cure in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. She says:—"For a year I was laid up with sciatica from my side to my foot. What I suffered was at times awful. I could not touch my foot to the floor and had to hobble about with a cane. My right leg was drawn up, and I never expected to have the use of it again. I was attended by our family doctor, and tried several other remedies, but with no benefit, and I felt very much discouraged. One day I read of the cure of a similar sufferer through Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and I decided to try them. I got six boxes, and by the time I had taken them I was completely cured, and have not had the slightest twinge of the trouble since. I am, therefore, a very enthusiastic friend of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and recommend them to all who are similarly troubled."

There is no mystery about the cures Dr. Williams' Pink Pills make. They act upon the blood, enriching and purifying it, and in this way feed the nerves and reach the root of the disease. That is why they cure such common ailments as anaemia, pimples and eczema, indigestion, rheumatism, neuralgia, St. Vitus dance, paralysis, and the irregularities in health of growing girls and women. 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.

## LITTLE BOYS AND LITTLE SHEEP.

Joe came home with his clothes and even his curls, all wringing wet. "Just knew the ice wasn't strong 'nough!" he grumbled.

"Them? why did you slide?" asked auntie.

"Cause all the other boys did," said Joe; "so I had to, or they'd laugh."

His aunt gave him dry clothes, set him down by the fire, and made him drink hot ginger tea. Then she told him a story.

"When I was a little girl, Joe, my father had a great flock of sheep. They were queer things; where one went, all the rest followed. One day the big ram found a gap in the fence, and he thought it would be fun to see what was in the other field. So in he jumped, without looking where he was going, and down he tumbled to the bottom of an old dry well where father used to throw stones and rubbish. The next sheep never stopped to see what had become of him, but jumped right after, and the next, and the next, although father tried to drive them back, and Watch, the old sheep dog, barked his loudest. But they just kept on jumping and jumping, till the well was full. Then father had to pull them out as best he could, and the sheep at the bottom of the well were almost smothered to death."

"My! what silly fellows!" exclaimed Joe.

Then he looked up at his aunt and laughed.