

WORK WILL CURE WORRY

Absorbs the Thought and Energies and Avoids Habit of Fretting.

"Fret not thyself; it tendeth only to civil doing."—Ps. xxxvii., 8 (R. V.).

Worry is wicked because it causes weakness. It robs the life of its powers; it thwarts our possibilities. Anxiety is wrong, not because it indicates infidelity as to the wise and loving providence overruling life, but because it is a criminal waste of life's forces, it prevents our doing our own work, and it irritates and hinders others.

What a great cloud would be lifted from our world if all the needless fears and frowns were chased away. One scowling man, going to his work worrying over it, will spread the contagion of apprehension and cowardly fretfulness through almost every group with which he mingles. Our mental health has as much to do with our success and happiness as any other thing.

The fog that bothers us most of all is that we carry on our faces, that which rises from our heart fears. Once a man lives in perpetual fear of innumerable malignant spirits; civilized man lives in fear of invisible and imaginary accidents. For every real foe that has to be faced we fight out hypothetical battles with a dozen shadows.

Worry is a matter of outlook and habit. It depends, first of all, on whether you are going to take all the facts into account and look on life as a whole, or see only

THE DISMAL POSSIBILITIES.

Then it depends on whether you will yield continually to the blue moods that may arise from apprehension or from indigestion until you have become color blind to all but the blue things.

How trivial are the things over which we worry, by means of which we cultivate the enslaving habit of worry, whether it will rain when we want it to shine, or shine when we want it to rain.

How ineffective it all is. Whoever by worrying all night succeeded in bringing about the kind of weather he wanted? More than that, it is fatal to successfully accomplishing those things that do lie within our power. The wor-

RESTLESS BABIES.

If your little one is restless and cross it is more than likely the trouble is due to some derangement of the stomach or bowels, and if Baby's Own Tablets is given the child will soon be bright and cheerful, and when the mother gives her child this medicine she has the guarantee of the government analyst that it contains no opiate or poisonous drug. Mrs. J. F. Loney, Allanford, Ont., says:—"I have used Baby's Own Tablets for constipation and other ailments of children and have found them more satisfactory than any other form of medicine." Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25c. a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

WHAT'S A LEG TO PATRIOTISM?

Count Okuma's Tribute to the Man Who Threw a Bomb at Him.

The patriot who blew off one of Count Okuma's legs in an attempt on his life in 1899 is to live in the records of the Japan Historical Association as one of the nation's minor heroes. Not only is his biography to be added to the folios of the historical body, but it is on Count Okuma's recommendation that honor is to be paid the man who robbed him of a leg.

Count Okuma, the leader of the Progressist party in Japan and head of the faction that has been uttering the bellicose jingoism against the San Francisco incident, was delegated the agent of the Emperor in the revision of the foreign treaties in 1899 by which extraterritoriality was done away with and the foreigners living in Japan were brought

under the sway of Japanese law. The success of the Count did not please Kurushima Tseunski, who followed the practical Japanese way of expressing dissatisfaction in politics and threw a bomb at the statesman.

Count Okuma escaped with the loss of one leg and the would-be assassin immediately committed suicide.

Now that the time has come when the life of a man who even robbed so august a peer of the realm of so much as one leg has interest for posterity the directors of the Japanese Historical Association have approached Count Okuma on the delicate issue. Since the Count is still a large factor in Japanese politics, despite his obstructive tactics to all politics save his own, the honorable directors of the historical association could hardly offend him by glorifying the assassin of his one leg. So, according to the Yomiuri Shinbun of Tokio, the directors have asked Count Okuma's permission to allow them to incorporate the record of the life of Tseunski in their archives.

"My assailant was a patriot of a rare type," the Yomiuri quotes Count Okuma as saying. "Although his action was wrongful his spirit was worthy of praise. We can well afford to be magnanimous, for the loss of a leg is nothing compared to a man's dying for his convictions."

DISAPPOINTED ELEPHANTS RAGE.

Visiting the Indian Exhibition, at Geneva, a little girl gave an elephant a large piece of salt, which the animal thought was sugar. Finding its mistake it seized the child in its trunk, raised her above its head, and flung her a distance of 40 feet. She was picked up uninjured.

A Boston schoolboy was tall, weak and sickly.

His arms were soft and flabby. He didn't have a strong muscle in his entire body.

The physician who had attended the family for thirty years prescribed *Scott's Emulsion*.

NOW:

To feel that boy's arm you would think he was apprenticed to a blacksmith.

ALL DRUGGISTS; 50c. AND \$1.00.



THOUSAND CATS WANTED

SO SAID ANNOUNCEMENT IN ENGLISH PAPER.

Joker Continues to Hoax — Hundreds of Cats Brought in Answer to Advertisement.

No doubt great delight has been afforded to the joker who has recently perpetrated more hoaxes at Bermondsey, England. The first of these, in the form of advertisements for nurse-girls—a well-to-do middle aged grocer with a grown up family was the victim—attracted about fifty women and girls to the shop, and it was some time before the astonished grocer could convince the crowd that he had no need of nurses. Hardly had this mob disappeared when a photographer arrived to photograph a wedding group. An hour later, an undertaker's van was driven up in response to a call "to bury a dead unbaptized infant."

Having amused himself in Bermondsey and Ilsey, the hoaxer turned his attention to Redhill. In the afternoon passengers were surprised and mystified by the number of persons who were seen about carrying cats. As the afternoon wore on the number of cats increased rapidly.

SIX IN HAMPER.

There were cats in bags, in baskets, in hampers, and even in perambulators—black cats and white cats and grey cats and Persians and Manx cats. One boy had six—a mixed lot—in a hamper. Most of the cat-carriers endeavored to look as though they were unaware of the existence of all the others, and, for themselves, were regularly in the habit of taking pussy out for an airing to the railway station.

Others made guarded and offhand inquiries. These related to a man who was to give them £1 a head for all the medically approved cats they could produce. Could anyone direct them to him?

Curiously enough, no one could. The porters, however, grinned, and the other spectators began to take a new and amused interest in the affair. A man with a cat under each arm managed, with some trouble, to get a copy of the "Surrey Mirror" out of his pocket and pointed out this advertisement:

WANTED 1,000 CATS.

1,000 Cats Wanted.—An application having been received from a large Colonial firm for 1,000 cats, to blot out a plague of mice, we are prepared to pay £1 for each cat (in sound health) presentative to our representative at the S. E. and C. Railway Goods Department, Redhill, on Wednesday, the 25th inst., between 2.30 and 3.30 p. m. J. Stern and Co., 94 Commercial Road, London, E.

And all the time the import of cats was being steadily maintained, and the station resounded with feline voices, from the resonant call of the full-grown Tom to the pleading wail of the kitten. The crowd of cats and their owners speedily assumed the dimensions of a nuisance, so the station-master cleared the yard, and had it patrolled by an inspector and two men, with strict instructions to keep out all cats. Then the competitors departed sadly home, shedding cats on the way. Telephone messages to Messrs. Stern soon elicited the fact that cats were not in their line, and when several of the victims realized they had been hoaxed they paid a fruitless visit to the offices of the local paper.

SENTENCE SERMONS.

No life is fruitful without frost. All helpful service is born of sympathy.

Folks who expect failure seldom are disappointed. Patience with lesser lives is born of the larger life.

You are free from any divinity so long as you despise any humanity.

It's hard to stay blue when you are brightening the lot of another.

Many think they repent the sowing when they only fear the reaping.

There's a lot of difference between saving money and hoping to be saved by it.

You never will have the privilege of sympathy without the price of suffering.

The lives of some of its friends hurt religion more than the logic of its foes.

Perfection is a good deal more than the power of picking faults in other people.

You may know by its warmth and cheer whether a man's light comes from heaven.

Some people never display their retiring dispositions except in the face of an enemy.

Lots of men outline a brilliant national policy who make a failure of ordinary parentage.

If you go to church for the sake of your coat you are likely to leave your heart at home.

No wonder the hypocrite deceives himself when he is foolish enough to think he is deceiving the Almighty.

It is a good deal easier to say "brother" in a smooth way than to spend time smoothing your brother's way.

Folks who are seesawing between right and wrong always think that Providence gives them a good many ups and downs in life.

A business woman should never propose to a man who can't cook or sew on buttons.

The Home

COOKING RECIPES.

Corn for Winter.—Cut sweet corn that has been cooked from the cob and dry in the sun. This is much sweeter than canned corn.

Tomato Salad.—Scrap out part of the tomato, fill with cabbage and onion, chopped fine; place tomato on crisp lettuce leaves, and serve with French or mayonnaise dressing.

Marshmallow Dessert.—Take one-half pound of best quality of marshmallows and cut each square in four pieces. Cover with sweet cream; put on ice or in a cool place for four or five hours and serve in sherbet glasses with macaroons.

Prepared Mustard for Table.—To one egg beaten lightly, add two tablespoons of mustard, two teaspoonfuls of sugar, one cup of vinegar, and a pinch of salt. Heat vinegar to scalding point and pour over the rest.

German Sponge Cake.—Stir the yolks of eight eggs and one pound of pulverized sugar continuously in one way for thirty minutes. Add the well-beaten whites and stir fifteen minutes longer. Add one-half cup of flour, four tablespoonfuls of cornstarch, and the juice and grated rind of one lemon. Bake in a moderate oven.

Two Penny Saved Pudding.—Butter bottom and sides of small pudding dish, scatter bread crumbs that have been softened and lightly squeezed out of cold water to the depth of an inch. On this spread any leftover fruit sauce, jam, or raw ripe fruit, and on top of this another layer of the moist bread, with tiny bits of butter on top, and any spice you may care for. Bake and serve warm or cold with cream or any pudding sauce.

Tomato Catsup.—To a scant half bushel of tomatoes add one quart of vinegar, three-quarters of a pound of salt, a quarter pound each of black pepper, allspice, and cinnamon, two pounds of brown sugar, one ounce of cloves, one heaping tablespoonful of mustard, six medium-sized onions. If one is situated conveniently to obtain peach leaves add one cupful to the above ingredients. Boil all together steadily for three or three and one-half hours, stirring often. Be careful not to scorch. Strain while warm. Bottle when cold. Use new corks, and dip each bottle into hot wax or cement.

Stuffed Noodle.—One cup of cold chicken or veal chopped fine, half cup cold cooked spinach, finely washed, one onion minced, one slice of bread softened in milk, and a beaten egg, mixed well together, pepper and salt to taste. Make a noodle dough of an egg yolk, pinch of salt, and flour to make a stiff paste, roll thin and cut out with biscuit cutter; place a teaspoonful of chicken mixture on one side and pinch edges tightly, using a little water to make them stick. Drop them in boiling water and boil ten minutes, and you have a dish fit for a king. If any of these "stuffed noodles" are left, fry in butter for the next meal.

A Good Soda Cake.—Into one pound of fine flour rub six ounces of sugar, six ounces of butter, six ounces of currants, a teaspoonful of ground ginger, and a quarter of a nutmeg. Mix these ingredients with two well-beaten eggs and a teaspoonful of warm milk, in which one teaspoonful of carbonate of soda has been dissolved. Place in a cake tin lined with greased paper and bake in a steady oven for nearly two hours.

Mashed Parsnips are rarely seen, and yet are such a good vegetable that they should be well-known. At this time of year, the parsnip is often to be had very cheaply. Boil the parsnips till tender, then mash them well with a fork, adding milk and a little butter to make them of the right consistency. Flavor with pepper and salt, and then return to the saucepan at the side of the fire to get hot. Serve in a rough-looking heap on a hot dish, and dust a little chopped parsley over, and you will have a delicious vegetable.

Fig Ice Cream.—The fig ice cream is particularly nice. Chop half a pound of figs, wet them with half a cup of warm water, and let them stand to soften, mashing them occasionally. Scald a quart of thin cream, or rich milk with a scant cup of sugar, and add the figs; put all through the puree press, or leave the figs as they are. Cool and freeze; remove the dasher and pack down the cream well, and let it stand two hours before serving. This can also be made with preserved figs, and is fully as nice, and rather nicer.

Pumpkin Pie.—To make this, get some small thin-skinned oranges and squeeze them till you have nearly a pint of juice; add to this the juice of two lemons, a small cup of sugar-and-water syrup, and two egg whites, slightly beaten, and fill up with a pint of hot water; stir well, strain, and cool; add a trifle of orange fruit coloring, if the pumpkin shade is not sufficient; freeze rather firmly, remove the dasher and pack it down, and let it stand two hours to ripen. Cake can be offered with the ice if desired.

HINTS FOR THE HOME.

When the kettle is furred inside, fill it with water, add a good lump of borax and let it boil up. Pour away, and then rinse with cold water.

To Remove Panes of Glass.—Lay soft soap over the puffy which fixes them, and after a few hours they may be easily removed.

Dusters, and excellent ones, too, may be made of old linings, print dresses, etc. These should be hemmed by machine, and the corners made quite firm if they are to last well.

To clean the ivory handles of knives mix equal parts of ammonia and olive-oil, and add to this enough prepared chalk to make a paste. With this rub the

ivory, and let it dry before brushing off. Several applications of the paste may be necessary.

Kitchen paints will soon acquire a shabby, dull look from the frequent cleaning that is necessary in this room. The use of soap only increases the difficulty, especially if the paints are varnished. A good plan is to boil 1 pound of bran in a gallon of water for an hour, then wash the paint with this bran-water, and it will not only be kept clean but bright and glossy.

Coffee stains, even when there is cream in the coffee, may be removed from delicate silk and woollen fabrics with the aid of pure glycerine. Brush the glycerine on the spots, then wash them with lukewarm water and press on the wrong side with a warm iron.

To remove grease spots from carpets, sprinkle powdered fuller's earth thickly on the spot cover with a piece of coarse brown paper, and put a hot iron on the paper; when the iron is cold remove it, but do not brush off the fuller's earth for several hours.

If you rinse a plate with cold water before breaking the eggs on it, add to them a pinch of salt, and then stand where there is a current of air, and you will have no difficulty in beating them to a froth.

Heat Clothes Pins in Winter.—A good way to keep your hands warm in hanging out clothes in winter is to put your clothes pins in the oven until hot. They will keep warm until wash is on the line and save much suffering from cold fingers.

Keep Irons Hot.—Use a clean brick to stand the iron on when ironing instead of the usual ironing stand. It has no holes underneath to admit the air, and the irons will retain their heat much longer.

Standing Rule for Stains.—Let every housewife put a copy of the following rule on her kitchen wall:—Use hot water and no soap for all fruit stains. Use cold water and soap for tea, coffee, and cocoa stains.

Make a Shelf on the Stairs.—A great convenience, where it can be arranged, is to have a shelf at the head of the cellar or basement stairs where can be kept those things which belong to the cellar and are in constant use. Many steps thus can be saved during the day's work.

Waterproof Whitewash.—Slake one-half peck of lime in the usual way with water. Boil a pound of rice until soft, thin with hot water, and stir until fine and smooth, of the consistency of cream. Mix this with the lime water while warm; let cool and apply. Repeated heavy rains have not washed this off of outbuildings painted with it by the writer.

A FISHERMAN'S LUCK.

Weak, Worn and Almost in Despair When Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Came to His Rescue.

"My strength was almost gone, my breath very short and I could hardly walk. I used many remedies, but they did not help me. Finally a friend advised me to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I did so and to-day, thanks to the pills, I am a perfectly well man."

This very emphatic statement is made by Mr. R. L. Porter, of Maitland, N. S. Mr. Porter is a fisherman, and naturally a hard working man, subject to much exposure. He further says: "I was in a state of debility and bloodlessness. Sometimes I could attend to my work, but often was too weak and restless to do so. I was wakeful and restless at night, and could not eat in the morning. I was troubled with gains in my back and shoulders, sometimes I could hardly straighten up. Then indigestion came to add to my misery, and my condition was one that made me almost hopeless. I tried several medicines—but in vain. Then one day a friend said, 'Why don't you try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills?' I tried them and I shall always be grateful for them. In a short time I began to regain my health. I could eat better, and could eat any kind of food. My strength returned. I could attend to my work. I was in fact perfectly well again, and this is actually due to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills build up the strength and drive out disease in just one way—they actually make new red blood. That is all they do, but they do it well. They don't act on the bowels—they don't purge and weaken like common pills. They don't bother with mere symptoms, they go right to the root of the trouble in the blood. That is why they cure anaemia, with all its headaches and backaches, and dizziness and heart palpitation. That is why they cure indigestion, rheumatism, neuralgia, St. Vitus dance, general weakness and the special ailments that growing girls and women do not like to talk about, even to their doctors. But you must insist on getting the genuine pills with the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," on the wrapper around each box. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50c. a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

THE SAME OLD MOTHER.

"Now, Jamie," said a school-teacher, if there were only one pie for dessert, and there were five of you children and papa and mamma to divide it among, how large a piece would you get?" "One-sixth," replied Jamie, promptly. "But there would be seven people there, Jamie. Don't you know how many times seven goes into one?" "Yes'm—and I know my mother. She'd say she wasn't hungry for pie that day. I'd get one-sixth."