A Dollar to Spare.

The grass it is greener, the snow it is whiter,
The world is serener and life it is brighter;
The rose has a hue of a deeper ca nation,
A lovelier halo envelopes creation,
And the goddess of fortune is smiling and fair
When your wallet is fat, with a dollar to spare!
O a foe to despair and death to all care
Is that sum of all blessings, a dollar to spare!

O the plethoric pocket, the big, bulging wallet,
However you mock it, whatever you call it,
Is filled with a balm, undiscovered in Gilead—
Fit theme for a bard like the author of Iliad!
O the whole world is bathed with a rose-scented air
When your wallet is fat, with a dollar to spare;
Strong to do and to dare, and a hard man to scare,
Is the man who is blest with a dollar to spare!

O age bright and sunny! O era propitious!
When the poor will have money, unless they are vicious,
Come on at a pace that is brisker and quicker,
Don't stray, like a sot that is loaded with liquor;
O list to the wail of a poor fellow's prayer,
And make all wallets fat, with a dollar to spare
Come age bright and rare, have a seat, take a chair—
Fair age when all men have a dollar to spare!

In the Rain.

I stand in the old gray weather,
In the white and silvery rain;
The great trees huddle together
And sway with the windy strain.
I dream of the purple glory
Of the roseate mountain height
Of the sweet-to-remember story
Of a distant and dear delight.

The rain keeps constantly raining,
And the sky is cold and gray,
And the wind in the trees keep complaining
That summer has passed away;
But the gray and the cold are haunted
By a beauty akin to pain—
By the sense of a something wanted
That never will come again.

A RACE WITH "COPY."

How a Live Newspaper Man Outran a Cowboy on Horseback.

One of the most interesting incidents of the opening of Oklahoma occurred upon the return to Arkansas City this afternoon of the train carrying newspaper correspondents. Seven of the Chicago and other Western correspondents had pooled their issues and engaged a cowboy to meet them on horseback just after the train entered the yards at Arkansas City and to gallop furiously to the telegraph offices. Mr. James Cox, of the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*, was sent out of the combination. The plan worked beautifully until the cowboy had galloped half a block on his way to the telegraph office. Then Mr. Cox saw the scheme, and leaping from the moving train he started on foot after the horseman. It was a run of more than a mile to the telegraph office. By a spurt Mr. Cox overtook the horse, and then a desperate race began. The cowboy lashed his horse vigorously, but he could not shake off the fleet-footed correspondent. On the last eighth of a mile Mr. Cox spurted like a sprinter, and by a terrific effort reached the telegraph office 40 rods ahead. When he entered the office he could hardly stand or see. His exploit was the talk of the town to-night. The cowboy has not since been seen.—*Arkansas City corr. New York Herald.*

The Game of Houses in May.

(Adapted.)

What the agent says: "It's very cheap at $25. The people in it will show you the house."

What the people in the house say: "Hush, let 'em ring. After a while they'll go away."

What the husband says: "Now, what's the matter with that house? You can't expect a palace on Upper John street for $25 a month!"

What the wife says: "I wouldn't live in that house if you'd give it to me!"

What the relatives say: "It isn't a good neighborhood. The house is out of repair. Plenty of better houses for same rent. Where? Oh, everywhere!"

What the large circle of friends say: "How we shall miss you!"

What the neighbors say: "That family in the fourth house in the block are moving out. Their waggon looks like an auction furniture shop. After all the airs they put on!"

What the servant girl says: "I'll be afther laving. I always go to my aunt's for a couple of weeks about the 1st of May, and then I gets a place when the house cl'aning is all done."

What the truckmen say: "—— these narrow stairs!"

What the tradesmen say: "Here's a little bill."

What the people moving out say: "He wouldn't do a thing for us, but now he's got to paint and paper the whole house before he can rent it!"

What the people moving in say: "It's the dirtiest house I ever saw!"

What the papers say: "There is more moving this year than ever before."

Strange Situation of a Robin's Nest.

In the autumn a redbreast took up his quarters in the loading end of the salle at Bullionfield Paper Mill, Invergowrie, spending most of his time in the building, and becoming exceedingly tame and familiar. During the recent spring-like weather the warbler of the woods turned up one day with a companion, and the two set about building a nest in the roof timbers. There they remain as yet, undeterred by the tumult of carts, horses and men on causeway and pavement not 20 feet beneath them.—*West Lothian (Scotland) Courier*

Boarding House Indications.

Mrs. Crabber's boy (to the star boarder)—We're going to have chicken salad to-day.

Star boarder—How do you know?

Mrs. C.'s boy—I saw our cook chopping up some veal.

A book on church bells has recently appeared in England. Before the reformation the names on bells were commonly "Jesu," "Mary," or a saint's name. But after the time of Henry VIII. the inscription became "God Save the Queen!" "Prosperity to this parish!" and, later, the name of—the church warden!

The cliff dweller relics recently discovered in New Mexico comprise human skull's the skeleton of a child, hands, human hair etc. There are 85 pieces of pottery, from gigantic coiled vases to tiny fragments of painted earthenware. Among the relics are a number of turkey bones, and the discoverer relates that in one of the cliff houses he found the roosts of these fowls, also nests with eggshells still in them. The collection has been taken to Durango, Col.

CURRENT TOPICS.

It appears, from a British Parliamentary just return issued, that in course of the thirty years ending 1887, 2,784 suits for judicial separation were raised in the English Divorce Court, and of these 985 were successful on trial. Petitions for divorce or dissolution of marriage numbered 10,561, of which 7,321 were successful. There were 3,892 causes which did not proceed to a hearing.

In the centre of the gloomy African forest Stanley comes across the famous dwarf tribes, first described by Paul Du Chaillu. Du Chaillu reported the tiny savages to be exceedingly shy, but not actively hostile. Stanley reports them to have been the most annoying foes encountered on his whole march. It was their custom to hide behind trees and shoot at the white men with poisoned arrows; and no advances could win their friendship.

The railway statistics of the Dominion up to June 30th last year were brought down to Parliament last night. The total miles of completed railway in the Dominion at that date were 12,701. Capital paid, $727,000,000; Government bonuses paid by Local and Dominion Governments, $134,000,000; earnings, $42,159,152; working expenses, $30,652,046; net earnings, $11,500,000. Passengers carried, 11,416,791; tons of freight carried, 17,172,759; miles run, 37,391,206; passengers killed, 20.

Lord Lansdowne continues to be exceedingly busy with the multifarious duties imposed upon him by his onerous and responsible position of Viceroy of India. The Council having concluded its labors for the time being, His Excellency left Calcutta on April 2nd, and has since visited Allahabad, Cawnpore and Lucknow. Before leaving the capital he laid the foundation stone of the volunteer headquarters, on which occasion he appears to have delivered an excellent "volunteer" speech.

M. Paulhan, a French psychologist, has performed experiments that he thinks prove that two thought-processes may go on simultaneously. Whether conclusive or not, such experiments corroborate the testimony of introspection that mental processes may take place in addition to the activity that mainly occupies the attention. These ideas in the background of consciousness are allied with the one in the centre or antagonistic to it. While a certain amount of distracting elements may be necessary to preserve the healthy flux of thought, and while in very simple operations two disparate thought-processes may be carried on successfully together, economy demands that, in the main, the ideas in the background of consciousness should be harmonious with the one in the focus of attention. The waste of energy when these ideas are of an unessential or distracting nature is a matter of common observation. A single illustration will suffice. A student is passing an examination. He is ill-prepared and nervous. The question he is answering, or the problem he is solving, occupies the focus of consciousness, but in the background are such distracting ideas as the fear of failure, the thought that there will not be time enough to answer all the questions, the query whether it were not better to omit this particular question, the self-conscious fear lest he is growing nervous, the sound of the proctor's footsteps, the scratching of a neighbor's pen, and the like. Most pupils know the waste caused by such distracting ideas. Even if by an effort of will these inharmonious elements are kept strictly in the background, still there is some loss of energy, and the effort of will demanded to repress them also takes energy.

A Fool and His Money," etc.

Mrs. Ammon has become a pauper in Sharon, Pa. She was the mother of "Coal Oil Johnny" Steel. Oil was struck on her husband's farm along in the sixties, and her son suddenly came into possession of millions. These he soon squandered with a recklessness that became proverbial in that section of the State. He soon had nothing and had to support himself as best he could. He was killed near his old home not long ago while walking on a railway track. His mother now goes to the poorhouse, a sad example of the fickleness of fortune, when the jade is not cautiously treated.—*Utica Herald.*

The Daughter of Dr. Chalmers.

Helen Chalmers, the daughter of the noted Scotch divine, lives in Edinburgh in one of the lowest sections of the city. Her home consists of a few rooms in an alley. The drunkenness, poverty and suffering of men and women distress her but she is constantly with the fallen. Every night she goes out into the lanes of the city with her lantern to light her way before her, and she never returns to her quarters without one or more girls or women she has taken from the street. These people love her, and she is never molested or insulted.

Two of a Kind.

First stranger (in the far west)—Be you one of us? Second stranger (with dignity)—I do not know what you mean by "one of us." I am President of the International Aggregated Trusts to Force Up the Price of the Necessaries of Life. First stranger (genially)—Your hand, pard; I'm a train robber.

With the view of facilitating communication between a broken train and the nearest station a novel application of the telephone has been made on the railroad between Saint Valerie-sur-Somme and Caveaux (France). The stations are already connected by an overhead wire. The guard's van of the experimental train was fitted with a telephone. One pole of the battery was connected with the framework of the van, and in this way put to earth, the other pole was connected with a hooked wire, by which connection could be made with the existing line at any desired point. Upon ringing up the stations in front and behind the train receives the signal.

The Concord (N.H.) *Monitor* thinks that Guthrie, Oklahoma, has this advantage over Rome—that it was built in a day.

Dr. Dowling, the new pastor of one of the Albany churches, is evidently well endowed with the gift of humor. In the course of a statement of his belief which he read to his people a few evenings ago, he remarked: "I believe there are some things which cannot be answered by any theologian in the world—not even the youngest."

A TRUE STORY IN REAL LIFE.

Is Life Worth Living?

This question has been asked so often that it has been worn threadbare. Still its application is as pertinent as when it was first uttered.

At one time in my life I determined to pursue the study of medicine. Circumstances compelled me to abandon it as a profession, still I had more or less practice among personal friends, sufficient to keep up my interest in it.

One day I received a visit from an old friend, the captain of a coasting steamer. He seemed much worried, and for a time made his visit anything but pleasant. At last I said to him, "Captain, you seem troubled about something, can I aid you in any way?"

"No!" he replied shortly, "at least I don't think you can, and I have pretty good reasons for thinking so."

I felt hurt for a moment, and rather angrily replied, "Well, I don't have to."

"Of course you don't," he responded, "but it is an infernal shame, and it makes me mad all through, when I think of the way that I have been bled by a lot of frauds, that call themselves doctors."

Then he continued rapidly, "You know that boy of mine?" I nodded.

"Well, he has been a serious tax upon me for years, not that I begrudge him anything that he has cost me, but I do curse, every time I think of the hundreds of dollars, earned in the hardest manner, disappearing into the pockets of men who promised much, only to do the worst kind of damage in the end."

"Now, I have the cheerful prospect of having an undertaker's bill to pay, besides losing my boy." But, he added savagely, "I have spent the last dollar, that I ever will for medicine, and, as he has to die, the quicker the better."

"You have no right to talk in that way, Captain," said I severely. "As long as your boy lives, it is your duty to do everything in your power to aid him."

"And haven't I?" was his response; "what is the use of your talking, you know just about as much about curing as the rest of them; although," he added, "I believe you have a conscience; the rest that I have had dealings with, don't pan out so well in that respect. I tell you," he continued, "that boy is doomed; he will go just like his mother did, and the doctors can write down in their books of failures, 'one more death from consumption, a disease we know nothing about.'"

He relapsed into a moody silence. At last I said, "Is your boy very low, Captain?"

"He can just crawl around," was his response, "and what makes the matter worse for me, is the painful way in which he asks me to do something for him. However, he will be here after awhile, and I want you as a friend of mine, to tell me to the best of your knowledge, how long you think he is going to last, so that I can make my calculations."

While he was talking, I saw the boy approaching, and just as he stepped into my office panting and gasping, from his exertion in walking, I said to myself, "The grip of death is too firmly fastened on you to be ever shaken off." After greeting him, at his father's request, I examined him and found him in the condition that I shall describe. He had evidently inherited consumption from his mother; bronchial tubes much thickened, so much so as to make the operation of breathing extremely difficult and painful. Chest cavity much contracted; auscultation and percussion showed extensive tuberculous deposits, and cavities, especially in the left lobe of the lungs; body much emaciated and bloodless. In fact, unless (to my mind) some miraculous intervention occurred to stay the progress of the disease, the patient could not survive but a few weeks. I talked as cheerfully as I could to him, but he was too much depressed to pay much attention to anything but his suffering.

The father sent him to a restaurant near by, and turning to me he asked. "Well, what is the verdict?"

I had been thinking rapidly, and as he spoke I had made up my mind to a procedure, as regards the boy, that I determined to follow out. In answer to his question, I said, "Captain, unless something is done for that boy, you will bury him within a month."

"Well, what can be done?" he said excitedly. "Do you want to try your hand in experiments? Do you want some of my money too? Are you going to sicken him to death with rotten cod liver oil, blister his skin with plasters, drug him and rush him into his coffin?"

"Hold on, Captain," I replied; "I don't want your money, but I am going to try an experiment with your permission. It is a matter of duty, and in his condition, can do no harm, if it does no good.'

"How much is it going to cost?" he asked. "I don't know," was my reply. "Whatever it is," he rejoined, "will come out of your pocket, not mine." "Don't bother yourself about that," said I coldly. When the boy returned, he seemed more exhausted than when he first entered my office, and as his father handed him a chair, he said to his son, "Del, the doctor here thinks he can do you some good. What do you say; do you want him to try?"

I shall never forget the look on the boy's face, and his words, and the heading of this article came forcibly into my mind: "Is Life Worth Living?" Evidently it was to him, as it is to all mankind, when tortured with pain, with the clammy hand of death encircling their throats, they struggle in his relentless grasp, and cry out in an agony of terror, "for God's sake, save me." I put him on a nutritious diet, eggs and milk heading the list, and provided him with a preparation of medicine, that I had never used before, or ever expected to. It was a sheer experiment on my part, as recklessly attempted as anything could be. The result—immediate improvement in breathing, and general strength of body; better color, improved spirits, increased appetite, and an increase in bodily weight that was astonishing.

At the commencement of treatment he weighed 92 lbs. In two months with constant progress to health, his weight had increased to 120 lbs. In three months he accepted a situation as an errand boy, indulged in running, boyish games of all kinds, a well boy if ever there was one. Ask him now if "Life is worth living?" "What was this wonderful preparation?" do you ask. As a matter of right you should know, and I solemnly swear to the correctness of my statement.

The boy is still in the land of the living, and well at that, and both he and his father will back my statement.

It was Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and the entire cost of treatment was just $10.

[The name and post-office address of the author of the foregoing truthful narrative will be furnished any interested party who may apply therefor, either in person or by letter, to the World's Dispensary Medical Association, of Buffalo, N. Y. For personal reasons the author prefers not to have his name published broadcast, and it is in deference to his wishes that we omit it.—Editor.]

Latest Scottish News.

The Queen is to go to Balmoral at the end of May for a month.

Mr. C. McPake, formerly of Selkirk, has started a woollen factory in county Sligo, Ireland.

What is called popularity, according to Dr. A. K. H. Boyd, of St. Andrew's, is made up of a mass of more or less ignorant *objter dicta*.

A Roman coin, of the time of Maximinian, with whom the Diocleson divided the empire in 286, has been found at Lossiemouth.

Hon. Mrs. Maxwell Scott, of Abbotsford, is preparing for the press some hitherto unpublished journals of her great-grandfather, Sir Walter Scott.

Ex-Provost Mathieson has presented to the Carnegie Free Library, Dunfermline, a cast of the Rosetta stone, the key to ancient monuments in Egypt.

Mr. T. Miller, for over 20 years tacksman of tolls, died at Comrie on the 2nd April, aged 92 years. He was one of the oldest Freemasons in Scotland.

A committee are taking steps to present Dr. Francis Edmond, of Lingswells, with his portrait, to be placed in Aberdeen College in recognition of his benefactions to the church.

Colonel J. Boughey, formerly of the Wiltshire Regiment, has been appointed Assistant Adjutant-General to the forces in Scotland, in place of Colonel Black, C.B., who proceeds to Gibraltar.

A. Whitelaw, engine-keeper, Townhill, and Dr. A. Lees Bell, Dunfermline, have been presented with Royal Humane Society medals "for gallant conduct in saving and attempting to save life from drowning."

The Duke of Portland's Scotch tenantry are to present Miss Dallas Yorke, his bride elect, with a portrait of the Duke as a wedding gift. The Welbeck tenantry will present the Duke with a portrait of Miss Yorke.

The Scotch confirmation of the Right Hon. Walter Henry Erskine, Earl of Mar and Kellie, has been re-sealed in London, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland being sworn to exceed £46,000.

A brass band has been started in a Midlothian burgh, and one of the rules is to the effect "that any member guilty of *rash* cursing or swearing, either at the meetings or during practice, will be fined one shilling."

Fasque House was built in 1809, and cost £30,000. The estate was bought in 1828 by Mr. John Gladstone, who in 1845 was created a Baronet by Sir Robert Peel, and who in 1851 was succeeded in the title and estate by his eldest son, Sir John Gladstone.

Rev. Dr. Marcus Dods, who has completed his semi-jubilee as pastor of Renfield Free Church, Glasgow, was on the 11th inst., at the annual congregational meeting, presented with a cheque for a thousand pounds, and a silver salver and a diamond brooch for Mrs. Dods.

Hon. Mrs. Grant, Glenearn, Crieff, has died suddenly at Bournemouth, England, where she had recently gone for a holiday. She was the widow of Captain George Essex Grant, a younger son of the sixth Earl of Seafield, and was sister to the eminent *litterateur*, Miss C. F. Gordon Cumming.

The jubilee of the Rev. David Russell, minister of Eglinton Street Congregational Church, was celebrated at a social meeting held on the 9th inst. in the Waterloo rooms, Glasgow. In the course of the proceedings Mr. Russell was presented with £550, and a gold watch for Mrs. Russell. Several addresses were also presented.

Until within a few days ago there resided in Oban, Argyllshire, an old lady, Mrs. Elizabeth McDougall, who had seen and spoken with men who were "out in the '45." Her father was full cousin to old Major McDougall, of Soroba, referred to in Mrs. Grant of Laggan's, "Letters from the Mountains," which were written at Oban in 1773. She passed away at the age of 93 years.

Dr. Henry Douglas, the father of the medical profession in Dunfermline, died there on the 8th inst. Dr. Douglas was 87 years of age, and retired from active duty some years ago. He began business in Dunfermline as early as 1823, and in 1826 he took the degree of M. D. at Edinburgh University. He was a keen sportsman, and for many years was well-known on the hunting field of Fifeshire.

Mr. Oliphant, of Gaskf, Perthshire, has just had erected a beautiul white granite cross to the memory of his grand-aunt, Carolina Oliphant, Baroness Nairne, the authoress of "The Land of the Leal" and many other favorite Scottish songs. The cross, which is in the grounds immediately to the west of the garden, is beautifully chaste and artistic, and bears the following inscription: "Carolina, Baroness Nairne; born at Gask, 1766; died at Gask, 1845.—*Carment morte carent.*" We may add that Mr. Oliphant is the author of "The Jacobite Lairds of Gask" and other works, and this is only another proof of the desire to pay a tribute to genius by this estimable gentleman.

According to a truthful Southern paper a live mouse in a Texas dairy fell into a panful of milk. It swam round and round in its efforts to get out, but in vain. However, through the activity of its movements the milk was at last churned into butter, when the mouse was enabled to jump out of the pan and regain its liberty.

Hon. Edward Blake is having a splendid summer residence erected for himself at Point a Pic, Murray Bay, for the coming season.

The regulation professional garb of English physicians and surgeons is the high hat—black in winter, drab or white in summer—and always a dark frock or morning coat.

A GIRL TO FLIRT WITH.

For She is a Lass Whom it is Quite Safe to Love.

Vanity Fair recommends one kind of flirtation—*i. e.*, flirtation with a view to honorable marriage. It thinks the best kind of girl is the rather heavy, good-tempered girl. She should be a little greedy—for that will mean care in the arrangement of dinner. She should be inclined to be fat—her mother's weight is always to be noticed—for then she will probably be domestic and disinclined for much gadding about. She should have a charm of a homely kind that does not attract foreigners; and there should be no sparkle, or *diablerie*, or any other French quality about her innocence. She should be fair, with blue eyes and a white skin that will easily freckle.

Strictly Honorable.

A story about Lady Cork, which I recently heard, relates to her energetic efforts to marry off her daughters, who it seems did not find husbands for themselves as rapidly as she wished. Lord Foley, whose intellect is supposed to be none of the brightest, was marked down as fair game, but after dining several times at the Cork's house, and being made to dance with the Cork daughters, he still gave no indication of any mad desire to take any of them to wife. As the end of the season drew near Lady Cork grew so desperate that she actually cornered the luckless lordling one day and demanded to know his intentions. Lord Foley hemmed and hawed, blushed, and finally stammered out "that they were quite honorable, as he had promised his mother on her death-bed that he would never have an intrigue with a married woman."—*London Town Topics.*

Yellow as Egyptian mummy
Was his sallow face,
And he seemed a very dummy
Of the human race.
Now he's brimmed with sunshine o'er,
His clear and sparkling eye
Tells us that he lives in clover;
Ask you the reason why?

What has wrought the transformation? Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets restored this dilapidated individual in a single week. Nothing like them to regulate the liver, stomach and bowels.

Her Consolation.

Bankrupt's wife—Well, at any rate, the Thompson failure was worse than ours.

Sympathizing friend—Why, I thought it was just the other way.

Bankrupt's wife—No, indeed; Edward only failed for ten cents on the dollar, while Mr. Thompson failed for fifty!

"Boat, Ahoy!

The rapids are below you!" cried a man to a pleasure party whom he descried gliding swiftly down the stream toward the foaming cataract. And we would cry "Boat, ahoy!" to the one whose life bark is being drawn into the whirlpool of consumption, for unless you use effective measures you will be wrecked in Death's foaming rapids. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will strengthen and restore your lungs to a healthy condition, and is a sure relief for coughs and colds.

The World Moves!

Don't disgust everybody with the offensive odor from your catarrh just because some old fogy doctor, who has not discovered and will not believe that the world moves, tells you it cannot be cured. The manufacturers of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy have for many years offered, in good faith, $500 reward for a case of nasal catarrh, no matter how bad, or of how long standing, which they cannot cure. They are thoroughly responsible financially, as any one can learn by proper inquiry through druggists (who sell the medicine at only 50 cents), and they "mean business."

Proof Positive.

Tom—I am quite certain Mr. Smythe is a foreign nobleman in disguise.

Jack—How do you know?

Tom—He has such a dignified way of asking you to loan him $10.

—"The girl of the period," writes a fashion gossip, "grows sweeter and sweeter." Don't know how she can, but suppose she does.

DONL. 19 89.

THIRTY LIVE FOX CUBS wanted by 15th May. HAROLD LAMBE, Hughson street, Hamilton, Ont.

MERCHANTS, BUTCHERS AND TRADERS generally

We want a GOOD MAN in your locality to pick up

CALF SKINS

for us. Cash Furnished on satisfactory guaranty Address, C. S. Page, Hyde Park, Vermont, U. S

The *Shoe & Leather Reporter*, N. Y., and *Shoe & Leather Review*, Chicago, the leading trade papers of the U.S. in the Hide line, have sent their representatives to investigate Mr. Page's business, and after a thorough examination and comparison the *Reporter* gives him this endorsement

"*We believe that in extent of light-weight raw material collected and carried, Mr. Page holds the lead of any competitor and that his present stock is the largest held by any house in this country.*"

And the *Review* says:

"*After a most thorough investigation of Mr Page's business as compared with others in same line, we have become fully satisfied that in is specialty, light-weight stock, he is unquestionably the largest dealer in this country, while in superiority of quality he is confessedly at the head.*"

Query: If Mr. Page's business is the largest in its line in the United States, is it not the best possible proof of his ability to pay highest prices? If he did not do so, would he naturally get more Skins than any of his competitors in the same line?

IMPERIAL PEN AND PENCIL STAMP.

With your name, to print cards, mark books, linen, etc. Single stamp 25c. Club of six, $1.00. Cash to accompany order. H. BARNARD, Rubber Stamp Works, Hamilton, Ont.

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER

THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND