

## HEALTH AND HOME HINTS.

Always buy an extra yard of stair carpeting, folding it under at each end, so the carpet can be moved to equalize the wear over the edge of the steps.

Junket.—Heat one quart of rich milk blood-warm; add one tablespoonful of liquid rennet, stir thoroughly and set aside till the curd hardens. Sift with powdered sugar and cinnamon and serve with whipped cream.

Coax your invalid with cream toast. Cut the crust from two slices of bread, which should be stale. Toast over a slow fire until well dried, and then brown delicately. Dip quickly into boiling water, dot with bits of butter and pour over a very little rich milk or cream that has been brought to a boil. Brown bread is very nice and healthful prepared as above, and may be eaten with sugar and cream.

Nutt'd Apple.—Pare and core some well shaped apples. Simmer in a syrup until tender, but not broken or too soft; press blanched and split almonds into the apples; sprinkle with powdered sugar. Brown in the oven and serve with whipped cream. The syrup may also be served with these apples, or it may be used in making an apple sauce with some more apples.

Butter Scotch.—Wet a pound of brown sugar with a cup of water, into which two tablespoons of vinegar have been stirred. Put into an agate saucpan and cook for ten minutes. Then add four tablespoons of butter and boil until a drop hardens in cold water. Pour into large buttered tins and, as it cools, mark into squares.

Baked Bean Soup.—This is an excellent way to use up cold baked beans after the family have tired of them in the ordinary way. Add twice the quantity of cold water to the beans and let them boil gently until soft. When they are nearly done, add half as much canned tomatoes as beans. Rub them through the strainer, season with salt, pepper and a little dry mustard stirred into the salt. Or leave out the tomatoes and slice an onion into the beans and use without straining.

## "RATS AND MICE AND SUCH SMALL DEER."

Naturalists as well as bacteriologists are in favor of the war on vermin. The society for their destruction, which is now only "incorporated," has among its supporters such authorities as Lord Avebury and other eminent naturalists, as well as, of course, a long list of distinguished doctors. Rats claim the first attention of the new organization, but mice, mosquitoes, sparrows, house flies and in fact all pestiferous insects and parasites will be included in its operations. It is hoped the war on these pests will be vigorously waged in other countries also. In Denmark there is an association for the extermination of rats which has been instrumental in passing an act enabling a small rate to be levied for the furtherance of its objects. Here we have to depend on voluntary work and the new "incorporated society" may serve to advise and reinforce the spasmodic efforts made by the many rural and district clubs scattered over the country which deal with the rat and the sparrow. No doubt the house fly, which is so annoying in the summer here, often carries the germs of typhoid and other diseases and is especially responsible for the many deaths of children from summer diarrhea. In Colombo at this moment we hear that enteric is raging and that its dissemination is due to the myriads of flies swarming in heaps of refuse in the native quarters.

## SPARKLES.

"They say three moves are as bad as a fire."

"Worse. There's no insurance against moving."

"Of course," said the candidate, "I can't be expected to please everybody."

"No," answered the old campaigner. "The best you can do is to look benignly pleasant and convey the impression that everybody pleases you."

"What is the difference between valor and discretion?"

"Well, to go through Europe without tipping would be valor."

"I see."

"And to come back by a different route would be discretion."

"Noo, Jock, this game's about finished," said a Clydebank workman's wife to her husband. "For the last few weeks ye've been bringin' me in nineteen and tencepence on a Saturday when your wages are a pound a week. Noo, tell me, is it the drink or gamblin' that yer after?"

"Naw, my lass; it's neither gamblin' nor drink that's troublin' me," was the answer. "I'm savin' up to start a ship-building yaird o' ma ain."

"Sometimes," said Uncle Eben, "yoh feels it yoh duty to tell a friend de truth. But the chances are you'll be so disagreeable 'bout it dat he'll git mad and lose all de benefits."

Apropos of election retorts (writes a correspondent), perhaps as neat an answer as is known is the one credited to Mr. Hemmerde. "If you were the Archangel Gabriel," shouted an opponent at one of his meetings, "I wouldn't give you a vote." "But, my friend," retorted the candidate, "if I were the Archangel Gabriel you wouldn't be on the register."

Why was St. Andrew chosen as the patron saint of Scotland? This question has been asked many times, but the arch-deacon of whom Dean Hole tells may be considered to have discovered the most satisfactory solution of the problem. "Gentlemen," said he (he was speaking at a St. Andrew's Day banquet at the time), "I have given this difficult subject my thoughtful consideration, and I have come to the conclusion that St. Andrew was chosen to be the patron saint of Scotland because he discovered the lad who had the loaves and fishes."

A visitor recently staying with Mark Twain took occasion to comment on the picturesque appearance of a windmill in the distance. Unfortunately, however, the object of which he spoke so approvingly was not a windmill, but the tower of a Congregational church, and when its minister came to see Mark Twain the latter told him of the mistake his guest had made. "I think," added the humorist, "you will agree with me that he was really going a little too far."

## TO MAKE IT POPULAR.

"The late Joel Chandler Harris," said an Atlanta clergyman, "used to laugh at the way everybody seemed to want a free advertisement of some sort from the editor. It was the same, he would say, with the physicians—everybody wants free advice on the health question from him."

"I once heard him tell about an editor who served ten days in jail for thrashing the Mayor. The warden treated him very kindly, and at the ten days' end, escorting him to the door and shaking him by the hand, said:

"Well, good-bye and good luck, ed. And say, would you mind giving the jail a puff?"

NEW STRENGTH  
IN THE SPRING

Nature Needs Aid in Making New, Health-Giving Blood.

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 disfiguring 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. Mrs. J. C. Mosee, Bronson, N. S., writes: "Last spring my daughter was completely run down, she was very pale, had no appetite, and became very nervous, and we were alarmed about her. We decided to give her Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and soon after she began taking them there was a decided improvement. She gained in weight and vigor, her color returned, and her whole system seemed to have been built anew. I can warmly recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to all who need a medicine."

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.

## CAN YOU SPELL?

If you think you can, ask somebody to dictate the following jumble to you and see how many mistakes you make!

Antinous, a disappointed, desiccated physicist, was peeling potatoes in an embarrassing and harassing way. His disloyalty and privilege was to eat at the Pleiades and seizing people's tricycles and velocipedes. He was an erring teetotaler, and had been on a picayune jamboree. He rode a palfrey stallion and carried a salable papier-mache bouquet of aster, phlox, mullein, chrysanthemums, rhododendrons, fuchsias and nasturtiums.

He wore a sibilant repletent turquoise paraphernalia, an ornolou yashmak and astrakhan chaparejos. He drank crystalisable and disagreeable coracua juleps through a sieve. He stole some moneys and hid them under a peddler's mahogany bedstead and mattress.

Like a fiend in an ecstasy of gaiety, I rushed after him into the maelstrom, or melée, and held him as in a vise. I could not feeze him, however, and he addressed me, with autocracy, in the following imbecile words which sounded like a soliloquy or a superseding paean on an oboe: "You are a ratable lunamoth: a salaaming vizier; an equinoctial coryphe and an isosecles daguerrentvne."—The Bookman.

No sunrise, mountain-top or June of blossom is so beautiful and so inspiring by its beauty as human faces at their best. A smile is the subtlest form of beauty in all the visible creation, and heaven breaks on earth in the smiles of friendly faces.—William C. Gannett.