

HOME CIRCLE.

SIMPLE REMEDIES.

Half a teaspoonful of common table salt dissolved in a little cold water and drank will instantly relieve "heart burn" or dyspepsia. If taken every morning before breakfast, increasing the quantity gradually to a teaspoonful of salt and a tumbler of water, it will in a few days cure any ordinary case of dyspepsia, if at the same time due attention is paid to the diet. There is no better remedy than the above for constipation. As a gargle for sore throat it is equal to chlorate of potash, and is entirely safe. It may be used as often as desired, and if a little is swallowed each time it will have a beneficial effect on the throat by cleansing it and allaying the irritation. In doses of one to four tea-spoonfuls in half a pint to a pint of tepid water, it acts promptly as an emetic, and, in cases of poisoning, is always on hand. It is an excellent remedy for bites and stings of insects. It is a valuable astringent in hemorrhages, particularly for bleeding after the extracting of teeth. It has both cleansing and healing properties, and is therefore a most excellent application for superficial ulcerations. Mustard is another valuable remedy. No family should be without it. Two or three tea-spoonfuls of ground mustard stirred into half a pint of water acts as an emetic very promptly, and is milder and easier to take than salt and water. Equal parts of ground mustard and flour or meal made into a paste with warm water and spread on a thin piece of muslin, with another piece of muslin laid over it, forms the indispensable "mustard plaster." It is almost a specific for colic when applied for a few minutes over the "pit of the stomach." For all internal pains and congestions there is no remedy of such general utility. It acts as a counter irritant by drawing the blood to the surface; hence in severe cases of croup a small mustard plaster should be applied to the back of the child's neck. The same treatment will relieve almost any case of headache. A mustard plaster should be moved about over the spot to be acted upon, for if left in one place it is liable to blister. A mustard plaster acts as well when at a considerable distance from the affected part. An excellent substitute for mustard plasters is what are known as "mustard leaves." They come a dozen in a box and are about four by five inches. They are perfectly dry and will keep for a long time. For use it is only necessary to dip one in a dish of water for a minute and then apply it. Common baking soda is the best of all remedies in cases of scalds and burns. It may be used on the surface of the burned place either dry or wet. When applied promptly the sense of relief is magical. It seems to withdraw the heat and with it the pain, and the healing process soon commences. It is the best application for eruptions caused by poisonous ivy and other poisonous plants, as also for bites and stings of insects. Owing to colds, over-fatigue, anxiety and various other causes, the urine is often scanty, highly coloured and more or less loaded with phosphates, which settles to the bottom of the vessel on cooling. As much soda as can be picked up with a ten cent piece, dissolved in half a glass of cold

water and drank every three hours, will soon remedy the trouble and cause relief to the oppression that always exists from the interruption of the natural flow of urine. This treatment should not be continued more than twenty-four hours.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

HINTS TO THE GIRLS.

BY MRS. F. D. GAGE.

Did you never see a lady
Look into a stranger's face,
In an omnibus or rail car,
As if saying, "Sir, your place."

Did you never see a lady
Walk up to a church pew door,
Lace and ribbons all demanding,
"Yield your pew," and nothing more.

Did you never see a lassie
Flirt into an old man's chair,
And heeding age or honour,
Let him stand—no matter where?

Never see the stage coach emptied—
For some fidget in her pride;
And the weary men of business,
Tumbled out to ride outside?

Never go to hear a lecture,
When some fashionable dear
Would come in and make a bustle
When you most desired to hear;

Routing half the congregation,
And disturbing all the rest,
As if she was all creation,
Being fashionably dressed?

Now, dear girls, if you're thankless,
So exacting and so free,
Time will come when gents will answer,
"Ma'am, this seat belongs to me."

Never ask a man abruptly
To resign his chosen place—
If 'tis offered, thank him kindly,
With a smile upon your face.

If the way be long and weary,
And he cannot find another,
Bid him share the comfort with you,
As you'd share it with a brother.

Thus may you receive forever,
Given with a spirit free,
Sure respect and love and kindness,
Better far than gallantry.

A WAGGON TRIP AT THE CAPE.

It is impossible to read, as the motion of a waggon will not permit of a light—and to-night's journey among the mountains being rougher than usual (even in South Africa,) the fraction of a wink of sleep is also out of the question. So I lie on my back with my elbows well out, yet bouncing about like a shuttlecock; at one moment banging my head against the lantern on one side, and then being jerked vigorously against the opposite extremity of the tent—in fact it is the superlative of perpetual motion. However, at last the worst part of the road is safely passed; and, meeting a waggon about to tie fast at one a.m., we decide to give our oxen the usual rest. The yokes are therefore taken off, and the boys (all natives are so called) commence to light a fire and prepare the inevitable black coffee. Knowing their slow ways, I take the opportunity of indulging in forty winks, and am only awakened by hearing a voice at the back of the waggon calling, "Coffee, baas," with the appearance of a dusky hand bearing a tin mug of the boiling liquor, minus both milk and sugar. My throat, however, fails to appreciate what is nectar to a Caffre, so I turn out to enjoy the fire and hear the gossip. A white Scotch mist hangs close overhead, entirely obscuring the moon. Around the fire between the waggons squat a group of savages, each enveloped in his kaross

or discarded military cloak, and smoking an enormous pipe filled with coarse green Boer tobacco. Their countenances, as disclosed by the reflecting light, look even more heidous and unearthly than usual; while beyond, and but just visible in the red glow of the embers, are the long lines of oxen. The hard and sandy desert stretches away into the darkness, forming a fitting background to the wierd picture, and almost misleading one into the idea that we are the only remnants of life left in the country. We trek on, and at sunrise find ourselves close to a shallow dam, somewhat redder than the surrounding country. Our night's work is done, the oxen are turned loose, and after wading into the water stroll off in charge of the leader. Then the driver slowly (how slowly none unaccustomed with the Caffre way of doing things can imagine) sets things to rights, lights a fire, replenishes our stock of water from the afore-said dam, and prepares the meal of the day by chopping the mutton up into small pieces on the worn and greasy disselboom (pole) and putting it to boil with some potatoes. As usual at the sight and smell of cooking, sundry wandering and hungry-looking Caffres make their appearance "like vultures that scent the battle from afar." These hang about gossiping until the boys bestow upon them something in the way of food, and then pass on. It is useless remonstrating with one's escort on such occasions as the present, and saying, "We shall run short of provisions." The visitors are always introduced as "dear relations," but are in reality the natives' only newspaper. At this, the customary appeal, I cannot be hard (although I know what it means), for have I not my own old paper from England wherewith to solace myself until eleven o'clock, at which hour the roughstew is ready and very acceptable? Then shaking the dust off one's clothing, an attempt at washing is made in the muddy dam, a sleep is got through the hot hours of the day, and at four o'clock we inspan and are off again.—*The Cornhill Magazine.*

WHY EVE DIDN'T NEED A GIRL.

A lady writer in one of our exchanges furnishes some of the reasons why Eve did not keep a hired girl. She says: There has been a great deal said about the faults of women and why they need so much waiting on. Some one (a man, of course) has the presumption to ask, "Why, when Eve was manufactured out of a spare rib, a servant was not made at the same time to wait on her?" She didn't need any. A bright writer has said: Adam never came whining to Eve with a ragged stocking to be darned, buttons to be sewed on, gloves to be mended "right away—quick, now." He never read the newspapers until the sun went down behind the palm trees, and then stretching himself, yawned out, "Is supper ready yet, my dear?" No he. He made the fire, and hung the kettle over it himself, we'll venture, and pulled the radishes, peeled the potatoes, and did everything else he ought to do. He milked the cows and fed the chickens, and looked after the pigs himself, and never brought home half a dozen friends to dinner when Eve hadn't any fresh pomegranates. He never stayed out till eleven o'clock at night and then scolded because Eve was sitting up and crying inside the gates. He never