

## HOUSEHOLD.

## A Dangerous Habit.

The danger of resorting to drugs for every trifling ailment has been forcibly brought before the public mind, by the death of a young woman, a few days ago, from taking a headache powder. The effect of her death, it is hoped, will lead to some stringent measure being taken to prevent the sale of many dangerous compounds, protected by patents, which are sold to any one credulous enough to believe in their all-curing virtues.

Many of the medicines which obtain a ready sale have for a basis cocaine, morphia, opium, and all kinds of aniline preparations, which, whether quick or slow, are deadly in their work, and judging from the immense sale of some of these medicines, a continual danger threatens the public. One compound widely advertised as a specific for brain troubles, as well as nervous weakness, contains so large a proportion of cocaine that in many cases its users have, before being conscious of it, become the victims of a habit almost impossible to renounce. A large number of Keeley patients, it is stated on reliable authority, formed the cocaine habit from the use of this same compound, and yet it is highly recommended by prominent public men and women.

In the matter of taking drugs, women are perhaps the greatest offenders. There is a certain class who, on the most trifling occasions, take medicines which they would be much better without. To ward off insomnia they take all kinds of tablets, to break up the threatened cold, they take medicines more injurious to their systems, perhaps, than the cold would be. Not content with dosing themselves, they also extend their ministrations to their family circle, and many little children are lulled to sleep by sleeping potions, which, were their mothers aware, of the dangerous ingredients they contain, they would never allow them to be tasted. If one must take medicine, it is much better to do so under the wise direction of a family physician, especially if one is going to wander in the realm of the unknown. There are many old-fashioned remedies, which are efficacious, and which may be used with satisfaction, but when it comes to accepting every medicine as good that is advertised as such, and, although ignorant of its properties, taking it with reckless faith, it is time to call a halt. Nine times out of ten, it is best to dispense with drugs, and then when some real necessity for their use arises, the effect given is much better than if there had been a continual poisoning of the system by medicines which were not needed. Nature, if given a chance, will oftentimes work her own cures, without the aid of nostrums, using only the pleasanter specifics of rest, sleep, fresh air, and good diet, and she is usually a wise physician.—Presbyterian Banner.

## House Cleaning and Heart Cleaning.

(By Helen Stirling, in 'The Westminster'.)

Mrs. Kemp had been busy all day. House-cleaning had come with all its disorder, discomfort and weariness. She had been busy in the attic among the ghosts, and had come down to see that all was comfortable below stairs for the tea. As she entered the kitchen Tom, her twelve year old, came racing in.

'Mother, can you fix my ball for me? Father says I may go down to the park to play to-night. It won't take you long—won't you, mother?'

'I'm afraid I can't to-night—I really must finish the attic to-night,' began his mother, but suddenly stopped.

'Never mind the attic,' she said presently, 'bring me your ball, we'll find time to fix it somehow,' so seating herself as she was, she took in hand the ravelling plaything and patiently set herself to the repairing of it. It was not an easy, nor short task, but Tom hovered near, chattering like a magpie, telling her all the news of school and of the playground. As she finished it and handed it to him his reward was a wild hurrah, a hasty kiss, and a sudden departure.

The attic was not finished that night. That evening as she entered the library and threw herself on the couch her husband said:

'Been house-cleaning, little woman, and tired out?'

'Yes, father,' she said, 'house-cleaning, and it's sad, sorry work. I've been in the attic to-day, it's full of sadness, it's almost a grave-yard to me. You remember the cradle we got for Tom, and how happy we were as we laid him in it and looked forward to his babyhood, his boyhood, and his manhood. Then how sweet little Elsie looked in it as she claimed it hers. Both my babies are gone—only the cradle is left and a few sweet memories, when there might have been so many. But I was so busy tucking and frilling and fussing over the house and their clothes that I had no time for them.'

'Then I came across Elsie's doll-carriage, and a half-finished rug for it. I remember how she pleaded with me to help her make it, but I thought I hadn't time, and she grew discouraged and it's unfinished. Tom's scrap-book, too, came out on me from some corner and reminded me of his cry. "Come, mother, and paste with me;" but I hadn't time. I was too busy either scouring or baking or sewing—or something else not as good—and now he never asks me to join him in his work or play, and Elsie scarcely ever consults me.'

'I think you are tired to-night, and a little hard on yourself,' said Mr. Kemp, 'you've always done a great deal for the children.'

'Yes, that's just it. I've done all for them and nothing with them, and that is just where I've failed. I've lived in my world never taking them into it, and never entering theirs, and now we are apart. My life has been so full of other things that I've had no room for them. So to-day I've been heart-cleaning as well as house-cleaning and I've material for two fine bonfires. First from my house shall go all that is not essential to beauty and comfort, which takes time to care for—and from my heart shall go all that is not necessary for the beauty and strength of my life and the lives of those about me.'

'I hope you've not catalogued me for the bonfires,' said Mr. Kemp.

'You're laughing at me, I know, but I am in earnest. And, Frank, I do want you to spend more of your time with the children. We won't have them so long.'

Tom and Elsie soon heard of the two bonfires and rejoiced in them, secretly slipping in some material of their own. They soon found many things in the world of their parents delightful, and also found that their best hours were those when their fun was shared by all in the home circle.

## Selected Recipes.

**Soup Stock.**—Soup is a wholesome and economical dish; but in order to get the best results it is necessary to know how to extract from a certain quantity of meat and bone the strongest stock. The bones, which contain a large amount of gelatine, should be cracked or broken into small pieces, thus securing more gelatine than by putting them in whole. If bones are left from a roast, break them up also and put them in, as it gives a rich flavor. Meats and bones for soup should always be put in cold water. It will be well to let the water containing the meat stand for an hour before it comes to a boil, letting it simmer slowly until it reaches the boiling point. The longer it stands in

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cold water the more the albumen, which is the richest part of the meat, will be brought out. When it comes to a boil, cover the pot, letting it boil four or five hours, removing the scum as fast as it accumulates. If more water is needed always use it boiling hot.

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