

Domestic Economy.

It is not the work, but the worry,
That makes the world grow old,
That numbers the years of its children
Ere half their story is told;
That weakens their faith in heaven
And the wisdom of God's great plan,
Ah! it's not the work but the worry
That breaks the heart of man.

HOW NOT TO BE NERVOUS.

How shall we manage not to be nervous? By proper living; proper working and playing, eating, drinking and sleeping; above all, proper thinking and feeling.

Labor may have been a calamity to Adam and Eve. Nowadays it is no curse, but the bright particular star of happiness. To have a wholesome ambition and to work with enthusiasm for its fulfilment—these form the very essence of a vigorous existence.

Many an invalid would be well to-day if he had a worthy purpose in life and happily labored for it. Many a hysterical woman would be stable and strong had she consistently striven with singleness of aim for a laudable object.

The greatest efficiency of any living tissue is attained by alternating activity and rest.

All life is attuned to this wonderful rhythm of action and repose.

Besides relaxation we must have diversion. We must play, if our work is to be effective and long sustained, and if we are not to be nervous.

Ambition is a wonderful force, and makes for progress. Emulation is an excellent stimulus, and industry is better than both; but in excess the combination has worked the nervous ruin of many.

To sum it all up, if you wish never to be nervous, live with reason, have a purpose in life and work for it, play joyously, strive not for the unattainable, be not annoyed by trifles, aim to attain neither great knowledge nor great riches, but unlimited common sense, be not self-centered, but love the good and thy neighbor as thyself.—[Dietetic and Hygienic Gazette.

A FEW SUMMER SUGGESTIONS.

For Ice Cream.—If the coarse salt and crushed ice needed to freeze ice cream are mixed together in a separate vessel, the mixture then packed around the freezer-can, the contents of the latter will freeze much more evenly. The proportions should be one-third salt to two-thirds ice.

Pineapple Salad.—The pineapples should be ripe and tender enough to admit of shredding thoroughly. Put the shredded fruit into a deep glass dish, and pour over it a half pint of powdered sugar mixed with two teaspoonfuls of any flavoring extract. This should be done at least three hours before the salad is needed, as the sugar must be quite dissolved.

Keeping Butter.—Frequently campers find it hard to keep ice at hand, and the food suffers for the want of it. A common clay flower pot may be made good use of in keeping the butter cool and firm. Place the pot over the plate of butter and around it a cloth wet in cold water, sprinkling water over the outside of the cloth as it becomes dry. Milk will remain cool and sweet if treated in the same manner.

Sugar Cookies.—Of the old-fashioned variety that will remain soft after they are baked are favorite cakes for the children's table. An old family recipe calls for three-quarters of a pound of butter and one pound of fine granulated sugar. Cream together and add, alternately, one cupful of cold water and two cupfuls of flour, with which has been mixed a half teaspoonful of salt. Stir in a scant teaspoonful of soda, dissolved in a little warm water, with flour enough to make a very soft dough. Turn on a well-floured board, roll out, cut in small rounds, and bake in a quick oven. If it is wished to have the cake crisp, add flour enough to make a stiff dough, and roll very thin.

Traveller (in haste).—Am I in time for the next train to Mudbank, porter?

Porter.—Plenty of time, sir—seven-fifty to-morrow morning.



A Tale.

Out from the city to spend the day,
All decked up in fine array,
Went Margaret Ann Almira Kate,
And Matilda Jane. They were almost late.
For the train it bellowed and roared away
As they sped from the city to spend the day.

Margaret Ann Almira Kate
Was always proper and most sedate,
Her face was spotless, her dress most neat,
Her temper always, always sweet,
Her hair was never out of curl,
In fact she was quite a model girl.

Now Matilda Jane was far from good,
Her hair never went the way it should,
Her dress was black, where it should be white,
And crumpled and spoiled—'twas a perfect fright!

And as for her temper, dear, dear me!
Why, she was as cross as she could be.

They wandered away,—for a walk they say,
Though where they went no one knows to this day;
But they stayed and stayed till mother cried,
And hunted all over the country side,
And the dark came down before they found
Matilda Jane on a tiny mound.

She was cuddled up with a wondrous heap
Of violets beside her, fast asleep;
But they never found, for the hour was late
Margaret Ann Almira Kate,
Though Matilda Jane didn't care at all,
For she was her very oldest doll!

Then the fair young grandma smiles again
As she says, "You need not fear,
It's firm as a rock and will surely last
For many and many a year."

COUSIN DOROTHY.

Emma Eikerton deserves honorable mention for her essay, which arrived too late for the competition. C. D.

A Bubble-Bundle Party.

For the entertainment of summer boarders or the amusement of any group who enjoy out-door life and its games in preference to drawing-room pastimes in summer, "Bubbles and Bundles" is just the thing. The requisites for the success of the game are as many clay pipes as there are players, a big bowl of soap suds to which a teaspoonful of glycerine has been added to toughen the bubbles, and a number of tiny bundles tied up in gayly-colored tissue paper with ribbons to match.

Each little bundle contains some trifle that does not make too bulky a package. The bundles are attached to strings and tied from clothes lines, low branches of trees, or any other subject that is not too lofty in height. When they have all been suspended, the guests line up, pipes in hand, and one after another blow bubbles into the air, the aim being for the bubble to touch some bundle, which then becomes the property of the person blowing the bubble. After the bubble has left the pipe, its course can be directed by gently fanning or blowing it.

As soon as a bundle is touched, the bubble-blower retires from the contest to try again after the others have had their turn. Should any member of the company be so unfortunate as to fail to touch a bundle after three trials, he or she is presented with a booby prize. No



Grandpa and Grandma.

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Alfred and Maggie were keeping house,—
The others had gone to town—
So Maggie put on dear grandma's
"spees."

And grandma's cap and gown.
The knitting, you see, got sadly mixed,—
The "spees" didn't suit her eyes,
But Alfred peeped o'er the top of his
And tried to look very wise.
"Won't you drink your tea now, grandpa, dear?"

Said Maggie, "It will soon grow cold."
And Alfred replied, "I really fear
That I must be growing old:
The Advocate's not so easy to read
As it was ten years ago,—
But no sensible man will try to farm
Unless he reads it, you know,
I've studied it nearly forty years,
And have learned a thing or two
About feeding stock and planting crops
If it failed what should we do?"

one is allowed to open a bundle until the blowing is over. Then all seat themselves in a circle, and the winner of the first bundle opens it. Whatever it contains he must make up a sentence in which its name appears, the sentence not to contain more than ten words or less than five, and to be of a nature that the second blower can take up in narrative form introducing the name of the article contained in his bundle.

As each person opens the respective bundle, only as it comes his turn to add to the story, there is no opportunity for preparation, and as only a minute is allowed for thought, it frequently happens that some very ridiculous things are said.

Those who did not secure bundles in the blowing contest copy the sentences as they are uttered, the complete story being read aloud at the end. Thus if number one finds a tiny doll, number two an artificial rose, number three a ribbon,

number four a little cake, and number five a pencil, the sentences could read something like the following, though, of course, the story depends entirely on what the bundles contain; but, for example:

(Once on a time a little girl had a doll.) (She put it under a rose bush), (tying it to a branch with a ribbon). (Then she went to get some cake), (but returned with a pencil instead).

The last one to fill out the story must bring it to a full stop somehow, no matter how ridiculous the conclusion. If the trifles in the bundles can be chosen so that it will be difficult to furnish a sensible story introducing their names the fun is all the greater. The pipes, tied with ribbons, can be retained as souvenirs, should the idea of giving such in the bundles be deemed too expensive. In that case the tissue paper bundles could contain merely cards with words written on them, instead of the genuine articles. When this method is employed, the composition can be made very perplexing.

A Day in the Country.

Annie Roberts lived in a town; she had never been in the country, although she was ten years old. She had friends in the country, but they had just moved there.

One fine morning in August, Mrs. Roberts asked Annie if she would like to go to the country to see her friend, whose name was Hatton. Annie said nothing would please her better.

Mr. Roberts had a horse, so he drove Annie and her mother to the country. Mr. and Mrs. Hatton and the children, Mary, Grace and Harold, welcomed them joyfully.

After they got rested, Grace asked Annie if she would like to go to pick a few raspberries for dinner. Annie went, but did not put many in her dish. She ate more than she put in her dish. After awhile, they thought it must be near dinner time, so they went to the house. Grace had her dish full of berries, but Annie only had hers half full.

After dinner, they agreed they would get some neighbor girls and boys to come and play baseball. They got six girls and three boys. Harold was one captain and Annie the other. Annie's side was in first, but got out with a whitewash. (A whitewash is when the first three get out right after each other.) They played ball till about half-past four, when they went down to the field, as the wheat was late. Mr. Hatton was cutting it. Annie wanted to follow the binder and watch it throw out the sheaves. Mary said she would go, if Annie went. They waited till the binder came around to where they were, and then followed it. They followed it till about six o'clock, when they went to the house for supper.

After supper, Mr. and Mrs. Roberts and Annie went home. Annie said she never enjoyed herself more in all her life.

NELLIE GRAY (aged 12).

Port Elgin.

Humorous.

Henderson.—Let's see; they call the man who runs a motor car a chauffeur, don't they?

Uncle Joseph.—Well, in our village, they call him worse names than that.

"I was bound to marry a nobleman or nothing," remarked an American girl returning with a foreign husband.

"I guess you got both," said her father, and went on making out a cheque.

Complaint is made of the men because they do not take their wives flowers as they did in their courting days. But every woman knows that if her husband brought home a costly bouquet, she would tell him it would have been more sensible to have brought home a new teapot or a ham.

William.—There's one thing about Miss Charming's house I don't like.

Arthur.—What's that?

William.—Her father.

Mistress.—Do you call this sponge-cake? Why it's as hard as it can be!

New Cook.—Yes, mum; that's the way a sponge is before it's wet. Soak it in your tea, mum.

"Are you Hungry?" "Yes, Siam."

"Well, come along, I'll fill."