

HEALTH AND HOME HINTS.

THE NEED OF SLEEP DURING SCHOOL LIFE.

Growing youths, like men, although to a lesser extent, differ in their need of sleep. As a general rule, however, the lad at school between the ages of thirteen and sixteen requires nine to ten hours of sleep. The curriculum of schools now is extremely trying. Not only has the standard of education considerably advanced, but sports hold such a high position in all schools of note that the day is wholly taken up by physical and mental exercise of so strenuous a character that a sufficiency of sleep to recuperate exhausted nature is a sine qua non in the preservation of health. Dr. Dyke Acland recently read a paper in London on the matter ("Medical Times" and "Hospital Gazette," June 3, 1905), in which his conclusions were based on the forty great high-class schools of Great Britain, as well as on the four best schools of America. The results gathered by this inquiry showed that, though head masters, medical officers of schools, and physiologists were of the opinion that growing boys needed nine to ten hours of sleep, yet in many instances the time of quiet in the dormitories was considerably less than this. All the four American schools reached the highest standard—nine and a half to ten hours—while in many of the English schools the time for sleep was as little as eight to eight and a half hours, and in a few cases even less, only two reaching the American standard. As remarked above, growing boys need a large amount of sleep, and when this is denied them neither their bodies nor their minds can develop properly. Our English contemporaries point out that this lack of hours of rest falls most heavily on the clever boys who by reason of their ability are raised to higher forms in which the time given to school work is longer, and asks if this may not explain in some measure the disappointing mediocrity in later life of the boy who gave promise of brilliant mental capabilities. Medical Record.

FRINDSHIP.

Friendship is one of the very best things in this old world, and we have not half enough of it. Let's try and be friendly; let's try and get down to the real things and give and take in frank, simple fashion. If we happen to have gorgeous, stately houses and expensive clothes, they are not to stand in our way; if we do not make too much of them, other people will not, either. If, on the other hand, we have little houses and plain garments and do our own work, let us ignore these minor details and be friendly and hospitable just the same. It isn't what we give, but the way we give it, that counts. "Not grudgingly, not of necessity"; nor ostentatiously, nor shoddily, but gladly, openly, without pretence of any kind.—Caroline Benedict Burrell, in Congregationalist.

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SPARKLES.

Dr. Eaton, a former president of Madison University, was beloved by the students, and his good opinion courted above all things. One Commencement Day, the student who had delivered the valedictory approached the doctor, and timidly asked him what he thought of the effort. The doctor looked at him a moment, and then said slowly, "Edward, if you would pluck a few feathers from the wings of your imagination, and stick them in the tail of your judgment, you would make better speeches."

Travel, which adds charm to the conversation of an agreeable person, sometimes renders a bore more tiresome than ever. "And there I stood, Aunt Susan," said Miss Porter's long-winded nephew, who had been droning on about his summer in Switzerland for some hours since the old lady's eyes began to droop,—"and there I stood, Aunt Susan, with the abyss yawning in front of me." "William," said Aunt Susan, speaking as one who has long kept silence, "was that abyss a yawning before you got there, or did it begin afterward?"

A critic, discoursing on styles, has lately given a specimen taken from one of Miss Corelli's books. The gospel says, "Pilate took water, and washed his hands." Miss Corelli expands it: "Slowly lowering his hands, he dipped them into the shining bowl, rinsing them over and over again in the clear, cold element which sparkled in its polished receptacle like an opal against the fire."

Two Views—He: "Mrs. Brown is a remarkably candid woman." She: "Why do you think so?" He: "She admits that her baby is not as pretty as ours." She: "I call that insincerity. A woman who could bring herself to say anything like that is not to be trusted."

"Are you going away this summer?"

"This what?"

"This remarkable interlude between last winter and next."

"That's better."

Colonel William Verbeck, of Saint John's School, at Manlius, N.Y., tells the following story of the closing exercises at a Syracuse school:

A child was asked, "Who is the head of our government?"

"Mr. Roosevelt," she replied, promptly.

"That is right," said the teacher; but what is his official title?"

"Teddy!" responded the little miss.

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BABY'S DANGER.

More little lives are lost during the hot weather months than at any other time of the year. In the summer months little ones are the victims of diarrhoea, cholera infantum, dysentery and stomach troubles. These come suddenly and without warning, and when a medicine is not at hand to give promptly the short delay may mean death. During the hot weather months Baby's Own Tablets should be kept in every home where there is a young child. An occasional use of the Tablets will prevent stomach and bowel troubles. Or if the troubles come unawares a prompt use of this medicine will bring the child through safely. Mrs. J. Renard, New Glasgow, Que., says: "I cannot speak too highly of Baby's Own Tablets. One of my children had a severe attack of diarrhoea which the Tablets promptly cured." Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams Medicine Co. Brockville, Ont.

ARE YOU CRITICAL?

Do any of us women realize how much of our ordinary talk consists of criticism? There is no doubt that it is interesting to watch people, to study their characters and ways, and to communicate our impressions about them to others. Take away the element of personal criticism, and conversation, one must admit, would lose a good deal of its interest. Yet it is not a little disturbing sometimes to reflect, after leaving a house where you have been entertained for half an hour by sprightly and witty comments on mutual acquaintances, that in all probability your own personality is furnishing the text for a similar entertainment with the next group of callers. After all, it is better to be kindly than amusing. It is better to pass over a good deal that does not quite commend itself to us (so long as no principle is involved) than to be always making a fight for one's own way of doing things at the cost of friction and disagreement.

INTEROFFICIAL POLITENESS

Abie Meyers, a deputy United States marshal, recently served upon George F. Baer a subpoena in the suit brought by the government against certain of the coal carrying railroads.

"Is this Mr. Baer?" asked Meyers when he had penetrated to Mr. Baer's office.

"It is," replied the man at the big rolltop desk. "What can I do for you?"

"Are you the president of the Reading Company?"

"I am," said Mr. Baer, smiling.

"Are you the president of the Philadelphia and Reading Railway Company?"

"Yes," said Mr. Baer.

"Are you the president of the Philadelphia and Reading Coal and Iron Company?"

"Yes."

"And president of the Lehigh and Wilkesbarre Coal and Iron Company?"

"I am."

"And president of the Temple Iron Company?"

"Yes," said Mr. Baer.

He wore a broad grin as he rose from his chair and took a step toward his visitor.

"Then," said the man with the papers, squaring his shoulders and drawing himself up to his full height, "I subpoena you to appear in the United States Circuit Court as a witness. Here is the summons."

"Ya-as, suh, Ah was a slave befo' de wah, suh." "But when the war was over you got your freedom." "No, suh; Ah was married den, an' Ah's been married evah sence."