

HEALTH AND HOME HINTS.

Advocates of vegetarian diet term their feastie health and beauty dinners, and their meals are very popular just now.

The health and beauty dinners in New York are limited to vegetables with eggs and milk and cheese counted in as vegetables. They use the shellfish which they count as belonging to the vegetable kingdom. Like the Brahmins, they are vegetarians, counting seafood as vegetable. This gives a wide range of food from which to choose.

The health and beauty dinners are most interesting. They begin with clams and soup and lead right on into all sorts of dishes made from the vegetable kingdom. There are roasts made from ground nuts and malt, all nicely browned in a pan and made to resemble beefsteak. There are soups made from stewed fruit, which is strained and slightly sweetened and served with hot crackers. There is ice cream, made almost entirely from crushed fruit, and there are frapped dishes and frozen fruit dishes by the dozen.

The principle upon which the health and beauty dinners are conducted are these:

The system demands a variety of food. There must be a little sweet, a little sour, a little fresh food, a little salt, and plenty of filling.

Six dedicated cooked dishes are better than one heavy dish.

The human system requires sours for digestion.

It requires sweets for muscle building.

It needs green food for the appetite.

It needs warm food for nourishment.

It needs lean food for the palate.

And it requires a great deal of waste food to fill up the stomach which would otherwise miss the feeling of fullness.

The principles upon which the Health and Beauty advocates work are some thing like these. The leading principle is that food must be taken often. It should be easily digested, and one meal should follow another in quick succession.

Don't eat unless you are hungry is one motto.

Don't continue to eat after you are filled up.

Don't eat just because you are afraid you will be hungry before the next meal.

Don't overload your stomach for fear you will feel the need of more food in an hour. Eat just what you actually need, feeling sure that the next meal will follow within two hours.

Don't eat alone. But if it should so happen that you are obliged to take your food alone, there are food thoughts which should go with every meal. The first of these food thoughts is one that is borrowed from the philosophy of India. Translated, it means this: "I have before me the best dinner in the world."

A famous physician gave this advice to a patient who asked: "What shall I take for my complexion?"

"Take olive oil," said the physician. "Live on it, live in it, live with it. Eat it, drink it, dress your food with it, and don't do without it. Lubricate your system."

The patient did as she was told. She lubricated her system, and her complexion improved. Meanwhile she ate no meat.

"Do vegetables feed the brain sufficiently?" is the question often asked.

To this many a brain-worker will reply "No." So with them it is a question of brain vs. beauty. Would you rather be beautiful with little brains, or brainy and ugly? That is something for each individual to settle alone.

For the woman who cannot exercise much the quickly digested vegetable diet is ideal.

For a girl who is low spirited, vegetables, nuts, olive oil and fruits lift the spirits.

SPARKLES.

Five minutes after the tardy gong had struck, the principal of the school was walking through the lower hall when he saw a pudgy little fellow scampering toward the first grade room as fast as his fat legs could carry him.

"See here, young man, I want to talk to you," called the principal to the late comer.

"I haint got time to talk to you; I'm late already," replied the breathless beginner, as the door of his classroom closed.

Mother—"Why, Johnny! aren't you ashamed of yourself—striking your little brother?"

Johnny—"I'm doing it for his own good, ma, and it hurts me more than it does him."

"What became of Nineveh?" asked a Sunday-school teacher.

"It was destroyed," said Johnny promptly.

"And what became of Tyre?"

"Punotured."

Tommy (mysteriously): I shall have lots of cake this summer, all for myself.

Mother: O, has auntie promised you some?

Tommy (with withering scorn): No, I've planted seed-cake in the garden!

Bobby and Donald, the little sons of a Congregational minister, have been brought up in the careful folds of their father's faith. Recently they were told that they were to be sent to visit an aunt whose husband was a clergyman in the Episcopal Church.

The usual formulas of visiting politeness had been urged upon them by their parents, who were nevertheless greatly astonished to hear Bobby saying the next day to his smaller brother:

"And you must behave, Donald, you really must! For if you don't, they'll turn your collar hind side before, and button all your clothes down your back, and make an Episcopal rector out of you!"

A crofter met a friend whom he had not seen for some time, and said:

"Hello, Archie! Whaur hae ye been this while back?"

"Man," replied Archie, "did ye no ken I was laid down wi' that trouble they ca' influenza?"

"No, I didna hear you were ill," said the crofter. "And what kind of trouble is that?"

"Weel, I can hardly explain," replied Archie, "but after yer gettin better ye feel very lazy; in fact, ye dinna feel inclined tae dae anything a' day long."

"Man, man," said the crofter, "dae ye tell me that? I've been troubled that way this last twenty years, and couldna' find a name for it!"

DREAMS.

If a good little child be ever so good,
As good as a child can be;

Wee Willie Winkie comes over the hill
With his sack of dreams—comes he.

One little dream of a truly train,

One little dream of a candy cane,

One little dream of a woolly sheep,

One little dream of a doll to keep,

One little dream of rub-a-dub drums,

One little dream of a top that hums,

One little dream of a trumpet red,

One little dream of a brand new sled,

One little dream of a chocolate drop—

Dream upon dream, and they never stop.

If a good little child be ever so good,
As good as a child can be;

Wee Willie Winkie;—Why here he is!

"Shut your eyes, quick," says he.

THE TORTURES
OF NERVOUSNESS

The Sufferer Feels That Unless Relief Comes Insanity Will Follow.

There is no torture more intolerable than nervousness. A nervous person is in a state of constant irritation by day and sleeplessness by night. The sufferer starts at every noise, is shaky and depressed. Often although in a completely exhausted state is unable to sit or lie still. For trouble of this kind absolutely the best thing in the world is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The nerves are jaded and jangled because they are being starved by poor watery blood. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills make new rich blood which feeds and soothes the irritated nerves. There is absolutely no doubt about this; thousands can testify of the blood-making, nerve-restoring qualities of these Pills, among them is Mrs. Thos. Harpell, Wallace Bridge, N. S., who says: "Some years ago I took sick and the doctor pronounced the trouble nervous prostration. To describe the tortures of it is impossible. God and myself only know what I endured. The doctor gave me medicine but it did not seem to help me. Then he ordered me away for a change, but I was afraid to go, as I always seemed to fear some impending calamity, and was afraid to spend the night alone, as I used to think each night that I would die before morning. I tried different kinds of medicines but with no better results, and finally decided I would go to my parents to see if the change would benefit me. I went to their doctor but with no better results. My mother urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and got me a box. Of course I did not expect a box would help me, but I continued taking them and in about a month began to feel better. From that on there was an improvement in my condition every day, and in the course of about three months I was again enjoying the great blessing of perfect health. I gained about twenty pounds in weight and my friends could hardly believe I was the same person. I believe I would have been in my grave long ago if it had not been for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills!"

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are good for any disease due to bad blood or weak nerves. That is why they cure such troubles as anaemia, indigestion, rheumatism, neuralgia, St. Vitus dance, paralysis, and the ailments of childhood and womanhood. Sold by medicine dealers at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 or may be had by mail from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

DOG AND KITTEN.

A correspondent sends to the London Spectator the following anecdote:

The servant man of a family took a kitten to a pond with the intention of drowning it. His master's dog went with him, and when the kitten was thrown into the water, the dog sprang in and brought it back to land.

A second time the man threw it in and again the dog rescued it; and when for the third time the servant tried to drown it, the dog, as resolute to save the little helpless life as the man was to destroy it, swam with it to the other side of the road, ran all the way home with it, and deposited it before the kitchen fire.

From that time the dog kept constant watch over the kitten. The two were inseparable, even sharing the same bed.—Youth's Companion.

—Pleasures that begin in sin end in sorrow.