

HEALTH AND HOME HINTS.

SIX LITTLE RULES FOR HEALTH.

Observance of the following six rules will prove conducive to good health:

1. Never shun the sunlight; it is the great germ killer.
2. Never be afraid of fresh air in the bed-room, but avoid draughts.
3. Never ride when you have time to walk; walking is nature's exercise.
4. When exercising, walk fast enough to increase the circulation of the blood.
5. Don't eat too much meat; save room for plenty of fresh vegetables.
6. An apple first thing in the morning starts the day well for the digestive system.—The Pittsburgh Leader.

AVOID SUMMER COLDS.

The season is upon us when people take colds in what they frequently regard as an unaccountable way.

Thin linen and cotton garments worn next the skin are answerable for a great many chills in hot weather. These materials are nonporous, which means that they retain moisture. After exercise and excessive perspiration the contact of damp clothes is very likely to cause chills and summer colds. Thin wool, nun's veiling or silk material should always be worn next to the skin in hot weather.

A HEALTHY PERSON NEEDS A GOOD BREAKFAST.

Dr. Woods Hutchinson, iconoclast-in-ordinary to the medical profession, as usual upsets our previous ideas of bodily health in an article in the "Woman's Home Companion." Dr. Hutchinson has a faculty for restoring to us our self-respect, and assuring us, that, left alone, we are not such idiots, after all. In this particular article, for instance, he points out that the idea of eating little in the summer time is a fallacy. Of breakfast, for instance, he says:

"It is customary to make the first meal of the day slightly the lightest and distinctly the plainest and simplest of the three. If there be any deficiency of the appetite, breakfast is the meal at which this is most likely to show itself. But this lack of appetite is in nine cases out of ten clearly traceable to sleeping in an unventilated room, or to late hours in foul air the night before, or to insufficient exercise the preceding day, and is no indication that the body really requires less food at this time. Perfectly healthy men who sleep with their windows open and go to bed at a reasonable hour will tell you that they enjoy their breakfast as well as any other meal of the day, and many even call it their best meal.

"Another popular delusion in regard to the lightness and unimportance of the breakfast is that wide-spread subterfuge, the 'continental breakfast,' consisting of a cup of coffee and some fruit or a single roll. This is a very pretty breakfast as far as it goes, but it doesn't go far; and the sole basis for its adoption on the continent is that it is only intended as a temporary tide-over, until the real breakfast of meat, eggs, fish, with beer or wine, which is taken at ten or eleven o'clock, like a very early luncheon. If you haven't got a good appetite for breakfast, make it your business to go and get one, instead of allowing yourself to be blinded by this morbid state of affairs and deciding that all you really need is a cup of coffee and a roll, or an orange and a pud of breakfast-bran."

SMILES.

"I hear you have traded doctors."
"Yes."
"What was the matter with the old one?"

"Nothing, but I couldn't pay him just now, and I thought I would divide up my favors."

Lawyer—Am I to understand that your wife left your bed and board?
Uncle Ephraim—Not 'xactly, boss. She dun tuk mah bed an' bo'd wif her.—Puck.

Wife—John, there must be a lot of iron in your system.

Husband—Why do you think so?
Wife—Because you invariably lose your temper when you get hot.

Young Wifey—Are you going fishing, dearest?

Hubby—Yes, darling.
Young Wifey—Well, I want to put up some preserves this year. Won't you catch me some jellyfish?

VERY POLITE.

An inspector upon his regular rounds, rang a bell at the door of a small dwelling. A little tot, acting as maid, opened the door, and the following colloquy took place:

"Tell your mother that the water inspector would like to see her."
"Yes, sir. But will you please turn your back?"

"What? Will I please do what?"
"Just turn your back a moment, sir; for I do not want to shut the door in your face."—Margaret Sullivan Burke, in Lippincott's.

A Scotchman and his wife were coming from Leith to London by boat. When off the Yorkshire coast a great storm arose, and the vessel had several narrow escapes from foundering.

"O, Sandy," moaned his wife, "I'm na afeard o' deelin', but I dinna care to dee at sea."

"Dinna think o' deelin' yet," answered Sandy, "but when ye do, ye'd better be drooned at sea than anywhere else."

"An' why, Sandy?" asked his wife.
"Why?" exclaimed Sandy. "Because ye wouidna cost sae muckle to bury."
—Home Herald.

The mother said to the little boy, "I can't go to church to-day. Pay close attention when the preacher reads, and tell me the text when you come home." The text was, "Many are called, but few are chosen." The boy reported, "Many are cold, but few are frozen."

A county assessor was making a canvass for personal tax assessments. He called at the home of a widow in the Second ward and in a polite way, said:

"Madam, I'm the personal tax assessor. What have you got?"
"I've got two children and the rheumatism," said the widow, and slammed the door in his face.

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OUT OF DOORS.

The little cares that fretted me,
I lost them yesterday
Among the fields above the sea,
Among the winds at play;
Among the lowing of the herds,
The rustling of the trees,
Among the singing of the birds,
The humming of the bees.

The foolish fears of what might happen—
I cast them all away
Among the clover-scented grass,
Among the new-mown hay;
Among the husking of the corn
Where drowsy popples nod,
Where ill thoughts die and good are born
Out in the fields with God.

ETERNITY.

Days come and go
In joy or woe;
Days go and come
In endless sun.
Only the eternal day
Shall come but never go;
Only the eternal tide
Shall never ebb but flow.
O long eternity,
My soul goes forth to thee.

Suns set and rise
In these dull skies;
Suns rise and set
Till men forget
The days is at the door,
When they shall rise no more.
O everlasting Sun,
Whose race is never run,
Be thou my endless light.
Then I shall fear no night.

—H. Bonar.