

Domestic Department.

"Sleep Off" a Headache.

A SCIENTIFIC writer says:—"Sleep, if taken at the right moment, will prevent an attack of nervous headache. If the subjects of such headaches will watch the symptoms of its coming, they can notice that it begins with a feeling of weariness and heaviness. This is the time that the sleep of an hour, or even two, as Nature guides, will effectually prevent the headache. If not taken just then it will be too late, for after the attack is fairly under way, it is impossible to get sleep until far into the night perhaps. It is common in these days for doctors to forbid having their patients awakened to take medicine if they are asleep when the hour comes around, and the people have learned the lesson pretty well, and they generally know that sleep is better for the sick than medicine. But it is not well known that sleep is a wonderful preventative of disease—better than tonic regulators or stimulants."—*Glasgow Reformer.*

Abandoned Corsets.

It is said that years ago Mrs. Scott Siddons' dressmaker advised her to leave off her corset. "What, lose my stage figure!" she cried. "Impossible!" The dressmaker urged that she was losing her figure anyhow, and the only means of saving it was to take radical measures at once. "Well, here goes my stays," said the actress, and the milliner proceeded to fit her a twenty-five inch waist. At the end of the season she came back again. "Make me a twenty-seven inch waist," she demanded, but in the meantime her figure below and above the waist had resumed their normal proportions, her skin had grown two shades fairer and clearer, and she looked younger. Since then she has never worn a stay, and she says that whereas before she abandoned them it was all she could do to drag through the hat act, after she had dispensed with them she was so fresh and vigorous that she could have done a sixth act and not minded it.—*The Liberal.*

Celery.

Most people like celery, but this fall we find a great deal of it very tough; the nicest way to prepare it, then, is to cook it. I have found the following very nice: Chop very fine, as fine as small peas. Put into a saucepan, adding just enough water to cover it, and put on a tight lid. Boil three quarters of an hour, or until perfectly soft. Leave the water with it, and add an equal bulk of milk, raising it to boiling. For each pint of minced celery, take a large tablespoonful of butter, more if desired, and thoroughly mix it dry with two tablespoonfuls of flour. Add this to the celery until thoroughly incorporated with it, and cook a trifle. Salt to taste, and pepper if desired.—*Central Good Templar.*

KITCHEN RECIPES.

IRISH STEW.—Take two or three pounds of the neck of mutton, and cut it into chops; pare three pounds of potatoes, cut them into thick slices put them into a stew-pan with a quart of water, two or three carrots, turnips or onions may be added (the last are seldom omitted) salt and pepper the mutton when added to the gravy, let it boil or simmer gently two hours, and serve very hot. Its excellence much depends on the last instructions being fulfilled.

ALEXANDRA PUDDING.—Ingredients: five eggs, two ounces of crushed sugar, one gill of cream, half-a-pint of milk, one teaspoonful of essence of vanilla. Put ten yolks of eggs into a basin, add the sugar, milk, and cream. Whip five whites of eggs slightly, add the vanilla and stir lightly to the yolks of egg. Take a pint-and-half plain mould, butter it inside and cover the bottom with three rounds of buttered paper. Pour the mixture through a strainer into the mould, and tie a piece of stiff paper over the top. Steam the pudding gently for one-hour-and-a-quarter. When cooked, stand the mould in ice. For serving, turn it out carefully, and ornament it with red currant jelly.

BEEF A LA MODE.—Take a rump or piece of beef, bone it, heat it well, and lard it with fat bacon; then put it into a stew-pan with some rind of bacon, a calf's foot, an onion, a carrot, a bunch of sweet herbs, a bay leaf, some thyme, a clove of garlic, some cloves, salt and pepper; pour over the whole a glass of water; let it stew over a slow fire for six hours at least. A clean cloth should be placed over the stewpan before the lid is put on, to make it air-tight; when the beef is done, strain the gravy through a sieve, and clear off the fat and serve.

The Time Shall Come.

The time shall come when tyrant wrong
No longer shall have away,
When o'er the darkened mountain tops
Shall dawn a brighter day.
The light shall gleam in shaded vales,
And every beam have power
To thrill a waiting world with life—
When comes that glorious hour.

The time shall come when no fond heart
(Once full of hope and joy),
Shall break because of sorrow's strain,
Over her wandering boy;
The time when not an erring child,
Once beautiful or brave,
Shall bring a parent's silvery hairs
In sorrow to the grave.

The time shall come when no fond wife
Shall weep in dull despair
Because a husband wrecked her peace,
Or crushed her soul with care;
The time when footsteps, firm and light,
Shall not be heard with dread;
Nor thoughts of making ends to meet,
Distract a weary head.

The time shall come when little feet
No more shall run away
To hide from father's drunken wrath,
But skip about in play.
The time when not a piping voice
Our pity shall implore;
And hungry, wailing, cries for bread
Shall chill our hearts no more.

The time shall come when golden sheaves
Shall crowd the busy mill,
Nor o'er be forced by selfish men
To feed the greedy still.
The time when corn shall tell of bread
And tell of bread alone;
And not each sheaf a broken heart
Nor every ear a groan.

The time shall come when idol drink
Shall topple from its throne,
Nor in a renovated land
Shall its sad pains be known,
Its temple, too, shall disappear;
No more the tempted feet
Shall crowd its gilded gaping courts,
Their woeful doom to meet.

The time has come when government
To further this just cause
Must give the sovereign people power
To ban the liquor laws,
The time when not a publican
Shall flaunt full in our face
The right to mete out at his will—
"Our measure of disgrace."

Speed on this time, O Christian men!
Its advent rests with you,
For they who further God's great work—
Must both be strong and true;
Pray, work, and strive, thro' heat,
thro' cold,
Till every foe be dumb,
Then, farewell doubt, we soon shall shout,
"The glorious time has come."
—*R. Semple, in the Alliance News.*

The Prohibition Barque.

They said we could not launch her,
And that she would not sail;
But dry docks could not hold hold her,
She leaped to meet the gale.

Chorus—Sail on, our hopes, and fears,
and love and prayers,
Are all with thee, are all with thee;
God bless our Prohibition Barque,
and give
Her victory, the victory.

She flew past rocks and sand-bars,
Nor feared politic storm,
Nor license fog high-rolling.
So thick and very warm.

She has the best of captains,
He rules the wind and wave,
The Holy Spirit fills the sails,
Her mission is to save.

No wreck can o'er betide her,
She has the strongest crew;
And God's own hand the rudder holds,
Her course then must be true.

We steer far from old Scylla,
Nor fear Charybdis' frown,
Nor can the party maelstroms,
Combine to draw us down.

So do not let your courage
Once fail nor yet despair,
For martyr spirits draw us now
Where skies are ever fair.

And we shall live to to see her
In peaceful port at last,
Though tattered sails and banners
Stream from her shattered mast.

In spite of mists and darkness,
God brings her safely o'er;
In spite of all the wreckers,
And false lights on the shore.

Praise God for Prohibition,
The martyrs join the song,
And countless unborn millions
Their praises will prolong.
—*Rev. O. E. Murray, in Union Signal.*

A Beautiful Father.

"Tell your mother you've been very good boys to-day," said a school teacher to two little new scholars.

"O," replied Timothy, "we hasn't any mother."

"Who takes care of you?" she asked.

"Father does. We've got a beautiful father. You ought to see him."

"Who takes care of you when he is at work?"

"He takes all the care before he goes off in the morning and when he comes back at night. He is a house-painter, but there isn't any work this winter, so he's doing laboring till spring comes. He leaves us a warm breakfast and when he comes home, he tells us stories and plays on the fife, and cuts out beautiful things for us with his jack-knife. You ought to see our father and our home, they are both so beautiful."

Before long the teacher did see that home and that father. The room was a poor attic, graced with cheap pictures, autumn leaves and other little trifles that cost nothing. The father, who was at the time preparing the evening meal for the motherless boys, was, at first glance, only a rough, begrimed laborer, but before the stranger had been in the place ten minutes the room became a palace and the man a magician.

His children had no idea they were poor, nor were they so with such a hero as this to fight for them. This man, whose graceful spirit lighted up the otherwise dark life of his children, was preaching to all about him more effectually than was many a man in sacerdotal robes in a temple. He was a man of patience and submission to God's will—showing how to make home happy under the most unfavorable circumstance. He was rearing his boys to put their shoulder to the burdens of life, rather than to become burdens to others in the days that are coming.

He was, as his children had said, "a beautiful father" in the highest sense of the word.—*The Review.*

Whisky Did It.

At the Tombs one morning, says the *N. Y. World*, John Hardy, a comparatively young man, was a prisoner. His young wife, and a pretty flaxen-haired girl of four years, stood by his side. The little one seized the young man's hand and said pleadingly:

"Oh papa! please papa, come home."
"What a wretch I am to bring my wife and child to such a place as this," said the man in a choking voice. "Go home, Jennie, and leave me. I am only disgracing you, and you can get along without me."

"I couldn't go home if I tried," faltered the wife, "for I am a prisoner like yourself."

"Is this more of my work?" said the young man bitterly.
"I was using persuasion to get you home, and so was baby. You tried to push us away to go back to the saloon, but I held your arms and screamed, and we were both arrested."

"Judge," said the husband, "please give me six months and discharge my wife. Drink gets the better of me at times and I make a brute of myself."
"I want six months too, if he gets it," spoke up the wife, "for it's more my fault than his that we stand before you to-day."

"Your fault?" gasped the husband.
"No, no, Jennie, it's mine, it's mine."
"I say it's mine," remarked the wife.

"Don't you remember, John, what you said to me yesterday morning as you started for your work? 'Jennie, be sure now,' was what you said, 'and be at the shop at six o'clock and induce me to come home, or else it will be like other Saturday nights, and I will come home penniless.' I met a woman and we got to talking and before I knew it it was ten minutes past six. I hurried to the shop, but was too late."
He was discharged.

It was whisky did it, and whisky keeps doing it; and politicians license men to sell the whisky, and so set traps for the unwary, and lead them down to death and hell. Woe to the man who lay stumbling blocks in the paths of the weak! Woe to the world because of offences. When God maketh inquisition for blood, men will find that it were better that millstones be hanged around their necks, and they cast into the deep's of the sea, than that they bear the guilt of stumbling and destroying souls for whom Jesus shed his blood!

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