

HEALTH.

Food of the Aged.

Very few old people need stimulating diet; very many are injured by an excess of nitrogenous food. The kidneys, like all other organs, are futile; and if meats and other rich foods are used in excess they greatly increase the strain upon these organs. Milk and milk products, or preparations of breadstuffs cooked with milk, should form a very large proportion of the food of the ordinary aged individual; but individual peculiarities differ so much that personal medical-counsel should in all cases be taken, so that the diet may be regulated to the needs of the individual case. Very many old people are hurt by the use of food in excessive quantity; but little exercise can be taken, all growth has ceased, and the bodily furnaces which make heat are able to destroy but very little of food fuel.

Caring For Health a Duty.

"Our earthly life is a treasure to be guarded. It is an outrageous thing to die when we ought to live. People ought to know it is as much a duty to take care of their health as to attend church and perform other religious duties. It is as much a sin to break a physical law as a moral law. Both were made by the same All-wise Being, and both have their penalties. It is as much a sin to commit suicide by overtaxing one's self and violating nature's laws, as to kill with a pistol.—[Talmage.]

Some Dirt on Hers.

A little girl of three years, whose papa and mamma were so wise and careful of her that they had never allowed her to eat any but the most healthful food, was one day allowed to take dinner with guests. She was especially interested in the mystery of the pepper-box, an article which she had never before noticed. She watched with close attention while one of the gentlemen peppered something, and then, extending her own little plate, said, with the utmost politeness, "Please put a little dirt on mine, too."

Tonic for Children.

Cod liver oil is the tonic par excellence for young children. It is as much a food as a medicine, and may be given with more safety than any other tonic. It is surprisingly well taken, the little patient not infrequently seeming to regard it as a luxury. If the pure oil can be given, it is as good or better than an emulsion. In some cases it produces nausea and disgust, and should not be forced upon the child. In the bronchitis of infants nothing is so effective as an oil. Bronchial catarrh, and cough that have resisted everything else will sometimes disappear under the use of this oil. It should be given three or four times a day, beginning with half a teaspoonful of the pure oil, or a teaspoonful of the emulsion, increasing the amount if it is well borne.

The Treatment of Cuts.

A doctor writes:—When a cut happens, many people mess at the wound, washing it, smearing it, and often poulticing it; others put on cold-water or warm-water dressing. Nothing could be more foolish and contrary to the most advanced surgical practice. Should it be very dirty, the wound can be washed, but that is rarely called for. Generally speaking, just bring the edges of the wound together, and strap them up firmly and gently, putting a little bit of lint upon the place and a fine bandage four or six times round it, then leaving it quietly to itself for several days. In this way bleeding is prevented, the air is kept out, and union takes place at once.

Children's Clothing.

The clothing of babies must be subject to the methods of common sense. The great rule here is to consider the baby's comfort and safety. It is as shameful as it is silly to make a baby a milliner's model. Millinery, as it is now understood, should be banished from the nursery. If the writer could be a baby again, and carry his present experience with him, one of the first things he would do would be to organize a huge conspiracy of babies to burn down all the milliners' shops. Is it possible for any man or woman, inside or outside a lunatic asylum, to conceive anything more entirely destitute of a single grain of intelligence than the clothing of some babies? It is stiff where it should be yielding, tight where it should be loose, short where it should be long, and long where it should be abbreviated. On certain parts of the body where clothing might be dispensed with, as the hands and feet, there are gloves and shoes and stockings such as make movements impossible. In certain other parts which should be warmly clothed, as the chest and shoulders, nudity is the fashion which women most delight in. But why repeat for the ten-thousandth time these stale platitudes? For this reason, that women who will not obey the plain dictates of reason and experience may at least know that they are wicked fools.

The Time to Give Medicine.

The action of medicine varies greatly, according to the time and method of administration. Iron requires plenty of digestive fluid, and should be given soon after eating, well diluted with water. Oils designed to act upon the bowels, must be given upon an empty stomach. Cod liver oil, designed as a general remedy, should be given a half-hour after eating. Quinine is decomposed by too active digestion, and should be given upon an empty stomach. The different bitter remedies designed to increase the appetite should be taken before eating. Soda or other alkalies, when given to increase the appetite and aid digestion, must be given before meals. Rhubarb, frequently administered in very small doses for the same purpose, should also be given before eating. These rules are general and will often be changed by the doctor for special reasons, but may prove of service where no definite directions are given.

A Fallacy Refuted.

The idea that hardships cannot be long endured without the sustaining aid of alcoholic stimulants was perhaps never more conclusively refuted than during the Russian campaign against the Independent mountaineers of the Caucasus. After a ceaseless guerilla war of twenty-two years,

the heroic highlanders were at last hemmed in from all sides; and during the last three years of their desperate resistance, were reduced, in the literal sense, to the spontaneous products of the wilderness, all the arable lands of the foot-hills having been seized by the remorseless invaders. But in spite of these disadvantages, the Mohammedan interdiction of alcohol maintained the "wild men of the rocks" in good health, as proved in many a hand-to-hand conflict with their aggressors; while the abundant provisions of the Russian camp did not prevent thousands from succumbing to the fatigues of the campaign, for those provisions included a liberal allowance of vodka, a tipple the Muscovite rustic considers an indispensable preliminary of a good day's work.—[Dr. Oswald in "Good Health."

Proper Way to Dress.

The real art of bearing the clothing is to divide it between the shoulders and the hips, and so divide it, not only that each shall bear part of the weight, but that during motion they shall supplement and relieve each other. The theoretical garment for such a purpose is some elastic material made on the shape of the vest worn by men, with enough of stiffness to keep in shape, and with the clothing below the waist suspended therefrom.

The only design of any waist-band or girdle should be to equalize the weight, and to keep the central garments from which the others are suspended enough in place to adjust it, and yet such as not to constrict or confine the body. Thus only can the hips and the shoulders do their part in bearing weight, and act interchangeably, as our motions may make desirable.—[The Independent.]

Eating Too Much.

Growth, and waste, and repair go on in a uniform way the whole year through, but the amount of food necessary for these operations is surprisingly small. The generation of bodily heat requires a most variable quantity of food. In winter, with the temperature of the external air at zero, the temperature of the blood in healthy persons is 98.3 degrees, and when the heat of summer drives the mercury of the thermometer near to or above that mark the blood still registers 98.3 degrees. The marvellous mechanism by which this uniform blood temperature is maintained at all seasons is not necessary to consider, but it must be evident to every one that the force needed to raise the temperature of the whole body to nearly 100 degrees in winter is no longer needed in summer. The total amount of food needed for repair, for growth, and for heating, physiology teaches us, is much less than is generally imagined, and it impresses us with the truth of the great surgeon Abernethy's saying, that "one-fourth of what we eat keeps us, the other three-fourths we burn up the surplus food with a limited amount of extra exertion. In summer we get rid of it literally at some extra risk to health, and, of course, to life. We cannot burn it. Our vital furnaces are banked, and we worry the most important organs with the extra exertion of removing what would better never have been taken into the stomach.—[The Family Doctor.]

How to Breathe.

Nobody teaches American boys how to breathe. City boys, and many from the country, too, have finer chests before they go to school than they ever do afterwards. Sitting in a school-room, or shop, or factory, or any other room, five or six hours a day, and then sitting most of the rest of the day besides, does much to weaken the chest; for when you sit still, you do not breathe your lungs half full. Take one large, full breath now, and see how your breast rises and expands, and how differently from a minute ago, when breathing only as you generally do. Many boys actually do not breathe their lungs full once in a whole week. Is it any wonder that they have weak chests, and that they easily catch cold? How are you to have strong lungs if you do not use them? Which has the strong arms—the invalid leaving a sick bed or the blacksmith? he who uses his arms, or he who does not? When walking at the rate of four miles an hour, you breathe nearly five times as much as when you are sitting still. Now, the fuller breaths you take, and the more of them you take in a day, the stronger and fuller chests you are going to have. If every boy in the United States would take a thousand slow, very deep breaths every day from now on throughout his life, it would almost double our vigor and effectiveness as a nation. For deep breathing not only enlarges the chest itself, and makes it shapely and strong, but it gives power and vigor to the lungs and heart,—makes them do their work far better. And it does the same for the stomach and bowels, the liver and kidneys: indeed to all the vital organs. It makes the blood richer. It adds directly to the vigor of the brain as well, and so enables it to do more work. In short, it is about the best known way of getting and keeping health. And who would care to hire a sick man to work for him? Or who can do much hard work when he is sick? Not that we can always avoid sickness, but it is less likely to come, and has harder work to enter, when we are robust and in good training than when we are weak and run down.—[Wm. Blaikie, in Harper's Young People.]

An Arizona Wedding.

"Do you take this woman whose hand you're a-squeezin' to be your lawful wife, in flash times an' skimp?" "I reckon that's about the size of it, squire." "Do you take this man you've jined fists with to be your pard through thick and thin?" "Well, you're about right for once, old man." "All right then. Kiss in court, an' I reckon you're married as tight as the law can jine you. I guess four bits 'll do, Bill, if I don't have to kiss the bride. If I do, it's six bits extra."

The Effect of Tea upon the Teeth.

A writer in the British Medical Journal states that in the district in which he resides, about two thousand persons who are employed in cotton-factories are in the habit of drinking strong tea to excess, and that they, almost without exception, have bad teeth; that many of them lose their teeth at puberty; and that the disease, "whatever be its cause," seems to be hereditary, children during the teething period often losing their first teeth before the time for the eruption of the permanent set.

THE DEEP SEA.

The Ocean Bed a Desert of Ooze and Slime After the First Mile of Depth.

Despite the fanciful pictures which some writers have drawn of the ocean bed, its desolation, at least in its deepest parts, must be extreme. Beyond the first mile it is a vast desert of slime and ooze, which is constantly dripping a rain of dead carcasses from the surface, which carcasses supply the nourishment for the scanty fauna inhabiting the abyssal region—in some places more than five miles from the sunshine—and the microscope reveals that the slimy matter covering this deepest ocean bed is similar in composition to the ancient chalk of the cretaceous period, while mixed with it here and there are minute metallic and magnetic bodies, which have been proved to be dust from meteorites. At long intervals a phosphorescent light gleams from the head of some passing fish which has strayed hither from a higher and happier zone. But it is not until we have mounted a good deal nearer the surface that the scene changes for the better. We now meet with forests of brilliantly coloured sponges, while the phosphorescent animals swimming about are much more numerous; and the nearer we get to the littoral zone more and more phosphorescent lights appear, till at length the scene becomes truly animated. When only 1,200 feet separate us from the sunshine we come upon the first sea-weed and kelp, (1,200 feet is the deepest limit of plant life in the water); but we must rise still another 1,000 feet and more, and get as near the top as 120 feet before we find any reef-building corals. As plants do not live in the deep sea, the deep sea animals either prey on one another or get their food from dead organisms and plants which sink down to them. Thus Maury says:—"The sea, like the snow-cloud with its flakes in a calm, is always letting fall upon its bed showers of microscopic shells." And experiment proves that a tiny shell would take a week to fall from the surface to the deepest depths. Since sunlight does not penetrate much further than the littoral zone there would be beyond this perpetual darkness except for phosphorescence. Many of the animals inhabiting the continental and abyssal zones have merely rudimentary eyes. But these blind creatures have long feelers, which help them to grope their way along the bottom. Other deep-sea animals, on the contrary, have enormous eyes, and these likely congregate around such of their number as are phosphorescent, and may perhaps follow the moving lamp-posts about wherever they go. And so bright is this light on many of the fish brought up by the dredge during the brief space the animals survive it is not difficult to read by it.

The reason why fishes and mollusks living more than three miles under water are able to bear a pressure of several tons is that they have exceedingly loose tissues, which allow the water to flow through every interstice, and thus to equalize the weight. When the pressure is removed they perish. In the Challenger expedition, sent out by the British Government, all the sharks brought up from a depth of a little less than three-quarters of a mile were dead when they got to the surface.—[Catholic Magazine.]

How to Cook a Grouse.

The primitive cookery which attends "Camping out" is always immensely popular among those who have betaken themselves temporarily to the woods and fields. Its cooking formulas are not elaborate, and neither are they in very common circulation. One, however, set down by the author of "A Rambles in British Columbia," may be worth copying.

We sat round the fire, six in number, and one began operations by plucking the grouse and sticking it on a long skewer, which was fixed in the ground so that it leaned a little over the fire. Thus it was roasted for about half an hour.

Then some one woke up and said: "I think I should put a scrap of onion in it."

So another took four or five onions, and crammed them, with difficulty, into the interior of the bird. Then the roasting proceeded for a space.

"I should turn it, like this," said another, by and by, whereupon he turned it upside down, and the onions rolled out upon the grass, and were placed upon the fire, and their perfume was grateful.

Then another searcher after truth said, solemnly: "I think it ought to be split," and it was split, and again the roasting went on.

Finally, an impatient one said: "Let's finish the old thing in the morning!" and it was placed outside the lodge to cool. While there, a wanderer trod upon it and rolled it in the sand, and in the morning being frozen harder than a rock, it was divided with difficulty and a hatchet, and fried, and with one voice the people cried out "Delectious!"

A Name for the Baby.

"My dear, I have been reading up within the past week and I think I have a name for the baby," said Mrs. Greening, as her legs emerged from his bath this morning.

"You have, eh? What is it?" "I read that Phoebus, the god of day, comes up bright and beautiful in the morning; that he lights the world; that without him—"

"Now, look here, madam; let's have no foolishness here. You can't call that child by any such name. Did Phoebus of history yell from 11 p. m. to 3 a. m. and intermittently from 3 to 7 o'clock? I myself am doing the god-of-day-business in the matter of getting up, and I'm not dividing honors. If you want a mythological cognomen for that destroyer of rest I have it."

"What is it?" asked Mrs. Greening, with considerable asperity.

"Aurora!" brutally yelled Elisha. Then he left the house.

Waterloo veterans are still to be found in France, but it is doubtful if there are alive at the present moment many old campaigners who returned from Moscow under Murat, in the disastrous retreat of the Grand Army in November, 1812. One of those warriors, at least, lives in Bordeaux, and he will be 108 years old on December 4 next—that is to say, on the seventy-sixth anniversary, or thereabouts, of the day when Napoleon issued his famous Twenty-ninth Bulletin at Maloedezno, and when, leaving the command of the army to the King of Naples, he set out for Paris. This veteran, who, is of Polish origin—by name Zalenaki—lives at No. 4, Rue L'ocq, Bordeaux, and is in receipt from the State of a magnificent pension of forty francs a month.

Resolved to Please.

The author of "The Five Talents" of Woman" says that often a husband is more difficult to manage than children, but the wife, who keeps her temper and perseveres in her efforts to please, will in the end conquer by kindness. He tells the following story to confirm his assertion: Zachariah Hodgson was not naturally an ill-tempered man, but he treated his wife more like a slave than an equal. If his temper was ruffled abroad, she was sure to suffer when he came home. His meals he insisted were badly cooked, though the good woman did her best to please him.

One day Zachariah sent home a large fresh cod, with orders to cook it for dinner. The wife knew that whether she boiled it, or fried it, or made it into a chowder, her husband would scold her when he came home. She, therefore, cooked portions of the fish in several different ways, that for once, if possible, he might be pleased with his dinner. She did more, she secured a frog, from the brook back of the house, and put it into a large dish.

At noon Zachariah came home, with his usual fault-finding look. "Well, wife," said he, "how did you cook the fish? I suppose you've spoiled it for my eating." Then, as he took off a cover, he continued: "I thought so. Why did you fry it? I'd as soon eat a fried frog! Why didn't you boil it?"

"I have boiled some also," said she, lifting a cover and showing the shoulders of the cod nicely boiled.

"Boiled fish! chips and porridge," growled Zachariah. "If you had not been stupid you would have made a chowder."

With a smile, she placed before him a tureen of chowder. "My dear," said she, "I was determined to please you. There is your favorite dish."

"Favorite dish," indeed! growled the early man. "It's a wishy-washy mess. I'd rather have a boiled frog than the whole of it."

His wife had anticipated his favorite expression. She uncovered a large dish and showed a bull-frog, stretched out at full length.

Zachariah sprang from his chair. "My dear," said his wife, "I hope now you will make an excellent dinner."

The humor of the whole scene overcame his sullenness; he burst into a hearty laugh and declared that never again should he have occasion to expose him as a croaker. He was as good as his word.

Coal in the North-West.

Mr. Maltby, an eminent American mining engineer, has been prospecting for coal in Alberta and British Columbia during the past summer, and has made a very favorable report upon the result of his investigation. In the Crowfoot district Mr. Maltby continued an old and abandoned shaft a depth of 470 feet, penetrating four seams of coal, the first being eighteen inches thick; the second nine inches, and the third and principal one nine feet. Maltby mined the last mentioned seam, and took out several car loads of coal, which were tested with highly satisfactory results. This bed of coal, he says, extends from near the C. P. R., where outcroppings are seen, to the Red Deer river, a distance of thirty-five or forty miles. The coal is similar to the Lethbridge coal; but while it has a strong blaze it does not emit any smoke, and is suitable for steam and domestic purposes. Mr. Maltby made an examination of land in the vicinity of Vancouver, and expresses the opinion that vast coal beds exist there, but at a depth of 1,000 feet. He thinks it is the same bed that crops out on Vancouver Island. He is also of the opinion that there is sufficient coal in the North-West to supply Canada with fuel for centuries.

How to Tell Pure Water.

Pure water is colorless, odorless, tasteless. To ascertain whether it is colorless, fill a large bottle made of colorless glass with water; look through the water at some dark object; if it has any color, it will then be discovered.

To ascertain whether the water is odorless, pour out some of the water and leave the bottle half full; cork the bottle and place it for a few hours in a warm place; shake up the water, remove the cork, and critically smell the air contained in the bottle. If it has any smell, particularly if the odor is repulsive, the water should not be used for domestic purposes. By heating the water an odor is evolved that would not otherwise appear.

The water should also be without taste. Water fresh from the well is usually tasteless, even if it contains a large amount of putrescible organic matter. All water for domestic purposes should be perfectly tasteless and remain so even after it has been warmed, since warming often develops a taste in water which is absent when cold.

His Occupation.

Many a loving young bridegroom may deserve the epithet which illumines the following anecdote, but, as a general thing, no one discovers the fact in so short a time after marriage.

The niece of a deaf old gentleman, "way down in Maine," recently married one of the best musical critics of the West. On their bridal tour, the husband was, the first time, presented to this relative, who asked another niece, in a loud whisper:

"What does he do?"

"He's a musical critic," was the loud reply.

"Waal," said the uncle, gazing at the young man, "no accountin' for tastes; but why did she marry him, if he's a miserable critter?"—[Musical Review.]

Pain Cannot Stay

Where Polson's Nerviline is used. Composed of the most powerful pain subduing remedies known, Nerviline cannot fail to give prompt relief in rheumatism, neuralgia, cramps, pain in the back and side, and the host of painful affections, internal or external, arising from inflammatory action. A 10 cent sample bottle of Nerviline will give sufficient proof of its superiority over every known remedy. Try Nerviline. Large bottles 25 cents; trial bottles only 10 cents.

Elementary mathematics.—Teacher—"Tommy, what is half of eight?" Pupil—"Sideways or top?" Teacher—"What do you mean?" Pupil—"Why, half from the top of 8 is 0, and half sideways is 3."

Cuban Justice.

A tourist in Cuba reports that a philo-sopher Chinaman was once heard to remark, after having been on the island for some time, that "it seemed a peculiarity of the country that every town contained two principal buildings, one of which, the church, was always open and always empty, and the other, the jail, always closed and always full." The same tourist relates an incident which goes to show that in Cuba, as in other places, the ways of the law are sometimes very curious.

A man known to me bought of a certain tailor about five hundred dollars' worth of mourning clothes, and failed to pay the bill; on which, after long waiting, the tailor sued him for the amount. The defendant went into court and made the following showing: "That, at the time the said tailor's action was brought, he, the said defendant, was about completing the purchase of a valuable property, and the transaction would have resulted in his great pecuniary benefit. But the terms of the sale contemplated a deferred payment by the said defendant, and the party selling, hearing of the action of the tailor against the defendant, had declined to negotiate further, fearing that if he could not pay his tailor, there was small chance of his making good his agreement in a much greater sum.

Therefore this defendant and man of mourning says that he is not only justified in not paying the said tailor and plaintiff for the said clothes, but is entitled to damages against him for spoiling a profitable transaction.

The judge decided for the defendant, and the tailor not only lost his five hundred dollars, but was mulcted in damages to the amount of two hundred dollars!

I will only add that all the intelligent natives with whom I conversed about the case seemed to regard the finding of the court as very reasonable, just and wise.

Poor Widow Bedott!

She tried to write love poetry to the deacon, and could frame only—

"Affliction sore
Long time I bore."

Had the lone creature used Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription—the sure remedy for the weaknesses and peculiar ailments of her sex—she might have secured the deacon's favor by the cheerful character of her verses.

"Mrs. Barkley, are you familiar with 'songs without words'?" "O, yes, quite. Mr. Barkley, frequently sings them when he comes home in the morning."

Don't You Know

that you cannot afford to neglect that catarrh? Don't you know that it may lead to consumption, to insanity, to death? Don't you know that it can be easily cured? Don't you know that while the thousand and one nostrums you have tried have utterly failed that Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy is a certain cure? It has stood the test of years, and there are hundreds of thousands of grateful men and women in all parts of the country who can testify to its efficacy. All druggists.

Lawyer—I have my opinion of you Citizen—Well, you can keep it. The last opinion I got from you cost me \$150.—

The Power of Ink.

"A small drop of ink, falling like dew, upon a thought, proclaims that which makes thousands, perhaps millions, think," wrote Byron. The inspiration of his pen might give the dusky fluid such a far-reaching power, and we wish we were possessed of such an inspiration, that we might, through a like medium, bring into such extended notice the matchless virtues of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets, those tiny sugar-coated granules which contain, in a concentrated form, the active principles of vegetable extracts that Dame Nature designed especially to promote a healthy action of the liver, stomach and bowels.

The highest patriotism and philanthropy consist, not so much in altering laws and modifying institutions, as in helping and stimulating men to elevate and improve themselves by their own free and independent individual action.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor:— Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy free to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. address, Respy, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 164 West Adelaide St., Toronto.

Our first fault may be the child of simplicity, but every other is usually the offspring of guilt.

Coff No More.

Watson's cough drops are the best in the world for the throat and chest, for the voice unequalled. See that the letters R. & T. W. are stamped on each drop.

Man little knows what calamities he can bear, until he tries them.

Don't DIM THE JOYS of Christmas Eve by having smoky lamp chimneys and poor light—Use only Carbon Safety Oil. For sale by dealers everywhere.

There should be much greater latitude in speaking well, than ill, of others.

A Cure for Drunkenness.

The optimum habit, dipsomania, the morphia nervous prostration caused by the use of too much opium, mental depression, softening of the brain, premature old age, loss of vitality caused by over exertion of the brain, and loss of natural strength from any cause whatever. Men—young, old or middle-aged—who are broken down from any of the above causes, or any cause not mentioned above, send your address and 10 cents in stamps for Lubon's Treatise, in book form, of Diseases of Man. Books sent sealed and secure from observation. Address: V. LUBON 47 Wellington street East, Toronto, Ont.

There is a great deal of convenience in not being over-wise.

ITCHING PILES.

SYMPTOMS—Moisture; intense itching and stinging most at night; worse by scratching. If allowed to continue tumors old age, loss of vitality caused by over exertion of the brain, and loss of natural strength from any cause whatever. Men—young, old or middle-aged—who are broken down from any of the above causes, or any cause not mentioned above, send your address and 10 cents in stamps for Lubon's Treatise, in book form, of Diseases of Man. Books sent sealed and secure from observation. Address: V. LUBON 47 Wellington street East, Toronto, Ont.

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