

Of Interest to Women.

MORE ON HEALTH.

A subject so important seems to deserve two articles—or is it that we want to make it serve as long as possible and even after we have said all we have to say, "to let the pen wander on," like the ghost of wit returning after the death of the body? I believe the former alternative is the true one. This week's article might have been on "wealth," if I hadn't met a patent medicine advertisement through the week. It advised the public that "a healthy week-end habit was to take Dr. Bosh's Peruvian Pink Pills" or something equally outlandish, containing no doubt some more or less noxious purgative drug.

It is a common gibe that fortunes have been made out of patent medicines in modern times. I have never met one, but the fact is alleged; and perhaps the "pink pill" is not peculiar to modern times either. No doubt some quack hawked it round Athens and sold it to the silly Romans when they had over-eaten themselves at a banquet. "Gullible, by fit apparatus, all publics are," says Carlyle, and unless people buy patent medicines, how do the medicines pay their advertising?

At the risk of becoming tedious let me repeat that if we took plenty of exercise, did some good hard, rousing physical work, breathed fresh air, drank plenty of water and reformed our diet, Doan and Morse and Williams, and even the famous Beecham, "worth a guinea a box," would all be out on the rubbish heap—not flaunting in the advertisement columns and making the landscape hideous on the boardings.

The pill habit goes with an unsound mentality. Take pills and talk ailments and you will have all the unhealth you deserve. Whether it be possible or not to cure toothache by thinking on the absolute—I am positive that if you had to run for your life you would forget the worst toothache that ever jumped—it is very certain that mind and body do continually influence each other. Mere conviction has been known to raise a blister, so what are the possibilities of a constant dwelling on illness and its symptoms? You think you have a headache and you take aspirin and you lie down in a darkened room, and afterwards you wander out and meeting a headachy friend, you compare notes. You live in an atmosphere of headache and end in the "pink pill."

There are headaches due to biliousness, or indigestion or some such vile complaint, there are headaches due to over-fatigue of nerves or brain, and the best remedy for most of them will be found in fresh air and sunshine, rest and the contemplation of healthy things.

And while upon the subject let me interpose a word about rest. There is nothing in the world more valuable than the ability to work and the opportunity to exercise it. Work to do and strength to do it with are the best things life can give us; and it behoves us to husband the strength, use it wisely, not throw it away foolishly. The habit of late hours, the going to bed at midnight and after, to rise late and jaded in the morning, it is a sin against oneself whether the blessed hours of sleep be sacrificed to pleasure or to work. There are even some people who waste the hours of day when they should be working and then hope to repair the damage by burning the midnight oil. They only make additional contribution to their own undoing.

In emergency, or necessity, there will be found store of vital energy in the human body to carry it through apparent impossibilities; but foolish beyond measure are those who draw upon that reserve wantonly or dissipate its store for naught. The physical effects of silly over-work or more silly over-pleasure on the bodily constitution are less grave than the mental. Can anyone forget Byron, at three and twenty, crying: "My days are in the yellow leaf and sere," and complaining of how his "glow of youthful hope declines in feeling's dull decay." Doubtless he thought himself much worse than he was—so do many of ours—but, "there's nothing in this world or good or bad, but thinking makes it so."

"A sound mind makes a sound body," says the ancient saw, and we should never forget to take the proverb both ways; for a sound mind makes a sound body, just as a sound body gives health to the mind. Healthy habits in breathing, cleanliness, exercise and diet, together with the habitual contemplation of healthy things, will do more for us than all the drugs and doctors in existence. "If there be anything sound, lovely and of good report, think of these things. Let good drive out ill. From the beauty and goodness of out-door life and recreation, from our association with the grandeur of mountains, and woods and flowers, from

moving waters and the creature life in earth, and air, and sea, from the love and goodness that is in man, from God who is all these things, we shall draw the vital energy, in strength of which we may rise up and do a goodly work, sweeping away disease and every evil thing, building all together the fabric of the world beautiful that is to be.

Children's Column.

WHAT HAPPENED NEXT.

LITTLE BO-PEEP WHO LOST HER SHEEP.

Everyone, has heard, I think, of little Miss Bo-peep, and of how she lost her flock of snow-white lambs and sheep; how she could not find them, though she searched both far and near, and of how she sat down and cried, and cried, poor dear!

Listen, then; I'll tell you what came next. Well, while she cried, suddenly she heard a voice and looked up teary-eyed, and she saw—who do you think? an old Witch standing near.

"What's the matter, child?" she asked. "Stop crying, Bo-peep dear!"

Well, I'm glad to say, I'm sure, that Bo-peep didn't shrink—didn't fear the Witch was fierce (as some small children think). No, indeed; she told her tale and begged the old Witch, then, if she wouldn't help her, please, to find those sheep again!

Happily, the Witch was quite a kind and sweet old dame—though she had a broom-stick—for all witches aren't the same.

This one said:

"Now, come along; we'll find them, you and I! Come along, Bo-peep, with me, we'll fly up to the sky!"

So they did, and, dearie me with what immense surprise little Bo-peep opened both her lovely big blue eyes when, as they'd flown very high and quite near to the clouds, she saw they weren't clouds at all, but snowy sheep in crowds!

Dancing, gambolling all around and baa-ing very loud, all as terrified, they were, as any poor lost child.

"Dearie me!" exclaimed the Witch. "We've found them nice and soon. Take them home, Bo-peep, before their baa-ing wakes the Moon!"

Well! well! well! That wasn't all. Bo-peep must count her flock. Down she sat upon a star, and then she got a shock!

"Why!" she called to the old Witch, "whatever shall I do? I had forty-three white sheep, and now I've forty-two! She was quite my favourite! Oh, how unlucky I am! Witch, please whistle down the sky, for perhaps she's wandered far; p'raps she's hiding somewhere else, behind some other star!"

"Mistress dear," baaed all the sheep, "do listen, for we know! We can tell you, Miss Bo-peep; we saw the lost lamb go. We all flew up to the sky for mischief, mistress, please, but she stayed behind, because she's far too good to tease!"

"And we saw her wandering through Nurs'ry Rhyme Book Land. Baa-ing very loud, she was, and lost, you understand. No, she's not up in the sky; you may be sure of that. You must go to Nurs'ry Land to find her; that is flat!"

"Oh, oh! oh!" cried poor Bo-peep; and sobbed so very loud that the sheep all gathered round in an excited crowd.

And the Witch, she grew quite cross, and said:

"Why, dearie me, you've forty-two sheep back! Stop crying instantly!"

But Bo-peep was sobbing for a reason that was good. She knew all the dangers that still lurked in Nurs'ry Wood.

"P'raps the Wolf has eaten her and carried her away! And bad Tom, the butcher's son, he stole a pig one day! Perhaps he's stolen Pearl, my pet!" she sobbed, with tearful eyes.

"Sold her to the pie-man, to be made into meat-pies! Sheep dears, will you stay up here if I fly down and see?"

"Yes! yes! yes! indeed, we will!" they cried tremblingly.

Oh, if I had time, I'd tell the story of that day! How Bo-peep went here and there, this way and that way. How she searched all Nurs'ry Land and couldn't find her Pearl. Poor Bo-peep, she was indeed, a most unhappy girl!

First she asked Jack Sprat, and then she went to Nelly Bly.

"Have you seen my lamb?" she asked.

And they said:

"No, not I!"

Then came Simple Simon, and he said:

"Well, it's my rule to ask questions of the children from the school! For they must be clever after learning all the day. Surely there's not anyone so very wise as they? Here they come!"

And as he spoke the school-house door flew wide, and a troop of boys and girls came rushing from inside.

There was Tommy Tucker and Boy Blue and Goldilocks; there was Baby Bunting, but—oh, what a shock of shocks! Suddenly Miss Bo-peep felt when, sure as anything, out walked Mistress Mary, holding Pearl by a long string!

"Oh, Bo-peep," she cried; "it's you! Where have you been all day? Why I found this lamb of yours this morning on the way! And it was so frightened that I took it into school, and the teacher's been so cross and says I broke a rule! Here's your lamb."

And, as she spoke, Bo-peep's wee woolly Pearl saw her mistress, ran to her, and licked the little girl. And that is the story's end, and, of course, because, you see, now Bo-peep had found her sheep—yes, all the forty-three!

The Home.

STOVE POLISH.

Instead of using blacklead, use plum-bago. Mix with a little water to a paste—half a pound, which can be bought at any oil shop for a few pence, will last a year.

ALUMINIUM SAUCEPANS.

These, if not successfully mended to stand much wear afterwards, try the following plan:—Get a jam sponge tin, one to fit tightly, place it in the pan and you have an entirely new bottom. These flat tins can be bought to fit any and all saucepans.

TO RENOVATE A FADED CARPET.

Mix together 4oz fuller's-earth, 1oz pipe-clay, 4oz carbonate of ammonia, and one pint of ox gall. When thoroughly amalgamated put the mixture into a pail of water, in which 4oz of soap has been dissolved, and then apply with a sponge. This will not only cleanse the carpet, but will revive the colours also.

TO CLEAN WINDOWS.

(1) Windows may be effectually cleaned with a cloth made damp with paraffin, and then polished off with an old newspaper. This method tends to keep them cleaner much longer than with water. (2) Take a square of ordinary household blue, and, after wiping all dust off the windows or glass to be cleaned, rub the blue gently on to a clean, soft cloth, and apply to the glass. This will be found useful in cleaning mirrors, etc. (3) Moisten a little whitening with water, and rub over the glass. When dry polish with a soft rag.

TO WASH AN EIDERDOWN.

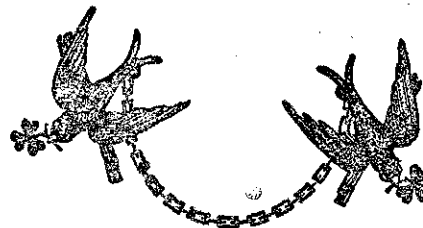
Make a good lather of tepid water and soap powder or jelly, add to this a tablespoonful of vinegar to keep the colours in the covering from running. Place the eiderdown in a tub, and squeeze the dirt out gently with the hands; the eiderdown must not be rubbed, or it will become lumpy. Probably more than one lot of suds will be required. When quite clean, rinse in clear, tepid water. Squeeze as dry as possible with the hands, and hang on the line to dry. A bright, windy day should be chosen for washing. Be careful to turn and gently shake the eiderdown occasionally when drying; this will prevent the down settling in one place, and distribute it equally all over the quilt.

TO STORE AND PRESERVE APPLES.

Apples to be stored and preserved must be quite sound, and gathered during dry weather from the trees, when they part easily from the spurs. In gathering, great care must be taken not to bruise the fruit. The gathering basket should be lined with soft material, and the fruit laid singly; over the first layer place more soft material; then another layer of fruit, and so on. The apples must not be tumbled out of the basket, but removed very carefully by hand and placed singly on very dry straw, on tiers of shelves in a dark and well ventilated room or cellar. To protect them from being affected to any considerable extent by sudden changes of temperature, it is advisable to cover them with dry straw, about one inch thick. The straw will absorb any moisture that may arise from the fruit, which will ripen of a fair colour, and be more plump than if fully exposed to the air. The fruit may also be preserved very well in clean, dry casks; for packing in these the apples should be carefully selected. After two or three weeks the cask should be opened and the fruit picked over, so that any that may then give indications

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of decay may be removed. The sound apples will, on being repacked, keep plump till fit for use if the cask be kept in a dark, dry, cool place.

Vanilla Cream.—Half-cupful fresh butter, 1½ teaspoonfuls sifted icing sugar, one tablespoonful essence of vanilla. Beat the butter until it is like a whipped cream. Sift the sugar and add it gradually and smoothly, adding a little of the vanilla at a time. When sugar and vanilla are all added it is ready to use.

Shortbread.—Half-pound butter, 1lb. flour, quarter-pound sugar, pinch of salt a few drops of essence of lemon, or lemon juice if liked. Beat the butter and sugar together until the sugar is almost dissolved. Then stir in the flour, working it well until a firm but pliable dough is formed. Turn it out on the board, knead it a little, then cut it into three. Press each piece out into a round, flat cake, lay the cakes on a baking sheet, pinch up the edges to give them a fluted appearance, and cut the cakes right across several times. Bake in a slow oven until the shortbread is pale brown in colour. Let it get cold before removing it from the baking sheet.

JOTTINGS.

It is proposed to extract poison-gas from plants. Morticulture!

Drink prices, they say, may go higher yet. A terrible prospect when already a goblet spoils a goblet.

A man who was asked by an insurance agent to show him where he kept his valuables pointed to the tannery and coal-cellar.

An elderly defendant said that he had spent the best part of his life in goal. One wonders where he spent the worst part.

"Hurry-up Stew" is the name of a dish we recently noticed in a list of "Simple Recipes." On a steamship menu, it would be unpleasantly suggestive of "Hurry up, steward!"

"Tommy Comes Marching Homeless" is how a famous song might now be sung.

The churches are tilting against both boxing and bigamy. In each case they complain of mis-use of the ring.

How to get a commission. By giving up your house and becoming a left-tenant.

A hymn has been the subject of a French lawsuit. Hitherto, the only hymn we have associated with the legal profession is "Brief life is here our portion."

German firms are already making stealthy efforts to get a new hold on our

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trade. So we shall have to guard against "Prassi-foot" as well as "Pussyfoot."

Tipping is "immoral," a meeting of French hotel workers has decided. Agreed: but it also seems to be immoral.

It is complained that many men have not increased their wives' dress allowance to meet the increased cost of living. Certainly the average woman's dress allowance is visibly inadequate.

In America, now, one swallow (if you can get it) doesn't make a pleasant summer.

The argument of the profiteers is that they only took advantage of an opportunity. That was just what Dick Turpin used to do, too.

Barbers now have an official rating in the navy. It can be the Silent Service no longer.