

Exercise and Beauty.

The greatest impediment to beauty and the one most constantly met with is a tendency to embonpoint.

The luxury and ease of the lives they lead, the small amount of exercise, either physical or mental, which they take, the quantity of rich, indigestible food which they habitually consume, all these things and many more, gradually tend to spoil the figure and features of women by burying them in layers of superfluous flesh. Yet it is comparatively easy for a woman of correct and wholesome proportions to retain them. But she must not be lazy. She must sacrifice some trifles to the preservation of her good looks.

It is no easy thing to diet off some of this "too, too solid flesh" when once it gets a headway in one's system. However, it can be done. Embonpoint can be treated successfully and healthfully in but one way, all vaunted "reducers" and patent medicines to the contrary notwithstanding.

That way is to adopt a correct system of diet and to take a reasonable and adequate amount of natural, wholesome exercise. Any drastic and sudden treatment should, however, be carefully avoided.

One of the greatest magnets for attracting health is diet. But here it must be admitted that "what is one man's meat is another man's poison." The fat woman and the lean woman, the rosy woman and the anemic woman, the robust woman and the weak woman—each one must adopt a different regimen. The woman inclined to embonpoint must eschew such fattening food as breakfast cereals, wheat corn and graham breads; meats, soups and gravies containing a superabundance of fat; fish preserved in oil, such as salmon, sardines, anchovies, etc.; vegetables containing starch or sugar, such as peas, beans, beets, oyster plant, egg plant, potatoes, turnips and carrots; sweets, pies, puddings, candies and all farinaceous foods, such

as barley, macaroni, spaghetti, vermicelli, &c. She should never drink liquors, wines, milk or malt beverages.

It is not necessary to enumerate here the things she may and ought to eat. They are suggested by the very things she must avoid, being their diametric opposites.

Now, the lean woman can and ought to revel in all these fat-producing dishes, always remembering, however, that she must never indulge in anything that taxes her digestion, no matter how flesh-producing and tempting it may be.

Who Has the Most to Do?

Housewives will appreciate a Russian story told by Count Leo Tolstoi. It relates that a Russian peasant and his wife, after an earnest discussion of the question which of them had the more and harder work to do, agreed to exchange tasks for a day. The woman went to the field to plough, and the man stayed at home to do the housework.

"Now, mind," said the wife as she started out, "turn the cows and the sheep out to pasture at just the right time, and feed the little chickens, and look out that they don't wander, and have the dinner ready when I come back; mix up some pancakes and fry them, and don't forget to churn the butter; but above all don't forget to beat the millet."

The peasant had so much trouble in getting the cattle and sheep out that it was late when he thought of the chickens, and in order that the little chickens might not wander he tied them all together by the legs with a string and then fastened the string to the old hen's leg.

He had noticed that while his wife was beating the millet she often kneaded her pastry at the same time. So he went to work to do these things together, and as he had to shake himself a great deal to do it he saw an ex-

cellent chance to get the butter churned at the same time by tying the cream jar to his belt.

"By the time the millet is pounded," he said, "the butter will have come." He had hardly begun this triple task when he heard the old hen squawking and the chickens peeping. He started on a run to see what was the matter, but tripped on the edge of a flagstone, fell and broke the cream jar to pieces.

In the yard he found that a prodigious hawk had seized one of the chickens and was flying off with it, and as the chickens and their mother were all tied on one string they hung together and the hawk flew away with them all.

In his confusion the peasant left the yard gate open and the pig came in, tipped over the bread tray and spoiled the batter, which the animal then immediately began to devour. While the peasant was looking on in astonishment another pig came in and began rooting amongst the millet.

Then, while the peasant was clearing things up as well as he could the fire went out. He had not succeeded in rekindling it when his wife entered the yard with the horse.

"Why," she said, "where are the chickens and hen?"

"A hawk carried them off. I had tied them together so they wouldn't wander away, and the hawk carried off the whole lot."

"Well, is dinner ready?" "Dinner? How could I have dinner when there isn't any fire?"

"Did you churn the butter?"

"No. I was churning it, but I fell and dropped the jar and broke it, and the dog ate up the cream."

"But what is all this batter that I see on the floor?"

"Those miserable pigs did that."

"Well, you have had a hard time," said the wife. "As for me, I've got the field all ploughed and I'm back home early."

"Oh, yes," exclaimed the husband, bitterly, "you've had only one thing to do, while as for me, I've had

everything to do all at the same time—get this thing ready, take care of that, and think of everything. How in the world was I to do it?" "Well," said she, "that's what I do every day. Now I guess you'll admit that a woman has something to do."

Children's Wishes.

"If a fairy were to offer you anything you like, what would you choose, anyway?" This was the tantalising question written on the blackboard of a London Board school by a lady anxious to make a psychological study of children. The child desired "a nice carriage with four lovely white horses, so I could drive to theatres, parties and balls." Another, even more ambitious made answer, "I should like to live in a palace, and have all that my heart desired." But answers were by no means confined to this grand style.

There was at least one child who would have asked the fairy for nothing more than "new boots and under-clothing." Then there were the children who desired nothing so much as "a little dog" and "a nice workbox." One very good little girl said, "I would ask for nothing else than health and wisdom, because I do not think there is anything half so nice as them two things."

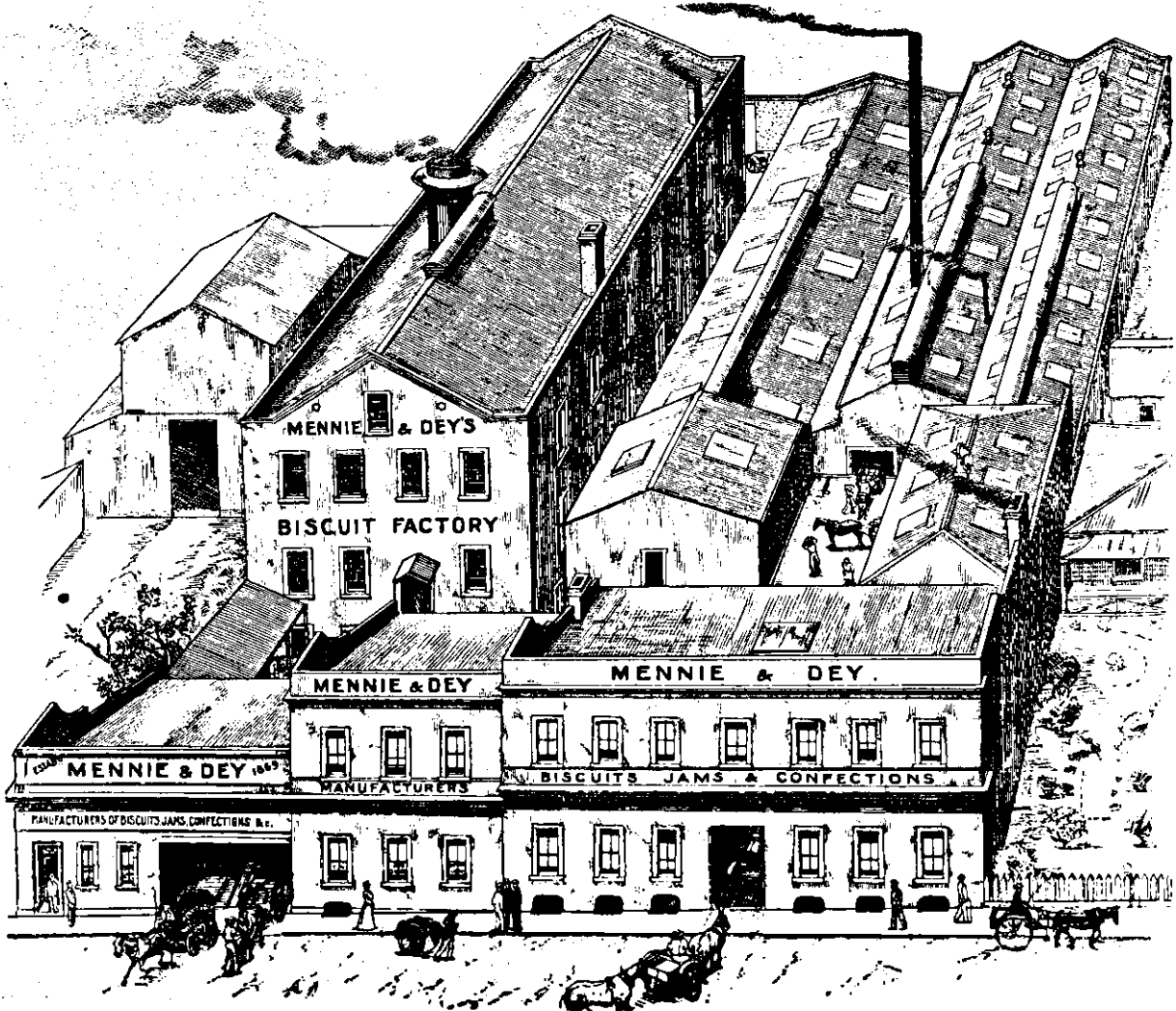
She must have been mortally surprised to see the prize given to a girl who said boldly that she would ask for money. She would not choose good health, this Mammon-worshipper, "because I know it is impossible." With money she proposed to travel about the world, "and help along poorer people." She would also build a home for girls and boys, "whose mothers and fathers are busy nearly all day long."

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