

HOME INTERESTS.

Conducted by HELENE.

TIMELY HINTS.

To remove mildew from white goods dissolve two tablespoonful of chloride of lime in a pail of water, dip the goods and hang in the sun to dry.

Marble surfaces should be cleaned by rubbing with a paste made of a large lump of Spanish whiting and a teaspoonful of washing soda in enough water to thoroughly dissolve the whiting.

Buy your laundry soap by the quantity and pile it in such a way as to leave open spaces between the bars in a dry room.

A good and inexpensive hair grower is made of two ounces of pure castor oil and sixteen ounces of cedar cologne.

Instead of washing varnished wall paper with soap, use the following mixture: Add half a pint of paraffin to a pailful of warm water.

The reason why precipitated chalk is so good for the teeth is that, being an alkali, it neutralizes the acid secretions of the mouth.

Tooth powder containing camphor should never be used; it makes the teeth brittle.

RECIPES.

Molded Salmon—Turn out a can of salmon and free the fish from skin and bone. Beat two eggs, add to the salmon with one cupful of stale bread crumbs, add salt and pepper to taste.

Olive and Celery Salad.—Pour boiling water over two dozen large olives, let stand for ten minutes, then drain and drop into cold water for a few minutes to chill.

Oyster Salad—Take one can of oysters, three hard boiled eggs, four stalks of celery, the same quantity of broken crackers as you have oysters, butter the size of an egg, chop the whites of an egg, oyster and celery separately, season with a teaspoonful of salt and three shakes of pepper and toss together lightly with a fork.

Broiled Venison Outlets.—Clean and trim slices of venison cut from the loin. Rub with salt and pepper, brush over with melted butter and roll in fine stale bread crumbs.

Pumpkin Marmalade.—Cut a ripe, yellow pumpkin into large pieces, pare, scrape out the seeds, and then weigh. To every pound allow a pound of sugar and an orange or lemon. Grate the pumpkin on a coarse grater, and put it into a preserving kettle with the sugar, the grated rind of the orange or lemon, and the strained juice.

TEEL YOUR WIFE.

Sometimes it pays a man to keep his wife posted as to his business. A Briton in an advertisement in a local paper that he would like to buy a second-hand lawn mower, giving the initials "X. Y."

some time through the newspaper office, found out that his wife was trying to sell him their old mower.

MADE HIM ANGRY.

"I admired that last piece you played, professor, immensely," said Mrs. Gaswell, "It had a kind of wild freedom about it, you know, a sort of get-up-and-go that just suited me. Was it a composition of your own?"

"Madam," frigidly responded the eminent musician who had been hired for the occasion, "I was putting a new E string on my violin."

THE EVERY-DAY WOMAN.

She is not a genius, this plain person who keeps the wheels of life moving. Just a well-balanced friend who goes on her daily rounds. Geniuses are often eccentric and can do great things, but some of them don't like to peel potatoes nor put on a patch.

We never feel afraid of the every-day woman, for she does not criticize our English nor ask us the reason why we do things "thus and so." As a rule this plain woman does not aim to be brilliant or great. She is no smarter nor richer than we are, and is a real obliging friend.

I am afraid that the plain, common-place people in life are not half appreciated. We could never do without them.

Abraham Lincoln voiced our sentiments when he said: "The Lord must have liked the common people well, or He wouldn't have made so many of them."

IT IS VERY IMPORTANT NEVER TO DECEIVE A CHILD.

Let us never excite hopes that cannot be realized, nor answer questions in a way which will certainly bring a recoil of mistrust. Children will often ask questions about matters which it is impossible to explain.

ABOUT THE HOUSE.

Ideal pillows can be made of the silky down of milkweed. The gathering of this involves some labor, but children enjoy such work, and a pair

"A Great Tonic"

"PSYCHINE" is a wonderful tonic. It contains medicinal elements not found in any of the patent medicines. "PSYCHINE" is a regular practicing physician's formula. A tonic for weak people, for men of business worries, for the tired mother, the pale, languid girl.

GREATEST OF ALL TONICS

PSYCHINE (PRONOUNCED SI-KEEN)

ALL DRUGGISTS—ONE DOLLAR—FREE TRIAL

DR. T. A. BLOOM, Limited 179 King St. W. Toronto, Canada

of pillows fit for a king,—light and airy as swansdown—may grace your guestroom.

A fad of the season is a long, narrow centerpiece covering the middle of the table from end to end, with smallest size doilies for protecting the polished table at each end. Most exquisite is a centerpiece of this description bordered with two narrow garlands of English eyelot work intercepted by a band of fine Renaissance lace.

For breakfast cloths white or natural colored linen is edged with blue, pink or yellow borders. Small hem-stitched napkins match these in color and design. With colored linens hem-stitching is preferred to fringed edges. Nouveau art patterns are being employed extensively for the colored borders, such as conventionalized buttercups, poppies, etc.

THE CORRECT BRIDE'S CAKE.

The London Sun is credited with the following: "The correct bride's cake from now on will be a simple loaf, spiced and fruited, iced and wreathed in natural orange blossoms, and only large enough to exactly supply the bridal party. Of course, the ring, spoon and thimble will be baked into the loaf, and the centre of the table will be still occupied by the gorgeous plaster and nougat edifice, meant for ornamentation, not for food."

GOOD ADVICE.

In a recent edition of "Women of Europe," a publication designed to help young girls and women into a full understanding of practical life, or doing things rather than striving to be lights in a frivolous society, a set of maxims from the note books of two famous and beautiful women are given. One of these women, the Princess of Asturias, sister of the King of Spain, has just died. Helene, Queen of Italy, is living.

SUGAR USEFUL.

The British Medical Journal informs us that sugar is about as beneficial a thing as one can eat. Speaking of sugar as a food, this authority says: "In certain circumstances it can be converted into fat, and thus stored in the human body it produces heat and energy, and one of its special advantages is that it takes up very little space. Little muscular deterioration, it seems from experiment, occurs under a sugar diet; but when the muscles are fatigued and worn out nothing so quickly brings them into serviceable condition again as the use of sugar."

less than four ounces of sugar daily increased the weight of the men to whom it was issued, and that they were able to do better work than their comrades. In instances of fatigue a lump of sugar proved wonderfully efficacious; and, moreover, contrary to the general supposition, sugar quenches thirst. The experiments in behalf of sugar have been so satisfactory that the sugar ration of the German soldiers will be raised two ounces a day.

A WOMAN'S HEALTH

Depends Upon the Richness and Regularity of Her Blood.

A woman needs a blood medicine regularly just because she is a woman. From maturity to middle life the health and happiness of every woman depends upon her blood, its richness and its regularity. If her blood is poor and watery, she is weak and languid, pale and nervous. If her blood is irregular she suffers untold tortures from headaches, back aches and sideaches, and other unspeakable distress which only women know.

FUNNY SAYINGS.

Old Mrs. M., who was seriously ill, found herself to be in a trying position, which she defined to a friend thus: "You see, my daughter Harriet married one of these homeopath doctors and my daughter Kate an allypath. If I call in the homeopath my allypath son-in-law an' his wife will get mad, an' if I call in my allypath son-in-law then my homeopath son-in-law an' his wife will get mad, an' if I go ahead an' get well without either o' em, then they'll both be mad, so I don't see but I've got to die outright."

FOR THE DOCTORS.

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DOMESTIC AFFLICTION.

A bright girl asked to be absent from school half a day on the plea that company was coming. "It's my father's half-sister and her three boys," said the girl, anxiously, and mother doesn't see how she can do without ma, because those boys act dreadfully. The teacher referred her to the printed list of reasons which justified absence, and asked her if her case came under any of them.

The Poet's Corner.

IN AN OLD TAVERN.

This was a chapel once I and now—cafe! Fashion's resort, a pretty place to dine! Here glittering ladies sit and sip their wine, While once the contemner came to pray.

Here, the sleek merchant carves the juicy roast, To trombone's toot or scrape of violin, While now and then above the merry din The college Freshman shouts a maudlin toast.

This was a chapel once. Behold the nave, The carved stalls and pillared gallery, Where meager priests once knelt in reverie, And meditation how their souls to save.

This was a chapel once. Across the floor, Black robes of acolytes were wont to trail, From sacred goblets, holy as the grail, Would servitors a pure libation pour. Behold the sacrilege! To Bacchus now, And all the gods of indolence—we pour.

THE SILENCE WITHIN.

I gather my poems out of the heart of the clover, Out of the wayside woods, out of the meadows about me— In gleams from the dewdrop's soul, from wings of birds shaken downward

Poems the night-rain brings, shot through the beeches incessant; Poems the grasshopper sings, beating his noonday labor: The gossamer web is a rhythm blown from the valley of Quiet— A rondeau that turns on itself, folded in shimmering garments;

All things sing to me—cry, laughter or tears, or music. The storm hath its rhythmical beat; the day its musical cadence: Ever an abb or flow—a flame, or a mournful nightfall, A rivulet bearded with moss to me is Theocritus singing;

Why? Ask of God. He knows. Profit to me there is little; Scorn, sometimes, and hunger; these are the wages of singing. Surely I know, who have sat with Poverty in her nightrobes.

A WOMAN.

You say that you are but a woman—you Who are so very wonderful to me. You tell me there is little you can do Little indeed that all the world can see.

ALMA AMD I.

Breezy?.....Just a little. Light?.....The rising moon. Weather?.....Very warm all day. Time?.....Quite late in June.

ALMA AMD I.

Where?.....Upon the silvery lake. Who?.....Alma and I. Fun?.....Well, now! What would you think? Love?.....Hush! Byg and bye!

Your little home, with folded hands

can be A silent influence to whose source I trace The little good there ever was in me.

To be a woman? Is there any more That you have need to be from day to day? How wonderful to have your heart, your store, Of purity and goodness, and to say: "One that I love is nobler since I came; One that loves me is better for my sake."

UNFULFILLED.

We'll read that book, we'll sing that song, But when? O when the days are long, When thoughts are free and voices clear, Some happy time within the year— The days troop by with noiseless tread, The song unsung, the book unread.

We'll see that friend and make him feel The weight of friendship true as steel Some flowers of sympathy bestow; But time sweeps on with steady flow Until with quick, reproachful tear We lay our flowers upon his bier.

And still we walk the desert sands, And still with trifles fill our hands, While ever—just beyond our reach— A fairer purpose shows to each The deeds we have not done, but will, Remain to haunt us—unfulfilled.

FIRST AND LAST COMMUNION.

Yes, I remember well the time, the place, Of First Communion—date of rarest grace, Sweetest of childhood's happy days! For then, As when He walked amongst the sons of men,

Christ in His arms raised up His little child, With soothing gesture, fatherly and mild, And pressed him to His bosom. With the same Unutterable tenderness He came Into our hearts full often since that day,

How many more such visits shall He pay Before He comes to summon us away? How many such between us and the shore Of that dark ocean He will wait us o'er

As our Viaticum? Ah! None can tell Save only One Who keeps the secret well. To Him I leave the manner, time and place Of that dread change, so He but give the grace Of Last Communion. When and how and where,

I know not, care not; but for this I care— Dying may I my Last Communion make In peace with Him Who died, too, for my sake, And may that loving Lord, my parting spirit take.

JACK'S KNIG

"Promise me one thing, Jack," said Uncle "What?" he hesitated "That you will per-chivalry every day of your life!" "Oh, but you can't well!" said Jack. "Princesses in distress slay, and I haven't a sign of armor and sword."

"There are plenty of tresses and, although look it, some are, necessities in disguise." "You can tell them by looking for these, and successful you will be in Sir Thomas M. You have not only princesses, you have them."

Jack walked away Professor about his mother that he would do for time he had long tales of knight-hood. Uncle Boswell was especially where booked, he usually had so for Jack to earn the for boy confessed man worth while.

The end of the week as Uncle Boswell had nephews had failed this voices outside his door me, grandpa." Jack "Lean hard when you bed foot. It doesn't Lean hard's you can't."

Dear Girls and Boys The cold weather bringing thoughts the joyful times you have when the snow think, we had in morning the first winter supply of light, however, that leave a mark on though winter does of enjoyment, still we get tired of it, chicks, and write me ling me what you is Rose? I have a long while from k Your lov

Dear Aunt Becky: Our little corner this week. Isn't it nice letters from Edna and Winifred from Frampton will write again. ders if those girls had and if so to ask the corner. I send love, to Edna and also to Margaret F and Winifred will cousins in Frampton think I am one of sins, apart from the ship. Harold went out afternoon to see this is the first timing rabbits. To-mo birthday. She will We have prepared a her. Good-bye, Au to hear from the lit next week. Frampton, Oct. 2 (I do not particular of setting traps for fact, for any animal take liberty and life poor little things, be the first consider dear.) Your loving Farnham, Que. (I am glad to see our column this week will be a regular co JACK'S KNIG "Promise me one thing to you," said Uncle "What?" he hesitated "That you will per-chivalry every day of your life!" "Oh, but you can't well!" said Jack. "Princesses in distress slay, and I haven't a sign of armor and sword."