

A Home-Maker.

During the summer I visited a young friend who has been a house-wife only a year and a half. I had some curiosity about Nora's housekeeping, for she had had little training in the art, and the wiseacres said, on hearing of her marriage, that she was not cut out for a poor man's wife.

John was a poor man and Nora did not keep a maid; but her management of her six room suburban cottage was a marvel to me. It showed how largely love and sagacity can supply deficiencies.

I will not tell you of her household furnishings, where time and taste did what money so often fails to accomplish; but I wish to mention a few of her plans that may be of use to other young housekeepers.

When she wished to entertain her friends, as she did several times while I was there, she did not get an elaborately cooked meal that would keep her in the kitchen during her guests' stay. Instead she gave a luncheon, with everything cold. The dishes were prepared in the morning and set away in the refrigerator. When the guests arrived Nora, in her cool dainty, was ready to sit down with them.

She would serve a menu after this style: Sandwiches with chopped meat, olives or radishes, cottage cheese in balls, pressed veal or chicken, deviled eggs, potato salad, a gelatine or custard, cold pudding, angel cake and ice cream. On a hot day this was far more tempting than the usual cooked dinner or luncheon.

Nora always packed her dinner dishes on the kitchen table and washed them the next morning with the breakfast things. "I can't afford to spend my evenings washing dishes," she said; "I want that time to read or talk with John."

Nora had an adorable baby four months old. It was one of those healthy, well-reared infants, that sleep all night, are fed at regular intervals and coo contentedly to themselves in their waking hours. The part of its training that impressed me most was its daily romp. This may seem a curious word in connection with so tiny a baby, but here are the facts:

About 7 o'clock Nora undressed the baby in a warm room and laid her on a folded comforter on the couch. Then she rubbed her thoroughly, while baby stretched and kicked in high glee.

Then came the gymnastics. Baby would clasp her little fingers tightly about a small cane and be lifted in the air. Nora would press her hands against the soles of her feet, and baby would push and exert the utmost strength of her fat little legs. When laid on her stomach on a cushion, baby would roll off and over on her back, thereby calling in play all the muscles of her body.

She was allowed to exercise about half an hour; then she had a quick dip in a warm bath, was dressed in a nightgown, given her evening meal, and nothing more was heard of her until 5 o'clock the next morning. She spent nearly the entire day out of doors, even on cool days, taking her naps in a hammock.

Her rapid growth and strength were remarkable. At four and a half months she moved about by rolling to the object she wished to reach. At five months she sat alone.

Nora resolutely put the mere details of housework second and home-making first. Her house was always clean, because cleanliness was a part of her dainty nature. She kept up her reading and music so that she could be a companion to John. She always had time for a walk or an afternoon in the

woods; but pottering, such as many housewives do, and so called fancy work were resolutely ruled out.—Selected.

Ditto.

Tommy was much interested in hearing for the first time in his language lesson the other day about a pair of little dots that the teacher said meant "ditto." How his soul—a curious mixture of laziness and thrift—thrilled at learning that if he were to write "a cat," or "five boys," or \$10 on one line and wanted to repeat the same words or figures on the next line, all he had to do, instead of writing the words in full, was to put the ditto marks.

After this, Tommy, while on a visit, had occasion to write home. He simplified the task by putting his knowledge to account. He wrote:

"Dear father," it began.
 "I hope you are all well.
 " "mother is "
 " "sister "
 " "Dick "
 " "grandma "
 " wish you were here.
 " "mother was "
 " "sister "
 " "Dick "
 " "grandma "
 " you would send me some money.
 "Your affectionate son, Tom."
 —New York Son.

The Lost Cap.

He hunted through the library,
 He looked behind the door,
 He searched where baby keeps his toys
 Upon the nursery floor;
 He asked the cook and Mary,
 He called mamma to look,
 He even started sister up
 To leave her Christmas book.
 He couldn't find it anywhere,
 And knew some horrid tramp
 Had walked in through the open gate
 And stolen it, the scamp!
 Perhaps the dog had taken it
 And hidden it away;
 Or else perhaps he'd chewed it up
 And swallowed it in play.
 And then mamma came down the stairs,
 Looked through the closet door,
 And there it hung upon its peg.

As it had hung before.
 And Tommy's cheeks turned rosy red,
 Astonished was his face
 He couldn't find his cap—because
 'Twas in its proper place!
 —The Youth's Companion.

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It is not good judgment to give the tender little infant remedies containing opiates, and the so called "soothing" medicines, always contain opiates; they do not cure, they only drug and stupefy the little ones. **Baby's Own Tablets** are guaranteed to contain no opiates and no harmful drugs. It is the best medicine for little ones, because it is promptly effective and absolutely harmless. For nervousness, sleeplessness, constipation, colic, stomach troubles, the irritation accompanying the cutting of teeth and other infantile troubles, **Baby's Own Tablets** is beyond question the best medicine in the world. The Tablets are sweet and pleasant to take and dissolved in water can be given with absolute safety to the youngest infant. Mothers who have used this medicine for their little ones, speak of it in the most enthusiastic terms—that is the best proof of its efficacy. Mrs. Alonzo Feltmate, Whitehead, N. S., says:—"In my opinion **Baby's Own Tablets** are unequalled for children. They take it readily and it regulates the bowels, cures them of peevishness, and is a great helper in teething. I would not think of being without the Tablets." Sold by druggists or sent postpaid on receipt of price, 25 cents a box, by addressing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

An extensive collection of unpublished works and letters of Voltaire have been recently discovered. These have been compiled by Prof. William Mangold and are about to be published in Berlin under the title, "Voltairean Inedita."

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An absolutely pure, cream of tartar powder.