

HOME CIRCLE COLUMN

Pleasant Evening Reveries dedicated to tired Mothers as they Join the Home Circle at Evening Tide.

A woman may do her level best to make life and home happy for her husband and children, but if she is treated like a slave, and only given her board and clothing in payment for her services as mother, wife, cook, laundress, nurse girl, chambermaid and seamstress, is it any wonder that little or no happiness exists in that home? If a mother spoils her son by pampering and waiting on him all the years of his childhood and boyhood, and makes him think that a man should always be waited on by a woman of his household, is it strange that he expects a wife to do the same, and that, in all likelihood, she either wears out in a few years from such service or else becomes bitter or disheartened. We are often told that in every true and ideal marriage both husband and wife must learn to bear and forbear. In every home where happiness exists, there must be perfect trust, confidence and love between husband and wife. There are two kinds of sunshine in the world, and both quite necessary—the one which is caused by the sun's shining out door, and the other by shining in our hearts. It is the loving deeds, the cheery hopeful words and the kindly thoughtfulness that each member of the family shows towards the others that makes an ideal, happy home—a perfect heaven on earth.

The best way to get along in this world is to take things easy. If you are disappointed, laugh it off and resolve to enjoy yourself in spite of an occasional streak of hard luck. Hard luck soon tires of pursuing a jolly disposition.

Look on the funny side of your annoyances.

We may not realize, perchance what home means to us until seas and continents separate us from the loved ones—perchance not until sickness and misfortune come—perchance not until the Dreaded Shadow falls upon the threshold and the Raven croaks above the bust of Pallas. But when some tie is snapped and some link is broken and some chair is vacant at the fireside then we realize that the cords which bind us to the homestead are knotted in the bosom's core and center—then we realize that the poet sang for us and sang for all the world when he sang beside the Thames: "Mid pleasures and palaces though I may roam, Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home."

The parlor as a parlor will soon be a relic of the past. The very name seems to suggest stiffness and lack of comfort. The new homes will have the best room, the one in which the whole family gathers, a warm, sunny place, a home

room in its truest sense. The next generation will not waste space on parlors. Perhaps a little library, for privacy, will also be indispensable to many. This cherry room of the future will hold the piano, the general books, the pictures, work baskets and everything that serves to make home a heaven of rest for loyal hearts. Speed the day.

Our prisons are rapidly being filled by those who make the mistake of beginning life at the top of the ladder.

The spirit of order must reign in a house before the children can acquire it.

Little arms encircling the neck will make the heart light, over which no diamonds sparkle. All the grand pictures and splendid works of art one can possess will never adorn a room as do the smiling faces of those dearest to us. The things that may be bought are pleasant to have, nor is wealth to be despised; but never pity the poor man who has the wealth that gold cannot buy, nor the woman whose jewels are those of which Cornelia was so proud—good and obedient sons.

Whoever takes a little child into his love, may have a very roomy heart, but that child will fill it out. The children keep us from growing old and cold; they cling to our garments with their little hands and impede our progress to petrification; they win us back with their pleading eyes, from cruel care; they never encumber us at all. A poor old couple with no one to love them, is a most pitiful picture; but a hovel, with a small face to fill a broken pane here and there, is robbed of its desolateness.

You can get into the habit of living peacefully and happily, and that habit is quite as difficult to break as any habit we know of. Let there be no long pontifical; let there be no long, careless, indifferent fits. If little storms arise—and they will arise let them be brief. Don't let us sleep over it, and wake up the next morning and cudgel our brains to remember who nagged last. This kind of thing is mean, it is ungenerous, and it is silly.

What are those whom we meet in society to us as compared to our own home circle? Why do we take pains to be polite and agreeable to them and neglect those who have the strongest claim upon us? It all comes about because we have got into the wrong way of thinking. We have put the home in the background, when it should occupy the foremost place in our thoughts.

Hornets Torment Horse.

Mr. and Mrs. G. L. Walker and party drove out to Mr. Alex. Kippen's at Christy Lake on Sunday, and a short time after the horse had been stabled, a loud noise was heard in the stable. Upon investigation, it was found that a swarm of hornets had attacked the horse. Mr. Kippen broke a wire netting over a window near the horse's head, and cut the halter shank with an axe. The stable door was opened, and the horse bolted for the lake to free himself of the stinging pests. He swam down as far as Mr. George Noonan's—Perth Expositor.

The Cabbage Root Maggot.

The Entomological Branch has issued an illustrated Bulletin No. 12 on "The Cabbage Root Maggot and Its Control in Canada," prepared by Messrs. Arthur Gibson and R. C. Treherne as a result of investigations extending over a number of years. The small white maggots that are found destroying the roots of cabbages and cauliflowers are familiar to most vegetable growers and farmers. These maggots also attack turnips, radishes, onions, beans and corn and cause serious losses when abundant. These insects and the methods of control are fully described and illustrated in the Bulletin which will be sent free on application.

New Patents.

The following Canadian and American patents have been recently secured through the agency of Messrs. Marion & Marion, Patent Attorneys, Montreal and Washington: Canada—Johan H. Lidholm, Alby, Sweden, Process of producing ammonia from lime nitrogen; Ernest Durocher, Outremont, Que., Heater and condenser; Adrien A. M. Hanriot, Paris, France, Process for the treatment of ores and solid salts by electro-chemical reduction; Lucien Liais, Paris, France, Gummed fabrics; Frank Roberts, Liverpool, Eng., and John M. Giffin, Halifax, N.S., Means for closing the mouths of glass or earthenware receptacles; Louis J. A. Amyot, Que., Elastic girdle corset. United States—A. I. Fromager & J. F. Six, Montreal, switch block and casing; Joseph-Nap. Piche, St. Basile (Portneuf) Que., Fire escape.

Allied aviators have crippled the German railway between Bapaume and Peronne.

Major-General Sir Frederick W. Benson, K.C.B., died at Montreal, at the age of 67.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

Kaiser's Nephew in Unknown Grave.

A Paris newspaper says that the body of Prince Maximilian of Hesse, son of the Kaiser's youngest sister, is buried in the small cemetery of Hazebrunck. The Prince was shot during a patrol engagement between Saxons and English near Golewaersvelde, in Northern France. He was found by Trappist monks and died at their monastery, which the monks were forced to leave soon afterward. The body was buried by peasants in a thirty franc coffin that one of them bought.

German Underground Defences.

Part of the German defences recently captured by the British had been in course of construction for two years. There were dugouts thirty to forty feet underground, reveted and traversed, and with every other detail of protection against all kinds of fire which army staffs can devise and labor build. Through galleries running from dugout to dugout they had a subway for bringing up reliefs and food. They led a regular life. At night those not on guard went to bed in their bunks in the cellars as comfortably as in a Pullman, and during the day played cards, if not sent out to snipe the British. When the British assault came, in one capacious dugout, equipped with beds, tables and cupboards, six officers and 170 men surrounded in a body, and were marched out much after the manner of a crowd caught in a gambling house that had been pulled by the police.

Put Your Soul into Your Work.

It does not pay to waste much time thinking and sighing about what might have been, as it is altogether likely that if you imagine you might have been an artist if you had been given a chance that you are altogether mistaken. If you had art in your make-up it would have found expression in your life in some way even if you never painted a picture.

If you do not make a success of your life as it is, it is not probable that you would have worked out a successful life in any other line of work.

William Morris was an artist, but his talent was directed to a very different line than is followed by most artists. He designed wall papers and draperies and by putting his soul into his work he set a standard that others strive to equal.

If your work seems insignificant, put your soul into it and lift it out of the commonplace into distinction. Perhaps you will not realize the value of what you are doing, but others catch the inspiration of your spirit and their lives are brought into harmony with their work more easily because of you.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
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SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson X.—Third Quarter, For Sept. 3, 1916.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, II Cor. xi, 21-33. Memory Verses, 25, 26—Golden Text, II Cor. xii, 9—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

The beginning of our lesson chapter takes up the very topic of the last part of last week's lesson, that of the church being espoused as a chaste virgin to Christ as her husband, or, as he said in Rom. vii, 4, we are married to Christ, raised from the dead, that we should bring forth fruit unto God. We still wait for the actual marriage of the Lamb, which must take place before we can come with Him in His glory. See the order of events in Rev. xix. Paul speaks of Eve being beguiled by the serpent, and the church is the body and bride of Christ, the last Adam, just as Eve was both the body and bride of the first Adam. When this Eve shall have been builded she shall be brought to her Adam in the air, and then shall be the marriage of the Lamb, in which approaching event all the redeemed in glory must be intensely interested. The same serpent who deceived Eve is still deceiving all his blinded ones, coming to them as an angel of light, preaching another Jesus, another spirit, another gospel (verses 3, 4, 13). All from whom the true gospel is hid are blinded by him as the god of this world, and now, as in the time of Paul, multitudes suffer gladly to be taught by fools rather than listen to the wisdom of God (verse 19; I Cor. iv, 3, 4). It is sometimes said of preachers and evangelists that they are in the work for what there is in it financially. This may be true of some, but we prefer to judge nothing before the time till the Lord come, for the judgment seat of Christ will make all His own and their works manifest (I Cor. iv, 5; I Cor. v, 9, 10).

They could not accuse Paul of seeking his own gain in any way, for while at Corinth, as we saw in Acts xviii, 2, 3, he and Aquila and Priscilla worked at their occupation at tent makers. He would not be chargeable to any man nor be a burden to any one—rather would he spend and be spent for them, though the more he loved them the less he was loved by them (chapter xi, 7-9; xii, 15-18). He counted all things as nothing compared with the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus, his Lord, for whom he suffered the loss of all things (Phil. iii, 7-10). He did not tell us that it was a special privilege to suffer with Christ (Phil. i, 29) without having tasted of the same in full measure himself.

In verse 23 he speaks of labors, stripes, prisons, deaths, and then in the verses following he tells of five scourgings, three beatings with rods, once stoned, three shipwrecks, besides all other sufferings which he mentions, making up a list which perhaps was never exceeded in the life of any other individual believer. Yet he says: "Most gladly will I glory in my infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon me. Therefore I take pleasure in infirmities, in reproaches, in necessities, in persecutions, in distresses for Christ's sake" (xii, 9, 10).

Was there ever such another devoted follower of the Lord Jesus or such a record of suffering for His sake? He certainly did cause others to suffer when he was a persecutor and murderer, but when his turn came he must have far exceeded them all. If the record in chapter xii, 1-5, refers to his experience at Lystra, when he was stoned to death there on his first missionary tour, what he saw and heard in paradise or the third heaven, while for a little while dead, and dragged out of Lystra as such must have greatly sustained him in all his sufferings after that. Peter tells us that we should rejoice to be partakers of Christ's sufferings, for when His glory shall be revealed we shall be glad with exceeding joy (I Pet. iv, 12, 13). In I Cor. iv, 17, Paul speaks of affliction as being light, and but for a moment, compared with the far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory which will be ours.

Abraham was sustained by the assurance of the city for which he looked and was fully persuaded that God would do as He had said. What Jacob saw in vision at Bethel must have been a great strength to him, unworthy though he was. The assurances given to Joseph in his dreams must have been a great comfort to him in the years of his imprisonment and slavery. The good will of Him who dwelt in the bush and the recompense of the reward were more to Moses than all the pleasures and treasures and prospects in Egypt. Isaiah was cheered in dark days by a vision of the King, the Lord of Hosts (Isa. vi), and our Lord Himself was sustained by the joy set before Him (Heb. xii, 2). There is nothing like visions of God and of glory to lift us above the things seen and temporal. If we have some physical infirmity, as Paul had, God may be more glorified by our bearing it patiently than by our being delivered from it. Leave it to Him. The lilies all do, and they grow. Nothing counts unless God is glorified in us (Phil. i, 20). Chapter xii, 9, 10, comes in well here and teaches us that God needs our weakness, not our strength, for His strength is made perfect in weakness. If we desired the power of Christ upon us, as Paul did, we would welcome all things as for our good (Rom. viii, 28).

Would Draw in Other African Natives.

The famous explorer, Sir Harry Johnston, computes that there are 1,500,000 troops from foreign dominions at Britain's command, and demands that this material shall be made use of in the battle for democracy. The Somalis of West Africa, the natives of Sudan, and even the Ashantis could, he contends, be made into excellent soldiers. But if these blacks were once shown how to lick whites in Europe they might some day turn their knowledge against their white masters in Africa.

English Clubs Hit by War.

Clubland has felt the war more and has had greater occasion to deplore it than most of London's cherished institutions. Although every man is now a soldier, the service clubs are feeling the pinch badly: the political clubs of Pall Mall are falling back on their reserve funds to help tide them over, and only bohemian clubs of the first rank are holding their own. New members are, of course, non-existent at any club, and the high price of food-stuffs renders the catering question, always a difficult one, almost insuperable. One club had its cooking departments manned by French before the war. The call to the colors cleaned out the entire staff.

Making a Bad Matter Worse.

It is a dangerous thing, when you have let slip an unfortunate remark, to try to cover up the blunder.

Mrs. G. was talking with the wife of Judge H. about her son's choice of a profession. "I don't want him to be a lawyer," she said.

"Why not," said the judge's wife. "I think there is nothing much finer than the legal profession for a bright boy." "Well," said Mrs. G., bluntly, "a lawyer has to tell so many lies." Then it dawned on her that she was talking to the wife of a lawyer; so she hastily added, "That is—er—to be a good lawyer!"

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