

HOME INTERESTS.

Conducted by HELENE.

A romantic halo rests upon that mediaeval life when the troubadours sang heroic deeds into the heart of youth. In picturesque words they painted the splendor of Nature—a clear sunset in the west, a landscape richly clad in green, a white sea-gull that gleams against the dark clouds. They loved to dwell in these pictures. The chivalrous idea of Ladylove in its purest sense throws also a romantic color of life over the castles of feudal times. Harmoniously developed as they were, these knights and ladies of the time of youth, they lived in a sphere where the beautiful predominated. Their souls found rest in seeing the shades of colors in the rainbow, in the dawn of morning, and when the sun as golden glow hides itself in ocean. Our deeds are the realization of our day-dreams and twilight-dreams. The better we are the better our dreams; but it takes sound-minded and able-minded people to realize the best dreams. Longing for God causes us to dream about His revelation.

WASHING BLUE FLANNEL DRESSES.

Blue flannel dresses can be easily washed by the following method: Boil a quart of a pound of yellow soap in three quarts of water, slicing the soap into thin shavings and letting it boil until it is dissolved. Fill a tub with lukewarm water and add enough of the hot soapuds to make a good lather. Dip the dress in and rub it well, but do not rub the soap on it, for it will leave a white mark. Wring it out with the hands, not with a wringer, because it creases it badly. Wash in another water with a little more of the soapuds if it is much soiled. Then wring it again and dip into lukewarm water to rinse it and make it very blue with the blue bag. Shake it out thoroughly after wringing—it and dry in the shade until damp enough to iron on the wrong side. It must not be dried entirely before it is ironed. Colored woollen or cotton stockings can be washed in the same way and rinsed in strong salt and water, to keep the colors from running, instead of blue water.

KEEPING YOUNG.

How to keep young is one of the questions of perennial interest to the feminine mind. Amelia Rives, the noted author, who is said to look like a girl in her teens, recently told of her reply to a physician who wrote her to send him the secret of what he called her perpetual youth, says the Advance. "I wrote back that he must consider the cost," she said. "It is a cost that few of his fashionable patients would make, for I rise at 7, or 7.30, ride or walk in the country roads, live close to my books, see few people, and retire at 10. What fashionable women could endure my life? I remember thinking about it one winter morning, when I was walking alone, the crisp, crackling snow under my feet, the fairy outline of a gossamer frost revealing every twig of bush and tree, and I was so invigorated and happy I could have whistled like a boy with delight. But if I had been a woman of fashion I couldn't have endured the silence, the empty distances, the quiet, why, a woman of fashion would die in my place, and I am quite sure that I should in hers." It is in such solitude and close communion with nature, in the home of her childhood—an old fashioned, rambling country home in Albemarle County, Va., that much of Amelia Rives' work is done.

A DRESSMAKING HINT.

The home dressmaker often has much trouble in fitting herself. A good idea is to buy one and one-half yards of strong lining and cut out a perfectly-fitting bodice pattern to come five or six inches below the waist line. Bone and stitch it as if for an ordinary dress. Instead of hooks and eyes sew together down the front, then stuff the lining firmly with sawdust, shaping it as you proceed. Sew a strong lining across the bottom so as to stand on a table. Add a stock collar at neck, with a

piece of lining across the top. This model is most useful for draping and trimming blouses, also for fitting collars and yokes.

A WORKBASKET OUGHT TO BE IN EVERY GIRL'S ROOM.

A well fitted out work basket (or bag or stand, as the case might be) ought to be a part of every girl's room. For it's all very well to preach to yourself upon the threadbare text of a stitch in time saving nine if you haven't the necessary tools right at hand to do that mending on the spur of the moment.

These pretty little stands of wicker hold plenty of the little necessary things and should be kept supplied with hooks and eyes and buttons and tapes and silks and cottons galore, to say nothing of scissors kept in such perfect condition that they will cut through a bit of chiffon or other elusive stuff cleanly.

Go a step farther and include with shoe buttons and thread (or fasteners) a few pairs of shoe laces. Broken laces should rightly come under the head of mending even though the mending takes the form of replenishing.

Glove thread and buttons or clasps form another necessary set of little things which that basket should hold, as well as the darning and other materials which point to week-day work.

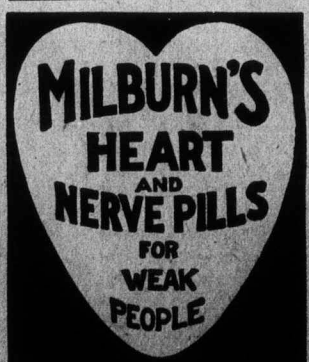
If you've room for neither basket nor stand, at least keep a wee bag in your top drawer fitted out with the most frequently used things. You'll find the dreaded weekly mending shrinking in quantity and difficulty if you follow that plan.

A LESSON IN COLORS.

Women should be particular in the selection of colors, the combination of which is quite a gift. Have you ever tried this plan of ascertaining the harmonizing of colors? Cut a piece one inch square of the dress goods proper and place it upon a piece of pure white unruled paper and one inch from it to the right draw a square the same size as the pattern. Then look steadily at the pattern (upon the left side) for one minute, then suddenly look at the square at the right, and you will see the color that will correctly correspond to the goods you have.

HOW TO WASH SILK UNDERWEAR.

Directions for washing silk underwear have been asked for. The same precautions that are used in washing fine woollens need to be taken with silk. Prepare a suds of white soap and fairly hot water, and add to each gallon of water two table-spoonsful of ammonia. If the ammonia is strong use only one table-spoonful. Let the garments soak in the suds for some time, half an hour or longer. Wash by rubbing the hands and gently squeezing. Never rub on a board, and never rub soap on the silk unless some spots are unusually obstinate. Rinse thoroughly. This means through two or three waters, the same temperature as the washing water. Iron when nearly dry. If the garments are very delicate press under a thin muslin.



These pills cure all diseases and disorders arising from weak heart, worn out nerves or watery blood, such as Palpitation, Skip Beats, Throbbing, Smothering, Dizziness, Weak or Faint Spells, Anæmia, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Brain Fog, General Debility and Lack of Vitality. They are a true heart tonic, nerve food and blood purifier, building up and renewing all the worn out and wasted tissues of the body and restoring perfect health. Price 50c. a box, or 3 for \$1.50, at all druggists.

TIMELY HINTS.

A great deal of housework consists of polishing, and it should be remembered that, in polishing, quick rubbing is more efficacious than hard rubbing.

To remove grass stains use gasoline immediately. For grass stains that seem "set" in wash goods, try soaking in molasses.

Every one has heard of cleaning white furs by rubbing cornmeal over the soiled surface, but here is a variation, taken from Good Housekeeping's "Discoveries": Heat the cornmeal in a pan until it is as hot as the hands can bear it. Put the furs into the hot cornmeal without removing from the stove and rub through the hands as if soap and water were being used. After a few minutes' rubbing the furs should be shaken out, and will be found quite spotless. The same cornmeal can be used several times.

Mudstains on black cloth will disappear when rubbed with a raw potato.

Warm water in which an onion has been boiled will restore the gliding to frames. Dry quickly with a soft, clean cloth.

Small pieces of cotton batting slightly steamed make good dusters that should be burned after once using.

RECIPES.

Asparagus Omelet.—Cut four or five stocks of asparagus into pieces about an inch long. Boil in salted water until tender, drain and stand in a warm place while the omelet is made. Beat four or six eggs slightly, add to them four table-spoonsful of boiling water and a piece of butter the size of a filbert. Then stir in carefully the asparagus, melt two ounces of butter in a round frying-pan; pour in the omelet at once; shake, and with a knife separate the thickened part from the frying-pan, allowing the liquid part to go underneath. It should never stick, but move as the pan is shaken from one side to the other. As soon as the eggs begin to set, dust with salt and pepper, and with a limber knife roll and fold the omelet and turn it out on a heated plate. Send to the table at once.

Corn Chowder.—One onion sliced thin, four good-sized potatoes diced; place in an agate saucepan with water to cover, and cook until tender. Meanwhile place in a double boiler one quart of milk, one can of corn, and butter the size of an egg. Thicken when it boils with one table-spoonful of flour rubbed smooth in a little water. Salt and pepper to taste, then add onion and potato mixture, and serve in a covered dish, in which you have placed six crackers, split in halves.

Club Sandwiches.—There is nothing nicer for a light supper than club sandwiches, but few housekeepers know how to make them properly. Here is a reliable recipe:—Cut bread into thin slices, and cut the slices into triangular pieces. Toast the bread and let become cold. Spread with butter or mayonnaise dressing. Lay a thin slice of cold roast chicken on the toast, above this a slice of broiled bacon and a lettuce leaf dressed with mayonnaise and, cover with a second piece of toast. Prepare a second sandwich, filling simply with lettuce leaves and mayonnaise dressing. Serve the two together. This is somewhat varied by making the second lettuce sandwich right on top of the first, using only three pieces of toast for the two. The thing about a club sandwich is to have the bread not too thin and not too much toasted, to have the chicken cut very thin, and the bacon also and not crumbly. They are very good if well made but very much the reverse if badly.

FUNNY SAYINGS

LOOKING TO THE FUTURE.

In Mexico the undertaker sends notices of death at his own expense, which also contain his advertisement, to the relatives of the deceased. One day, several months ago, a certain lithographic establishment received from a customer a printed circular announcing the death of a partner in his firm.

It was given to the correspondence clerk, with instructions to write a letter of condolence in reply. He wrote:

"We are exceedingly pained to learn of the loss sustained by your firm, and extend to you our deepest sympathy. We notice that the circular you send us announcing Mr. —'s death is lithographed by Messrs. —. We greatly regret that you did not see your way to let us estimate for printing the same. The next time there is a bereavement in your house we shall be glad to quote

you for lithographed circulars, and are confident that we can beat anybody else.

"Trusting we may have an early opportunity of quoting you our prices, we remain, with profound sympathy, yours truly, etc."

THE DOG WASN'T TOUCHED.

"Madam," said the conductor, as he punched a ticket, "I am very sorry, but you can't have your dog in this car. It is against the rules."

"I shall hold him in my lap all the way," she replied, "and he will not disturb any one."

"That makes no difference," said the conductor. "Dogs must ride in the baggage car. I'll take and fasten him for you."

"Don't you touch my dog, sir," exclaimed the young lady excitedly. "I will trust him to no one," and with indignant tread she marched to the baggage-car, tied her dog and said: "Remember, please, I don't want a soul here to touch my dog or untie him; you understand?"

The baggage crew said they did. As the train approached her station the young lady, hailing the conductor, asked: "Is my dog all right?"

"I don't know, miss," replied the conductor.

"Don't know?" she replied. "Why don't you know? It's your business to know. You haven't touched him or untied him?"

"No; we didn't touch or untie him, and that's just it. You tied him to a trunk checked for two stations back. The trunk had to be put off, and so we threw the dog off with the trunk!"

ALL RECOGNIZED HER.

The four old captains of Salt Marsh, after carefully studying the attractions offered by the mind reader who was to hold forth in the town hall, decided to attend the entertainment.

"We can go right from the post office when the mail's in," said Captain Gregg, most adventurous of the four, "and there doesn't seem to be any need to consult our women folks so far as I know. Most likely we shan't stay more'n a few minutes."

They were all agreed as to the advisability of this plan, and the next evening saw them seated in the last row, with interest written on their faces.

After a few preliminary exhibitions which caused the scattered audience to gasp and wriggle, the mind-reader said in a solemn tone:

"There is one person in this audience who has been thinking ever since he came in here of a person who is perhaps the strongest influence in his life—a small, determined-looking woman, with eyes that snap and—"

At this point the four old captains rose as if moved by a single spring and fled from the hall. When they reached the safety of the steps, Captain Gregg turned to the others and spoke in a hoarse whisper:

"Which one of us do you suppose he meant?"—Youth's Companion.

JUDICIAL PRIVILEGE.

In a Southern court one day, says a well known attorney, one of the counsel paused in his argument, remarking to the judge:

"I observe that your honor shakes his head at that statement. I desire to reaffirm it, although your honor dissents."

"I am not aware," coldly responded the judge, "that I have intimated how I shall construe the evidence, nor what my decision will be in the premises. Your remark is, therefore, uncalled for."

"Your honor shook your head," "True," said the judge. "There was a fly on my ear. And I'll have you know, sir, that I reserve the right to remove a fly in whatever manner pleases me."

In San Francisco.

The Mayor of a Wisconsin city writes:

I spent about ten days in Frisco the latter part of March and the first of April, during which time I was asked, for more dimes, saw more drunkenness, heard more blaspheming, saw more gambling on the street than in any other city I ever was in. If you take a walk through Chinatown, you will notice that a white man manages the most immoral shows that are advertised. Most of the grocery stores sell liquor and have a bar in the rear of store-room. One of these grocers informed me he had sold 300 gallons of whiskey in one month and mostly to women.

I attended Mass several mornings; most of the worshippers were children and very old people.

THE POET'S CORNER.

THANKSGIVING.

For the glad days when the bright sun is shining,
The starlit nights of peacefulness and rest.

For brave, true hearts too great for vain repining,
For willing hands and eyes that see the best.

For all the joy and comfort thou hast given,
For all the days when this fair world goes well.

For little glimpses of a promised heaven,
For thoughts too sweet for tongue or pen to tell.

For Love and Home; for little fingers clinging,
For dally work that brings its blest reward.

For the good cheer that through the world is ringing,
We thank Thee, Lord.

For the gray days when the bright sun is hidden,
For long, long nights too dark for eyes to see.

For the hot, blinding tears that come unbidden,
For all the griefs that bring us nearer Thee.

For all the thorny ways that we have travelled
(Nor dreamed it was an angel led us through),

For all the mysteries that pain unraveled,
The peace our days of pleasure never knew.

For grace to hear through all life's music ringing
The purer beauty of the minor chord,

For hope that still within our hearts is ringing,
We thank Thee, Lord.

—Mary L. Hammel.

"GOD KNOWETH BEST."

Sometime, when all life's lessons have been learned,
And the sun and stars forevermore have set,

The things which our weak judgment here had spurned,
The things o'er which we grieve with lashes wet,

Will flash before us out of life's dark night,
As stars shine most in deeper tints of blue

And we shall see how all God's plans are right,
And how what seemed reproof was love most true.

And we shall see how, while we frown and sigh,
God's plans go on as best for you and me;

How when we called, He heeded not our cry,
Because His wisdom to the end could see;

And even as prudent parents disallow
Too much of sweets to crowning babyhood,

So God perhaps is keeping from us now
Life's sweetest things because it seemeth best.

And if, sometimes, commingled with life's wine,
We find the wormwood, and rebel and shrink,

Be sure a wiser head than yours or mine
Poured out the portion for our lips to drink;

And if someone we love is lying low,
When human kisses cannot reach the face,

Oh, do not blame the loving Father so,
But wear your sorrow with obedient grace.

And you will shortly know that lengthened breath
Is not the sweetest gift God gives this friend,

And that sometimes the sable pall of death,
Conceals the fairest boon His love can send.

BABY ALWAYS WELL.

"I have nothing but good words to say for Baby's Own Tablets," says Mrs. A. Dupuis, of Comber, Ont., and she adds: "Since I began using the Tablets my little boy has not had an hour of sickness, and now at the age of eight months he weighs twenty-three pounds. I feel safe now with Baby's Own Tablets in the house, for I know that I have a medicine that will promptly cure all the minor ills from which babies suffer. I would advise all mothers and nurses to use Baby's Own Tablets for their little ones." These are strong words, but thousands of mothers speak just as strongly in favor of this medicine. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box by addressing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

If we could push ajar the gates of life,
And stand within and all God's workings see,
We could interpret all this doubt and strife,
And for each mystery could find a key.

But not to-day. Then be content, poor heart,
God's plans, like lilies, pure and white, unfold;
We must not tear the close-shut leaves apart,
Time will reveal the calyxes of gold.
And if through patient toil we reach the land
Where tired feet with sandals loosed may rest,
When we shall clearly know and understand
I think that we shall say: "God knew the best."

GIVE THOU THY HAND.

Give thou thy hand to him who toils
And build with him the home deep-yearned,
Far nobler wilt thou find his strength
Than that of wealth in garb unearned.
Who toils is pure; his love will stand;
Give thou thy hand.

Thou, too, are builder of the world,
O woman-soul! then build with him,
Co-partner in its roof, O sweet
Your cottage in the twilight dim!
Here, Toil and Love, ye shall command
A home not builded on the sand.
Give thou thy hand.

Out of its portals there shall walk
The generations bearing Morn—
The light of Faith, the flame of Hope,
And deathless Purpose, struggle-born.

If thou wouldst shape for futures grand
Fear not beside Toil's strength to stand—
Give thou thy hand.
—Charles J. O'Malley, in the New World.

THE GOOD WE DO.

"We know not all the ill we do,"
So say the seers, whose words are true.
And I have heard it so rung out,
That, faint with fear and blind with doubt,

I deemed all hope and brightness hid—
'Twas only evil that I did.
But I at last have learned to see
The other, fairer side that we

Too often let the darker, hide,
Or altogether set aside;
Another saying just as true,
"We know not all the good we do."

"We know not all the good we do,"
The good that, like the silent dew,
Goes down and deep the roots between,
Or out, far-reaching and unseen;

The good, unreckoned and untold,
And multiplied a hundred fold.

"We know not all the good we do,"
Nor ever shall until we view
The great, eternal whole and see
The secret of life's mystery;

Until to full perfection grown
We know as we ourselves are known.
"I know not all the ill I do,"
God pity me and pardon, too!

And of the ill that I have done,
Work out a good that some poor one
Not seeing in it aught of me
May praise and honor only Thee.

God make me wise and make me true
In all that I would say and do,
And keep me ever in the light
Or truth that makes earth's pathway bright;

And bless, though unseen, and unsought,
The good I do and know it not.

Dear Girls and Boys.

Our numbers seem to be and now that school closes so soon my girls and boys no excuse for not writing am pleased to learn that a great deal better.

be able to go to Ste Anne pre this summer. Annie to take real pleasure in am so glad that she and did not take the birds' discovered. That is about est thing to do. Just sorrow the poor little must feel when she return tree top and finds that she was so diligent in been taken away. quite a nice little family and goslings. Agnes Mc than I would be in a th which is a pet terror of says they were all out storm but did not mind Fred B. does not go to gularly; but he says he at home to help in the future Winnifred D. would to see Winnifred E. and cousins. She has not w ly. Poor little girlie, I all hope she is getting b are anxiously awaiting her. Mary D. takes prid novation of her church. indeed, look very well. sends his first letter. He fair number of studies fo boy of his age. There names missing. Which they?

Your loving,

AUNT

Dear Aunt Becky:

As my two brothers he to you I thought I would and tell how I am getting don't go to school much mer. I have to stay hom my father in the fields. V thunder and lightning s year already. We only h more weeks to go to sch will be holidays. Then to the river fishing. This there has been a concert lage and I was down on did not win any prize.

Your loving nephew,

Lonsdale, Ont.

Dear Aunt Becky:

I am going to tell you teen little turkeys and I more little goslings. So am having better luck. heavy storm last night. V ing to plant potatoes to was so wet we could not but to-morrow they will I guess this is all for the

Your loving nephew,

Lonsdale, Ont.

Dear Aunt Becky:

How nice it is when the every week to write to We are going out to chu row to be examined in c first Communion. When home from school we have home work and then get As we are coming home cows we look for bird's brother found three birds terday evening and twelve we did not disturb them. pecting the inspector at every day. The grain nicely now and the birds happily in the air. There show every night this we dale a mile from our plac ever baby gets the most get a set of dishes of fo for a prize. I like when tion, for when it is hot in the shade. Well, Aunt; I will say good-bye for the

Your loving nephew,

Lonsdale, Ont.

Dear Aunt Becky:

I have nothing but good words to say for Baby's Own Tablets," says Mrs. A. Dupuis, of Comber, Ont., and she adds: "Since I began using the Tablets my little boy has not had an hour of sickness, and now at the age of eight months he weighs twenty-three pounds. I feel safe now with Baby's Own Tablets in the house, for I know that I have a medicine that will promptly cure all the minor ills from which babies suffer. I would advise all mothers and nurses to use Baby's Own Tablets for their little ones." These are strong words, but thousands of mothers speak just as strongly in favor of this medicine. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box by addressing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

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Lonsdale, Ont.

Butterfly Suspenders. man's Brace, "as easy 50c.