

HOME INTERESTS.

Conducted by HELENE.

Whether it is the home of the multi-millionaire or that of the humblest clerk in his employ, the amount of money to be spent on running the house should be carefully thought out and systematized.

TO LAUNDRER SUMMER DRESSES

White and figured organdies can be washed successfully through bran-water without using soap or starch. The bran-water is prepared by boiling two quarts of wheat bran in two gallons of water for half an hour, and then straining through a coarse cloth into enough cold water to wash one dress.

At the Summer Hotel.

Here is a hint for sojourners at summer hotels. A resourceful woman ironed her gowns with a hot water bag. She was making a short stay at a large hotel, and the only gown she had with her suitable to wear to dinner she had put on late in the afternoon, was caught in a shower with it, and by the time she reached the hotel, after a crowded street car experience, her gown was a mass of unsightly wrinkles.

dress on the bed, and ironed it in this way, making it look quite presentable.

DO NOT IRON EMBROIDERY.

I wonder how many girls know that embroidery should never be ironed? Well, it should not. The proper way to finish off a piece of work done in a frame is: Before taking it out make some strong boiled starch, which, when cold, should be a thick jelly.

FOR GARDEN LOVERS.

Early plants of marigold flower in pots before replanting and never stop until frost. Morning glory is the best vine for the trellis. Soak the seed in warm water before planting. It self-sows. The first frost kills it.

RECIPES.

Fruit Salad.—An attractive salad is made of oranges and white grapes. Slice the oranges and press a candied cherry into the centre of each slice. Cut the grapes in halves and arrange them as a garnish for the oranges. Serve with French dressing.

Tomato Surprise.—Cut in halves round, firm tomatoes, without peeling them. Scoop out the inside smoothly, filling with small dice of cooked celery, dry, cold, and well salted, mixed with mayonnaise. On top lay two anchovies, crossed, and serve on lettuce. Some prefer chopped cucumber to celery.

Pineapple Salad.—Among fruit salads there is a wide variety of new combinations. This pineapple affair makes a dish attractive to the eye and warranted to stimulate the appetite on the warmest, most wearing summer day.

Molded Fruit Salad.—Fill a circle mold with bits of white grapes, grapefruit pulp, pineapple and blanched English walnuts. Fill the mold with a tart lemon jelly. Turn out when firm on a few white leaves of lettuce and fill the insides with a pile of cream cheese balls made with French dressing, a tablespoonful to a cheese. Pass French dressing with the salad.

Orange Salad.—An orange salad can be prepared easily by cutting fine seedless fruit into thick slices, only three or four to an orange, and lay on a plate of white lettuce with a spoonful of thick mayonnaise on the slice.

Strawberry Jelly Salad.—Cut very fine, large berries into halves and fill small molds with them. Make a plain orange jelly, being careful to have it tart rather than sweet, and fill the molds. Turn out on lettuce and serve with a mayonnaise made with whipped cream.

MILBURN'S LAXA LIVER PILLS

Are a combination of the active principles of the most valuable vegetable remedies for diseases and disorders of the Liver, Stomach and Bowels.

CURE CONSTIPATION

CURE BILIOUSNESS

CLEAN COATED TONGUE

Sweeten the breath and clear away all waste and poisonous matter from the system.

FANCY WORK OF IRISH WOMEN.

In recent years, says the Pittsburg Dispatch, the Irish women have been turning their attention largely to fancy work in the way of lace handkerchiefs, crocheting, knitting and other home work, selling their products to the many societies which in recent years have been organized to dispose of these native Irish products in England and the United States.

Nearly every large passenger vessel that touches at Queenstown allows these witty Irish women to come aboard with great baskets of their homemade wares to sell. Sometimes they sell as much as \$500 worth in a single hour while the ship rides at anchor.

TIMELY HINTS.

A little borax in the last rinsing water will make handkerchiefs easier to iron and look better when done. Finger marks on doors look very unsightly, but they may easily be removed with a little borax and water.

A saucepan in which rice, oatmeal or anything sticky has been cooked may be very easily cleaned by putting in a cupful of ashes when you take it off the fire and then fill with water.

A person who purchased an old, long-vacant house was dismayed to find the windows so spattered with hardened paint that it was almost impossible to clean them. At a painter's suggestion, she rubbed a tencent piece over the panes, which so loosened the paint that the glass could then be easily washed.

Pumice should never be used on the hands. A bit of lemon will answer its purpose without making the fingers rough and calloused.

WHERE JOY TRESPASSED ON SORROW.

Hans is a German resident of Eastern Pennsylvania. Recently losing his wife by death, his grief and loneliness knew no bounds. After two weeks of mourning he "struck another match."

His friends, according to the custom of the community, surprised him by a rousing calthumpian serenade. Hans stood the racket as long as he could, and then, opening the window, in tones of greatest disgust called out: "Poys, ain't you ashamed of yourselves to make such a noise and just so soon a funeral."

"Tommy, did you give your brother the best part of the apple as I told you to!" Tommy—"Yessum; I gave him the seeds. He can plant 'em and have a whole orchard."

Little three-year-old Norma had been unusually lively at the breakfast table one morning during grace, and her mother said, "Norma, I shall spank you."

"You can't—I'm sitting down," triumphantly shouted Norma.

"Madam," said a nervous passenger to the mother of a howling imp in the express train, "is there anything any of us can do to pacify your little boy?"

"Oh, thank you, yes," said the mother of the spoiled child. "You see, the dear little pet just wants to throw his jam tart at the passengers, and I was afraid they wouldn't like it. Please to stand where you are. Now, stop crying, darling. This kind gentleman wants to play with you."

"Men scoff at Heaven and Fate; Because the gods thou fear'st Fail to make blest thy state, Tremblest, and wilt not dare to trust the joys that are."

I say, fear not! life still Leaves human effort scope. But, since life teems with ill, Nurse no extravagant hope. Because thou must not dream, thou need'st not then despair.

These ingredients are so combined in this great restorative as to act mildly and gently on the system, instilling new vigor and vitality into the blood and nerves through these mediums reaching with a beneficial influence every vital organ of the body.

Mrs. Riddle, Davidson street, Gait, Ont., states: "One of my children was pale, weak and sickly. The least excitement or exertion seemed to affect her nerves and at times she complained of very severe headaches. I got her a box of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and before she had been taking the pills very long I could see a wonderful change in her condition. The headaches have entirely disappeared, her appetite is now good, and there can be no doubt that this preparation was exactly what she wanted to build up her system."

It is interesting to note your increase in weight from week to week while using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanston, Bates & Co., Toronto.

FUNNY SAYINGS

The Rev. Edward A. Horton, of Boston, told this story at a recent banquet of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company. A woman went marketing in Faneuil Hall, said the minister. She stopped before a stall where were displayed fowl so aged as to seem almost unselectable.

"What do you sell these for?" enquired the woman, wondering if the proprietor would dare call them chickens. "We usually sell them for profits, Marm," was the tart response. "Oh," said the woman, "I thought they were patriachs."—N. Y. Tribune.

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THE POET'S CORNER

TIME AND THE CHILDREN.

Where they play among the grasses, If perchance a dark cloud passes O'er their places.

Not a shadow of the morrow Brings a sorrow To their faces;

For they hear the bluebells ringing, When the fairies rock the steeples, And they see the green grass swinging

'Neath the feet of fairy people. Ah, Father Time! Their golden hours are few, And the arch of the rainbow is still to climb

And the fairies to find in the dew!—Will you not wait for the children!

Through the lilacs straying, playing, What the children hear them saying, All the aches

Have no hope of ever learning In the turning Of dull pages;

For they cannot hear the laughing Of the elfin comrades drinking When the morning dew for quaffing

And the cowlip cups are clinking, Ah, Time, each rose Her best for the children weaves;

Soon, too soon, as the wan world knows They will walk in the brown dead leaves.

—Will you not wait for the children? Time! The days are short for reaping

Mirth, but ah! so long for weeping! And the wreath Withers oft before its binding

Or, unwinding, Pales to death! Leave them to their wild flower braiding

With the kind blue sky above them, For those wreaths, though softly fading,

Last as long as child-hearts love them. We dare not climb, And the fairies for us are dead:

Will you not wait for the children, Time, And hurry us home instead?

—Ah, Time! Wait for the children!—Will H. Ogilvie, in Temple Bar.

LIFE.

Is it so small a thing To have enjoyed the sun, To have lived light in the spring,

To have loved, to have thought, to have done: To have advanced true friends and beat down baffling foes.

That we must feign a bliss Of doubtful future date, And while we dream on this, Lose all our present state,

And relegate to worlds yet distant our repose? Not much, I know, you prize

What pleasures may be had, Who look on life with eyes Estranged, like mine, and sad:

And yet the village churl feels the truth more than you Who is loth to leave this life

Which to him little yields; His hard-task'd, sunburnt wife, His often labor'd fields;

The boors with whom he talked, the country spots he knew. But thou, because thou hear'st

Men scoff at Heaven and Fate; Because the gods thou fear'st Fail to make blest thy state,

Tremblest, and wilt not dare to trust the joys that are. I say, fear not! life still

Leaves human effort scope. But, since life teems with ill, Nurse no extravagant hope. Because thou must not dream, thou need'st not then despair.

—Matthew Arnold.

YESTERDAY.

Ship of to-day, I watch you sail Across the lessening hours to me! What storm can those brave wings assail,

What tempest toss that Peaceful sea? Ah, happy things, you seem to bring

A cargo of long sought desires, Rebirth of joy, glad songs of Spring

And subtle hints of sudden fires! Yet stand I silent and apart,

Unwelcoming your fair array, With eyes turned toward you, but with heart

Still with the ship of yesterday. —Mary Ridgely Schott.

LITTLE ARMS.

Little arms, so tightly clasped 'Round my neck at dead of night,

When some unexpected sound Wakes my darling in affright,

Do you guess your magic power As each fear your mother calms? Do you know hom strong you are,

Little arms? Little arms whose tender touch Dearer grow from year to year,

As to mother's love you turn, Trusting her to dry each tear,

Do not fear that she will chide, As, secure from all alarms, You so fondly cling to her

Little arms. Little arms if, in the years, You should reach toward her in vain;

If no loving touch responds Soothing all your grief and pain, May the Father up above

Keep you from the sin which harms, Drawing you close, close to Him, Little arms.

—Miriam L. Ward, in Rupert's Magazine.

LOST OPPORTUNITY.

"There is a nest of thrushes in the glen; When we come back we'll see the glad, young things,"

He said, We came not by that way again; And time and thrushes fare on

eager wings! "You rose," she smiled, "but, no, when we return,

I'll pluck it then," 'Twas on a summer day, The ashes of the rose in autumn's urn

Lie hidden well. We came not back that way. We do not pass the self-same way

again, Or, passing by that way, nothing we find

As it before had been; but death or stain Hath come upon it, or the waste-ful wind.

The very earth is envious, and her arms. Reach for the beauty that detained

our eyes; Year, it is lost beyond the aid of charms,

If, once within our grasp, we leave the prize! Thou traveller to the unknown

ocean's brink, Through life's fair fields, say not, "Another day This joy I'll prove," for never, as I think,

Never shall we come back this self-same way!

—Edith M. Thomas, in N. C. Advocate.

PLANTING SWEET PEAS.

These generally prove most satisfactory when planted as early in the spring as possible. As soon as the ground can be prepared, rake rather deep furrows running north and south, or northeast and southwest, and sow thickly in these furrows, covering only one-fourth to one-half inch deep; if covered too deep the peas will rot. When two or three inches high, hoe the soil in about the stems, and continue this process at intervals as the plants grow, until the furrow is filled and the surface of the soil is level. The roots will then be in the ground deep enough so that the heat of the summer is not likely to check the growth and cause the yellowing of the foliage, and death of the plant.

In shallow planting, where the sun's rays are hot, the heated soil almost invariably destroys the plant before the blooming period is reached.

THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

Baby's Own Tablets is not for babies only. It is a medicine for children of all ages. It is gently laxative and comforting. It cures indigestion, all forms of stomach troubles, constipation, simple fevers, diarrhoea and makes teething painless. There's a smile in every dose.

Mrs. Henry Mater, London, Ont., says: "Having used Baby's Own Tablets I can say with sincerity that I know nothing as good for simple fevers, stomach and bowel troubles. My baby has thrived splendidly since I began giving her the Tablets."

You can get Baby's Own Tablets from any medicine dealer, or by mail at 25 cents a box by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

OUR B

Dear Girls and Boys: I must thank Stella M. for invitation to visit with her. I must say I do not envy brother Vincent their woe-troying the caterpillar. Creeping, crawling things are equally repulsive to me.

Stella's garden must be a paradise. Annie O.N. writes quite a lot. She speaks of the May 1st. ing all gone. The pretty but a short while, but has something good to us with. I am glad Clara kindness in his heart for squirrels. I would never

one moment that any of boys would ever be cruellest thing. I hope Jimmy better. He must be discouraged, as other little will drop in to our circle grow accustomed to weekly letters. Agnes is picking time, also to a Belleville. I hope she will

the pleasure she is expected to ask Winifred W. to a deepest sympathy in the dear mother. Why, Stella, don't ask if we will let our cousin into our corner. Always be made for any thinking it worth while. Just simply address A. Box 1188, Montreal, after letters will reach their destination. Edna M. was p the number of letters?

Well, the girls and boys up well, which gives the real nice home appearance. Your loving,

AUNT

Dear Aunt Becky: It is so long since I have to you I think I will write my letter with Edna's. I written once before since then died, so you will know have not written. It was some for a while that knew what to do. I was hear about my cousin Win so ill, but hope she will soon. My sister Annie is for her first Communion. I glad to hear about Har his first Communion. I close hoping to hear in paper that Winifred is get

Kensington, Que.

Dear Aunt Becky: Will you let another letter in? My papa takes the news, and I love to read in the Corner. I live in the bank of a lovely river wish you could come to the summer. I must tell my pets. I have a big call him Buller, and I have little pet lamb, and mamma lets me feed it. We have horses; we call them Bill and I can drive Maud. One gave me a nice white she came to see me. I years old, and I go to school. With love to all and dear Aunt Becky, I am

Your loving nephew

P. E. I., May 28.

Dear Aunt Becky: Such a lot of nice letters were last week. How so are to hear of Winifred, and hope she will soon be go home, for it must be her to be in bed all day. of her mamma to stay with also Harold to visit her. It will make her forget to sick when they are there her. I am sure she must enjoy seeing Harold make Communion. It will be a time till school closes and scholars will have a rest studies. I will now close love to all the cousins and

Yours loving,

Kensington, Que.