

HOME INTERESTS.

Conducted by HELENE.

TIRED MOTHERS.

A little elbow leans upon your knee, Your tired knee, that has so much to bear...

FASHIONS.

In hats it is wise to avoid the polo turban even if it is the rage at present. This little pill box hat to look its best...

We are having a blue season, in spite of the fact that it started out to be a green and white summer.

The vogue for checks is such that the woman who wants a checked gown need not curb her aspirations.

Lightweight black broadcloth will be very popular for the dressy tailor-made costume.

Saucepans which have been burned should not be scraped, but place them on the side of the stove filled with cold water...

To remove red ink stains, wet the article to be cleaned with lemon juice. Rub as much salt into the spots as the lemon juice will hold.

morning, when wash in the usual way. To clean nickel scour with pulverized borax; use hot water and very little soap.

To clean oily cruet bottles put a few strips of blotting paper into the bottle with a little warm water and an equal quantity of vinegar...

Woolen goods when washed in soap and water shrink and acquire the odor of the soap. Therefore, steep the articles in a warm solution of washing soda for several hours...

To prevent the skin discoloring after a blow or fall take a little starch or arrowroot and merely moisten it with cold water and lay it on the injured part.

RECIPES.

Cherry Dumplings.—Prepare a rich baking-powder biscuit dough as for shortcake; roll out half an inch thick and cut into squares.

Spiced Tomatoes.—To four pounds of sound tomatoes take two pounds of light brown sugar, one pint elder vinegar, half ounce of cloves, and half ounce of stick cinnamon.

German Potato Salad.—With a vegetable scoop cut out small balls of potatoes and boil them in salted water until soft enough so they will break.

Poached Eggs with Green Peas.—A teacupful of cooked green peas, half an ounce of butter, half an ounce of flour, half a pint of milk, salt and pepper, and six eggs.

BEFORE THE OPEN FIRE. Happy is the home with a fireplace. When the chilly evenings come on the open fire is a luxury not only nor mainly for its warmth...

In early twilight the children see pictures in the coals or watch the shadows, like specters grim and tall, and the baby curls his rosy toes and coos at the glow.

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lover, for who shall say how many a stammering swain has found courage to declare himself while poking the fire?

There are stories to be told of the camp fire in the mountains, where young Tom spent his vacation; of the lonely Bedouin campfire in far Arabia, where the uncle has been, or of the fireplace in the old home when grandma was a girl.

Have you ever wound clouded yarn with the skeins thrown over the backs of chairs, in front of such a fire? How the shadows drifted over the colors as the yarn slipped off and spun around the ball, now dark, then light!

The flames leaped up the black throat of the chimney and shone off the hearth, lingering about the old polished furniture and lighting up with startling distinctness a single pictured face that looked out weirdly from its frame...

Keep the open fire for the sake of sentiment. There is a suggestion of roasted apples and popcorn in its coals; there are castles building and dreams of the future; but, best of all, the memory of its gleam is like a beacon to the busy workers through the toilsome day until the eventide sets homeward, and they gather once more in the home circle before the fire.—G. P. Du Bois.

WAIT.

Keep still. When trouble is brewing, keep still. When slander is getting on its legs, keep still. When your feelings are hurt, keep still until you recover from your excitement at any rate.

GARDENING AS EXERCISE.

I'm sorry for the woman whose standards, social or physical, do not permit her to handle a hoe. It seems to me as graceful an implement as a golf club.

RAINY DAY GRACE.

Whatever a woman is by nature, she can train herself to avoid getting "sopping wet" on a rainy day. To begin, have the skirt short, then hold it up.

BROCADED BOOKSTAND.

Old pieces of brocade suggest lovely possibilities to the home worker. Quite the latest craze is the brocaded bookstand, expensive to buy, but quite economical if carried out at home.

Advertisement for Fowler's Peppermint Cure, featuring an illustration of a bottle and text describing its benefits for various ailments like diarrhea, dysentery, and cholera.

The Poet's Corner.

SEPTEMBER.

Who doth not love the soft September days When summer lingers lovingly and faint Would say farewell? But with her train Of winged subjects, in the golden haze...

—Blanche Elizabeth Wade.

Henceforth thou hast a helper, me, that know The woman's cause is man's; they rise or sink Together. If she is small, slight-natured, miserable, How shall men grow? But work no more alone!

—Christina G. Rossetti.

THE MENDICANT.

met Him to-day in the wintry street, The Christ on the cross Who died, All hungered and cold in the wind and sleet, With bleeding forehead and hands and feet, And I blindly thrust Him aside.

—The Princess—Tennyson.

THE LONG ROAD.

The long road, ma bouchal, is the road that I must take. Long I've walked the homespans and heard the noisy crake: Now my bird's the curlew, that with its druid call Lures my feet to follow in the safest way of all.

—P. J. Coleman.

ABSENCE.

The shortest absence brings to every thought Of those we love a solemn tenderness, It is akin to death. We now confess, Seeing the loneliness their loss has brought, That they were dearer far than we had taught Ourselves to think. We see that nothing less Than hope of their return could cheer or bless Our weary days. We wonder how for aught Or all of fault in them, we could heed Or anger with their loving presence near, Or wound them by the smallest word or deed. Dear absent love of mine! It did not need Thy absence to tell me thou were dear, And yet the absence maketh it more clear.

—Helen Hunt Jackson.

THE WEAVER.

Beside the loom of life I stand And watch the busy shuttle go; The threads I hold within my hand Make 'up the filling; strand on strand, They slip my fingers through, and so This web of mine fills out apace, While I stand ever in my place.

Some day the web will all be done, The shuttle quiet in its place, From out my hold the threads be run And friends at setting of the sun Will come to look upon my face, And say: "Mistakes she made not few, Yet wove perchance as best she knew."

THE FRUIT OF THE CROSS.

Thou who didst hang upon a barren tree, My God, for me, Though I till now be barren, now at length, Lord, give me strength To bring forth fruit to Thee.

Thou who didst bear for me the crown of thorn, Spitting and scorn; Though I till now have put forth thorns, yet now Strengthen me Thou That better fruit be borne.

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Dear Girls and Boys: I expect all the children down to hard work at certainly did forget me summer, but Harold have set a good example such nice letters. I me small folks who take a this page this summer others are anything like congratulate myself. Auntie has quite a number of pieces as Your loving Auntie

Dear Aunt Becky: I am very sorry to see so deserted, and worst of all from Aunt Becky to have been away down des Chaleurs, where I stay days at grandpa's. I time boating, etc. I of writing to you and see letters from the each week. I am sure school is opened they up again, and if they we we will adopt for now," for if I had written as I thought of doing have had lots of letters am back at school again more than ever. I my dear teacher of last year St. Ann. With love Aunt Becky, and to all cousins, I remain, your nephew West Frampton, Que.

Dear Aunt Becky: This is my first letter, not able to write very well. Nellie is writing for me have written this summer would was away, as we sorry to see so few little the corner. You were continue writing, and how bad we all felt at letter from you this week surely write again. I am going to the convent a told you all about me he says that I must write say good-bye for this evening we all went to and had our tea the aunts and three little of my own brother with my sisters, Stacey and Isa. love, Your little niece Winnie West Frampton, Que.

Some boys they call their Oh, gee! That makes it sounds so stiff and I You bet I call mine De And he's a ripper, too, The boys all wish they A father that would love And love them like my Of course, sometimes, with bills Come in he's mighty m And then we sit as still And bear him jaw, poor It's always over soon, as You bet we all feel glad And then we all climb or And hug and kiss our "You can't have kids too," He says, and so he's g The good Lord made him else He mightn't been our I I don't want to be Presi Like every little tad! When I'm grown up I'd r A nice man just like Da —May Kelly, in New Orleans

FORGETFUL TEDDY. Teddy Johnson is a pro sort of a boy, but he and that a very serious o not give heed to what is and then, in excuse, always forgot. One night he forgot to into the shed, although he told many times not to let the rain washed out red paint and pretty bl making it look faded and Another day he forg home for his dinner, and whole noon hour throwing the frog pond, having a his playmates' lunch.