

HOME INTERESTS.

Conducted by HELENE

Who is the most helpless creature in the living world? A creeping insect, a blind worm, a fledgling bird, a minnow in the stream? None of these; the insect, however tiny, knows his little paths to safety; the worm understands where to seek the shelter of the earth; the little fish is able to capture his food and to escape his foes; the young bird must preen its wings for flight soon after it breaks through the shell. Little cubs and kittens become strong, active, self-dependable within a few weeks after their appearance in the world. The highest form of life is the slowest to ripen and strengthen—the most helpless creature on earth is a human baby.

The little hands are stretched out for help; the little mouth opens piteously in cries for help, and help is at hand in the loving care of father and mother. The wailing infant is comforted; it is guarded against heat and cold, hunger and thirst. Love surrounds it and envelops it, else would it perish miserably.

Then when the little feet grow stronger; they must be guided into safe paths; the little hands must be kept from the finger-burning fires of mischief; the little heart must learn to love those that have so loved and protected it. So it runs from babyhood to blossoming youth. The watchful providence of the parents stands for the higher providence of God. Who loves not his father and his mother loves not the Almighty Father. Who is ungrateful and disrespectful to those who have so loved and cared for him is unworthy to be called a child of God.

CHILDREN'S LETTERS.

Children should be encouraged to write letters. It gives them facility in expressing their ideas, and if the habit is established in childhood it is less difficult in after life. When they leave the old home a regular correspondence is a source of the greatest comfort to both parents and children, and frequent letters help to keep the fraternal tie strong and unbroken between brothers and sisters.

A SAND TABLE.

Every mother who has little children that cannot go to a kindergarten will find a sand table one of the best investments that she can make for their continual entertainment. The sand table is a deep, strong box on stout legs and should be water tight. This is filled with sand to within a few inches of the top and provides a place to dig—to make garden roads, to create hills, mountains and rivers and valleys and with the aid of blocks and the miniature trees to be had at the toy stores to construct cities, filled with architectural beauties and lovely parks.

"GOOD FELLOW" GIRLS.

The "good fellow" girl will lend her money and her clothes to other girls just to show how generous she is. She will spend her money foolishly and get into debt, so that people will not think her mean. In time she will get to despise economy, thrift and prudence, and will fancy it old-fashioned to care for church or Sunday-school. Cheap, loud people will begin to seem to her the only ones to emulate. The quiet refinement that should mark every woman's dress and manner entirely disappears. She doesn't care what people think, not she! She will not take a dare and so becomes known as "one of the boys." What an unpleasant appellation! Almost as hateful as that other name for the "good fellow" girl—"thoroughbred." Some men's idea of a thoroughbred is something exactly opposed to the sort of woman they would choose for a wife. It means loudness of dress and manner, a bold stare, a slangy mode of speech, a general lack of modesty and good taste. Don't try to be a thoroughbred or one of the boys, please. Don't be a good fellow. Be a lady.

USES OF BAKING SODA.

A package of ordinary cooking soda (saleratus) should find a place in the medicine closet, for many are the uses to which it can be put. A handful placed in the hot water in which the feet are bathed will do much to relieve tired or blistered and aching feet. A teaspoonful in half a glass of cold water will relieve a sick stomach, and a little of the soda used instead of tooth powder will keep the teeth free from tartar and beautifully white. Every trace of the soda should be well rinsed off the teeth each time it is used. A generous handful of soda in the bathtub will remove the odor of perspiration, besides strengthening and toning the system. It will also remove blackheads if the parts affected are first moistened and then covered with as much soda as will stick. Leave it on the face until the skin begins to smart and then remove by gently bathing the face with warm water and drying it with a bit of soft old linen. A pinch of soda will often relieve toothache, and when applied to the sting or bite of an insect will allay the pain or itching and heal the slight wound.

WOMEN'S FRIENDSHIPS.

Some people have only themselves to thank that they do not possess more friends. They think they should give a friend hard service as they would a door mat.

A wise woman once wrote the following rules for friends: Give your intimates the same polite treatment you give your acquaintances. Don't use your friend's house as you would a restaurant. Don't rush in at all hours. Don't tell your troubles. Don't find fault. Be liberal with your words of praise.

Don't accept favors you can't or won't return. Don't try to be included in everything. Don't always say that you have something like it when she shows you some new possession. Don't interfere with the management of servants or children. Don't keep your friends waiting. Don't fail them in times of trouble.

Learn to overlook little things and don't be exacting. Help in whatever way you can. Do not try to outdo your friend. Be content to share attention or admiration. Don't preach. Don't talk about yourself. Now, it really would seem, in view of all these rules, that there is more to friendship than most women think.

WALL PAPER BLISTERS.

If a blister is found in wall paper after it is hung take a penknife, carefully slit, then dip a small camel's hair brush in a little paste and paste the cut surface down. Go over the spot lightly with a small hammer, and when the paste is dry the blisters will have disappeared, and the doctoring of the spot will not be suspected. This is the way that professional paper hangers treat blisters in lightweight and light colored papers. If very heavy, embossed or dark colored plain paper were used a different treatment would be necessary.

SUMMER CARE OF PIANOS.

Few people realize the amount of care and attention that a piano needs in the summer time, says the Boston Traveller. In closing a house for the summer it is often considered unnecessary to do more than shut down the top of the piano without taking any precaution against dust, moths, and dampness. Then people wonder why it sounds muffled and out of tune in the fall. In closing a piano for any length of time it should be thoroughly dusted inside as well as out. With a soft brush every particle of dust should be carefully removed from the strings and felts, and other interior portions of the mechanism. For the benefit of the moths fill a small muslin bag with gum camphor and hang it inside the case if it is an upright piano or lay it underneath the strings if it is a grand.

STOCKINGS.

It is suggested that waxing the toe and heel of a stocking will diminish the number of holes to be darned, the principle being the same as waxing thread to make it stronger, stretch the stocking over the darning, melt a paraffin candle and rub thoroughly into the stocking, rubbing it in smoothly with the hand.

RECIPES.

Celery with Brown Sauce.—Trim the stalks of several heads of celery and tie them in bundles and parboil them for fifteen minutes, then drain. Then cover them with a good stock and simmer gently for an hour or until tender. Then drain on a cloth over hot water. Serve on a hot dish with three-cornered croutons of fried bread and pour a rich brown sauce over them. Use the stock in which the celery was boiled for the sauce, adding a little beef extract.



Remodel Right. If you are going to build an addition to the house—change the inside or outside—you ought to know more about metal goods.

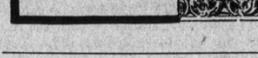
Metal Walls and Ceilings

They are cheaper and better than plaster or wall paper, because they last a lifetime and never need replacing.

They are richly ornamental themselves, and are made in an endless variety of designs.

Write us just what remodeling you intend to do—give measurements of surfaces to be covered—and we will submit suitable designs and estimate of the cost, FREE OF CHARGE.

Metal Shingle & Siding Co. Limited, Preston, Ont.



The keys should be covered with several layers of white tissue paper not only to keep out dust, but to prevent the ivory from becoming yellow. As an extra precaution newspapers should be placed over the strings, and the piano completely covered, if possible, with a rubber spread having a flannel lining. If a piano is to be used all summer, quite as much care is necessary. It should be always kept closed except when actually in use. When there has been a succession of damp, muggy days, advantage should be taken of the first sunny days and the piano left open, with the strings exposed, so that it may thoroughly dry out, for dampness makes the keys stick, muffles the tone and is the cause of other ailments to which a piano is liable.

FUNNY SAYINGS

A young clergyman relates an incident that occurred shortly after he was ordained. He had been called to a small town in central New England, which supported a Methodist church, in addition to his own, the latter being of the Baptist denomination.

One night, a few weeks after his arrival, he was awakened by a woman who implored him to make haste, as her husband was very ill, and had expressed a desire for spiritual consolation. Hurriedly dressing, he accompanied the woman. On the way to her house the minister remarked that the woman's face was unfamiliar to him, and asked if she were a member of his flock.

"Oh, no," was the tearful reply, "I am a Methodist and belong to Mr. Black's congregation, but as John's case is contagious I did not like to ask Mr. Black to come to see him."

HE WAS THE BOY.

A publisher who occupies a loft in Seventeenth street, says the New York Sun, directed one of his clerks to hang out a "Boy Wanted" sign at the street entrance a few days ago. The card had been swinging in the breeze only a few minutes when a red headed little tad climbed to the publisher's office with the sign under his arm.

"Say, mister," he demanded of the publisher, "did youse hang out this here 'Boy Wanted' sign?" "I did," replied the publisher sternly. "Why did you tear it down?"

Back of his freckles the youngster was gazing in wonder at the man's stupidity. "Hully gee!" he blustered, "Why, I'm the boy!" And he was.

CORNERS ON EGGS.

Little Girl.—Have you any fresh eggs? Grocer.—Yes, how many do you want? Little Girl (viewing eggs critically)—Please, sir, these eggs isn't fresh.

Grocer.—Certainly they're fresh, my little girl. Little Girl (persisting)—No, they isn't, 'cause I heard my papa tell my mamma that there's a corner on eggs now, and these is all smooth.

Lawyer.—"Did the prisoner strike the complainant in the heat of passion?" Witness.—"No, sah, in the solah plexum, sah.—Baltimore American.

HE WASN'T BORN.

Bobby was new to the place, and the first morning he went to school the teacher asked for all particulars as to his name, age, etc. To the latter's surprise, Bobby had no idea as to the date on which he was born.

Teacher.—"But how is it you don't know when you were born?" Bobby.—"Please, sir, I wasn't born. I had a stepmother!"

"Ma," said a newspaper man's son, "I know why editors call themselves 'we.'" "Why?" "So's the man that doesn't like the article will think there are too many people for him to tickle."

THE POET'S CORNER

OUR LADY WITHOUT SIN.

Of old, of old, in Galilee, A little maiden dwelt, Whose blessed soul the bitterness Of sin had never felt; Her heart was like the lily buds That open to the sun; Aye, fairer than the fairest flower God ever smiled upon. To her the Holy Spirit came, And dwelt that heart within, To make her His own chosen Bride, Our Ladye without sin.

Of old, of old, to Bethlehem, When winter winds blew wild, A Virgin Mother came to seek A birthplace for her Child; The little town was full of folk, Of bustle and of stir; But, weary-worn and travel-spent, There was no room for her. She turned her to the rocky cave, Both dark and damp within, And there—her Blessed Son she bore, Our Ladye without sin.

Of old, of old, on Calvary, Stood Mary, full of grace; Close to the Cross where Jesus hung, And looked up in His face. Full tenderly our Lord bent down Toward her who gave Him birth, Then placed her in the hands of him He loved the best on earth; So that disciple took her thence, To dwell his home within, And she became our Mother dear, Our Ladye without sin.

Above, above, in Paradise, That city of God's peace, Where evil cannot enter in, Where sorrow hath no use; The silver moon beneath her feet, Our Ladye sits as Queen, Crowned with a starry diadem And clad in glorious sheen. God grant us of His blessed grace, An entrance there to win, That we may see her face to face, Our Ladye without sin. —Edith R. Wilson.

SUNSET.

Soft are the last rays descending Over the woodland and wold, Bathing the earth in their glory, Tinting the hilltops with gold. Gorgeous the sky in its splendor, Ere the proud monarch of light, O'er the dark crest of the mountain Slowly makes way for the night.

So may our lives, all illumined, At twilight descending the slope, Steadily gleam through the shadows, Aglow with the brightness of hope. After the toil of the midday, May clouds of dissension and strife Fade in a glowing horizon, The glorious sunset of life. —Katherine L. Danher.

Nervous Children.

St. Vitus Dance, Neuralgia and Headaches Common Among School Children.

St. Vitus dance is a disease that is becoming more and more frequent among school children. Young people tire the nerves with study and the nerves cry out. Sometimes the trouble takes the form of neuralgia, headache, nervous exhaustion, weakness of the limbs and muscles, and what we call "being run down." In other cases St. Vitus dance is the result, and the sufferer frequently loses all control of the limbs which keep up a constant jerking and twitching. There is only one way to cure this trouble—through the blood which leads and strengthens the nerves. And Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the only medicine that can make the new, rich red blood that feeds the nerves and strengthens every part of the body. The case of Flossie Doan, of Crowland, Ont., proves the value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Mrs. Doan says: "A couple of years ago my daughter Flossie was dangerously afflicted with St. Vitus dance. She became so nervous that after a time we could not let her see even her friends. She could not pick up a dish, lace her shoes, or make any movement to help herself. She had grown thin and very pale, and as she had been treated by several doctors without benefit I feared she would not recover. A friend advised me to give her Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and after she had used a couple of boxes I could see that they were helping her. We gave her nine boxes in all, and by that time she was perfectly well, and every symptom of trouble had passed away and she is now a strong, well developed girl."

If your growing children are weak or nervous, if they are pale and thin, lack appetite or complain of headache or backaches give them Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and see how speedily the rich, red blood these pills make will transform them into bright, active, robust boys and girls. You can get these pills from any medicine dealer or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

MEMORY'S ANSWER.

By Fideles. Dead, do you say? Those days of old, With their pleasant paths and their hearts of gold, With the tears that dried as soon as they fell, With the joys that held us 'neath pleasure's spell, With the smiles that came at each merry word, With the songs the sweetest ear ever heard. Dead? The hearts and the days, beloved so well? Ah, never, while memory throws its spell All over the Past! Outring the chimes From the merry days of the dear "Old Times."

As true and as clear to the heart to-day, As they rang in the lands of the Far Away! When toil grows heavy, and hearts grow sore, We hear the bells from the days of yore, And they never can die, those days of old, With their pleasant paths and their hearts of gold!

LULLABY.

Night comes and with rosy finger tips She covers the sun with her cloak of blue, You are weary, dear child, I have heard her say, "Sweet dreams, sweet dreams to you."

She stills the rustling of leaves and grass And broders them white with dew, And low the brook to the bluebell sings "Sweet dreams, sweet dreams to you."

THE BLUE BIRD.

When God had made a host of them, One little flower still lacked a stem To hold its blossoms blue; So into it He breathed a song, And suddenly with petals strong As wings, away it flew. —John B. Tabb.

The Church and Art.

"The Catholic Church has made art the handmaid of religion," says the Catholic Sentinel. "She has given the inspiration to the noblest reaches of artistic genius. The greatest names of men in the realm of art are the names of men who consecrated their genius to the sublime task of making the canvas or the marble block eloquent with the grand spiritual message of the Catholic faith. The names of Raphael and Michael Angelo are sufficient apology for Catholic art. No man or woman of culture to-day has any sympathy with the sixteenth century Philistines who hewed and hacked and utterly destroyed the priceless legacy of many a century of Catholic art—masterpieces of painting and sculpture that embellish the magnificent cathedrals and churches of England, Scotland and Germany."

Teacher.—"And why are you so late, Tommy?" Tommy.—"If you please, teacher, it is mother's washing day; she lost the lid of the boiler, so I have been sitting on the top to keep the steam in."

OUR B...

Dear Girls and Boys:

It just gives me a new way to feel I have so many friends. Eugene McC. says a real nice garden. Of must take diligent care would not yield him quite turns. He speaks of of little chicks, too, has entered the corner petitor. She is very w deed. I am glad Joseph stories. I always try thing that I am sure the ders will like. What a they must have had at school on Arbor Day, ed to read about Cla specially about his pet l sure he was sorry he save the tiny chicks. I can try with the rest fo Seeing he is such a busy ing hard on the farm, be taken into considera viding he fulfilled the neatly, on one side of estingly, and, as far as regularly. I think should induce her friends for the "True Witness," not then have to wait to school and had the it to the class. Nellie too, and owns twenty-th I tick her time must occupied outside of sch Stella sends her first l rain evidently didn't sp nic, as she seems to herself and had to mill got home. Some o made mention of the ing their First Commu day is always a bright mory in our lives. M friends receive the choic of that day of days is wish of their

Love

Dear Aunt Becky:

We got the True Witn I was pleased to see so I hope we will all contin you have so many nice it. The weather has b and wet that the farme little grain sowed. I their potatoes planted is coming the 24th of t bless the bells for our l He will not give Confir later. The children their first Communion next. Sister Lizzie is make hers. I hope yo get I am writing just to get the book, for I like all the cousins very mu Your nephew,

Granby, May 11.

Dear Aunt Becky:

I was so glad to see letters last week. We the True Witness, so I till the teacher brought and read them for us. to start Catechism i When I come home from busy making flower bed round and some long, a asters and poppies. are up, but the asters yet. I have a doll. hair and I call her Sus over to the woods this got a bunch of May flo teacher. I have twent chickens, and I feed morning before I go to my letter is getting say good-bye.

Your loving niece

Lonsdale, May 10.

Dear Aunt Becky:

I think all the boys be very eager to writ to win your nice prize like to win it, but would not have time to And help my brothers