

HOME INTERESTS.

Conducted by HELENE.

Only pity can be felt for the woman who "digs" all day and never seems to accomplish anything. Being systematic greatly lessens the labor of housework. In sweeping, for instance, plan to take one morning to sweep the parlor and library. This with other routine work is all that can be accomplished in one morning without overdoing. The next morning the bedrooms, and bathroom perhaps, may be cleaned, and on the day following the dining-room and kitchen, including the polishing of silverware. The woman who goes about her work in this manner is usually possessed of a placid disposition. Time deals gently with her, her face is not disfigured with lines caused by fret and worry, she is never a "whiner," and can be found on any afternoon prettily attired. Physicians unanimously agree that there is no exercise which causes a more perfect development of all the muscles than sweeping. It stirs the sluggish blood into circulation, and when done sanely and wisely will improve the wielder of the broom mentally and physically.

SELF CONTROL.

Mothers need to discriminate. Harshness and severity should never be meted out to the child who is the victim of an accident. With the utmost admiration I remember the perfect poise and unbroken calm of a sweet woman whose little girl had the misfortune to knock over a very costly vase which had for her mother precious associations connected with her wedding journey in the far east. The vase stood on a table where it had been placed after having been shown to guests, who had gazed at it almost with envy. In came little Barbara, her doll in her arms; her foot caught on a rug, and she slipped on the polished floor. She threw out a hand to save herself falling, and, lo, the vase lay in fragments at her feet. "Never mind, Barbara," said the mother gently, "you did not mean to do it. I am so glad you are not hurt and that even dolly has not a scratch." The object lesson of self control was worth going far to see, and its effect would never be lost on the character formation of the little daughter.—Margaret E. Sangster, in Woman's Home Companion.

THE BODICE BELT.

The tailor's secret of making a bodice belt defy the sagging effects of time and frequent wear is a very simple one. Whether the belt be made at home or purchased in the shop the little finishing touch may be applied with excellent results. Those that are bought ready made have usually the whalebone in the back—sometimes there are even three converging to a V at the waist line and widening at the top. There is also one on either side in front. But the real stay that will make your belt shapely throughout its lifetime is the waistband—like that used inside any ordinary bodice. This is fastened to the belt just where the belt fastens. These should be supplemented by a bone halfway between the front and back, just where the gathers begin to widen. Where those three bones are placed in the back. It fits snugly, bears the strain and saves the soft silk or satin from the stretching process certain to come in the course of a few wearings.

MODES OF THE MOMENT.

Dainty bow ties of cambric are smart bits of neckwear. In thin materials for evening gowns the printed or so-called hand painted organdies and gauzes are still much in evidence. Diaphanous materials will be the reigning fashion in all costumes—formal or informal—where they can possibly be used the coming summer.

Black velvet trimming is playing rather an important part upon the first spring frocks, and a touch of it seems likely to be used upon almost any material or any model.

No one need have any hesitation in

having chiffon broadcloth gowns made up, as the material will be as much worn not only this spring, but the coming autumn as ever before.

The newest thing in shirt waists is one of the white linen with soft turndown collar and elbow sleeves finished with a flaring cuff. It is fastened in front and has a pocket. Worn with a navy blue or red silk tie, it is exceedingly smart.—New York Times.

MOTHERS SHOULD TEACH THE LITTLE ONES TO BE HELPFUL IN THE HOME.

Children may early be taught to be helpful in the home. Mothers often have the mistaken idea that they are infringing upon the child's right to a happy childhood by requiring of it the many little acts of helpfulness that mean so much to a tired, overburdened mother. I know a mother who has turned dishwashing into an amusement, eagerly looking forward to, by simply teaching her three little girls to regard it as a game in which the plates, cups and saucers, spoons, knives and forks, etc., are supposed to be enjoying surf bathing at the seashore. When the dishes are exceedingly dirty, which usually happens at dinner time, the soapy, foamy surf dashes over them from the dishwasher's expert hands, and the life-saving crew in the shape of two active little dish wipers work heroically to rescue them and bring them safely to shore. One gives them a brisk wiping to prevent taking cold; the other polishes them and sets them in orderly rows in the closet life saving station.

The children daily add some interesting feature to the game. They have their favorite dishes, whose pretty bathing suits require the utmost care. These are usually the delicate china dishes. Occasionally they have visiting dishes. This occurs when mamma has an unexpected guest at lunch or dinner.—Mothers' Magazine.

PIANO ORNAMENTATION.

One word as to the decorating of the top of the piano: Don't. Too much ornamentation is destructive to tone quality. You may have observed that on striking a certain note it gives out a ringing metallic sound. After puzzling over the phenomenon for awhile you at length discover that the sound is due to the presence of a jewelled photograph frame which you thought added so much to the ornamentation of the instrument. But if you love a good toned piano better than you do bric-a-brac you will cease to litter your instrument with picture frames, curios and statuettes, no matter how well they show off, no matter how empty the piano looks without them. Nor is your instrument complete nowadays without the side cabinet for music.

HOW TO WASH A FLANNEL BLOUSE.

To wash a flannel blouse is not a difficult task even for an inexperienced person; but, like everything of its kind, it needs a little care to prevent the blouse shrinking. First make some soap jelly and dissolve two tablespoonsful of it in half a gallon of warm water. Add one teaspoonful of ammonia, and put the blouse in this, letting it soak for about ten minutes. Wash the blouse in the usual way, taking care to rub the parts which are most soiled. No soap must be rubbed on the blouse. Squeeze the water and wash in fresh water prepared in the same way. Put it through the wringer, then rinse it in clean, tepid water to which ammonia has been added in the same proportion as to the lather. Again put it through the wringer, fold it evenly, and pass it through again and yet again. By taking this precaution the moisture will nearly all be pressed out of the flannel, and it will only require to hang out for a short while.

TIMELY HINTS.

No matter how badly burned on the bottom the contents may be, put a tablespoonful of washing soda into the pan, add a quart of water

CURED HIS WIFE of LA GRIPPE

Quebec Man tells how the Great Consumptive Preventative was an all-round Benefit

"My wife took La Grippe when she was in Ottawa," says R. N. Dufresne of Northfield Farm, Que., in an interview. "She got a bottle of Psychine and after using it for a few days she was quite well. I took a cold and am using it and am getting all right. I think Psychine is one of the best tonics on the market to-day."

There you have the whole matter in a nutshell. La Grippe and colds are among the forerunners of consumption. This man had one, his wife had the other. Psychine not only cured both but it built them up so that their bodies are strong enough to resist disease. All seeds of consumption are killed by

PSYCHINE

(Pronounced Si-keen)

50c. Per Bottle

Larger sizes \$1 and \$2—all druggists. DR. T. A. SLOCUM, Limited, Toronto.

and set on the back of the range to heat. Shake the pan gently occasionally, and in a couple of hours the burned particles will dissolve in the water.

A good bleacher is made by boiling one pound of soda in a quart of water. Add a packet of chloride of lime, strain and bottle, and discolored doorsteps and tables that are a bad color may be cleaned with the fluid. Well brush over and leave for the night, then wash well off in the morning.

To clean decanters, cut some soft brown paper into little squares, soap them well, roll up into little balls, and put into the decanter with a few little pieces of soda; half fill with warm water, shake thoroughly for a few minutes, empty out the paper and soapy water, rinse in clean water, when they will be found clean and bright.

Lisle thread stockings should be washed in tepid water tinted with a little blue, and soap should only be used for the feet. Rinse in clean water, allowing a piece of ammonia the size of a bean to every gallon of water. Dry quickly in fresh air, but not in the sun. If this is impossible roll up tightly and wring in a clean cloth, letting a fold of the cloth come between each fold of the stocking.

When interrupted while frying in deep fat, drop a crust of dry bread into the fat to prevent its burning.

RECIPES.

Squares of Delight—Boil two pounds of sugar and one pint of water together until a little dropped into cold water can be rolled into a brittle ball. Moisten ten ounces of cornstarch with enough water from a pint to make a thin paste. Heat the remainder of the water to the boiling point, and add it, with a pound of powdered sugar, to the dissolved cornstarch, and cook over the fire for ten minutes after the paste is clear. Slowly pour it into the sugar syrup, add a quarter of a pound of strained honey and a quarter of an ounce of powdered tartaric acid. Flavor with rose, or any other fruit flavoring, and add half a pound of chopped almonds. Return to the fire and cook until it will not adhere to the fingers when lightly touched. Cool in an oiled straight-sided pan, and when cold cut in squares with a sharp knife.

Coffee Fruit Cake—Beat to a cream two eggs, half a cupful of butter, and one cupful of sugar. When these ingredients are properly mingled add half a cup of New Orleans molasses, stirring it in well. Next add one teaspoonful each of powdered cinnamon, mace and cloves. Stir them well through the mixture; dissolve a teaspoonful of baking soda in half a cup of cold coffee and stir it in; then chop rather coarsely a cupful of seeded raisins; dust them well with flour; sift two cupfuls of flour in a bowl and stir in a little at a time, sprinkling the raisins in, and stirring them in, a few at a time, as you stir in the flour; line two medium sized cake tins with well-buttered tissue paper, and put half the cake batter in each tin; bake in a slow oven till a broom splint may be thrust into the cake without dough sticking to it.

Cheese Salad—A novel cheese salad which will be appreciated at the close of dinner is made by creaming together with a silver fork cottage cheese and a little sweet cream. Season generously with salt and paprika and mix with chopped ripe olives, about half the quantity of olives to

ing the proper proportion. Shape into croquettes and serve very cold on crisp chert leaves with mayonnaise.

Wear Trade Mark D. Suspenders, guaranteed. Price, 50c.

FUNNY SAYINGS

HE ANNOUNCED HIS INTENTIONS.

A young man and his lady-love attended a protracted meeting which was being held in the village church. Arriving late they found the church filled, but a gentleman arose and gave the lady his seat, while the young man was ushered far away to another part of the building.

The service grew warm and impressive. "Will those who want our prayers please stand up?" said the preacher. At this juncture the young man thought it was getting late and he would get his sweetheart and go home, but not just knowing where she sat he rose to his feet and looked over the audience.

The minister, mistaking his intentions, asked: "Young man, are you seeking salvation?" To which the young man responded: "At present I am seeking Sal Jackson!"

WHAT MORE COULD SHE EXPECT.

Old Mrs. Simmers was well-to-do, but parsimonious. She attended all church meetings regularly, but her contributions to the collection-plate would certainly have enriched no one.

One Sunday morning the old lady took her little grandson to church with her. The boy watched everything with bright and hawklike eyes and he took a deep interest in the discussion that followed at home later, during dinner.

"How was the sermon?" asked Mrs. Simmers' daughter.

"Poor," said Grandma Simmers, emphatically, "mighty poor."

"But, Grandma," said the little boy, interrupting her quietly, "what could you expect for a penny?"

HER PRIVILEGE TO CHOOSE.

"I would like something in oil for my dining-room," said the richly-dressed owner of a new house.

"Yes, madam," replied the obliging salesman; "our variety is unlimited—will you have a painting or a box of sardines?"

SHE WAS BUSY.

A lady came down from upstairs and asked the manager of the hotel if she could get a glass of water at once.

"Why, certainly, madam," said the manager, filling up a glass from the water-cooler.

Two minutes after she was back in the office again.

"I don't like to trouble you," she said, "but could I get another glass of water right away?"

"No trouble at all, madam," said the manager, handing her another glass.

Two minutes later she appeared again. This time she asked for two glasses.

"Certainly, madam," said the affable manager, "but could I inquire what you are doing with so much water?"

"Well," she said, "I don't want to frighten you, but my room is on fire and I am trying to put it out."

Healthy Blood Best Germicide

YOU CAN PREVENT AS WELL AS CURE DISEASE BY KEEPING THE BLOOD PURE AND RICH WITH

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food

"Healthy blood is the most powerful germicide extant," said Sir William Collins recently, in a lecture on "The Man vs. The Microbe."

This well-known authority proceeds to show how much more successfully disease can be combated by keeping the blood pure and rich than by isolating into the system one set of poisonous germs to fight the other germs of disease.

THE POET'S CORNER

THE MOTHERS.

When from the Mount the Virgin went—

The awful Mount of Calvary—
Her slender form was weak and bent—

"Thy sorrow is too great for thee,
Ah, thou hast tasted bitter wine,"
Gethsemane is His and thine,"

Then came a woman through the gloom,
Her eyes like shadows in the light
Of torches on the Mount of doom—

She seemed a lost ghost in the night,
Her white hair hung unkempt and dank,
From her the Magdalen, scornful,

As one who sees a loathely sight.
Then Mary, Mother, sped as fast
As mothers go when young babes cry

(O gentle heart! O love so vast!)
And kissed the woman's eyelids dry;
"O thou to my eyes raise thy face!"

"Not I most cursed of all the race—
I in whose soul all hope is past—"

"To thine my sorrow is as naught,"
The Mother said. The woman wept,
"I Judas bore!" The soldiers caught

The words, and spat. "Yea, him I kept
Safe in my arms, heart to my heart,
His shame and death are my part

In life." Her shrieks o'er all sounds swept.
The gracious John looked stern and cold,
He tried to part the close-linked pair,

But still the Mother would enfold
The woman of the wild despair—
"My Son is Mercy—thou shalt see
The boy that laughed upon thy knee."

Said Magdalen, "The traitor sold—"
"Hugh, hush, O friend—my Life, my Sun!
I see the spear," the Mother said,
"And I will ask the spear pierced One

For this for thee—when thou liest dead,
Thou from thy woe shalt find release,
The torture of thy heart shall cease,
Him thou shalt meet." "Ah, is't well done,"

Said Magdalen, "to give him peace?"
—Maurice Francis Egan, in New York Sun.

And this is what we have been claiming for Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and what we have been backing up by the testimony of worthy people in all parts of the country.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food prevents disease as well as cures it because it contains in condensed form new, rich blood and nerve force.

Especially at this time of year when the system has become run down and the blood weakened the majority of people find it necessary to use some treatment in order to enrich and purify the blood and increase the vigor of the body.

Neglect to assist Nature at this trying time means that you leave yourself liable to attack by all sorts of disease germs. It also means that, instead of accomplishing your work with pleasure and success, and enjoying life, you drag yourself about, feel miserable and by your irritability bring unhappiness to all associated with you.

Some of the most common indications of a run-down system are headaches, sleeplessness, indigestion, and a general lack of energy and vitality.

No treatment we know of so thoroughly overcomes these symptoms as Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and you can prove its remarkable blood-forming, tissue-building qualities by noting your increase in weight while using it.

If you would feel strong and well and avoid the ill and weakness so common at this season, enrich your blood and revitalize your nerves by the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, 6 boxes for \$2.50, at all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

NO LATITUDE IN IRELAND.

This is one of Bourke Cochran's Irish stories: "There was an Irish schoolmaster who was examining a class in geography one day. 'Now, my lad,' he said to a clever little chap, 'tell us what latitude is.' The clever little lad smiled and answered, 'Latitude' is to be in Ireland."

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KINSHIP.

If life should give me all and take my pain;

If every secret longing of my heart
That in my loneliness I tell apart
Were so to be fulfilled—tell me, what then?

If all my dreaming should be dream
No more,
If I accomplished what I strove to do,

And roses blossomed on my branching rue,
And my fair hopes came true for evermore?

What then, what then? If Love should come in might
And with his sunshine drive all clouds away;

If sorrow nevermore should come my way,
And all that seemed so wrong at last be right?

Tell me, what then? Ah, lonely then for aye!

Left with no longing, with no pain or doubt,
Alien to all the suffering about—
Forgetting how to dream, or do, or die,

—Hildegard Hawthorne, in Harper's Magazine.

ALL IS WELL.

God reigns and all is well!
No sparrow falls, no flower lives its day
Without his loving care that guards always.

Who shall His wonders tell?
The stream of living water ever flows,
The wilderness shall blossom as the rose.

Love conquers death and hell.
His love accepts His children's sacrifice,
To blend with angel-tones our praises rise.

Our souls of triumph swell.
None asks in vain for help to bear the cross,
The poverty of life, the pain of loss,

The solemn passing-bell,
Of youthful hopes their knell Rings in our hearts, yet love and mercy sweet
In benediction make our lives complete.

God reigns and all is well!
—Martha A. Kidder.

In the Art Market

Andrew Carnegie has offered \$300,000 for the famous painting by Rubens of "St. John Interceding for the Rich Man at the Gate of Paradise."

Russell Sage is negotiating for the well-known Millais entitled "The Lost Piece of Money."

President Hageman, of the Metropolitan Life, has authorized the purchase, if possible, of Reynolds' "The Age of Innocence," now in the National Gallery.

John D. Rockefeller has purchased a recently restored canvas by Titoretti, "The Wide Virgins Who Filled Their Lamps With Oil."

Barney Oldfield has added "The Destruction of Tyre" to his gallery.

James Hazen Hyde has purchased Dubufe's celebrated work, "The Prodigal Son."

J. Ogden Armour has acquired "The Hard of Swine," by Riviere, and will loan it to the Chicago Art Institute.

Faith of the Irish.

Leo XIII. said that the Irish are the most Catholic people on the face of the globe; Cardinal Manning declared that St. Patrick, through his spiritual children, did more for the Church than any other saint, with the exception of St. Paul; and now comes Cardinal Vincenzo Vannutelli with testimony equally flattering to the children of Erin. At the St. Patrick's Day banquet in the Irish College, Rome, he said, as reported by the Rome correspondent of the Catholic Standard and Times: "I have been sent on missions by the Holy See to various parts of Europe, both in Oriental and Occidental churches, but I never witnessed anything approaching to the devotion of the Irish to the Church, their genuine goodness, their loyalty to the Word of Christ. When St. Patrick first came and converted Ireland, he made the Irish take a national oath to be true to the Church and to the Pope, and I have seen the same oath taken by the Irish people in every part of the world."

Dear Girls and Boys:

This is something like a lot of nice little friends I do hope I will never be lonely in the Corner as very sorry to hear of Wi-

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Dear Aunt Becky:

How much you must when you offer a prize writing to you. How to see you. I do not old. I think you just fun. You will have

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Warden, P.Q., May

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