

HOME INTERESTS.

Conducted by HELENE.

If women dress to please men, they will always be gowned simply, appropriately, more quietly and consequently more becomingly than if they wear their clothes for the benefit of women.

OLD FURNITURE.

Pieces of furniture that are undesirable in design, finish or covering and yet cannot be discarded from motives of economy may be entirely hidden and rendered quite attractive by slip covers of pretty material.

AN HOUR WITH MOTHER.

"One of the happiest memories of my little girlhood," said a mature woman, "is of that hour between the dusk and the daylight, when the night was beginning to lower, when we all sat around my mother in the sitting room waiting for lamplight time, and telling stories.

IN FASHION'S MIRROR.

Parasols of leaf green taffeta are both pretty and restful. A decided liking is shown for the new shade of gray called mole.

Separate bodices of pongee are unusually smart this season. There will be many plain coats worn with plaid or checked skirts during the early spring.

CULTURE OF FERNS.

Few need to be told of the infinite variety and beauty of form and exquisite shades and tints which are to be found in the fern class of plants.

One of the essentials is a good supply of water, and to enable the soil to withstand the effects of frequent watering without being turned sour all pots or other receptacles should be exceptionally well drained and the soil itself made extremely porous.

A frequent cause of disaster to ferns of delicate root action is overpotting and using too deep a body of soil in the pots. A good depth of soil may be suitable for some of the strong growing perishes, but for delicate adiantums and all ferns that spread themselves by creeping as rhizomes, it is especially wrong to pot or plant in a big body of soil.

All potting should be carried out in spring just as the new fronds of the year are about to appear. In splitting plants be careful that each division is well provided with roots and crown, so that they will soon make a good and shapely plant.

The soil used in potting may be half fibrous loam, broken up as roughly as can be used, with leaf mold, earth and sand in equal proportions. The whole should be incorporated with finely broken brick or charcoal.

Ferns may be raised from spores, the operation being a somewhat delicate one. Shallow pans should be filled with rocks, and on these should be placed a few thin layers of lumpy soil. Press the soil flat, watering well, and then place over the surface a few fronds which are well supplied with ripe brown spores.

TEMPTING THE APPETITE.

With spring one longs for something to give zest to the appetite. To supply this craving the home cook is taking lessons in the making of vegetable and fruit salads.

One of the most popular on the list, especially advocated on account of its medicinal value, is made from grape fruit with a French dressing in which there is the least suspicion of garlic. Just a rub of the dish with this pungent tasting bulb, and you have that indefinable something which tickles the palate and constitutes one of the tricks of gastronomy.

Other salads on the list are made from celery, the stalks being sliced thin and laid on lettuce; string beans cooked and cold; spinach, oysters and grape fruit; banana and orange and the apple and English walnuts, commonly known as the Waldorf salad.

HIS WIFE'S LUNGS BOTH AFFECTED

But the Great Consumptive Preventive brought Health and Happiness to his Home

"Our doctor said there was no cure for my wife as both her lungs were affected," says Mr. L. H. Walter, of Pearl Street, Brockville, Ont. "It was a sad disappointment to us both, just starting out in life, only married a short time. But before she had finished the first bottle of Psychine the pain in her lungs quickly went away, and after taking six bottles Mrs. Walter was a new creature and perfectly well again."

That is just one of the many families into which Psychine has brought hope, health and happiness. It is a living proof that Psychine cures Consumption. But don't wait for Consumption. Cure your LaGrippe, your Cough, your Bronchitis, your Catarrh, or your Pneumonia with the remedy that never fails—

PSYCHINE

(Pronounced Si-keen)

50c. Per Bottle

Larger sizes 81 and 82—all druggists.

DR. T. A. SLOCUM, Limited, Toronto.

TIMELY HINTS.

When cleaning a looking glass, first rub the surface with a little methylated spirit, then sprinkle it with powdered blue. Wipe this off and polish well with a silk duster.

To clean old oak, whether furniture or paneling, dust it thoroughly and then wash it with warm beer, using a soft brush for carvings. Meanwhile boil together two quarts of beer, one ounce of beeswax and one ounce of moist brown sugar until the wax and sugar are perfectly dissolved.

Cologne dropped on a handkerchief and held under the eyes will remove the dark lines that come from fatigue. It is an excellent plan to use delicately-scented soaps as sachet bags. One can purchase soaps of almost any perfume, and two or three of these in a drawer of lingerie will be much more lasting than sachet powder.

RECIPES.

Mustard-Delicious mustard is made by first slicing an onion in a bowl and covering it with vinegar. Let this stand forty-eight hours, when pour off the vinegar into another bowl, add a little red pepper, salt, sugar and enough dry mustard to thicken to a cream. The proportions should be a teaspoonful of the pepper and salt and twice that of sugar, but tastes differ somewhat as to the quantity of sweet used.

Spaghetti Timbals.—Boil two ounces of spaghetti in plenty of salted, boiling water for thirty minutes or until tender. Drain. Make a cream sauce and mix with one pint of finely-chopped and well-seasoned meat. Grease the timbal molds, line with the spaghetti, and fill with the meat and sauce. Stand in a pan filled with hot water to the height of one-half the molds and bake in a moderate oven for twenty-five minutes. Serve with sauce.

Stuffed Prunes.—Wash half a pound of fine, large prunes. Put in a saucepan, cover with cold water and soak two hours or more; then cook in the same water until soft. When nearly cooked, add sugar to sweeten and a spoonful of lemon juice. When done, remove the seeds and replace with a blanched almond. Chill thoroughly.

Curried Apples.—Choose tart cooking apples and cut in half the round way, removing the core. Make a cream by beating together one cupful of dark brown sugar, half a cup of butter, and a teaspoonful of curry powder. Spread cut side by side of the apples with this mixture, filling in the hollows left by the removal of the cores. Bake in a quick oven, observing the usual directions for baking apples.

FUNNY SAYINGS

"My sisters sing 'Il Trovatore' in five sharps."

"Mine sang it in six flats, but they made her move out of every one of them."

THE GIRL HE LEFT BEHIND.

There is a public library in Baltimore that has a regulation by which any member wanting a particular book which is not "in" can, by paying a small sum, secure the next turn, and upon the book's coming in, the librarian sends him a notification.

In this connection an attaché of the library tells of an amusing incident. A member desired a copy of a novel entitled "The Girl He Left Behind Him." The book, not being in, he made the customary deposit, and in due course received a notification. This the member's wife received to her alarm at first—for it read as follows:

"Mr. Blank is informed that 'The Girl He Left Behind Him' is now in the library and will be kept for him till Friday morning next."—Success Magazine.

Teacher—Johnny, can you tell me anything you have to be thankful for in the past year?

Johnny (without hesitation)—Yes, sir.

Teacher—Well, Johnny, what is it?

Johnny—Why, when you broke your arm you couldn't cane us for two months.

Aunt—Now, Charles, you must be a very good boy. You have a nice new brother. Aren't you pleased?

Charles—Oh, I don't know. It's always the way; just as I'm getting on in the world competition begins.

FATHER'S FORGOTTEN CLASSICS.

John was home from college for the Christmas holidays, and one of the things that struck the impressionable young man was that Dora Mason, the daughter of a near neighbor, had during his absence changed from a tomboyish schoolgirl into a very beautiful young woman. His father had also noticed it.

KIPLING TABOOED.

Mother—"Don't you dare use such language! I'm ashamed of you!"

Bright Boy—"Why, ma, Kipling uses it, and he's—"

"He does? Then don't you ever play with him again."

MILBURN'S LAXA-LIVER PILLS

are mild, sure and safe, and are a perfect regulator of the system. They gently unlock the secretions, clear away all effete and waste matter from the system, and give tone and vitality to the whole intestinal tract, curing Constipation, Sick Headache, Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Coated Tongue, Foul Breath, Jaundice, Heartburn, and Water Brash.

THE POET'S CORNER

THE PROPHET LOST IN THE HILLS AT EVENING.

Strong God which made the topmost stars To circulate and keep their course; Remember me; whom all the bars Of sense and dreadful fate enforce.

Above me in your heights and tall, Impassable the summits freeze, Below the haunted waters call Impassable beyond the trees.

I hunger and I have no bread, My gourd is empty of the wine, Surely the footsteps of the dead Are shuffling thickly close to mine.

It darkens, I have lost the ford There is a change on all things made. The rocks have evil faces, Lord, And I am awfully afraid.

Remember me! The Voids of Hell Expand enormous all around. Strong friend of souls, Emmanuel, Protect me out of cursed ground.

The long descent of wasted days, To these at last have led me down; Remember that I filled with praise The meaningless and doubtful ways That lead to an eternal town.

I challenged and I kept the Faith, The secret path alone I trod; It darkens, Stand about my wraith, And harbor me—Almighty God.

—Hilaire Belloc, in The Speaker.

WHAT IS THAT IN THINE HAND?

My hands were filled with many things, That I did precious hold, As any treasure of a king's, Silver, or gems, or gold.

The Master came, and touched my hands— The scars were in His own; And at His feet my treasures sweet Fell shattered one by one.

"I must have empty hands," saith He, "Wherewith to work My works through thee."

My hands were stained with marks of toil Defiled with dust of earth; And I my work did ofttime soil, And render little worth.

The Master came and touched my hands, And crimson were His own; And when, amazed, on mine I gazed, Lo, every stain was gone.

"I must have cleansed hands," said He, "Wherewith to work My works through thee."

My hands were growing feverish, And cumbered with much care; Trembling with haste and eagerness, Nor folded off in prayer.

The Master came and touched my hands, With healing in His own, And calm and still to do His will They grew—the fever gone.

"I must have quiet hands," said He, "Wherewith to work My works through thee."

My hands were strong with fancied strength, But not in power divine; And bold to take up tasks at length That were not His, but mine.

The Master came and touched my hands, And mighty were His own; But mine since then have powerless been,

—Frederick George Scott.

A Protestant's Protest.

The other day the inventory was taken in the little village church of Billiere, France, almost a suburb of Pau, the winter station in the Pyrenees so much frequented by the English. The church and presbytery lie on the side of a smiling little hill overlooking the English gold ground and the vast plane of the Gave. To protest against the odious and sacrilegious proceedings, the faithful were assembled in the church—the Catholic gentry, the peasantry, and the working people. The Government's agent pursued his task while the faithful were engaged in prayer.

Save His are laid thereon.

"And it is only thus," said He, "That I can work my works through thee."

When is the golden time? you ask— The golden time of love, The time when earth is green beneath

And skies are blue above, The time for sturdy health and strength, The time for happy play—

When is the golden hour? you ask— I answer you. "To-day."

To-day, that from the Maker's hand Slips on the great world sea, As staunch as ever ship that launched

To sail eternally; To-day, that waits to you and me A breath of Eden's prime That greets us, glad, and large and free—

It is the golden time. For yesterday hath veiled her face, And gone as far away As sands that swept the pyramids In Egypt's ancient day.

No man shall look on yesterday, Or trust with her again, Forever gone, her toils, her prayers Her conflicts and her pain.

To-morrow is not ours to hold, May never come to bless Or blight our lives with weal or ill, With gladness or distress.

No man shall clasp to-morrow's hand, Nor catch her on the way; For when we reach To-morrow's land She'll be, by then, To-day.

You ask me for the golden time; I bid you "seize the hour," And fill it full of earnest work While yet you have the power.

To-day the golden time for joy, Beneath the household eaves; To-day the royal time for work, For "bringing in the sheaves."

To-day the golden time for peace, For fighting olden feuds; For sending forth from every heart Whatever sin intrudes.

To-day the time to concentrate Your life to God above; To-day the time to banish hate, The golden time for love.

—Margaret E. Sangster.

THE WAYSIDE CROSS.

A wayside cross at set of day Unto my spirit thus did say:

"O soul, my branching arms you see Point four ways to infinity.

"One points to infinity above, To show the height of heavenly love.

"Two points to infinite width, which shows That heavenly love no limit knows.

"One points to infinite beneath, To show God's love is under death.

"The four arms join, an emblem sweet That in God's heart all loves will meet."

I thanked the cross as I turned away, For such sweet thoughts in the twilight grey.

—Frederick George Scott.

OUR B...

Dear Boys and Girls:

Such a number of letters I wish you could give how delighted I was to receive such a batch at the small things do you Your kind teacher in course all out of the "True ed. Already I am asking wonder will they keep it I will tell you the idea I mind for some time. I (and big folks, too), courage, so I thought to be nice to give some kind to the one who writes to regularly. To the best or girl, who sends a week containing good neatly written on one from date of next issue until Sept. 1, will be nice book. Remember, and neatness, after rep sending, will be of count taken into account. On the letters have been fair there were cases when they were very careless. Let ambitious you will all be letters not later than 5

Your loving, AUNT BECKY.

Dear Aunt Becky,— I should have written fore but my dear man 15 of last March and was eighteenth. She was just bed and we did not 1 night before she died I was, when the doctor s give us no hope which ble shock to us, Th just as the clock was my poor mama died, at her bedside. There one hundred carriages, funeral to the church. lonely without her. I Winnifred or Harold D. would write to the corn they are cousins apart t ner relationships and their people to know o mamma's death. I have older than myself I a girl, I was fifteen last I have 5 sisters and bro than myself, the young she will be a year old May. I will now close is getting pretty long love to all the cousins. Your affectio M. EDN

Kensington, Que.

Dear Aunt Becky: I read some letters w the paper and I thoug try and write one. I third book. I have a in one day, and I have miles to walk to school six come with me. We at Easter. I had a lot long hide-and-seek in the it did not seem long to had to go to school. I lot of fun at school wolf and lamb. It will until summer holidays, have to work at home. Your loving ne

Lonsdale, April 25.

Dear Aunt Becky: I suppose you thought going to write. I go t the time, and have lots did not have much sn ter to sleigh-ride. We of holidays at Easter, away from home for a in the third book. name is Miss Annie W have not a very large went to church Easter have one sister, Nellie, ing to you also. My b is Harry. We have a dog and when there is we would put our hand a bank, and he would d the bank. After we con school we all go out t and play cross tag in t then gather the eggs. have told you all the n Your loving nee

Lonsdale, April 25.