

HOME INTERESTS.

Conducted by HELENE.

"It is not the work that tires you at all; it is the way you do it," said a wise counsellor to a discouraged and broken down school teacher.

than two of these little balls of yellow fluffiness snuggled up in a nest. The knowledge, too, that under it is a satin lined box full of candy helps to make it the more convincing.

EASTER CUSTOMS.

Some of the old Easter customs in England are curiously barbaric, and even at the present time the observance of this particular festival is surrounded with more or less superstition, just enough to lend it the charm of mystery.

Among the earliest of Easter customs are the following: At Queen's College, Oxford, a herring placed by the cook to simulate a man on horseback is set on a corn salad and brought to the table.

It was erstwhile a habit in English towns for the boys after the Easter service to run into the street and snatch the buckles from the shoes of the girls whom they were able to catch.

Easter Monday, however, it was turn about, and the women chased the men. If the men refused to pay a sixpence or happened to wear boots the women tried to snatch their hats, and to recover a hat cost a sixpence.

In some old towns great cakes were brought to church and there divided among the young people. A singular Easter custom was that of "lifting and weaving."

Edward I. was lifted in his bed by his ladies and maids of honor, and a record shows the payment made by him to have been some \$2000 in sixpences.

Even the sun, it is said, dances on Easter day.

TIMELY HINTS.

To mend broken glass melt a little isinglass in spirits of wine, add a small quantity of water, and warm the mixture gently over a moderate fire.

Varnish or paint stains on coarse fabrics may be dissolved by saturating with turpentine. Use alcohol if in a fine fabric.

Apples will not turn dark when pared if dropped into water to which lemon juice has been added.

HIS WIFE'S LUNGS BOTH AFFECTED

But the Great Consumptive Preventative 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.

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.

PSYCHINE 50c. Per Bottle

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

Kitchen paints will soon acquire a shabby, dull look from the frequent cleaning that is necessary in this room. The use of soap only increases the difficulty, especially if the paints are varnished.

RECIPES.

Orange and Nut Salad—Divide the oranges in sections, remove the skin and seeds, and cut the sections in halves. Roll the pieces in ground walnut meats.

Springles—Beat four eggs for ten minutes with a pound of granulated sugar, set aside for an hour, then add a tablespoonful of lemon extract and a teaspoonful of hartshorn.

Spanish Omelet.—Chop fine one green pepper from which the seeds and stems have been removed, two medium sized tomatoes, one small onion, a spring of parsley, three thin slices of fried bacon, and five mushrooms; add a tablespoonful of butter, season with salt, and simmer for fifteen minutes.

Coffee Bavarian Cream—Put three heaping tablespoonful of freshly ground coffee into a pint of boiling milk. Make a strong infusion, strain it through a little salt bag which has been previously boiled, and add to it the beaten yolks of four eggs mixed with an even cup of sugar.

Potatoes on the Half Shell.—Bake large smooth potatoes of uniform size until they yield to the pinching fingers. Divide each carefully in half, lengthwise.

As mildew develops more rapidly under certain climatic conditions, so with cancer in the human body.

There are certain conditions that favor its development and when these conditions cease to exist the cancer gradually disappears.

CANCER

FUNNY SAYINGS

SHE SAID IT.

A visitor of noble birth was expected to arrive at a large country house in the North of England, and the daughter of the house, aged seven, was receiving final instructions from her mother.

"And now, dear," she said, "when the Duke speaks to you, do not forget always to say 'your Grace'."

Judge of his surprise when the little girl solemnly closed her eyes and with clasped hands exclaimed: "For what we are about to receive may we be truly thankful, amen."

THE HIGHEST PRICE IN THE STORE.

A rich American woman visited a Japanese art shop in Paris. It happened to be a dull, dark afternoon.

The salesman bowed and answered: "About five hundred thousand francs, madam. It is the proprietor."

HE KNEW ONLY ONE.

A teacher had been telling her class of boys that recently worms had become so numerous that they destroy the crops, and it was necessary to import the English sparrow to exterminate them.

Johnny was apparently very inattentive, and the teacher, thinking to catch him napping, said: "Johnny, which is worse, to have worms or sparrows?"

Johnny hesitated a moment and then replied: "Please, I never had the sparrows."

FIRST HONOR MEDAL.

It seems that this boy's mother was born in Canada, but the little fellow is a native of the United States. To tease him his uncle calls him "a little Canuck," which never fails to provoke vigorous protest.

"Aunt Bess, why is people baptized?" She attempted to explain, but, unfortunately, touched a tender spot when she said: "Willie, you know you were born in original sin."

Willie regarded this as a variation of the hateful accusation so often made by his uncle, and indignantly blurted out: "'Deed I wasn't. I was born in Pittsburg. I'm an American!"

COULDN'T LEARN HER NUTHIN'.

Dinah—Mandy, wha' foh you give dat baby a big piece of pohk ter cher on? Don' you all know the poh child 'il chok on it?

Mandy—Dinah, don't you see de string tied to dat piece er fat pohk? De udder end's tied to de chile's toe. Ef he chokes he'll kick, and if he kicks he'll jerk de pohk out. Ah reckon you all don't learn no nuthin' 'bout bringin' up chillun!

THREE LIVE MEN.

"The station at Savannah," says a traveller through the South, "is surrounded in all directions with a lot of saloons and cheap restaurants. In great illuminated letters over one of these saloons was the sign: "'Open all night.'"

"Next to it was a restaurant bearing with equal prominence the legend: "'We never close.'"

"Third in order was a Chinese laundry in a little tumble-down hotel, and upon the front of this building was the sign, in great, scrawling letters: "'Me wakee, too.'"

Everybody takes pleasure in returning small obligations; many go so far as to acknowledge moderate ones; but there is hardly anyone who does not pay great obligations with ingratitude.

THE POET'S CORNER

GOOD FRIDAY, OR TRAGEDY AND TRIUMPH.

Saddest page in human story, Was the day when Jesus died; When—nailed to his cross so gory—At Golgotha crucified.

He was wound in linen grave-clothes, (He who came the world to save) Was embalmed with myrrh and aloes, Laid in saintly Joseph's grave.

Through a tragedy of sorrow, And a death of grief and pain, He shall triumph on the morrow, And God's just decrees maintain.

Death and tomb enthroned before, Cannot cast dark shadows now; For their usurped reign is o'er, Glory crowns the victor's brow.

So through sorrow, grief and sadness, Duty, danger, death may lie; Dull Golgotha beams with gladness, Calvary teaches Death shall die.

Thus Good Friday's gloomy dawn, To a triumph leads the way; And a glorious Easter morn, Hails Christ's resurrection day.

Geo. W. Armstrong. "Westwood," London, Ont.

IN SORROW'S NIGHT.

To win the Crown we bear the Cross, And Joy is born of Grief and Loss; In Sorrow's night, Faith's star shines clear— "A rainbow sleeps in every tear."

Sad heart, be glad! the night is past, And Easter morn dawns bright at last; The mist and shadows roll away, Look up, rejoice, this happy day! —Henry Coyle.

OUT OF THE SHADOW.

After Lent's purple shadows Shined the Easter glow; They who shun the darkness The glory may not know.

First bow ye as the violet In deep humility, Ere ye attain through trial The lily's purity.

Lead us, O gentle Saviour, Along the shadowed way Into the dawning radiance Of the glad Easter day.

RESURRECTION.

In dreary rain the bulbs were laid in earth, And in a day the raindrops turned to snow, And fell upon the mound, where, lying low,

The hyacinths were waiting for their birth; A little time, a touch of sun—the mirth

Of flowers, which is color, to and fro ...Rippled and leaped until the world aglow

With daffodil and crocus learned the worth Of gold that knew no spending—Mystery Of resurrection from the dead that slept

Yet could not rest until the darkened part Was joined to light, and free among the free—

So thou, loved body, long from light bereft, Shall yet be joined to soul, as soul and heart.

—Maurice Francis Egan, in New York Sun.

Many Women Suffer UNTOLD AGONY FROM KIDNEY TROUBLE.

Very often they think it is from so-called "Female Disease." There is less female trouble than they think. Women suffer from backache, sleeplessness, nervousness, irritability, and a dragging-down feeling in the loins. So do men, and they do not have "female trouble." Why, then, blame all your trouble to Female Disease? With healthy kidneys, few women will ever have "female diseases." The kidneys are so closely connected with all the internal organs, that when the kidneys go wrong, everything goes wrong. Much distress would be saved if women would only take

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

Price 50 cents per box or three boxes for \$1.25. All dealers or send direct on receipt of price. The Doan Kidney Pills Co., Toronto, Ont.

EASTER.

Ring out, O Balls of Easter! Ring out and let your mirth, Your gladsome chime, your chant sublime,

Resound throughout the earth! Ring loud to the clouds of heaven! Ring out, and shout to the hills! Sing the Risen Lord, by all adored, Till the world with music thrills!

Lift up, O golden organ, Your deep, majestic voice, And let your peal make temple real And the heart of the world rejoice, Send forth your deepest ocean-tones, Your golden thunders roll! Triumphant sing the Conquering King, And the Sunburst of the soul!

And thou, O sweet soprano, Send forth your soul like a dove, On the trembling wings of song, till it rings At the golden gates of Love! Sing high, sing loud, till the silver cloud Takes up the strain with might, And the choirs above in the Land of Love With the choirs below unite!

And ye, O purest preachers, Ye lilies on the altar high, Let your tongues of flame proclaim His Name, Whose glories fill the sky! Let your fragrance fine to Heaven ascend

In praise of Him who rent The bonds of the tomb, and rose on the gloom Like the sun in the firmament! Ring out, O Balls of Easter! Ring, swing in the belfry tall, And to every heart your joy impart, Bring love unto hut and hall! Let your merry din expel all sin! And the Resurrection tell, Of souls that lay like lifeless clay In the tomb and the gloom of hell! —Julian E. Johnstone, in the Catholic World.

THE SEEKER.

"Where shall I find thee, Peace? Art thou in truth But phantom legend risen from despair? Men say thy touch is soft, thy face is fair, And the world's ways are dark with wrath and ruth."

He sought, and sometimes felt that Peace drew nigh On some forgotten dew-bright ancient lawn, In the dim loveliness and hush of dawn, Or 'neath a smooth benignant twilight sky.

And there would come, perchance, a tranquil day, A voice sang quiet to his troubled breast, And then the warring devils of unrest Shattered his dream, and drove him on his way.

He came, sad-hearted with the fret of years, To one, the guardian of a shadow land, Sombre and kind, who took him by the hand, And bade him cast aside his griefs and fears.

"Lo here," he said, "thy journeying may cease; I am that friend thou hast so long desired, Here is the goal to which thou hast aspired."

"But thou art Death." "Yea, I am Death—and Peace." —F. O'Neill Gallagher, in the London Daily News.

A BIG WEDDING FEE.

Many delicate compliments have been paid the fair sex by men subtle in speech, but here is one straight from the heart of an illiterate negro that is difficult to excel. It is recalled by the Rev. C. P. Smith of Kansas city, in telling the story of the marriage fee:

"When I was preaching at Walls, Wash.," he said, "there was no colored preacher in town, and I was often called upon to perform a ceremony between colored people. One afternoon, after I had married a young couple, the groom asked the price of the service.

"Oh, well," said I, "you can pay me whatever you think it is worth to you."

"The groom turned and silently looked his bride over from head to foot, then slowly rolled up the whites of his eyes to me, and said: "'Law, sah, you has done ruine me for life; you has, for sure.'" —Chicago Inter-Ocean.

A SONG FOR SCHOOL BOYS.

Some boys, when they talk of school, (And some girls, too!) I grieve to be obliged to say That this is what they do.

They wriggle And jiggle; They hang their heads And giggle; They twitter And titter; They bounce and flounce And fitter.

Whatever thoughts their mind fill, They've no idea of keeping books, (And some girls, too!) I weep to be obliged to say That this is what they do.

They batter them, They tatter them, They crumple, rumple, Scatter them, They scrawl them,

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OUR BOYS

Dear Girls and Boys:

I have received only one letter from my little nieces this week. Winnifred says she is closing pieces of her summer dress she promised to do ago, but I guess she is still in the haste of mailing her letters, for she has not yet forgotten to put them in, still expecting then, Winnifred, sure you must be disappointed to be able to make your union this year. I hope you will have many, many happy days. Mary E. wishes to have to study when I was a girl? Well, yes dear, I sometimes it was much a will, for playtime was so santer, just think, than still, you will look back, done, with pleasure to the rigid school discipline, and ate the opportunity of your young days. Mary expresses which I fear must fall of and that is that she would see my picture in the corner, your Aunt Becky too venerable to indulge volities of sitting for a p

Maybe some time you will real, if so I will expect you right up to my sanctum me, which will be very ple me and save me the exerting in a photographers ting pleasant."

Your loving, AUNT

Dear Aunt Becky:

It is a long time since to you, but I read every wish I had time to write oh, Aunt Becky, we have sons and then we practise every day. We did find two birthdays last week, great many presents and sugar woods that day, to are the pieces I promised wanted to have a piece of Communion dress for you, priest thinks we are too make our first Communion cannot send it. I would hear from the other W What are they at? I will From your loving n

WARDEN, P.Q.

Dear Aunt Becky:

You must not think we interested when we do not we love the corner, and v sorry if you doubted our are only little girls and many to write to. Did study when you were little so sorry for Joseph C. H was up to our place last was glad to see cousin M rter. Grandma's home wa once asked what we would in the corner, and we wa if any of the cousins spok one has said it yet. We you to put your picture, n or, oh, so much. Will you bye, from

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