

of the large group of the Royal Household attendants; we are interested in the presence of the Princess Beatrice, and acknowledge the distinguished appearance of the little group of Canadians; yet we are fully conscious of only one presence; eyes and thought and feeling are centred in one figure,—that of a little, old lady, standing beside a catafalque, and placing a laurel wreath upon the black pall.

We stand in reverent love before this beautiful picture of our Queen;—could Canada ever possess another half so significant? The sorrowful aged face, with its mournful droop of eyes and lips, the smooth bands of silvery hair, the silent attitude of grief beside that black-palled coffin, touches us strangely. As a mother mourning for a son, so this Queen-mother bends over the silent form of one who was truly worthy of such a sonship, and by her simple expression of sorrow acknowledges the bond.

O mother-queen! you have borne long years of care, you have suffered many a silent heart-pang for the sorrows of your people; but not until you have passed forever shall we realize something of your travail for us. Yet, this simply acknowledged motherhood of our Queen shall never be forgotten by Canadians. And if at any future time ill-favored national projects be stirred, or England's regard for her colonies be questioned, we have but to look upon this picture of the Queen-mother mourning her dead statesman—Canada's Premier; we have but to remember the loyal imperial heart at rest beneath the coffin lid, to dispel all such doubt and quicken within us our impulse of affection, our sense of close kinship with

* * * That little island
Pinged with grey seas.

* *

historic. They belong
nation. They
splendid
remain

IN THE HOUSEHOLD.

Conducted by MRS. JEAN JOY, graduate of Toronto School of Cookery, and pupil of Technological Institute, Massachusetts.
Answers to Correspondents will be found on page 29.

Here's to the old apple tree.

Hats full, caps full,
Bushels and sacks full.
Huzza!

ONCE upon a time long ago the above little stanza was sung by the farmers of Devonshire and Herefordshire, as in springtime, whilst the trees were in bloom, they, with their men, went through the orchards, dancing around the apple trees, singing and pouring cider upon the roots 'for luck.' With them, as with us, the apple was the most valuable fruit they had. Although we read of apples in the Bible and in ancient history, it is from a wild crab which grows in Britain that all our modern varieties of apples are derived, and though we have three distinct native crabs growing upon this continent, none of them have been cultivated to any extent. It is interesting to know that, while the smallest apples known grow in Siberia, the largest and best apples known grow in America.

Of late years bananas have become so plentiful that they have in a measure taken the place of the apple in the heart of the small boy; but the housekeeper still owes her allegiance to the apple, for no fruit can take its place in point of usefulness.

In looking over an old-fashioned recipe book lately, I found a recipe for making pomade. Equal quantities of the meat of apples and lard. I could not help wondering if that would account for the peculiar odor of country school houses and churches.