

HOME INTERESTS.

Conducted by HELENE.

Our houses, like our lives, are over-crowded: it is the tendency of the times; and, although many a voice is raised in praise of the simple Japanese interiors, where one vase decorates a room, there are few who follow this excellent example. It is depressing to think of the money spent on unnecessary furniture and bric-a-brac, and of the many hours spent in cleaning and caring for them. Perhaps it might be worth while if the result were beautiful, which it certainly is not. There is nothing artistic in a crowded room. As a rule, there is no discretion in the massing, and the most incongruous articles are placed side by side. A really exquisite vase, picture or carving loses its value when it is surrounded too closely by other ornaments, and the whole effect is blurred and confused. The ideal room has spaces to rest the eye, everything is beautiful in itself, and each article is chosen with due regard to the room as a whole. An ornament that is handsome in the store may prove to be a jarring note in your house. And, when I say "beautiful," I do not mean expensive. Indeed, some of the most hideous things I have ever seen have been costly, and some of the prettiest have been bought for a few cents, says a writer in the Boston Cooking School.

Aside from these considerations, a crowded room is not wholesome. Dust collects in all the cracks and corners, and even the tidest housekeeper cannot dislodge every particle every day. This ought to be especially taken to heart in our bedrooms. Whatever obtains downstairs, our sleeping rooms should be as free of dust-catchers as possible.

At this point I hear someone exclaim: "That's all very well if one is just beginning and can arrange things according to an ideal plan, but how about me? I have kept house for twenty years and naturally every room is full to overflowing." Under these circumstances the change is difficult, but not impossible. Of course, many of one's household goods are endeared to one by associations; but I should weed out such as are neither beautiful nor beloved, and give them to someone who really needs them. It will be a pleasure to think they are helping someone else instead of hindering you. After this there would be still an over-abundance, so I should put in the storeroom all that was not necessary, and then at the end of a few months I should shift things and have my house refurnished, so to speak.

ONE OF THE COLLECTORS OF IRISH TALES.

Lady Gregory has not only read the old bardic literature, but she has collected the tales concerning their heroes that are current about Coole, and on the Connemara coast, and in the Isles of Aran. In her Poets and Dreamers (1903) are records of this collecting, and of study of local ways. One of the most interesting articles is that on the folk-poet, Rafferty. Another, "On the Edge of the World," gives so truly to even the traveller in west Ireland the quality of its peasant life that it should be the first chapter turned to by the readers of Poets and Dreamers. As Lady Gregory drives by the sea, people about her in their old peasant costume are singing in Irish. The little experiences of the day with them are experiences to brood over; and this thought is the last of her brooding. "The rising again of Ireland, of her old speech, of her last leader (Parnell), dreams all, as we are told. But here, on the edge of the world, dreams are real things, and every heart is watching for the opening of one or another grave."

CATHOLIC QUEEN.

Queen Elizabeth of Roumania, better known to the literary world under the non de plume of Carmen Sylva, has conceived the idea of founding a small city for the blind. Within her realm are over 20,000 subjects deprived of sight, and the vis-

tor to Bucharest will find on the campus of the National Exposition of 1866 a palace containing in one large sala evidence of the queen's solicitude for these unfortunate subjects. Thousands of photographs and samples of work done for and by the blind in all countries are here collected and classified. In her leisure moments the charming figure of the queen may be seen in this room working at the new typographical machine for use of the blind, called the machine of Theodorosco, but which might with propriety be named after the gracious sovereign herself. For years she has dreamed of a typewriting machine that might impress the letters in relief on the paper, so that the blind might be enabled to read, and during the past few months her dream has been realized.

A CHARMING AND EASILY MADE SWISS CORSET COVER.

Embroidered lingerie, especially corset covers, appeal to all women, but comparatively few can afford to buy them at the exorbitant prices charged for handwork in the shops. Even if one can do the work herself, not all women can give the time necessary to the completion of the ordinary type of embroidered corset cover, with its fine satin stitch and eyellet work.

A very dainty and attractive underwaist, however, can be made with comparatively little work from dotted swiss, with certain of its dots covered with mercerized cottons. Choose a swiss with large coin dots and cut it so that the corset cover either opens in the back or else is round in front, with pointed pieces in the back that fold in a surplice effect and are brought around to the front of the waist, where they are fastened under a small bow.

Embroider the dots so they form a pointed effect, broad at the shoulders and ending in a point a little below the bust line. This will probably require about four lines of dots to be covered. Use the dots of the material as a padding and work over them in satin stitch, running the threads in the opposite direction. Use a mercerized cotton.

If one cares for color in her underwear, these dots are very attractive done in pale pink, blue or lavender, but they are equally good and wash better in all white.

Finish the edge of the corset cover in a narrow lace beading and an edging of half an inch wide valenciennes lace. Run baby ribbon to match the dots through the beading and have a broader ribbon of the same shade at the waist to draw in the fullness.

These little corset covers are both pretty and have very little work in comparison with their real effectiveness.

SHOPPING IN LONDON.

"In American shops the establishment and the customer are separate entities. The firm displays its wares, the buyers examine them, and purchase or not, as they see fit," writes Carolyn Wells, in the May Woman's Home Companion.

In London it is different. The moment you enter the door of a shop you are accepted as part and parcel of its interests, a member of the family, as it were. Then a shop-walker pounces upon you and insists on knowing what you want. If you hesitate as to your reply, he plants himself squarely in front of you and waits. When, in sheer desperation (for you had intended a happy, aimless sort of looking about), you say "gloves," he grasps your arm, firmly marches you to the glove counter, seats you at it, and details a salesperson to wait upon you.

"All this happened to me, and in an exasperated frame of mind I bought a pair of gloves merely to keep peace in the family. But the bland and gentlemanly glove seller had no notion of letting me off so easily. He took it for granted that the first pair was simply by way of preface, and he displayed gloves of my size of all styles and colors. The very forenoon of his conclusion that I would buy them all

DRINK Blue Ribbon Tea

Irritated me, and briefly announcing that I wanted no more gloves, I paid him for the pair I had bought. Surprised and grieved beyond expression he beckoned the shopwalker, and together they cross-examined me as to why I refused to buy any more gloves. Did the colors not suit me? Were the prices not reasonable? Disdaining to answer these questions, I endeavored to stalk haughtily away. But this was not allowed. More in sorrow than in anger, they told me I must wait for my bill. As the gloves were to be sent, and I had given the exact change, I deemed this unnecessary. But I soon found it to be one of their inexorable laws. Bills, signed and countersigned, must be waited for, no matter how trifling the purchase.

"At last I escaped the shopwalker's clutches, but only to fall into the hands of his brother in the next department.

"A few experiments, however, taught me the remedy for this condition of affairs. I soon learned to enter a shop with a look of utter imbecility upon my face. When the shopwalker met and questioned me, I gave him a meaningless stare. When he attempted to impede my progress, I glared at him haughtily, and waited for him to get out of my path. He then seemed to crumple into a heap and disappear into nothingness. I was sorry to use such strenuous measures with these unctuous and dapper gentlemen, but it was the only way to shop with any comfort at all. And even then I could not prevent their following me about, and timidly endeavoring to direct me towards special bargains on certain counters. But as I resolved not to look behind me, they only trailed harmlessly along, babbling their unnoticed advice."

TIMELY HINTS.

Shellac poured over the worn places in granite ware and the vessel held over the fire so that the shellac can cook hard will make them last a long time.

Wash the coffee-pot with a solution of a tablespoonful of soda and boiling water. It will not be necessary to boil the pot if this solution is used for washing it.

If whitening is used for polishing glass, put it in muslin bags. Dampen the glass lightly, then rub with the bag and polish with crumpled paper.

So often persons tell of the many things they have lost down their registers. Money, buttons and trinkets are sure to roll straight for the register. Place a fine wire netting in the top of the pipes, just below the register, then when anything is dropped into it, all you need to do is to lift out your register and take out the articles.

Common alum melted in an iron spoon is said to be a strong cement for joining glass, china, or metal. It is well recommended for fastening door knobs in place.

WEAK TIRED WOMEN

How many women there are that get no refreshment from sleep. They wake in the morning and feel tired than when they went to bed.

They have a dizzy sensation in the head, the heart palpitate; they are irritable and nervous, weak and worn out, and the lightest household duties during the day seem to be a drag and a burden.

MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS

are the very remedy that weak, nervous, tired out, sickly women need to restore them the blessings of good health. They give sound, restful sleep, tone up the nerves, strengthen the heart, and make rich blood. Mrs. C. McDonald, Portage la Prairie, Man., writes: "I was troubled with shortness of breath, palpitation of the heart and weak spells. I got four boxes of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and after taking them I was completely cured."

Price 50 cents per box or three boxes for \$1.25, all dealers or The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

FUNNY SAYINGS.

PRESBYTERIAN TO THE RESCUE This happened in a local newspaper office. It lacked ten minutes to midnight and the next day was Friday.

The man at the desk was busy, he was also hungry. "Bring me a ham sandwich," he shouted to his most trusty reporter, "and hustle or I will not have it eaten before twelve." It was four minutes to the fateful hour when the reporter returned. The sandwich was big, for the man was big. Two minutes were lost in scolding the messenger, who was told he might throw it to the rats scurrying among the baskets. "Eat the meat and finish the bread after twelve," suggested the quick-witted, slow-footed Presbyterian reporter. And the day was won.

The head mistress of a certain village school was one day examining a few of her select pupils in grammar.

"Stand up, Freddie, and make me a sentence containing the word 'seldom,'" she said, pointing to a small urchin.

Freddie paused as if in thought, then with a flush of triumph on his face replied, "Last week father had five horses, but yesterday he seldom!"

The society editor was writing up a church bazaar. "Mrs. Green, the wife of our prominent milk dealer," he wrote, "was appropriately gowned in watered silk."

Burdock BLOOD BITTERS CURES Dyspepsia, Bolls, Pimples, Headaches, Constipation, Loss of Appetite, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Scrofula, and all troubles arising from the Stomach, Liver, Bowels or Blood.

Mrs. A. Lethbridge, of Ballyduff, only writes: "I believe would have been in my grave long ago had it not been for Burdock Blood Bitters. I was run down to such an extent that I could scarcely move about the house. I was subject to severe headaches, backaches and dizziness; my appetite was gone and I was unable to do my housework. After using two bottles of B. B. B. I found my health fully restored. I warmly recommend it to all tired and worn out women."

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LIBERTY DEAD TOO.

An Englishman visiting New York was "shown round" by an American friend, who was greatly disappointed that the visitor did not become enthusiastic over what he saw. They were discussing the subject, when the American exclaimed triumphantly, "At least you must admit the beauty and the grandeur of that magnificent statue of Liberty which rears its proud protecting head over our superb harbor." The word "protecting" reminded the Englishman of the searching and bullying he had had to submit to from the U. S. Customs officials on landing, and he replied: "Yes, I see you have the same custom over here that we have on our side—you raise your most imposing statues to the dead!"

MARY'S QUESTION.

Some little while ago a popular writer visited a jail in order to take notes for a magazine article on prison life.

On returning home he described the horrors he had seen, and his description made a deep impression on the mind of his little daughter, Mary.

The writer and his offspring, a week later, were in a train together which stopped at a station near a gloomy building. A man asked: "What place is that?"

"The country jail," another answered promptly.

Whereupon Mary embarrassed her father, and aroused the suspicions of the other occupants of the carriage, by asking, in a loud, shrill voice: "Is that the jail where you are in, father?"

THE POET'S CORNER

WHEN SPRING RIDES THROUGH THE WOOD.

The mosses clinging wet and cold The violets' tender stalks unfold.

The blood root lifts a dainty head Above its still half-frozen bed;

The swelling buds are tipped with green, And pale hepaticas are seen;

In furry coats from neighboring leas Spring up the blue anemones;

Last night among the branches hoar The song-birds slept. To-day they soar

On glad wings, seeking each a nest On shrub or twig as pleaseth best;

The streamlets freed from icy chains Rush onward, swelled with April rains;

And harsh winds take a gentler mood For lo! "The Spring rides through the wood."

—Helen Hughes, in May Donahoe's.

FOR WORDS UNSAID.

For bitter words who has not cause to mourn?—

Unkindly arrows sped upon their way To wound a trusting soul, perchance to slay!

A tender love whose strength had else outworn Neglect and coldness long with patience borne;

Sharp gibes that fostered many a fierce affray In circles where sweet Charity held sway

Ere yet our reckless tongue her robes had torn. Not less regret for stifled words we owe,—

The meed of praise withheld, the tribute due To worthy effort, friendly speech aglow

With warmth that might have kindled hope anew In breaking hearts. Aye, mourn we for our dead—

The kindly words we oft have left unsaid. —Arthur Barry.

THE OLD NEST.

Ah, little home, that knows our hearts so well!

The hour has come when we must break the spell . . .

These, who go forth from out thy doors to-day, Will call thee theirs no more henceforth for aye!

Ah! little home! . . . These silent chambers through.

Walk ghosts, that will not quit thee for the new.

Here was the household one, in joy and pain,

That never, never can be one again!

Ah, little home, that held their griefs and joys,

Those eager-hearted, vanished girls and boys!

The same, the same it surely can not be—

When stranger souls shall come and dwell in thee!

Will they have hopes and struggles, loves and fears,

Such as our own have been these many years?

Will their hearts cling to thee with clasp as tight

As clings this heart that leaves thee ere this night?

Will they rejoice, as we have done to see

A crown of flowers upon the garden tree?

And will they twine, with half the old-time care,

The trailing vine that we planted there?

Ah! little home! we shut the door and go.

The new life waits us—it is better so.

But when the moonbeams flood bare walls with light,

I know that thou wilt mourn for us to-night!

—Q.S.H., in McCall's Magazine.

DR. WILLIAM HENRY DRUMMOND

(By Dr. William J. Fischer, Waterloo, in Syracuse Sun.)

The singer's voice is hushed for evermore,

Glad, bird-like voice that sang of humble things—

Of birds and flowers and children-whisperings

Of life that stole through Quebec's open door.

His strong, clear voice grew louder more and more;

Whole nations loved him. The bright, golden strings

Of his sweet lyre now wait his touch, while kings

Of thought sad turn his living pages o'er.

His was the poet's soul, white as the morn

That moves across Lac Gromier's bosom wide;

He sang of home and hope and that strong tide

Of lasting love which should men's hearts adorn—

In his song-garden, God was at his side,

No wonder then his roses had no thorn.

Remarkable Invention FOR THE CULTURE OF HAIR THE EVANS VACUUM CAP is a practical invention constructed on scientific and hygienic principles by the simple means of which a free and normal circulation is restored throughout the scalp. The minute blood vessels are gently stimulated to activity, thus allowing the food supply which can only be derived from the blood to be carried to the hair roots, the effects of which are quickly seen in a healthy, vigorous growth of hair. There is no rubbing, and as no drugs or chemicals of whatsoever kind are employed there is nothing to cause irritation. It is only necessary to wear the Cap three or four minutes daily. 60 DAYS' FREE TRIAL! The Company's Guarantee. An EVANS VACUUM CAP will be sent you for sixty days' free trial. If you do not see a gradual development of a new growth of hair, and are not convinced that the Cap will completely restore your hair, you are at liberty to return the Cap with no expense whatever to yourself. It is requested, as an evidence of good faith, that the price of the Cap be deposited with the Chancery Lane Safe Deposit Company of London, the largest financial and business institution of the kind in the world, who will issue a receipt guaranteeing that the money will be returned in full, on demand without questions or comment, at any time during the trial period. The eminent Dr. I. N. LOVE, in his address to the Medical Board on the subject of Alopecia (loss of hair) stated that if a means could be devised to bring nutrition to the hair follicles (hair roots), without resorting to any irritating process, the problem of hair growth would be solved. Later on, when the EVANS VACUUM CAP was submitted to him for inspection, he remarked that the Cap would fulfil and confirm in practice the observations he had previously made before the Medical Board. Dr. W. MOORE, referring to the invention, says that the principle upon which the Evans Vacuum Cap is founded is absolutely correct and indisputable. An illustrated and descriptive book of the Evans Vacuum Cap will be sent, post free, on application. THE SECRETARY, EVANS VACUUM CAP CO., LTD., Regent House, Regent Street, London, W.

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