

HOME INTERESTS.

Conducted by HELENE.

Washing the hair is a task most women dislike, and even the girl who can least afford the dollar a month necessary to a professional shampoo...

HOME TREATMENT OF ILLNESS.

Palpitation of the heart may be arrested, writes a well known physician, by bending down so as to allow the blood to run to the heart.

THE ART OF DRESS.

It is a wise woman who seeks individuality in dress, says the Bristol Times. Now, some people interpret this to mean a striking peculiarity, but it means nothing of the sort.

WOMEN WHO SHOULD NEVER MARRY.

The woman who proudly declares that she cannot hem a pocket handkerchief, never made up a bed in her life, and adds with a simper that she has "been in society ever since she was 15."

TO CLEAN FINGER MARKS.

Rub the finger marks with a clean piece of flannel dipped in paraffin oil. The marks will disappear like magic.

TIMELY HINTS.

When desirable to see the tongue of a very small child the object may be accomplished by touching the upper lip with a bit of sweet oil, which will cause the child to protrude its tongue.

When your feet are very tired bathe them in hot water, dry, go over them with olive oil, wipe and apply powdered starch freely.

To take out mildew: Mix soft soap with powdered starch, half as much salt, and the juice of one lemon: lay it on the part, both sides, with a brush, let it lie on the grass day and night till the stain comes out.

Put a tablespoonful of borax into the water in which flannels are washed, and there will be no danger of their not being soft and white.

To dry clean evening gloves at home, rub thoroughly with fine Fuller's earth, and beat with a dry flannel. Shake all the powder off and complete the cleaning process by rubbing with a little French chalk mixed with sifted bran.

It is a very great mistake to keep choice lace for years without washing. Many women believe that it is ruined by soap and water and will keep some cherished lengths for years and years, turning yellow with age and rotting with the dust it has accumulated till it really drops to pieces.

RECIPES.

Chicken Cutlets—When the white meat of chickens has been used for salads or for a company dish the legs will make a delightful dish of cutlets. Separate the first and second joints and simmer until tender in water flavored with soup vegetables.

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.

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.

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. "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."

PSYCHINE

50c. Per Bottle

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

them, and when cold trim them neatly into the shape of cutlets. Dip in egg and bread crumbs and fry a golden brown. A really handsome dish may be made of these by placing balls of mashed and fried potatoes, cauliflower, boiled and broken into florets or canned peas in the centre, the cutlets around and a cream sauce poured over all.

Preparing Macaroni—This recipe is genuinely after the manner of the Italians. Take two or three onions, slice them and fry a golden brown; then prepare some ripe tomatoes, or, if out of season, use canned tomatoes, and pour them into the pan with the onions, and season to suit. In the meantime, have boiled a sufficient quantity of macaroni until tender, a layer of which put into a dish and grate over it some Parmesan cheese; then pour on a layer of tomatoes and onions, and so continue until the dish is filled, making the top layer of macaroni, and bake until the top is a rich brown.

Fruit Omelet.—Break eight eggs in a bowl, beat them until the whites and yolks are thoroughly mixed. Add two tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar and a little butter, put a tablespoonful of butter in the omelet pan; as soon as hot, turn in the eggs, shake the pan so the eggs will not set and brown until the raw egg is all cooked. As soon as the omelet is set add three tablespoonfuls of strawberry preserves; fold over the omelet, turn on a platter, dust with powdered sugar and serve at once.

FUNNY SAYINGS

A TRUE STORY.

Helen came to her mother and said, "Mamma, do you like stories?" "Yes," said her mamma, "if they are true stories."

"This one is. Do you get mad when people tell you nice true stories?" "Why, never. It isn't good manners to get angry when a person tells you a nice story."

"All right," said Helen. "Once upon a time there was a little girl and she got into the pantry and ate almost all the jelly in a glass. That's a true story, mamma, and me was the little girl."

The weather was extremely cold when an American entered a compartment of a British railway train and accepted gratefully the guard's offer of a hot-water tin. At the end of the journey the guard asked the man if he had found the foot-warmer comforting.

"Yes," he said, "but I should have liked another for my feet."

Little Tommy was very quiet during the first courses, and everyone forgot he was there. As the desert was being served, however, the host told a funny story.

When he had finished, and the laughter had died away, his little son exclaimed, delightedly, "Now, papa, tell the other one."

A story is told of a German shoemaker who, having made a pair of boots for a gentleman of whose financial integrity he had considerable doubt, made the following reply to him when he called for the articles: "Der boots is not quite done, but der peel is made out."

"I wish I was Tommy Jones," said Johnny. "Why? You are stronger than he is, you have a better home, more toys, and more pocket money?" "Yes, I know; but he can wiggle his ears."

WHEN I'M BIG.

Some children were recently overheard discussing that interesting matter of "what we'll do when we get big." One, a very small boy from a Western village, outlined his dream of future power by stating that he should be a milkman, ride around in a waggon and ring a bell for folks to come out for their milk.

The second, a boy a little older, explained how he wanted to be the man to ride on the freight cars and "make the round things go like this"—illustrating with his hands the brakeman's action.

The third, also a boy, still older than the others—laughing a little at their childish notions—stated that he could not decide whether to be a minister or a grocer. In the place where they were all spending the summer the grocer has candy to sell, and a young clergyman was the object of much feminine devotion.

The fourth child, a girl of eleven years, was seen to smile enigmatically. She did not care to tell what she would do, she said.

"Aw, yur!" contemptuously cried he for whom the ministry and confectiory had equal attraction. "Yur want to get married!" he said with the traditional blindness of his sex.

When the boys with these ignoble aims had run off to play ball, the girl's ambition came out, confided to her favorite aunt.

"I wouldn't tell before them," she said, scornfully. "They couldn't understand. But, aunty, I want to be a justice of the Supreme Court, and"—her voice became solemn—"beyond human control."

EVEN THE BISHOP SUSPECTED.

Even a bishop shall not be deemed guiltless by the omnipotent house-keeper, according to a story told by an Episcopal clergyman.

"We had the bishop coming to spend the night with us a few years ago," said he, "and the whole house was in a bustle from the preparations my housekeeper made. The bishop came and made a pleasant visit. He had to go away the next morning early."

"Soon after he started the house-keeper came to me, trouble writ large on her face. "Why, what's the matter?" I asked. "Are you in trouble?" "She confessed that she was. "What is it?" I asked. "I mustn't tell you; I can't tell you," she answered.

"But I insist on knowing," I retorted firmly. "Well," said she; "the bishop left early this morning, before most of us got up, and some of the sheets are missing."—New York Tribune.

A SPRING TONIC

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Make Rich, Red, Health-giving Blood.

Cold winter months, enforcing close confinement in over-heated, badly ventilated rooms—in the home, in the shop and in the school—sap the vitality of even the strongest.

The blood becomes clogged with impurities, the liver sluggish, the kidneys weakened, sleep is not restful—you awake just as tired as when you went to bed; you are low-spirited, perhaps have a headache and blotchy skin—that is the condition of thousands of people every spring.

It comes to all unless the blood is fortified by a good tonic—by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These pills not only banish this feeling, but they guard against the more serious ailments which usually follow—rheumatism, nervous debility, anaemia, indigestion and kidney troubles.

THE POET'S CORNER

THE DAY WHEN THE GREEN FLAG FLIES.

After the dreary winter weather, After the cold and the silence, too, Spring and St. Patrick's Day together, Come with a message of hope and cheer, Green grass growing in sheltered places Shows its color to weary eyes— How can we wonder if all the ravens Welcome the day when the green flag flies.

Wheresoever their sires have sailed from, Wheresoever they have bowed and knelt, Wheresoever themselves have hailed from— All are one with kindly Kelt, All are one on this day delightful, Under the clear blue Springtime skies,

Irish all by a claim that's rightful, Patrick's Day when the green flag flies. Herald of hope and of joy that follow, Ireland's day in the Springtime comes. Seems it not that the summer swallow Answers the call of the Irish drums? Seems it not that the seeds awakening Up through the snow drifts struggle to rise, Hearing the noise that the fites are making— Patrick's Day when the green flag flies.

After your dreary winter's ended, Olden land o'er the waters blue, Shall we not hope for a Springtime splendour, Hope for Springtime, even for you? Heart and hand shall we cease to strengthen? Valor and virtue cease to prize? Oh, my land, how the sad years lengthen Waiting the day when the green flag flies! —D. A. McCarthy.

THE FOUR-LEAVED SHAMROCK.

I'll seek a four-leaved shamrock In all the fairy dells, And if I find the charmed leaves, Oh, how I'll weave my spells, I would not waste my magic might On diamond, pearls or gold; For treasures tire the weary sense— Such triumph is but cold. But I would play the enchanter's part In casting bliss around; Oh! not a tear or aching heart Should in the world be found, Should in the world be found.

To worth I would give honor, I'd dry the mourner's tears; And to the pallid lip recall The smile of happier years; And hearts that had long been estranged, And friends that had grown cold, Should meet again like parted streams And mingle as of old. Oh! thus I'd play the enchanter's part, Thus scatter bliss around; And not a tear nor aching heart Should in the world be found, Should in the world be found.

The heart that had been mourning O'er vanished dreams of love, Should see them all returning, Like Noah's faithful dove, And hope should launch her blessed bark On sorrow's dark'ning sea, And Mis'ry's children have an Ark, And saved from sinking be, Oh! thus I'd play the enchanter's part; Thus scatter bliss around, And not a tear nor aching heart Should in the world be found, Should in the world be found.

GREEN FIELDS OF IRELAND.

The green fields of Ireland are golden fields to-day; Och, the miles on miles of buttercups, the blossom of the May! I heard the streets of New York were paved all with gold, But Fortune is a Leprechaun, she'll slither from your hold. The green fields of Ireland are sweet beneath the rain, My soul would leave my body to see those fields again; For here in lonely New York a body hardly knows— So hard it is to win one's bread—the color of a rose.

The green fields of Ireland 'tis I would die to see; The fair soil, the clay floor, were good enough for me; Here, 'mid so many houses, the sky looks gray and far, And dazzled with the lamplight, one seeks not for a star. The green fields of Ireland are calling, calling still; They haunt me like the echo that leaps from hill to hill, When from some wanderer's fiddle the oldest tunes of all Come out in golden laughter, in silver sorrow fall.

The green hills of Ireland are pulling at my heart, To draw me from the city wherein I have no part; I shake from off the limbs of me the broken links of chain, For the green fields of Ireland they draw me home again. —Nora Chesson.

well and strong as ever I did and can recommend the pills to all weak people. It is a mistake to take purgatives in the spring. Nature calls for medicine to build up the wasted forces—purgatives only weaken. It is a medicine to act on the blood, not one to act on the bowels, which is necessary. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a blood medicine—they make pure rich, red blood, and strengthen every organ of the body. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

THE EMANCIPATION.

Saint Patrick, slave to Melcho of the herds Of Ballymena, wakened with these words: "Arise and flee Out of the house of bondage and be free."

Glad as a soul in pain who hears from heaven The angels singing of his sins forgiven, And, wondering, sees His prison opening to their golden keys.

He rose a man, who laid him down a slave, Shook from his locks the ashes of the grave, And outward trod Into the glorious liberty of God.

He cast the symbols of his shame away, And, passing where the sleeping Melcho lay, Though back and limb Smarted with wrong, he prayed, "Ged pardon him."

So he went forth; but in God's time he came To light on Ullinne's hills a holy flame; And, dying, gave The land a Saint that lost him as a slave.

O dark, sad millions, patiently and dumb Waiting for God, your hour, at last, has come, And freedom's song Breaks the long silence of your nights of wrong!

Arise and flee! Shake off the vile restraint Of ages; but like Ballymena's Saint, The oppressor spare! Heap only on his head the coals of prayer.

Go forth, like him! Like him return again To bless the land whereon in bitter pain Ye toiled at first, And heal with freedom what your slavery cursed! —John G. Whittier.

Dear Girls and Boys: I had expected great celebrations in honor of St. Patrick's Day, but you have all sent them along. I think it is a rather sickle boy. I writes saying that he bute to the Corner the next time we hear is going to business and will not have time to hear we will be glad to hear any time he likes to do all feel interested, I am how he is getting on. other letter from Helen so glad she enjoys the corner. Angela sends a letter. What a pretty idea forming a club in order flowers for the altar. Hope Angela will let us pretty it looked. Love to all the nieces. AUNTY

Dear Aunt Becky: I was pleased to see your print, and also pleased poetry that was in last have some in my scrap ready. There are very tholes here, so that day passed very quietly to write last week. I know I am busy learning sons and catechism. I bishop of Ottawa who give confirmation. He strict, and I must try well. With lots of love to Barb, March 19th.

Dear Aunt Becky: I have lots of news for you. Just think, school and going to work you don't expect me to Corner when I am work would take up too much I hope your little nieces do not follow my quit writing. I hope continues, it is so nice How the poor city folk the bright green grass water of the country. day draws near, and I a green tie then. I re Your loving nephew

P.S.—I forgot to tell you am going to see "True on St. Patrick's day Park, Montreal. St. Lambert, March 19th.

Dear Aunt Becky: This is my first letter read the letters every tend St. Andrew's school the fourth grade. My is Sister Ann Alexia. girls and I have got and there are eleven in the money we get we buy flowers for the altar. Each one brings 2c. letter is getting long and I hope to see it. Your loving nephew Grand Rapids, Mich.

MY OLD RAG I Yes, Paris dolls are lo With hats and gowns But I prefer Black Din That old rag doll of Some girls want dolls And some like Japan With eyes that shut an And jointed arms ap I had a doll with ring And waxen face so ta But heat the wax work She was an awful ca Those foreign dolls ha Extensive and compl It's lots more work to To keep them nice a So give me old black Her clothes are few And she is never dama When left out in the I put her by the fire Or in the sun to dry To me she's just as h As any you could bu She does not shut her She's always wide a And then there is no d That if she falls she