

HOME INTERESTS.

Conducted by HELENE.

The bedroom is what its name implies, says a medical authority—a place of repose—and everything about it should be conducive to the one purpose of obtaining rest. Everything in it should be simple, immaculate and easily kept so. The floors of such rooms should be covered with matting, or should be oiled and rugs placed beside the bed. The paper on the walls should be quiet and subdued. If to make the windows uniform with those in other rooms of the house curtains are necessary, they should be as simple as possible, for drapery is an abomination and should be entirely dispensed with in a sick-room. Pictures, garish furniture and articles not absolutely necessary to the occupants should have no place there. Above everything, the bedroom should be flooded with sunshine for at least one hour in the day and an abundance of fresh air admitted at all times. The sleeper should not be exposed to a draft, but by a judicious arrangement of screens between the open windows this may be avoided.

DON'TS FOR MOTHERS.

Don't entertain all your friends with a detailed account of your children's marvellous sayings and doings.
Don't fret your children by perpetually worrying about them. They must have some common sense; teach them to make use of it.
Don't delude yourself with the idea that a six months baby cannot understand the difference between your "yes" and "no."
Don't treat your son and your daughter at twenty as you would have treated them at twelve; remember they are now a man and a woman.
Don't forget that the fire of curiosity may be smothered, but not easily extinguished, and that some one else will surely be called upon to explain if you do not.

TEA STAINS ON FINE LINEN.

One of the women who know recommends glycerin for removing those tea stains that are such enemies to fine table linen, but it must be rubbed in before boiling has set its seal on the stain or it may not be efficacious. After the glycerin has been applied wash it all out in tepid water, and the discoloration will come out with it, so this authority says.

SIMPLE PLAYS FOR CHILDREN.

A mother called upon to plan many entertainments for the children has hit upon the plan of taking the children's favorite story and making a simple dramatization of it and allowing the children to give it before their little friends.

The parts are divided between her own children and their friends. Sometimes the story is given as a series of tableaux. In no case is the dialogue long or heavy or the scenery elaborate.

This mother argues that all children love to imitate and to dress in costume and that these little home dramas train them in many ways, besides giving them much pleasure.

They memorize the words, they form the habit of telling the story, and, as the mother leaves the arrangement, scenery and costumes to her older boys and girls and they are not allowed to expend any money on these, she claims they are becoming expert carpenters and dressmakers, besides showing great ingenuity in making the most of the materials at hand.

WORKBAG APRON.

Haven't you always wanted something to put your work away in and something to spread over your lap while sewing? If so, a workbag apron is the proper article, and in its very simplicity lies its charm. Make a square of Persian lawn twenty-four inches when finished, trimmed with tucks and lace around the edges. From the middle of each side make a diagonal square of heading. Cut six yards of ribbon into four lengths and run them through the heading, leaving it very loose on three sides and drawing it quite

tight on the fourth to give a little fulness at the waist line of the apron. Make hard knots at all four corners and then tie double bow-knots. By lifting these bows you can draw it up into a bag. But if you untie the bows, not the hard knots, at the ends of the shirred side, you have four long ribbons to tie about the waist. While sewing you have on what appears to be an ordinary apron with a pointed bib. When you stop you pile all your things into your lap, untie the ribbons about your waist, retie the bow knots, take hold of all four bows and draw it up into a bag.

POTATO SKINS CLEAN GLASS.

Careful housekeepers long ago grew suspicious of shot as a cleaner for carafes or decanters when the latter become discolored inside on account of poisonous possibilities of the tiny grains. Finely chopped potato skins are said to make an ideal cleaning medium for these obstinate bottles. Fill the carafe with them, cork it tightly and let it stand three days. Permentation will begin, which will remove every particle of dirt, leaving the inside as clean and sparkling as when new.

DRESS HINTS.

If you have any bits of fine old lace carry them to the milliner and have them made into an evening hat.

It is the mark of a true gentlewoman never under any circumstances to wear anything that suggests untidiness.

If you can manage a wet weather costume in waterproof red—hat, umbrella and all—do so. It is surprisingly cheery on a dull day.

Every wardrobe should include in its contents at least one well made and perfectly fitting black stock, to be worn with a touch of white at the neck.

For an awkward tear at the corner of a glove seam buttonhole the edges loosely with cotton that matches the kid and draw the edges of the buttonholing together.

If one requires to possess a slim waist, a good plan is to let the skirt hands be loose and below the usual waist-line. The desired effect is obtained without any injurious squeezing.

LITTLE JOHNNY'S TRAINING.

"I have taken a bad quarter dollar," said Johnny, running into the room where his mother was chatting with a friend. "You have," cried the mother in deep concern. "Well, you must either get rid of it, my son, or lose it from your allowance to pay you for being so careless." The child having thus been instructed in dishonesty, by maternal lips, hurried away, crestfallen but resolute. Ere long he returned with flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes. "I passed it, mother," he said. "I jumped on a street car and the conductor gave me five nickels for it. Isn't that fortunate?" The mother smiled approval. Little did she dream that she was giving her child initiation into the great company of rogues and swindlers, that she had actually broken down for him an ethical standard, and paved the way for him hereafter to win money at any price. The person who passes a counterfeit coin knowingly, and with intention cheats somebody, and somebody at the other end of the social chain will be a loser. The person who deliberately

The Bad Cold of To-Day
MAY BE PNEUMONIA
TO-MORROW.

The sore throat or tickling cough that, to the careless, seems but a trivial annoyance, may develop into Pneumonia, Bronchitis, or some Throat or Lung trouble.

DR. WOODS
NORWAY
PINE SYRUP

contains all the lung-healing virtues of the pine tree, and is a sure cure for Coughs, Colds and all Throat or Lung troubles. Mrs. B. H. Heston, 185 Argyle Street, Toronto, writes: "I have been a sufferer from Chronic Bronchitis for years and have found Dr. Woods' Norway Pine Syrup for better than any of the hundreds of remedies I have used. Our whole family uses it in cases of Coughs or Colds. We would not be without it."

Don't be humbugged into taking something "just as good," ask for Dr. Woods' and insist on getting it. Put up in yellow wrapper, three glass bottles in the trade mark and price 25c. each.

CAUGHT COLD
ON THE C.P.R.

A. E. Mumford tells how Psychine cured him after the Doctors gave him up

"It is twelve years since Psychine cured me of galloping consumption," the speaker was Mr. A. E. Mumford, six feet tall, and looking just what he is a husky healthy farmer. He works his own farm near Magnetawan, Ont.

"I caught my cold working as a fireman on the C.P.R.," he continued. "I had night sweats, chills and fever and frequently coughed up pieces of my lungs. I was sinking fast and the doctors said there was no hope for me. Two months treatment of Psychine put me right on my feet and I have had no return of lung trouble since."

If Mr. Mumford had started to take Psychine when he first caught cold he would have saved himself a lot of anxiety and suffering. Psychine cures all lung troubles by killing the germs—the roots of the disease.

PSYCHINE

(Pronounced Si-keen)

50c. Per Bottle

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

ly makes a good bargain, to the detriment of some one else, may possess the commercial instinct, but morally he stands on the same plane with the midnight thief, and is but little more respectable.

BECAUSE.

Because of one dear infant head

With golden hair,

To me all little heads

A halo wear;

And for one saintly face I know,

All babes are fair.

Because of two wide earnest eyes

Of heavenly blue,

Which look with yearning eyes

My sad soul through,

All eyes now fill mine own with tears

Whate'er their hue.

Because of little death-marked lips,

Which once did call

My name in plaintive tones,

No voices fall

Upon my ear in vain appeal

From children small.

Two little hands held in my own,

Long, long ago,

Now cause me, as I wander through

This world of woe,

To clasp each baby hand stretched out

In fear of foe.

The lowest cannot plead in vain,

I love him so.

THE ONLY CHILD'S DISADVANTAGES.

"Some defenders of the abominable crime known as 'race suicide' argue that it is better to have few children carefully reared than many," says the Southern Messenger. "This plausible theory does not commend itself to experienced educators, who know that the worst type of children is usually found in a small family. Said the rector of a Catholic college in England recently: 'I always fear when I hear of an only child coming to St. Bede's, because I know it has been treated softly and had all its own way. Give me the boy who has had his head punched by his bigger brother; who has had three pence a week spending money, and perhaps not that; who has had to give up his bed for his sick brother and sleep on the couch; who has lived on plain food; who is not afraid of a little tooth or stomach ache; whose sisters have taught him to be polite, and pointed out his coarseness, and who has a kind and noble heart and soul. That boy will become a man, but the boy from a small family has not had these glorious things to fight against.'"

HER SECRET.

Alluding to the good influence exerted by a kind-hearted woman of humble life and retiring disposition, a great writer on moral and religious subjects says: "What was the secret of her power? What had she done? Absolutely nothing; but radiant smiles, beaming good humor, the tact of divining what every one wanted, told that she had got out of self and learned to think of others; so that at one time it showed itself by sweet words; at another by soothing a sobbing child. None but she saw these things. None but a loving heart could see them."

That was the secret of her blessed power. The woman who, whatever her station in life may be, will be found in trial capable of great acts of love, is over the one who is always doing considerable small ones.

TIMELY HINTS.

For starching muslins, gingham, and calicoes, dissolve a piece of alum the size of a hickory nut for every pint of starch. This will keep the colors bright for a long time.

Two potatoes grated into a basin of warm water will give better results than soap in washing delicate flannel or woollen goods, ribbons, etc.

After baking pies or tarts don't stand them on top of a hot stove if you want the pastry to be nice and crisp. Put them in an outhouse slightly warm place where the juice will have no chance of boiling.

Don't hang skirts wrong side out when putting them away. They are bound to crease, and with light ones (so a professional dressmaker says) whatever dust has been collected by the lining and clung in spite of your brushing is bound to sift through to the right side and stick.

To remove ink spots from leather chairs try washing the spots with milk, renewing the milk till it is no longer stained and the spot on the leather has disappeared; then wash with warm water and when dry polish with boiled linseed oil and vinegar mixed in equal proportions. But an ink stain should really be removed as soon as possible after it is made. If it has dried and hardened it is doubtful even if, with several applications, you will be able to remove it entirely.

RECIPES.

Potatoes and Cheese—Cut some boiled potatoes into slices and prepare a sauce of one cupful of milk thickened with one tablespoonful of flour and with two tablespoonfuls of butter added, and mix with one cupful of grated cheese, a little cayenne, two tablespoonfuls of mustard. Line a dish with croûtons, arrange around them a close row of potato slices, and cover with the sauce, repeat in alternate layers, covering the whole with sauce; sprinkle lightly with grated cheese and very brown croûtons, and bake in the oven for about twenty minutes.

Sparerib Potpie—Cut the ribs once across and then into strips. Stew until tender in boiling water; take out and put into the kettle a layer of medium sized potatoes, prepared for cooking, over these put a layer of meat, sprinkle with salt and pepper and cover with small squares of baking powder dough made as for biscuits; dot with bits of butter, then put in a layer of potatoes and so on until the kettle is filled, finishing off with a layer of dough; pour in the liquor in which the meat was cooked, add boiling water if necessary. Cover closely, and boil for three-quarters of an hour. Care should be taken not to lift the lid of the kettle while it is boiling or the crust will be soggy. Dish and serve with gravy.

What to do with cold roast meats is often a problem. Cold lamb is excellent when served in aspic jelly. Make the jelly—or buy it, which is easier and nearly as good every way—and pour a little in the bottom of a mould. Cut the lamb in thin slices of uniform size, and trim them neatly. When the layer of jelly is hard, arrange slices with layers of jelly, and pour jelly in last of all. When the dish is quite firm, unmold, and decorate with small olives, truffles, capers, or pimientos, and garnish with watercresses.

A very good chafing dish recipe:—Put a tablespoonful of butter into the blazer, and when it melts, add a small onion minced. Brown slightly, and add a cupful of canned tomato, salt, cayenne, and a speck of sugar. Stir until this boils, and then put in three or four tablespoonfuls of grated cheese and three unbeaten eggs. Stir, and as soon as the eggs are set, serve on small slices of toast. After the eggs are added the blazer must be set in the hot water pan.

NOT A NICE GIRL.

Every mother can distinguish between the wail of real woe and that of injured dignity, which may some-

How to Build a Home

In Two Weeks after the Foundation is Completed

In all estimates for building, one of the principle items of cost, is labor. Delays on account of bad weather—long waits for mortar to dry—also mean a money loss. Metal Walls and Ceilings protect you against delays and excessive labor cost. A building may be put up at any time of the year regardless of weather conditions. The average dwelling may be erected, complete, above the foundation in two weeks' time. Once in place, Metal Walls and Ceilings never need repairs, last as long as the house, and make rooms absolutely fireproof. To those building or remodeling homes, The Metal Single & Sliding Co., Limited, of Preston, Ont., will send, free if you mention this paper, their handsomely illustrated catalogue showing many of the beautiful designs they make in Art Metal Goods.

The Poet's Corner.

THE IRISH RAPPAREES.

A Peasant Ballad of 1591, Righ* Shammas he has gone to France and left his crown behind—
Ill-luck be theirs both day and night put runnin' in his mind!
Lord Lucan followed after, with his slashes brave and true,
And now, the doleful keen is raised—
"What will poor Ireland do?
"What must poor Ireland do?
"Our luck, they say, has gone to France. What can poor Ireland do?"

Oh, never fear for Ireland, for she has s'gers still.
For Remy's boys are in the wood, and Rory's on the hill;
And never had poor Ireland more loyal hearts than these—
May God be kind and good to them the faithful Rapparees!
The fearless Rapparees!
The jewel were you, Rory, with your Irish Rapparees!

Oh, black's your heart, Clan Oliver, and coulder than the clay!
Oh, high's your head, Clan Sassenach, since Sarsfield's gone away!
It's little love you bear to us for sake of long ago—
But how'd your hand, for Ireland still can strike a deadly blow—
Can strike a mortal blow.
Och! dhar-a-Chredeth! 'tis she that still could strike the deadly blow.

The Master's bawn, the Master's seat, a surly bodach fills;
The Master's son, an outlawed man, is riding on the hills;
But, God be praised, that round him throng, as thick as summer bees,
The swords that guarded Limerick walls—his loyal Rapparees!
His lovin' Rapparees!
Who'd dare say no to Rory Oge, who heads the Rapparees!

Black Billy Grimes, of Latnamard, he racked us long and sore—
God rest the faithful hearts he broke, we'll never see them more!
But I'll go bail he'll break no more while Truagh has gallows-trees,
For why? He met one lonesome night the awful Rapparees!

The angry Rapparees!
They never sin no more, my boys, who cross the Rapparees.
Now, Sassenach, and Cromweller, take heed of what I say—
Keep down your black and angry looks that scorn us night and day;

For there's a just and wrathful judge that every action sees,
And he'll make strong, to right our wrong, the faithful Rapparees!
The fearless Rapparees!
The men that rode at Sarsfield's side, the changeless Rapparees!
—Charles Gavan Duffy.
*Pronounced Ree.

IRELAND'S ANTIQUITIES.

My native land I love thee, tho' 'Tis little of the tale I know
That in thy veins is enshrined,
To touch the heart and wake the mind.

When o'er thy plains I cast my eye
And antiquarian-like descry
The tomb so old, the tower so tall,
The sculptured Cross, the tottering wall.

My wounded spirit in a sigh,
Or in a tear that dims the eye,
Expresses what it feels within
Of throb and thought that are akin.

I look at Durrow, as a heap;
At Clonmacnoise I take a peep;
To Devenish I turn my eye,
But only still to brood and sigh.

Stories and legends, large and small
With tender feelings I recall,
Records and lays, but what do they,
But speak of a departed day.

Of minstrels that are dead and gone,
Of poets never looked upon,
Of what was great and what was grand,
But now unknown in Ireland!

Yet Drin I revere these still,
And love and prize thee ever will.
When thus there's much to look upon
That speaks of glory that is gone.
—B. W., in Boston Pilot.

DODD'S
KIDNEY
PILLS

There are noble scenes in Ireland,
From Mourne to proud Mullree,
From Corrib's waves to Vartry's stream,
All sparkling, pure and free;
Oh, crystal are her fountains,
That laugh by night and day,
But the high-souled girls of Ireland
Are purer far than they.

Mother Graves' Worm Expeller is pleasant to take, sure and effective in destroying worms. Many have tried it with the best results.

OUR

Dear Girls and Boys:

I am sure you will all badly that only one came this week, but not so than I do myself. me a little girle prom me samples of her. She either forgot to send they went astray, for the reach me yet. I will e counts of St. Patrick's tions, for surely you litt not going to let the grea March creep by unnoticed all hear how the day pas

Your loving

AUNT

Dear Aunt Becky:

I have just come in f taken a long drive. Th beautiful. The snow is u I think people will ha waggons to-morrow. I have had many sleigh rid time. We are going to l time at West Shefford on rick's day. I will writ it some other time. G now.

Granby, March 8.

THE TRUE TALE OF J

JILL.

Jack and Jill were kitten Dearly loved by one and Jack was gray, both dark Jill was marked with t white.

In youthful days these kit Were just as cute as they They'd run and jump an and bite From early morn till late

And of these kits one thin What Jackie did, Jill, too Let Jackie run and catch Jill would roll after like

One day when Jack round, He thought he'd climb up ground And take a look, if he w Into the pail upon the ta

He jumped up quick, but h How sad that such a thi be! The pail was full of water And Jackie went way out

Now Jill had always foll So had no thought of tur But in the pail went with And there next day they found.

—Mrs. Geo. Grey, in Good keeping.

BREAKING THE BAI

When it was announced Girls' Aid Society would the house of Miss Johnson neaday afternoon, two he trifle faster.

It was the first time in the society had met at G son's. Not that this was son for Grace's heart to absurdly, but there was o lar girl in the society wh Grace was not on friendly They had been friends Then came some hastil words, anger on both side childish coolness sprang u them. Times innumerable passed by Ellen Courtnie street, giving the most dis And times innumerable ha heart said within her, "G speak some friendly word the other's averted face l aloof.

"If Grace would on thought Ellen. And all in Grace's heart these w burning: "If Ellen would one word!"

And so through pride, of false pride, these two kept apart. And all the barrier was so slight that smile or a cheerful word broken it. There are too barriers in the world.

And now the question w asked herself over and over "Will Ellen attend the ma my house?"

And the question whic ed herself was: "Why shou go? The pastor said he wished a large attendan too, the society is workin the kingdom of God. An not go when I am able, c call myself an "Aid Girl