

HOME INTERESTS.

Conducted by HELENE.

No one who has any appreciation of grace and beauty in nature or in art can fail to recognize the charm of fine manners in an individual. We rejoice in them as we do in a lovely sunset view, or a beautiful piece of architecture, or a fascinating poem, for their own sake and for what they express; but even beyond this they have another attraction in the magnetic power they exert upon all beholders in setting them at ease, in sweeping away shyness, awkwardness and restraint, and in stimulating them to the expression of whatever is best worth cherishing within them. It is undoubtedly true that the presence of fine manners, whether it be in the home or in the social circle, in the workshop or in the counting-room, in the visit of charity or in the halls of legislation, has an immediate effect in reproducing itself, in diffusing happiness, in developing the faculties and in eliciting the best that is in everybody.

WONDERFUL WATCH OWNED BY THE CZARINA OF RUSSIA.

One of the most remarkable watches in the world is owned by the Czarina of Russia. On looking through a crystal in the base one can see the Holy Sepulchre, with pretorians standing guard. As the watch runs, the stone moves from the mouth of the cave, the guards kneel and angels appear at the little door. From both sides of the watch very softly tingles the air of an Easter hymn. The watch weighs only seven ounces. The maker worked on it for nine years.

A Sound Stomach Means a Clear Head.

The high pressure of a nervous life which business men of the present day are constrained to live make draughts upon their vitality highly detrimental to their health. It is only by the most careful treatment that they are able to keep themselves alert and active in their various callings, many of them know the value of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills in regulating the stomach and consequently keeping the head clear.

CHARM IS WOMAN'S HERITAGE; WHY TRY TO BECOME MANNISH.

A prominent educator of girls in addressing an audience, mostly of teachers, in New York, this spring, on "The Education of a Girl," says Harpee's Bazar, opened his remarks by the question, "Why try to make a man of her?" "To educate for efficiency," he declared, "was the use of the girls' school. An efficient woman should be the product. "There are some traits," this speaker insisted, "that the vast majority of people agree upon as being especially and desirably feminine; sweetness, agreeableness, or whatever you are pleased to call it; grace, beauty, gentleness, love of home, skill in the care of children. Why should not those in charge of the education of girls attempt to formulate a clear idea of what the efficient woman is, and then devise the best daily exercise they can to help each girl achieve that efficiency?" Why not, indeed? A school that could turn out that ideal girl would be a blessing to any community. That a woman, to be efficient, must resemble an efficient man is the idea of many people on the matter. The efficient woman, efficient in being graceful, agreeable, gentle, home-loving and home-making, is more a Japanese educational ideal for girls, at present, than an American one. If to the acknowledged charm of the Japanese girl the superior opportunities of the American girl could be added, what an education it would be!

For one does not exclude the other. Charm should be the heritage of every woman, as energy that of every man. The eternal feminine is meant to be eternally feminine, or she will never "lead man upward and on." A school that turns out girls with "good health, good looks, good brains, good ideals and good prospects" was this wise speaker's ideal. It is ours, too.

LUBY'S PARISIAN HAIR RENEWER. To prevent the too early appearance of gray hairs LUBY'S PARISIAN HAIR RENEWER needs only be applied to a hairbrush when its valuable properties will be appreciated. It imparts a most beautiful gloss and color to the hair, and keeps the head cool and free from dandruff. 50 CENTS A BOTTLE. For sale by all chemists.

CREEDS. The sky said to the sea: Behold from God I came, And though my clouds change endlessly

Like Him I am the same. The sea said to the sky: Brother, 'tis so with me, My waves and tides go over by, Yet day and night the same am I, Like God, eternally. —Louise Morgan Sill, in Harper's Magazine.

HOW A CLEVER GIRL BRIGHTENED A LONESOME HALL.

A southern girl tells how she made an Indian pagoda for the upper hall. It was at one end of the hall, where the window was too high to read by and not pretty enough to decorate, so to hide it an Indian pagoda was made of green crepe paper the color of young corn stalks. This was fashioned by making lattice effect with strips of green and white tissue paper cut two inches wide in full length of the paper. The half octagon shape was made by fastening thin laths in place for a frame. The open doorway was covered with paper morning glories, which trailed over the entire front. Inside was a small couch covered with a red and yellow cover, numerous red and yellow pillows, and Indian decorations used for dens. The little window was left unadorned with a shelf full of small flowers which flourished in the sunshine. The girl claims it was a good place to hide on warm days, and her hard work was well repaid, for the hall was long and lonesome looking, but the cozy corner was quite attractive. A great many decorations are made in the summer with tissue paper in lattice effects, and they make light screens for rooms.

Mrs. Anna F. Coston has on Staten Island the oddest laboratory and factory known. It is where the distress signals, her own invention, used in the army and navy, the revenue service and the life-saving and lighthouse bureaus, are manufactured.

A 16-year-old Hungarian girl living in Denver is said to be the only female maker of violins in the world. She has just completed her fourth, and all of them are said to be of fine workmanship and excellent tone.

Mother M. Dominic Purcell died recently at the Dominica Convent, Cabra, Dublin, in the hundredth year of her age, and the seventy-fifth of her religious profession.

TIME TO SOW SEEDS. The beginning of April is the best time to sow seeds, or start the tubers of gloxinia, begonia, and achimenes. The two first may as well be raised from seeds; that is the way to get a good quantity of the plants for a little cost. Bulbs of these may be started just as well a month later.

BRIDAL SUPERSTITIONS. Married in January's hoar, and rime, good things will come if you wait your time. Married in February's sleety weather, life you'll tread in tune together.

Married when March winds whine and roar, your home will lie on a foreign shore. Married 'neath April's changeful skies, a checkered path before you lies. Married when bees o'er May blossoms flit, strangers around your board will sit.

Married in month of roses—June—life will be one long honeymoon. Married in July, with flowers ablaze, bittersweet memories in after days. Married in August's heat and drowse, lover and friend in your chosen spouse. Married in golden September's glow, smooth and serene your life will go.

DRINK Blue Ribbon Tea

A SMALL HERO.

Little evidences of courage are very precious to mothers. A year ago three women and a child walked on a lonely southern mountain. They were busy gathering flowers, when suddenly one looked up and after a moment's startled pause gave a cry and fled with the others after her. The path was blocked by a fierce-looking razor-backed hog, black and gaunt and probably harmless. But a bear would not have been more terrible. The boy was not three years old, and his head was as yellow as a dandelion, but as his protectors fled he called reassuringly: "Don't be 'fraid. I'll take care of ool!" andatching up a twig of azalia he advanced, charged and routed the enemy. It was a little thing. But the mother woman sank on her knees, and with her hero in her arms, crushed against her breast, thanked God that He had given her a brave son, and she went down the mountain as though it had been the way of glory.

TIMELY HINTS.

Go over the zinc under the stove once a day with a cloth dampened with kerosene, and it will always be bright. Sandpaper will clean suede leather, undressed or "ooze" calfskin bags. Rubbing the sandpaper lightly over these leathers makes the article equal to new.

If dust cloths have to be bought cheesecloth is the best material for the purpose. Three-quarters of a yard is ample for each cloth, and they should be hemmed. When cleaning brass add a little methylated spirit to whatever polish you may be using. It not only helps to remove stains, but also prevents the brass from tarnishing again so quickly.

A roomy bag, its mouth kept open by a ring of wire, is a convenience to hang on the frame of the sewing machine. Into this receptacle all strips and scraps may be dropped while at work, and much picking up of litter thereby saved.

99.90% Pure St. George's Baking Powder. That's what makes so satisfactory. It is the purest Cream of Tartar Baking Powder that Science can make. Send for our free Cook-Book—full of choice new recipes. National Drug & Chemical Co. 21 of Canada, Limited, Montreal.

FUNNY SAYINGS. Mrs. Flint was a very stern woman, who demanded instant and unquestioning obedience from her children. One afternoon a storm came up and she sent her son John to close the trap leading to the flat roof of the house. "But, mother—" said John. "John, I told you to shut the trap."

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THE DRUGGIST REBUKED. A miner rode into Santa Fe with dyspepsia one day, consulted a doctor, and took his prescription to a druggist to be made up. "Well, how much?" said the miner, when the prescription was finished. "Let's see," said the druggist. "It's \$1.10 for the medicine and 15 cents for the bottle. That makes—"

EXPLAINED.

"Did pussy hurt you?" asked mother, seeing her wee son's puckered face. "Yes," sobbed little Freddie. "She's got teeth in her toes."—The Tatler.

A TESTIMONIAL.

There is a clever and gallant young fellow attached to the British Embassy at Washington, who since his advent into the official set at the national capital has achieved quite a reputation as a wit. One afternoon the clever attaché was receiving the finishing touches at the hands of a pretty manicurist on Connecticut avenue, when, with limpid eyes, she looked at him and said: "We are so grateful for any testimonials from our patrons. Do you mind?"

FOREVER.

Those who love truly never die, Tho' year by year the sad memorial wreath, A ring of flowers, types of life and death, Are laid upon their graves. For death the pure life saves, And life all pure is love; and love can reach From Heaven to earth, and noble lessons teach, Than those by mortal read.

A SWEET LITTLE COMPLIMENT.

A little girl having heard in church the story of the creation of Adam and Eve out of the dust of the ground, was much impressed with what she heard, and returning home she said to her mother: "Mamma, were you made out of dust?" and then before her mother could answer she added: "Well, mamma, if God made you out of dust, I'm sure he put a teaspoonful of sugar into it."

ANOTHER WESTMINSTER.

When the Duchess of Westminster was presented to the late Shah of Persia, he greeted her heartily. "I have heard so often about you," he said. "Your worthy name is well known, even in my country." The lady was surprised, and turning to a friend said: "The man thinks I am Westminster Abbey," and she was right.

THE POET'S CORNER

THE OUTLAWED CHRIST.

(Translated from Francois Coppée, By E. R. P., March 20, 1907.)

Falling on my knees, I said to the crucifix: "Pardon for this shame! once more, in our history, Our infamous tyrants have chased Thee from the Praetorium, This same day, O Lord, on which Thou didst die for us!

"This is an ignominy, and it is a sacrilege, To Thy tragic Image, condemned and yet innocent, When Justice is dead, the Just One will be banished. Alas! this passes in France, in Thy France!

"Lord, for this morning, kissing Thy crucifix, I have more nearly realized the Frenchman! What! the degradation of souls is it now such That no cry of revolt, none, re-sounds among us, As God is outlawed from the chambers of justice!

"What! not one leader who urges to good works? Only crimes, that we see evermore on the increase? But these leaders are crazed, and they rush into pleasure. Shall it, then, be written that we were among the cowards?

"O Jesus, give us the ardor of the Christians of old times! Thou Who madest the martyrs Whom not direst torture, Nor death could prevent from breaking the idols, Raise from us heroes, protectors of Thy crucifix!"

FOREVER.

Well blest is he who has a dear one dead; A friend he has whose face will never change— A dear companion that will not grow strange; The anchor of love is death.

AT SUNSET.

I knew a pilgrim who had travelled far Along the winding road of Zion's Hill, Still in the vigor of life's summer time, Her heart, her soul, and mind, Afflame with holy zeal. Still ever upward on the Mount of God, Till, pausing at a hamlet built thereon, Saw need of tender, ministering hands, And waiting there for many, many years, She wrought and toiled and cheered, Within the limits of her sweet abode, Oft little children fluttered there, amongst, Like happiest butterflies, content to gather Choice sweets of roses, violets and daisy cups;

Nasturtium's golden blooms Continually did ring their softest chimes, Like bells of Paradise, Gathered round her board, A happy circle grew and widened, The sick, the needy, those who craved

But words of kind encouragement, Were never bid to go and come again But welcome found and patient help received, At length her ministry 'was done— They saw her take her staff, And, leaning heavily—for she was worn and spent, She mounted wearily. Yet many a backward word she threw, And all along the way she trod fell flowers From open hand. Her head had touched the Alpine snows, And stars no mortal eye hath ever seen Gleaned still beyond, Then—as they watched there at the foot—

A cloud received her out of sight, Now, many find her footprints By the flowery way, and winding on upward Sometime will touch the snows, And God's Hand, reaching down, Will draw them Home!

—S. M. Blanchard, in the Times-Democrat.

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 SECRETARY, EVANS VACUUM CAP CO. LTD., Regent House, Regent Street, London, W.

"Oh, my!" exclaimed doll Upon the toy store "I've had the narrow I'm quite unlike my The rag doll did indeed Her teeth were all The bisque doll took hand, "Do tell me, what's "You see that man there?" The rag doll said, "They almost bought Oh, dear! I can't sto "A birthday gift," Do hasten, clerk, and And then they saw that In stocking cap and "Oh, see that cur bear," The lady cried, delight And oh, how I did wa For I was so excited. "And when the man se thing! We'll take the bear in I grew quite weak from And almost lost my h The bisque doll looked, dear, I'm sure you must be You know you must day: You came here for th "The man and woman y I'm sure would treat What is the matter with I wish that you would The rag doll drew a breath, And slowly raised her —The people now had let Then earnestly she said "I know that you will And so will every toy, When I tell you that planned To give me to a boy!" —Julia Darrow Cowle Housekeeper.

BURDOCK'S BLOOD BITTERS. A position unrivalled by blood medicine as a cure for DY. PEPسيا, BILIOUSNESS, CONSTIPATION, HEADACHE, SALT RHEUM, HEARTBURN, SORE STOMACH, DIZZINESS, DRUGS, RHEUMATISM, PIMPLES, RINGWORM, or arising from a disordered Stomach, Liver, Bowels or Bladder you require a good blood medicine BURDOCK'S BLOOD BITTERS.

POPE LEO'S JOURNEY. A press despatch from the Vatican has notified the government that the Pope decided that the removal of Leo XIII. from St. Peter's new tomb in St. John Lateran shall be guaranteed that through Rome shall be molested. Negotiations are going on concerning the that will be finally adopted. The Vatican is indifferent as to the route of the cortege with troops or whether it is merely surrounded with When the arrangements have been completed the date will be definitely fixed. Probably it will be at the beginning of next month, as master of ceremonies is comparing the details of the inauguration in the Lateran, majordomo is preparing in to the ceremony. These were limited to cardinals, diplomats, the Roman nobility, and Capuchin monks will accompany through the streets. If your children are troubled with worms, give them Mother's Worm Expeller; safe, effective. Try it, and mark improvement in your children.