

HOME INTERESTS.

Conducted by HELENE.

A business woman of large experience mentioned, not long ago, a serious danger in the lives of many girls who have to earn their own living, a danger especially threatening if the girl is conscientious and a hard worker. It is the tendency to become a working woman—and nothing else.

It is not strange. She has, perhaps, long hours and hard work. If her occupation is in store or factory, she has companionship. But if she is in an occupation where she has to work practically alone, especially if she is away from home, she is in danger of becoming dull, listless, unhappy, because, through carelessness or inertia, she lets her life become all work and no play.

A young woman can wrong herself and her employer if that is the case—herself, because her first duty is to be a happy, well-rounded woman, not a machine; her employer, because it is only by keeping her freshness of spirit that she can do the best work. So no matter how difficult it seems at first, she must batter down the walls of her prison.

If she is in a city—and that is where most of the lonely girls are—there are endless opportunities. There are working girls' clubs and classes in which she can meet other girls; church societies that would give her a warm welcome; free picture exhibits and music and lectures. Let her seek till she finds two or three other girls to "take in" these things with her, and life will soon grow full of eager interest.

Let her do one thing more—let her hold fast to the ideals of home, even if her home is measured by the narrow walls of a hall bedroom. Happiness is not a question of the pocketbook, but of the heart. The simplest of fare has been known to furnish a feast rich in nourishment to the soul. Long ago Lovelace wrote:

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage.

But it is one of the discoveries that each must make for herself—no other can do it for her.—The Companion.

TO TELL WHEN CHILDREN NEED REST.

The enormous amount of vitality a child expends in growing makes it necessary that the little one should have frequent periods of rest. After exercise let the child settle down to some quiet amusement, and a "lie-down" during the day. There is an invaluable "fatigue test." Tell a group of little children to stretch their hands out in front of them, spreading the fingers as widely apart as possible. If the children are fresh the fingers will stretch upwards and slightly backwards; while if they are tired, the poor little members tend to curl up like faded flowers. This means that the mites must rest for a time, and a drink of milk might be given with advantage.—Selected.

One of the things that many mothers teach their daughters and seem to regard as one of the paramount virtues is that every garment must be put carefully away as soon as removed.

Often as a girl I spent the night with some friend after a dance and the dress and gloves were put carefully away in a clothes chest or wardrobe. What could be worse? No chance to air and always more or less damp with perspiration. You will find your garments far fresher and more hygienic if you will spread them out, inside exposed, in an empty room for at least twelve hours before putting them in their places. Have a window open in the room if possible. The members of my family always hang their clothes over chairs before opening windows at night all the year round. It is good for the clothing and better for the wearer.

The mother who teaches her child to fold each garment carefully and pile one on another in a chair is teaching order, but disregarding health. Order may be heaven's first law, but it is equally true that "cleanliness is akin to godliness."

THE HOME DOCTOR.

A cold in the head can often be speedily cured by inhaling burnt camphor.

Alum water for burns or cuts is a quick and pleasant remedy. Keep a bottle on the medicine shelf.

Onion juice is good for the croup. Stew onions with sugar and a very little water until it forms a syrup. Strain and give a tablespoonful at a dose.

To inhale steam from a bowl of boiling water is very good for a sore throat. The sufferer should lean over the steam, drawing it in both throat and nostrils.

A New York woman recommends a novel remedy for cinder in the eye—namely, a loop of horsehair run up under the lid. Of course the hair should be thoroughly sterilized before being used.

To make a poultice antiseptic will keep a part free from gangrene and similar complications. Dissolve in the boiling water with which the poultice is made as much boric acid as it will take up.

HOW TO WATER PLANTS.

Watering plants is really an art that few understand, says a writer in the New York Telegram. Many women give them little drinks every day and because the earth on top is moist think that the roots are being well provided for. But daily sprinkling is not beneficial as a rule. The watering times had better be less often and thorough than once in twenty-four hours, when only the upper soil is wet and the roots are left thirsty. I believe in the old-fashioned way of immersing the plants in a bucket or big tub full of water at a temperature that will not chill and let them stay for several hours until there can be no doubt that the water has penetrated to the very bottom, where most of the roots gather. The best time to do this is in the morning, so that most of the moisture will have had time to be absorbed or drained off before the cold of the night can chill the plants. One way of washing off the leaves and at the same time watering the roots is to place the plants under a faucet and turn on a small spray. This is decidedly beneficial, for it falls on them just as rain does. Whenever it is possible put the potted-plants outdoors, so they can be rained on, for a person can almost see them grow after such a wetting from nature.

THE TRUE HOME.

It is the natural instinct of love and life to make a shelter in which to dwell, and when it is established—be it a palace or a hut—such a yearning passion takes root in the hearts of those to whom a home dear, that it draws like a magnet and cannot be resisted. In every tongue some tender word is found to express the longing of separated human creatures to return to that refuge where the beneficent guardians of the hearth stand ready to welcome and to protect. Even to the swift-winged bird it gives sustaining strength and an endurance that astonishes us, and to a weary man it lends both energy and joy from the moment that his face is set toward the door to which he holds the master key.

QUARTER INCH IRON INSTEAD OF BRASS RODS.

Have you learned the trick of using quarter inch iron wire instead of brass rods for the hanging of such curtains? For the shams, the mantle and closet curtains, all the extra "shirts" put up in house decorations it answers just as well and is about one-fifth the price. It is necessary to have a little bit of gold paint and to "wash" it both for the sake of looks and to keep it from rusting. You can have it put in lengths wanted at any hardware store, and will be surprised at the purchasing power of the small sum of 10 cents when invested in it.

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 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 of 1 and 2—all druggists. DR. T. A. SLOCUM, Limited, Toronto.

TIMELY HINTS.

As a cleansing agent the virtues of paraffin are fairly well known, but few people know that it is the best thing with which to clean velvet, says Tit-Bits. The method of using is to stretch the velvet on a table, dampen a small piece of flannel with paraffin, and rub the pile of the velvet gently and briskly. As soon as the flannel gets dirty take another piece. The velvet will look like new, the most delicate colors being restored by this process. The objectionable smell soon wears off.

An excellent article of food for children is skim milk. People think all the goodness is extracted with the cream, but this is not so; only the fat has been removed. All the proteids remain behind.

It is a great mistake to wring a fine shirt waist out in the usual way for by so doing you are likely to stretch the fabric and give it a "pull" that will show. Knead and work it between the hands, carefully unfolding and refolding as you dip.

Valuable brushes, such as those with ivory or tortoise shell backs, may be thoroughly cleansed by using bran instead of soap and water. The brush is dipped into bran, which must be rubbed into the bristles as one would do soap, and the particles may afterward be removed by tapping the brush bristles downward, on the table. The process is somewhat lengthy, but it prevents the bristles from becoming softened, as they inevitably must be if wetted. When every trace of bran has been removed the brush will be found to be perfectly clean.

When a person has accidentally swallowed glass it is a mistake to administer a purgative. Instead allow plenty of crackers to be eaten, or thick oatmeal gruel, or anything similar, so as to protect the intestines.

The soiling caused by persons leaning their heads against a papered wall may be greatly lessened, if not obliterated, by laying a sheet of blotting paper upon the spot and passing over it a moderately warm flatiron.

RECIPES.

Grape fruit makes a delightful salad when mixed with mayonnaise or French dressing. Break each section apart, leaving no trace of the membrane adhering to the pulp.

When served on a lettuce leaf or sprinkled with powdered sugar, it is reduced to the simplest elements as a salad.

Oysters come to the assistance of the much-tried housewife in a variety of delicious possibilities. Curried oysters will be welcomed for their unusual flavor. Fry a moderate sized Spanish onion till well browned in some butter, stir in three tablespoonfuls of curry powder, and mix well over the fire. Four in gradually a sufficient quantity of broth, add a grated coconut and a very sour apple—or two tamarinds—if they can be obtained, and boil until the coconut is tender. Thicken with two tablespoonfuls of flour rubbed with a little water, season with salt, stir and boil for five minutes. The oysters should be placed into a steppan with two or three seeded tomatoes, the milk of the coconut and the oyster liquor. Stew for a few moments and add to the other mixture. The juice of a lemon, turn the curry on a hot dish, garnish with croutons and serve with a separate dish of rice.

Spun Sugar.—Into an agate saucepan put one pint of granulated sugar, half a cup of water and a pinch of cream of tartar; put over the fire and boil steadily, testing often, until it hardens in cold water. Remove from the fire at once. Lay two long rods on a table so that the ends project for six inches or more. Spread sheets of brown paper under the rods, then dip the ends of the fork into the syrup and shake them back and forth over the rods; the sugar will fly off in fine threads and rest on the rods. If the syrup becomes too cold it can be carefully reheated. Take the spun sugar off the rods and fold it around molds or roll into nests.

Asparagus Fricassee.—One bunch of asparagus, one large or two small heads of lettuce, half a dozen sprays of watercress, one teaspoonful of chopped parsley, salt and pepper to taste and add a lump of sugar. Scrape and wash the asparagus and boil it in slightly salted water until tender. In a saucepan melt a tablespoonful of butter, add one tablespoonful of flour and one scant pint of water in which the asparagus was boiled. Cut the asparagus in small bits and add it to the sauce with the lettuce torn into small pieces, the cress, parsley, and sugar. Simmer for fifteen minutes, add one teaspoonful of lemon juice, season to taste and serve.

FUNNY SAYINGS

WHAT DID HE MEAN?

It was at a social gathering which was being given to inaugurate the winter season of one of the mutual improvement societies which helps to pass the shining (or otherwise) hour in an edifying manner. A little singing was to be indulged in by some of the members, and about half way down the programme the name of Miss Brown figured. Alas, however, when the time came for her to appear a messenger arrived to say that the lady was suffering from a cold, and, therefore, the chairman had to excuse her to the audience.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "I have to announce that Miss Brown will be unable to sing, and, therefore, Mr. Green will give us 'A Song of Thanksgiving.'"

HE KNEW A DESERT.

It was the geography lesson in the infant's class, and the patient teacher was doing her best to instill into the minds of the little ones the meaning of the word "desert."

"So you see, children," she said, "a desert is a great place where nothing will grow. Now Johnny Tomkins, I don't believe you were listening."

"Yes I was, teacher."

"And do you know what a desert is?"

"Yes, teacher—a place where nothing will grow."

"That is correct. Now, give me an instance of one of the world's deserts."

"My daddy's head, teacher!" ventured Johnny.

PROVED MEN VAIN.

At a dinner party recently a lady illustrated admirably a point which she wished to make in reply to a man who had just said that "women were vain than men."

"Of course," said the lady, "I admit that women are vain and men are not. There are a thousand proofs that this is so. Why, the necktie of the handsomest man in the room is even now up the back of his collar."

There were six men present, and each of them put his hand gently behind his back. And the ladies smiled.

Suffered Terrible Agony FROM PAIN ACROSS HIS KIDNEYS.

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS CURED HIM.

Read the words of praise, Mr. M. A. McNamee, Marion, N.J., has for Doan's Kidney Pills. (He writes us): "For the past three years I have suffered terrible agony from pain across my kidneys. I was so bad I could not stoop or bend. I consulted and had several doctors treat me, but could get no relief. On the advice of a friend, I purchased a box of your valuable, life-giving remedy (Doan's Kidney Pills), and to my surprise and delight, I immediately got better. In my opinion, Doan's Kidney Pills have no equal for any form of kidney trouble."

Doan's Kidney Pills are 50 cents per box or three boxes for \$1.25. Get as presented on all druggists or will be mailed direct on receipt of cash by The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.

THE POET'S CORNER

JUDGE NOT.

Judge not: the workings of his brain
And of his heart thou canst not see;

What looks to thy dim eyes a stain
In God's pure light may only be
A scar brought from some well-won field,
Where thou wouldst only faint and yield.

The look, the air, that frets thy sight
May be a token that, below,
The soul has closed in deadly fight
With some infernal fiery foe,
Whose glance would scorch thy smiling grate,
And cast thee shuddering on thy face!

Be fall thou dearest to despise—
May be the angel's slackened hand
Has suffered it, that he may rise
And take a firmer, surer stand:
Or, trusting less to earthly things,
May henceforth learn to use his wings.

And judge none lost; but wait and see,
With hopeful pity, not disdain;
The depth of the abyss may be
The measure of the height of pain.
And love and glory that may raise
This soul to God in after days!

—Adelaide Anne Procter.

VIOLETS.

The news is true! Outside the city wall
A nomad commonwealth is gathering;
And firstling troubadours find heart
To sing
Long ere the festival.

Their prophet-minstrels wandered through the town—
A few of us threw door and window wide;
But on the busy mall the uncaring tide
Stopped not to smile or frown.

He who would listen were curious to know
Whence came the sunny travellers.
Ay, the word
Is true, the town in passing lightly heard
Of violets aglow.

The spring has pitched his tabernacles where
One who is on the watch for early signs
Can easily espy the olden lines
Traced with the wood-folk's care.

Come out, awhile, and see them delve and build
Who are to be our neighbors. Make the rounds
With the first-comers, who but set the bounds
Where much shall be fulfilled.

—Boston Transcript.

WHEN THE FIRE DIES.

When the hearth-fire dies, and night comes on apace,
Beyond the walls of darkening woods
I see
The sunset burning bright for you and me.

Out there within the gathering dusk
Your face
Smiles softly back with tender pitying grace.
Begin with snow, the dreary landscape seems
Too lonely for my mood. Begone,
These dreams!

—William D. Gould.

AN EX-MAYOR GIVES UNSTINTED PRAISE

"Doan's Kidney Pills are the Very Best Medicine I ever Used for Kidney Trouble."

Mr. Robert Sheppard, Ex-Mayor of Gananoque, Ont., testifies to the Merit of Doan's Kidney Pills.

Gananoque, Ont., April 23—(Special.)—"I suffered from kidney trouble," writes Mr. Sheppard, of this place, "and though I tried many remedies and was under a doctor a long while I got no better. I had Bright's Disease slightly. Lumbago, pains in my loins and at times all over my body. My skin was dry, hard and burning. I could not sleep, the least exertion made me perspire fearfully, and my blood was so bad I broke out in boils all over the neck and back. I was in this state when I started taking Doan's Kidney Pills and in an incredibly short space of time the boils disappeared. I recovered my health and now I am quite cured."

The Duke of Acosta has also been very active in working with the red-cruising barbers. He and the Cardinal have joined forces in their efforts to save life and property.

Cardinal Pricco, Archbishop of Naples, has been indefatigable in his efforts to relieve the sufferers in the desolated villages around Vesuvius. The Cardinal has made many trips to the most threatened portions of the mountains, at the greatest personal risk, to succor and comfort the people. Special prayers are being constantly offered up at all the churches in Naples. Bosco Reale, one of the villages nearest the volcano, is the birthplace of the Cardinal, and the home of most of his relatives.

Cardinal Pricco distributed necessities of life to the peasants, and even went so far as to give away the rings he wore on his fingers. Repeatedly he exclaimed to the frightened peasants, "Pray, my children, you may be sure God will not desert you."

OUR BO

Dear Girls and Boys:

Are you not all happy to have such lovely spring? This is the most interesting year. Tiny shoots are here and there. Now, we be fine fun to go searching for flowers. Then we bring me about them, where them and what they are, know we would all be Wake up, little folks.

Your loving
AUNT I

Dear Aunt Becky:

Will you please admit a little niece to the column. I have not seen any Quebecers' magazine, but I hope my example, followed by many. You none of your nieces or nephews interested in that long "plan" of yours, but, dear you are mistaken—for my wait anxiously every True hoping that you have at last decided to unfold it. I am of my cousins feel the same only they are too shy to say so. All the cousins in the column to have brothers and sisters most feel envious when I see them, I am lonely at home, neither brother nor sister. Mother is dead, too, so I am Aunt Becky, how I would you and my cousins if I am admitted to the column. Hoping to see this letter I remain,

Your loving niece,
IR

Quebec, April 22.

(I am happy to welcome the corner, Irene, and hope to be a regular contributor.)

Dear Aunt Becky:

I was so sorry when I see any letters in the corner, week, and I hope that it happen again. I always mamma to read them to go to Sunday school at Church and I like it very much just five years old. I see my letter in print, I am Your little niece,
ET

(The little folks are reading an interest in the corner. I write a very nice letter for five-year-olds.—Ed.)

Dear Aunt Becky:

I was so sorry when I see any letters in the corner, week, and I hope that it happen again. I always mamma to read them to go to Sunday school at Church and I like it very much just five years old. I see my letter in print, I am Your little niece,
ET

WYNKEN, BLYNKEN AND NOD.

By Eugene Field.

Wynken, Blynken and Nod
Sailed off in a wooden shoe
Sailed on a river of crystal
Into a sea of dew,
"Where are you going, and
you wish?"
The old moon asked the
"We have come to fish for
ring-fish
That lived in the beautiful
Nets of silver and gold
Said Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

The old moon laughed and
sang,
As they rocked in the wooden
And the wind that sped
night long
Ruffled the waves of dew,
The little stars were then
fish
That lived in the beautiful
Nets of silver and gold
wish—
Never afear'd are we!"
So cried the stars to the
three,
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

All night long their nets lay
To the stars in the twinkling
Then down from the skies
wooden shoe,
Bringing the fishermen home,
'Twas all so pretty a sail,
As if it could not be
And some folks thought
dream they dreamed
Of sailing that beautiful
But I shall name you the
three:
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.