

HOUSEHOLD.

The Tone of the Voice.

It is not so much what you say,
As the manner in which you say it;
It is not so much the language you use,
As the tones in which you convey it.

The words may be mild and fair,
And the tones may pierce like a dart;
The words may be soft as the summer air,
And the tones may break the heart.

For words but come from the mind,
And glow by study and art;
But the tones leap forth from the inner self,
And reveal the state of the heart.

Whether you know it or not,
Whether you mean or care,
Gentleness, kindness, love, and hate,
Envy and anger are there.

Then, would you quarrels avoid,
And in peace and love rejoice,
Keep anger not only out of your words,
But keep it out of your voice.
—The 'Youth's Companion.'

When Your Boy is Away.

(Edgar L. Vincent, in the Pittsburg 'Christian Advocate'.)

'Don't you suppose we had better get a frame for the pictures in Ned's rooms? I mean those he brought home after the last term at school. There is the one of the football team he belonged to; and then, too, I think the one of the class he belonged to; would be nice framed. They are both good pictures. They are quite large, I know, and probably he did not expect them to be framed; and yet, I feel sure he would be pleased to find them all framed and hung in his room when he comes home at Christmas.'

'Then we will have them framed, wife. I will take them over this afternoon. I remember once when I came home mother had standing on my table a bit of a card neatly set in a frame she had made herself. It was a little "reward of merit" card—nothing more; and yet it never looked so good to me as after mother had fixed it that way.'

And you have not forgotten it yet! That is what I think about having these of Ned's framed. He will think of the old room here at home some day when perhaps he may not be able to come back, and the remembrance will lead to something else.'

Something else? Oh, yes. Back to the hearts and love of the dear ones who were there in the years gone by.

And so the pictures were framed. When Ned came back home at the midwinter vacation, there the two hung, on different sides of the room. In the corner was his tennis-racket. On the wall by the side of the dresser was his nosegard hung by its strap. Mother had not 'fired these out,' as Ned said some mothers would have done. There they were, reminders of the days when he played half-back on the school team, and saved the day by hard work.

'It was awfully good of you to think of a fellow this way, mother!' he said, sitting down where he could look the pretty room over, and see what had been done to make the room—his own room in the old home—as comfortable and cheery as possible. 'I thank you for it. I shall think of it when I go away.'

That is what we want, mothers. If we can keep the hearts of our boys glad when they think of the old home, we have gained a victory, for home means father and mother, the bright family fireside, good things, kind words, a shelter from the world's storm, and all that makes for higher and better manhood.

And if we can help the boys to know that while they are away we think of them, it will mean something, too. When we write to them, why not tell them that we often go into their room, and sit down, just because it is their room, and when we are there we think of them and wish for them all that is good and true. Suppose we take our writing material

in there, and write our letter from that quiet place. It will touch a tender chord in the boy's heart as he snatches time away out there on life's busy highway to read the word from home.

We so little know what will be the thing which will strike the string in the young man's heart-harp! The other day I saw a letter in which a young man wrote home these words: 'I read father's letter over two or three times, so that I can be sure that I have not missed anything he wrote!' Do you think it can be that a young man who wants to know every single word father writes will stray very far away?

A minister went not long ago to stay at a private house in the city of St. Louis for a day or two. He says:

'I knew the lady had given me the boy's room. How did I know that? Here were the things he had used when he was at home—the ball and the racket and the paraphernalia of the playground; in the bookcase were the books the boy likes. Oh, yes; I could not help knowing that it was a boy's room. In a little while the mother said to me: "You saw that I put you in my son's room?" "Oh, yes; I noticed that and I wondered why." "He is away in Cuba with the army. I wondered if you would think of him when you prayed to-night. It would help him to know it!" Could I forget that request? No; I did remember the boy away across the water in a strange land. One day I learned that the boy had heard about my visit to his home, and what I had asked God to do for him. And he had written home such a letter, yearning for the old folks and the love he missed so much! "I am so lonely and so homesick," he wrote. "I miss your love! I shall be so glad to be back again! And, mother, when I come, it will be as a better boy, I hope, than I ever was before! Your love and His have found me, and brought me back to Him!"'

It pays to let the heart live with the boys when they are away from home.

Fitting Up the Guest Rooms to Afford Pleasure.

I have often heard the complaint, remarked a hostess the other day, 'that while the living rooms of the home gradually assume definite characteristics, the guest chamber lacks expression. Now, this is quite unnecessary, even when means are a matter of consideration.'

I have in mind just at the moment a man's guest chamber, furnished by a man for his men friends. The man was a Harvard graduate, and the floor was covered with Cambridge crimson. The same shade was dominant in the draperies, fine photographs of college buildings and teams were on the mantel and walls, a row of steins was on a narrow shelf above the door. The whole was simple but distinctive and full of suggestion.

'Another guest chamber I know had as motif a few furniture heirlooms of eighteenth century style. The bedstead and tester were draped with dainty chintz, and brass andirons stood in the low chimney place. Glass knobs were substituted for those of the present style in doors and dressing stand, and a copy of an old mirror hung over a high chest of drawers. The effect was unique and pleasing, and the room one not soon forgotten by its fortunate tenant.'

'In contrast with this there comes to mind a guest chamber designed by a bride for the use of her girl friends. The dainty spread for the white enamelled bedstead was covered with forgetmenot sprays and painted forgetmenots decorated the toilet set and small china belongings of the dressing table. Screen and table scarf bore the same flower in delicate embroidery, and the walls were printed with the same. The paper of border and ceiling was of the shade of the pale green leaves, and the white muslin draperies were drawn back with light blue and green ribbons.'

'Another simple arrangement for the guest chamber, and one which, among many, impressed itself on my memory, was a combination of sage green and yellow in a summer cottage. The furniture was of curly birch, and the woodwork yellow pine varnished and rubbed down. The papering was a sage green ingrain with a frieze of yellow Scotch roses. India silk draperies of the pre-dominating colors hung in straight folds from

window top to floor, and a good, old fashioned "sleepy hollow" chair was upholstered in green and yellow cretonne. The lines credited to Charles X. were painted on the long, narrow panel above the mantel board:

"Close thine eyes and sleep secure,
Thy soul is safe, thy body sure!"

'Oh, no! it isn't really so difficult to design an inexpensive and yet artistic guest chamber, if one really puts one's heart into it.'—Exchange.

Sewing Room Notes.

(By Mary Taylor Ross, in the New England 'Homestead'.)

A small pair of pointed scissors, hung from the sewing machine by means of a long ribbon tape, will prove very useful in coaxing the fine corners, and particular edges underneath the presser-foot, holding them down, and keeping them in good shape. They also save much very fine basting which would be necessary without their use.

One thing the home dressmaker ought always to possess, and that is a tailor's tape-measure. The question of 'fit' is so very important in these days that one cannot afford to make a mistake because of an inaccurate tape-measure. Purchase one of a tailor, and put it away in the sewing room where it will always be at hand when one finds it necessary to take important measurements.

One mother, who had a great deal of sewing to do for her large family of small children, did away with much buttonhole making on everyday trousers for the boys by sewing brass rings of different sizes to the bands of garments, and using them in place of buttonholes in exactly the same way. A short piece of linen tape (sometimes doubled) was passed through the ring, and this tape was sewed firmly to the cloth, holding the ring in place.

When stitching the seams of an organdy, or any other kind of thin goods that bothers by catching in the machine needle and puckering, cut strips of paper and baste them to the goods when the edges are basted together. The paper is easily pulled away when the stitching is completed, and the basting threads are removed. The oiled paper that lines cracker boxes is best for this use. Cut in narrow strips and lay over the seams and baste.

Selected Recipes.

CELERY SALAD.—Three stalks of celery cut small, one-half small, hard head of cabbage sliced fine. Mix thoroughly, lay upon lettuce leaves and serve with dressing made



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