

HOME INTERESTS.

Conducted by HELENE.

DON'T BURY LOVE.

Few of us mean to hide our love from the children or husband. It is only because we are so busy—so busy. We must do everything in the very quickest way, and at the same time keep planning and thinking of how all those other things are to be done—and so love is crowded out. I sometimes wonder, dear mothers, if we are not nearly all making a mistake, if it would not be better to let the children's clothes be not quite so fine, the dinner plainer—yes, if need be, even the sitting-room table go some day undusted, but so make time for the loving word and smile, the gentle, thoughtful deed, the lingering touch and caress, the something that will show the love in our hearts. Never a day passes but each one of us is nearer some one who is starving—not for food or wealth or fame, but for love. Even the little children in our homes are hungering for the loving word and smile. If we can but take time to give these they will be remembered long after our elaborate dinners, our stylish dresses, our spotless houses, are forgotten.

Let us think the matter over carefully and look at it squarely. Do we, because of overmuch sweeping and dusting in our houses, because of magnifying the importance of having each thing always in its proper place, and above all, of keeping the house nice for strangers to see—do we in any way lessen the joy for any of the dear ones in the home? Do we bake and dust and work to "keep house" for strangers and let our own go homeless? For where love is not uppermost there can be no home, only a house.—Mothers' Magazine.

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THE USE OF BURLAP.

Burlap darned with an occasional thread of contrasting color makes some of the prettiest of the impressive furnishings for dens or sitting rooms. Whole sets of it can be made—couch cover and screens, pillows and table covers—at little cost, and yet enough variety to prevent any danger of monotony.

For a couch cover choose one of the darker shades. Rich dark green makes very attractive ones, and a curious old dark blue, a shade that comes in nothing but burlap and in an occasional silk imported from China, is the prettiest of all for a blue room. Of course there are dull Indian reds, and the strange yellows that seem to have been borrowed from rare old hangings in some palaces in the orient.

Pillows can be made either stitched on the wrong side and turned inside out or fringed, like an Indian's war coat, deeply, the threads kept from further ravelling by an overcasting around with heavy cotton. That cotton must match the foundation exactly, by the way. If you use fringes make your cover of just two square pieces and sew them together by a thread, so as to make a perfect square, with strips of color.

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THE OLD WICKER CHAIR.

To renovate a shabby wicker chair first clean the wicker thoroughly using a scrubbing brush and plenty of soap and water. When dry the chair will be greatly improved by a coating of two of green stain. For the seat make a cushion of green linen or a pretty greenish cretonne. Another cushion for the back may be liked, and it is easily made. Make it of the same material as the seat cushion and of bag shape, longer than wide. It may be fastened to the chair by means of tapes sewed at the top and bottom. If a loose cushion is preferred a pretty yellow linen would look nice, and contrast well with the green. Make the case slip fashion, so that it may easily be washed. An unbleached calico bag will be good enough for the vegetable down with which the cushions are filled.

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CLEANING BRASS UTENSILS.

A brass teakettle and other brass articles can be easily cleaned, with the exception of Benares ware, in the following way: First clean well with a little soda made of ammonia and soap without water and then quickly rinse it off. This will give a semi-polish to the article and will also leave it perfectly free from any grease. Then any good proprietary brass polish will add a shining surface to the ware.

BEAUTIFYING TABLECLOTHS.

It is no longer the style to use round cloths, even on round tables. It has been settled that they did not launder well; pulled out of shape, and so have been abandoned.

The woman that is clever with her needle can embroider lunch cloths herself that will be hard for any but a very full purse to duplicate. One that is extremely handsome has linen medallions made into the square with an equal number of insets of cluny. This makes the cloth lacy, and to increase the delicate transparency the linen squares are embroidered in open cysts of English embroidery.

Another cloth that is almost too lovely to use is made of a center of linen with English hand embroidery with a circle of cluny around it and one of flit, which is a lace background with figures darned in. Around this again, is a circle of embroidered linen, and the whole cloth is framed of these alternating rows of lace and embroidered linen. The edges are scalloped of lace, making the cloth square, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Letters on fine tablecloths should be three inches long, and just now these are put on top of the border above the plate line, where they are plainly visible. The letter of the surname should be a trifle larger, to make it the more conspicuous. For plain linen cloths these letters are severe in their simplicity, without decoration and in straight lines, whereas for elaborate cloths there are monograms, surrounded with a wreath of laurel and small bits of ribbon worked through the design.

Two monograms are now placed in opposite corners in place of one, as formerly. This is simply a detail, however, as there are constant changes in the placing of the marking devices.

On napkins the letters are from an inch and three-quarters to two and a half inches long. They should always be in a corner where they will show, no matter how the napkin is folded. Of course these must correspond with the style of the letter on the cloths, but smaller in proportion. Napkins are usually to be had in several sizes, the largest measuring thirty-two inches for dinner napkins and those for breakfast about fifteen. Many women of taste use the perfectly plain, handsome damask, with the elaborate cloths for dinner.

TIMELY HINTS.

A spoonful of strong vinegar added to the kettle of hot fat will prevent doughnuts from soaking fat, it is said.

Aluminum ware may be cleaned by boiling five minutes in a quart of water to which a teaspoonful of washing soda has been added.

If metal teapots are not used for some time, they are apt to become musty and to give the tea a peculiar flavor when used again. This may be prevented by dropping a lump of sugar into the pot before putting it away.

To make the cutting up of beeswax quite easy, have a jug of boiling water in which to dip your knife frequently to keep it hot.

Flour raisins before adding them to cake or puddings in order to prevent them settling to the bottom. They are also much improved by cooking. Let them soak and slowly simmer until the skins are tender.

To remove grease from a papered wall, dip a piece of flannel in spirits of wine, gently rub the soiled part over once or twice and the grease will disappear.

Lamp-wicks soaked in vinegar some twenty-four hours before used will give a clearer flame and a steadier light than those not so treated.

The ravellings cut from new table cloths before hemming are just what you want to mend these places or holes in the older ones.

RECIPES.

Cranberry Foam—Add a pinch of salt and a cupful of pulverized sugar to the whites of four eggs, whipped very stiff and firm. Beat constantly while adding two-thirds of a cupful of cranberry jelly, a teaspoonful at a time. When they are well mixed together and quite light serve in sherbet glasses with a bit of whipped cream on top of each.

A Simple Mayonnaise—The old, laborious drop-by-drop process of making mayonnaise dressing has been superseded by the method described

below. It will be a boon to lovers of salad. In a bowl mix one-half teaspoonful of salt, a dash of paprika, and the raw yolks of two fresh eggs; then beat in two tablespoonfuls each of vinegar and lemon juice, add about one and one-half cupful of olive oil, one teaspoonful or more at a time, beating it in with an egg beater. By adding all the acid before the oil and using a good egg beater the danger of curdling is eliminated, and the oil can be added in generous quantities from the start.

Prune Sponge—Heat the juice of two lemons and half a cup of sugar, add the yolks of three eggs, and cook over hot water until thick; then stir in half a package of gelatin that has been dissolved in a little warm water, and fold in the beaten whites of three eggs. Pour in a fancy border mold, and set on ice to harden. When cold turn out and fill the centre with jellied prunes. Serve with sweetened whipped cream flavored with powdered cinnamon.

A tomato rabbit will be liked by tomato lovers. Stew tomatoes ten minutes and add to each cupful of tomato one teaspoonful of finely chopped onions and let it cook five minutes. To this add one cupful of cheese cut in dice to each cupful of tomatoes and cook until it melts. Then spread over slices of hot buttered toast and serve at once. This can be cooked in a chafing dish.

FUNNY SAYINGS.

WHAT NOAH DID.

The story is told of a Congressman that he once declared in an address to the house, "As Daniel Webster says in his dictionary."

"It was Noah who wrote the dictionary," whispered a colleague who sat at the next desk.

"Noah nothing," replied the speaker. "Noah built the ark."

At the last anniversary of the Cheshire school Brewster told of a minister who apologized for the shortness of his sermon by explaining that his dog had chewed up the first and last pages of his manuscript, whereupon a little boy in the congregation was heard to exclaim, "Say, I wish somebody'd give our minister a purp."—Lippincott's Magazine.

They had all been to church, and the young minister was coming home to dine with them. While at dinner they were discussing the new stained glass window a member had given.

"It is a most beautiful piece of workmanship," said one, "and must have cost a great deal of money."

"Do you really have any idea how much?"

"I really do not," replied the minister, "but far into the hundreds, I should imagine."

"No, it didn't, neither," said little Harold. "I know how much it was. It cost \$14.10."

"Why, Harold, how do you know anything about it?"

"Because, mamma, it said at the bottom of the window: 'Job 14-10.'"

A well known Protestant evangelist is fond of telling how, at the close of one of his most stirring addresses, he approached a big stolid-looking German in the congregation who had

paid the closest attention to the discourse. Thinking that he had perhaps made some impressions on the man, the evangelist said to him:

"Are you a Christian?"

"Nein—Sherman," was the reply.

"Oh, German? Well, would you like to become a Christian and work for the Master?"

The man shook his head and said: "Nein, I have youst got a shob to drive an ice wagon."

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WONDERFUL EFFECT OF FRUIT.

"Fruit-a-tives" (Fruit Liver Tablets) are concentrated fruit juices. And it is these fruit juices that cure Constipation, Biliousness, Headaches, Indigestion, Palpitation of the Heart and all Troubles of the Stomach and Kidneys. A leading Ottawa physician discovered a process by which he could combine the juices of Apples, Oranges, Figs and Prunes and by adding another atom of bitter principle from the Orange peel, completely change the medicinal action of the fruit juices, giving the combination a far more powerful and more beneficial effect on the system. "Fruit-a-tives" are tablets made of this combination of fruit juices—and they have made most wonderful cures of Stomach, Liver and Kidney Troubles and of Blood and Skin Diseases. See a box.—Ask your druggist.

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The Poet's Corner.

THE VANQUISHED.

Shall those Who have not known temptation Wear the crown Denied to those Who battled even if they fell, Who know And chose To good, and strove To conquest for its sake?

When they are vanquished Shall we heap Reproaches on them— Shall we say, "See, they were sinful Let them die— They have offended God." O Pharisees!

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THE RIVER OF YOUTH.

From all the golden hills of Dream, Dew-cool and rainbow kissed, It twines and curls, a silver stream, Through valleys hung with mist.

Down past Enchanted Woods to where Romance walks ever young, Where Kings ride forth to take the air, On steeds with velvet hung—

Where Secret Stairways tempt the bold, Where Pirate Caves abound, And many a chest of Spanish gold May solemnly be found!

Through magic years it twines and creeps Past towers of peacock blue, Where still some captured Princess sleeps And dreams come always true.

Then gleam by gleam the light goes out, Then darkened grief by grief, It sighs into our Sea of Doubt And Manhood's Unbelief!

—Arthur Stringer.

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A PRAYER.

O God, who holdeth all within Thy hand, Living and dead,—Father who knowest best, Lean to our loved ones in the silent land, And give them rest!

We ask for them the sunshine of Thy love, The peace and comfort of Thy sheltering breast; Lift them from darkness to the light above,— Eternal rest!

—Sylvia Hunting, in Ave Maria.

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THE LITTLE PATH.

There is the small sweet path of little things, Along its edge we common flowers rise, And little words of kindly blessedness Are whispered here where no sharp thrusts surprise.

The tiny tread of little feet is heard, And the first flutter of the new-fledged bird.

Joys infinitesimal are clustered here, The microscopic lives of insects bright; Here neighbor bees and yellow butterflies Flit far below the angry storm that blight

Yon peaks magnificent, where eagle tears The dripping prey that writes its vain despair.

There is no crown of bay leaves waiting here, But fairy larkspur wreaths, instead of gold

The coropsis shines forth prettily; Here by the baby brooks are sweetly bold

(Through meshes of the cool green watercross)

Small silver tales of daily happiness— Clinton Dangerfield, in the Companion.

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THE DIFFERENCE.

Two watched the weary sun swiftly low And plunged beneath the sea in golden light;

The one beheld the wondrous after-glow, The other but the dusk of growing night.

Beside the sick-bed of a pining friend They heard the quiet sigh of final breath;

One saw the birth of life without a word, His comrades but the icy hand of death.

—Edmund W. Putnam, in Munsey's

OUR B...

Dear Girls and Boys: I am glad Royal has sent letter. The complaint I dear. Not much snow, although in Montreal are having taste of winter now. I am too exacting asking for less. I know it is much more to be out playing during time than sitting down when I quite sympathize with you whenever you are able to

Your loving AUNT

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