

HOME INTERESTS

Conducted by HELENE.

A book is a lovable friend. It is responsive to every touch. It never finds fault. It never scolds. It teaches without hard words or anger.

When you are mystical it puzzles you just enough to satisfy you at that particular moment. If you grow tired and put it aside unconsciously it never reproaches you, but offers you cheerfully the next time the best it has, and tries again to cater to your best impulses.

When you wish to visit the ruins of antiquity it guides you all the way. You may travel through ancient Rome and see the fallen splendors. You may walk with Marie Antoinette or enjoy the society of queens of England.

HOW TO KEEP PLANTS FROM FREEZING.

"In placing plants for the winter season, I should try to get a window with a southern exposure, where they will always have plenty of light and most of the morning sun, and put will not be close enough to the glass so that during the severe weather they will not be close enough to the glass to become nipped," says a writer in the New York Telegram.

HOW TO DRY CLEAN WHITE CORDUROY.

To dry clean white corduroy cover with equal quantities of flour and salt and rub this over the whole garment, kneading with the hands as you would if you were using soap and water.

DON'T DESTROY TISSUE PAPER.

The tissue paper in which Christmas parcels are wrapped should not be thrown away, but smoothed out and laid away in a drawer for future use.

A small pad of tissue paper sprinkled with methylated spirit will give a brilliant polish to mirrors, pictures, glasses and crystal.

When packing hats a whisp of tissue paper should be twisted around all upstanding ends of ribbons, cossies and wings to prevent crushing.

Scrub your sink with turpentine.

and the grease will disappear as if by magic.

If a little ammonia is used every few days on brass faucets and tubes they will be kept bright and shining and with much less trouble than if polished only occasionally.

If one uses a wet chamois skin for dusting furniture, a furniture polish will not be needed. Take a soft chamois skin, from ten to sixteen inches square, wet in warm water—do not use hot—wring out as dry as possible. Use same as duster. It will remove dust and finger marks and leave furniture bright.

A saucepan in which rice, oatmeal, or anything sticky has been cooked may be very easily cleaned by putting in a cupful of ashes when you take it off the fire and then fill with water.

All kinds of leather shoes can be cleaned and polished with milk which should be put on generously, allowed to dry, then polished with dry flannel. Rubber-soled tennis shoes have proved most desirable in which to do housework, as they save both noise and jar.

Save washing and dusters by using old newspapers for cleaning. They are excellent for window polishers, first rate for scouring tinware and are as good as a brush for polishing a stove. The prudent woman will always keep a good pad of newspaper at hand and use it for wiping up grease or water spilt on the gas or coal cooking stove for it will enable her to keep the stove clean with half the usual trouble.

RECIPES.

Scotch Woodcock—Boil half a dozen eggs twenty minutes, then lay them in cold water. When cool enough to handle, slice into a soup plate, and chop fine with a silver knife. Put two table-spoonfuls of butter into a smooth frying pan, and as soon as melted add one table-spoonful of flour. Stir until the mixture is frothy, taking care that it does not brown. Now stir in little by little a half pint of warm milk, using the back of the bowl of the spoon and not the edge. Stir constantly until it boils, then add one table-spoonful of anchovy paste, half a table-spoonful of salt and a grain of cayenne. Cook just a moment, add the chopped eggs, cook three minutes and serve on toast.

This is an excellent recipe for the chafing dish. If hard boiled eggs are difficult to digest, the same number of raw eggs may be substituted, stirring them in like scrambled eggs. As there is a great difference in the saltiness of anchovy, it is a good plan to taste before salting.

How to Make Mock Ice Cream.—When making mock ice cream, soak for fifteen minutes two table-spoonfuls of gelatin in half a pint of milk. Whip a pint of cream sweetened with half a cupful of powdered sugar and season with half a table-spoonful of bitter almond extract. Dissolve the gelatin over the teakettle, then strain it into the whipped cream. Stir until the mixture begins to thicken, turn into a mold and set on ice until hard. Take out of the mold and sprinkle thickly with pistachio nuts chopped fine. Garnish with candied violets or rose leaves.

Orange Sauce for Duck.—Brown one quarter cupful of flour, one half table-spoonful of salt, a few grains of cay-

enne and stir until well brown. Then gradually add one and one-third cupful of brown stock and just before serving add the juice of two oranges, the grated zest of one orange (or the rind of one orange, the white pitch scraped away as much as possible, and then cut into small cubes), and two table-spoonfuls of sherry (or substitute one table-spoonful of Worcester-shire sauce).

Ginger Cream—This is a delicious dessert. Mix the yolks of four eggs with two scant table-spoonfuls of sugar. Add slowly a pint of cream and three ounces or three liberal table-spoonfuls of preserved ginger and two dessert-spoonfuls of the syrup. The ginger should first be finely sliced. Stir these ingredients in a saucepan on the stove for about seven or eight minutes, or until quite thick, but not curdled. Then take off the fire and add, while hot, two good sized table-spoonfuls of soaked gelatine. Turn the mixture into individual moulds, and set them, on ice. When ready to serve turn them out, on a pretty platter and garnish with preserved or candied ginger root.

FUNNY SAYINGS.

AMONG THE HEATHEN. Helen, aged four, was spending a night away from home. At bedtime she knelt at her hostess' knees to say her prayers, expecting the usual prompting. Finding Mrs. I. unable to help her out, she concluded thus: "Please, God, excuse me. I can't remember my prayers, and I'm staying with a lady that don't know 'em."

"How glorious it is to be engaged in a purely intellectual occupation!" murmured a young maiden, gazing rapturously into the admiring eyes of an editor. "Your own mental faculties for tools, and the whole world for a workshop. Now tell me," she added, "what do you find the most difficult thing connected with your noble profession?" "Paying the staff," said the editor.

"Think," said the teacher, who was giving the lesson on nature study, "of a little creature that wriggles about in the earth and sometimes comes to the top through a tiny hole." A small boy in a pinafore put up his hand joyously. "Well?" queried the teacher. "A worm," said the small boy. "Yes," said the teacher. "Now think of another small creature that wriggles about in the earth and comes to the top through a small hole. Up went the joyous hand again. "Well?" asked the teacher. "Another worm!" shouted Tommy in triumph.

IDENTIFICATION FOR DIVINITY. Five-year-old Hugh had shown so little use for Christian names when addressing his adoring relatives that mother had tried to impress upon him the necessity of saying "Aunt Theodore" or "Aunt Edith" instead of a mere "aunt," for how else are we going to know, dear, which aunt you are talking about? This evidently made an impression, for that very night at prayer time the small citizen added to his other invoked blessings: "An' bless Aunt Dorotea. She's one one what lives on ve third floor an' plays ve violin."

EMBARRASSING. A New York judge, speaking of a mistake that had been made, said: "It might have been embarrassing, as embarrassing as the position of a young man of Toledo whom I heard about the other day. He had been calling now and then on a young lady and one night as he sat in the parlor waiting for her to come down her mother entered the room instead and asked him in a very grave, stern way what his intentions were. He turned very red and was about to stammer some incoherent reply when suddenly the young lady called down from the head of the stairs, 'Mamma, mamma, that is not the one!'"

KNEW THE SYMPTOMS. A doctor prescribed rest and change for a small girl saying that her system was quite upset. After he had gone the little girl said, "I know I was upset, mamma, because my foot is asleep, and things must be pretty bad when you go to sleep at the wrong end."—New York World.

LOOKED LIKE DADDY. A well known editor tells a quaintly funny story, in which his little son plays the leading role. He lives in a suburb where the mud in the roads stands almost as high as the local rates, and it was while pensively staring at the slushy sediment outside the window one rainy day that he grew reminiscent, and laughingly related a story to his wife and family

of how early in his journalistic career he was carried off his feet when at a crowded outdoor meeting, and rolled in the thickest mud that he ever remembered seeing. After which he went on to minutely describe his condition following on the operation much to the intense amusement of his listeners.

While he was speaking his little boy had slipped off his chair and gone stealthily out of the room. Two minutes afterwards the door of the room opened slowly, and an apparition appeared that looked like a perambulating mud heap.

And from out of this miniature monument of mud and filth issued a small, querulous voice. "Daddy," it piped, "did you look like this when you was rolled in the mud?"—Tit-Bits.

HER TRUNK. The old lady had lost the check to her trunk, and the depot official said that she must enumerate the contents and satisfy that it belonged to her. "Well, now," she began, "right on top of everything you'll find a red woollen shirt that I was taking to my brother William. William has rheumatism, and red woollen is powerful good for that."

"What else?" "Then you come to three new sheets for Aunt Mary, with a new bed quilt for Aunt Sarah. Then there's a calico dress pattern for Aunt Mary's oldest girl, and a catskin cap for Aunt Sarah's oldest boy. Then you come to my clothes. There's a silk dress that has been turned top-to-bottom and made over again, and there's—" "I think the trunk must be yours," said the baggage man.

"Well, there's a white skirt that I'm going to put some new trimmings on, and an alpaca dress that I may give to Aunt Mary if she hasn't growed too stout. Then you'll find—" "You can have the trunk, ma'am."

"Then you'll find a jar of raspberry jam, a bottle of currant wine and some—" "Take it along, ma'am—it's your trunk, for sure."

"Yes, it's my trunk, but how that you have got me naming the contents I'd like to tell you that there are two pairs of shoes, three pairs of stockings, my last year's bonnet, an extra waist and—" But the baggage man pulled the trunk around, broke off one of the handles, bent the lock and told her that he wouldn't be responsible for spontaneous combustion if the thing remained there fifteen minutes longer.

DELICATE FROM BIRTH.

In three words—"delicate, from birth"—is expressed a world of anxieties suffered by mothers whose babies have had a bad start in life. For babies who are ailing, peevish, cross and unable to digest their food Baby's Own Tablets are invaluable. They act almost like magic, and change cross, peevish children into smiling, happy babies. Mrs. J. W. Munroe, Sinaluta, N.W.T., says:—"I have used Baby's Own Tablets for two years and would not like to be without them. They have changed our weak, sickly baby into a fat, healthy little girl. I can warmly recommend the Tablets to other mothers." And mothers have a guarantee that the Tablets contain no poisonous "soothing" stuff, or harmful drug. They are absolutely safe and always do good. Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

FATHER CORBETT. An appointment that will be pleasing to Mayo and Galway men is that of Rev. James Corbett, who has been chosen as the manager for the new college which has been established at Mound Partry, in County Mayo, for the training of teachers connected with the Gaelic movement in Ireland. Father Corbett is an accomplished Irish scholar and a fluent speaker and preacher in the vernacular. It may interest American readers to know that he is an uncle of the celebrated pugilist of the same name. When "Gentleman Jim" visited Ireland during his theatrical and pugilistic tour he gave an entertainment for the benefit of the school attached to his uncle's mission. The Mrs. Gruevya wondered how plety and pugilism could fraternize.

Where can I get some of Holloway's Corn Cure? I was actively cured of my corns by this remedy and I wish some more of it for my friends. So writes Mr. J. W. Brown, Chicago.

OBSTINATE COUGHS AND COLDS.

The Kind That Stick. The Kind That Turn To BRONCHITIS. The Kind That End In CONSUMPTION.

Do not give a cold the chance to settle on your lungs, but on the first sign of it go to your druggist and get a bottle of

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup.

It cures Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Sore Throat, Pains in the Chest, Hoarseness, or any affection of the Throat or Lungs. Mrs. Goss, 48 Chestnut Street, Toronto, writes: "I wish to thank you for the wonderful Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup has done for my husband and two children. It is a wonderful medicine, it is so healing and soothing to a distressing cough. We are never without a bottle of it in the house."

Don't accept a substitute for Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. It is put up in a yellow wrapper, three pins trace the trade mark, and price 25 cents, at all dealers.

Austrian Monk Deserves Credit for California Botanist's Famous Discoveries.

(From the Ave Maria.)

Wadell Phillips used to say that it seemed to him "the American people might be painted in the chronic attitude of taking of its hat to itself," and he wrote his lecture on "The Lost Arts" for the avowed purpose of lessening our undue appreciation of ourselves. Were Phillips living today he would surely insert an additional paragraph in that famous lecture, just to call attention to another bubble of American self-conceit which Prof. Brewster punctures in a recent issue of the Saturday Evening Post. The world at large has heard of late of Mr. Luther Burbank, of California, whose successful experiments with flowers and fruits have lowered him, in the vocabulary of headline writers, with the epithet "Wizard." There is, however, nothing new under the sun. Prof. Brewster conclusively shows that the original discoverer, along the lines of Burbank's experiments, was Father Gregory Mendel, an Austrian abbot who lived and labored half a century ago. The California genius has been able to do, in part, what he has accomplished "because of the work of one clear-headed priest."

The Rev. Gregor Johann Mendel, the priest in question, was an Augustinian abbot at Brunn, Austria, and a botanist of international renown. His experiments in hybridization were first made public in 1865. His theories as to "the ratio of dominants, cross-breeds, and recessives" remained in practical obscurity for thirty-five years; but finally attracted the attention of eminent biologists with the result that they were translated and reprinted in the Journal of the Royal Horticultural Society, in 1901. Mr. Burbank may, of course, be an independent discoverer in his chosen field of activity; but that circumstance does not alter the fact that the eulogies bestowed on the American botanist redound of right to the glory of the Austrian monk.

Parents buy Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator because they know it is a safe medicine for their children and an effectual expeller of worms.

PENANCE THAT CURED.

(From the Cleveland Universe.)

In boyhood we heard a sermon on profanity preached by Bishop Rappaport. An incident related by him impressed it upon our memory. By the way, examples or illustrations are powerful aids to memory and incentives to imitation. The Bishop said that he knew an officer in the French army who was much addicted to the vice of profanity. Though he had accused himself time and again he declared that he could not overcome the habit. His confessor finally gave him as a penance that for each offence he should cut off a button from his uniform and so appear on dress parade. The offense was soon repeated. In obedience, but in fear and consternation, the penance was performed. Then came the dress parade before his superior officers. He was deeply mortified when his attention was drawn to the absent button before the entire company. It was a grave breach of military requirements. The confessor persisted in giving the penance. He impressed upon the officer that he should not be so much influenced by human respect as by the duty he owed to God and the good example that he owed to his fellow officers. No more buttons had to be cut off from the captain's uniform. The bad habit was ended. The lesson is obvious.

The Poet's Corner.

DEPENDENT ON GOD.

My friends have failed me, and I loo in vain For succor from the ones I once thought true, My days are sad, the long nights full of pain, With note to lean upon, what shall I do?

A faint sweet whisper sometimes thrills my heart, And bids me look beyond the earthly pale. To One who, too, on earth felt sorrow's dart, And quivered like a reed swept by the gale.

And then, I place my trust in Him until I feel again the storm break o'er my head, Once more I cry: No unseen friend can fill This cruel void; my soul sinks down like lead.

I must have human comfort, love and cheer To aid me on thro' life's long weary strife; The cold winds numb me, and the day is drear, This Presence does not banish terrors rife.

But I shall find some one to grant relief With presence tangible—some hand-clasp near, And from my life will vanish this great grief And in my soul no longer dwell this fear.

I look around—ah, those I fancied free To offer aid, are those in truth most bound, Their secret suffering no eye can see And sorrow often bows them to the ground.

And each one bears his share of care and woe, And some put faith above and some despair, At last I feel that God can best bestow The hope and comfort sought in vain elsewhere.

Nor shall I farther seek but wholly lean Where true support and succor doth proceed, And know I now this Presence, tho' unseen Can perfect me, and fill my every need. —Consuelo.

LOST OPPORTUNITY.

"There is a nest of thrushes in the glen, When we come back we'll see the glad young things," He said. We came not by that way again; And time and thrushes fare on eager wings!

"Yon rose," she smiled; "but no, when we return, I'll pluck it then." 'Twas on a summer day. The ashes of the rose in autumn's urn Lie hidden well. We came not back that way.

We do not pass the self same way again, Or, passing by that way, no thing we find As it before had been; but, death or stain Hath come upon it, or the waste-ful wind.

The very earth is envious, and her arms Reach for the beauty that detained our eyes; Yes, it is lost beyond the aid of charms, If, once within our grasp, we leave the prize.

Thou traveler to the unknown ocean's brink, Through life's fair fields, say not, "Another day This joy I'll prove!" for never, as I think, Never shall we come back this self same way! —Edith M. Thomas.

In the far North stands a Pine-tree lone, Upon a wintry height; It sleeps; around it snows have thrown A covering of white.

It dreams forever of a Palm That, far in the Morning-land, Stands silent in a most calm midst of the burning sand. —Sidney Lanier.

OUR

Dear Girls and Boys:

There are letters from friends this week whose I have not been seen in the corner a long time; a third is a very welcome indeed speaks of hooking material if any of our readers kind of work. We really the first to write through the corner. My really the first to write Sherbrooke. So you have sufficient snow to enjoy gan and sleigh to your tent. That is the complete. Mary and Winnie come among us again. I to know that it was not little friends had forgotten they did not write, but I have been busy studying, be so pleased to see plee Alfred's new frocks. Send How very interesting that two of my little ones share the mission field with Father Bois, the good old Indian whose letter we published. Love to the nieces and nephews. Your loving Aunt Becky.

Dear Aunt Becky: Well, I had not written some time, so I thought write to you. It has not cold here. I got lots this Christmas, a telephone and a box of candy, and books and lots of other things. The teamsters can hardly get out of the woods. I think close. Yours truly, AUNT BECKY.

Dear Aunt Becky: I am a little boy eight years old. This is my first letter. I would let you know what I do during this winter. I don't school, but I study at home every day, and I am gaining my lessons pretty fast. I on a farm and I have good stock. I have three little four horses and a little dog named Carlo. Hoping letter in print, with love cousins. I remain, Your loving nephew, FREDERICK SMITH'S MILLS, QUE.

Dear Aunt Becky: It is a long time since written to you. We are having weather now. The snow all off and the sleighing good. I do not go to school but am staying up at my for a few days. My sister here and we have quite are hooking a mat now. any of the readers of hool-mats? I think it is I have eight sisters and thers. Isn't that quite like to skate and can do. We have a nice rink here, large, it reaches from the other. I got quite a Christmas. My little brother little tin bank. He is getting full of money he opens it. He has got on it already. I will close to see this letter in print. From your niece, MARGARET PUGWASH, N.S.

I read the True Witness this week I was sorry to see you had written to me. I thought I would write to you. I am the first to write through the corner. I am ten years old. I am going to the convent hope to make my first O.C. the spring. We have not aliding this year. Our hill here of snow, but we have more aliding before the winter for we want to use my little gan and sled to your Harry made me. The last three days we have had good Our rink froze over well. big thaw. I must not tell you that we have dear little Harry are not quite old play yet, but will soon have two rabbits. They have

"Weak Heart" Palpitation and irregular action of the heart are due largely to a thin, watery condition of the blood. The heart and nerves refuse to perform their proper work for want of support. Pale, weak, or anemic people should use "PSYCHINE" and avoid heart troubles. "PSYCHINE" makes rich blood, tones the system, regulates the heart action and restores vitality. All weak people should have a bottle handy in case of sudden heart troubles. GREATEST OF ALL TONICS PSYCHINE (PRONOUNCED SE-KEEN) ALL DRUGGISTS—ONE DOLLAR—TRIAL FREE DR. T. A. SLOAN, Limited 175 King St. W., Toronto, Canada