



Because of your strong faith, I kept the track.
Whose sharp-set stones my strength had well-nigh spent,
I could not meet your eyes if I turned back.
So on I went.

Because you would not yield belief in me,
The threatening crags that rose, my way to bar.
I conquered inch by crumbling inch—to see
The goal afar.

And though I struggle toward it through hard years,
Or flinch, or falter blindly, yet within,
'You can!' unwavering my spirit hears:
And I shall win.

A TOAST TO LAUGHTER.

Here's to laughter, the sunshine of the soul, the happiness of the heart, the heaven of youth, the privilege of purity, the echo of innocence, the treasure of the humble, the wealth of the poor, the bead on the cup of pleasure, it dispels dejection, banishes blues and mangles melancholy; for it's the foe of woe, the destroyer of depression, the enemy of grief, it is what kings envy peasants, plutocrats envy the poor, the guilty envy the innocent, it's the sheen on the silver of smiles, the ripple of the water's delight, the glint of the gold of gladness; without it humor would be dumb, wit would wither, dimples would disappear and smiles would shrivel, for it's the glow of a clean conscience, the voice of a pure soul, the birth cry of mirth, the swan-song of sadness. Laughter!

STUFFED MUSHROOMS.

Scrape out the inside of the caps, chop the stems that are too long to be left standing, and also the mushrooms that are too small to fill. Mash with a potato masher and fill into the mushroom caps which would have been arranged in a buttered earthen baking dish, stems up. Then cover with the glass bells that come on purpose for holding in the delicate aroma and juices of the mushrooms, or, lacking these, with paper and an inverted pan. Cook on the back of the stove or in an oven for about half an hour, or until brown and tender. They will cook in their own juices. Serve on rounds of toast with a seasoning of butter, salt, and paprika.

CARAMEL ALMONDS.

Shell, but do not blanch, a pound of Jordan almonds. Put a pound of sugar in a granite saucepan with two tablespoons of water, and stir constantly with a wooden spoon until melted and slightly brown. Move to one side of the fire and have ready two or three well-greased pie tins. With the left hand drop in the almonds, which should have been dried slightly in the oven without browning, and remove quickly with the candy dipper held in the right hand. Place on the greased tins to harden.

MEXICAN KISSES.

Put into a saucepan two cups brown sugar and a half cup of milk and cook gently until a little dropped in cold water will ball if rubbed between the fingers. It will take ten minutes or a little less to reach this stage. Stir constantly while boiling, as it scorches easily. Add a heaping teaspoonful of butter, and as soon as melted remove from the fire and beat steadily until the mixture looks creamy and slightly granulated. Stir in at once a pound of English walnuts, broken (not chopped) into bits. Beat hard and turn into buttered tins to harden.

"THE POWER OF LOVE."

The following excerpt from the late Father Vaughan's lecture on "The Power of Love" merits reproduction. It describes a scene on a Southern battlefield during the Civil War:

"Men in blue and gray who looked with hate into another's eyes and tried to shoot away the life of a brother, have crept close together to die in the trembling twilight. Men and horses lie heaped in confusion. Men with their limbs torn from their body, men with their throats cut, and men with their scalps lying bare and their heads raised to heaven, and they are crying: 'Water, my God! water!' and in all God's world there is not a soul to answer. Yes, there is an answer. See, there come two women, stealing over the battlefield, creeping along under the beams of the moon. In it some mother, come out to look for her son in the midst of death? Is it some woman who seeks the man to whom she has pledged her love? Ah, no. The Cross of Christ is on her breast, the bonnet of St. Vincent on her head. Two 1443 Sisters of Charity, alone with God and night. How they move

without fear through the valley of death and of darkness! How tenderly they stoop over the dying soldier! For there is no North or South, no blue or gray, no nationality, no creed, no denomination. In every soldier's upturned face they see the face of Christ. How tenderly they moisten their parched lips, how they cool the fevered brow, how they close the gapping wounds, how they murmur words of consolation in the dying ear, how they take a last message to bring back to the mother and the wife and the loved ones far away! Even there—even in the death and the blood and the carnage of battle—the power of love rules supreme. And stamped forever on that flag—the stars and Stripes—stamped forever is that lesson of love, that as it leads on in the vanguard of civilization it may teach to the world America's story: the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man—the glorious, the splendid lesson of love."

THE LITTLE LEAKS.

While we do not in the least hold that the waste that is draining the family income in city or country, is all on the woman's side, we would call the attention of the woman of the family to the fact that the garbage can gathers in many a wasted nickel. Poor cooking, unwise planning or unchecked wastefulness on the part of the children are all factors in the loss. In many families this waste is thrown out in the yard about the doors in the cold season, where it is offensive to the eye of persons accustomed to cleanliness, and where it will rot and draw flies and give out foul smells as soon as the weather becomes warm. If there are poultry, pigs, or a compost heap, there is a way of utilizing it, but if not, it is better to throw all refuse into the stove, or a specially constructed crematory, outside the gate. Watch for the extravagance of waste.

CARING FOR BIRDCAGES.

Those who own canaries find them at this time of the year suffering from rheumatism, which is caused by standing on wet perches. A specialist in bird diseases says that birds suffer terribly from the carelessness of those who clean the cages. Women will wash out a cage and neglect to thoroughly dry it. The perch is left damp, and the bird, standing on it, at once takes on rheumatism, which spreads through the body.

A little inflammation starts in the feet, and this is apt to result in a tiny abscess, which is torture to the bird. The specialist tells women that the perches should be scraped and then rubbed with a dry cloth instead of being washed each time. If they are washed they should be dried in the oven before being put back in the cage.

PRETTY THROAT NOW NECESSARY.

The most essential feature of a pretty woman is a pretty throat. Society now frowns upon the high stiff dog collar—even though it be made all of precious stones—and the soft bit of velvet with its overhanging jewels has taken its place. Or, better still, as being more youthful, the long string of pearls which is laid loosely around the neck. Pearls bring out the whiteness of the throat. But if they are too yellow, they make the throat look sallow. And for that reason society women are wearing their pearls night and day to whiten them. Pearls die young unless worn, and the string that has been laid away for years will show its lack of pearly luster. Hang the string of pearls up in the throat and in a short time there will begin to creep a certain clear whiteness of tone through the string, and in a short time the pearls will be "restored." They are sensitive and die if neglected.

To be able to wear pearls around the neck, so as not to yellow the skin, a woman must bleach her throat and make it clear and pearly-like in color. This is rather difficult if the neck has grown dull with being covered with a high stock or red from being tied tight with velvet or embroidery. It sometimes happens that the actual embroidery pattern is stamped upon the neck, and it takes weeks to efface it.

The neck and throat will absorb oils rapidly, and the beauty who wants to keep her chin from sagging must rub oil onto it every night. Her strokes must be upwards, from the throat towards the tip of the chin. And she must rub until a whole teaspoonful of the oil has been rubbed in. This done nightly will keep the skin in condition as far as the formation of fat is concerned. The chin will be just fat enough. The double chin is a horrible thing. It is so absolutely disfiguring that there is no place for it in beauty's calendar. As soon as the chin becomes double all good looks are gone. The chin must be single, the throat must

be round, and the neck and shoulders must be well shaped. All of these things come within the province of the beauty specialist.

The art of handling the chin is an extra fine one. The woman who can handle her chin properly is pretty sure to have a pretty chin. But she must keep in constant practice or she will forget the art. It must not be drawn in tightly to the throat. It must be lifted clear of the neck and prettily poised. The chin must be pretty in profile, it is a woman's own fault if the profile of her chin is not good. The chin must be smooth and must be free from the blemishes with which too many chins are afflicted. This means that it must be steamed until the skin perspires, and that some skin lotion, the quince seed, glycerine and orange flower compound is good, and it must be rubbed in. And the chin must be trained to offset the throat. Many a pretty chin is spoiled because it is carried stiffly, and this makes the muscles of the throat drawn and tense, taut and unbeautiful.

Holding the shoulders straight has everything in the world to do with a pretty throat. Seat yourself in front of the glass and let your shoulders sag down. You will find that your neck acts in sympathy with your shoulders. It looks all saggy and baggy, old and ugly. But sit up straight and hold your shoulders square. Instantly your neck takes on new lines. It becomes round and beautiful. Sitting up straight and lifting your chin did the work for you.

What is Worn in Paris.

Leading Fabric is Linen—Tailor-Made—Show Short Skirts, Long Coats—Touch of Black Modish.

From the point of view of frocks for country and river wear linen must be accepted as the leading fabric. Linens this year are particularly attractive. First because of the glorious colors in which they are produced; and, secondly, from the point of view that they are presented in so many different makes. "Crash," for instance, which is a linen of a loose, soft make, and therefore somewhat cooler than the closer kind is a leading favorite in Paris. There is a very distinct tendency to use this crash linen in the curious dead shades that have become such fashionable favorites in all s'ken materials.

Where the linen is of stiff make the new plain coat should be absolutely and severely tailor-made, with outstanding lapped seams, hanging loose and limp. This simplicity and severity in stiff linens, whether they be in white, blue, pink or red, look charming, especially with that new skirt which is pleated below the knees, and fitted plainly or slightly corseted above the waist-line. In many instances these linen coats in pale colors have long roll collars of black silk or satin. There is something very chic about this incongruous touch of black on a light, summery fabric, and what is more, these collars are becoming, and can be arranged so as to be quickly slipped off when the coat itself passes into the cleaners' hands.

Another idea is to slip a little bit of black or striped satin just inside the collar, like a man's slip waistcoat. Very beautiful are the long white linen coats covered with soutache; these again are preferable to the softer, looser make of linen. Some, with long skirts are smart enough for any garden-party though, indeed, on "full dress" occasions short skirts are worn with coats extending to the ankles.

Who would ever have suggested that our tailor-mades should display short skirts and long coats? This fashion has certainly never appeared before. It is, however, practical and delightfully convenient, though it be hard even for the most enthusiastic votary of fashion to convince the unprejudiced mind that a short skirt and a long coat is either becoming or conducive to real smartness. Some of the newest coats show at the hem an extra piece of linen or tussore, apparently applied for the sole purpose of holding them back and accentuating the skimpiness. It is curious to note this fact when we remember the enthusiasm of fashion-writers, who but a short time back described the season frocks as "a mass of panthers and frills, with a return to fullness reminiscent of the crinolines." To do them justice, the early model houses of Paris and London were slightly misleading.

Especially effective are the sleeveless pinetree frocks. Moreover, they are easily copied by the home dress-maker, although as we can pick them up ready-made in the west End

shops, they are infinitely preferable to the best amateur efforts. Certainly, young girls with good figures cannot do better than purchase a white linen pinetree frock, with or without sleeves, and wear them over either their own blouses or specially constructed chemisettes and sleeves of practical and inexpensive coarse net. The simplicity of the pinetree frock or the fascinating little striped cotton, which is prettily belted with fancy sashes and worn with big sailor hats, is admirable for country or river wear.

The revival of the turned-down collar is particularly effective in its application to summery cottons and gay linens. This device is most becoming to young girls, and it represents an economical way of smartening up some of last year's frocks. A pretty soft bow of black satin or crepe de Chine may be used at the neck with advantage.

The country hats of the moment are particularly delightful: enormous flat saftors, trimmed with fascinating bows, are very practical and becoming. Most picturesque and delicious for the river are the big lingen hats, especially those with clusters of summery flowers. Again, the old-fashioned Dunstable straws in real Tuscan, wreathed with up-standing wheat-stems and scarlet poppies, are delightful. There are, as well, some practical river hats of sailor shape and helmet-like persuasion, made in tussore, which are simply trimmed with an embroidered silky scarf so arranged as to hang down the back to form a veil.

Belts, owing to the prevalence of the Directorate and Princess robes, have not played such a prominent part as usual in summer fashions, but for the cotton dresses and river linens there is the new straw or bass belt—an attractive novelty—with straw buckles studded with colored stones to match the dresses themselves; or again, the straw-bound with a silk braid to match, studded with little tiny gold or silver buttons.

Hortense

POET'S CORNER

A PRAYER FOR MOTHERHOOD.

I. Is it a far cry to the realm of souls, Oh, thou, thou God of mothers, who must hear?

For love stands always at the gate of prayer
With brooding heart, perchance to thank or grieve.

Lord, is it sin that I should make complaint,
And fret the way of faith with this unrest?

For thou hast sent bright friendship, strung with flowers,
And happy thoughts, and sunshine through the years.

Youth blossomed, and thou gavest beauty's kiss,
That still abides, despite long discontent.

Rank and esteem are mine; and that I acclaim,
Silent but sure, which woman proudly holds;

And crowning all, a holy wedded trust,
Sealed with the golden signet, heaven-betrothed.

I have not been unhungry, oh, dear Lord,
For bread or drink; my limbs have not been cold.

I have not felt temptation's driving force
To lie or steal, to murder or to die.

In lowly mood I thank thee, Lord, for these.
But, oh, dear God, thou God of mothers still,

I asked, believing, and have been denied!
On yesterday, when morn was at its glow,

And all of earth gave back its welcome smile,
A woman paused beside my open door.

Her hands were filled with fruit she begged me buy,
Then pointed to the burden on her back.

She had no shelter for that tender head
Off to places you have dreamed,

Save two strong arms, so hard and bare and brown.

She has no name to leave, if she should die,
That sometime in his life her boy might bless,

No cot or thatch that she might call a home;
Nor resting-place save that which chance might send.

But laughing down upon that dimpled face
That seemed so pure, and guileless of its want,

She sat at ease beside my shaded step,
And nursed her ruddy baby on her breast.

I gave her food and drink, still in thy name,
Oh, God, I could not bless, and turned away—

I—I, a woman, steeped in rugged faith,
To wait again the old Hebrew curse
Upon unfruitfulness and empty arms.

III. Last of a noble sheaf of lineage,
Rich in the heritage that man calls dear,

What boots it to the hapless heir of these—
A barren limb, hung on an estopped tree!

The blood of heroes on armorial shields
Shall fade to nothingness within the dust;

While sword and cassock, 'scutcheoned high and pure,
Taunt like a hiss a lonely woman's heart.

For 'em the gaping beggar in the street,
May clasp her babe, and with a pitying smile,

Hoarse whisper to her mate, "She hath no child!"
Yea, happier far, dear God, the fate of her;

A Rachel who would not be comforted,
Or some pale Niobe, bowed through the years,

For thou hadst blest them ere they wept their loss.

If there be found within the faith to trust
The old Hebrew God—to hear his voice

From pillared cloud, or holy burning bush—
So would I come—as wailing Hebrews came—

Remembering faithful Sarah, laughed to scorn
Or failing this, dear God, let thy young Christ,

Born of a woman, too, send me sweet dreams,
The while I kneel and watch his holy star

Rise in thy heaven: so I shall wake and find
This husom healed, this heart robbed of its thorn—
—The Century.

IV. NOSTALGIA.
Oh, the names, the names that lure you

Off to places you have dreamed,
Pictured, and your fancies moor you
Where the wander-torch has gleamed!

Oh, the Dardanelles—white beaches,
Hot beside an azure sea,
And behind the cool green reaches
Of the palms that beckon me!

Where the low-hung foliage screams,
And the waves croon to the bar,
While some slow-eyed Venus leans
O'er the song to her guitar!

Oh, the charm that lies in "Burma"
Name in which the tropics purr,
Softly languorous, a murmur
Putting northern eyes ablur

With a spell so drowsy, sensuous,
That they long for slender palms,
To dream far from haunts pretentious

In the tropics scented arms!

Can't you hear Calcutta calling?
Hasn't Kipling to your sight
Brought dream-stuff of that enthral-ling

City of the dreadful night?
Can't you hear the noisy railers,
See the docks, the tall-spurred ships,

And the hordes of all earth's sailors
Sun-black, quick-eyed, knives on hips?

Can't you see the red sun sinking,
Fiery in the ocean's breast,
And the heat-cracked house-tops
drinking

In the cool of night and rest,
While below, the blackness thicker,
Yields a glint of almond eye,
Or a stealthy dagger's flicker—

Here, soft laughter; there, a cry
Whispers wander-lure Sumatra,
Island named with a caress;
Tempting, as did Cleopatra—
Men have given all for less!

Oh, the names, the names that lure you
Off to places you have dreamed,

HAD GIVEN UP ALL HOPE OF LIVING.

Heart Trouble Cured by MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS

Mrs. Andrew Savoy, Gratton's, N.B., writes: "In the year of 1906 I was taken sick and did not move for a long length of time. My trouble was with my heart and nerves. I was told that nothing could be done for a case like mine. I consulted the very best doctors but they could do me no good. For seven weeks I could hardly walk. I had no sleep, and I was so weak nobody in the world could believe how sick I was. I had given up all hopes of living and had given my little girl to my sister-in-law. One day a friend came to see me, and calling me by name, said, 'Hilda, if I were you I would try a dose of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills as they are good for heart trouble.' My husband got me a box, but for two days I was not feeling any better, but on the fourth day my husband said, 'I believe those pills are doing you good.' I was able to say 'Yes, I feel a good deal better this morning.' He said, 'Well, I will get you another box right away.' I took two boxes and three doses out of the third one, and I was perfectly well and have not been sick since then. I will never be without them in my home for God knows if it had not been for Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, I would not have been alive today. The T. Williams Co., Montreal, Canada. Price 50 cents per box, 3 boxes for \$1.50. Sold everywhere."

Pictured, and your fancies moor you
Where the wander-torch has gleamed.

R. D. Andrews, in Harvard Advocate.

LEGEND OF THE PASSION.
Upon the cross the Savior hung,
His head crowned with a thorny wreath,
And from the ground just underneath
A lowly flower sprung.

It looked up toward the darkened sky,
The petals all, with one accord,
In sorrow drooped to see their Lord
Thus piteously die.

The snow-white blossoms opened wide,
And while his blood did freely flow
One drop fell on the flower below—
One drop from out his side.

And ever since that awful hour,
The hammer, nails, and crown of scorn,
In crimson outlines still adorn
The gentle Passion Flower.

—Georgetown College Journal, (Washington, D.C.)

Warts will render the prettiest hands unightly. Clear the excruciating away by using Holloway's Corn Cures, which acts thoroughly and painlessly.

Oshawa Fireproof Building Materials
PEDLAR People of Oshawa
Montreal, Toronto, Halifax, St. John, Winnipeg, Vancouver

ONLY ONE CURE FOR A BAD STOMACH

Indigestion and Similar Troubles Must be Treated Through the Blood.

Indigestion can be treated in many ways, but it can be cured in only one way—through the blood. Purgatives cannot cure indigestion. By main force they move the food on still undigested. That weakens the whole system, uses up the natural juices of the body, and leaves the stomach and bowels parched and sore. It is a cause of indigestion—not a cure. Others try predigested foods and peptonized drugs. But the stomach really weakens its power. The digestive organs can never do the work properly until they are strong enough to do it for themselves. Nothing can give the stomach that power but the new, rich, red blood so abundantly supplied by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. So the reason for their success is plain. The health of the stomach depends upon the blood in its delicate veins. If that blood is weak and watery the gastric glands haven't the strength to secrete the juices which alone can digest the food. If the blood is loaded with impurities it cannot absorb the good from the food when it is digested. Nothing can stimulate the glands, and nothing can absorb the nourishment but pure, red blood. And nothing can give that pure, red blood but Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Mrs. Alfred Gallant, Mill River, P.E.I., says: "For several years, previous and up to two years ago, I suffered continually from indigestion. I could not eat enough to keep my strength, and what little I did eat, no matter what kind of food, caused great pains, so that I became much reduced in flesh, strength and energy. I consulted several doctors and took medicine from them, but without any benefit whatever. On the advice of a friend I began to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and soon good results were noticed. I could slightly increase the amount of food day after day, and suffering no inconvenience, until after taking ten boxes I could eat any kind of food and in a short time got back to my normal state of health and feel that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have surely cured me of a most stubborn case of indigestion."

You can get these Pills from any dealer in medicine or they will be sent by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Hang on to a pure hard soap. Always use **Surprise** if you wish to retain the natural colors in your clothes. **Surprise** has peculiar qualities of washing clothes, without injury and with perfect cleanliness. Remember the name **Surprise** made in pure hard soap.