

HOME CIRCLE COLUMN

Pleasant Evening Reveries dedicated to tired Mothers as they Join the Home Circle at Evening Tide.

GIRLHOOD

To be a girl is to be the happiest state possible to humanity; but girls do not know it. They are always looking forward to something, wanting something—a diamond or a beau, flattery or new gowns. They rather envy women a little ahead of them, who have more self-possession, and are sometimes jealous of some married woman who farts and makes a dash. "I'm only a young girl," we heard one say. Only a young girl! Oh, be glad of it; delight in it! Thank heaven every morning that you are still a young girl. We cannot stop time. The years will slip through your fingers like the beads from a broken necklace after a while; but now they linger while you are still a girl—a girl in the home of parents, yet in the prime of life, with young brothers and sisters for companions. There will never be anything better than this in all the world. There are no skeletons in your closet, no ghosts in your reveries. Your future is all full of hope. You can fill in the distance as you like. You can fancy a lover coming to you who is perfect in all things; and every young man is interesting; because he may possibly be the other half of your soul. And every new girl may be the lifelong friend and confidante all girls hope for. As for beauty, the idea of a girl of seventeen thinking herself plain, as some do! In a few years she will look in the glass and see those fine horizontal lines on her forehead, on which Time scores down her troubles, and at the corner of her eyebrows three little pencil marks, and a little fall in her cheek, and a mouth that does not smile as readily as it once did; not an old face yet, but not a girl; and then she will realize what it was to have a girl's face! Oh, how few the years are! How they whirl away! Girlhood is gone so soon! But, while you have it, covet no woman her diamonds and laces, her carriage or her palace, her fortune or her admirers. While one is in one's teens, nothing else is necessary except to realize the fact and thank heaven for it.

Many a man is rich without money. Thousands of men with nothing in their pockets and thousands without even a pocket, are rich. A man born with a good sound constitution, a good stomach, a good heart and limbs, a pretty good head piece, is rich. Good bones are better than gold; tough muscles, than silver and nerves that flash fire and carry energy to every function; and it is better than a landed estate to have the right kind of a father and mother. The man is rich who has a good disposition, who is naturally kind, patient, cheerful, forgiving, hopeful, and who has a flavor of fun in his composition. The hardest thing to get along with in this life is man's own self. A cross, selfish fellow,

a despondent and complaining fellow, a time and care burdened man, these are all born deformed on the inside. They do not limp, but their thoughts sometimes do.

Would it not be a good plan for the girls in country neighborhoods to form classes and get a competent, experienced dressmaker to teach them the principles of dressmaking. It is a satisfaction to wear well fitting, stylish dresses, though they need not be, and if home-made, would not be, expensive ones. A perfect fitting waist pattern once secured—and this the teacher should be able to give them—endless variety may be made by different materials and modes of trimming. When their course of instruction was finished, the class might subscribe for two or three of the best fashion monthlies and then keep up with the best new modes. They could and should be able to help one another in the parts of fitting that one cannot well do for herself, and be gaining at the same time an art useful to them all their lives.

It is folly—and nothing less than folly—that characterizes the conduct of far too many parents in regard to their children, and especially their daughters, who, in some weak moment have behaved indiscreetly, and possibly shamefully. A child is a child, and no act of a parent can make it otherwise. Disinheritance, anger, unkindness and abuse only aggravate such matters, and that which might have been kept a private family sorrow, becomes a public scandal, so crushing the helpless victim that not even a whole life of remorse and repentance can succeed in washing out the blot on her reputation.

Thousands of young men who have comfortable homes—whose parents are willing to supply them with books and papers—instead of availing themselves of these advantages, spend their long evenings either in idle longing around corners, or in company with frivolous associates, male and female. Thus, winter after winter passes away, each one bringing them nearer to the age of manhood, but not fitting them for the proper discharge of the duties that a full manhood requires. They enter upon the busy stage of life with none of those safeguards which a cultivated intellect throws around its possessor.

Let us say to you, young man, that pluck wins more battles than luck. Wishing is the easiest way in the world to get a poor living. Looking for the fortunate star to rise is like standing on the ocean's strand waiting and watching for wealth-laden ships to come over the sea that never "put out." Wishing brings a small income, and the taxes on it are enormous.

THE SQUIRREL

We have received from the Thrift Department a picture. In it you see a bright little red squirrel. If you study him closely you will learn what a sleek and handsome fellow he is. No creature of the woods is better known to all boys and girls and none is more interesting. Watch how he sits with his handsome tail arched gracefully over his back. He sits up and chatters and scolds just for the fun of teasing. He is the embodiment of good humour. Then again what a delight to watch him leap adroitly from branch to branch and from tree to tree! He never misses. In jumping, his long tail is of great use; it acts as a balance. Just as a tight-rope walker uses a pole to keep his balance, so the squirrel uses his tail. It is said that the squirrel never survives if a part of his tail is broken off.

But the most interesting thing in the picture is what he has in his mouth. It is a nut. Is he eating it? Oh, no! He is carrying it to the tree. Just think of that! The squirrel likes the kernel of that nut just as much as any boy or girl likes candy. Have you ever seen a squirrel eat a nut? As he does so he looks the most satisfied creature in the world. He cuts a hole in it with his long chisel-like teeth and he scoops out the kernel. You can almost see him smack his lips with pleasure as he eats it. Well, why is he putting them in that tree? He knows that now is the time to save. What hard work he has to do to get nuts to the tree! They are lying on the ground over one hundred feet away. He has to seize the nut and carry it up the trunk of an adjacent tree, then he makes a flying leap to the branch where you see him; but he will soon have it safely in the hole. Nut after nut he brings to the tree, never stopping to eat one. He started this morning just at the rise of the sun. And he will stop only when the light from the west falls.

These nuts are his Thrift Stamps. He derives himself of all unnecessary food and all pleasure and ease in order to lay them by for the winter. And how hard he works to earn them! Boys and girls should follow his example. Even if they have to work hard, they should lay by their Thrift Stamps. Just as he goes regularly to the ground to get the nuts, so they should go regularly to the post office or to the bank for Thrift Stamps.

Winter comes. The ground is covered with snow; the wind is bleak. Any nuts on the ground are buried deep. But the wise squirrel is now snug in the warm hole, each day eating the nuts, and the pile of shells at the foot of the tree tells the story of many meals. Just so will the boys and girls who buy the Thrift Stamps and exchange them for War-Saving Stamps be enjoy-

SAVED BABY'S LIFE

Mrs. Alfred Tranchemontagne, St. Michel des Saints, Que., writes:—"Baby's Own Tablets are an excellent medicine. They saved my baby's life and I can highly recommend them to all mothers." Mrs. Tranchemontagne's experience is that of thousands of other mothers who have tested the worth of Baby's Own Tablets. The Tablets are a sure and safe medicine for little ones and never fail to regulate the bowels and stomach thus relieving all the minor ills from which children suffer. They are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Could Make No Mistake

An editor said on his return from England: "The English beer is changed, indeed, from the potent and rich drink of pre-war days. Ah, well no doubt it's for the best. The insipid, watery beer of today will do no harm." "But the marvelous beer of the past made men slaves. There's a story about a young Englishman who used to take his beer out of his own pewter mug. He said to the barmaid one day: 'Always give me my beer in my own mug. Never any other. Make no mistake.' 'Oh no fear of making any mistake about your mug, sir,' said the barmaid. 'No!' said the young man. 'No,' said she. The handle's always warm."

Sir Thomas Lipton is coming to America soon to inspect the Shamrock IV., which is in drydock at Brooklyn.

ing the fruits of their savings when money is scarce. Would not the squirrel be surprised to find more nuts in the hole than he put there? He never has such luck. Some are bad, and some may be stolen, but he still thinks it worth while to save them. But the person who buys Thrift Stamps and for them gets War-Saving Stamps finds, when he wants to use them, that he has more money than he put in, for he has been receiving 41 per cent interest. If boys and girls are half as wise as a little red squirrel they will buy Thrift Stamps whenever they have twenty-five cents.

Gray Hair
Gray Hair Health
A preparation for restoring natural color to gray or faded hair, for removing dandruff and so on. It is not a dye. Generous sized bottles at all dealers, ready to use. Price 15c per bottle. New York, N. Y.

LACE ON THE CURVED EDGE

How to Overcome the Perplexing Task of Putting the Straight Material in Place.

Have you often been troubled in putting straight lace on a curved edge? You have been if you have ever tried putting cluny, for instance, on the outside edge of a big round centerpiece. This is an easy way to overcome the difficulty. Roll the lace in a little tight roll. Wind it tightly about the center with a stout thread. Then dip the straight edge in water to about half the width of the lace. Let it dry and you will find a piece of lace ready shaped to your liking. You see what happens is that the straight edge, being wetted, shrinks, and so can be easily adjusted to the curved edge of the centerpiece.

If you have any new table linen—or cotton, mayhap—to hem, try this method. Trim such edges as need trimming and then run them through the machine hemmer, with a fine needle, unthreaded. This will crease the hems with perfect evenness and will also punch holes through the fabric with the unthreaded needle. Then you can turn the hem back and overhand the hems through the little holes with the least expenditure of effort.

Remember in many heavy materials that must be laid in platts and then pressed that pins can be used to fasten the platts into position until they are pressed. Then, as you press, take out the pins and press the material into position. You can do this with less marking than basting thread heavy enough to hold the fabric makes. Of course if you want to you can use the heavy basting thread and snip it and pull it as you go along.

METAL AND COTTON THREAD

Combination Is Effective and Affords Charming Variations; Suggestions for the Needlewoman.

There is an increasing vogue for combining metal thread with silk, wool, or cotton embroidery. It is tremendously effective and capable of such charming variations. Here are some suggestions for the needleworker who is interested in the unusual.

Say, suppose, you have some "solid" work in silk, cotton or wool. You don't know how very effective it can be made by an outlining in either gold or silver thread. The idea can be further carried out by adding French knot centers to the flowers of the same.

Where the embroidery is done entirely in outline, and particularly if it is the heavy wool or cotton kind, couching in metal is a mighty successful addition. In fact, if the wool or cotton embroidery isn't already done, try couching it on with the metallic stuff and just see if it isn't vastly more decorative.

Another suggestion for introducing the metal is to "whip stitch" the other thread with it. Wool whipped on the bias, spiral effect is the most fascinating thing ever.

ATTRACTIVE COATEE OF MOLE



All the way from France comes this extremely chic coatee with gray velvet vest. With it is worn a small triangular hat of mole, ornamented by silver flowers.

Narrow Ribbons on Hats. Not only are narrow ribbons—usually half an inch to an inch wide—being used more or less in making hats for women, but on both popular-priced and expensive models gold or silver ribbons of the same widths are employed as trimmings. Either they are drawn around the crown and finished off in soft bows or streamers or they are fashioned into flowers laid flat on the brims or around the crown. These trimmings are said to be especially effective when worn on dark hats.

ALFALFA VERSUS SWEET CLOVER

(Experimental Farms Note.)

During the last few years so much has been written in the agricultural press eulogizing sweet clover that, in many quarters, it has gained a reputation for superiority which, to say the least is misleadingly exaggerated. A few unbiased remarks on its real value, especially in comparison with alfalfa, may therefore not be out of place.

The reputation for superiority which sweet clover has gained is to a very large degree due to the fact that it is able to do surprisingly well in naturally poor soil or worn-out land deficient in plant food, and in soil lacking in moisture to such an extent that neither red clover nor alfalfa can be grown to satisfaction.

No one who has seen sweet clover flourish in places where, to use a common expression, "nothing else will grow," can deny that sweet clover might be employed as a remunerative crop on the type of land just referred to. However, it should be clearly understood that, though realizing the value of sweet clover as a revenue producer on poor soil, it by no means follows that sweet clover is, or even equal to, other crops of its type, especially alfalfa, on superior to good land. This should be clearly emphasized because many uncritical sweet clover enthusiasts have made the error of concluding from the behaviour of sweet clover on very poor land, that it is also of outstanding superiority on good land suitable for growing such crops as alfalfa. The sooner such a conception is corrected, the better.

If alfalfa can be grown with reasonable success, it surely will prove superior to sweet clover in practically all respects. Alfalfa, when once established, will last for a great number of years and will continue, without re-seeding, to yield crops of high quality year after year, whereas sweet clover, being a biennial plant will have to be re-seeded second year unless it is given a chance to mature seeds and thus automatically re-seed itself.

Alfalfa may be grown for pasture, hay, silage and soiling, whereas sweet clover has a somewhat limited sphere of usefulness. Thus, sweet clover is not likely to make as good hay as alfalfa; neither can it be cured into good hay as easily as the latter. As a forage crop, its chief asset lies in its ability to furnish nutritious pasture, but even as a pasture plant it is hardly equal to alfalfa where the latter can be grown successfully. As, furthermore, sweet clover has some distinctly objectionable characteristics which are not found in alfalfa, for instance its peculiar flavour and its tendency to become a weed if not properly looked after, there is no valid reason why it should be grown in preference to alfalfa, if the latter can be grown with reasonable success. However, on land too poor to grow alfalfa, sweet clover may be used either as a forage crop or as a green manure crop for the purpose of improving the fertility of the soil.

Making a Life

You can shirk making a living; you cannot shirk making a life. You are at it now.

You begin making a life when you are very young, long before you can begin making a living. As soon as you begin to think and speak, every day and hour, no matter how they are spent, add something to the making of your life.

Every thought, word or deed helps to make it up, and that make up, that total, is what we are, the life we are making.

A boy who is selfish is making a selfish mis-shapen life. It looks ugly to all who see it.

A boy who fibs is making a life that is a lie and he will have to live with that life always.

A boy true and kind is making a life true and kind, a goodly and pleasant thing in the sight of God and man.

Yes, you may shirk making a living, but you cannot shirk making a life.

The Overseas Club in London is promoting a scheme for a chain of bonfires around the world when peace is signed.

Hon. L. A. Taschereau has a bill in the Quebec Legislature to give free lands to honorably discharged soldiers from overseas.

BEECHAM'S PILLS

have a well deserved reputation as a safe and effective remedy for stomach ailments. They are

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A retiring allowance of \$3,000 a year for the rest of his life, after the end of the present church year next January, was voted by his congregation to Rev. Dr. W. T. Herridge of Ottawa.

Hon. Geo. W. Brown, former Lieutenant Governor of Saskatchewan, died at Regina, aged fifty-eight years.

Farmers, Attention!

Make money in your spare time during the Fall and Winter months by selling Hardy Canadian Nursery Stock.

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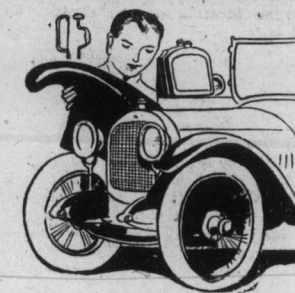
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