

HOME INTERESTS.

Conducted by HELENE.

WHAT WE TALK ABOUT.

When the woman went home from a 'tea' and her sister asked her what they talked about, her answer was, 'Sin, sickness and death.' Pleasant, wasn't it, and profitable, too? And that is about what a good deal of ordinary 'pleasant' conversation amounts to.

If there is anything absolutely profitless and at the same time outrageously tiresome it is to hear a woman talk about her 'help.' Doesn't every woman of us say in her heart of hearts, after she has shaken off the bore, 'Would to heaven that woman had to do her own kitchen work forever and ever, so she wouldn't have time to torment others with it?'

A PRAYER.

'Oh, my Father! when I come home from my long journey, take me into Thy arms, and lay my head down on Thy breast and make up to me for all the long absence from Thee, the weary groping after Thee, the fear of never reaching Thee, of which life has been full; for the distance between us caused by my sinfulness; for the miserable service of Thee which is partly my fault, and partly of my Creator, the result of the frail nature Thy hands have made. As I be thy firstling to Thee, my first happy tears, be to Thee the long-deferred adoration and thanksgiving and reparation and filial love, which in Thy Fatherly compassion Thou wilt account compensation for the past.'—Mother Mary Loyola.

Under the head of vital things, order should be written in large capitals. No house is beautiful if its laws are disregarded. The order that faints at the sight of a speck of dust, the order that locates every chair and table by a chalk mark, the order that cannot tolerate a misplaced book, is not to be thus written. This order is not vital. It was once called good housekeeping, but it is no longer considered good house-making, and never can be. It has wrecked homes.

The order that makes for restfulness and comfort is vital. It cannot exist in crowded rooms. Furniture is made to be used, and books are made to be read. If the disarranging of a chair or the misplacing of a book upsets the order of a room something is wrong, and the 'something' is the crowded condition. Get rid of the superfluous. Most rooms have too many pieces of furniture, and all rooms have too many things.

Simplicity of arrangement is so bound up with order and the absence of the superfluous, that it cannot well be separated. A few pictures chosen to accord with the room, books that are placed within the reach of those who use them, lamps that are located where they are needed, flowers that are arranged with a Japanese feeling for the value of the leaf and stem, are expressions of a love for a simple arrangement. Beauty no less than comfort is dependent upon this vital principle.

SCHUMANN-HEINKE'S DAUGHTERS.

Madame Schumann-Heink's little daughter, Maria Theresa, will be a student in the Ursuline convent at Cleveland. She is nine years old, and nearly all her life she has been at the Schumann-Heink home in a rose-sheltered villa in Germany. There are seven brothers and an older sister, recently married. They have been a very happy family, and Maria Theresa has been the pride of them all.

Maria has had a flower garden at 'Villa Tina.' She has cared for it herself. The others have gardens,

too. 'All my children are brought up very simply,' Madame Schumann-Heink has said. 'I teach the boys as well as the girls to mend and darn and sew in buttons, and the girls have as much gymnastics as my sons.'

Lotta, the oldest daughter, was 20 when she married a few months ago. The eldest son, August, is at a school of navigation near Dresden, and Heinrich will enter the army. George Washington, one of the younger boys, was born in New York City eight years ago.

RECIPES.

Imperial Pigeons, Served on Spinach Toast.—Clean and truss six pigeons, stuff them with a highly seasoned chestnut stuffing and place in a large pan; half cover them with a rich soup stock, and simmer for fifteen minutes. Remove from the fire, drain and place in a baking dish that has been rubbed with a clove of garlic; bake until a golden brown, basting with melted butter. Spread oblongs of hot buttered toast with a thin layer of mashed potato, then one of well-seasoned spinach; dispose the pigeons on these, garnishing with stuffed olives and aromatic jelly.

Cranberry Ice (to serve with turkey).—Cook two quarts of cranberries until the skins are soft. Put through a colander, pressing all through, but the skins. Add one pint of water, the juice of two lemons, three cups of sugar and freeze. Serve in sherbet cups.

Many fastidious housekeepers hold that chicken, and more especially turkey, should be roasted without dressing, in which case serve with the bird chestnut timbales as follows: Boil one pound of blanched chestnuts and mash fine, adding salt, pepper, and a tiny bit of mace, three eggs yolks, well beaten, and cream to moisten and fold in the mixture the last thing. Bake in buttered timbale molds in a pan of hot water.

Turkey in Cups.—This is a very good way to use left over turkey. Butter half a dozen tins, sprinkle with bread crumbs, and fill them half way to the top with turkey meat chopped fine. Whip two eggs gently and season with one saltspoonful of salt, a pinch of pepper, a few drops of onion juice, and a little finely chopped parsley. Add one cupful of milk, and after mixing well, pour into the cups holding the turkey. Set the cups in a pan of hot water, cover them over and steam. As soon as the milk and eggs have become slightly stiff, turn the turkey molds on to slices of toast and serve.

every trace of dandruff and render the hair rich and glossy. A very useful cleansing fluid which will remove grease from the finest fabrics without injuring them is made with one quart of rainwater, two ounces of ammonia, one teaspoonful of saltpeter and one ounce of finely shaved white castile soap.

The mica side of oil stoves, which get so smoked and dirty, may easily be cleaned with a piece of flannel dipped in vinegar. When long hair becomes so matted that it is difficult to comb the tangled locks, they should be saturated with alcohol. This done, they will become amenable to the brush and comb as if by magic.

Rub kerosene on the zinc under the stove once a day, and it will always look bright.

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FUNNY SAYINGS.

HER LOSS.

Marjorie had been given some hard peppermint candies, and after holding one in her mouth for a few minutes, she ran to her mother and cried, 'Oh, mother, I swallowed that candy!'

'Never mind,' said her mother; 'it will not hurt you.'

'Yes, I know,' said Marjorie, 'but I lost the use of it.'

TRADE SECRET.

'Are you the little boy whose papa writes so many cute sayings of children?'

'Yes, ma'am.'

'I suppose your papa is always encouraging you to talk.'

'No, ma'am. He threatens to whp

me if I even whisper when he is writing his bright things the children have said.'

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VERY TIRED INDEED. It remained for a little girl to nearly, if not quite, equal a famous witicism of Leigh Hunt. Of course she spoke in childish innocence, where the English essayist and wit used his ripened intellect.

Hunt, in describing an exceedingly warm day, it will be remembered, spoke of it as one which tempted him to strip off his flesh and sit in his bones.

The dear little miss had been romping and running all day. Toward nightfall her father met her. 'Are you not very tired, little one?' he asked.

'Oh, not so very tired, papa,' she replied. Then in a burst of confidence she whispered, 'Only I do feel as though I'd like to take my legs off and carry them awhile.'

RAW ANIMALS.

With a heart attuned to 'nature study,' a little Hungarian girl in the Canadian Northwest exclaimed: 'Yah, teacher! It's certain beautiful on our prairie, where the birds and the small sheep run about raw.'

A SAD REMINDER.

A good story is told by the writer of 'Some stories of the Concert Platform,' concerning Mme. Patey, the famous English contralto. The singer was delighting a large audience in the Town Hall at Birmingham, when a working man at the rear of the building was observed to be in tears.

There was nothing in the words to account for this display of feeling, and, had this been otherwise, the famed prima donna was singing in the Italian tongue. But the grief of the man became more pronounced ere Mme. Patey had concluded. At length, 'mid a thunder of applause, the singer retired, and the stranger was asked the reason of his grief.

'She reminds me so o' my darter,' said the tearful one. 'She was in the singin' line.'

'But surely your daughter could not sing like that?' queried the man in the next seat.

'No,' answered the mourner, with another sob, 'but you never could tell what she was singin' about!'

A CARDINAL VIRTUE.

(By Lady Milnes-Gaskell.) Sidney Smith once wrote: Manners are the shadows of virtue, the momentary display of those qualities which our fellow creatures love and respect.'

But if these shadows are not fleeting, but grow in time to be the real thing, they are indeed beautiful and health-giving, and become in time the fair frame of a fair picture. Politeness can be skin deep, but courtesy is the outward and visible sign of a noble nature. 'Malice is murder begun,' but the courteous man's or woman's first aim is to set all at ease, to efface with dignity distinctions of rank, and to make life sweet and happy to all who surround them.

Gentle consideration and a modest bearing are singularly attractive even to the most worldly. The 'push' of modern life is ugly, and always vulgar. Self-advertisement is not pretty, even when successful. To fly above the vulgar flights of common souls is extremely rare in these days of many inventions. The material side of life is always with us, and a preacher is more than ever wanted to impress upon his hearers the importance of living a little in spiritual things, and not looking upon idealists as idle dreamers, in fact, if not belonging totally and entirely to the vulgar and the commonplace.

Discourtesy is brutality to the heart or soul of another. We have all seen some such acts of cruelty done, the nervous silenced, the bully triumphant, and the modest made ashamed. These savage onslaughts are the work of small, and generally ignorant, souls, and posterity, if it cannot save the victim, holds up at least a finger of scorn at him who did the harm.

If few of us can take part in splendid examples of world-famed courtesy, everybody can do something to make life sweeter. The crippled and maimed cross every man and woman's path. 'Help your lame dog over the stile.' The advice is as good now as it was in Swift's time. We all of us know lame dogs. Dogs on three legs, blind eyes and unlovely, to whom the pull over a barrier in life not only saves materially, but warms their heart with gratitude.

'What a fine thing hope is!' wrote the sage, and what a joyous thing to bring it back to some broken heart by a well-timed word of kindness, an attentive ear, or gracious act of courtesy.

How Is Your Cold?

Every place you go you hear the same question asked. Do you know that there is nothing so dangerous as a neglected cold? Do you know that a neglected cold will turn into Chronic Bronchitis, Pneumonia, disgusting Catarrh and the most deadly of all, the 'White Plague,' Consumption? Many a life history would read differently, on the first appearance of a cough, if had been remedied with

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup

This wonderful cough and cold medicine contains all those very fine principles which make the pine woods so valuable in the treatment of lung affections.

Combined with this are Wild Cherry Bark and the soothing, healing and expectorant properties of other pectoral herbs and barks. For Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Pain in the Chest, Asthma, Croup, Whooping Cough, Hoarseness or any affection of the Throat or Lungs. You will find a sure cure in Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup.

Mrs. C. N. Loomer, Berwick, N.S., writes: 'I have used Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup for coughs and colds, and have always found it to give instant relief. I also recommended it to one of my neighbors and she was more than pleased with the results.'

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup 25 cts. per bottle at all dealers. Put up in yellow wrapper, and three pine trees the trade mark. Refuse substitutes. There is only one Norway Pine Syrup and that one is Dr. Wood's.

DEATH OF MRS. JAS. MURPHY, RICHMOND.

Ellen Morrissy, wife of Mr. James Murphy, Collector of Customs, Richmond, died Sunday, Dec. 17th, after a few days' illness. She had been in her usual good health until Tuesday, when she contracted a severe bronchial cold, which gradually grew worse. Comforted by the rights of her church, and surrounded by her family, she passed to her eternal reward, death coming like a peaceful sleep. Born in the County Kerry, Ireland, Dec. 25th, 1836, she came to this country when quite a child, and was married Nov. 25th, 1859, to J. Murphy. Six children blessed the union, and she is survived by a loving husband and two daughters, Mrs. R. H. Gain, wife of Mr. R. H. Gain, Route Agent, Canadian Express Co., and Miss Margaret Murphy, four children having predeceased her. Her maiden name was Ellen Morrissy, being the eldest daughter of Edward and Margaret Morrissy, who settled in Ely County, Sherrford, in the early forties. One brother and four sisters survive her, Mr. John Morrissy, Ely; Mrs. P. Healy, Richmond; Mrs. T. Rahill, Richmond; Mrs. J. Fullam, Montreal, and Mrs. H. Murphy, Tilton, N.H. Her sudden demise came as a great shock to all the community, few being aware of her illness, which was of exceedingly short duration.

Of a lovable and motherly disposition, she was ever ready to assist the poor and needy, and her loss is not confined to the family, but is universally felt by all. Mr. Murphy and family have the sincere and heartfelt sympathy of the whole community in the loss of a good wife, kind and loving mother and a Christian whose life was full of overflowing in usefulness, charity and good works.

The funeral, which was very largely attended, took place Monday at the Catholic Church, where high mass was celebrated by the Rev. P. Quinn, parish priest. Interment was at Richmond.

The greater the irritation in the throat the more distressing the cough becomes. Coughing is the effort of Nature to expel this irritating substance from the air passages. Bickie's Anti-Consumptive Syrup will heal the inflamed parts, which exude mucus, and restore them to a healthy state, the cough disappearing under the curative effects of the medicine. It is pleasant to the taste, and the price, 25 cents, is within the reach of all.

The saddest part of all our accumulating catastrophes lies in the waiting welcomes that are never claimed.

—Anne Elizabeth O'Hare.

The Poet's Corner.

WHAT SHALL THE NEW YEAR BRING?

What shall the New Year bring us, Asthore, machree? Dear love, of an Irish heart, What shall it bring to thee? And me?

Shall it bring gladness, Or shall it bring sadness? Shall it bring roses or thorns? The gain that gladdens, The loss that saddens

A future that sings or mourns? Asthore, machree! Answer—which shall it be?

What shall the New Year bring us? Joy of my breath? Sweet love of an Irish heart, Shall it bring life or death? Dark death?

—Sound thro' its powers Of sunlight and flowers, Echoes of sport and song? Or bitterest sighing

For loved ones dying— Death-knells, weary and long? Asthore, machree! Answer—which shall it be?

Alas! this shall the New Year bring us, Jewel, asthore! Brave love of an Irish heart, This shall it bring, and more, Much more!

Sunshine, for crosses, Courage, for losses, Hope, for the darkest hours: Love's resignation

To God's dispensation, Turning the thorns to flowers! Machree, asthore, This shall it bring—and more. —Eleanor C. Donnelly.

WRITE WITH CARE.

We spent our year as a tale that is told; And which shall this new year be— A tale of gladness, or one of sadness, To be told of you and me?

Will its pages glow with unselfish deeds, With a record undefiled, A story sweet, with a cheer replete That would gladden the heart of a child?

Or can it be, when the year is done, That its record will be marred By wasted hours or misused powers, Or by words that have cut and jarred?

God gives us each day as a pure white page, But write, dear heart, with care, For thy doings all are beyond recall

When once imprinted there. THANKSGIVING. We thank Thee, Lord, for blessings showered

Upon us in the twelve months past! We thank Thee for a country dowered With harvests bountiful and vast!

But greater far than earthly gifts, Howe'er so precious they may be, We thank Thee for the grace that lifts The nation's heart more close to Thee!

—Denis A. McCarthy.

In life's strange book, for every year a leaf, To-day we turn, alas! another over; Another year has passed away—how brief,

Could we the ending of life's book discover? Could we to-morrow's peak a moment climb

And look far out upon the other side, And see beyond, into the coming time What is to be that Fate's dark curtains hide!

In ignorance we murmur here below That we can see so little of the way; Yet 'tis God's mercy that we never know

The nearing future, even by a day. Trusting, as ever, why the future fear Though with its longest for joys its sorrow brings?

O, holy Spirit of the Coming Year, Be you our guide to nobler, better things.

New opportunities new days will send New tests of soul, new victories to be won;

And while we sigh, 'The year is at an end,' Good angels sing, 'The Year is just begun!'

—George Birdseye.

Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator does not require the help of any purgative medicine to complete the cure. Give it a trial and be convinced.

OUR

Dear Girls and Boys

I hope all my little had a happy Christmas

Santa Claus was good gifts. I hope they will me of some bears

for there were lots ones down whose ch did not go. Before

reaches you we will year. What it has in is hidden, but let me I wish for all my boy

the best that it can their little feet may l thorns; that their ha no burden, and that t feel no sting of sorrow

but flowers and sunsh but their way are the sligh

THE ANIMALS AT Said Santa Claus, eve

(The animals looked And each of you will His yearly Christmas

But I'd be glad if eve Would mention what best.

The Tapir said: 'Thar I'll state succinctly, If I may be so bold a Would be those match With which I'd like to

His wish was granted. A timid little Adder 'Sir, but a trifle it w To make my Christm A slate and pencil, if Would let me do my su

The Reindeer said: 'Y I'd be a happy fellow If I were sure I would A good sized umbere And also I'd like four Es and a rubber mac

The Pig a fountain pe The Cow tin horns The Horse, for a new H His gratitude atteste The Caterpillar said: Proud of my caterpill

So all of them were g And they were happy They liked the presents And waxed exceedingly Dear humans, at y feasts,

Pray take a lesson fro —Caroline Wells, in Re

A GOLD MED I shall never forget eaved when at school a boy named Watson to pasture. In the ev her back again, we there, and this was o

veral weeks. The boys attending t nearly all sons of w and some of them were to look with disdain who had to drive a co

With admirable good son bore all their atten him. 'I suppose, Watson,' another boy, one of your father intends to man of you?'

'Why not?' asked W 'Oh, nothing. Only much water in the ce rious them—that's all. The boys laughed, an in the least mortified, a

feared. If ever I am a give good measure and The day after this there was a public exa

which ladies and gent neighboring towns were prizes were awarded by of our school, and both Jackson received credit for, in respect to schol were about equal. A

mony of distribution, t marked that there wa consisting of a gold me rarely awarded, not so count of its great cost instances were rare wh bestowed proper. It

of heroism. The h awarded about three y boy in the first class w poor girl from downin

The principal then a the permission of the

convinced.

Consumption

There is only one cure for it. 'PSYCHINE' is the greatest remedy in the world for all forms of pulmonary trouble. Scores of people in Canada attest this fact. 'PSYCHINE' stands without a rival as a permanent and absolute cure for Consumption and lung diseases. It reaches the sore spots, heals the decayed tissue, destroys the tubercle germs, creates rich blood, tones up the whole system, and cleanses from all impurities.

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