

HOME INTERESTS.

Conducted by HELENE.

A man doesn't want to be asked his reasons for everything he does. Nine times out of ten he doesn't know what they are himself. Don't try to ape your rich neighbors or nag your husband for the money he cannot afford to give you. Have the courage and independence to accept your life as you find it and make the most of it. No one ever realizes her most brilliant expectations of happiness. You will never be quite so happy as you expected to be, but you must not grieve over that. Take the goods the gods provide and be thankful. The average man expects a good deal of his wife. He wants her to stay at home when he is out. He doesn't know why, neither does she, but it is so. He wants her to be there when he comes home. It doesn't seem right if she is not. Don't stand on your dignity with your husband. Your husband is a man, and men have many and varied peculiarities which are totally incomprehensible to women. Do not try to understand them, for you cannot, and that is all there is about it.

SPINACH, THE BEAUTIFIER.

If you want a clear complexion, eat spinach and eat it often. Eat it hot for dinner, and if there is any left, make it into a salad according to this recipe:

Chop enough cold cooked spinach to make two cups; season well with French dressing and mold in a small bowl or form in a mound. Garnish with the white of hard-boiled egg cut in rings and laid round in an overlapping row. Sift the yolk over the center.

A GENTLE VOICE.

The woman whose voice is soft, musical and well modulated possesses a gift that others less favored may well envy, and that often atones for want of beauty or other personal advantages. American women, as a rule, are not blessed with pleasant voices. Many attribute the defect to the sudden change of climate and the consequent prevalence of catarrhal troubles, and there may be some truth in this. For the women of southern countries are noted for their sweet, soothing tones. We might add that the nervous strain in which our women live is another cause of harsh, disagreeable voices, for it is not easy to speak gently when one is tired and vexed with many cares and duties. But much may be done to improve the voice, no matter what the natural defects. The exercises given by elocutionists in breathing, articulation, etc., are beneficial if persevered in for some time, and it is a good rule to impose some little penance upon one's self for using angry or excited tones. The woman who has the most perfect mastery over her voice is usually the best disciplinarian, and it is especially important for the overtaxed mother or teacher to guard her manner of speaking, for not only do the little ones copy it, but they soon lose respect for the scold. Loud talking on the street and in cars is a besetting sin of American girls, and has long given us an unsavory reputation abroad. Yet they aspire to be beautiful and attractive, forgetting that Shakespeare has told us of the lovely Cordelia:

"Her voice was ever gentle, low and soft. An excellent thing in woman."

THE MOTHER AND THE GROWING BOY.

"A boy's life goes forward by leaps and bounds, after he passes the nursery stage," writes Margaret E. Sangster in Woman's Home Companion for March. "At least it seems to be so to his mother. There is the day when his father remonstrates about those babyish curls that are so beautiful, and that the mother twines around her fingers with such care and pride. The boy has begun to hate them, and he goes joyously to the barber's to have them cut off. As the shears separate each soft ringlet, the mother feels as if something precious was severed from her very heart. She

gathers them up and lays them away and as her little lad walks beside her with sturdier step than before she realizes that the coming dawn of his manhood is quickening on the horizon.

"There is the day when she sees her boy, a gallant little figure, with his hands in his pockets, looking an inch taller than yesterday because he is dressed less like a little girl and more like the boy across the street whom he has secretly envied. Those pockets mark an era in boyish development. Are they not distinctively a badge of sex? Surely, considering that a man has fourteen pockets and a woman none at all, the day when the boy first realizes that he has pockets, and that they are to hold whatever he pleases, is a great day for him. The boy has his own happy day, too, when he first puts on a real pair of stout shoes in which he may run and jump and kick a ball."

SHE HOPED TO REFORM HIM.

Marrying a man to reform him is very risky business, as many a woman knows to her cost. The Paulist Calendar has the following illustration of this:

This is a sad home around the corner. Have you seen it? The young husband and wife have been married only three years; but in that short time the poor wife has endured anguish enough for a century. The cause is the usual cause—her husband has fallen under the absolute control of alcoholic drink. He has lost interest in his home. His wife and child are dear to him, he will tell you when he is sober; but he is seldom sober. And when he is under the influence of drink nothing is too vile for him to say of that home, nothing is too mean for him to do against it.

But, you will ask: When did he begin to drink? Was it since marriage? No. Surely he was not addicted to this habit when this poor woman consented to marry him? He was. And did she know it? She did; but she would say, when reminded of his failing, that she would reform him. Oh, the simple, foolish girl! Did she not know that a man is at his best, when he asks the one he loves to be his wife? Will young women ever learn?

It seems almost useless to repeat it; but let us say once more—the time to reform a man is before marriage: if you can not do it then, depend upon it, you never can reform him afterwards, never, never. Young women learn a lesson; keep this misery out of your life. Do not let it be said of you a few years hence: "The poor, unhappy woman, she hoped to reform him."

LONGFELLOW'S FIRST POEM.

Longfellow recalled in after years the trembling and misgiving of heart with which he ran down to the printing office, and cautiously slipped his manuscript into the letter-box: "The evening before the publication of the paper—it was a semi-weekly—he went again, and stood shivering in the November air casting many a glance at the windows, as they trembled with the jar of the ink-balls and press—afraid to venture in." His sister alone shared the secret, and with it the excited expectation of the paper's arrival the next morning. And when it came there was an agonizing delay, while their father carefully dried it before the wood-fire, and then deliberately read its contents—and said nothing! Perhaps he had not seen the poem—but the poem was there. "Inexpressible was the boy's delight and innumerable were the times that he read and re-read his performance, each time with increasing satisfaction."

But never was pride more promptly corrected. In the evening Henry went to visit at the house of Judge Mellen, whose son was an intimate friend, and presently the talk around the fire turned upon poetry. "Did you see the piece in to-day's paper?" asked the Judge, as he took up the Gazette. "Very stiff, remarkably stiff; moreover, it is all borrowed, every word of it."



Was In Untold Misery. 3

ANTIGONISH, N.S. I should have written before now about that precious Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic, but I thought I would first see what effect it would have. I have used only one bottle this time and am happy to state that I have improved wonderfully. I was not able to leave my bed and could not sleep nor eat, and was in untold misery. Now I can sleep the whole night and am feeling better, and getting stronger every day.

Had it not been for my faith in Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic my life would be too much to bear for the last while, but having used it before I know its value too well to doubt the God-sent relief it brings. Would that the world knew more about it, for it is just wonderful.

MAGGIE McDONALD.

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TIMELY HINTS.

Skim milk will take fresh ink out of a carpet. Sop up the ink with a soft rag; pour a little milk on the spot, sop up that, pour on more and sop it up, proceeding in this manner until the spot disappears.

Try a salad made of chopped olives and cream cheese. Mix them and roll into small balls, put in heart of lettuce leaves, and dress with French dressing; or chopped nuts may be mixed with cream cheese instead of olives.

The shine that shows a serge skirt or jacket to be no longer new can easily be removed by sponging the garment with blueing water such as is used to launder clothes. While still damp press the goods under a thin cloth.

To slip the rod of a freshly laundered curtain into place try moistening the hem. The rod will go in easily without injuring the fabric. When using carbolic acid as a disinfectant, mix it with boiling water.

FUNNY SAYINGS.

ANOTHER MATTER. Editor (to stranger)—"We have all the manuscript we can find use for during the next six years, every page of which is furnished by the leading thinkers, essayists, historians, philosophers, journal."

Stranger—"But this is a page advertisement for mother-of-pearl soap."

Editor—"Ah, I see. Take a seat on the sofa, sir. We will try and find room for your copy by killing an essay or two."

HIS OPINION.

A group of workmen were arguing during the dinner hour. A deadlock had been reached when one of the men on the losing side turned to a mate who had remained silent during the whole debate.

"Ere, Bill," he said, "you're pretty good at an argument. Wot's your opinion?"

"I ain't a-going to say," said Bill. "I thrashed the matter out afore with Dick Grey."

"Ah!" said the other artfully, hoping to entice him into the fray, "and what did you arrive at?"

"Well, e-venchally," said Bill, "Dick 'e arrived at the 'ospital, an' I arrived at the police station!"

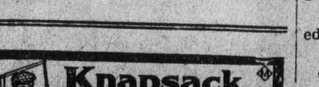
THE MILLENNIUM HAD COME.

An English lord was travelling through this country with a small party of friends. At a farmhouse the owner invited the party in to supper. The good housewife, while preparing the table, discovering she was entertaining nobility, was nearly overcome with surprise and elation.

All seated at the table, scarcely a moment's peace did she give her distinguished guest in her endeavor to serve and please him. It was "My Lord, will you have some of this?" and "My Lord, do try that," "Take a piece of this, my Lord," until the meal was nearly finished.

The little four-year-old son of the family, heretofore unnoticed, during a moment of supreme quiet saw his lordship trying to reach the pickle-dish, which was just out of his reach, and turning to his mother said:

"Say, Ma, God wants a pickle."



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"Do you ever have any quarrels in your women's club?"

"Oh, no; we call them debates."

Mr. Grump—"Now, barber, I only want to be shaved. I don't want my hair cut, singed, or shampooed, or my moustache waxed. I don't want hair invigorator, dandruff remover, or facial massage."

Barber—"Are you troubled with corns or ingrown nails, sir?"

IN THESE DAYS OF OPERATIONS

A husband came home one evening to find a note left for him by his wife. Carelessly he opened it, but as he read his face blanched, "My God!" he exclaimed, "how could this have happened so suddenly?" And snatching his hat and coat, he rushed to a hospital which was near his home.

"I want to see my wife, Mrs. Brown, at once," he said to the head nurse, "before she goes under the ether. Please take my message to her at once."

"Mrs. Brown?" echoed the nurse. "There is no Mrs. Brown here."

"Then to which hospital has she gone?" asked the distracted husband. "I found this note from her when I came home," and he handed the note to the nurse, who read: "Dear Husband: 'I have gone to have my kimono cut out."

A few years ago, while I was living in Lebanon, N.H., there was a certain Mr. Bagley there who was noted for trying to use big words, and also for getting his remarks somewhat twisted. On a certain occasion he had been to a farmers' meeting at Hanover, and, while returning, one of his neighbors drove up behind him and the conversation turned on crops.

His neighbor asked: "How is your hay crop this season?"

Bagley replied: "Well, my hay crop is rather short, but I shall get my cows through the winter all right, for I shall have the two solos full of manure."—Boston Herald.

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LADIES FIRST.

The clergyman and a number of ladies and gentlemen were visiting the village school, and the schoolmistress, with the purpose of impressing the visiting party with the extent of the children's learning, wrote this sentence on the board for correction:

"The horse and cow is in the field."

No one seemed to know what was wrong with it till at last a polite little boy raised his hand.

"What is it, Johnny?" asked the teacher.

"You should put the lady first," corrected Johnny, thinking of the cow.

HE WANTED TO KNOW.

A bishop in full robes of office, with his gown reaching to his feet, was teaching a Sunday-school class. At the close he said he would be glad to answer any questions.

A little hand went up, and he asked: "Well, my boy?"

"Can I ask?" said the boy.

"Certainly," said the bishop; "what is it?"

"Well," asked the boy, "is dem all you've got on, or do you wear pants under dem?"

Butterfly suspenders. A Gentle man's Brace, "as easy as none," 50c

THE POET'S CORNER

HOW LONG?

Out of the north is the chill wind blowing,
Straight from the white world of ice and snow;
And over the wild sea my thoughts are going
To a far country where roses glow.
For, dear, unto thee, when the clouds are flying
Like war-torn banners the skies along,
For mournful measure my heart is crying—
"Oh, my beloved, how long, how long?"

Low overhead are the dark mists trailing,
And hiding the mountains from longing eyes;
And, far beyond them, the ships are sailing
To thy fair home land—Love's paradise!
But here the skylark has ceased his singing,
And dropped to his nest with a broken song.
And ever to thee is my wild cry winging—
"Love of my heart: 'How long? How long?'"
—Clara Ringer Poynter, in Home Magazine.

A WOMAN I KNOW.

Not very young, not very old, but just
Where life has dowered her of his best to bless
Those who the fortune of her days possess;
Virile and brave, she gives no meager crust
To lives within the circle of her trust,—
But sympathy, as close as a caress,
And, from a heart that longs for happiness,
The kindly words that bear no subtle thrust.

Courage, fast-bound with loyalty and truth,
And knowledge, bred of loneliness and pain,
Teach her to read each fellow-pilgrim's scrip
In such sweet wise, her friends from age to youth
Know that the questing of the years may gain
No dearer gift than her companionship.
—C. Becker, in The Metropolitan.

THE SECRET KEY.

There is a magic kingdom of strange powers,
Thought-hidden, lit by other stars than ours,
And, when a wanderer through its mazes brings
Word of things seen, men say: "A poet sings."
Its gates are guarded in a sterile land—
Mountain and deep morass, and shifting sand;
Storm-barr'd are they, and may not opened be
Save by the hand that finds the secret key.

WHAT IS A FRIEND?

If thou ask what is a friend,
Thus do I answer thee; forsooth,
A friend's a friend in age or youth
A friend continueth to the end.

A friend consoleth. When thy heart
Is torn with anguish unexpressed,
His sympathy but giveth best
Of friendship's truest, holiest part.

A friend remembereth. Though the years
Pass on and on, he loveth still,
And more and more he loveth till
Upon thy grave he droppeth tears.

A friend excuseth. Human thou,
He knoweth it, and doth not see
Thy little faults, or, seeing, he
Excuseth them. He knoweth how.

A friend forgiveth. If it be
Thou speakest words of bitterness,
Before thy willing lips express
Their sorrow, he forgiveth thee.

A friend believeth. Though the rest
Should doubt thy honor, 'Tis not
so.
True friendship crieth, "for I know,
And I will make it manifest."

Hast such a friend? O hold him dear,
Most precious he than gold or gem,
No earthly crown or diadem
With perfect friendship can compare.

THE BABY.

(By George MacDo)

Where did you come dear?
Out of the everywhere
Where did you get your
Out of the sky as I came
What makes the light in
and spin?
Some of the starry spin!

Where did you get that
I found it waiting wh
What makes your foot
smooth and high?
A soft hand stroked it a

What makes your cheek
white rose?
Something better than an
Whence that three-corner
bliss?
Three angels gave me at

Where did you get that p
God spoke, and it came
Where did you get those
hands?
Love made itself into h
hands.

Feet, whence did you co
darling things?
From the same box as th
wings.

How did they all just co
you?
God thought about me,
grew.

But how did you come to
dear?
God thought of you, and
here.

There are some very pr
legends woven about the
the Christ Child. Here a
them:
The peasantry of Spain
rosamary brings happiness
perfume on Christmas eve
the Blessed Virgin hung t
flocks of Jesus to dry up
many bushes.

The snowdrops or "fair"
February blooms in memo
time when the Virgin
Jesus in the temple.

The pretty little waysid
known as "Lady's Bedste
so called because Mary m
manger bed of it.
The sycamore attains its
tallity and verdure becaus
hammedians say it is the
Joseph and Mary, and shel
in their flight to Egypt.

The Rose of Jerico is a
Mary's Rose. It sprung up
the Blessed Virgin's feet to
earth on her way to Egypt
"Once, as our Saviour wa
path below,
His urn of mercy thro
est lay;
And mark how all the
branches show
What homage best a silent
pay.

Only the aspen stood ere
free,
Scorning to join the voice
ship pure,
But see! He cast one look
tree;
Struck to the heart, she
evermore."

YOUR OWN BOSS.
Now and then I hear a
"If I could only be my own
then I would be happy,"
even know of anyone that
to much who was his ov
The only one I ever read
Robinson Crusoe, and he wa
quit.

You have heard of the "i
ent farmer." He is depend
wind, water and frost; he
at home every morning an
to milk the cows. The p
must buy his clothes and
of his patients. Do you th
Marshall Field, the great m
was independent? Not a l
carried two great stores a
his back. He would have
unhappy if he had not been
something for the thousand
great army.

No one can be his own "b
less he goes out of the wo
the wilderness, and then h
find himself dependent upo
berries and animals.
There is, however, one w
coming your own boss. Let
you. It is to stay right wh
are, and begin by ruling y
That is the first step. Th
to help other people, and
while you will find them
to do anything for you. Yo
shop will become a throne.
ed.

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