

an inspiration. "Why shouldn't Jenny see it?" she said. "The doctor says she can't last more than a day or two. Let's have it made and show it to her." The next day the wreath was made, and a deputation of factory girls took it to the room in which Jenny lay dying. "Jenny," said the spokeswoman, "we're going to put this wreath on your coffin, dear, and we thought perhaps you'd like to see it." The eyes of the dying girl lighted up, and a little flush of pride came into her wan, white cheeks. "Oh! how beautiful!" she murmured. "I am so glad you've let me see it." The wreath that was to lie upon her coffin was hung against the wall at the foot of Jenny's bed, and the sight of it filled the last hours of her troubled little life with joy.—Sel.

THE LAY OF THE LAZY MAN.

Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said:
"To-morrow morning I will rise
Before the sun lights up the skies.

"I'll set this clock so it will ring
Before the birds begin to sing;
Its strident bell will me awake,
An early morning walk I'll take."

And when at an ungodly hour,
Next morn, the clock with all its power
Made noise enough to stir the dead,
And woke the man upon the bed—

Breathes there a man, I now repeat,
Who wouldn't chuck it in the street,
And back into the bed then leap,
And with a sigh go off to sleep?

—From the March Bohemian.

CANADIAN BORN.

We first saw the light in Canada, the
land beloved of God,
We are the pulse of Canada, its marrow
and its blood.

And we, the men of Canada, can face
the world and brag
That we were born in Canada beneath
the British flag.

Few of us have the blood of kings, few
are of courtly birth,
But few are vagabonds or rogues of
doubtful name and worth.

And, all have one credential that entitles
us to brag
That we were born in Canada beneath
the British flag.

We've yet to make our money, we've yet
to make our fame,
But we have gold and glory in our clean
colonial name.

And every man's a millionaire if he can
only brag
That he was born in Canada beneath the
British flag.

No title and no coronet is half as proud-
ly worn,
As that which we inherited as men Can-
adian born;

We count no man so noble as the one
who makes the brag
That he was born in Canada beneath the
British flag.

The Dutch may have his Holland, the
Spaniard have his Spain,
The Yankee to the south of us must
south of us remain.

For not a man dare lift a hand against
the men who brag
That they were born in Canada beneath
the British flag.

—E. Pauline Johnson.

TWO JUNE NIGHTS.

A red rose in my lady's hair,
A white rose in her fingers,
A wildbird singing low, somewhere,
A song that pulses, lingers,
The sound of dancing and of mirth,
The fiddles merry chiming,
A smell of earth, of fresh warm earth,
And honeysuckle climbing.

My lady near—yet far away—
Ah, lonely June of yesterday!

A big white night of velvet sky
And Milky Way a-gleaming,
The fragrant blue smoke drifting by
From camp-fire brightly beaming,
The stillness of the northland far,
God's solitudes of splendor;
My road a trail, my chart a star,
Wind 'mong the balsams slender.

Sing low: O, glad June of to-day,
My lady's near, though far away!

—Jean Blewett.

About the House.

SOME MAKESHIFTS.

SHELVES.

Often, when the housecleaning is over, there is a vague, dissatisfied feeling, a longing to introduce some little change in the rooms which now look so sweet and clean, but in which the same old furnishings, now grown shabby, have held place almost since time immemorial. Moving the things round from place to place has been done so often that all the arrangements have become old, and there is, perhaps, little money with which to buy anything new, even to fill gaps which have always seemed bare and unhomelike.

In such a case, why not try the addition of shelves, a homemade book-case, if there are books enough to fill it, or even a couple of shelves over a table. Indeed, a single shelf has often been known to change the whole character of a room. In a dining-room, for instance, there is a bare, forbidding stretch of wall. Put up three shelves, one above the other, wheel your smallest table beneath, and on the shelves put a few old blue willow plates, a candlestick or two—if you have an old brass pair which you can burnish up, all the better—and a vase or rosebowl of water in which some Wandering Jew is growing.

In another room you might have a single shelf with a picture resting upon it. Upon either side, books, or candles, or flowers may be placed. If the shelf is nicely stained, it will need no drape; but if a drape is needed, it should be a simple one, neither gaudy in color nor looped and tucked up in a frantic endeavor to make it look graceful. The plain frill, or "valance" of our grandmothers, is infinitely preferable.

Another place where a shelf—a very narrow one in this case—is likely to look well, is over a low window. Place whatever ornaments you choose upon it—a plaque, a jar, etc.—then hang your curtains immediately beneath, letting them come just to the sill.

And do you know the possibilities of a shelf in the kitchen. Try one or two, immediately above your kitchen work-table, and see how invaluable they will be, simply painted or covered with oil-cloth, so they may be wiped off easily.

POSSIBILITIES OF CHEESECLOTH AND DENIM.

Having your shelves up, try what a very little money will do if invested in cheesecloth or denim. Suppose you have a room in which the leading tone is brown or fawn, and that the whitelace curtains are worn into holes. Instead of buying new lace curtains, cheap ones are a weariness to the flesh forever, buy some cheesecloth and dye it coffee-color. Now, all around the edge, stencil a border in brown—a simple, geometrical design of triangles, with a band of the darker shade about each, will do, or any such easy design—and hang the curtains straight from the poles. For inside curtains, next to the glass, you may make down smaller ones from your old lace curtains, keeping these, of course, cream or white.

A writer in a house-furnishing magazine recently told of getting a fine effect in curtains in the following way: The room was a northern one, the leading tone a dull red. She wanted red curtains of the same shade, and as "Japanesque" as possible, so, after dyeing the cheesecloth the right shade, she wrung them, when taken from the rinsing water, the "long" way, shook them out very lightly, and pinned them by the edge, to the line. When dry, they were put up without pressing, and were found to have the necessary crinkled appearance. I should think this plan would be very good for yellow curtains, as yellow is an essentially "Japanesque" color; but, then, it seems to me, the whole room would need to be in character. Japanese prints for the wall, Japanese patterns on cushions and screen, a Japanese lamp shade, fans put up as decoration, etc., etc.

For table scarfs, good linen crash, dyed, pressed and stenciled, is very satisfactory, also denim in dull, harmonious tints. Denim in art shades is also good for cushions, couch covers, etc. It is not expensive, considering the width, and is quite durable.

Do not be worried if you cannot crowd your rooms with furniture, they are really better with too little than with too much in them; but see to it that what you have, no matter how inexpensive, is in good taste, that paltriness and gaudiness of color are nowhere visible, and that one main color, preferably a quiet one, dominates. Then you need not be ashamed, no matter who enters your little home.

Martha, endeavoring to instruct a would-be housekeeper in the mysteries of pudding making, was overheard:

"Yes, jes' take some bread en—"

"But how much bread, Martha?"

"Oh, jes' what yer needs, Miss Min, en den yer puts yo' milk on it—"

"And how much milk, Martha?"

"Well, yer mus' use yer judgement 'bout dat, Miss Min."

"But I haven't any judgment, Mar-
tha."

"Well, de Lord he'p yer, Miss Min,
'cause I can't!"

MORAL FORCE OF WELL-COOKED FOOD.

(From an address by Miss C. J. MacKay, Lecturer on Household Science, Minneapolis.)

We hear much these days of the moral and physical degeneracy among the poor in large cities, and those who have devoted attention to the condition assert that this low moral plane is caused by ill-nourished bodies. It is an axiom of physiology that many evils are the direct result of improper food improperly cooked. When a girl knows these things, will she consider the getting of a good dinner of no value? Not an elaborate menu, but the intelligent preparation of the simplest foods—a properly-cooked egg, a potato baked to perfection, a steak done to a turn. Men of science spend years studying the properties of foods and their values, but in the average home no advantage is taken of this knowledge presented freely to them. Surely, the feeding of a family deserves as much attention as the feeding of the stock on the farm!

Not only the cooking, but the serving of foods should be taught to the daughter of the house. Sticky sugar bowls, unclean linen, greasy plates and an untidy table are things to avoid, and their opposites sought after. And, above all, let the girl be trained to dispense a friendly, gracious hospitality, from which the desire to "show off" is entirely eliminated.

The girl should be trained also to a consideration of her own well-being, as well as that of others. She must realize the necessity of keeping her own body in good repair. Personal hygiene is the preservation and improvement of the health, and that calls for some idea of physiology, so that exercise and cleanliness can be properly practiced. It is a disgrace to be ignorant of literature and history; when will it be a disgrace to be ill? Providence is not responsible for ninety per cent. of our diseases, but our own ignorance.

HELP FOR INVALIDS AND CHILDREN.

Enough about nursing should be learned to enable a woman to carry out the doctor's orders. Especially is this true on the farm, where the physician's visits must be few, and a nurse is often unobtainable. She should know, too, how to treat emergency cases, and what dishes to prepare for invalids. The care and feeding of children should be also a part of her education. Every child has the right to a good start in life—mentally, morally, physically—and the early years are the important ones. Eighty per cent. of the cases of infant mortality could be avoided if mothers knew how to care for their children.

THE GAIN OF HOUSEHOLD SCIENCE.

The advantages and results of the study of Household Science are manifold. It teaches observation and accuracy; it trains the mind to think and the hand to do, and planned and directed work saves time and energy. It has a cultural value as great as any other study. It raises a high standard of living and of the home. It gives a woman an opportunity to share in the advancement of the world's work by managing

her home so as to produce the best citizens, and this is a feeling she cannot have where her work is mere blind drudgery. There is a power in correct living, and nothing that pertains to home life is unimportant or trivial.

A WIFE'S INFLUENCE.

In our effort to have the mother of every household appreciate her influence over her children, we are apt to forget the wife's influence over the husband. In many households the influence upon the husband is the only home influence. In a great multitude of the best and most important and most-talented families of the earth, there have been no descendants. There is not a child, or a grandchild, or any remote descendant of Washington, or Charles Sumner, or Shakespeare, or Edmund Burke, or Pitt, or Lord Nelson, or Cowper, or Pope, or Addison, or Johnson, or Lord Chatham, or Grattan, or Isaac Newton, or Goldsmith, or Swift, or Locke, or Gibbon, or Walpole, or Canning, or Dryden, or More, or Chaucer, or Lord Byron, or Walter Scott, or Oliver Cromwell, or Garrick, or Hogarth, or Joshua Reynolds, or Spencer, or Lord Bacon, or Macaulay. Multitudes of the finest families of the earth are extinct. As though they had done enough for the world by their genius, or wit, or patriotism, or invention, or consecration, God withdrew them. In multitudes of cases, all woman's opportunity for usefulness is with her contemporaries. How important that it be an improved opportunity!

MODERN FIRE WASTE.

What are the causes of the great fire waste on this continent?

Negligent and unscientific house-building is one. From the paper-covered shack to the brick-nobbed imitation of a solid building, we have left out of sight all notion that such structures will burn just as surely as the wood and paper materials they are composed of will burn.

Reckless disregard of what is apt to cause fires in houses is another. We let rubbish gather in our attics and cellars, floor sweepings in our dwellings, sawdust in saloons, oiled rags in our factories; any and all of these will light into dangerous flame at the touch of a match, and you all know, some of you to your sorrow, how free-and-easy Canadians are with the common lucifer match.

Village and town authorities, too, are lax in permitting rubbish to collect in towns and cities. Loose paper, straw, chips, hot ashes in streets and lanes are as sure a menace to the public safety from fire as vegetables and festering pools of water in the streets of a village are to the health of the villagers.

Another thing: In this North American climate we fire up at a tremendous rate. Overheated stoves and furnaces cause many fires; faulty stovepipes and chimneys burn many a dwelling, as those who have to do with farm insurance well know.

And here is a curious circumstance that you must have come across, the average man does not think that his house is ever going to burn down. His neighbor's factory or store may burn, his neighbor's dwelling may go some night—it is only a flimsy affair, anyhow, and he's a careless cuss—but the average man seems to have a notion that a special Providence watches over his property, and so he doesn't bother over matters of fire prevention around home.

Nowhere else in the civilized world is the fire loss so great as in the United States and Canada. Comparison of the figures of these countries with European countries should make us ashamed of our improvidence. The average man, living on the western side of the Atlantic, looks upon the annual fire-waste of \$150,000,000, or \$170,000,000, as ill-luck, or a sort of blind and pitiless necessity; whereas it is largely the result of our own carelessness. The figures quoted do not include conflagration losses.—From the annual report of the Mutual Fire Underwriters Association of Ontario.