

HOME CIRCLE COLUMN

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

IT IS HOME.

Many young men, standing among the most tremendous realities, have their eyes half-shut or entirely closed. A mighty defense for a young man is a good home. Some of our readers look back with tender satisfaction to their early home. It may have been rude and rustic, hidden among the hills, an architect or upholsterer never planned nor adorned it. But all the fresco on princely walls never looked so enticing to you as those rough hewn rafters. You can think of no path or arbor of trees planted on a fashionable country seat so attractive as the plain brook that ran in front of the old farm house and sang under the weeping willows. No barred gateway, adorned with statue of bronze, and swinged open by obsequious porter in full dress, has half the glory of the swing gate. Many of you have a second dwelling place, your adopted home, that also is yours forever. There you built the first family altar. There your children were born. All those trees you planted. That room is sacred, because, once in it, over the hot pillow, flapped the wing of death. Under that roof you expect, when your work is done, to lie down and die. You try with many words to tell the excellency of the place, but you fail. There is only one word in the English language that can describe your feeling. It is "home."

TALKING THINGS OVER.

An exchange very truthfully says that many people aside from Emerson have noted that moderns seem to have lost the art of conversation. Many people talk, but few converse intelligently. Many say words and words, but little else. Many spend lots of time talking, but little gray matter. And many use their lips but leave out their minds and hearts. In every home there is some place where the family members should gather at least occasionally and just talk things over. A wonderful living room—a cheering grate fire—sofa—soft, comfortable chairs—a foot-rest or two—a few good books—some nice pictures hanging on the walls—a few letters lying on the reading desk—a reading lamp—and still some people would let these things remain in a home without being used while they drift off down town or to the club seven nights a week. There is no attempt at sermonizing in this editorial—but people will find out sooner or later that when they fail to consider home to be a real place to live in they lose out on one of life's big things. So, why not sit down occasionally at home with the family, and just talk things over. It will develop the art of conversation; make the children think that home is after all a better place for a good time than the neighbor's house.

Birds in Battle

According to The American Museum Journal, birds at the European battle-fronts paid surprisingly little attention to the noise and confusion around them. In one case, when a shell burst through the roof of a shed in the rafters of which swallows were nesting, the birds quickly took advantage of the new opening when flying back and forth to feed their young. Masked gun sites are favorite nesting places. A British ornithologist records that a brood of four young blackbirds were hatched within four feet of the muzzle of a gun. A pair of hedge swallows had their nest in the hub of a broken wheel continuously under fire and regularly fed their young without regard to the dropping shrapnel and bursting shells. It is stated, however, that droves of magpies have found the gun-fire in France too much for them and have taken refuge in England. Birds ordinarily pay little attention to passing airplanes, but an exception is noted in the case of jack-daws at St. Omer, which have been known to leave their homes in the church steeples and attack the new-fangled denizens of the air.

Death at Stittsville

One of Stittsville's oldest and most prominent citizens in the person of Mr. Thomas McGuire, passed to his eternal rest on Monday. He was in his 81st year, was born and always lived in the vicinity where he died. He had been ill for the past four or five weeks from general debility and his end was peaceful. Deceased is survived by his wife, who before marriage was Miss Susan Colbert of Hazeldean, and a family of four children, namely: Mrs. W. J. Armstrong, Kinburn; Mills, of Ottawa; John and Florence at home. Two sisters also survive—Mrs. W. T. Morgan, of Bell's Corners, and Mrs. William Winchester, of Ottawa. The late Mr. McGuire was a member of the L.O.L. No. 490 under whose auspices the funeral took place to St. Thomas Church, Stanley's Corners, on Tuesday afternoon. Services were conducted by Rev. Mr. Greene. The pallbearers were six nephews, as follows: Messrs. John G. McGuire, Edward Foster, Albert Argue, James Bell, Robert Colbert and John Wall. The floral offering included the following: Wreaths—Orangemen, the family, the staff of Dominion Express Co., Ottawa; Spray—Mr. and Mrs. H. Hickman, Ottawa—Carp Review.

The Nipissing Mining Company shipped bullion during the month of January at an estimated value of \$207,259.

provide an opportunity for an exchange of opinion; and it will be honest-to-goodness pleasure!

Winter is here—and winter is the season for reading and for talking things over.

Why not make the most of it? The ideal household is one where the parents manifest that fine courtesy that is to marriage what aroma is to a flower. Spawning from mutual consideration, in time it grows to be involuntary as the act of breathing. To enumerate and classify such tokens of good breeding and fine manners is as impossible as to define music. They gild every action, they soften every vocal chord. From "morn till dewy eve" they appear and reappear.

WANDERING BOY

"Oh where is my wandering boy to-night? Has he been singing thousands of times with wonderful tenderness and pathos, but how many of the singers, or hearers, ever gave heed to the pertinent inquiry of the song? Statistics are frequently published showing the great majority of boys spending their nights away from the better influences of home. As they grow into youth and early manhood they seem to grow into the world and worldly ways. If the singer's plaintive question could be answered publicly in any ordinary meeting where the song is sung, it would cause a tremendous sensation, and many a heart would bow down in sorrow and pain. For some reason it is just as well that the nightly haunts of "the boys" are not specifically mentioned in local public meetings, and yet the matter is one of common report. The boys are too often out of home, out of the church and Sunday school, out of organizations of moral character, and into the world "for all it is worth."

The appeal for volunteers in the great battle of life, in exterminating ignorance and error and planting high on an everlasting foundation the banner of intelligence and right is directed to every member of this department would they grant it audience. Let no cloud again darken your spirit or weight of sadness oppress your heart. Arise ambitious! smouldering fires. The laurel may even now be wreathed destined to grace thy brow. Burst the trammels that impede thy progress and cling to hope. The world frowned darkly upon all who have ever yet won fame's wreath, but on they toiled. Place high thy standard, and with a firm and fearless eye press steadily onward. Persevere and thou wilt surely reach it. Are there those who have watched unrewarded, through long sorrowful years, for the dawning of a brighter morn, when the weary soul should calmly rest. Hope's bright rays still illumine their dark pathways, and cheerful yet they watch. Never despair! Faint not, though thy task be heavy and victory is thine.

WINTER HARD ON BABY

The winter season is a hard one on the baby. He is more or less confined to stuffy, badly ventilated rooms. It is so often stormy that the mother does not get him out in the fresh air as often as she should. He catches colds which rack his little system; his stomach and bowels get out of order and he becomes peevish and cross. To guard against this the mother should keep a box of Baby's Own Tablets in the house. They regulate the stomach and bowels and break up colds. They are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Makers of War and Peace

Perhaps you think of the members of your government and the members of other governments who are going to confer in the city of Paris as the real makers of war and peace, but we are not. You are the makers of war and of peace. The pulse of the modern world beats on the farm and in the mine, in the factory; the plans of the modern world are made in the counting-house; the men that do the business of the world now shape the destinies of the world, and peace or war is now in a large measure in the hands of those who direct the commerce of the world. A country is owned and dominated by the capital that is invested in it. I do not need to instruct you in that fundamental idea. In proportion as foreign capital comes in among you and takes its hold, in that proportion does foreign influence come in and take its hold, and therefore the processes of conquest.—President Wilson.

When Full It Is Full

At a recent social gathering the conversation turned on the crowded state of the street cars. "It is really too bad," remarked a guest, "they pack in the passengers like sardines in a box." "Your comparison is inapt," retorted a lady, smilingly. When a box of sardines is full it is full. They don't constantly keep opening the box to pack in a few more.

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WAIST OF FLESH GEORGETTE



Simple yet extremely becoming is this bijou waist of flesh georgette. The double collar of knife plaiting, the turnback cuffs, held by bows of moire silk and the box plaits with an interesting line of hemstitching through the center are items worthy of note.

BEADED NOVELTIES ARE HERE

Woven Chains for Neck Wear Among the Attractive Trinkets Which Have Been Imported.

Among the trinkets which have been imported to this country and are selling in various places are chains to be worn around the neck. To say that they are woven does not in the least degree describe the intricacy of the patterns and designs.

One, for instance, of electric blue and silver beads, is woven in patches about an inch and a half long by a half inch wide, strung together by a dozen or more strands of the beads, on straight strings, these strands being again, about two inches in length. At the end, for a pendant, there is a square, dangling midway between the throat and waist, woven in an enlargement of the pattern displayed in the other bits of weaving. The pattern is not distinct. It has an elusive way with it, being a design in the silver with a background of the shimmering blue beads. This chain, or whatever you wish to call it, was worn with a street gown of black satin. The gown itself was entirely without trimming and it had one of those very popular and beautiful neck lines reaching in a straight line from shoulder to shoulder. This enabled the chain to show against the whiteness of skin for a space, and then to appear shining against the shiny blackness of the satin. The effect was decidedly interesting, and the beads held one's attention as a beautiful jewel might have done.

GOWNS AND HATS OF WHITE

These Promise to Be Prime Favorites This Winter, Velvet to Figure Prominently.

White is to have a vogue this winter. Long white coats are very smart indeed. So much is white to be in evidence this season that smart milliners are bringing out many hats of white velvet, or at least showing some trimming of this sort introduced here and there. After one has left youth far behind white needs most skillful treatment to be worn becomingly. It is always best to subdue it wherever possible with some beading or overdraping of lacy effect.

Nothing could be prettier than the new dinner gowns of white velvet. They are unexcelled by any sort of ornament. Now that well-dressed young men do not wear jewelry of any sort, there is not even a gleaming diamond permitted to be worn with these dead white frocks. No sleeves, no corsage decorations and no sashes appear. One can readily see that only the freshness of youth and the most pronounced beauty can successfully carry off a white velvet frock. They may be summed up in the brief verdict: Beautiful—at least to behold.

Along with the vogue of white is that for a combination of black and white, always much favored, but again a fashion demanding skillful treatment to be successful.

EXTRA WARM EVENING WRAPS

Favored Garment Folds Around Figure and Has Double Thickness Over Chest.

Certain economists buy a semiformal frock that will serve for gay hours between four and twelve p. m. with its own coat, which relieves them from the purchase of an extra evening coat, or keeps the one they possess for use for special occasions. This is after all, an extravagant trick, the critics say, for one warm long coat should serve.

The wrap of the hour is warm and heavy. It is no longer of chiffon nor does it show itself in cape form. It folds around the figure and has a double thickness over the chest. Furs are heaped on it, and, often, there is a return to the fashions of Charles II in the loose undersleeve of fur that comes out from the wide upper sleeve. This idea, by the way, is carried out in a few street clothes, and it catches the fancy of those who abominate the hiatus between the edge of a flaring sleeve and the hand.

And such sleeves are warm. They act like a padded muff.

OUR PROBLEM OF HAPPINESS

Few People Consider Advisability of Action on Truths Suggested by Great Thinkers.

Why is it few people can act on truths put forth by great thinkers; for example, that the unselfish are happier than the selfish? writes Norman Hapgood in Leslie's. In discussing the progress of fellowship in industry, people constantly speak to me as if granting benefits to labor were a "sacrifice." So, as we are constituted, I suppose it is. Why is it not rather a privilege? Do we know in our hearts that simplicity and devotion give a contentment no accumulation of material things can rival? Is it not mere lack of courage that keeps us from trying in our own lives just a little of the New Testament? Indeed, is there anything more tragic than to die without ever having given the great spiritual truths a chance to practice?

I have been looking carefully into the early stages of co-operation in a small manufacturing plant. The plan started about a year ago. All questions concerning factory employment go first to a committee in which most of the members are factory employees. The head of the concern has interfered with the committee but once, and then he was right, and when he put his view, the committee voluntarily reversed its previous decision by something like ten to one. This concern last year paid exactly the same dividends on wages that it paid on capital. The president of the company intends to carry the plan further, as far as control goes, as rapidly as the education of employees makes it possible. He has no desire to pile up such a fortune that neither he nor his descendants for generations will know the necessity of doing their share in order to live. He is without fear and without indolence. I know him and I know also many of the other type of capitalists, who cling to all the power and all the profits. Believe me, if I had to choose between his inner self—his serenity, ardor, and youthful heart—and the tired, distrustful plethora of the more acquisitive type, it would not take me long.

The Triumphant Herring.

Herrings were sold at three for a penny at Berwick-on-Tweed, Scotland, recently. They were landed in such large quantities that in the forenoon, asserts a correspondent, the townspeople were getting supplies free. Owing to the shortage of labor the fish curers were unable to deal with the catches, which sold at ridiculously low prices.

What a feast the people of Berwick must have had on that day! What appetizing incense arose from thousands of sizzling frying-pans and griddles! Men would be lured from their labors by the smell of the succulent fish. What if the beefsteak of old England has gone to the bottom; it has emerged from the deep in a rich—nay, richer—"silver harvest of the sea!" The sportive little herring is immune from the torpedo, and laughs at Tirpitz's shoal of ruthless sharks. The besieged inhabitants of the seagirt isle may yet be saved by the smell of a herring. It would indeed be poetical justice if a mere sprat should be the means of throttling the all-devouring submarine. For, the herring are the most democratic of fishes; they are the common people of the sea—the masses—and are the most beloved by their prototypes on land.

Influence on Children.

As for moral influences in the home, it is the words the child hears us speak, the things he sees us do which will have the greatest effect on his nature, such as respectful care and tender affection toward the grandmother, the grandfather, the aunt, the uncle, our attitude toward those in our employ, etc. Family festivals will make ever glorious impressions on the child's mind, states a student of human nature.

The spirit of charity should permeate the home. The little child is too young to know how to help the less fortunate, but he will imbibe the home spirit and with his growing understanding adopt the ideals by which he is surrounded.

Above all other influences the most telling is that which the parents create by means of their relationship to each other. If peace reigns supreme and father and mother live as one, having a deep, true, earnest affection for each other, facing together the joys and sorrows, and supplementing each other's strength at every turn, there is no greater legacy parents can leave their children than the influence and memory of such a home.

The Packhorse Comes Back.

Among many revivals for which the war is responsible is that of the packhorse. The packhorse, or packmule, says London Answers, has proved his usefulness over and over again at the front, where he carries shells and other munitions and stores to the dumps and front lines, and this use has no doubt led the prince of Wales to endeavor to revive the once-famed Devon packhorse on his Dartmoor farms.

It is only within the last few years that the packhorse has disappeared from the byways of Devon and the north, and to this day ponies and donkeys are still used on the coast to carry seaweed and shingle.

Formerly nearly all the traffic in the west of England was carried by the packhorse, which traveled in single file, the leader wearing bells to warn on-coming in the narrow lanes and to guide those following.

The British Tar and the Ocean

When the German fleet surrendered to the British and French squadrons the captive crews were taken aboard British battleships. One big round-headed German was plainly disgusted with the way things had gone and showed it.

Walking up to a group of British sailors he spat overboard and said: "That's what I think of your verdammt fleet, and as for Admiral Beatty why—" and he spat over the rail again. Then he spat a third time by way of expressing his opinion of the whole British nation.

As he finished a big British tar hitched his pants up and said:—"Look here, Fritz, you can say what you please about the English fleet and act as you wish toward Admiral Beatty, and think what you want about the British, but you be dam well careful whose ocean you go spitting into."

The Daylight Saving Bill of last session is practically certain to be renewed when parliament meets. Inquiry shows that opposition to the bill, as expressed in communications received by the government is every slight.

The cotton garment makers of Canada have chosen G. C. Copley of Hamilton and H. M. Friedman of Montreal to represent them at London and overseas in an effort to get their share of export trade. The woolen clothing manufacturers of Canada will be represented by H. M. Levine of Montreal.

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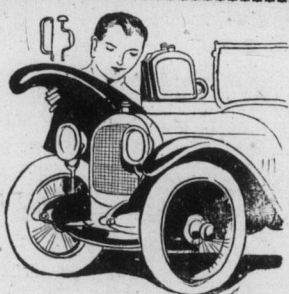
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