

HOME INTERESTS.

Conducted by HELENE.

A little child said to me the other day: "When I'm big I'll paint those lovely colors in the sky." It was at sundown of a bright, crisp day, and I was walking with a small acquaintance of mine. We could see the dying rays kissing the summit of our snow-capped mountain, and we had both been silently admiring the day's reluctant farewell with happy assurance of as blessed a day to follow, when my reverie was broken in upon by my friend's remark. Dear childish heart! Older and wiser heads than hers had dreamed of a future as she was planning to paint her picture. There have been, too, dreams of portraying the perfect tones of a dying sunset's glow; the multi-colored bands of the rainbow; the restless surging of the rushing cataract; the writing of a work to set the world agog. In many cases these have remained the dreams of impetuous youth while the success has gone to the one whose latent genius sprang to life through the painting of a flower, plucked from the roadside. He had lived close to the heart of nature, had imbibed its teachings, and had responded in full measure. Then, again, the renowned surgeon has been evolved out of the simple act of dressing and binding a wound. And so on. We dream and sometimes our dreams come true; again, we dream and we suffer the bitterness of disappointment. There must be activity to achieve success; there must be undaunted vigor to retain it.

FASHIONS.

The long-shoulder effect on blouses, unless well done, is neither pretty nor becoming, and one constantly sees it to-day in a manner which is very disfiguring to most women. Do not think because you have a long shoulder seam and your sleeve is put in very low down that you have a well-cut long-shoulder effect, as nine out of ten blouses one sees are badly botched affairs, and the long shoulder effect seems a hopeless stumbling block. If you are making a perfectly plain shirtwaist—that is, one with simply fullness or clusters of tucks in the front and back—cut your shoulder seams full length from the neck-line to the top of your arm.

Very stout women may wear plaited skirts. If there is objection for a closely plaited effect, some of the plaits may be omitted, and simply clusters of plaits put at each side of the front centre of the skirt, and with wide plaits at the centre back will be all that is required in the making of an up-to-date full skirt. The portion of the skirt fitting over the hips may be perfectly plain and smooth. This model of skirt should be cut only upon a circular pattern; in fact all or most of the prettiest skirts of the year are circular in shape.

Another pretty model for the woman with large hips is to have the upper portion of the skirt gored in a five or seven gored model, and attach to this gored portion a circular flounce laid in small pin tucks; or a straight, kilted flounce could be used.

Walking costumes made with full skirts and coats of half length are among the most fashionable and most attractive of the season. One recently seen was made of chevrot in mahogany brown, with collar and cuff of velvet edged with broadcloth, but all suiting materials are equally appropriate. The coat combined a fitted back with loose fronts. The skirt was cut in seven gores, there being plaited portions inserted at each seam to flounce depth, the pointed straps covering the seams above that point.

Simple coats made in box style and trimmed with fur are greatly in demand for the little folk, and are eminently charming and attractive. A very pretty one combines white cloth with white Astrakhan and allows a choice of coat or full sleeves. Equally suitable is velvet and dark colored cloths, while the banding, collar and cuffs can be of contrasting cloth and velvet when fur is not desired. Also the coat is suited to wee boys as well as to girls, the only change necessary being in the closing

which is from left to right in place of right to left.

Simple bath robes make general favorites and for many reasons are to be preferred to any other sort. They take graceful lines and include generous sleeves which render it easy to slip on and off. A pretty one may be made up in pink wrapper flannel, banded with ribbons, showing an edge of velvet, while at the waist is a heavy cord with tassels. All materials suited to garments of the sort are appropriate, and the banding can be of any contrasting material that may be preferred.

Real raspberry red makes one of the most fashionable materials of the season, and is particularly charming worn by young girls. A stylish little frock in cashmere, with the yoke and trimmings of tacked taffeta, is eminently effective. A square yoke with box plaits at each side and shoulder straps, which give the broad line to the figure, make novel features, and allow of trimmings of various sorts. The skirt is circular, laid in three wide tucks, and gathered at its upper edge.

Little boys are never more attractive and never better pleased than when wearing coats suggestive of military styles. A stylish one is made of Russian blue melton with collar and cuffs of black Astrakhan cloth, and is delightfully suggestive of real cold weather, but it can be reproduced in any color preferred with collar and cuffs of velvet, of the material or of cloth in contrasting color.

TIMELY HINTS.

A piece of camphor put into water will keep flowers for a long time. Mud spots on silk can generally be removed by rubbing with a piece of linen dipped in benzine or alcohol.

When refuse is burned in the kitchen stove the place for it is in the middle hole. It will then dry before burning and will throw off no disagreeable odors.

It is worth knowing that the odor of onions may be almost entirely removed from the hands by rubbing them with celery tops. This means will also remove the odor from dishes.

Thin slices of brown or gluten bread lightly buttered and then spread with cream cheese make delicious sandwiches to serve with lettuce and tomato salad.

Finely-broken egg-shells shaken vigorously with a little warm water in clouded water bottles or vases will remove the deposit.

A bolt of cheese cloth should be as essential a feature of the young housekeeper's menage as the bolt of homespun linen was of grandmother's. Nothing makes better dust-ers; it serves as glass and china toweling, and is an ideal fabric for the dish cloth.

If, when making jellies, the insides of the molds are well brushed with white of egg, the jellies will turn out quite easily.

Laundrying fine linen doilies is attended with some difficulty, especially when the doilies are fringed. Combining out the fringe after ironing results disastrously in a very short time, if the linen is really fine. A clever woman discovered this method, which, after all, may not be new. After rinsing the doilies they are floated, one by one, in a dish of clean, cool water. When the fringes are perfectly smooth and flexible, slip a piece of manila paper or blotting paper under the doily and slip the whole thing out of the water. Let the doily dry on the paper, and the fringe will need very little combing.

An alcohol smoothing iron costs only \$1, and although too light for heavy pressing, they are valuable for smoothing ribbons, veils, and the like. An iron of some kind is almost a necessity to the careful woman who values a neat appearance. The ribbon renovators sold in the department stores are very convenient for hotel dwellers. The renovators fit over the nose of a tea kettle, and are simply wonderful for smoothing out crushed ribbons, laces or chiffons. In hotels gas is becoming rare, electric light being required by insurance companies. Nearly every woman has an alcohol tea kettle, however.

One does not get so tired using the sewing machine if only the right foot is placed entirely on the treadle, allowing but the toe of the left foot to touch the front edge. Do not throw old incandescent

mantles away. They make a splendid polish for silver. Put a little on a soft duster, and rub on the article to be cleaned. It will polish beautifully without scratching, or marking the silver.

A new lamp wick should be soaked in vinegar. If this is done there will be neither smell nor smoke, and a much brighter light will be given.

Ink stains can be more quickly removed from white goods by salt if vinegar is used with it. Put a fresh supply on until the stain disappears, then rinse in clear water.

Do not scrape a frying pan, as it is liable to burn. Instead rub well with a hard crust of bread and wash in hot water.

If you are covering an entire floor with matting, sew the breadths together as you would carpet, only let the stitch of double thread be much looser than for the carpet.

RECIPES.

Stuffed eggs for luncheon or supper are always good. Boil the eggs hard, and after they have cooled cut in two crosswise. Mash the yolks and mix with butter or anchovy paste, minced parsley, salt and pepper. Minced ham or chicken may be substituted for the fish paste, and chopped sardines are sometimes liked. A little lemon juice is a necessity when fish is used. Fill the white cups neatly and place on ice to chill.

A winter fruit dessert, apropos of peach trees: Drain all the juice from a can of choice peaches and place over the fire with nearly an equal quantity of sugar. When this is boiled, drop in the peaches, a few pieces at a time, and boil for fifteen minutes. Lift out and arrange in a glass dish. Fill the cavities of the peaches with preserved raspberries and serve with whipped cream.

Cheese balls are a delicious accompaniment for the salad course. Grate half a cup of cheese and fold into the stiffly beaten whites of three eggs and season with salt and paprika. Form the mixture into small balls and fry them in deep fat until they are a golden brown. Serve hot.

Mixed nuts are best used in a salad, as the different flavors seem to combine especially well with the acid of the fruit.

Spice Cakes—Beat two eggs and a half cupful of butter together and add a half cupful of milk, and one and a half of molasses, a teaspoonful of soda and a teaspoonful each of ginger and any other desired spices; also a cupful of dried currants. Bake in a moderate oven for three-quarters of an hour.

Salad of Lima Beans—After having soaked a quart of Lima beans for two or three hours, drain and place over the fire to cook with hot water enough to cover, and as the water boils away, add more until, after about two hours, the beans are cooked and the water just covers them as at first. Season highly with pepper and salt, and just before serving stir in a dressing made of two tablespoonfuls each of flour and butter, a teaspoonful of vinegar and a teaspoonful of mustard.

MAKE THE HOME PLEASANT.

Mothers who love their daughters supremely can not afford that any place should seem pleasanter to them than the home nest. A mother should not be so interested and insistent on keeping the home in apple pie order as torown upon the free and hospitable welcome within it to her children's friends. She should open wide the doors of heart and home. It costs little to have boys and girls come to the house for informal frolics, to practice songs together, to play games, to talk over plans and pleasures. A mother should make it natural for her daughter's friends to come because the welcome is so warm, the meeting place so cheery, the atmosphere so friendly and uncritical, as to make self-consciousness impossible. In this way mothers will get to know their daughters' friends and make it unlikely that any unfortunate attachment should grow and ripen without her knowledge until too late to uproot it.

THE MISUSE OF "QUITE."

"Quite" strictly means "completely," and is rightly used in such sentences as "The flower is quite faded." Its secondary meaning, "very," "to a great extent," has the authority of

good writers, though such expressions as "quite young," and "quite hot" have a colloquial ring about them. There is, however, springing up, of late, the slovenly practice of employing the adverb "quite" with a noun, e. g., "quite a panic ensued." If an adverb can modify a noun, where is the distinction between adverb and adjective? As a matter of fact, the functions of the adverb seem to be encroaching on those of the adjective.



"There be the place, miss." Si Dunn, who ran the one wagonette that comprised the "livery" of Duncansville, slackened rein as he reached the turn in the mountain-road and pointed to an old stone house, rising grim and gray beneath overshadowing oaks, while range after range of forest-crowned heights stretched above and around it. "There be Cameron Place, as you asked for, miss—but ez for getting board that, I don't think you've any chance at all.

"It will be no harm to try," said the little lady, who was Si's only passenger this June morning. She was a dainty little creature, with her wind-blown hair and dancing eyes. Gowned with exquisite simplicity, there was an air about her from her pretty straw hat to the tip of her little French boot, that made her seem a strange and delicate blossom for these rugged wilds.

"No harm, maybe," said honest Si, doubtfully. "Only rough talk ain't pleasant to hear, and though old Squire Cameron never was soft-tongued, he's got harder and rougher since his trouble last year with young Don."

"Young Don?" queried the little lady softly. "His son," explained Si, giving his bony mare a loose rein for the climb. "They hadn't but one, and was monstrous sot on him. And no wonder—he was suthin' to brag on—six foot four in his stocking-feet, tall and strong and straight as a mountain pine. The old folks gave him everything first-class, college education, tower in Europe—everything he could ask. Didn't spoil him none, neither—all the folks on the mountain-side agreed to that. He was that pleasant and friendly and nice that everybody tuk to him. He could have gone anywhere this county vote could send him—if 'twas to the White House itself, when the bust-up came and spilled all. Now he has quit these parts forever."

"Forever?" echoed the girl in a low voice. "Lord, yes. Don Cameron ain't the sort to knuckle down. You see, he met some girl off yonder and lost his heart to her. That warn't much hurt, if he hadn't lost his head, too—clean forgot all the bad blood that has been billing in the Camerons for hundreds of years, and turned Romanist with his sweetheart."

"Romanist! Oh, you mean Catholic, I suppose," said the little lady. "It's all one, I guess," continued Si, flicking a bluebottle from the mare's ear. "Anyhow, it split things to finders up here. They say the old man almost went off in an apple-poly—said the sort of rough things a young man can't forgive or forget. Told Don to go and never come back, and Don said he never would until his father called him. Which ain't ever going to be if this mountain-side knows old Angus Cameron. He is grit straight through if it kills him and everybody else. I heern that he won't even have Don's name spoken before him. And he has shut himself up with the old woman in that big house nussing his grief and bitterness and pride and spite."

"Oh, stop, please—here is the gate. What a lovely, lovely place! Oh! I must go in and see if they will take me. Wait here." And Si's passenger leaped lightly to the ground. "I will be back in half an hour—unless the old Squire eats me entirely."

"It is a forlorn hope, I know," continued Miss Elsie Vane, as she opened the garden gate boldly, "but I am a soldier's daughter with the

fighting blood of three generations in my veins. And I have managed just as big men before," she added to herself with a little tremulous laugh as she advanced to the porch, where Squire Angus Cameron, grim and gaunt and gloomy as the granite walls of his home, sat smoking his morning pipe.

It took all the pluck of a soldier's daughter to charge such a sentinel, but strong men had gone down under the battery of Miss Elsie's bright eyes so often that she had the courage of a conqueror.

"Boarders!" echoed the Squire in brusque reply to her request. "Take boarders here? No, we don't. Never did and never will. Don't want either their money or their company." And the speaker's tone and look were enough to rout the most reckless invader.

But Miss Elsie held her ground according to the most approved feminine tactics, charmingly unconscious of the Squire's beetling frown and uncivil speech.

"Oh, I am so sorry," she said plaintively. "It is such a lovely, lovely place. I never saw such beautiful oaks. And your view!" Here words quite failed Miss Elsie. "May I sit down just one minute and look at those mountains?"

And she sank in a pretty girlish way on the stone steps at the Squire's feet.

The shaggy brows relaxed somewhat. The pretty invader had touched a weak point.

"Ay, the view is fine. I've heard painter folks say they never saw aught like it. And though I've been looking at it summer and winter this forty year, I never found it twice the same. It's mist and cloud, storm and rainbow, changing ever."

"Wonderful," said the girl softly. "I have never been in the heart of the mountains before. I can understand how their children love them and long for them. I have not been very well," she continued, turning the bright battery of her eyes upon the old man's face. "The doctor ordered quiet and mountain air. But it seems a difficult combination to find. All the hotels are filled with gay, noisy crowds, dancing and frolicking day and night. I thought I would search these lovely heights and see if some kind, good people would take me in."

Again the bright, bewitching eyes flashed upon the Squire, and again the lines gave way as a tender memory twitched at his knotted heart-strings. Twenty years ago he had laid a little maid to rest under the lindens—and—the old wound hurt yet. Something in the bright, uplifted glance recalled the little lass of long ago.

"I dunno," he said, reluctantly. "There ain't a place round here fitting for folks that want quiet and rest. And if you're not well—Mahala," as a thin, sad-faced old woman stepped to the door behind him, "here's a young woman that the doctor has ordered to the mountains. She has come looking here for board."

"Oh, not 'board'!" The pretty appeal of the eyes went straight now to the old woman's heart. "Of course, I can get board anywhere. But I am looking for a home for a few weeks—a sweet, quiet, peaceful home, where I can rest and grow strong."

"You'd not be wanting jiggling and junketing like they have at the Mountain Hotel?" asked the old Squire, suspiciously.

"Not a jig or junket," answered Miss Elsie, shaking her head.

"Nor a crowd of young fools blathering around night and morning?"

"No young fools shall come within gunshot of me," laughed the girl gaily.

"Ay, but there will be sweethearts, I know," and the Squire's brows met again in a doubtful frown.

"No sweethearts, either, on my word of honor. I will be no more trouble than a white kitten if you will take me in." And the winsome glance that went with the words settled matters.

"There's the dimity chamber, Mahala. No one is likely to be asking for it since—since—" The rough voice suddenly paused.

"Ay, ay, so ye be willing, man, I am," said the old lady, tremulously.

And an hour later, Miss Elsie, sitting by a rose-wreathed window, penned a brief epistle.

"Dearest: Have crossed the firing line. Hold possession of the dimity chamber. First redoubt won."

Miss Vane was as good as her word. No white kitten could have been less trouble; at the same time no fairy princess disguised in feline fur could have wielded so instant and powerful a charm. In ten days all Cameron Place was under her spell. Even the portrait of the

grim Covenant ancestor in the great hall seemed to relax its frown as the sunlight streamed through wide-open windows. The quaint, old china vases brimmed with freshly plucked roses. The somber silence was broken with girlish laughter and songs. Light and warmth and color followed the newcomer at Cameron Place even as they follow the sun.

Her Mexican hammock, heaped with gay cushions, lit the dull piazza. Her silken-lined workbasket filled with bright crowls, touched the gloomy hall into light. She could ride; the pride of the stable, broken by the young master three years before, yielded submissively to her rein. She could shoot; her little silver-mounted rifle brought down with unerring aim the hawk that had been a very Herod among the downy innocents in the barnyard. Most wonderful of all, she could cook, by strange, new, dainty methods that made good Mrs. Cameron open her eyes in wonder.

It was this last accomplishment that conquered the old Squire's reserve. Elsie had filled his pipe in a deft fashion, learned long ago from her soldier father. She had sung to him evening after evening the old Scotch ballads he loved. In her white clinging gowns, with roses in her breast and hair, she had been a vision of light and loveliness to the old man's gathering twilight. But it was not until she merrily bore in a smoking dish of "haggis" and placed it before him on the dinner table that the Squire gave way openly and entirely.

"Eh, the Lord guide us, lass, what witch or warlock taught ye this?"

And Elsie had laughed a rippling laugh of triumph, and felt that the course of "national dishes" at her cooking school had not been all in vain.

But soften as the old folks did to their fair young guest, no word of the dark sorrow that sat at their board and shadowed their home ever passed their lips. Perhaps it was her seeming ignorance of the tragedy that had darkened their lives that made Elsie's presence so cheering to the old pair, who proudly shrank from their neighbors' gossiping sympathy.

The spell of the "haggis" was still strong upon the Squire in the summer evening as he sat in the deepening twilight smoking the pipe Elsie had filled for him, and listening to her as she sang to the accompaniment of her mandolin. The western gorge was still aglow with the sunset, though the mountain tops were dim and shadowy, and a few faint stars heralded the coming night. As the old man looked at the pretty figure aureoled by the sunset, he thought of the little maid under the lindens and all she might have been to him in these darkened days, with a softening pang in his rough Scotch heart.

Elsie's song had ceased, and with her hands clasped idly over her mandolin she was looking into the gathering shadows. The keen old eyes bent upon her became suddenly aware of a wistful sadness in the sweet young face, usually so bright and glad.

"It's a bit dull for you here with only two old folks. Maybe, as the old woman was saying, I have been over hard in my bargaining with you, lass. You are too young to be shut out from all junketing and sweethearts. I would na have the place given up to a pack of godless rattlebrains, but if there's any one ye'd like to see here in quiet and peace, let him come."

"There is—one," answered the girl, and there was a new light in the eyes uplifted to the old man's face. "A sweetheart, I'm thinking."

The stern tone was softened wonderfully.

A BOON TO CHILDREN.

A medicine that will keep infants and young children plump, good natured, with a clear eye and a rosy skin, is a boon not only to mothers, but to humanity. Such a medicine is Baby's Own Tablets, which promptly cure all the minor ailments of little ones, and makes them eat well, play well and sleep well. You can safely take the words of the thousands of mothers who have proved the value of these Tablets; for instance, Mrs. J. R. Standon, Weyburn, N.W.T., says:—"I have proved the great value of Baby's Own Tablets in cases of diarrhoea, constipation, hives, and when teething, and I would not be without them." The Tablets are equally good for the tenderest little baby or the well grown child, and they are guaranteed free from opiates and harmless. Sold by all druggists, or sent by mail at 25 cents a box, by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Dear Boys and Girls: Is not this glorious time seems long until the moments fly until class? Have you slides built in or do you skate? I hope you will find a few spare.

Dear Aunt Becky: As I have been reading in the True Witness from boys and girls, I thought I would write one also. I am in the fourth class going to try the entrance next summer. My sister is Georgianna Montpeller, girls of my class are Flossie, Lizzie Kelly, Yvonne and Georgianna Montpeller. I intend to spend my summers with my sister who lives in Montreal. I received a letter from my friends Christy Ida got a grey lamb. Hoping to see my letter I am your loving niece.

Alfred Centre, Ont.

THE BRAVERY OF BATTLE.

The bravest battle that I fought. Shall I tell you where it was? On the maps of the world it is not. 'Twas fought by the men.

Nay, not with cannon or bow. With sword or noble spear. Nay, not with eloquent thought, From the mouths of women.

But deep in the walled-up heart— Of woman that would not be brave, silently bore. Lo! there is the battlefield. No marshalling troop, no song, No banner to gleam and But, oh! these battles! the long, From babyhood to the grave.

THE SPOOL DOLLS.

Katherine had been sick a time, and now she was getting and could sit up in bed a few hours each day. Everyone of this, but gladdest of all, she herself, for she was outdoors once more, she was so much, to be able to play "Angeline" and "Lolita," big beautiful French dolls, must have grown very fast, were so big and heavy that she could not lift them, and to really have a with them was quite out of the question. The other smaller ones were in the room with her and they were now "in the for a rest cure," mamma what was Katherine to do during these long weeks? Well? It was a pathetic thought that asked Aunt Lou that one afternoon when Aunt Lou opened in "to see the little Now Aunt Lou was a very auntie, although she did not most wonderfully and mamma Katherine thought, and still get down on the floor dolls "better" any little know," asserted that you wonderingly. So when she to Aunt Lou she felt sure some way. "Where are all per dollies," asked Aunt Lou. "They would be easy to handle." "I will with them the day I was told said Katherine, "and they burned up with the other 'Sides," she continued, "I tired of paper dolls."

Then Aunt Lou had an idea. Lou was always having to do one of the nice things "I'll tell you what! a thing!" she exclaimed, laughing her hands. And she ran out of the room. Pre- she came back with a box hand, and in the other so colored worsteds and a pair of socks.

"When I was a little girl Aunt Lou brightly, setting down in a low chair by the side of the bed, she invented a new kind of doll. I did not have a doll, but I did have a dozen real live dollies like a certain lady I know, and I had to own. I always liked to

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OUR BOYS

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