

**HOUSEHOLD.**

**Tired Mothers.**

A little elbow leans upon your knee,  
Your tired knee, that has so much to bear;  
A child's dear eyes are looking lovingly  
From underneath a thatch of tangled hair.  
Perhaps you do not heed the velvet touch  
Of warm, moist fingers, folding yours so  
tight;  
You do not prize this blessing overmuch;  
You are almost too tired to pray to-night.

But it is blessedness! A year ago  
I did not see it as I do to-day;  
We are so dull and thankless and too slow  
To catch the sunshine till it slips away,  
And now it seems surpassing strange to me  
That, while I wore the badge of mother-  
hood,  
I did not kiss more oft and tenderly  
The little child that brought me only good.

And if some night, when you sit down to  
rest,  
You miss the elbow from your tired knee,  
This restless, curling head from off your  
breast,  
The hisping tongue that clatters constantly;  
If from your own the dimpled hands had  
slipped  
And ne'er would nestle in your palm again;  
If the white feet into their grave had tripped,  
I could not blame you for your heartache  
then!

I wonder so that mothers ever fret  
At little children clinging to their gown,  
Or that the footprints, when the days are wet,  
Are ever black enough to make them frown.  
If I could kiss a rosy, restless foot  
And hear a patter in my home once more;  
If I could mend a broken cart to-day,  
To-morrow make a kite reach the sky,  
There is no woman in God's world could say  
She was more blissfully content than I,  
But, ah, the dainty pillow next my own  
Is never rumpled by a shining head!  
My singing birdling from its nest has flown;  
The little boy I used to kiss is dead!  
—Mrs. May Riley Smith, in Baltimore 'News.'

**Fuss or Work**

As a rule, the woman who makes the great-  
est fuss and fluster about having 'no spare  
time,' really accomplishes very little.

It's mostly 'fuss and fluster' that keeps her  
busy. She jostles from one place to another  
and from scheme to scheme—and accomplishes  
almost nothing in comparison to the time she  
covers. Indeed, 'hustling round' nearly defines  
her achievements of each day.

Now, what does this woman who 'never has  
any time' accomplish more than her neighbor  
who never complains that she hasn't a moment  
for casual affairs or for kindnesses along the  
way?

Both women are housekeepers and home-  
makers. The one goes steadily through her  
domestic duties and enjoys them—and nobody  
ever heard her lament over 'no time to spare.'  
The other woman feverishly performs her do-  
mestic obligations, hurrying and driving, and  
fagging herself from start to finish—using  
spaces of time between her more feverish pur-  
suit of errands or engagements that amount  
to nothing at all.

The woman who accomplishes the most and  
best work always has a definite object in view.  
She knows what she wants to do before she  
begins. Then she goes about it calmly and  
sticks at it steadily. She doesn't spend any  
minutes telling how much she has to do and  
how perfectly deprived of time she is. All the  
while she is sawing wood, or doing something  
or other that will count later in actual re-  
sults.

Depend upon it, when the genuine working-  
woman says little about her tasks and occa-  
sionally shows up, cheerful and even breezy,  
you may depend there's something doing in her  
province. Something worth talking about if  
she would speak the first word. But she won't.  
She gives an hour here and there and again to  
her friends. During those hours she's as se-  
rene as the woman of leisure, no matter how  
frazzled and pallid she may look—and she

won't talk shop nor boast of having 'no time.'  
The fact is, a lot of women have the habit  
of 'nervous hustle.' All there is to it is habit  
—a foolish nagging at their own nerves.—  
Chicago 'Journal.'

**Gentility in the Kitchen**

So much has been written and said on the  
subject of servants and the difficulties concern-  
ing them, that the cultured woman desirous  
of earning a competence, and content to enter  
on her duties in a businesslike manner, would  
be received gratefully as head of the kitchen  
and would open up a hitherto misunderstood  
field of occupation.

For instance, there is the gentlewoman past  
thirty-five, who, after a life of ease perhaps, is  
thrown on the world to gain her own living.  
She is quite incapable of great physical exer-  
tion, such as must be exercised in real house-  
work, but probably she would have some know-  
ledge of good home cooking and a practical ex-  
perience of housekeeping and the method of  
serving the various dishes. After a course of  
the necessary training, to enable her to master  
the complicated details of the culinary art,  
and bringing her natural intelligence to bear  
upon the subject, she might venture on, say,  
a light place, having, of course, a kitchen to  
aid her.

To the woman nearing middle age the future  
generally appears hopeless, when, after giving  
the best years of her life to hard and under-  
paid toil, she is debarred from promotion and  
set aside in favor of the ever-advancing stream  
of younger workers. In cookery, however, ex-  
perience and judgment are the chief requisites,  
and these can only be gained with time and  
practice. Still, it must be borne in mind that  
to take a situation as cook is not a light task;  
but, then, neither is any occupation by which  
money can be made, and all require some tech-  
nical knowledge. However, an educated wo-  
man, if freed from the drudgery of saucepan  
washing and attending to the fire, might soon  
perfect herself in the necessary routine by a  
little thought and patience.

Why should it be thought degrading for a  
gentlewoman who has acquired a certain know-

ledge of cookery to call herself a cook, and to  
take a situation as such? Surely it is time for  
her to rouse herself and become aware that,  
if she will cast her false pride to the winds  
and boldly enter on her duties, she can com-  
mand for her services a higher rate of remu-  
neration, more actual comfort in her surround-  
ings, and a considerable increase of independ-  
ence. Likewise, if she is truly skilful and  
possessed of tact, she can easily enforce re-  
spect.

**What the Chimney Sang.**

Over the chimney the night wind sang,  
And chanted a melody no one knew;  
And the woman stopped, and her babe she  
tossed,  
And thought of the one she had long since  
lost,  
And said as her tear drops back she forced,  
'I hate the wind in the chimney.'

Over the chimney the night wind sang,  
And chanted a melody no one knew;  
And the children said as they closer drew,  
'Tis some witch that is cleaving the black  
night through,  
'Tis a fairy trumpet that just blew,  
And we fear the wind in the chimney.'

Over the chimney the night wind sang,  
And chanted a melody no one knew;  
And the man, as he sat on his hearth below,  
Said to himself, 'It will surely snow,  
And fuel is dear and wages low,  
And I'll stop the leak in the chimney.'

Over the chimney the night wind sang,  
And chanted a melody no one knew;  
But the poet listened and smiled, for he  
Was man, and woman, and child, all three,  
And said, 'It is God's own harmony,  
This wind we hear in the chimney.'

—Bret Harte.

**The Sin of Too Much**

There is one detail in which Americans sin  
against good taste and good sense, and that is

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**TRIBUTES TO OUR FLAGS.**

**THUNDER HILL, MAN.**

From Thunder Hill, Man., where the  
work was led largely by one enthusiastic  
young girl, the Secretary-Treasurer  
writes:—

We received the flag by last mail. Yes-  
terday being our annual picnic, the flag  
was brought to the grounds, where it  
was admired by everyone. The general  
expression was, 'It's all right.'

We desire to thank you, Mr. Editor,  
for the flag, and for your efforts to pro-  
mote patriotism, and respect for the  
flag and all that it is intended to re-  
present.

**LACHUTE, QUE.**

From Lachute, Que., the teacher  
writes:—

'Allow me to thank you for the pupils  
for the beautiful flag you sent us. All  
were well pleased with it, and considered  
themselves repaid for their work. . . .

I wish all the schools in Canada could,  
and would, take advantage of your very  
generous offer. I can assure you they  
would be satisfied with the result of  
their work.'

**ONCE RAISED, ALWAYS PRAISED.**