CONDUCTED BY HELENE.

A young woman once heard a wisdom from the lips of a bit of wisdom from the lips of a very aged woman—a woman who had rounded the full term of meety years, and with eyes still bright and clear looked out upon the inrolling waters of eternidy. The young woman was impressed by the emphasis with which the venerable dame said to her, "Bessie, never insist on having the last word." The determination to have the last word leads very to her, "Bessie, never insist, ing the last word." The denation to have the last word more to more quarrels and more bitterness of feeling at home than almost anything else in domestic life. The fact is, that one may so control her tongue and her eyes that she may allow her appropriate the pleasure of allow her opponent the pleasu this coveted concluding thrust yet placidly retain her own opinion and in the homely colloquial parlance of the up-country, where one finds strong-willed people living together in great peace with the most pro-nounced diversity of characteristics, "do as she's a mind to."

MOTHER

mother's meeting a young woman recounted with some pride number of proverbs about mothers "'It's easier for a poor mother to keep seven children than for seven children to keep a mother.' That sad and striking proverb," she said, "is from the Swiss.

"'A mother's love is new cvery, day.' 'He who will not mind

He who will not mind mother will some day have to mind the jailer. 'Better lose a rich father than a poor mother.' 'A father's love is only knee deep, but a mother's reaches to the heart.' Those proverbs are all German. 'The Hindoos say, poetically, 'Mother mine, ever mine, whether I be

ther mine, ever mine, whether I

rich or poor.'
"The Venetians say: 'Mother! He who has one calls her. He who has

"The Bohemians say, 'A mother's hand is soft even when it strikes.'
"The Lithuanians say, 'Mother means martyr.

\* \* \*

DON'T MIND THE WORLD

It really does not count for much what the world thinks or says of us. The world is usually mistaken. Often it is so involved as to , feel compelled to bear false witness. It has raised this man or that to some pedestal, and rather than ac knowledge its own blindness, it goes on holding him there despite unfitness for the place. But always peels off the veneer shows us what really exists the shell. \*\* \* \*

WORX FOR ETERNITY.

If we work upon marble, it will perish; if we work upon harote, twin perish; if we work upon brass, time will efface it; if we rear temples they will crumple to dust; but if we work upon immortal souls, if we imbue them with principles, with the just fear of God and love of fellow men. we engrave on those tablets some-thing which will brighten all eternity.—Daniel Webster

\* \* \*

THE USELESS KITCHEN.

Coincident with the transfer . household industries outside the frome, our methods of living are undergoing a slow but steady revolu-tion. The housewife of to-day is not. The housewife of to-day is not so busy a personage as was her grandmother, says the Delineator for January. The food and the clothing that the housemother once made herself are now largely produced in the factories. self are now largely produced in the factories. Every article of wearing apparel may be had from a department store bargain counter. Bakeries turn out bread at fifty thousand loaves to the baking. Soups that our mothers spent a day making, now arrive all ready to add hot water and serve. Our bacon is slicated and our correls steam-cooked bewater and serve. Our bacon is slic-ed and our cereals steam-cooked bedings and desserts are minute-made, and pickles and preserves come in fifty-seven varieties, bottled and beautiful. ... .. ..

WHAT IS A FRIEND?

The first verson who comes in when the whole world has gone out.

A bank of credit on which we can draw supplies of confidence, counsel, sympathy help and love,
One who considers my need before

my deservings.

The triple alliance of the three great powers, love, sympathy and help.

One who understands our silence.
A jewel, whose lustre the strong acids of poverty and misfoetune can-One who smiles on our fortunes, frowns on our faults, sympathizes with our sorrows, weeps at our be-

you, in sickness nurses you, and after your death marries your wi-dow and provides for your children. The holly of life, whose qualities

therefore must be so to you. The same to-day, the same orrow, either in prosperity, adver-

morrow, ether in prosperity, adver-sity or sorrow.

One who combines for you adke the pleasures and benefits of society and solitude.

One who is a balance in the

aw of life. One who guards another's interest as his own and neither flatters

est as his own and heither—Hatters nor deceives.

A twentieth century rarity.

One who will tell you your faults and follies in prosperity and assist you with his hand and heart in ad-One truer to me than I am myself. + + +

THE EARTH-HOUR.

The earth was made in twilight, and the hour Of blending dusk and dew is still

her own, Soft as it comes, with promise and with power Of folded heav heavens, lately sunsetblown

Then we who know the bitter breath of earth, Who hold her every rapture for

pain, Yet leave the travail of celestial birth To wipe our tears upon the dusk

eign mood,
A sure revenge, as in some tree apart

A whippoorwill sets trembling all the The silence mends more quickly than

the heart. -Charles L. O'Donnell, in the April \* \* \*

FASHION NOTES.

"Fashions are changing," says Grace Margaret Gould, the fashion editor, in the April Woman's Home Companion. "The new idea emphasizes the simple, classic forms of dress. Paris is looking to ancient Greece for her inspiration. Surely that is stepping back a bit. Nevertheless the new gowns are extremely artistic, even though it will be hard to make them appeal to the practical, economical American weeconomical American man. They are characterized by graceful, clinging lines, and generally

are one-piece models.

"The princess dress is a good illustration of the modified Greek effect. It is made of one of the rough

"In making the costume, the short waisted bodice is mounted on a fitted guimpe, which may be of filet net or all-over lace, dyed to match the color of the fabric. The bodice is made with two plaits on the shoulders, back and front, and it is cut round the neck and has a large armhole, though not in the extreme Japanese effect. Rounded revers, which extend over the guimpe, give a touch of novelty. They may be

a touch of novelty. They may be in the same shade as the gomn or a tint lighter.

"The graceful Empire skirt is gored and extends above the waistline, where it is also mounted on the guimpe. The skirt is attached to the lower edge of the bodice. Where the itempressers a bond of the the lower edge of the bodice. Where the joining occurs a band of the material is applied, or a piping of satin, or an embroidered band may be used. The skirt has a demi-trein and at the back falls in

train and at the back fails in a triple box-plait.

"A gown of this sort made of soft black satin would be extremely beautiful using cream net for the guimpe and darning it in dull art shades of silk floss."

+ + +

CLEANING RIBBONS.

Ribbon in delicate shades has lost its color and is somewhat

When Children Cough give them that old reliable remedy that never fails to cure

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It stope coughs-breaks up colds-and heals inflammation in throat and brouchial tubes. Absolutely pure and safe for children. 25c a bottle. At druggists or from

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wiled may be washed in naphtha, occas which will effectually p soiled may be washed in naphtha, a process which will effectually prevent it from fading. The soiled pieces should be placed in the naphtha and thoroughly saturated with it, every few inches of the ribbon in turn being well rubbed with the hands. When the spirit has absorbed much of the dirt, empty it into a clean bottle and continue the process with some fresh naphtha. If reavements, and is a safe fortress at all times of trouble.

One who, gaming the top of the ladder, won't forget you if you remain at the bottom.

One who in prosperity does not toady to you, in adversity assists clean. When poured off into a fresh you, in sickness nurses you, and receptacle it can be used again and you, in sickness nurses you, and receptacle it can be used again and after your death marries your widow and provides for your children, bon should be pressed with a hot. The holly of life, whose qualities iron on the right side over a piece are overshadowed in the summer of prosperity, but blossom forth in the winter of adversity.

He who does not adhere to the saying that No. 1 should come first.

A watch which beats true for all time, and never "runs down."

An insurance against misanthropy.

An earthly minister of heavenly happiness.

A friend is like ivy—the greater the ruin the closer he clings.

One who to himself is true, and therefore must be so to you. receptacle it can be used again and

WHISTLER'S LONELINESS.

WHISTLER'S LONELINESS.
Was Whistler lonely? Perhaps so.
Not in the sense of companionship while his wife lived, and he always had friends who loved him; but the companionship of those he seldom or never saw, the sense of being in tune with "some few of his blood."—he this loss. When Swinburn this loss. When Swinburn to his ill-considered article, h that. He was writing the ansone evening when I went in. H it to me. "Why, O brother?" felt this loss. read it to me. "Why, O brother?" and. "Do we not speak the same language? Are we strangers, then, or in our Father's house are there language? Are we strangers, then, or in our Father's house are there so many mansions that you lose your way, my brother, and cannot recognize your kin?"

And he meant it as it is written. So he did the reproof. "Why are you, deserting your Muse, that you should insult my Goddess with familianity?"

ing.

miliarity?

It was in his voice, as was the contempt in "Poet and Peabody." He spoke of this afterwards and he was lonely. "but one expected it." Mallarmé, too, had told him that he wrote beautiful things, but "Mary," as then, not knowing

with you!"
'I am speaking of the Little Nell
of my story, 'The Old Curiosity
Shop,' sir," retorted Dickens, flush-

ing.
''Oh," said the imperturbable Tennesseean, 'you write novels, do you? Don't you consider that a rather trifling occupation for grown-up man?"

AN OVERVAUNTED VIRTUE.

S. I. Kimball, the general superintendent of the Life Saving Service at Washington, said the other day of an applicant for a certain post:
"The man was recommended for his steadiness. Now, steadiness is a virtue, especially in life saving, that by itself does not go very far. Whenever I think of it I think of an old.

ever I think of it I think of an old lady I used to know.

"Mrs. Madden,' a gentleman once said to this old lady, 'your neighbor, Herbert Bisbing, has applied to me for work. Is he steady?'
"'Steady is it?' she said. 'Sure, if he was any steadier he'd be dead.'"

+ + + AN APOSTLE'S DOWNFALL.

A well known London artist was A well known London artist was engaged upon a sacred picture. A handsome old model named Smith sat for the head of St. Mark, but when the picture was finished he was lost sight of. The other day, however, the artist wandering about the upon his old model with a broom in his hand, looking very discovered oh hand, looking very disconsolate.

'Hello, Smith,'' said he. "You
n't look very cheery. Wnat are

you doing now? Well, I ain't doin' much, sir, and that's a fact. I'm engaged to these 'ere gardens a-clearin' hout the helephants' stables—a nice occupation for bles—a nice occupation for twelve apostles, ain't it,

"When staying in the Sandwich Islands," writes an English lady, "I had an amusing experience with my Hawaiian servant. Now there servants insist on calling you by your Ours was always ing to my husband, 'Yes. John,' and to me, 'Very well, Mary,' etc., etc.

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To MRS.

TOWN

no one understood them, and he was lonely, lonely "comme le cerf—le cerf de Fontainebleau."—Sydney Starr, in the April Atlantic.

OUR FACES

The two sides of a person's The two sides of a person is face are never alike; The eyes are out of line in two cases out of five, and one eye is stronger than the other in seven persons out of ten. The right eye is also as a rule higher than the left. Only one person in fifteen has perfect eyes, the large-person and of the comparison of defects prevailing the comparison of defects prevailing feet. It is made of one of the rough silks, which are so fashionable this season, and in a shade which suggests bronze as the coloring. The gown would also look well developed in olive silk voile.

'In making the costume, the short waisted bodice is mounted on a fitted guimpe, which may be of filet net or all-over lace, dyed to match the color of the fabric. The bodice is made with two platts on the shoulders, back and front, and it is cut round the neck and has a large armhole, though not in the extreme Japanese effect. Rounded revers,

At sunset went a painter forth—
The master artist He—
He spread His canvas south

He flecked the west with flame, And tinted all the flying clouds Until, when darkness came,

He sketched a silver crescent fair Upon a quiet sky, And scattered sparkling stars about Then laid His colors by.

Many there were that eventide
Who walked the crowded ways,
Yet no one marked the masterpiece
And gave the Artist praise. -- Book News.

> + + + FUNNY SAYINGS.

When Charles Dickens was in Wash When Charles Dickens was in Washington he met one morning on the steps of the capitol a young Congressman from Tennessee, whom the great novelist had offended by his bluntness. That morning Dickens was in great good humor. "I have," said he, "found an almost exact counterpart of Little Nell."
"Little Nell who?" queried the Tennesseegap.

Tennesseean.

Dickens looked him all over from head to foot and from foot to head before he answered: "My little Nell."

"Oh!" said the Tennesseean, "I didn't know you had your daughter!

name, he'd have to say 'missus,' to me. So John always called me 'sweetheart' or 'dearie,' never Mary; but the new cook, a watchful fellow, gave me no title at all.

"One day we had some officers to dimer, and, while awaiting the repast, I told them of the ruse I had adopted, and added, 'By this servant, at least, you won't hear me called

'Just then the new cook entered the room. He bowed, and said to me: 'Sweetheart, dinner is served.' "'What?' I stammered, aghast at

his familiarity.

'Dinner is served, dearie,' answered the new cook.''

A "PERFECT GENTLEMAN."

Irish wit is famed the world over and its spontaneity is one of fits chief charms. Many clever stories are told of Father Healy, one of the greatest wits that Ireland has ever produced. One of these will bear restition: petition:

Father. Healy once made a call At sunset went a painter forth—
The master artist He—
He spread His canvas south north,
But none had eyes to see.

He streaked the east with rosy bars,
He flecked the west with flame,
He loves your laughter, for 'twas He
Who paid the price that bought your game,
He loves your laughter, for 'twas He
Who paid the price that bought your game,
He loves your laughter, for 'twas He
We only dare to laugh and play,
He flecked the west with flame,
He loves your laughter, for 'twas He
Who paid the price that bought your game,
He loves your laughter, for 'twas He
Who paid the price that bought your game,
He loves your laughter, for 'twas He
Who paid the price that bought your game,
He loves your laughter, for 'twas He
Who paid the pric

Cowan's



## WITH THE POETS &

IN THE COOL OF THE EVENING. To be brave and happy and love our

cool of the evening, when the low sweet whispers waken. When the laborers turn them homeward, and the weary have their

When the censers of the roses o'er the forest aisles are shaken, Is it but the wind that cometh o'er the far green hill?

For the say 'tis but the sunset winds that wander through the heath er, Rustle all the meadow-grass and

the meadow-grass and bend the dewy fern;
They say 'tis but the winds that bow the reeds in prayer together,
And fill the shaken pools with fire along the shadowy burn.

In the beauty of the twilight, in the

on the beauty of the twilight, in the Garden that He loveth.

They have veiled His lovely vesture with the darkness of a name! Thro' His Garden, thro' His Garden it is but the wind that moveth, No more, but O, the miracle, the miracle is the same!

In the cool of the evening, when the sky is an old story
Slowly dying but remembered, ay,
and loved with passion still,
Hush! . . the fringes of His garment, in the fading golden glory,

Slowly rustling as He cometh o'er the far green hill.

Alfred Noyes, in The Nation. THE UNCLOSED DOOR

As she went through the House of Life she closed doors behind her-all save only

And this she could not, even though she strove;
One door that was her anguish and her shame—
One door that opened to the wind

and sun From that still room where once sh dwelt with love

And lo, she died, and in the House of Death Even those doors she closed with her own hand her a prisoner. Long day by

Before the hundred doors of Faith and Joy
She strove with prayer, with pleading, with command,
To force but one and win where
heaven lay.

And then came one with pity in His

eyes
And said: "Was there no door thou
didst not close?"
And she: "But one, that was my
shame and sin:
Surely I may not win to heaven
thus?"
Then aver while the Then, even while she wept, He smiled, and rose And through that door unfastened

IN THE CONVENT GARDEN.

led her in!

The ball flies high in the sunny air "Catch it!" It falls. With tossing hair And fluttering skirts and shricks of

glee They race it to the shubbery; Mary and Barbara, neck and neck They laugh and race—to a check,

Their voices fall in a dying hush;
For there, behindthatflowering bush,
Aloft upon a barren Tree
Hangs One in Agony. Full on His face the westering sur

Shows where the mortal drops have run The writhen body, gaunt and bare, Gleams ghastly through the gentle

air, e white flowers wave about His

And garden sights and smells are sweet, Childhood and play, with bated breath, ok face to face on pain death; Where, high, alone, upon the Tree Hangs One in agony.

Children, laugh on, and in His name Run, throw the ball and join the

to virtue is claimed and obtained by success. The little band of worshippers at the shrine of the Purc Life grows smaller and smaller. Ego-Maple Buds

Maple Buds

Maple

friends,

And be glad when the day begins and ends,

Because upon the bitter Tree

He hangs for you and me.

—The Academy.

A SONG OF BEAUTY.

Oh, sing me a song of beauty! I'm tired of the stressful song.
I'm weary of all the preaching, the arguing right and wrong.
I'm fain to forget the adder under the leaf lies curled,
And dream of the light and beauty that gladdens the gray old world. Oh, sing me a song of beauty! I'm

Oh, sing of the emerald meadows that smile all day in the sun!

The ripple and gleam of the rivers that on through the meadows run!

run!
Oh, sing of the sighing branches of trees in the leafy woods,
And the balm for the heart that's hidden afar in the solitudes!

The birds—let them sing in your singing and flash through the singing and flash through the lines you write, The lark with his lilt in the morn-ing, the nightingale charming the night,

butterfly over the flowers that hovers on painted wing— these, let them brighten lighten the beautiful song

And let there be faces of lovers, and let there be eyes that glow.

And let there be tears of gladness instead of tears of woe.

And let there be clinging kisses of lips for a time that part, But never a trustful shaddarken a trustful heart!

Ay, sing me a song of beauty—away with songs of strife! with songs of strife!

Away with the spectre of sorrow that saddens the most of life! Though under the leaf the adder of death and of doom lies curied, Oh, sing for a space, of the beauty death and of doom Hes c
Oh, sing for a space, of the
that gladdens the gray old
—Denis A, McCarthy, in the
York Sun.

THE UNNAMED SAINTS

What was his name? I do not know his name, I only know he heard God's voice

and came;
Brought all he loved across the sea
To live and work or God and me;
Fell the ungracious oak, With horrid toil

Dragged from the soil The thrice-guarded roots and stubborn rock;
With plenty filled the haggard mountain side,
And when his work was done, with-

out memorial died, No blaring trumpet sounded out his fame; He lived, he died. I do not know

No form of bronze and no memorial Show

stones

stone the place where lie his
mouldering bones,
Only a cheerful city stands,
Builded by his hardened hands—
Only ten thousand homes, Where every day,
The cheerful play
Of love and hope and courage

comes: These are the monuments, and these alone— There is no form of bronze and no

memorial stone

And I! Is there some desert or some bound-

Is there some desert or some boundless sea.
Where Thou, great God of angels,
wilt send me?
Some oak for me to rend, some
rod
For me to break;
Some handful of Thy corn to take,
And scatter far afield
Till it in turn shall yield
Its hundrefold Its hundredfold Of grains of gold
To feed the happy children of my

God? Show me the desert, Father, or Is it Thine enterprise? Great send me!
And though this body lies where

ocean rolls,
Father, count me among All Faithful Souls.

—Edward Everett Hale.

EASE FOR MOTHERS

BO

THURSDAY

JACK Why is the Said laugh Because I face, As anyone The differen Jack
Is quite to
I wish they
Its hands

THE BLACE I'm a little see,
So de hire-r
find me
When I'm w
er de r
And de odde
so whi
So he gad
fol',
And leave

And leave Folks say d
every f
But dat hire
me kno
Hit seems l
be all

When he shu

He count

sound :

de who

But de Ma dat we dat we To see ef H astray;
And He so los', y
But de hire He pull hi

"Yas, sa all in

Des a littl Den de Mas

he say

"I'm missin dat-aw Den out on so dar He go callir — Ah, He finds a firm h And dar's Lamb

am he BERT The day v strong wind west that from an overwith it whi

the heat an of the lake refreshing, that a little several sma The old m shook his h when they a and his eye ously. T ously. T ginning to the horizon.

quiries.
"That's a tonfidently. some pretty had an acci Still the "I'm afraid ing up," he get a chang and it'll con lightning w always dam on a day many a sail wasn't the

ing it, eithe "Well, I'm risk," Clare guess the re so?" she a others.