

HOME INTERESTS.

Conducted by HELENE.

Our friends the crocus and tulip are pushing their pretty heads above ground and assuring us that Nature's pulse is throbbing with abundant vigor stored up during the long winter months.

FASHIONS.

If half the signs come true, it's to be the most feminine season in dress we've ever known, with frills of lace and embroidery high in the ascendant.

HALF SLEEVE IS HANDY.

Very good idea it is to supply half long lace sleeves ready to be basted in when required.

TIMELY HINTS.

The pain caused by an abscess may be eased by a poultice of saffras leaves.

Even experienced cooks are apt to get burned, and an excellent remedy is to pour equal parts of lincseed oil and cold boiled water into a bottle and shake well before applying to the spot.

Instead of toasting bread for soups cut into dice and roast in the oven until crisp.

Kerosene will soften leather hardened by water, and render it as pliable as new.

There are few things about the house more helpful to the housekeeper than kerosene oil, and it is of inestimable value at house-cleaning time.

Many persons die from shock whose burns are not fatal, consequently the patient should have absolute rest.

A weak solution of alum or soda will revive the colors in a dusty carpet.

Try a few drops of spirits of turpentine on a cube of loaf sugar for hacking cough.

The finest of manicure acids is made by putting a teaspoonful of lemon juice in a cupful of warm water.

For carache fold a thick towel around the neck and then with a teaspoon fill the ear with warm water.

RECIPES.

Baked Eggs with Bacon.—In a shallow earthen baking dish lay enough slices of bacon cut out thin to cover the bottom, break as many fresh eggs over the bacon as will cover it well, then carefully lay some very thin slices of bacon round the sides of the dish.

An excellent sauce to serve with either venison or mutton is made with current jelly. Cook one teaspoonful of minced onion in a teaspoonful of flour and stir until smooth, then add gradually half a cup of stock, stirring all the time.

Tomato Jelly.—This is an appetizing and effective relish. To make it, dissolve half a box of gelatine in half a pint of cold water and add one quart of stewed tomatoes, a generous teaspoonful of sugar, and salt and cayenne pepper to taste.

leaf and add mayonnaise dressing. Make a light gingerbread, and while hot break it—do not cut it—into pieces and lay the pieces on dessert plates and cover with a generous supply of whipped cream.

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In Switzerland parents exchange their children for a much longer period—sometimes for a year or two. The object is to improve their children's education. Three languages are spoken in the Swiss cantons—German, French and Italian.

There are many girls who are neither clever nor beautiful, and yet are very popular.

Never punish a child when he confesses he has done wrong. To do so is really to encourage him to tell lies.

When we sit under the juniper tree and imagine that the world has all gone wrong and that we might as well just give up and die, suppose we take out pencil and tablet and do a little figuring.

LET THE GENTLEMEN TELL. "Mamma, they killed Mrs. Wilson's cow to-day, and they found a gold collar button in her stomach.

KEEPING ON THE SAFE SIDE. An old woman who persisted on bowing during church service when the name of Satan was mentioned was reprimanded by the minister for so unseemly a habit.

NOT YET. Little Antony, aged three, was at Sunday School in his first pair of trousers.

HE HELPED HIMSELF. "Well, Bobby, how do you like church?" asked his father, as they walked homeward from the sanctuary to which Bobby had just paid his first visit.

When the springtime comes, or "ware," the "shinetime," as they put it in the Irish tongue, many of the girls and young women go into the fields and help with the planting, a task in which they delight, as they do only the lightest part of the work and they are out in the glorious "ware" weather, which is so much to them.

EXCHANGING CHILDREN.

A custom prevails in Denmark which might with advantage be generally copied here. Parents all over the country exchange their children during the summer holiday season, usually through the medium of newspaper advertisements.

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THE WOMEN OF IRELAND.

A Glimpse of Them at Work in Their Own Green Isle.

It is said that life in Ireland, barring the famine and poverty, which are not always prevalent everywhere, is as nearly ideal as it is possible to find in this world.

Nowadays all Irish girls are educated; even the poorest attend school long enough to learn to read and write, there being two school terms—one from May till September 1, and the other from November till March—and for this reason the young Irish woman is an intelligent person, and reads and broadens her knowledge of the world as eagerly as do girls of other races.

There are many industries which occupy the time of the modern Irish woman, and let it be said to her credit that whatever she does she does exceedingly well, and whatever is sent to the world's markets by the daughter of Ireland is the best of its sort.

Although "sprigging" is the most difficult hand work, the pay is exceedingly small, from 18 to 25 cents a day being the return for their labors.

At 11 o'clock the "spriggers" fold up their work and go to their homes each having some young man call for her to shoulder her stool and to see her safely home, and many a happy marriage is the result of a winter's "sprigging camp."

There is still an excellent market in Dublin and London for homespun and woven goods, and many women of nobility of late have done much to restore the industries of Ireland to their former place, and they wear gowns of homespun wool and lingerie made in the cottages of Ireland.

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Later, the haying time takes these same girls into the fields and they

rake and stack the hay, tasks in which the children assist if they are not in school, and the hay days are happy days which Irish maidens hail with delight, for the midday meal is eaten in the field and the whole day spent there.

Some of the girls cut the corn and use the sickle with great skill, and the corn harvest comes later than the hay harvest, and the soft July and August days find many a blooming Irish lass in the fields.

The older Irish women still go to market with the vegetables in baskets on their backs to sell the produce of their little farms, and they look extremely picturesque with their merry, quizzical old faces and fresh clean aprons.

The fisherwomen, too, are to be seen, with their baskets full of the catch of the men folk, if they live by the sea.

But these are of the generation that is passing, and they still scorn hats and wear shawls and short skirts, while the younger women and the girls dress in the mode of other women of the world, taking pride in having their gowns cut and fashioned in a modern style.

To see the girls with their baskets of "sprigging" come to town is to be impressed by their neat and charming appearance, and even the belle who still clings to her shawl and headkerchief has her hair dressed in a stylish manner, and her apron even has an air of the latest mode about it.

The Irish cottage of to-day is a far more inviting place than reports of other days would lead one to believe, for the "pig in the parlor" is no longer to be found in Ireland. The typical Irish cottage has a clean neat kitchen, with whitewashed walls, and is very comfortably furnished.

The Irish peasant girl in her own country is astonishingly well bred. She has the native graciousness and manner of the French woman, whom she much resembles in many ways. She is keen, quick, witty and kind-hearted, and her accomplishments are far greater than those of any other women in the world in the same circumstances.

LITTLE LIVES LOST.

The annual report of the Registrar-General for Ontario shows that in that province alone, out of every one thousand children born, one hundred and eleven die before they reach the age of one year, and in every province of the Dominion there is the same appalling loss of precious little lives annually.

It is a phenomenal success, I am told," the reporter said.

"Hardly phenomenal," answered Mr. Gayley, smiling. "A phenomenon, you know, is a mighty extraordinary thing. Did you ever hear the Scottish lecturer's definition of a phenomenon?"

"No," said the reporter, "I never did."

"Well, this lecturer," said Mr. Gayley, "put the matter thus: 'Mayhap, ma friends,' he said, 'ye dinna ken what a phenomenon may be. Weel, I'll tell ye. Ye've all seen a coc, nae doot. Weel, a coc's nae a phenomenon. Ye've all seen an apple-tree. Weel, an apple-tree's nae a phenomenon. But gin ye see a coc gang up an apple-tree tall foremost to pull apples, that's friends, would be a real phenomenon.'"

Song awakens in the soul thoughts above the sordid things of life, and lifts us out of the depths of the river into higher realms.

OUR BOYS

Dear Boys and Girls: How the week does run and is no time until I have to think of the corner. I fancy times that the corner mean to me than it does to some pieces and nephews, and I'm in general. Most of you are already out getting you in order, for a later display though you have no available it is so easy to have a window that will lend its bright one room, at least, in the And none will be too busy for who of us does not desire flowers? There should be interesting experiences.

Your loving AUNT BECKY

Dear Aunt Becky: You said in your last letter we might tell how we spent. Well, it was just a lovely our church looked so pretty teachers asked all the little help decorate. So we all gathered and got ever so many tulips and daffodils and said she was sure no church look nicer than ours did. I first letter. I would like to letters in the corner, so my mind to write.

Your little friend, Montreal, April 1905.

(What a pretty idea, Lois! How your church was second How flowers do add to the everything.—Ed.)

Dear Aunt Becky: I got a present of a dear dak for my birthday, and a ing to take pictures and wi you some. Ain't you glad ly weather is here? I live country and hope I will go real this summer and see places and ride in the elect My little brother, who wrote corner, fell and cut his hand can't write just now, but so his love. Good-bye.

(Hope you will come and if you come to the city. Tell I am so sorry to hear of h dent and sincerely appreciate sending his love.—Ed.)

I was pleased to see my of ter in the True Witness and I ing to write again. There are many letters some weeks, ar like to read them. I hope my cousins will write some letters Witness. They live in Vermo is curious weather. It keeps and we are having quite a snow. We hope the air wa soon. We would like to be in the garden. I would like something about the birds have not read much that I ca about them, only we love to the birds around. The dear comes so near the house to hope some of the other gi boys will write something ab birds. The month of May w come. We will be looking beautiful May flowers. The be short until June, when sch close for vacation. How glad er and children will be then. I think this will do for th With best wishes to Aunt Beck the True Witness

From your niece Ogdenburg, N.Y.

I am sure we are all anxio see the May flowers. If Agn observes closely she will find thing to write about the birds

Dear Aunt Becky: This is my second letter True Witness. I like to read cousins' letters. Some weeks are not many, so I and my t ters will write. I wish to kn this was a good maple sugar There is not much syrup or made here. In school I have lish, French, arithmetic and We set a hen and she had only chickens. Our papa works i lumber yard now. We had last week; it is cold yet. W nothing in our garden yet. W no school this week. It look like rain. We have high winds of the time. Easter Sunday i