

HOME CIRCLE COLUMN

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

TEARS VS. WAR.
The women in these troublesome times of war must be well armed if the poet's ideas are correct. What is a woman's weapons? has been asked and answered in various ways. A quarter of a century ago, perhaps there went the newspaper rounds an exquisite little triplet of stanzas each bearing an answer to the question and below is the way it went.

"What is a woman's weapon?"
I asked a charming girl;
She dropped her lashes slyly
And stroked a vagrant curl;
Then consciously she murmured—
This rosebud nearly cut;
"I have a strong suspicion,
Her weapon is a poet."
"What is a woman's weapon?"
I asked a lover true;
He turned him to a maiden
With eyes of heavenly blue;
Her velvet lips were parted,
All innocent of guile,
And eagerly he answered,
"Her weapon is a smile."
"What is a woman's weapon?"
I asked a poet then;
With sudden inspiration
He seized upon his pen;
"Oh, I could name a thousand,"
He cried with accents clear;
"But a woman's surest weapon
I grant you, is a tear."

Then, if tears are being shed from the weeping eyes and wounded hearts of troubled women in proportion to the blood that flows from the gaping veins of the fallen soldiers, surely peace, white winged, must soon surely come, with her mission of love and mercy.

MY COUNTRY.
What is my country? Well, it is my own little world where I live. It is the dear little spot where my cottage stands. It is the sunshine over my head and the blue vault bounding my vision. This is my country. Again, my country includes the wondrous history of three hundred years, wrought out by heroic hands and loving hearts on Canadian soil. It includes the shocks of battle and the pursuits of peace. We kneel at its sacred altars, sing its immortal songs. We see waving over it the beautiful banner of the stars, the dear old flag that is always and everywhere, the symbol of protection and hope and home. My love of country is the satisfaction of our old men, and the strength of our youth until—
"The dawn of a brighter, whiter day
Than ever blessed us with its ray
A day before whose purer light
All guilt and wrong shall flee away."

If you have any fault to find with anyone, tell him, not others, of what you complain. There is no more dangerous experiment than that of undertaking to do one thing to a man's face and another to his back. We should live, act and speak out of doors, as the phrase is, and say and do what we are

SPRING CLEAN-UP.

Getting Rid of Ashes and Refuse Leaves Much Space for Garden.

Throughout Canada the disappearance of the snow reveals the accumulations of ashes, garbage and other refuse, which, owing to the covering mantle, are not visible during the winter. For this reason it is necessary that an outdoor clean-up be undertaken, as well as an indoor. To accomplish this work systematically the clean-up week has been inaugurated, and has proved successful in inducing many municipalities to adopt efficient means to the end.

Preparations should be undertaken at once for this annual event. The people must be educated to a thorough overhauling of their premises, both inside and out. Much useless material, probably the accumulation of years, will be found serving only to harbor dust. This should be either disposed of to those who can use it or destroyed. Fires of apparently unknown origin can frequently be traced to these accumulations in attics or other out-of-the-way storage spaces. Clean them out, and, instead of wondering what to do with them, there will be a feeling of relief that they are gone.

Clean-up the area around the home. Dispose of the ashes, and you will be surprised at the extent of garden you will be able to cultivate from the apparently useless surroundings of the home.

As an encouragement to the people the municipal authorities should do their part. There should be an early start made on street cleaning and the opening up of cutting spaces, and provision should be made for the removal of the refuse gathered by householders.

Canada's season for outdoor life is not long, and it should not be shortened by delay in cleaning up and making presentable our gardens, streets and open spaces.

He Was Real Politic

Two fair munition work-were discussing their personal affairs.
"Got a chap yet, Liz?" Inquired one.
"Yes, and he's a regular toff. He's manager at—"
"You don't say so! Why, they tell me he's real refined."
"Rather! Why, he took me to a restaurant last week, and when we had coffee he poured it into a saucer to cool it, but he didn't blow it like common people would—he fanned it with his hat!"

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

willing should be known and read of all men.

TRIBUTE TO HIS MOTHER.

"I owe a great deal to my mother. She was a seamstress, cook, washday, and never until late in life had a servant in the house. And yet she was a cultivated woman. She read Channing and kept up with the literature of the day. When I was a little tot she used to read good books to me.
"You young women have every opportunity for literary culture and you ought to avail yourselves of it. You ought to be very proud with money earned so honorably, for money that is not earned honorably will never do you any good."

The above words were spoken by Mr. Carnegie, the iron master, while talking to a large company of working girls in New York City. And then this man of unlimited wealth closed by saying:

"I shall never forget how proud I was when I got my first wages of \$1.25 a week, and how I felt when I was raised to \$1.50 as a telegraph operator. To take home that sum to my good mother gave me such a feeling of manly independence."

Whoever helps to make a true home confers a benefit on mankind that no man can fully estimate indeed, the influence of the true home for good is absolutely incalculable, and reaches many even that never enter its inner circle. Simply to get a glimpse of it is to receive an impulse for better things, to obtain a more exalted view of life, and to feel an excess of faith in God and the immortality of the human soul. It is like a vision of the glories of the New Jerusalem, and the everlasting habitations, and no one can be wholly bad who has seen such things.

We certainly are blessed with an unusual number of bright little boys in this community. Little tots just starting on life's journey. They stand upon the threshold of life with foot up-lifted and hand outstretched ready to begin the journey and happy in anticipation of the beautiful and wonderful things they expect to see. To them all is bright and promising, no thought of evil crosses their minds; their imagination clothes everything with rainbow hues. They little think that every rose has its thorn, every pleasure its corresponding grief. They are eager to be off. The path is narrow and on either side are yawning precipices which threaten to engulf them at every step; numerous and enticing by-paths seek to lure them from the narrow way that leads to safety and honor. Here it is that the counsels of Christian mothers take root in their hearts, and their saint-like faces will go before them on their journey. The stars whose gleam cannot be extinguished, no matter how hard the storms of temptation may beat upon them.

BABY'S OWN TABLETS CURE CONSTIPATION

Childhood constipation can be promptly cured by Baby's Own Tablets. These Tablets never fail to regulate the bowels and stomach thus curing constipation, colic, indigestion and the many other minor ills of little ones. Concerning them Mrs. Louis Nicole, St. Paul du Buton, Que., writes:—"My baby suffered from constipation but thanks to Baby's Own Tablets he is a fine healthy boy to-day. It gives me much pleasure in recommending the Tablets to other mothers." The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

To the Czar's Credit.

No event of the war has pleased us more than that Nicholas Romanov had retired to private life but there are at least four acts that are ascribed to him for which Russia owes him a great debt of gratitude. The first was the calling of The Hague Conference. This did not accomplish what he hoped for, the reduction of armaments, the elimination of the brutalities of war and the maintenance of world peace, but it was a great step forward in the promotion of internationalism and the idea of it is now dominant in all plans for future peace. The second was when he called the representatives of the people to assemble in a Duma. Thirdly, on the outbreak of the war he exercised his autocratic power and banished vodka from Russia. Finally he deserves credit for the last act of his reign, his resignation. When he was met at the ancient free city of Pskov by the representatives of the Duma with an edict of abdication ready for him to sign, General Ivanov advised him to refuse, saying: "There is only one thing to be done. Open the Dvina gate and let the Germans clean out the canaille of the Duma." But the Czar said, "No, I will never betray my country to maintain my throne."

The girls of Britain are going to the country and doing the plowing. They receive from the Board of Agriculture an outfit of high boots, breeches, overalls, and hat, and fifteen shillings a week for the three weeks they are receiving instruction. There are a thousand training centres.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

BUSY EVANGELIST

Mrs. Barr Has Unique Title to Fall Into the Ranks of Women.

CONDUCTS REAL CAMPAIGNS.

After Two Years of Endeavor She Finds That Her Efforts Have Met Unparalleled Success—A Minister For Fifteen Years in the Society of Friends.

To the Rev. Mrs. T. D. Barr, an Indianapolis woman, falls the unique title of the "only woman evangelist." She is now conducting tabernacle campaigns and carrying a working party of nine members. As far as can be



THE REV. MRS. T. D. BARR.

ascertained, the Rev. Mrs. Barr stands alone in this particular phase of religious work. An amazing thing is brought to light in that the Rev. Mrs. Barr holds a Sunday afternoon "men only" meeting in each city where she campaigns. She is a member of the western yearly meeting of the Society of Friends. This is her second year of endeavor in the evangelistic field, and her fruits have been unparalleled. She has recently been conducting meetings in Indianapolis and will soon start a campaign in St. Louis, under the supervision of the Women's federation of that city. Mrs. Barr has been a Friends minister, having held various charges in the yearly meeting for the past fifteen years.

NEW CAMISOLES.

Helps For the Girl Who Makes Her Own Lingerie.

It is natural that every girl should crave dainty underwear, but it is usually impossible for the average girl to buy the attractive models shown in the shops. By making her own garments a girl can acquire some of those things which she has long admired.

There is a variety of material from which the home sewer can make selections. Nainsook, fine lawns, silk muslin, crepe de chine and Italian silk are all admirable.

Hemstitching is a successful means for elaborating underwear. It is practical, too, in that it can be done so cheaply by machine, and it wears much better than lace. If one has the time hand embroidery is especially appropriate for underwear, particularly in these days of sheer blouses. An expensive blouse or frock is marred by shabby underwear or underwear which is cheap and showy.

The liberty to wear colored underwear has misled some girls. They abuse the right and make themselves conspicuous by wearing beneath thin blouses camisoles or chemises of brilliant pinks and blues. Now either color in a dainty shade is rather attractive and lends beauty to a blouse or dress. One little tip in the making of the chemise or camisole may prove helpful to the home sewer. That is to be sure to place the shoulder straps sufficiently over the shoulders to prevent them from slipping, thus causing much annoyance to the wearer. Pin them on first and see if they fit comfortably. Embroidered shoulder straps are a feature of many new chemises. These are sometimes edged with lace. Ribbon straps are very much in favor too.

A chemise which is so simple that a child could make it is made from a straight piece of material folded in half the length of the goods. The sides are stitched down to within a few inches of the bottom, and the top is finished with beading, lace or whatever one wishes to use. Along the folded line the material is cut to form holes large enough for the feet to pass through. The bottom at the sides can be shaped if desired, and the rough edges can be concealed with lace or beading. A touch of hand embroidery across the front and the addition of shoulder straps are all that are needed to complete the garment.

Cocoanut Cream Candy.

One cocoanut, one and one-half pounds granulated sugar, Fat sugar and milk of cocoanut together, heat slowly until sugar is melted; then boil five minutes, add cocoanut (finely grated), boil ten minutes longer, stir constantly to keep from burning. Pour on buttered plates, cut in squares. Will take about two days to harden. Use prepared cocoanut when other cannot be had.

For Silk Stockings.

Paraffin rubbed over the heels, toes and soles of silk stockings makes the threads stronger and doubles their wearing quality.

HISTORIC PLYMOUTH.

A Name That Recalls the Brave Days of Old.

The recent notice served on the neutral consuls in London that for the remainder of the war only British and Entente allied ships will be permitted to enter the port of Plymouth, calls attention to one of the most historic towns of England, second to none in the influence which it has exerted on the history of our own country. The town is located near the south-west corner of England, at the mouth of the river Plym. The site is on a series of natural terraces sloping south to the sea, and forming part of the foot-hills of Dartmoor. The harbor, one of the finest and largest in the kingdom, opens to the South.

"It is a notable old town," said Longfellow, and every patriotic Canadian who has visited there has trod lightly and with reverence. Out of the harbor of Plymouth sailed Sir John Hawkins and Sir Francis Drake to meet and conquer the Spanish Armada, a feat which wrote "finish" to the sea-power of Spain. Had Philip succeeded in his design to crush the British lion in 1588 the history of this republic would have borne little of the English impress. Sir Humphrey Gilbert sailed from here to take possession of Newfoundland; Sir Walter Raleigh to colonize Virginia; and in 1620 the Mayflower spread its sails at the harbor of Plymouth on its daring expedition to the new country.

To Plymouth men was given the first charter for trading with America and to Plymouth men, also King James gave a charter whereby the region which has been called "the North Paris of Virginia" was to be the domain of "the council established at Plymouth in the county of Devon, for the planting, ruling, orderly and governing of New England in America." The first colonists of Australia (not the Botany Bay convicts) took ship at this port for their home beyond the seas. Here, also embarked the brave troops which fell in the Crimean war, and a year or so later the troops sent out to quell the Indian mutiny.

The principal sights of interest in Plymouth are St. Andrew's church, in the centre of the town, built in the thirteenth century and restored by Sir Gilbert Scott in 1875; the old Guildhall, now a public library; the old town hall, now a museum of old books, drawings, printings, and portraits, among which is to be found Earl of Edgecumbe, built in the reign of Henry VIII.; the Eddystone Lighthouse; and the Citadel, on the eastern portion of the Hoe, constructed in 1616. Most interesting of all is the Hoe, a hill 110 feet above the sea, the top of which is laid out to parks and gardens, and the most wonderful promenade in the kingdom. It was on this hill that the fabled wrestling matches between the Trojan Corinthus and the Giant Gormagost (Gormagost) took place. To Corinthus, who held "a diversion to encounter giants" was reserved the privilege of wrestling with this being "twelve cubits high," after the Trojan apparently took little interest in the encounter until the giant had broken three of his ribs, which so provoked Corinthus that, taking the giant on his shoulders he ran with him to the shore, and "getting upon the top of a huge rock; hurled down the savage monster into the sea. There falling on the sides of craggy rocks he was torn to pieces, and colored the waves red with his blood."

To the world of arms, art, and song Plymouth has made large contributions. Three Royal Academicians and one president of the Royal Academy were born there. Among the painters are Sir Charles Eastlake, Samuel Prout, James Northcote, Benjamin Robert Haydon, Solomon Hart, and many others, while Sir Joshua Reynolds was born four miles away in the little town of Plymton.

The Real "Jack Horner."

There is a belief in some quarters that the familiar nursery rhyme which relates to the youth who "sat in a corner" had its origin during the Reformation. The head of Glastonbury Abbey resolved to make his peace with Henry the Eighth, and in token thereof sent certain title-deeds of abbey property to the King at Whitehall. For security's sake the abbot placed the documents in a parchment and covered them with a crust. The dish he gave to a rustic named Jack Horner, and he told him to carry it by the high road to the King in London. On the road Jack Horner became hungry, and came to the conclusion that it would be foolish to starve while he had a pie in his hands, so he broke the crust and put in his thumb and pulled out a roll of parchment. Disgusted and disappointed, he threw both pie and parchment into a brook. When the deeds did not appear the King charged the abbot with contumacy, and commanded that the unfortunate cleric should be hanged.

Banding Authorities.

Surprised am I that our gloomy pacifist friends have not hurled Holy Writ at the heads of those young soldiers who take a bride, kiss her good-bye and rush off to war. There is good Biblical authority for calling down these youthful patriots, declares a writer in the Philadelphia Public Ledger. In Deuteronomy you will find this direct command: "When a man hath taken a new wife, he shall not go out to war, neither shall he be charged with arms, business, but he shall be free at home one year and shall cheer up his wife which he hath taken." But that is an injunction hardly any man heeds—a year's honeymoon. And if the pacifist again quotes Scriptures against fighting, "Scatter thou the people that delight in war," the advocates of standing up for our own rights can throw back this indignant question of Moses: "Shall your brethren go to war and shall ye sit here?"

Veteran Soldier Honored

THIRTY-FIVE years work with the Canadian Pacific Railway Company and sixty-two years service in the military forces of the British Empire have brought recognition and honour to Fred. L. Lydon, for the well-known veteran has been advanced by the big transportation system, and he has been made a Lieutenant-Colonel by the military authorities.



FRED. L. LYDON.

Born at Bermuda, West Indies, in 1833, the son of a father who came of a Galway, Ireland, family, Lieutenant-Colonel Lydon has had an interesting career. It is no wonder that his special outlet for activities lies in the military field; his father was a soldier, and on the paternal side also his grandfather fought as a private under the Duke of Wellington when Napoleon was defeated at Waterloo in 1815; on the maternal side his grandfather was soldier military secretary to the "Iron Duke," and also took his part in the overthrow of Napoleon. Both grandfathers fought through the Peninsula War.

"We Irish are shy to talk about our experiences," said Lieutenant-Colonel Lydon in an interview, "but I may say that it was in my blood to be a soldier. In 1854, when I was only fifteen years of age, I began service in England with the Dorset Militia. At the time of the Indian Mutiny I volunteered for service in the King's Royal Rifles, remaining in this regiment from 1857 until 1866. I had not an opportunity of going duty at the Indian Mutiny. When the King's Own Rifles were coming to Canada in 1861 I came with them, arriving on the 12th July. Afterwards I spent two years in Quebec, two in Montreal, and a little while in London, Ontario."

Having spoken of the wonderful development of the Dominion during the last half century Lieutenant-Colonel Lydon went on to say that in 1866, when the Fenians raided Canada he was amongst those who went to meet them. "I remember the time well," he said, "for the hardest march of my life was that which brought us into touch with the invaders. We marched thirty-four miles in a day. At Ridgeway and Fort Erie we captured quite a number of the Fenians, who were badly organized and did not offer a vigorous resistance."

In December, 1856, he left the regular army and became adjutant-instructor of the 28th Peshawar Battalion, serving two years with this unit. In those days the employees of military age on the railway to which he was attached, were volunteers under military control. He was an energetic organizer amongst them. Later he came to Montreal and re-organized the "5th Royals," and was their adjutant-instructor for many years. The "5th Royals" was the parent of the present 5th Royal Highlanders. In 1889 Lieutenant-Colonel Lydon broke new territory and organized two companies of Scotch Highland Cadets. This undertaking was most successful, for the companies gradually increased until there are now eight of them formed into one unit known as the Highland Cadet Battalion. "These are my children," proceeded the veteran. "We gave eighty to the South African War, and to the present conflict we gave between four hundred and five hundred. I am still commander of the cadets."

"I did not seek any promotion," said Lieutenant-Colonel Lydon. "I was content to work as I had been working, but I had a letter from Major-General E. W. Wilson, dated March 26 of this year, telling me that I have been made a Lieutenant-Colonel on the retired list." He then produced a letter from Major-General W. E. Hodgins, of the Adjutant-General's Office, Ottawa, which stated that the promotion was: "A recognition of your long, faithful and valuable services to the militia, and which are much appreciated by us elder men, who know what you have done."

Besides having such a distinguished military career Lieutenant-Colonel Lydon has a good railway record. He has been in the General Ticket Department of the Canadian Pacific Railway for thirty-five years, and he has watched the company develop and spread its branches all over the world. The veteran railroad man under review was at the opening of the first general office at Place d'Armes, and during his connection with the C. P. R. has become widely known and deservedly popular with the public.

It was a surprise to Lieutenant-Colonel Lydon when, on the morning of March 31st, he was summoned to the office of Lord Shaughnessy, President of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and was appointed to assist on the re-organizing staff of the First Aid Branch of the company, with office in the department of Mr. George Bury, Vice-President. This means considerable advancement. It is a happy coincidence that two splendid recognitions came at the same time to crown a long life's worthy labour.

TO OUR FARMER FRIENDS

We advise you to grow as much good Scotch Wheat this season as will supply your own needs.

We cannot tell how scarce it may be or how high the price may be before another season.

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