

HOME INTERESTS.

Conducted by HELENE.

One of the many unfortunate results of straining for wealth and the appearance of it, is to make extremely selfish the young women for whom such superhuman efforts are made. When a girl knows that all in her family make sacrifices to give her that which they cannot afford, and when she knows that others go without necessities in order that she may have luxuries, she begins to think after a while that she must be somebody of great importance and that everything must point toward her and all the family arrangements be made with reference to her comfort and convenience.

Too often she becomes dissatisfied with her humble surroundings, and thinks her home a bore, a place to avoid as much as possible. Not long ago I heard a woman of this kind actually say that she was ashamed of her home, although her mother had made untold sacrifices for her and had robbed herself and her home of many things they should have had in order to enable her daughter to make a fine appearance. This catering to their vanity is what ruins many girls and makes selfish wives of those who, under different training, would be thrifty and industrious.

MRS. CRAIGIE'S ADDRESS.

An amusing story of the late Mrs. Craigie, the noted novelist, was told the other day at the Authors' club in New York.

"When Mrs. Craigie was in America last year," said an actor, "she was invited to make an address at a certain meeting. She accepted the invitation, but her name, through some oversight, was put far down on the programme, and, worse than that, the chairman, a rather stupid person, introduced before her some speakers who were not on the programme at all.

"In short, it was close on to 11 o'clock when the chairman, with a pleasant smile, bowed and said: 'Mrs. Craigie, the eminent author of 'Some Emotions and a Moral,' will now give us her address.'"

"Mrs. Craigie rose and said calmly:

"My address is 56 Lancaster Gate, Hyde Park, W., London, and I now wish you all good-night, for I am far from home."

HOW TO TEACH GOD AND IMMORTALITY.

To teach the children in our public schools about God, tell them of the wonders revealed by the microscope and telescope.

Carry their thoughts to the stars that move in grand procession across the evening sky, and ask who guides them in their great circles through space without limit and time without end; tell them of the goodness displayed in flowers that bloom and birds that sing.

Show them the wonderful plan that runs through the whole universe, from the constellations to the animalcule, and ask who was the planner?

Show them what this wonderful human intellect of ours has done: how it has created the world's libraries and machine-shops, steamers that plough the ocean, astronomical instruments that measure heavenly bodies, grand cathedrals, paintings of Raphael and Michel Angelo, music of Mozart and Beethoven; and ask who made that intellect?

How about immortality?

Suppose you tell them that the greatest scientist we ever had on this continent, Agassiz, believed not only in the immortality of man, but also in some form of future life even for the lower intelligences; that the sacred books and religious beliefs and recorded spiritual experiences of nearly all nations and ages teach it; and that, if all these were wanting, the common-sense of man-

kind would teach that the Power that sustains the universe would not permit the holy saint, martyr, mother, to only share with pirates and murderers a common annihilation.—From Autobiographical Sketches of Geo. T. Angell.

Dr. Mary Theresa Gallagher, M.B., Ch. B., has been appointed surgeon to the newly-formed branch of the Irish National Foresters in St. Columba's parish, Glasgow, Scotland. Dr. Gallagher has the rare distinction of being the first lady doctor to any branch of the Irish National Foresters in Great Britain and Ireland. She is a distinguished graduate of Glasgow University, and has also studied in the leading Irish and English medical schools.

A MODERN POET.
There is a great deal of excellent verses appearing in the magazines at present. One of the most prolific of poets is Theodosia Garrison. Scarcely a week passes that some new verse of hers does not appear. A little poem by her in the current McClure's has been receiving much praise. It is called "The Daughter," and is the wail of a young Irish woman in America for her mother in old Ireland. The last verse runs:

It's just Herself I'm longing for,
Herself and no other—
Do you mind the soft spring morning
when you stitched the wedding gown?
The little careful stitches, oh, my
mother, mother, mother,
Meself beyond the broad seas and
you in Kerrydown!

It is reminiscent of Lady Dufferin's "Irish Emigrant," and breathes the same local spirit which is wonderfully caught by Mrs. Garrison. Needless to say, the writer of this Irish wail is not Irish, but is the wife of a New York lawyer and was born in New Jersey.

HOW TO TREAT GLOVES.

This is the proper way to treat a glove: When you spy a tiny hole mend it without delay that it may not increase in size. Mend it on the inside of the glove with fine cotton of the same color as the kid. Do not use silk, for it soon wears out. Never break off your cotton, but cut it, so as not to draw the seam hard and uneven. When sewing a split in a finger seam insert a finger into the glove and draw the edges together so that they meet, and that is all. A ridge would not only be uncomfortable, but would look unsightly. When a glove is too small and slits it is worse, than useless to sew up the rent. It must be patched. The patch must be of kid of the same color.

HINTS FOR SHORT WOMEN.

"The short woman always eats too little, and she eats the wrong kind of food." This is the declaration of an American institution called the Little Ladies' club, the object of which is to increase the inches of its members. The method adopted is a combination of gymnastic exercises, massage with "mutton tallow thinned with almond oil," and a proper diet. "The little woman who is trying to increase her height must eat mashed turnips, she must eat squash, she must take hashes and all kinds of creamed vegetables. Squash is a little difficult to obtain in this country, but vegetable marrow may be taken as a substitute." The following advice seems a little dangerous: "The little woman must drink with her meals, she must drink between meals, she must take something whenever she feels faint." At the table she must try and eat as much as her stout sister. More generally acceptable is the following: "Throw back your shoulders, lift your chin, take the stretching lessons, and you will increase your height."

Only wealthy ladies are eligible for membership of the club. The apparatus is dear, and the instructor-lucky man—gets a fee of \$25 every afternoon.

PASTOR AND PEOPLE PRAISE

PSYCHINE
(PRONOUNCED SI-KEEN)

A Marvelous and Triumphant Record of Victory Over Disease.

No medicine has ever effected as large a number of wonderful and almost marvellous cures as Psychine. It has had one continuous record of victories over diseases of the throat, chest, lungs and stomach. Where doctors have pronounced cases incurable from consumption and other wasting diseases Psychine steps in and rescues numberless people even from the very verge of the grave. Coughs, Colds, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Chills, Night Sweats, La Grippe, Pneumonia, and other like troubles, all of which are forerunners of Consumption, yield quickly to the curative powers of Psychine.

Mrs. Campbell, one of the many cured, makes the following statement: "I cannot refrain from telling all who suffer of the remarkable recovery with Psychine. In April, 1902, I caught a heavy cold which settled on my lungs and gradually led to consumption. I could not sleep, was subject to night sweats, my lungs were so diseased, my doctor considered me incurable. Rev. Mr. Mahaffy, Port Eglis Presbyterian Church, recommended Dr. Sloane's Psychine to me, when I was living in Ontario. After using Psychine for a short time I ate and slept well, the night sweats and cough ceased. Months ago I stopped taking Psychine, as I was perfectly restored to health and to-day I never feel better in my life. Psychine has been a god-send to me."

Mrs. ANDREW CAMPBELL,
COTTONWOOD, N.W.T.
PSYCHINE never disappoints.
PSYCHINE has no substitute.
There is no other medicine "Just as good."

At all dealers, 50c, and \$1.00 per bottle.
If not write to

DR. T. A. SLOAN, Limited, 178 King St. W., TORONTO

Dr. Root's Kidney Pills are a sure and permanent cure for Rheumatism, Bright's Disease, Pain in the Back and all forms of Kidney Trouble. 25c per box, at all dealers.

"Besides these things there must be maids and rubbers, and there must be a fine supply of the best massage oils, cold creams, and all things that will plump out the body. 'The idea is that to increase the height a wee bit the body must be provided with the necessary fuel. This includes massage oils containing all the elements which are provided for a growing child. The girls who want to grow taller must take a great deal of moist food. Moisture makes the body grow.'"

A UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

All sins forgiving,
All wants supplying,
All graces shed—
God bless the living,
God bless the dying,
God rest the dead!

—Rev. Matthew Russell, S.J.

TIMELY HINTS.

Rust may be removed from nickel plating by covering the spots with mutton tallow and letting them stand for several days. If this treatment is followed by rubbing with powdered rottenstone and then by a strong washing with ammonia succeeded by clear water and a final polishing with dry whiting, even stubborn cases will yield.

To prevent steel knives not in daily use from getting rusty, rub them over after cleaning them with a little sweet oil. Then wrap in tissue paper, and afterwards in thick brown paper, tying the parcel tightly up, so that as little air as possible may get to the knives.

In pressing ribbons with a hot iron lay them between two sheets of Manila paper, and they will come out like new.

Common house ammonia is much better for cleaning porcelain than sandpapers. Many of the stains on porcelain tubs, wash-basins and sinks are caused by allowing them to be injured. When new porcelain is smooth and is rubbed with sandpaper it becomes rough, and it is quite impossible to remove the discoloration. Why throw away lemons from which the juice has been squeezed, when, if dipped in dry whiting, they are excellent for cleaning brass trays, candlesticks, etc.?

FUNNY SAYING.

A DISTINGUISHED TRIO.

The Hon. Joseph Chamberlain is fond of relating an incident that occurred while he and Lord Rosebery were returning from the theatre one night. While crossing the street they were accosted by a ragged boy who, after sweeping the mud from their path, asked for alms.

Lord Rosebery was about to give the boy a coin when an idea struck him. "My boy," said Rosebery, "if you will hit that policeman a swat I will give you ten shillings."

Prompt to the word, the boy crept in back of the officer, and, raising his broom, struck him in the back, then turned and ran, but to the dismay of Rosebery, the officer

caught the boy after a chase of a few yards.

Not wanting to leave the boy in a fix Rosebery tried to fix things up with the officer, but the worthy gentleman would not listen, and took them all three up to the station.

They were then taken before the judge of the station, and after surveying them through his glasses, he took down a book, and, turning to Chamberlain, asked his name. "Hon. Joseph Chamberlain," was the reply, and the judge smiled.

Rosebery responded also with his full title, "Lord Rosebery."

The boy was next, and stepping to the front he drew himself up to his full height, and waited for the usual question, "Your name?"

"My name," said the boy, "well, judge, I'm not the kind as what goes back on me palls. I'm the Duke of Wellington."

IN OUR CITY, TOO.

Young Wife—"When we took this flat you promised to enlarge it for us."

Landlord—"Well, madam, I did. Didn't I scrape the wall paper off and put on paint instead?"

DIDN'T UNDERSTAND.

Visitor—"I see you have a college in your town. May I ask who founded it?"

Native—"I never knewed it was losted."

FORGIVEN.

When Charles P. Norcross, now a well-known Washington correspondent, was a reporter on the New York Tribune, he was sent one Saturday night to interview Father Ducey, a priest famous in New York for his wit and good deeds.

Father Ducey was in the confessional. Norcross said he would wait, but was told that nobody was in the church, and that he could go in and see Father Ducey and come out before anybody went in, without any doubt. He found the reverend father waiting, and began a timorous conversation with him, being somewhat awed by his unaccustomed surroundings.

"Good evening, Father."

"Good evening, my son."

"Father, I am a reporter from the New York Tribune."

"Very well; I absolve you from that."—Saturday Evening Post.

How to Cleanse the System.—Paramelee's Vegetable Pills are the result of scientific study of the effects of extracts of certain roots and herbs upon the digestive organs. Their use has demonstrated in many instances that they regulate the action of the liver and the kidneys, purify the blood, and carry off all morbid accumulations from the system. They are easy to take, and their action is mild and beneficial.

NO SENTIMENTALITY FOR HIM.

A Scotchman had married for the second time. His new mate was sentimental and a little morbid, says the New York Tribune, and could not resist asking her husband now and then if he loved her better than he had her predecessor.

She would say, "Do I more than fill Jean's place in your heart, Jack?" or "Are you sure you're not regretting Jean, laddie?" and "Jack, do ye love me better nor her?"

The man bore several of these examinations patiently. Then he ended them once for all with a gruff: "Take my word for it, Betty, if Jean was living, ye wadna be here."

Sick all the Time with Kidney Trouble

4 BOXES CURED HIM

Mr. Whellam was a mighty ill man this spring. He had been ailing for almost a year. Sharp pains in the back and through the hips. Dull headaches and dizzy spells. Appetite poor—nothing seemed to taste right.

Finally, an old friend told him about a friend who was in just that condition and who was cured by GIN PILLS. Mr. Whellam tried them. And you would not know him for the same man now. That worried, strained look about the face was gone. His eyes are bright—his complexion rosy. He enjoys what he eats—has gained in weight—and sleeps like a top.

He had kidney trouble. GIN PILLS practically gave him new kidneys—healed and strengthened these vital organs—soothed the bladder—and freed the system of uric acid that was poisoning him.

I received a sample of your GIN Pills last fall. They did me a great deal of good. In fact, they are the best kidney medicine I know of. A neighbor of mine has tried them, and he did him more good than all the Doctors' Medicine he took in three months. I will not forget the benefit the benefit your GIN Pills have been to me. JOHN WHELLAM.

Are your kidneys sick? Do you feel just as Mr. Whellam did? Then take GIN PILLS on our positive guarantee that they will cure you. To have you give them a fair trial, we send a free sample if you mention this paper. Write to-day to Bole Drug Co., Winnipeg.

GIN PILLS are sold by dealers everywhere at 50c a box—6 boxes for \$2.50.

THE POET'S CORNER

AFTERWARD.

I said, "The bitterness of grief is gone,
Henceforward I will only think of her
As one too glad for selfish tears to stir—
A saint who touched and blessed me
and passed on;
My angel evermore to bend and take
My broken prayer to God for
love's dear sake."

"The bitterness of grief is past," I said,
Then turned and saw about me everywhere
The dear, accustomed things her touch made fair;
Her books—the little pillow for her head,
The pen her hand had dropped, the simple song
She laughed in singing when a note went wrong.

I said, "The bitterness of grief is fled,"
Knowing a new saint walks in Paradise
With peaceful heart and quiet in her eyes.
"And this at last shall comfort me," I said,
But, oh, this song she sang, this book she knew,
This little pillow—must I brave them too?
—Theodosia Garrison, in Harper's Bazar.

A LITTLE WAY TO GO.

They are such dear, familiar feet that go
Along the path with ours—feet fast or slow
And trying to keep pace; if they mistake
Or tread upon some flower that we would take
Upon our breast, or bruise some reed,
Or crush poor hope until it bleed,
We must be mute.
Nor turning quickly to impute Grave fault; for they and we
Have such a little while along the way—
We will be patient while we may.

So many little faults we find
We see them, for not blind
Is love. We see them, but if you and I
Perhaps remember them, some by and by,
They will not be
Faults then—grave faults—to you and me.
But just odd ways—mistakes, or even less—
Remembrances to bless.
Days change so many things—yes, hours;
We see so differently in sun and showers.
Mistaken words to-night
May be so cherished by to-morrow's light.
We must be patient, for we know
There's such a little way to go.
—Wail.

THE APRON.

Nothing is more labor-saving for the mother of little children—especially those of school age, than the plain, easily-laundered aprons made of calico, gingham, percale, or even white goods. The dress so soon spotted and soiled in winter time, and the winter laundering is a more momentous affair than that of warm weather, where the thin, light fabrics dry almost as soon as hung on the line. An apron covers a multitude of sins, such as a partially worn front and sleeves, or a perfectly plain or even out of date style or an unbecoming make of color. There are so many pretty, simple styles to be had in the paper pattern department that one should consider the subject from an economical, or artistic, as well as labor-saving standpoint. Aprons may be made of calico or percale having white grounds with small dots or figures to look equally as well, launder as neatly, and wear better than most of white goods.

For the housekeeper, there are several styles of aprons which are to be recommended, as one can slip the big apron on or off, as circumstances may require, admitting of a dress suitable to all ordinary occasions being worn without fear of soiling. Then there are aprons to be worn while sewing, or doing fancy work, with neat, handy little patch pockets on them. An excellent apron for washday, or while blacking the stove, etc., is made of rubber sheeting, or of table cloth, binding the

ENDURANCE.

How much the heart may bear and yet not break!
How much the flesh may suffer, and not die—
I question much if any pain or ache
Of soul or body brings our end more nigh.
Death chooses his own time; till that is sworn
All evils may be borne.
We shrink and shudder at the surgeon's knife,
Each nerve recoiling from the cruel steel,
Whose edge seems searching from the cruel steel,
Whose edge seems searching for the quivering life;
Yet to our sense the bitter pangs reveal
That, still, although the trembling flesh be torn,
This also can be borne.

We see a sorrow rising in our way,
And try to flee from the approaching ill;
We seek some small escape; we weep and pray;
But when the blow falls then our hearts are still:
Not that the pain is of its sharpness shorn,
But that it can be borne.

We wind our life about another life,
We hold it closer, dearer than our own,
Anon it faints and falls in deathly strife,
Leaving us stunned and stricken and alone;
But, ah! we do not die with those we mourn;
This also can be borne.

Behold! we live through all things—famine, thirst,
Bereavement, pain; all grief and misery,
All woe and sorrow; life inflicts its worst
On soul and body—but we cannot die,
Though we be sick, and tired, and faint and worn—
Lo, all things can be borne.
—Elizabeth Akers Allen.

QUIETUDE.

Can you not believe—in these hushed fields,
With daisies at your feet, blue skies above,
Touched by the joyousness the spring day yields,
That He is love?
Ah, can you doubt—seeing the lovely trace
Of skill supreme on blossoms frail and fair,
The inner light of His diviner grace
His deeper care?
O, leave the devious ways wherein you sought
And found Him not—and through the doubt and fear—
In silence sweet shall steal the sweetest thought
Lo, he is here.
—Edith Jenkinson.

edges with some pretty colored strips of calico. For giving baby a bath, a soft flannel is nice and should be wrapped about the little form, shielding from chill, as the drying towel is applied.
For many of the ystaka men will find so do at this season of the year, a strong denim, or cottonade apron is not to be despised, as it will save the pants from both wear and soiling. A leather apron is very good, but the washable one is handy at all times.



A Fearful Case.

For five years I had been suffering from falling sickness and my case was a bad one. Doctor did not do me a particle of good, but Pastor Koehnig's Nerve Tonic cured me of that dreadful disease. The first bottle convinced me that it would do all you claim for it. I used to have as many as seven fits a day, would fall just where I stood and sometimes cut my face so severely that my own folks would hardly know me. I had such a headache and pains in my body that I often wished I were dead. I could not get work from anyone on account of my sickness, but now I am able to do a full day's work. My comrades that used to shun me are friends again, and I am as well as I ever was, and have only Pastor Koehnig's Nerve Tonic to thank for my health. I am willing to answer all enquiries or letters concerning this great remedy, and urge those similarly afflicted to try it and receive its benefit. BARRY HORT.

FREE A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases and a Sample Bottle of any of our Remedies sent to patients who get the Nerve Tonic. Printed by the Rev. P. J. Koehnig, of Port Wayne, Ind., since 1876, and now by the
KOENIG MED. CO., CHICAGO, ILL.
Sold by Druggists at 25c per bottle. Agents in Canada—THE CANADIAN DRUG CO., LTD., TORONTO. THE WISCONSIN CANNERY CO., JENES, WISCONSIN.

Dear Aunt Becky:

This is my first letter per. I am in the senior class. I am twelve years not going to school any quit last June. I have and two brothers. The Vergie, May, Stanley and the boys are twins. V. teen. She is married and teen, and Stanley and fifteen next month. in the mill all summer school in the winter. Aunt Becky, I guess I Hoping to see this let With love, I remain Your loving niec

Fesserton, Ont., Jan. 22, 1907.

AN UNSELFISH

James Pettigrew was boy in our class. He w boy, and we all liked him for that. Willie Hunter good fellow, too, and James used to run neck for the prizes. Either other was always at the class.

Examination day came we were asked such a zling questions that, on all dropped off till, just pected, the first prize Jamie and Willie.

I shall never forget h ed we were when question was answered by Jamie remained silent; took the prize.

I went home with Ja ternoon, for our roads but instead of being losing the prize he seem be mighty glad. I co stand it.

"Why, Jamie," I said have answered some of tions; I know you could "Of course I could," a little laugh.

"Then why didn't you He wouldn't answer b but I kept pressing and till at last he turned ro a strange, kind look brown eyes.

"Look here," he said, I help it? There's p mother died last we hadn't been examinatio wouldn't have been at you think I was going mean as to take a priz low who had just lost

THE TIMID MO

A mouse was kept in by its fear of a cat the taking pity on it, turn cat. Immediately it be from fear of a dog, so turned it into a dog. gan to suffer for fear of the magician, in disgus a mouse again. As y the heart of a mouse, ble to help you by giv body of a noble anima. It is hopeless to try anything without pluck

INNOCENC

Sometimes, w'en papa h an' left us by oursel When she dets home sh upon the pantry sh An' my! the jelly's stu lots of it's been ea An' 'ey is crumb of upon the window s An' nen she calls as c asts if we been th An' what that empty doin' on 'at chair. An' my! we're awfu at that, becuz, you Us chinnern, w'y, we're good as we can be But I dunno, An' Joe dunno, An' sister say 'a

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To prevent the too early appearance of gray hairs LUBY'S PARISIAN HAIR RENEW. BR needs only be applied as a hairdresser when its valuable properties will be appreciated. It imparts a most beautiful gloss and color to the hair, and keeps the head cool and free from dandruff. For sale by all chemists.

50 CENTS A BOTTLE