

HOME INTERESTS.

Conducted by HELENE.

The convenience and time saving of having little things at hand can scarcely be overestimated. It works exactly on the same principle as the old saying of "a stitch in time." It's not enough to have a place for everything, and everything—unless you happen to be out of it—in its place. It's the careful planning so that plentiful supplies of all the little things are always on hand that counts so greatly. So often you haven't the right buttons, or you run short of tape, or hooks and eyes, or the color of sewing silk you need, and you have to postpone the moment you'd seized for getting all such things out of the way. In the meantime, before you've remembered to get the little things, perhaps you have to wear the very thing that needed mending, and pins have torn it. It's the same way with everything. If you have to stop and go out for stamps you probably don't bother to write that important letter until it's at least a little late. Making things do is almost as bad—using too small hooks to bear the strain of a skirt fastening, or too large a one for the delicate blouse it disfigures. The best way to avoid it is to go over, at periodic times, all your supplies, making a note of everything you're almost out of and replenishing it at an early moment.

HOW TO PERFUME A CLOSET.

To perfume a closet get two lengths of material the exact size and width of your closet wall, place between this material cotton batting scented with sachet powder, says the New York World. Sew the material together and tuft it with ribbon bows or simply stitch it down. Nail it to your closet wall or hang it up by tapes. This will not only perfume your clothes, but make an admirable protection against dust or the whitewash of the walls. This is a good formula for the heliotrope sachet powder, but you may not need so much as this: Iris powder, two pounds; powdered rose leaves, one pound; tonka beans (in powder), six ounces; vanilla husks, three ounces; musk (in grains), two drams; essence of almonds, five drops. Mix well and pass through a large sieve.

DENIM AS FLOOR COVERING.

Figured denims have proved wonderfully satisfactory for making all sorts of inexpensive furnishings, the newest use of all being for a floor covering. The discovery was an outcome of necessity, as so many households are there with a rug of little room which was carpeted with one of those utter monstrosities in which cabbage roses of a violent pink were blooming only too luxuriantly. The little woman who inhabited it was driven to despair every time she looked at it, and finally to invention. She took a plain blue denim and made a rug of it, finishing it with a wide border of figured denim—the same shade of blue for a foundation, with the weave shifted to throw the lighter threads to the surface here and there in set figures. Tacked into place, which meant over that carpet, it changed the whole character of the room.

HEALTH HINTS.

Get plenty of sunlight. Nothing beautiful or sweet grows or ripens in the darkness. Avoid excesses of all kinds. They injure the mind and body. The long and beautiful and wholesome life is qualified by constant temperance. Don't live to eat. Eat to live. This is old and threadbare advice. But it is just as good to follow today as it was a century ago. Many physical ills and blurs and blemishes on the countenance are due to over-eating, to eating damaging food, or eating irregularly. Don't hunt for dark sides of your life. Remain on the sunny side whenever you can do so without neglecting those who are dear to you. Be as happy as you can while making others happy.

These simple rules are helps in perpetuating health and beauty.—Chicago Journal.

PICTURE FRAMES.

The most effective picture frames, except when oil paintings are in question, make the woodwork of the room in which they hang. Dull gold frames, very unobtrusive, are liked when the woodwork happens to be white enamel. At all events, it is no longer permissible to crowd all sorts of frames in one room. A uniformity of some sort is decidedly indicated.

WOMEN WHO FAIL AS MOTHERS.

In the present day there is an ever increasing tendency to minimize the importance and dignity of motherhood. The modern woman does not find her ideals centered in the nursery, neither does she trouble as to who shall guide and guard the tiny lives that should by divine right be her own special charge. So hiring hands are deputed to supplant the mother love and care, and mother herself becomes a mere name to the nursery inmates. And yet, were the woman who allows other hands than her own to fulfill her most sacred responsibilities told she had failed in her motherhood, she would indignantly deny the aspersion, and consider herself harshly misjudged. But because a woman does not beat her children, allow them to be neglected or underfed, it does not follow that she is a good mother. A good mother is she to whom her children are her first consideration—she whom no pleasure tempts into neglect of the wee folks' claims—she who realizes that—

"A mother is a mother still, The holiest thing alive."

and in living up to the high prestige of her God-given position that woman finds her happiness perfected in domestic love.

The girl who marries and deems the advent of wee feet into the home a burden and a tie, is quite as much a failure, as a mother, as she who acts with cruelty to her child. The joy of motherhood is lost, there is no exultant sense of proud possession as she gazes on the tiny limbs. No, they must be swathed as quickly as possible, in order that the mother may be free to go forth and add to her pleasures. By-and-by, when the clinging hands are strong enough to find their way around mother's neck, the innocent face coos against hers only to meet with a rebuff, because the loving fingers rumple her gown, the touch of the face disarranges her hair; so baby is taught to gaze at mamma from afar, and denied the clinging clasp of her arms the romp at eventide ere prayers are whispered.

Ah, those lisping prayers! Surely the woman who does not hear those first sacred words of worship from her baby's lips is a failure as a mother? How many small folks go nightly to bed without bending the knee in thanksgiving, because mother is in too great a hurry to get downstairs. For prayer time means a lot of primary wriggling before baby is ready, a lot of closing rebellious eyelids that will open ere small hands are folded, a lot of guiding the faltering words require, for childhood's memory is treacherous, but what is this holy delay to the mother who sees her most sacred duty in placing her children's feet upon the right path, the path of prayer, that path which, if chosen in youth, is not forsaken in age?

Thus it will be seen that, with the woman who allows self to be the paramount factor in her life, motherhood is bound to be a failure. Indeed, it would be well if every engaged girl, ere exchanging the symbol of courtship for the letter of matrimony, paused and asked her soul how the responsibilities of motherhood would affect her personally. For if she be marrying with the hazy notion that the butterfly life of the bride shall be hers for all time, there is little chance that motherhood will find her willing to settle down to woman's holiest duties.

And the mother who fails as a mother fails as a wife. For in the girl he marries every man expects to find other attributes than those of a "chum." He expects a mother

for his children, in the highest acceptance of the word; thus, though the wife be her husband's friend, equal, companion, sharing alike his sorrows and his joy, the dignity of her position is lost where she fails in regard to her children.

And for this reason the woman immersed in business cares fails as a mother. She may realize her responsibility, and possess the highest aims for her children's welfare, but the wage-earning labor, to be a success, demands the best of brain and strength. Motherhood becomes a tragedy, for the conflicting cares—each clamoring by virtue of necessity for supremacy—sap youth and vitality in the fight, and the victim is a woman's soul, torn, bleeding and vanquished by the rending of those unsatisfied maternal instincts. Home is woman's true sphere, and where necessity calls her from its shelter into the business turmoil of the day, she fails alike as wife and mother.

TIMELY HINTS.

It is a common thing when a screw or staple becomes loose to draw it out, plug up the hole with wood, and reinsert it. It has been found that a much better way is to fill up the holes tightly with cork. Screws and irons so secured are said to remain perfectly tight as long as when put into new wood.

To clean linoleum without washing, remove all the dust, then take a bit of flannel sprinkled with paraffin and rub the linoleum. It will not only make it appear like new, but will preserve it.

Wash black lawn as any other lawn, using a mild soap and washing through suds as soon as possible, rinsing well with blueed water. The starching or stiffening is the main thing, and the best way to give a new finish is to use mourning or invisible starch, which comes especially for black goods.

Before washing china silk, carefully examine the article to be washed and clean the spots that are most soiled with a little benzine. Then plunge the garment into a soap-suds of barely warm water and rub thoroughly. Rinse in three waters, each a little cooler than the preceding, and the last cold. Wring out as dry as you can and put in sheets in firm rolls. In an hour's time iron on the wrong side. The washing should be done with all possible haste, as the quicker the washing the better.

Serge or cloth may be thoroughly cleaned by rubbing with water in which about twenty young laurel leaves have been steeped for three hours. Boiling water should be poured over the leaves.

RECIPES.

Nice for luncheon is this entrée of cold boiled ham: Chop enough ham to fill a coffee-cup and add to it two tablespoonsful of grated cheese, a little cayenne pepper and two tablespoonsful of cream. Fry rounds of bread in butter and spread with the ham mixture. Grate cheese over the top and brown in a hot oven. Before sending to the table decorate each round with an olive.

Somerset Croquettes.—Melt three tablespoonsful of flour; then add two-thirds of a cup of milk, stirring all the time. When the boiling point is reached add one-half cup of grated cheese and the yolks of two eggs. When the cheese is melted and the mixture is smooth take from the fire and add one cup of mild cheese, cut into small cubes. Season with salt and cayenne, and spread on a shallow pan to cool. Shape into round croquettes, dip into egg and then into crumbs. Fry in deep fat until brown. Serve with the lettuce course, on a folded napkin.

Marshmallow fudge is a new invention in homemade sweets that commends itself not only by reason of its novelty, but also because it is not too rich a compound for the average mortal to eat a lot of. Cut a dozen or so marshmallows into small pieces, scatter them thickly over well buttered plates, then pour over them all the regulation fudge mixture. Let this stand a day before being disturbed.

iced Peaches—Pare and quarter some ripe yellow peaches, dust them with powdered sugar and put into a self-sealing glass jar, adjusting the rubber and the lid securely, says the Kansas City Star. Bury in ice and salt until thoroughly chilled, not frozen, about a half hour or longer. Serve in small sherbet glasses at the beginning of a meal as a delightfully refreshing appetizer on a hot summer day or with plain or whipped cream as a very dainty dessert. Creamed Cucumbers—Pare and cut in slices three good-sized cucumbers, cover with salted water and let soak for half an hour, then drain and dry on a cloth. Put in a



Kidney Disorders

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People in every walk of life are troubled. Have you a Backache? If you have it is the first sign that the kidneys are not working properly. A neglected Backache leads to serious Kidney Trouble.

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FUNNY SAYINGS

A MOST EXTRAORDINARY CLUB.

Mrs. Ada Brown Talbot, of New York, editor of the Clubwoman, says that the most extraordinary club she ever ran across is conducted by a very demure and dignified little woman of 7, the daughter of a club president. The editor called one day and was received by her little friend with open arms.

"At last I've got a chair," she said. "I am very glad, my dear," said the editor. "I hope it is comfortable and pretty." "Oh, it is not for me, it is for my club." "I didn't know you had a club." "Of course I have; just like mamma. My dolly is president, and I got the chair for her. You see," she explained in a whisper, "there's only dollies in it, and the dolly that makes the most noise, is president, just like mamma's club. That's my dolly. She talks when you push her back. I broked the spring, and now she talks till she is runned down. So she's president. Don't you think that's nice?" And Mrs. Talbot said she did.—Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

ALL THAT WAS LEFT OF IT.

The shades of night had fallen for a long time when the quiet street was startled into countless echoes by reason of a furious attack on the knocker of a cycle agent's door. "Hallo!" he said, sleepily, when at last he thrust his head through his bedroom window. "What's wrong?"

"You lent out a machine this evening to Jimmy Styles," piped a childish treble. "Yes," grumbled Mr. Spokes; "but I ain't going to take it back at this time o' night. He'll have to keep it till the morning and pay by the hour!" "Please sir," came the little voice again, "Jimmy had a bit of a spill owing to running into a motor car. Jim's alright—he was thrown into a hedge—but I've brought the oil can back; that's all we found of the machine-up till now. But Jim he don't want to pay hire on more'n he can help!"

THE OBSERVANT GIRL.

The class was discussing animals; how they walked, got up, etc. After she had explained the cow's method of rising to her feet, the teacher asked: "Do you know any other animal that gets up like the cow?" Silence reigned for a moment, then one little girl timidly raised her hand. "What is it?" asked the teacher. "A calf," was the whispered reply.

MORE ENQUIRING.

It was just at sunset that two little neighbors were exchanging confidences. "My mamma has begun a new

THE POET'S CORNER

LIFE SCULPTURE.

Chisel in hand a sculptor boy With his marble block before him. And his face lit up with a smile of joy, As an angel dream passed o'er him He carved that dream in the shapeless stone With many a sharp incision. With heaven's own light the sculptor stood— He had caught that angel vision.

Sculptors of life are we, as we stand With our uncarved souls before us, Waiting the hour when at God's command Our life dream passes o'er us. If we carve it then on the yielding stone With many a sharp incision, Its heavenly beauty shall be our own. Our lives that angel vision.

IF I COULD BUT KNOW.

If I could but know that word or deed Of mine had helped a soul in need, Had given comfort, eased the smart Of some poor, tortured, aching heart With what rare joy my heart would glow, If I could know! If I could know!

If one should whisper in my ear, "Your words have made me stronger, dear, To fight this evil thing within, That leads me often into sin"— Life's darkened ways would lighter grow, If I could know! If I could know!

Each day I ask the Lord to bless Some act of mine to helpfulness, And though I know not how, or where He sends the answer to my prayer, When I into His presence go, Then I shall know! Then I shall know!

A MONDAY PRAYER.

Back to the shop, the factory and the mill Thy workers go, O Lord, and it may be That some have sorrows pressing heavily, And some are hardened with foreboding ill; And some are unmindful of Thy holy will, Gained not the rest provided yesterday; And into sin some feet have gone astray, And some hold labor in derision still

Grant, therefore, Lord, that as we buyers go Through factory or store or busy street, With thoughtful words these laborers we may greet— Mindful of grace for sin, of balm for woe; Helping in kindness, sluggish souls to see The worth of labor, and the dignity.

THE SKEIN WE WIND.

If you and I to-day Should stop and lay Our life-work down, and let our hands fall where they will— Fall down to lie quite still— And if some other hand should come and stoop to find The threads we carried, so that it could wind, Beginning where we stopped; if it should come to keep Our life-work going; seek To carry on the good design Distinctively made yours, or mine, What would it find?

Some work must be doing, true or false; Some threads we wind; some purpose so exalts Itself that we look up to it, or down As to a crown To bow before, and we weave threads Of different lengths and thicknesses—some mere shreds— And wind them round Till all the skein of life is bound, Sometimes forgetting at the task To ask

The value of the threads, or choose Strong stuff to use.—Selected.

OUT OF HEARING.

No need to hush the children for her sake, Or fear their play; She will not wake, my grief, she will not wake, 'Tis the long sleep, the deep long sleep she'll take, Betide what may.

No need to hush the children for her sake, Even if their glee could yet again outbreak So loud and gay, She will not wake, my grief, she will not wake.

But sorrow a thought have they of merrymake This many a day; No need to hush the children. For her sake So still they bide and sad, her heart would ache At their dismay.

She will not wake, my grief, she will not wake To bid them laugh, and if some angel spake, Small heed they'd pay. No need to hush the children for her sake; She will not wake, my grief, she will not wake.

PARTING.

If thou dost bid thy friend farewell But for one night though that farewell may be, Press thou his hand in thine. How canst thou tell how far where Fate or caprice may lead his steps ere that to-morrow come? Men have been known lightly to turn The corner of a street, And days have grown to months, And months to lagging years Ere they have looked in loving eyes again.

Parting at best is underlaid with tears and pain. Therefore, lest sudden death should come between, Or time or distance,—clasp with pressure firm The hand of him who goeth forth. Unseen Fate goeth too. Yea, find thou always time to say Some earnest word between the idle talk, Lest with thee henceforth, night and day, Regret should walk.—Coventry Patmore.

CONTINUITY.

(From the Russian.)!!

It is an open secret that this poem, which in the original appears over the initials C.R. (Constantine Romanoff), is by the imperial Russian Grand Duke Constantine.

There is no death—for in the great Hereafter

Remembrance of this life shall have its part; Nor shall our griefs and sorrows, joys and laughter, In the last sleep depart from mind and heart.

The eye that flamed, inspired with glorious vision, Shall it be blind, and deaf the listening ear? Shall the freed spirit, bent on its new mission, Fail to commune with those on earth held dear?

Will Raphael, in that life of bliss and wonder, Forget the Virgin which his genius wrought? Will Mozart cease to love his Requiem yonder? Will Shakespeare give his Hamlet no more thought?

No, it can never be. That which gave life its merit On this our earth shall still be ours to love In form perfected by the gracious Spirit. Who gives this life, and fuller life above.

CAN CANCER BE CURED? IT CAN SIB.

Send six cents (stamps) for booklet, "Cancer, Its Cause and Cure." Stott & Jury, Bowmanville, Ont.

OUR B...

Dear Girls and Boys:

Our circle has diminished suppose I must not be during holiday time, still you all to keep up your corner. I appreciate Annie O'N's invitation her this summer, but little nieces and nephews ready done the same I to divide myself in pieces would not be long let me get around to all folks. I am sure it is Annie and Agnes's teaching her little pupils were at her and to witness their her departure from them have been delighted with remembrance given her.

I am not surprised Joseph appointed at the non-appears in the issue of July guess others looked I Well, we must all keep up our corner, and keep our from being broken up.

Happy holidays, dear!

Your loving

AUNT

Dear Aunt Becky:

As this is the last day I thought I would write another letter, for I don't think I can write to you in vacation, but I to, as I enjoy writing to much. There is only the cond class preparing for who we were all promoted We do not play at school it is so sultry we do not playing. We sit under s There are quite a number the yard. The school is cool now, for the teachers windows and the wind through the room. The school now are in bloom looks so nice to see in school. My flowers are very nice. I have morning asters, wild cucumbers Joseph's lily. The cucumbers up to the window on sill asters will soon be in bloom used to water them in evening when there is so much rain not water them. The day is nice now, but very hot. it is vacation, for we are rest. I did not miss a day we went to country hope Winifred is feeling for I think if she could the sun she would be able to you often. Well dear Becky, I guess I will say for this time. Hoping the dear cousins will spend a cation.

Your loving niece

AGN

Lonsdale, June 29.

Dear Aunt Becky:

As it is holidays I guess write and tell you the week. We expect to go day to visit our cousin going to Mass in the morning then going to visit our the afternoon. I hope it nice day. We felt very Friday when our teacher presented her with a case. We did not get a for our school yet. My away Monday for a cousin. I did not go a place to visit yet. My are going to mind house to see my grandmother, sick. Our garden is very We put our tomato plants garden this week. Last P noon my sister and brother went picking wild strawberries a nice lot in our pa Aunt, how nice it would would come and visit us while we are home from are having very warm weather just at present and a Well Aunt, I guess I will bye; love to all the cousins yours!

Your loving niece

AGN

Lonsdale, July 6.