

# HOUSEHOLD.

## What the Chimney Sang.

Over the chimney the night wind sang,  
 And chanted a melody no one knew;  
 And the woman stopped, and her babe she  
 tossed,  
 And thought of the one she had long since  
 lost,  
 And said as her tear drops back she forced,  
 'I hate the wind in the chimney.'

Over the chimney the night wind sang,  
 And chanted a melody no one knew;  
 And the children said as they closer drew,  
 'Tis some witch that is cleaving the black  
 night through,  
 'Tis a fairy trumpet that just then blew,  
 And we fear the wind in the chimney.'

Over the chimney the night wind sang,  
 And chanted a melody no one knew;  
 And the man, as he sat on his hearth below,  
 Said to himself, 'It will surely snow,  
 And fuel is dear and wages low,  
 And I'll stop the leak in the chimney.'

Over the chimney the night wind sang,  
 And chanted a melody no one knew;  
 But the poet listened and smiled, for he  
 Was man, and woman, and child, all three,  
 And said, 'It is God's own harmony,  
 This wind we hear in the chimney.'

—Bret Harte.

## Against Worry.

Don't start nervously if a child makes a  
 noise or breaks a dish—keep your worry for  
 broken bones.

Don't sigh too often over servants' short-  
 comings.

Don't get wildly excited if Bridget has neg-  
 lected to dust the legs of the hall table; the  
 welfare of neither your family nor the nation  
 is involved.

Don't exhaust all your reserve force over  
 petty cares. Each time that a woman loses  
 control over herself, her nerves, her temper,  
 she loses just a little nervous force, a little  
 physical well being and moves a fraction of  
 an inch farther on in the path that leads to  
 premature old age.

Don't go to bed late at night and rise at  
 daybreak, and imagine that every hour taken  
 from sleep is an hour gained.

Don't eat as if you only had a minute in  
 which to finish the meal.

Don't give unnecessary time to a certain  
 established routine of housekeeping, when it  
 could be much more profitably spent in rest  
 or recreation.

Don't always be doing something; have  
 intermittent attacks of idling. To understand  
 how to relax is to understand how to  
 strengthen nerves.—N. C. Advocate.

## Train Up a Cat.

The lady who was visiting the family  
 spoke approvingly of the cat. He was large  
 and tawny and had exceptionally good man-  
 ners, as well as a softly affectionate purr.  
 She said that she supposed he had been  
 taught a good many tricks. The hostess was  
 just explaining that she liked him better  
 without tricks when a crash like shivering  
 china interrupted them. The four-year-old  
 son of the visiting lady, who had scrambled  
 away from his mother and was using the  
 cloisonné teapot as a flation on the carpet,  
 had thrown the teapot against the radiator,  
 in a little mood of playfulness, and tiny  
 slivers of it lay strewn upon the floor.

'Oh, I am so sorry,' murmured the mortified  
 mamma, 'I really do not know what to do  
 with Cameron; he grows so headstrong. I  
 shall have to begin to train him soon; but I  
 dread the struggle. One hates to discipline  
 a mere baby—and yet, he is four now, and  
 really, I must do something!'

The cat stepped cautiously over to the  
 wreck on the carpet. He put out his nose,  
 sniffing deliberately, and then he put out a  
 careful paw to examine a fragment. His mis-

stress spoke, in a low and firm tone, gentle,  
 but with the downward inflection of rebuke—  
 'Sandro!

The cat drew back, looked up at her, and  
 went quietly away to his cushion.

'How remarkable!' said the visiting lady.  
 'How long have you had him?'

The hostess looked at the cat, then she  
 glanced, furtively, at the now sulking child.

'He is four months old,' she said, gravely.  
 —'Congregationalist.'

## The Secret of Good Cooking.

'There are circumstances in life in which  
 genius for simple reasoning would all but  
 halve the butcher's bill,' says Christine Ter-  
 hune Harrich, in 'Harper's Bazar.' And then  
 she goes on to enlarge upon the fact, too of-  
 ten forgotten, that if cash is far off and hard  
 to find an equivalent in thought and effort  
 may be made to achieve a similar result.

No one should expect a cheap cut, upon  
 which no more experience has been bestowed  
 than is required by the choicest cut, to pre-  
 sent the same satisfactory result to the  
 palate. The deficit in financial outlay must  
 be made up by an increase of pains in cook-  
 ing, and, above all things, in seasoning.

Here is the prime secret of the excellence  
 of a French cuisine. Where the flavor of the  
 American or English stew is chiefly reminis-  
 cent of onions, pepper and hot water, the  
 foreign ragout is animated by the addition  
 of certain herbs in just proportion and en-  
 riched by slow and careful cooking, and an  
 almost religious attention to the finer shades  
 of seasoning.

Of this last the Anglo-Saxon chefs are  
 criminally careless. The horizon of most of  
 them is bounded by an onion and a bunch of  
 parsley. In how many of our homes could be  
 found the condiments that make for righteous-  
 ness in cookery? The French make diligent  
 study of their herbs. They use the clove of  
 garlic with art and discretion, while the  
 American cook so disposes it that it proves a  
 curse to those that give and those that take.  
 The virtue of reticence is nowhere of greater  
 value than in the kitchen. Seasoning with-  
 out judgment profits as little as the other  
 Christian graces minus charity.

As a counterpart of this remains the race  
 wisdom that knows when a happy result is  
 to be won by swift cookery, and when achiev-  
 ed only by long, slow stewing or braising.  
 Seasoning and simmering—on these two hang  
 the law and the profits of all palatable culin-  
 ary concoctions.

## Intemperate Women.

You and I know scores of worthy women,  
 members of temperance clubs, who attend  
 meetings and draw up resolutions on temper-  
 ance, who attend conventions and present  
 petitions to congress regarding temperance  
 measures, who talk temperance, and lecture  
 temperance, and who are themselves hope-  
 lessly intemperate.

Take the mother with an uncontrollable ap-  
 petite for a spotless kitchen floor.

That floor must shine. It matters not whe-  
 ther Edward takes his boots off on the porch  
 or stands on a paper at the door and removes  
 them.

That floor must be kept white. It matters  
 not that Margaret is deprived of the privilege  
 of popping corn and making candy.

That floor must be scrubbed every morn-  
 ing. No matter if it does leave mother with  
 an aching back and a throbbing head, no  
 comfort to herself or to her family.

Maybe she will be too sick to sit at the  
 table with husband and children that night,  
 but the floor must be scrubbed. Maybe her  
 husband is in trouble and needs her counsel.  
 She can't be of any help to him, she is too  
 ill—but joy! The kitchen floor is spotless.

Home is spoiled. Husband and children are  
 left to shift for themselves (as long as they  
 won't track the kitchen floor). Isn't that in-  
 temperance? Are not the results of the indul-  
 gence of an appetite for a spotless floor evil?

Just the other day I was talking with a  
 friend who was half sick, old and weak. She  
 could not see how she could manage

to crawl through her fall cleaning. She  
 has money enough to hire it done. She has  
 a husband who is willing to hire it done. I  
 suggested that she get someone to do it for  
 her.

'Have somebody poking around in my  
 things!' she exclaimed. 'Not while I'm alive!  
 When I'm dead and gone—!'

There you are. That woman is intemperate.  
 Everybody around, herself included, is bound  
 to be miserable over that housecleaning. Be-  
 cause she will indulge a silly appetite, will  
 not break a habit, the habit of 'poking around'  
 her own things.

I know another woman who sits up until  
 1 and 2 o'clock in the morning sewing. She  
 doesn't have to do it. She wants to do it.  
 She is indulging her appetite.

The next morning the children see their  
 mother with her head tied up in a towel  
 saturated with camphor and her husband has  
 his head snapped off because he suggests that  
 she should have gone earlier to bed.

'I had to finish my stent,' she wails. 'I  
 had callers in the afternoon.'

Then when he is gone she cries out all  
 there is left of her eyes because she has such  
 an 'unsympathetic' husband. Unsympathetic!  
 That woman is intemperate.

A hundred years from now who will care  
 whether or not mother finished her stent?

But a hundred years from now weak-eyed,  
 wobbly-legged children will care because great-  
 great-grandmother broke her back scrubbing  
 the kitchen floor, and spoiled her eyes finish-  
 ing her stent.—Detroit 'News.'

## Pass It On.

'You're a great little wife, and I don't  
 know what I would do without you.' And as  
 he spoke he put his arms about her and kiss-  
 ed her, and she forgot all the care in that  
 moment, says a wise exchange. And, forget-  
 ting all, she sang as she washed the dishes,  
 and sang as she made the beds, and the song  
 was heard next door, and a woman there  
 caught the refrain, and sang also, and two  
 homes were happier because he had told her  
 that sweet old story, the story of the love of  
 a husband for a wife. As she sang, the  
 butcher boy who called for the order heard  
 it and went out whistling on his journey, and  
 the world heard the whistle, and one man,  
 hearing it, thought, Here is a lad who loves  
 his work, a lad happy and contented.

And because she sang her heart was mel-  
 lowed, and as she swept about the back door  
 the cool air kissed her on each cheek, and she  
 thought of a poor old woman she knew, and  
 a little basket went over to that home, with  
 a quarter for a crate or two of wood.

So because he kissed her, and praised her,



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