

## HOME INTERESTS.

Conducted by HELENE.

### TRANQUILITY.

Who does not love a tranquil heart, a sweet-tempered, balanced life? It does not matter whether it rains or shines, or what misfortunes come to those possessing these blessings, for they are always sweet, serene, and calm.

That exquisite praise of character which we call serenity is the last lesson of culture; it is the flowering of life, the fruitage of the soul.

It is as precious as wisdom, more to be desired than gold. How contemptible mere money-wealth looks in comparison with a serene life, a life which dwells in the ocean of truth, beneath the waves, beyond the reach of tempests, in the eternal calm!

How many people we know who sour their lives, who ruin all that is sweet and beautiful by explosive tempers, who destroy their peace of character by bad blood! In fact, it is a question whether the great majority of people do not ruin their lives and mar their happiness by lack of self-control. How few people we meet in life who are well-balanced, who have the exquisite poise which is characteristic of the finished character!

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### THE MAID'S REFERENCE.

No matter how excellent is the written reference shown by the servant it should be verified by the prospective employer. In many cases the mistress of a departing maid will write for her an uncandid reference for the sake of saving herself an unpleasant scene or from a mistaken kindness. She does not wish to endanger the maid's chances of securing further employment, and she prefers to stretch the truth to being honest in the recommendation she bestows. A lamentable want of honor prevails among housekeepers in this regard. Too much stress can hardly be laid upon this necessity for honesty in the references given. It is the protection of the maid as well as of the mistress.—Harper's Bazar.

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### RILEY'S MANNER WITH CHILDREN.

James Whitcomb Riley, whose love for children is so great and who is almost invariably successful in making himself popular with them, has one unflinching method of winning their confidence. According to Riley, anyone who employs it cannot fail, unless he is a most unnaturally disagreeable person indeed, of winning the shy interest of a child.

"Often," he says, "I have been sitting in a room which a child would enter while I was in conversation with some of its elders. My impulse would be to leave the elders incontinent and to turn to the child, but that never accomplishes anything. Indeed, I would go on talking and pay no attention in the world to the little intruder. There is enough human nature in a child to make him unconsciously resent this, perhaps he is piqued by it. Gradually the child has come nearer, watching and listening, and wondering what manner of person this may be who pays it no deference. And at last I have known children to venture quite to my knee. Then I have put out a hand in a casual and absent-minded manner, perhaps absent-mindedly I have patted the hand, and at last, still talking with an assumption of absorbed interest to the grown people, I have even lifted the child to my knee and known it to sit there in content and confidence without my ever having addressed it.

"And one can do this. Instead, people usually frighten a child away by demonstrativeness and unreserve. A child is like a grown person, only more so. It wants the privilege of making some of the advances of friendship itself. And the confidence is so well worth winning, I wonder that everyone doesn't make it a study."—Tribune.

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### OLD WALNUT FURNITURE.

If you have any old walnut furniture keep it by all means. It is becoming rarer and more valuable all the time. Most of the pieces are ugly, because when walnut was in fashion taste was at a low ebb. An old bureau, table, or chest of drawers may be made a thing of beauty with a little expenditure. In the first place, the wood must be scraped of its disgusting varnish and brass or glass knobs put on. Some pieces may have to be entirely remade, but this is frequently done with mahogany and other valuable woods.

### SOUP PHILOSOPHY.

"Many people wonder," says an old-fashioned housekeeper, "why we begin a heavy dinner with soup. It is because the stomach is tired and needs a mild stimulant before being taxed. We find in soup, especially in clear soup, a tonic rather than a nutrient. This is the reason clear soups are served for heavy dinners and purees and cream soups for luncheon. The cream soups and purees with bread and butter make a fairly nutritious meal. There are two kinds of soups—those with stock and those without. Stock is the extract from meats; beef extract acts as a stimulant, bringing the digestive juices into play. In it we get only the flavor and the coloring, but no nutriment. "A dog fed on beef extract died of starvation. It is used in sickness as a conservator of energy, to keep up the vital forces. Bouillon is the clear soup made of beef extract, delicately seasoned. Brown soup is made from stock, which is two-thirds lean beef and one-third fat and bone. In the bone we find the gelatine and mineral matter.

"The best cut for stock is the mid-way cut of the shank, in which is found the round bone with the marrow. Brown soups are made of this stock clarified and seasoned with vegetables and herbs. White soups are made from stock of fish or of chicken. Consommé is made from two or three meats, and is clear. Mutton soup or broth is invaluable for invalids in convalescence, especially in fever cases, through its sustaining qualities.

"The soups, without stocks, are the creams, bisques and purees. The last named is seasoned with vegetables or fish and pressed through the puree sieve with tissues of the vegetables left in the soup. Bisque is made with shell fish or vegetables with bits of the fish or dice of the vegetables left in."—Indianapolis News.

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### TIMELY HINTS.

A point not to be forgotten is that potato peelings, well dried, are as useful as orange peel treated the same way for lighting a fire and making it burn up quickly. Both save firewood.

To mend a hole in an umbrella stick firmly on the inside a piece of black court plaster. This is not so noticeable as a darn.

Triangular shaped saucepans are new inventions and will no doubt become very popular. They are made to fit exactly into each other, so that a single burner of a gas stove serves to cook several pans.

To clean white feathers draw them gently through a warm soap lather several times, then pass them through tepid and finally through cold water to rinse them. Then hold them a short distance from the fire and curl the separate parts of the feather as it dries.

To keep milk sweet for several days add a teaspoonful of fine salt to every quart of milk.

To revive withered flowers which have been packed or carried for some distance is not always easy. The following plan has been found very satisfactory: Plunge the stalks into very hot water and allow them to stand till the water is cold. Then

## "Weak Heart"

Palpitation and irregular action of the heart are due largely to a thin, watery condition of the blood. The heart and nerves refuse to perform their proper work for want of support. Pale, weak, or anemic people should use "PSYCHINE" and avoid heart troubles. "PSYCHINE" makes rich blood, tones the system, regulates the heart action and restores vitality. All weak people should have a bottle handy in case of sudden heart troubles.

### GREATEST OF ALL TONICS

# PSYCHINE

(PRONOUNCED SE-KEEN)

ALL DRUGGISTS—ONE DOLLAR—TRIAL FREE

DR. T. A. SLOOM, Limited  
179 King St. W., Toronto, Canada

cut off the ends of the stalks and arrange the flowers in cold water. Thus treated flowers will last wonderfully in vases.

An excellent wash for plants is tobacco water. Take a handful of tobacco stems and steep them by pouring boiling water over them until the water looks like strong tea. When the water has become cool, wipe off the leaves and stems with a sponge or soft cloth. Reduce the strength of the infusion with more water and thoroughly wet the earth around the roots. This will keep the plants healthy and remove all insects.

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### RECIPES.

Bohemian Cream—One pint of thick cream, one pint of grape juice jelly, stir together, put in cups and set on ice. Serve with ladyfingers.

Rice Jumblets—One cup of boiled cold rice, the rice being white and flaky; one and one-half cups wheat flour. Stir a heaping teaspoonful of baking powder in the flour. Beat two eggs and a cup of milk together with a half cup of butter. Add a little salt. Mix the ingredients. If the dough isn't quite stiff enough add a little more wheat flour. Bake in pat-ty tins. Serve hot or cold.

Baked Oysters and Macaroni—Break enough macaroni into two inch pieces to fill a cup. Throw it into rapidly boiling water containing a teaspoonful of salt and boil twenty minutes, drain and rinse in cold water to blanch. Drain and wash by pouring cold water over them in a colander two dozen oysters. Put a layer of macaroni in a baking dish, then a layer of oysters, dust with salt and pepper and dot with small bits of butter; then another layer of macaroni and oysters, and so on until all are used up; pour over them a cup of cream, cover the top with a layer of crumbs, and bake one-half hour in a moderately quick oven. Half a teaspoonful of salt, half a teaspoonful of pepper and a tablespoonful of butter will be the right proportion for seasoning.

Orange Meringue Pudding—Peel and slice two oranges, and lay them in a pudding dish; sprinkle with sugar; make a custard of one-half pint of milk, the yolks of two eggs, one-fourth cup of sugar, and one tablespoonful of corn starch; when cold, pour it over the oranges; beat the whites of the eggs into a stiff froth, add one-third cupful of pulverized sugar, pour on the custard, and put it in an oven for a few minutes to brown.

Gravy Soup—Put one pound of beef and two ounces of ham into one pint of water; cover with water and simmer three hours, during which time it must not boil, as the pores of the meat will then be opened and the gravy drawn; put in three quarts of water (hot), with a quarter ounce each of pepper, allspice and salt, as well as sweet herbs; cloves, two or three carrots and turnips, together with a little celery, and boil slowly until the meat is done to shreds; strain well and serve hot.

### FUNNY SAYINGS.

"How did you get that black eye, Willie?"

"I got 'dat," replied Willie, disgustedly, "by waitin' to count ten when I was angry, like you told me to."

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The Editor—What have you written about the death of that bright young Jenkins?

The Reporter—Something neat, sir, windin' up with these words: "He leaves a brilliant future behind him."

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The class was having lessons in natural history and the teacher asked: "Now, is there any boy here who can tell me what a zebra is?"

Tommy—"Yes, sir, I can."

Teacher—"Well, Tommy, what is a zebra?"

Tommy—"A zebra is a donkey with a foot ball suit on."

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The protest against vaccination in the schools at Kansas City recalls an actual occurrence at Topeka a few years ago, says the Kansas City Journal. It had been required by law that all school children in a certain school district be vaccinated. One day a small boy brought a note to his teacher from his mother, which read: "Miss Smith: I did not have Jack vaccinated. I will tell you the reason. When I was a child I was vaccinated, and it proved fatal."

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### THE GROWING MIND AT WORK.

A youngster of inquiring mind made a short trip on one of the ferry-boats lately, and those are a few of the questions he propounded to his long-suffering caretaker:—

"Is the water down below there as

## The Bad Cold of To-day MAY BE PNEUMONIA TO-MORROW.

The sore throat or tickling cough that, to the careless, seems but a trivial annoyance, may develop into Pneumonia, Bronchitis, or some Throat or Lung trouble.

## DR. WOODS NORWAY PINE SYRUP

contains all the long-healing virtues of the pine tree, and is a sure cure for Coughs, Colds and all Throat or Lung troubles. Mrs. E. Hutchison, 188 Argyle Street, Toronto, writes: "I have been a sufferer from Chronic Bronchitis for years and have found Dr. Woods' Norway Pine Syrup far better than any of the hundreds of remedies I have used. Our whole family uses it in cases of Coughs or Colds. We would not be without it!"

Don't be humbugged into taking something "just as good," ask for Dr. Woods' and insist on getting it. Put up in yellow wrapper, three pine trees is the trade mark and price 25 cents.

wet as it is out in the ocean?"

"How many men could be drowned in water as deep as that?"

"Did you ever stand with your head in the water till you couldn't breathe any more?"

"If a father fish couldn't find any worms in the water for his little fish, would he think of going up on shore to dig for them?"

"Is that big man with the gold buttons on his coat the father of all those men who do whatever he tells them?"

"Oh, look!" was the gleeful comment as they passed a steamer towed by a little harbor tug, which whistled sharply every now and then, "that big boat's got the little boat by the tail, and the little boat's squealing!"

Then his attention was momentarily turned upon a collie of high degree whose silky tail swept the deck. When discovered simultaneously by the horrified owner of the canine as well as his own weary guardian he was actively engaged in tying the tip of the dog's tail upon its back to the ring in its collar.

"But 'deed I wasn't hurtin' it any," protested the small boy, dolefully. "Benson says dogs what trail their tails behind 'em is sneaks, and I was trying to help unsneak him!"

—Pilgrim.

## TORTURING NEURALGIA

### Suffered for Ten Years, Cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Neuralgia is the king of torturers. A tingling of the tender skin, a sharp sudden stab from some angry nerve; then piercing paroxysms of pain—that's neuralgia. The cause of the trouble is disordered nerves due to thin watery blood. The cure is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which make new, rich red blood, and thus soothe and strengthen the disordered nerves and cure neuralgia. Among the thousands who have proven that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure neuralgia is Mrs. R. C. Johnson, of Simpson's Corner, N.S. Mrs. Johnson says:

"For upwards of ten years I was a sufferer from the awful pains of neuralgia. Over-exertion or the least exposure to a cold wave would set me nearly wild with torture. I doctored with two physicians, but they did not cure me. I then tried several advertised medicines, but found no benefit. The trouble continued at intervals that made life miserable, until six or eight months ago, when a relation of mine brought me a box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and urged me to try them. I used this box and then got a half dozen more, and by the time I had used them all trace of the trouble had disappeared, and as I have not since had the slightest attack I feel safe in saying that the cure is permanent." Mrs. Johnson is one of the best known ladies in the section in which she resides, and is a prominent worker in the Congregational Church. Naturally her family and friends are rejoiced over her cure and Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have made many warm friends in that section as a result of their good work."

It is because Dr. Williams' Pink Pills make new, pure, warm blood that they have such great power to cure disease. They positively cure rheumatism, sciatica, neuralgia, St. Vitus dance, partial paralysis, kidney and liver troubles, anaemia, and the ailments from which women alone suffer. The purchaser must be careful to see that the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," is printed on the wrapper around each box. Sold by all medicine dealers or sent by mail at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

## The Poet's Corner.

### IF WISHING WERE HAVING.

Hey, little lassies with eyes of blue,  
And brave little laddies with eyes of brown!

What if a fairy should come to you  
And show you the way to Grown-up Town?

Now tell me truly, if I have guessed  
That this is the gift your heart holds best.

Would you drop your dolly and leave your ball,  
And quit your frolics in field and glen,

For the sake of feeling yourselves grow tall,  
For the bliss of being real women and men?

Say, little lassies, and laddies too,  
Now isn't this just what you would do?

Tell me, oh women with wistful eyes,  
And men who grieve on life's tail-some way,

What if kind fate, in some fairy guise  
Should grant the wish of your heart to-day?

Weighed in the balance of time's true cost,  
Which of all gifts, would you count the best?

Would you leave the crowded city mart,  
The glitter of gold, the crown of fame,

To sport as a child with care-free heart,  
And eyes unclouded by grief or shame?

Tell me, oh world-tried women and men,  
Would you be, if you could, a child again?

—Ida Goldsmith Morris.

### THE BELOVED.

They are gone out into the night,  
The young, the loved, the wise and gay;

Here whence our joys so soon take flight  
Ah, who would stay?—would choose to stay?

Oh, who's in love with life to be,  
Life so alone when friends are gone?

The last leaves on an empty tree  
Trembling alone, trembling alone.

Oh, who would fear to take the road—  
To stay were rather cause for fear—  
That the beloved fast have trod  
But yesterday, but yesterday?

Beyond the night, beyond the waste,  
Where stars yet lift their diadem,  
Shall we not, if we go in haste,  
Come up with them, come up with them?

Oh, who would fear the night and frost,  
Beyond whose mirk their faces shine—  
The young, the loved, the early lost?  
Oh, yours and mine; Oh, yours and mine!

—Katharine Tynan Hinkson.

### AT NIGHT.

At night  
The whist of life grows still,  
The throbbing of the noisy mill,  
The pulsing brain and hand that till,  
At night grow still.

At night  
The stars come out and keep  
Their watch through all the hours of sleep.  
O'er dreaming land and solemn deep,  
And those who weep.

At night  
We rise above the care  
And pettiness that all must bear,  
And breathe the sweet and purer air  
That angels share.

—Frank H. Sweet.

### YESTERDAY.

Dear yesterday, glide not so fast,  
Oh, let me cling  
To thy white garments floating past,  
Even to shadows which they cast.

I cling, I cling,  
Show me thy face  
Just once, once more, a single night  
Cannot have brought a loss, a blight  
Upon its grace.

Nor are they dead whom thou dost bear,  
Robed for the grave,  
See what a smile their red lips wear:  
To lay them living wilt thou dare  
Into a grave?

I know, I know,  
I left thee first, now I repeat  
I listen now; I never meant  
To have thee go.

Just once, once more, tell me the word,  
Thou hast for me!

Alas, although my heart was stirred,  
I never knew or heard  
It was for me,  
O yesterday.

My yesterday, thy sorest pain  
Were joy shouldst thou but come again—  
Sweet yesterday.

—Helen Hunt Jackson.

### MY NUT-BROWN MAID.

My heart is far from Liffey's tide  
And Dublin town,  
It strays beyond the southern side  
Of (God-Maol-Dun),

Where Cappoquin hath woodlands green,  
Where Own-mor's waters flow,  
Where dwells unsung, unsought, unseen,

Mo Chraoibhin Cno,  
Low clustering in her leafy screen,  
Mo Chraoibhin Cno,

The high-bred dames of Dublin town  
Are rich and fair,  
With wavy plumes and aiken gown  
And stately air;

Can plumes compare thy dark-brown hair?  
Can silks thy neck of snow?  
Or measured pace thine artless grace,  
Mo Chraoibhin Cno,

When harebells scarcely show thy trace,  
Mo Chraoibhin Cno,

I've heard the songs by Liffey's wave  
That maidens sung—  
They sung their land, the Saxon's slave,  
In Saxon tongue—

Oh! bring me here that Gaelic dear  
Which cursed the Saxon foe,  
When thou didst charm my raptured ear,  
Mo Chraoibhin Cno,

And none but God's good angels near  
Mo Chraoibhin Cno,

I've wandered by the rolling Lee,  
And Lene's green bowers—  
I've seen the Shannon's wide-spread sea,

And Limerick's towers—  
And Liffey's tide, where halls of pride  
Frown o'er the flood below;  
My wild heart strays to Own-mor's side,

Mo Chraoibhin Cno,  
With love and thee for aye to bide,  
Mo Chraoibhin Cno,  
—Edward Walsh.

\*A liberal translation of "Mo Chraoibhin Cno" (pronounced "Mo Craoibhin O") literally "Cluster of Nuts."

### THE SPINNER.

The spinner twisted her slender thread  
As she sat and spun;  
The earth and the heavens are mine," she said,

"And the moon and sun;  
Into my web the sunlight goes,  
And the breath of May—  
And the crimson life of the new-born rose  
That was born to-day."

The spinner sat in the hush of noon,  
And her song was low;  
"Ah, morning, you pass away too soon,  
You are swift to go;

My heart o'erflows like a brimming cup,  
With its hopes and fears—  
Love, come and drink the sweetness up,  
Ere it turns to tears."

The spinner looked at the falling sun,  
"Is it time to rest?  
My hands are weary—my work is done;

I have wrought my best;  
I have spun and woven with patient eyes  
And with fingers fleet.  
Lo! Where the toll of a lifetime lies  
In a winding sheet!"

—Mary Anne de Vere.

### IN THE LATE AFTERGLOW.

Low in the east a misty orange moon  
And in the west the last faint tinge  
Of red  
Moonlight and twilight mingling overhead

In tender beauty that will fade too soon,  
O God of Earth and Heaven, grant me this boon—  
That often at this hour, when I am dead,  
My spirit may return and, raptured, tread  
This winding hill-path where the cedars crouch;

That I may feel, as I feel now, the spell,  
The ecstasy, the longing and the thrill  
Of mute companionship with stream and dell,  
And trees, and stars, and every heavenward hill;  
And dream the dreams no mortal tongue can tell,  
And speak thy deeps that ever more are still.

—Ingram Crockett.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1905.

## OUR

Dear Girls and Boys  
I am just imagining  
must have had hallow  
looking forward to  
letters telling me wh  
played, and wh  
time you had. Wh  
little friends this we  
Your loving  
AU

MOTHER'S KISS

A kiss when I wake fr  
A kiss when I go to b  
A kiss when I burn m  
A kiss when I hurt m

A kiss when my bath  
A kiss when my bath  
My mother is full of k  
As nurse is full of pin

A kiss when I play wi  
A kiss when I pull her  
She covered me over  
The day I fell from th

A kiss when I give her  
A kiss when I give her  
There's nothing like m  
For her own little bab

NUMBER SEVEN

"Mercy, it's hot!"  
stout woman, waiting  
in a city department s  
"But it's nice and co  
ment," smiled the cas  
returned with a check

The customer looked  
moist, shiny face—and  
ed, white little face i  
sure, but cheerful as a  
shine—and the woman,  
herself, smiled back as

"You don't seem very  
"That's because I'm s  
run more checks than an  
morning," the girl said  
of to answer another c  
"You'd think Number S  
interest in the concern,  
glad when she's busy,"  
marked, handing the v  
change. "She's a good  
you up a day like this."

The clerk who had sun  
cash girl handed her a c  
ing as she did so to the  
her:

"I wish I had a drink  
"I'll bring you one t  
back," Number Seven in  
sponded.

The clerk nodded and  
thanks, and when the y  
had passed out of hearin  
her fellow-worker:

"She's the most willing  
basement. I always like  
my checks."

The day grew hotter, the  
grew harder to please,  
grew more tired, but t  
spirit of Number Seven  
ged nor failed, though o  
her step did, and her face  
grew smaller. But the s  
and went quite as frequ  
had done earlier in the d  
girl said gravely to her:

"I don't see how you k  
grumbling."

"What's the use? Grumb  
make you any cooler and  
tired out of your feet," N  
ven answered.

On the way home the  
seating capacity of the c  
Number Seven to a standin  
beside the motorman.

"Say, isn't it fine here!"  
raising her little smiling fa  
"You mightn't think so i  
to stand here all day," he s  
"But the wind is so cool  
Oh, it's just fine!" she c  
ing in deep breaths of the  
air until her narrow shoul  
ed to broaden and her ey  
with the contentment of gre  
If the motorman exceede  
gulation speed of the car  
then and the next stop, i  
cause of Number Seven's ev  
preciation of her positio  
though it must have been t  
the feet that had kept on ru  
day.

When Number Seven reach  
—and home was three room  
rear of a tall building—she  
the small kitchen crying eag  
"I've come, mother, and so  
I've brought you!"

The woman standing at the  
turned and said gently:  
"I'm glad you have come, d  
has been a hot day, hasn't it  
Number Seven nodded her h  
removed her sailor hat. "And  
bury one, and lots of nice  
happening," she supplemented  
customer gave me a nifty b