

HOME INTERESTS.

Conducted by HELENE

What a pity it is that women neglect their music after marriage? Nearly every young girl of to-day has had musical training of one sort or another. She may not be a great musician, but, then, the average man is not a very severe critic. Yet no sooner has she a house of her own and a husband than she forgets all her pretty little pieces, and, as for getting new ones, the idea never occurs to her. She used to be proud and happy to accompany a song, but now she cannot. "She has no time," to keep up her practicing, and when she attempts to she finds, to her dismay, perhaps, that she is forgetting all she once knew. In time her little girls may take her place, and she, fond, unselfish mother, will be quite content maybe, but the husband misses something. Deep down in his heart there is perhaps a picture of a sweet girlish figure playing his accompaniments so much in harmony with his song. What happy, bright days they were for them both, and why are they no more?

WHAT THE FACE TOLD.

Two young girls in the parlor of a celebrated photographer were waiting somewhat impatiently their turn for a sitting. They had consulted the mirror and each other, had straightened every bow and ornament, had skillfully brushed the abundant hair into its most becoming waves and tendrils, yet still they were obliged to wait. When the studio door was finally opened and two middle-aged ladies emerged the eyes of the girls ran swiftly over the face and figure of the one who had evidently been before the camera. "Dear me! All this time wasted on her?" whispered one pair of rosy lips. "When I get to be as old and as homely as that I'll not bother with having pictures taken, I can tell you."

But the artist was even then expressing to a friend his satisfaction with his sitter. "I like to take that kind of a picture—a face that is full of character," he said. "That patient steadfastness in the eyes, the strong lines about the mouth, will come out finely. Pretty faces are plentiful enough—they mean nothing except that care and time have not yet touched them—but strong, sweet faces have to be slowly chiseled out, year by year, by some workman within."

CLEAN LEATHER CHAIRS WITH CASTLE SOAP.

Leather on chairs is best cleaned with wet rag and soap. Select a pure castile soap—never a laundry variety—make a lather with luke-warm water and with a damp cloth rub suds into the leather with a rotary motion, covering the entire surface so one part will not be clean and another have a soiled appearance. When the seat or back has been well scrubbed in this way, rub the surface dry with a soft flannel cloth, and the spots should disappear, but the leather should be as shiny as it was when new. Where there are grease spots on the leather they should have an extra washing and should first be cleansed with the suds and damp cloths or piece of cheesecloth, so that any stain will come out when the entire back or seat is scrubbed. I would never scrub oils into leather, for most of them make the surfaces sticky, especially during hot weather. Then, too, the leather is so prepared that no oil is necessary, the only essential in care of such upholstery being a dusting every day or oftener if convenient and a washing with suds and a damp cloth once in two or three weeks. Don't forget that leather must be carefully rubbed and kept warm in winter, and remember that it is a bad plan to sit down quickly on a leather seat

that has been kept in a cold room for several days, for the upholstery is likely to crack and split, just as patent leather does.—New York Telegram.

NOTED WOMAN PHYSICIAN A CONVERT.

Dr. Sarah Hackett Stevenson, prominent in professional and club circles of Chicago, has become a convert to the Church. Dr. Stevenson has been ill for several months and a patient at St. Elizabeth's Hospital, conducted by the community of nuns known as the Poor Handmaids. She is one of the most noted woman physicians of the United States. A graduate of the Illinois State University, she studied at the South Kensington Scientific School in London and in 1873 was graduated from the Woman's Medical College. She was the first woman member of the American Medical Association, and she was also the first woman member of the Cook County Hospital, in Chicago. She founded the Maternity Hospital on the West Side, and also the Training School for Nursery Maids. She is the author of several books and a number of papers on medical topics.

THE MANNER IN WHICH MEN LIKE TO SEE WOMEN DRESSED.

If women dress to please men they will always be gowned simply, appropriately, more quietly and consequently more becomingly than if they wear their clothes for the benefit of women. Men always like simple, neat costumes, free from flying ends, frills, ribbons and laces. Of course there are men who never notice what kind of clothes their wives and daughters wear. They only know when these look well, when the general effect is good, but are never able to particularize, but men are becoming better educated in the matter of clothes for women and the average man of to-day travelling about among women is capable of discriminating and knows the value of a woman's clothing as well as its becomingness. Many wives would appear to better advantage in their clothes if they would take their husbands' advice in the selection of them instead of the advice of their dressmakers. The latter are apt to burden their customers down with costly and unbecoming furbelows regardless of taste.—Frances Van Etten, in Leslie's Weekly.

WHITENING THE TEETH.

The teeth are improved by the use of salt. Rubbed wet when the mouth is stained with fruit it will bleach perfectly. Rubbed in once a day with a brush it is a tonic and antiseptic, and combined with peroxide it makes a powerful bleach. This is done by wetting a brush with a few drops of peroxide of hydrogen and then dipping it into salt. This will have a most pronounced effect upon yellow teeth, whitening them noticeably, but it should not be used oftener than once in ten days or the enamel will be injured.

THE RETURN OF THE CAMEO.

Girdles formed of rows of cameos interlinked with fine gold openwork promise to have a great vogue this winter, and the single cameo in the form of a locket, suspended by a gold chain around the neck, and marquis rings are already being adopted with enthusiasm, while in addition Empire combs and other personal trinkets, toilet boxes and ornaments inset with cameos are carrying all before them at present in the French capital.

NEW YEAR'S CAKE (GERMAN.)

Sift ten ounces of flour into a bowl; weigh one-half pound of pow-

Dr. Slocum's Great Tonic and Disease Destroyer PSYCHINE

(PRONOUNCED SH-KEEN) Used in Thousands of Homes in Canada

THOSE WHO don't know what Psychine is and what it does are asking about it. THOSE WHO do know what Psychine is and what it does are using it. They regard it as their best physician and friend. THOSE WHO use it are being quickly and permanently cured of all forms of throat, chest, lung and stomach troubles. It is a scientific preparation, destroying all disease germs in the blood and system. It is a wonderful tonic and system building remedy, and is a certain cure for

COUGHS, LA GRIPPE, Colds, Pneumonia, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Weak Voice, Hemorrhages, Sleeplessness, Nervousness, Malaria, Anaemia, Bronchial Coughs, Chills and Fever, Difficult Breathing, General Weakness, Female Troubles, Fickle Appetite, Night Sweats, Consumption, Catarrh of the Stomach.

All these diseases are serious in themselves, and if not promptly cured in the early stages are the certain forerunners of Consumption in its most terrible form. Psychine conquers and cures Consumption, but it is much easier and safer to prevent its development by using Psychine. Here is a sample of thousands of voluntary and unsolicited statements from all over Canada:

Dr. T. A. Slocum, Limited: Gentlemen,—I feel it my duty to advise you of the remarkable cure effected by your Psychine and Oxomulsion, which have come under my personal observation. Three men, well known to me, Albert Townsend, Hazel Hipson and John McKay, all of Shelburne County, were pronounced by the best medical men to have consumption, and to be incurable and beyond the reach of medical aid. They used Psychine and Oxomulsion and they are now in good health. I feel it a duty to advise suffering humanity to state these facts for the benefit of other sufferers from this terrible disease. Yours truly, LEANDER MCKENZIE, J.P., Green Harbor, N.S.

Psychine, pronounced Sh-keen, is for sale at all up-to-date dealers. If your druggist or general store cannot supply you, write Dr. T. A. Slocum, Limited, 179 King Street West, Toronto.

dered sugar, two ounces of candied citron, one fourth pound of Sultana raisins and one-half pound of butter. You need, besides these, four eggs and one lemon. Beat the butter (washed and squeezed dry) to a cream with the hand; add to it a tablespoonful of flour, one of sugar and one egg. Mix thoroughly and then go on in the same way, using the materials gradually, until they are all in. Grate the lemon and add the fruit, warmed and floured; line a pan with buttered paper, using two thicknesses at the bottom. Bake in a moderate oven two hours, covered the first hour.

TIMELY HINTS.

Paint stains that are dry and old may be removed from cotton or woollen goods with chloroform. First cover the spot with olive oil or butter.

When the water is too muddy to whiten the clothes it can be cleared very quickly by stirring in a little corn meal. The meal will go to the bottom as soon as it is thoroughly wet and will carry the solid particles with it.

Washing irons occasionally with soap suds and drying them on the stove, will prevent rusting. While they are still warm, rub them with kerosene.

The shine that snows a serge skirt or jacket to be no longer new can easily be removed by sponging the garment with blueing water, such as is used to laundry clothes. While still damp press the goods under a thin cloth.

In laundering white spreads or any large piece where difficulty is experienced in finding the large soiled spots a good plan is to fasten a

MILBURN'S Heart and Nerve Pills.



Are you afflicted with all diseases and disorders arising from a run-down condition of the heart or nerve system, such as palpitation of the heart, nervousness, Prostration, Nervousness, Headaches, Dizziness, Drowsiness, Brain Pain, etc. They are especially beneficial to those who are afflicted with irregular menstruation. Price 50 cents per box, or \$1.00 for 3 boxes. All dealers, or The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

piece of black silk thread to most soiled places. The spot can then be easily detected.

PERSIAN LAMB JACKETS A SPECIALTY.

Our fit is the Nec plus Ultra of elegance and perfection. Our jackets are made out of whole prime skins. Our prices are the most reasonable and the lowest in the market.

CHS. DESJARDINS & COE., The largest retail Fur House in the World. 485 St. Catherine St. East. Corner St. Timothy. Bell Tel. East, 1536. 1537.

FUNNY SAYING.

NEEDED HELP. Mark Twain's daughter, Clara, tells a good story of an intimate friend who was giving a dinner one day in honor of a distinguished guest. Her husband had become engaged in a lively discussion with the gentleman near him, and he was brought to a cognizance of his duties as host by hearing his wife say: "How very inattentive you are, Joe! You must look after Mr. — better. He is helping himself to everything."

ASSOCIATIVE MEMORY.

"Tommy, what ancient king was it who played on the fiddle while Rome was burning?" "Hector, ma'am." "No, no—not Hector." "Then it wuz Dook." "Duke? What do you mean, Tommy?" "Well, then, it must 'a' been Nero. I knowed it wuz somebody with a dog's name."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

ROUGH ON THE FOOD.

The child had been taught to say grace at the table. Occasionally he varied it. "O Lord, please forgive us for this breakfast they've put on the table," he said one morning.

FELT BETTER FOR THE FALL.

Dr. Sanderson, an old Scotch physician, was a queer character, but a clever doctor. So roughly did he handle his patients that the ignorant were chiefly anxious to escape him. The story goes that as he was passing along the street one day a sweep rolled from the top to the bottom of a staircase outside one of the houses.

"Are you hurt?" called the doctor, running forward. "Not a bit, doctor—not a bit," replied the man in haste. "Indeed, I feel 'a' the better."

A GOOD MAJORITY.

A well-known English surgeon was imparting some clinical instructions to half a dozen students, according to The Medical Age. Pausing at the bedside of a doubtful case he said: "Now, gentlemen, do you think this is or is not a case for operation?"

One by one each student made his diagnosis, and all of them answered in the negative.

"Well, gentlemen, you are all wrong," said the wielder of the scalpel, "and I shall operate to-morrow."

"No you won't," said the patient, as he rose in his bed; "six to one is a good majority; gimme my clothes."

"We can't get all at once into the exclusive circles, ma. We haven't got the prestige."

"Well, law sakes, Sairy, can't we buy some?"

Owner—Why are you arresting us? Country Constable—Wal, I need th' money. I'm trying ter git enough from fees ter buy an automobile myself!—Life.

Are your corns harder to remove than those that others have had? Have they not had the same kind? Have they not been cured by using Holloway's Corn Cure? Try a bottle.

THE POET'S CORNER

THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW.

By the Rev. Patrick Cronin. (Reprinted from the Union and Times of Dec. 31, 1903.) Another year—alas! has flitted by—Another link in mem'ry's golden chain—Soon midnight lone shall see him droop and die; Nor joy nor grief he'll ever wake again.

Ah! We behold him gay and festive born, With laugh and song was ushered in his reign; Young hearts were glad as broke the merry morn, And hid them round to wake the festive strain.

We saw the Old Year in his balmy spring, When early bloom had mantled his young cheek, And 'round his path wild flowers were blossoming, And all was lovely as the heart could seek.

We saw him in his golden summer prime, When youth and beauty linger'd 'neath the shade; And heard from fragrant boughs and garden thyme, The joyous carols that the wild bird made.

But, best of all, were his autumnal eyes, When, Ceres-like, with brow all crowned with corn, He gathered up his fruits and golden sheaves And poured afar and near his plentiful horn.

But ah! our years, like all things else, must die; When winter comes, so dark and drear for all, Their frost comes, too, and wild winds loud and high But chant sad dirges o'er their funeral.

And so the olden year is gone with those That long have vanished to the phantom land; We'll lay him lonely in his grave of snows, 'Neath cypress boughs by chilling breezes fanned.

But now I fain would linger here awhile, In pensive mem'ries o'er the buried past; Recall the well-known faces, and the smile Of kindly eyes, alas! too pure to last.

And early hopes long since delusive grown, And friendships false when came the trusting hour; And nameless dreams that from my heart have flown That leave it withered like a drooping flower.

But I must rouse me from these musings lone, The past is past—it never can return; Then kind adieu to all the years now gone, Peace to their ashes in the silent urn!

Ah, coming year! could we but lift the veil That dark, Mokanna-like, hangs o'er thy brow, Full many a tearful eye and dismal tale Would there appear where all is gladness now.

THE ADESTE FIDELES.

As the Adeste Fideles is sung until Candlemas Day, Feb. 2, this word about its origin will be interesting:

Individual authorship the Adeste Fideles may not have had. The atmosphere of the monastic scriptorium breathes, however, through its melodious strophes. It is in many respects unique in Christian hymnology. More than any other church song it blends prophecy, history, prayer, exultation, and praise. If it were printed side by side with the Nicene Creed it would be found an astonishing verification of that august prose.

Every line of the Adeste is a cadence of faith and love. Upon its cadences many hours must have been spent for the crystallization of sublime truth into crisp and dazzling syllables. Adeste, approach; fideles, ye faithful; lasti, joyful; triumph-

How many a merry voice shall silent grow;

How many a large blue eye be "dimmed and gone"; How many a loving heart in dust lie low Ere thou, oh year, shall vanish old and wan!

But up, away! nor let me loiter more— If it hath griefs 'twill bring bright glories, too; And dewy wreaths for triumphs gained shall soar Before the strong resolve the right to do.

And ho, loved friends, to you or near or far, To you whose mem'ries ever shall be dear; To you, when smiles the early morning star, I, greeting, wish a happy, glad New Year!

GREETING, NEW YEAR.

Greeting, New Year, upon the threshold standing! You find us quiet—in the year just fled, So many things we might have done and said Whereby the sad world had been comforted.

You bring us pages of unfolding days Bound round with pain and patience, prayer and praise— Some joy (we see it in your smiling eyes) Because the One who sends you is so wise.

Greeting, New Year, upon the threshold standing! In God's dear Name, unworthy though I be, I reach my hands for all you bring to me, With one fixed thought, to serve Him faithfully,

Come in, New Year, and may the while we spend, Go, purposeful, unto a fitting end, So when you stand where stood the vanished year, I speed you with a smile and not a tear.

—Jennie T. Hiles.

BOOKS AND MEN.

How closely men resemble books! For instance, when one merely looks At covers dull or bright with sheen, He never can tell what is between Until he reads. A gaudy dress May be the cloak of emptiness, While bindings, plain and poor and thin, May hold a wealth of thought within.

Men are like books! Made page by page To count the records or their age, Telling a story all may read, Trying to sow achievement's seed, Delving in mysteries of the deep, The open plain, the mountain steep; Spreading the wisdom of the world And keeping freedom's flag unfurled.

Like books some men are good, some bad, Some humorous, some dull and sad; Some shallow, others strong and deep, Some swiftly move, while others creep; Some are but fiction, others truth; Some reach old age, some die in youth.

But just a few can dimly see The goal of immortality!

antes, victorious; venite, come; adoremus, let us adore; Dominum, the Lord.

The hymn, in the Latin form, is so musical that it is memorized almost without effort. It is found continuously from the middle of the seventeenth century. It is believed that in many centres of devotion it was made also a recitation as if in oratorio. Plays drawn from Holy Writ were in vogue during the same period, and the Adeste Fideles would have been a congruous incident in either a Passion play, a miracle play, or a Madonna play. It was usual in those plays to introduce the folk melodies which in every country have become the basis of the national music. As these plays were gradually prohibited by the Church, on account of violations of strict decorum which incessantly crept in, oratorio succeeded in the vacated place, and many of the melodies disappeared or were framed into new settings.

Dear Girls and

I must express the interest you page devoted en Both the way in so regularly and puzzles pleased am going to get ready for you. at the moment; be more agreeab you suggest you competition you your thinking ca suggestions along I wish you all est year you hav just sufficient sh search for the su know, is beyond Lovin

Dear Aunt Becky:

It was with p your very welcom the postal order f fifty cents, for w most sincere than dear Aunt Bec Christmas, I rem Yours re H. Quebec, Dec. 21

Dear Aunt Becky:

Many thanks, de awarding me the and best wishes fo Christmas, I rema Your littl WALTER G Quebec.

Dear Aunt Becky:

I was very muc ceive by this morn third prize offere competition. It w ter, appreciated such a help to many thanks, dear now that the puzz I hope we shall co letters to the copy Wishing all my co self, dear Aunt Bec ry Christmas, and New Year, I remain Your lovin MAUDE Quebec, Dec. 20,

THE INFAN

They leave the lan gold, The shining porta For Him, the Woma They leave the re

To earth their scap cast, And crowns by worn,

They track the lone They kneel before born.

O happy eyes that O happy lips, that Earth slakes at l thirst; With Eden's joy be

True kings are those sake Their kingdoms for t Serpent, her foot is Herod, thou wr not sting.

He, He is King, and Who lifts that infan Who makes His Mot throne,

Yet rules the starry —Aubrey de Vere.

CHILDHOOD

The sweetest memo tals know are tho about the scenes of especially those v created, fostered, throughout the sta loved.

The star that shon Bethlehem's plain on ning when shepherds advent of Jesus has luster. Nay, it gro ous and beautiful as

LUBY'S advertisement for hair restoration and skin care.