

HOME CIRCLE COLUMN

Pleasant Evening Reveries dedicated to tired Mothers as they Join the Home Circle at Evening Tide.

THE OLD-FASHIONED WOMAN.
No clever, brilliant thinker, she,
With college record and degree,
She has not known the paths of fame,
The world has never heard her name;
She walks in old, untrod ways—
The valleys of the yesterdays.

Around her childish heart's are twined,
As with some recent saint's shrine,
And following hers, the childish feet
Are led to ideals pure and sweet,
And find all purity and good
In her divinely motherhood.

She keeps her faith unshaken still,
God rules the world in good and ill;
Men in her creed are brave and true,
And women pure as pearls of dew;
And life for her is high and grand,
By work and glad endeavor spanned.

This sad old earth's a brighter place
All for the sunshine of her face;
Her very smile a blessing throws,
And hearts are happier where she goes,
A gentle, clear-eyed messenger,
To whisper love—thank God for her!

Some men stumble over straws in the
road to heaven but climb over hills on
the road to destruction.

In the home life never forget that the
children have social rights, and the
chief among these is the right to laugh
when they are happy, and to cry when
unhappy, and to make a noise.

The great event in every young man's
life is his awakening. There comes a
time when he's aroused from the dreamy
carelessness of boyhood by the opening
possibilities of life. If he then drops
into indifference and begins life in an
easy, shiftless way, he fritters away his
chances. If he comes to a deep, earnest
purpose to be at his best and do his
best, he arrives early at the highest rank
among equals in business, profession or
trade.

The mother who radiates peace,
radiates strength also. The restlessness,
the noise, the rush of the life of to-day,
make it all the more necessary to main-
tain within the home an atmosphere of
serenity and sweetness, so that the
threshold once crossed, the outside
noise and clatter and strife are left
secretly behind. This is, perhaps, an
old-fashioned conception of home.

Encouragement is something we
naturally look for. A little praise, a
word of hope or a cheerful smile—some-
thing for the hungry soul to grasp and
the weary mind to rest upon as we climb
the toilsome mountain of life. How
many poor hearts have sunk into despondency, when a little encourage-

CANADA'S INSECT DESTROYERS.

Canada's bird visitors are rapidly
returning for the warmer season, and
we may again look forward to their
assistance in the destruction of cater-
pillars and insects, so destructive to our
trees.

One of the most important of these
birds is the woodpecker. It feeds on
larvae and small insects, which are
found in crevices of the bark; securing
them with its protrusible tongue. This
tongue is sharp, hard at the end, has
barbs directed backward, and can be
extended several inches. The red-
headed woodpecker, besides digging
insects out of bark, seizes them on the
wing. In the examination of over 700
stomachs of woodpeckers, animal food,
mostly insects, was found to constitute
76 per cent of the diet and vegetable
matter 24 per cent. The animal food
consists largely of beetles and cater-
pillars, and includes many harmful
species.

The chickadee is another of our most
active insect destroyers. It is especially
active in the vicinity of any timber, or
wood chopping. The birds will become
very familiar, and will readily make
friends. Not being equipped, as the
woodpecker is, with a long bill, they
take advantage of the cutting of wood,
etc., to secure the grubs found
under the bark or exposed in the cutting.
As a rule, however, they feed upon the
insects of the orchard, the bush or
aruberry.

The woodpecker and the chickadee
are only two of the many birds which
are of great service both in the city and
country, and it is surely not too much
to ask that people give them the neces-
sary protection to allow them to con-
tinue their invaluable work.

Spring Fires.

Midwinter is the most dangerous time
in regard to fires in buildings but so far
as our forests are concerned, spring is
one of the worst periods. The dead
leaves of last season and the dead twigs
and branches on the ground are more
brittle and dry in the first few days of
spring, just after the snow leaves, than
at any other time of the year. Those
who go into the woods for any purpose
are, therefore, cautioned to be careful
with their camp fires and with matches.
They should also see that any cigar or
cigarette stubs are dead before they
throw them away. Observance of these
precautions will do more for conserva-
tion than many meetings and conven-
tions ten years from now and this duty
is urged on all patriotic citizens. The
fact that Canada is at war makes this
duty all the more important.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

ment has reassured them. The soldier
looks for it on the field of battle. It is
the cheering voice of his leader that
urges him on through the danger of
death and crowns the day with victory.

It is just as possible to keep a calm
house as a clean one, a cheerful house
as a warm one, if the heads set them-
selves to do so. Where is the difficulty
of consulting each other's weaknesses as
well as each other's wants; each other's
temper as well as each other's health;
each other's comfort as well as each
other's character. Peace rules the day
when reason rules the mind. Oh! it is
by leaving the peace at home to chance,
instead of pursuing it by system that so
many houses are unhappy. It deserves
notice, also, that almost anyone can be
courteous and forbearing and patient in
a neighbor's house. If anything goes
wrong or is out of tune, or disagreeable
there, it is made the best of, not the
worst; even efforts are made to excuse
it, it is attributed to accident, not de-
sign; and this is not only easy, but
natural, in the house of a friend.

Let us take time to get acquainted
with our families. The wealth you are
accumulating may be a doubtful bless-
ing to the son who is a stranger to you.
Your beautifully kept house, busy
mother, can never be a home to the
daughter whom you have no time to
caress.

You may preach sermons and advocate
reform and denounce wickedness, and
yet your children will be captivated by
the glittering saloon of sin unless you
can make your home a brighter place
than any other place on earth to them.

The home influence is either a bless-
ing or a curse, either for good or for
evil. It cannot be neutral. In either
case it is mighty, commencing with our
birth; going with us through life, cling-
ing to us in death, and reaching into the
eternal world. The specific influences
of husband and wife, of parent and
child, of brother and sister, of teacher
and pupil united and harmoniously
blended, constitute the home influence.
Like the calm, deep stream, it moves on
in silent but overwhelming power. It
strikes its roots deep into the human
heart, and spreads its branches wide
over our whole being. Like the lily that
braves the tempest and the Alpine
flower that leans its cheek on the bosom
of eternal snow, it is, exerted amid the
wildest storms of life and breathes a
soothing spell in our bosom even when
a heartless world is freezing up the foun-
tains of sympathy and love.

What Quail Eat.

Col. G. O. Shields, president of the
League of American Sportsmen, declares
that \$100,000,000 worth of cotton is
ruined every year in the southern
States because the southerners persist in
shooting the quail, meadow larks and
prairie chickens, while he maintains that
the Hessian fly and chinch bug do \$200,-
000,000 damage to the grain crop, which
would be avoided if we would only pro-
tect our song and insectivorous birds.
One Pennsylvania quail, examined by a
Government entomologist, had remains
of 127 potato bugs in its stomach. The
moral is obvious.

A Remarkable Child.

Brockville possesses a wonder in the
person of little Leonard Wade, aged
four years and one month, youngest
child of J. L. Wade, 31-Abbott street.
At the age of two and one-half years
the child commenced his career as a
singer, six months later appearing before
large audiences in the Brock and Griffin
Theatre respectively. In a recent
appearance at Brock Theatre, this art-
less child completely captivated the
large audience present. Dressed in a
fine suit of khaki he made a sensation
in singing a patriotic song. In response
to one of the encores he gave the mili-
tary salute in true British fashion.
The possessor of a pleasing personality,
perfect enunciation and an exceptionally
sweet voice this gifted child is assured
of a welcome from Brockville audiences
and if he lives, a brilliant future is pre-
dicted. His older brother, Bernard, is
also one of Brockville's rising young
vocalists.

CHILDHOOD CONSTIPATION.

Mrs. Andrew G. Lund, Hughenden,
Alta., writes: "Two of my babies were
very much troubled with constipation
and I tried several remedies without
success. A neighbor advised me to try
Baby's Own Tablets and they were so
satisfactory that now I would use
nothing else." The Tablets never fail to
cure constipation and they may be given
to the youngest child with perfect
safety. They are sold by medicine
dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box
from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co.,
Brockville, Ont.

Mrs. Amos W. Blanchard passed away
on Tuesday at the home of her daughter
at Vancouver. Several years ago Mr.
and Mrs. Blanchard left Athens to live
with their daughter, Mrs. (Dr.) A. E. Bol-
ton, in Vancouver, B.C., and Mrs. Temple
Cliffe, New Westminster.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

Retouching the Ready Made

It is not every woman's good fortune
to be able to cut and fit and make her
own clothes. Some have not the time,
while others have not the ability, and
many have neither. The busy woman
especially hates to give her precious
minutes to long hours with the dress-
maker, and it is for such that the
shops put on their racks and counters
such a number of stylish ready made
garments. For the fastidious woman,
however, it is something of a shock to
see herself, so to speak, coming down
the street in the identical frock or suit
she is wearing. For her there is noth-
ing to do but to invest in the cheaper
ready made garments and put the re-
mainder of the allowance into fixings
that will make the frock, suit or blouse
partake of her own personality. After
all, one's clothes should reflect one's
personality.

For sheer tailored blouses there is a
happy expedient that any woman can
resort to with a few stitches, and that
is to apply under the sheer material a
length of figured or contrasting colored
ribbon. This will "dress up" the blouse
with the smallest possible expenditure
of time and money.

The styles are so accommodating at
present that a frock may be complete-
ly changed with very little trouble.
An imported gown in a smart shop
suggests a way of putting "the punch"
into a cheap tulle dress frock. The
imported model had a very straight
gathered skirt, which was turned un-
der at each side for a distance of four
or five inches at the hem to reveal a
lace petticoat. This gave a bouffant
appearance without interfering with
the cut of the skirt. A girle of old
blue velvet contrasted beautifully with
the flesh tint of the frock. A tulle
scarf was suggested for softening the
corset. A cheap drop skirt on an other-
wise good looking dance frock may
be omitted entirely, the lace petticoat
sufficing to give the fluffy appearance
at the foot.

Leather collars and cuffs, from new
leather to be bought at a leather house
or from the arms of a good pair of
kid gloves where the hands are worn
out, will make a bought suit take on a
different air. A leather belt added in
place of the fabric belt will give tone
to a Russian blouse coat. New lining
will make a cheaper plush coat look
much more expensive and dressy, as
often the lining is where the manufac-
turer has saved his pennies to make
his profit on the coat.

A large suit skirt may be shirred
into fitting at the waist line, and a belt
of material, which comes from the
piece taken off the hem, added for
style.

Braiding on pockets will dress up a
plain suit, or the addition of new fur
will often help out.

A SAILOR, HO!

The Ever Popular Middy Suit For the
Small Lad.

This correct lad is all set up in blue
broadcloth and white linen neatly
braided and chevroned. The black silk



LITTLE BOY BLUE.

tie is knotted of a memento from the
battleship Connecticut. These middy
suits are especially serviceable during
winter months, as they take the place
of leggings.

Rice Snowballs.

Wash two teaspoonfuls of rice and
boil it in one teacupful of water and
one of milk, with a little salt. If the
rice is not tender when the milk and
water are absorbed add a little more
milk and water; when the rice is ten-
der flavor with vanilla, form it into
balls or mold into a compact form with
little cups; place these rice balls around
the inside of a deep dish, fill the dish
with a rich, soft custard and serve
either hot or cold. The custard and
balls should be flavored alike.

CLAIMED THE SHIP

Maro Thought He Was Eligible to
Command a Cruiser.

AN OLD TIME NAVAL PRANK.

The Shabby Trick That Was Played
Upon a Patriotic Greek Boilermaker
by Some of Uncle Sam's Sailors With
Whom He Had Shipped.

"A number of years ago the cruiser
on which I was serving shipped a boil-
ermaker while we were on the Medi-
terranean station," said a retired petty
officer of the navy. "Our former boil-
ermaker's time expired while we were
at Gibraltar, and as he was not in good
physical shape he wasn't re-enlisted,
but took his discharge and returned to
the United States by mail steamer. So
the ship was shy a boilermaker, a very
important and necessary petty officer
down below in the engineer's depart-
ment, and when the ship pulled into
Naples harbor the chief engineer went
ashore to see if he couldn't dig up a
boilermaker.

"There was a clause in the enlist-
ment regulations permitting command-
ing officers to ship necessary men on
foreign stations in short handed emer-
gencies. The chief engineer brought
back to the ship a Greek named Char-
lie Maro. The man couldn't speak any
English to speak of, but he was a
good man at the boilermaking busi-
ness, and he was duly shipped aboard
of us for three years. He was a wild,
bawdy looking lot, Maro was, and he
got a good deal of a laugh at the
hands of the crew, especially the
younger fellows, from the time he first
came over the side.

"Maro thought that there wasn't any
other country on the map except
Greece, and after he got hold of enough
English to make himself understood he
used to take some of the young appren-
tice boys up into the eyes of the ship
and tell them, with many gesticula-
tions and furious words, of the differ-
ent kinds of tar Greece could knock
out of Turkey.

"The ship was around on the Pacific
station when the war broke out be-
tween Greece and Turkey. When the
news of the outbreak of the war got to
Maro, our boilermaker, he eagerly had
heard disease and a whole lot of other
sudden things from pure excitement.
He just couldn't hold himself in, he
looked so tickled.

"Da Greek man willa bim, bim, bim,
da Taurica man," was Charlie Maro's
way of putting it, and he didn't see
that the Turk had a ghost of a show.
All hands forward encouraged him in
the belief. They all acquiesced in ex-
pressing the belief to Maro that Greece
would simply eat Turkey up. Then a
bo'sun's mate who knew how to crack
the most impossible jokes with a face
as solemn and wooden as an Indian's
took Charlie in hand and told him some
things. He told Maro that the United
States was so much in sympathy with
Greece in the struggle with Turkey
that the navy department had decided
to turn over all of the ships of the
American navy to Greek commanders.

"Here's a chance for you, Maro,"
the bo'sun's mate told Maro. "You just
want to work your edge. Here you are
already shipped on this cruiser, and it's
dollars to doughnuts that if you ask
for the command of this ship in order
to take her over to Greece to mix it up
with the Turks you'll get it hands
down. Better try it on."

"That idea impressed Maro a heap.
He asked the bo'sun's mate whom he'd
have to apply to to get command of the
cruiser.

"Why, to the commanding officer, of
course," was the reply.

Maro was tremendously important
for a day or so while he let this huge
idea grow within him, and he bullied
the men detailed to work with him
down below in the boiler room a good
deal. The bo'sun's mate kept working
him up to it, and finally Maro appeared
on deck one morning togged out in his
very best mustering suit of bluejacket
clothes and went up to the officer of
the deck and asked permission to see
the commanding officer at the mast.
The officer of the deck was rather sur-
prised to see the man all alone up in
his mustering togs when all hands
were at work; but, as he is obliged to
do when an enlisted man requests per-
mission to see the commanding officer,
he sent word to the skipper, who soon
emerged from his cabin and appeared
at the stic.

"Well, my man?" said the skipper to
Maro, who stood bolt upright and sal-
uted with a flourish.

"Sare," said Maro to the skipper, "I
hava da honor to her-a-by taka da
command of-a da ship."

"Hey?" said the commanding officer,
putting his hand to his ear and looking
as if he hadn't heard aright.

"Da ship," repeated Maro. "For-a da
navee of-a Hellas—da Greeka navee—I
hava da honor to taka da command."

"All hands among the enlisted men
were up on the to'gallant fo'c'sle tak-
ing the thing in, and they broke into a
roar that you could have heard five
cable lengths' distance. Maro heard it
and, suspecting that his confidence had
been abused, got red and flabbergasted.
He suddenly bolted for the engine
room hatch and made his way below,
and it took three marines to drag him
aft to the sick bay, where the surgeon,
at the skipper's command, gave Maro
a half hour's examination as to his san-
ity. Maro was game enough to decline
to give the name of the enlisted man
who had told him he was eligible for
the command of the ship upon its being
turned into the navy of Greece, but
the thrashing he gave that bo'sun's
mate when he got him 'on the beach'
was certainly savage."

A Good Proposition.

A movement has set in among Ontario
weekly newspapers to make their sub-
scription price \$1.50 per year, instead of
a \$1.00 as heretofore. The proposition
is a good one. The newspaper is about
the cheapest thing in the modern world
for its value. If nothing else were con-
sidered save the usefulness of the
advertisements and the market prices to
the average home, a dollar spent in
buying newspapers must mean the
saving of many dollars in any home.
And assuredly the country newspapers
in particular, which have only a limited
revenue from advertising, ought to be
cheerfully backed up in subscriptions by
their local public, to which they give
news and information not obtainable
from the city papers which sometimes
flood the same territory. But for the
fact that nearly all country newspapers
are aided by some profit from job-
printing annexes, few of them would
have shown the standard of excellence
they have. They have been sold too
cheaply at \$1.00 a year. A fairer price
will not only towards better papers, but
be a measure of justice to the publishers,
who are generally among the hardest-
working of men.—Ottawa Journal.

Potash and Feldspar.

Dr. Frank D. Adams, speaking at the
recent annual meeting of the Commis-
sion of Conservation, said: "A question
of great importance is whether we can
not find deposits of potash in Canada.
It is practically impossible for us to find
deposits of potash similar to the German
ones, but locked up in the rocks of the
northern Laurentian country, where we
have these great granites, we possess
enormous deposits of silicate of potash
and feldspar. These are now awaiting
the arrival of some one who will invent
a method to get supplies from the old
granite rocks. Whenever that can be
done we will have in the northern
country an enormous and inexhaustible
supply of potash."

Mosquitoes are Disease Carriers.

To exterminate them, clean up, and
thus destroy their breeding places.
Drain off stagnant water, or where
drainage is not possible, spray with coal
oil. Let the sunlight into damp places.
Cover rain-water barrels with a fine
netting.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children
In Use For Over 30 Years
Always Bears
the
Signature of *Dr. J. C. Watson*

SUNLIGHT FLOUR

Is made from the Best
Wheat in the World.

In one of the Best Mills.

By Men who Know How.

Quality guaranteed satisfactory

H. BROWN & SONS



C. F. BURGESS

Flour and Feed Merchant

Dealer in all Kinds of
Farm Produce.

All Orders Promptly Attended To.

Telephone No. 36. Storehouse near C.P.R. sheds.