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Our Home

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TWO PAIRS OF LOVERS.

Mamie Esdaile and her father's guest, Captain Hemsley, were dawdling away the half-hour before dressing for dinner beside the glowing fire that burned on the wide hearth in the entrance-hall.

They had been riding together that afternoon, braving muddy roads and gloomy skies, and now declared themselves too dirty and dishevelled to join their friends at afternoon-tea in the drawing-room.

Besides, letters for Mamie had come by the second post, and she never could enjoy her correspondence with a buzz of talk around her.

Not that the presence of Wyatt Hemsley seemed to inconvenience her at all, but then words had been spoken during that afternoon's ride which had made their interests, like their hearts, *one*.

"An invitation for Lady Carby's ball—shall we accept it—Wyatt?"

Captain Hemsley, after a hasty glance around to assure himself that they were alone, snatched a kiss from the tips of his ears and said to Mamie:

"If you will promise to keep all your waltzes for me."

Mamie called him a greedy boy, but gave the required pledge, and opened another envelope.

To this she gave a pettish tap as soon as she had mastered its contents.

"Was there ever anything so provoking! Sibyl Hardress was to have come to us to-morrow, and now she writes to excuse herself. As she was well aware I should not be satisfied without knowing why, she adds her reason. She is so sick of being pointed out as a great heiress and besieged with the attentions of men she despises, that she intends to go to Girton and devote herself to study. There's a Miss Misanthrop for you! Young, pretty, and rich, and tired of admiration at four-and-twenty!"

"Humph! this is odd!" exclaimed her lover. "Your friend writes in precisely the same strain as Gerald Lowther did this morning. I wanted you to know him, and despatched your father's kind invitation urging him to accept it. But he says—let me see, what does he say? Ah! here is his letter. 'Pray excuse me, dear Wyatt; I am not up to the gay life of a country house, and feel safer and happier among my books.'"

"Please interpret," said Mamie. "Of what is the unfortunate man afraid?"

"Of women's eyes, my precious!" was the laughing reply. "When he and I were at Edinburgh last year I happen to know that poor Gerald encountered your fair and learned friend. They were becoming quite intimate when someone whispered in his ear that she was an heiress, and perhaps the same kind friend warned her that poor scholars do sometimes marry for money. At any rate, the lady looked coldly on her admirer, and he took the alarm and went back to Cambridge directly."

"But Mr. Lowther is not—"

"A money-hunter? My dearest Mamie, he is one of the proudest, the most honorable of men!"

"And Sibyl is a dear girl in spite of her learning. How I wish we could have brought them together and made them as happy as we are!"

"Is it impossible?" queried Wyatt.

"N-o-o!" replied Mamie, after a little consideration. "With your assistance I think it could be done."

"You shall have my help as far as the carrying out of your schemes, but don't ask me to invent or suggest. Beyond military tactics I am a duffer at nothing."

"Perhaps that is why I love—I mean, why I feel

a sort of a friendly liking for you," responded the young lady, demurely. "No, sir, you are not to kiss me again. If grandmamma were to come this way she would be horrified. Bring me that writing-case and we will commence operations at once. I shall write to Sibyl and you must pen a few lines to Mr. Lowther."

"What am I to say?" asked the captain, when both were seated with the inkstand between them.

"Simply that you have just proposed and been accepted—that the young lady is staying here, and you cannot be content till your dear old friend has seen her and approved your choice. Take no excuses—say you shall meet every train, and so on. Be quick, that our letters may go out this evening. Of course I shall write to Sibyl in a similar strain."

"Yes? But I don't see the drift of your arrangement. I had already intended to tell Lowther what a happy fellow your sweet confession has made me."

"But you must not mention names," and Mamie held up a warning finger. "You are to leave him in doubt whether it is Sibyl Hardress who is or is not your *fiancee*."

"Hum—well—I have no objections to mystifying him a little. But how about Miss Hardress? What are you going to say to her?"

"I shall hint and insinuate that Mr. Lowther's talents have been too much for my susceptibility. Still Captain Hemsley looked perplexed.

"And so, by rousing their jealousy as well as their curiosity, you think you shall secure their coming to Esdaile Abbey? But then, they will no sooner see you and I together than they will understand the true state of affairs."

"They shall not be allowed to see us together," interrupted Mamie; "Sibyl must be the object of your devotion, whilst I—"

"Whilst you walk, ride and chat with Gerald Lowther! I could not stand that, Mamie—I couldn't, really."

Miss Esdaile gave him a reproachful look.

"Have you so little faith in me? Cannot you make a small sacrifice to secure your friend's happiness?"

"Small do you call it? If you loved as fondly as I do, you would know that it would exasperate me to madness to see you smiling on another as you have smiled on me, letting him hang over your chair, or absorb you in confidential chat. Lowther can be very fascinating when he likes."

"But he is not Wyatt Hemsley. Oh! it is cruel of you to doubt me!"

As Mamie showed signs of becoming tearful, her lover apologized, and pledged himself to do just as she pleased.

"I will imitate you precisely," he added, a little maliciously. "When Lowther squeezes your hand, I will press Miss Hardress's taper fingers, and gaze in her eyes."

"Indeed, sir, you'll do no such thing! Do you want to make me hate her? This is going beyond your instructions with a vengeance!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" croaked grandmamma Esdaile's pet-parrot. "How very absurd we are!"

For once Poll's observation was so well-timed, that the lovers laughed, and were reconciled. The letters were written and despatched, eliciting on the following day telegrams from both recipients.

"Will be with you to-night," Mr. Lowther wired. "You shall see me to-morrow," was Miss Hardress's message, and the delighted conspirators kept the secret of their engagement from every one but Mamie's father, lest it should interfere with the success of their plot.

The Esdailes had gone to dine with some old friends when Gerald Lowther arrived at the abbey, but Captain Hemsley was there to welcome him; and they spent a very pleasant evening in the library, some-

times talking, sometimes examining the rare old books and manuscripts with which its oaken cases had been filled by a former squire.

"But you have not told me anything respecting your betrothed," said Gerald, presently.

"You shall see her to-morrow. I think you have met her before," replied the young officer.

"Is she the daughter or niece of Mr. Esdaile?"

"What made you think that?" queried Captain Hemsley, evasively. "Mamie Esdaile is a dear little girl, but she has not the brilliant mind of Sibyl Hardress."

Mr. Lowther started, stammered something unintelligible, then thrust his hands into his pockets, and fell into a brown study.

What strange contrarities in human nature he was continually encountering! Who could imagine his gay, scatter-brained, military friend worshipping at the shrine of a modern *Minerva*!

Mamie drove her ponies to the station to meet Miss Hardress.

"I hope," said the latter, "you haven't a house full of people."

"Dear me, no. Just our own family, grandmamma, one of my uncles, who is helping papa make his plans for draining those marsh lands by the river; Mr. Gerald Lowther—you have heard of him?—and his *fidus Achates*, Captain Hemsley. Don't fall in love with young Hemsley, Sib, because a little bird has whispered to me that he is engaged."

Miss Hardress curled her finely-chiselled lip. "Those military men are generally sad flirts, but the warning was not needed. I shall never marry; but devote my time and my money to good purposes."

"How angelic of you! For my own part I am more unselfish. Instead of making myself a name as a great female philanthropist, I shall be content to be the mistress of some happy household, with a dear good husband loving and praising me as the best of wives."

"Yours is a very sweet and womanly ambition," said Sibyl, with a sigh; "but you might have ascribed to me better motives for my plans."

"Dear Sib, it is not wise to plan at all. Let both of us be content for a wiser Hand to rule our destinies."

"But how grave we are," Mamie added the next moment. "Here comes papa to meet us, and the gentlemen are with him. I do so hope you will like Mr. Lowther! For my sake, you know."

Both Sibyl Hardress and Gerald Lowther assured themselves that they were very pleased to renew the acquaintance under circumstances that enabled them to be on the best of terms without any danger of misunderstanding, and once again they glided into intimacy; they read the same books, discussed favorite topics, and held long arguments with an increasing respect for each other's mental powers.

It was only when Gerald was smoking his last cigar, or Sibyl was brushing her tresses at night, that he would marvel how she could bestow such a heart as hers on a thoughtless boy who took no interest in her pursuit, and she would feel vexed with Mamie for her frivolity. Why did she not fit herself to be the companion of the clever man who had chosen her for his wife?

"I am afraid we are in a maze and don't know the way out," Wyatt Hemsley confided to his betrothed one morning when they had stolen away to the conservatory, while Gerald and Sibyl bent their heads together over a pamphlet on the Semitic stone. "They are the best of friends, but no sooner give either of them a hint of our scheming than they will fly apart and no earthly power will bring them together again."

"Cannot we trust to circumstances?"

"You see," objected Mamie's lover, "I am awfully

tired of playing at hide-and-seek. I want all the world to know that you are mine and I am thine."

"We must not do anything rashly," Mamie decided. "I am going down to the village after luncheon. If you like to go too and carry my charity basket, we can have a nice quiet talk, and perhaps hit upon some plan for bringing matters to a climax."

But this was done for them during their absence. Grandmamma Esdaile, though too deaf to hear a word without her trumpet, still retained the keenest of eyesight. She had seen the love-glances exchanged between her pet Mamie and Captain Hemsley; she had watched and approved their growing affection, and was first dismayed, then furiously angry, when she saw the gallant captain's place by Mamie's side usurped by the pale, reserved scholar, whom she looked upon as the wildest of men.

Something must be done to rescue Mamie from the spells cast upon her by this second Mephistopheles, and grandmamma looked around her for a more useful confidante than Mamie's easy-tempered, indolent mother.

At last her choice fell upon Sibyl Hardress, to whom she drew such a moving picture of the happy understanding that reigned between Mamie and Captain Hemsley, before that wicked Mr. Lowther came to the abbey, that when the agitated Sibyl made her escape she flew to the library to ponder over what she had heard.

Here, however, her tears and her trouble were witnessed by the scholar, who made his presence known by hurrying to her side.

"Dear Miss Hardress, something or someone has gripped you. Can I be of any assistance?"

"Yes," she answered, frankly; "you can tell me how you, so wise beyond other men, can reconcile it to your conscience to wrong your friend, and win away from him the affection of the innocent girl who loved him till you came between them."

"This is a strange charge! Who is my accuser? That I have loved you, Miss Hardress, with all my heart and soul, I will not deny."

"I am not speaking of myself," cried Sibyl, crimsoning with shame; "but of Mamie and Captain Hemsley. They were on the point of an engagement when you—"

"Impossible!" cried Gerald Lowther. "I only arrived here a few hours before you, and Hemsley told me—at least he hinted—that you were the lady of his choice. As for Miss Esdaile, it is true that I have held several conversations with her, but the subject has always been you."

"Then grandmamma has made a ridiculous mistake, and what must you think of me?" cried poor Sibyl, hiding her face in her hands. "I will go away to-morrow, and never again will I be induced to meddle in the love-affairs of others."

"And I will go away too, lest I grow envious of happiness it is not my lot to share."

He kissed Sibyl's hand, relinquished it with a sigh, and she took a couple of steps towards the door; then came back, having made a desperate resolution.

"Mr. Lowther, why did you leave Edinburgh so suddenly?"

"Miss Hardress, why did you suddenly grow cold to me?"

"Because some vile slanderer hinted that my fortune was my only attraction in your eyes."

"Go, then, and found a college with it. When you have done that, I shall be free to say, Sibyl, I love you for yourself."

"Ah, say it now!" and she threw herself into his arms.

When Mamie and her captain returned from the village and sought their friends in the library, there was a little laughing and crying on the part of the young ladies, and the heartiest of handshakings on the part of the gentlemen. Then grandmamma was fetched, and first bewildered then delighted, with the tidings that her congratulations were being asked for two pairs of lovers instead of one.

E. F.

The Secret of Sisterly Influence.

BY KATE TANNATT WOODS.

There are many ways by which the sister in a household may virtually influence the movements of her brothers without seeming to do so. If she approves of an excursion or a party, the boys go; if she thinks it unwise, they generally give it up, or if they do not, they usually wish afterward that her advice had been heeded. This influence is very beautiful, as is also the devotion shown by the brothers and sisters in the home. The question naturally arises, how does she exert this influence? Two words will explain it: womanly tact. The other power behind the tact rests with the parents themselves, who have trained the children to consider each other.

In a home where love rules, and where the father and mother are the beloved companions of their child-

ren, the latter are quite sure to love each other. It is unnecessary for them to think alike, or to show the same tastes or inclinations, but it is important for them to respect each other's opinions and to appreciate each other's virtues.

I have been in families where the young people seem to be constantly at variance, the daughters disputing over their possessions or their particular ideas, and the sons seeking friends outside the family circle. I have visited in other families where I enjoyed every moment, because each child was constantly endeavoring to show some good trait or accomplishment of the other, and was generously interested in the other's pursuits. The kindly jokes, the good nature, teasing and sharp-shooting in such households are refreshing after the conflict with the outside world. This is not all; it prepares the different members of the family for the world.

The sensitive, morbid boy or supersensitive girl can seldom be found in a family where daily friction and fun wear off sharp corners, and strengthen weak points.

It is a great blessing to be one of a large family. The boy who has a good sister to share his sports, or the report of them, to hear his little confidences and plans for the future is not the boy who becomes a defaulter or a villain, except in rare cases, where a depraved taste seems, for some unknown reason, inborn.

A great many mothers are obliged to act the part of sisters also. Many share all the sports of their sons from childhood up. And there are sisters who might prove a restraining power to younger brothers, and beloved companions to older ones, and yet they are blind to their power. I fear, indeed I know, that a great many girls absolutely throw away grand opportunities; they are so absorbed in personal decoration or in their girl friends that childhood passes and youth comes and goes, when suddenly they are amazed to find a brother gone wrong and the family disgraced. Not for one moment would I tax the wrong-doing of any young man to the account of a good mother or a kind sister. Not at all; but there was a time at some period of his life when the tender chord might have been touched, when the weak moral nature might have been strengthened, if one only knew when and where. Very many affectionate sisters are too modest and shy; they give up if once rebuffed, and they are easily discouraged. This is unwise, as the average boy needs line upon line. Preaching or scolding falls upon him, while kindness and love generally win.

It is now an established fact among women that men can be coaxed, never driven. There is a species of obstinacy in the genus homo, which bristles up and becomes aggressive when not properly managed. Our best scholars and thinkers admit this, and every wife and mother of experience will confirm it. Womanly tact steps in here and says: "Avoid irritation, control through kindness and persistent patience, and never attempt to argue on personal questions."

Samuel Butler wrote in the sixteenth century, and he doubtless understood the peculiarities of his own sex:

"He that complies against his will
Is of his own opinion still."

It is quite as true to-day as then. Boys of a certain age feel that they know more than their parents, and sisters are often held to be of still less importance. This progressive stage amuses people of experience, and often annoys the sisters or the cousins who are domesticated near the boys. One need not be alarmed; he had the measles and lived; he triumphed over his fancy for the stage, or that other fancy for the railroad, or for going to sea, and, as is well known, the live American boy takes everything in its season. Again, patience is the remedy. Let a boy rant if he likes; let him announce that the whole machinery of the government is wrong, the majority of men idiots, and women ignorant creatures. It is not polite, it is neither courteous nor manly, but one can hardly be more ashamed of him than he will be of himself a few years later. It is sometimes wise to say to him: "I cannot agree with you," and allow the matter to rest there. Suggest, but never dictate; entreat, but never scold nor fret. If one wishes to hold a boy close to one's heart and help him all his life long, one should never scold. A word of reproof or kindly caution is imperative, and no sister will care to hear a reproachful, "Why didn't you tell me at the time?"

There is much to be said to boys, also, in relation to their sisters. I am not slow to recognize the mutual obligation and responsibility, but I am talking to girls only now, and no language can be too earnest in this matter. A young lady of my acquaintance has four fine brothers, all bright, all active and energetic, but the sister never thinks of any obligation on her part. If she wishes to attend the opera or theatre, she teases a brother to take her; if a concert interests her, she supplicates until one of the boys is pressed into her service, but she absolutely forgets that politeness has many eyes, and sees all sides of questions of etiquette. When these particular occasions are over she goes on her way with her girl friends, unmindful of her

brother's politeness, and naturally they drift farther apart. If it is possible a girl should make her friend her brother's friend also. I know what queer prejudices they take; I know how they chaff about a girl's pug nose or her brilliant hair, and how merciless they can be where a sister's friends are concerned. A discreet sister should not mind their small talk, and should avoid praising her friends. Men, and boys also, frequently dislike those who are represented as models, for no other reason than the absurd one, that they are expected to like them. They are quite capable of seeing for themselves the good and bad qualities of a sister's associates. Their criticism may be crude, but yet helpful. If a sister exhibits any temper or impatience the teasing will continue; she should simply exercise her wits, keep smooth her temper and answer banter with banter. A lady who had three teasing brothers once said that they made her life a burden when very young, but a joy when they grew older.

There is nothing a boy likes better than pluck, wit and good nature in a girl. No boy of spirit can enjoy a sister who sulks or frets, who is cowardly or nervous. A girl should forget her nerves, and they will not intrude; she should never think of fear, and it will be a stranger to her. The girl who is afraid to row for fear she will be drowned, who never dares the slightest risk, who screams for trifles and exclaims needlessly, is never the girl to influence brothers. On the contrary, she should be brave, courageous, cheerful, modest, loving, patient and true. If she holds fast the best ideals of girlhood and womanhood her brothers will respect and love her. "All true love is founded on respect," says the proverb; so, also, is all true comradeship. Such sisters are sure to be near and dear to their brothers while life lasts, and they will indeed be "ministering angels."

Hasty Judgments.

Here is the best advice not only to parents but to all. In the words of "Uncle Ben," an old country gardener "We ought not to be rash in judgin' until we know what a man's been through."

It is well to suspend judgment in many cases until we have had time to review circumstances and trace motives. Especially where children are concerned should we be very careful not to confuse their sense of right and wrong by acting with injustice, scolding or censuring them for mistakes due to their inexperience, and perhaps inflicting punishment where none was deserved. A little child once ran nearly a mile from her own home to that of a friend carrying an umbrella to her mother, whom she supposed to be there. Great gusts of wind arose, and streams of rain fell and drenched the little one before she arrived at her destination, wet, breathless, and quite unable to explain why she had come when met by curious eyes and amazed questions. The mother had seen the impending storm and gone home, and the result of the whole proceeding was—for this true story took place in sterner days than ours—that the child was shut up for many hours of the next day to think over the fault of equivocation.

A mother whose temper is impulsive should never trust her first hasty judgment in the management of her little ones.

In the larger affairs of the neighborhood and of society the prudent person refuses to judge hastily. He gives the benefit of the doubt wherever and whenever and to whomsoever he can. People have a right to ask that, before they are weighed in the balances and found wanting, their cases shall be looked at from all sides and from the most favorable point of view. It is not well to assume that blushes and down drooped eyes always indicate guilt. Innocence, falsely accused, is often ashamed to look its accuser in the face. Judge not, that ye be not judged, was said by the purest lips that ever spoke on earth.

The man or woman whose habit it is to indulge in snap judgments of any kind is necessarily narrow and undeveloped.

Cause of Red Hair.

Science explains the phenomenon of red hair thus: "It is caused by the superabundance of iron in the blood. This is it that imparts the vigor, the elasticity, the great vitality, the overflowing, thoroughly healthy animal life which runs riot through the veins of the ruddy-haired, and this strong, sentient, animal life is what renders them more intense in their emotions than their more languid fellow-creatures. The excess of iron is also the cause of freckles on the peculiarly clear, white skin which always accompanies red hair. This skin is abnormally sensitive to the action of the sun's rays, which not only bring out the little brown spots in abundance, but also burn like a mustard plaster, producing a queer, creasy sensation, as if the skin was wrinkling up."

Flattered Failings.

BY SARA-N C. J. INGHAM.

Girls! girls! beautiful girls!
With the dark speaking eyes and the long flowing curls;
Who shall presume to tell you your duty,
As they bask in the beams of your brightness and beauty?

For who can believe a brow insincere,
Unfurrowed by care, unshadowed by fear?
Who thinks that a pout is pettish, if pretty,
Or lips are ill-natured that haply are witty?

Who calls Lily lazy? she lolls with a grace;
Or Hebe indifferent? she shows a bright face.
Can frivolous laughter wound and offend
The ear that loves music—the soul of a friend?

Oh, no, let your youth and beauty excuse,
A fig for the censors who dare to accuse.
Your faults are all charming, as many will tell.
'Tis envy alone can find fault with a belle.

Any yet it is seen little foxes will grow,
And spoil tender grapes that hang very low;
And moral defects, uncorrected, appear
More harsh and unlovely with each rolling year.

As hollows from dimples, and wrinkles from lines,
And white hair from gold that glistens and twines;
So sure will the fault that has all its own way
Be seen to deform us and spoil us one day.

And then on the weakness small pity is spent;
But putting Miss Pateency is "poor Discontent,"
And quiet Miss Queezy is "good Mrs. Flat,"
And dreamy Drusilla's "that blind Madame Batt."

While witty Miss Bonnot's "a spiteful old thing,"
Who ne'er redeemed forfeits or played in a ring;
And cynical Cynthia's so bilious, we wish
She'd soften her strictures by feeding on fish.

That's what the girls come to, 'tis certain: who won't
Discover their faults to correct them, or don't;
And little they reek of the havoc that's made
With the charms that night flourish, when all the
rest fade.

We warn each in love, hoping not to offend,
Because with the young 'tis not too late to mend!
But should we, in vain, little misses impart,
Good fortune they'll miss, and meet with mis fortune.

Alone With Mother.

Children love companionship, and although more mischief is brewed and harm done in an hour than in a day by himself still the mother is willing and anxious for Percy or Fred to have a pleasant play time, but in the evening mother wants the boy or girl to herself. What childish confidences, and confessions are there given and what a hold a mother gets on the little life with all its temptations. By all means cultivate the "aloneness" of the children with you, and with their Maker, God.

In a family where the mother's attention is divided between several children, it is well, occasionally, to plan a little time of aloneness with each, if possible, in order to become better acquainted. Yes, and that each child may feel the security of his or her ownership of that precious mother. Stern realities of life permit only short seasons of recreation; living implies hurry-flurry, interruptions of family interviews, and only by planning judiciously for each and every young member of the family can they be assured their rightful portion of mother's company. "I wish you and I could go alone after arbutus," a boy said to his mother; and when she questioned the justice of his request, saying, "But you wouldn't be selfish, would you?" his answer brought conviction:

"You and I never go together, and I love to be alone with you; the others can go another time."

Mothers need to be taught, and their children unconsciously afford them object lessons worthy their close attention. Truly, the others could go at other times, and thus mother's attention might be centered upon one instead of being divided between several. The child's enjoyment is keener; little secrets otherwise remaining untold are confided to that most sympathetic and ready listener, and a closer friendship is formed between the two.

Perhaps no condition is more conducive to home content than that which affords separate rooms to each member of the household; little alone places they may be, but large enough to permit quiet thought, a time all our own; and partly because of the mental healthfulness of this aloneness, children should be given separate rooms as early as they have learned to care for themselves during the night. There are no more uncomfortable or unprofitable companions than those people who have a terror of being alone. Because they are nothing in themselves they are worse than nobody as associates.

Voices of American Women.

BY JUNIUS HENRI BROWNE.

Hardly anything adds more to the gratification of social intercourse than a pleasant voice, woman's voice particularly. Many, even among educated persons, never cultivate the pitch, variation or cadence of the voice. So long as they make themselves understood without difficulty they are satisfied. The finer uses of the voice, while they may be lost on the multitude are deeply appreciated by those having a sensitive ear. The tone in which language is conveyed answers to style in writing, and conveys either an agreeable or a disagreeable impression. It either attracts or repels, and the difference, in a woman's case, is, socially, of the first importance. Is she aware of it? Deductively, not, since she shows no concern with the subject. And in regard to whatever is agreeable, if it consciously affects her, she is apt to exhibit the liveliest interest.

American women's voices are not generally good. In truth, it may be frankly acknowledged that many are bad, unequivocally bad; not, perhaps, in comparison with Europeans at large, but with the English women of the better classes, who have, on the whole, the most agreeable voices in civilization. Of the untrained, the uncultivated nothing should be expected; they have not the time, if they had the inclination, to develop their larynx, regulate their organs, or modulate their tones. The peasantry of the Old World, or the backwoodsmen of the New, are naturally as indifferent to such things as they would be to polish of habit or conventionality of behavior. Rustic surroundings and associations, whether abroad or at home, are not conducive to external polish. For this, the life of towns, with their accompanying flux and friction, is necessary.

The women of America are unlike European women in that they are all on a level, political if not social. They are not shut out from anything. There is no position to which they may not attain. They are more intelligent, more discriminating, more intuitive. Those who live in the interior, away from crowded centres, look, dress and bear themselves as do their sisters in Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore or New York. They all appear to have been educated at the same school. One part of their education has been neglected—their voices—and the neglect is grievously audible in any and every company in most of the northern States. Voice is largely the result of climate, and the long winters, with their many and sudden changes in the territory lying north of the parallel of 40°, cause numberless colds and the national catarrh. This is specially observable in New England, where high, shrill, nasal voices are so common as to have become proverbial.

A great many New England women, notably those of pure strain and careful rearing, have as soft, sweet voices as any one would wish to hear, but, unhappily, they are not representative. Some of the ruralists who dwell on the seacoast, who are out in all weathers and whose diet consists chiefly of fish, have disagreeable voices. They are of the firmest moral fibre; they are as stanch and true as steel; they are capable of heroism, of any sacrifice; they are the daughters of sea kings but when you talk with them you are in danger of forgetting all their virtues because of the lack of music in their voices. To a certain extent it is so with any harsh feminine voice. It leaves a disagreeable impression and fills the ear with painful echoes. The American voice is not so frequently bad as it seems to be, but every time we hear a bad one it revives the memory of others we have heard, until we appear at times to live amid a universal cacophony. We have lately grown to be a sensitive, self-critical nation, over-willing, perhaps, to expose and confess our defects. We surely have far less chauvinism than our neighbors (the whole globe is contiguous now) on the other side of the Atlantic—the French, the Spaniards, the Italians, the Germans or even the British. The French, for example, have, as a rule, disagreeable voices, hard, sharp, nasal; so have many of the northern Italians and most of the Germans. But have they ever admitted it? The English are very fond of assailing our voices (theirs, for a wonder, are, in the main, remarkably good, thanks to their insular situation and their deep chests) and grossly exaggerating their disagreeableness. They imagine that almost every American of either sex invariably shouts and talks, as the phrase is, through his or her nose, and they come to believe it by supposing that any one they encounter in their own land, or on the Continent, who fails to do this, cannot possibly be an American.

It is a strange fact and to be regretted that so many—not the majority, by any means—of our native women, who are pretty, clever, interesting, cultured, have disagreeable voices. The contrast between these and themselves emphasizes the unwelcome fact, which is obvious in polite circles in our largest, often in our oldest cities. In the south, where it is warmer and less variable, vocal tones are low, clear, round, pleasant, very much as in old England. Generally speaking, latitude determines the quality of the voice. This

is manifest from the difference in the pitch of the people in Naples and Piedmont, in Provence and Champagne, in Greece and Finland, in Louisiana and Michigan.

Apart from climate, another cause, nervousness, materially affects the voices of our women. Nervousness is really more a nasal disorder than catarrh. It is well-nigh universal; it affects and determines measurably the character of the entire nation. Our women are perfect bundles of nerves, and the consequence is that they lack inward repose when they are in society, their excitement revealing itself in their speech, which is often high and shrill. If a woman's voice is defective she can conceal its defectiveness by pitching it low and keeping it there. The American woman frequently wants the middle register, and when she quits the lower she mounts at once to the higher register, and remains at that unmelodious altitude. No voice will bear such a strain steadily. It must in time break and lose its quality, which cannot be regained.

Control of the nerves would have a most desirable effect, as it would, after a while, sensibly alter our women's tones, not render them sweet, perhaps, but at least take away their stridency. Some of our women so surrender self-restraint in conversation as to almost shriek, and to trouble every delicate ear within range. Would they but cultivate quietness it would be communicated to their utterance, and thus work a most welcome transformation. Deranged nerves would seem to be, on the whole, more hurtful to the intonations than the widely-prevalent catarrh, and they can be regulated by severe self-discipline. It would doubtless surprise and delight hundreds of women afflicted with what are called bad voices, to learn by actual experiment how these could be improved by zealous study of repose.

So many young women here waste time and money in laboring to sing, when singing well is entirely beyond them, that it is a pity they do not occupy themselves more profitably in training themselves to speak properly. Not many lessons would be required to make their voices smooth, even agreeable, as we see in young women who have been prepared for the stage. There is no substantial reason why American women of average intelligence, notwithstanding nerves and climate, should offend by their harsh tones. The day is not distant, let us hope, when the number will be reduced to a minimum. The coming century will, in all likelihood, not only see a new order of things, but will hear a new order of voices that it will be pleasant to listen to and pleasant to remember.

A Clever Thief.

A very amusing incident is related by Juliette Adam in *The North American Review*, of the experience of an assistant judge in his official capacity. One of his villas at Toulon was entered and various valuable articles, including clothes and jewelry, were stolen. There was no evidence that the house had been broken into; the door had simply been opened with the key, which was inside. An examination of the premises revealed the fact that the thief had contrived to climb upon the roof, and at the risk of breaking his neck, had entered through an open sky-light, had quietly spent the night in the house, and, after eating and drinking such delicacies as he found, dressed himself from head to foot, and left his rags carefully hung up in the dressing-room. To cap the climax, he left behind him a card on which was written: "You are so clever, Judge Machemin, find out who I am if you can."

The rage of the judge and his desire to discover the rogue can be imagined. He left no stone unturned, but for a whole year no clue could be found. Meanwhile the judge was made the chief judge of the civil court at Nice. One day while he was on the bench, a well-dressed fellow was brought before him charged with theft. "Excuse me," said the judge, "but would you hand me your hat?" "Highly flattered" said the prisoner, "that you should wish to address my hatter." "I should also like that of your tailor; please hand me your overcoat." "With pleasure; will you have my shirt and trousers, too?" "That is not necessary," replied the judge; "I know where they came from, as well as your shoes and probably your stockings. I am Judge Machemin from whom you stole them." The man never flinched. "Well, sir," he said, "I must admit your clothes have done me good service, but your shoes were only tolerable; they wore out in six months." The judge could not help laughing, and there was further conversation during which the thief claimed to be a philosopher.

IN AN ARTICLE on the cruel method of foot-binding, to reduce the size of Chinese babies' feet, a writer in the *Japan Weekly Mail*, who witnessed the process, says:—When the ligatures were loosened and the shocking succession of breathless screams ended in long-drawn wails of exhaustion and misery, the listener turned almost sick with horror and sympathy. Yet a mother was the deliberate torturer of the poor baby.

Mark the Offer

TO NEW SUBSCRIBERS THIS MONTH!

The proprietors of OUR HOME offer the people of Canada and the United States the best monthly paper on the continent for twenty-five cents a year. The list of yearly subscribers is fast increasing—thanks to our many friends who are interesting themselves in our behalf. We carefully abstain from making any wild and dishonest promises of reward for new subscribers. Such a course is only resorted to by adventurers, who have no interest or reputation in the country to promote or protect. False promises made by irresponsible promoters of monthly publications in Canada during the last five years, have taken from our wage-earning people thousands of dollars. Fortunately for our country, the law is now pursuing such fortune-hunters with a vengeance.

The proprietors of OUR HOME, being among the largest and wealthiest of Canadian manufacturers, make the following offer to new subscribers who send in their names during the present month:

A package of 'Our Home' Ink Powder, for making sixteen ounces of best black writing ink, and a package of Black Diamond Dye for wool, will be sent to any one who sends twenty-five cents in money or stamps for one year's subscription to OUR HOME.

Good ink and Black Diamond Dye are almost a necessity in thousands of homes; and those taking advantage of the offer will get the paper for about five cents a year, after taking into account the value of the Ink Powder and Dye.

Show this offer to your friends and neighbors, and let them see what they can get for twenty-five cents.

Send your name and full address to Wells & Richardson Co., Montreal. When you write mention "Offer No. 5."

Those Boys.

I once heard a motherly-like woman, plain in every way except in the lovely face, apologize for her ignorance of society and society ways, by saying: "I always keep so close at home. I had four boys, and I felt as if I wanted to do so much for them that I never had the time to go, as many mothers did; but I do not see any boys like my boys, and since they have grown up, I felt as if they had done much more with her life than if she had devoted herself to any claims of society. Her husband, though, had risen to a prominent position, and she felt keenly the difference between herself and the other ladies with whom she was thrown.

I daily hear young mothers complain that their children are taking all their time—all the best part of their lives. But do you not think if you were to interest yourself more in the things that interest your boys, you would keep them with you longer? A street education does not improve your boys, and just look around on the many who are raised that way.

It is pitiable when we come to think the house is too good for the boys; it seems to me bare floors would be more preferable than the fine carpets shut up and away from the boy entirely. "They are so noisy and rough!" "Well, need they be so, any more than the gentlemen who visit your house are so? I think the city boys are most to be pitied, for there seems no place for them but the street. But still, with the gymnasiums, the public libraries, the parks and the various industries carried on, they can employ their time very satisfactorily, if they choose to do so, without going into evil of any kind.

If school begins to grow irksome, it is much better to put the boy to some good business or trade. Looking around upon the men who have done the best for themselves, you will find they were the boys who were put early to the wheel, and not the boys whose parents clothed and coddled them and furnished them with abundant spending money, till grown into manhood. On every side you see the boys who are ruined by having too much money to spend that did not come by the sweat of their own brows.

Where boys show a decided talent, it should certainly be well cultivated, as any one does better with a specialty. It is your duty to plan employments for him, and not leave him to do as he pleases, and then blame him for the evil he is sure to fall into.

I heard a mother say this: "My boys have been perfect pests these two holiday weeks. I wish there never was any vacation during the year." Another said, "Why mine have been so busy, I do not know what has become of the time." Ah, that was it. The boys kept busy were no trouble, and the mother had planned it all. Count all your time well spent that goes toward making your boys grow up to be good men and respectable citizens.—*Ladies' Home Companion.*

California's Big Trees.

Many Californians regard their tall trees as the chief glory of the State. The most celebrated of the big tree groves or forests is in Mariposa County, about twenty miles from the Yosemite Valley, thirty miles south-east of the town of Mariposa and 140 miles almost due east of San Francisco. This grove is composed of over 400 giant trees, the largest of which are thirty feet in diameter and three hundred feet high. The grove covers a space of a half-mile wide by three-quarters of a mile long. Botanists call the mammoth tree the sequoia gigantea. It is found only in California, on the western slope of the Sierra Nevadas, between latitudes 34 degrees and 41 degrees. It is a cone-bearing evergreen, and received its botanical title from Endlicher, the German botanist. It grows at a height of about 4,500 feet above the sea level. The first specimens discovered were a cluster of ninety-two, covering a space of fifty acres in Calaveras County. When the Californians first announced the discovery of the big trees, the world was inclined to doubt their existence. There are seven big tree groves—three in Mariposa containing 134 trees over fifteen feet in diameter, and three hundred smaller trees, one in Tuolumne County, one in Calaveras County and one in Tulare County. In every grove there are giant cloud-sweepers, from 275 to 376 feet high and from twenty-five to forty feet in diameter. Some of the largest that have been felled show by their rings an antiquity of from 2,000 to 2,500 years. The Calaveras grove attracts more visitors than the others, because it is more accessible. There are ten trees in this grove thirty feet in diameter. One of the trees, which is down, is estimated to have been 450 feet high and forty feet in diameter. It was the hoary monarch of the grove and died of old age, say 2,500 years. A hollow trunk, called the "Horseback Ride," seventy-five feet long, gets its name from the fact that a man may ride through it upright on horseback. Just after the discovery of the grove one of the largest of the trees, ninety-two feet in circumference, was cut down. Five men worked twenty-two days in cutting through it with large augers. On the stump, which was planed off nearly to the smoothness of a ball-room floor, there have been dancing parties and theatrical performances. For a little time a newspaper called the *Big Tree Bulletin* was printed there.

One tree in the Tulare grove, according to measurements by members of the State Geological Survey, is 276 feet high, 106 feet in circumference at the base, and twenty-six feet at a point twelve feet above the ground.

A Remarkable Dinner.

"I have eaten apples that ripened over 1,800 years ago, bread made from wheat grown before the children of Israel passed through the Red Sea, spread with butter that was made when Elizabeth was Queen of England, and washed down the repast with wine that was old when Columbus was playing barefoot with the boys of Genoa," said a gentleman of a Chicago club the other day. This remarkable "spread" was given by an antiquary named Gorbel, in the city of Brussels, in 1871. "The apples were from a jar taken from the ruins of Pompeii, that buried city to whose people we owe our knowledge of canning fruit. The wheat was taken from a chamber in one of the smaller pyramids, the butter from a stone shelf in an old well in Scotland, where it had lain in an old earthenware crock in icy water, and the wine came from an old vault in the city of Corinth. There were six guests at the table, and each had a mouthful of the bread and a teaspoonful of the wine, but was permitted to help himself liberally to the butter, there being several pounds of it. The apple jar held about two-thirds of a gallon, and the fruit was as sweet and the flavor as fine as though put up yesterday."

Dignity of Labor.

It is a common fallacy to suppose that certain employments are in themselves dignified and certain others undignified. Those of the statesman and the lawyer, the physician and the preacher, the architect and the artist are supposed to belong to the former—those of the carpenter and the blacksmith, the farmer and day laborer, the porter and house-maid, to the latter. This is an utterly artificial and untrue distinction. It may be so in any particular case, and it may be exactly the reverse. If the work is a reflection of the worker, it depends not upon what it is, but upon what he is for its dignity. How is it done? With ardour and resolution, with purpose and aspiration, with a view to improvement and excellence, or with but little care and thought, with half a heart, with a view only to the immediate reward? It is on the answers to such questions that the dignity of labor depends.

Leaving the Cat Behind.

BY CATHERINE WINCHESTER.

Those careful observers who have studied the subject deny the popular fallacy that cats do not become attached to persons but only to places. These persons claim that cats, when abandoned, suffer more for the lack of companionship and petting to which they have been accustomed than they do for the lack of food or care. Many instances might be given to illustrate the fact that cats are both affectionate and intelligent, as they have been known to die, apparently from grief, after having been abandoned by some one person to whom they had become especially attached.

A very remarkable instance of reasoning power and affectionate confidence is told of a cat belonging to a gentleman who left his home for two months. During his absence his apartments were occupied by two young men who delighted in teasing and frightening her. She had, during her owner's absence, hidden her kittens behind the bookshelves, but upon his return she brought them to a corner of his dressing-room, in which place she had reared former kittens in safety.

Many people abandon their cats when leaving their homes for the summer without realizing the extreme cruelty of so doing. It would be far kinder to chloroform them. In most places an agent of some humane society may be found who will do this properly. Should it be desired, however, to do this at home it will only be necessary to give the cat a saucer of milk, and from behind, turn quickly over her a foot-bath tub or tight box, slipping a sponge holding an ounce and a half of chloroform under the edge, and placing a weight on the box. All this must be quickly done, that the cat may not be frightened nor the chloroform evaporate. After ten minutes place the cat, head downward, in a pail of warm water that she may not be revived by the air. This should be done by a person of judgment only. It is often found necessary to drown all but one of a litter of kittens, in which case they should, as soon as possible after birth, be dropped into a pail of warm water, which should be at once tightly covered. It is seldom that a cat cannot be sufficiently tamed to be handled and humanely disposed of, but chloroforming seems certainly the kindest method of disposition when a good home cannot be provided.

Cats should never be "expressed" from one place to another, as they are easily frightened when confronted by strange persons. They will, as a rule, be better contented if they are allowed to see where they are going. I have had very little difficulty in traveling with cats. One successful method tried consisted in placing pussy in a covered basket with holes sufficient for ventilation. When comfortably settled in the cars she was taken from the basket to her owner's lap and she made no attempt to escape. Another cat was taken from her basket and placed in a cloth traveling bag with a soft drawing-string, her head being left out and the bag being tied loosely around her neck to prevent her escape. Being carried in the arms of her owner and spoken to occasionally, she remained quiet and evinced an interest in all that was transpiring. Cats are sensitive to a soothing tone of voice and to a gentle touch.

A World-Full.

When will the earth have all the people upon it that it can accommodate? That is a question which some sober economists and sociologists have lately thought fit to take into serious consideration, bringing to bare upon it the light of statistical research.

Before the British Association for the Advancement of Science, Mr. Ravenstein, a well-known statistician, estimated that, whereas the total population of the earth is now a little less than one billion five hundred millions, there is room on the earth for very nearly six billions of inhabitants.

That is to say, when the space on the earth available for the support of human beings is fully occupied, it will be found capable of maintaining four and a half billions more of people than it now contains, or four times as many people as there are now in the world.

This seems, at first glance, to be very encouraging to the human race. But Mr. Ravenstein says it is not, because the race is increasing, in these days of civilization, security and easy exchange among the nations, so very much faster than it ever increased before, that this margin will be exhausted and the world be full in a little over one hundred and eighty years.

By the year 2072, according to Mr. Ravenstein's calculations, the earth will have six billions of inhabitants who are all that there is room for, and must, as it were, hand out the sign, "Standing room only." Living room there will be none.

"MAMMA," exclaimed a little boy, indignantly, after the visitor had gone, "when I grow up to be a man I'm going to get up a society for preventing ugly old women from kissing nice little boys."

The Saint and the Sinner.

Heart-worn and weary the woman sat
Her baby sleeping across her knee,
And the work her fingers were toiling at
Seemed a pitiful task for such as she.
Mending shoes for the little feet
That pattered over the cabin floor,
While the bells of the Sabbath day rang sweet,
And the neighbors passed by the open door.

The children played, and the baby slept,
And the busy kneedle went and came,
When, lo, on the threshold stone there stepped
A priestly figure, and named her name:
"What shrift is this for the Sabbath day,
When bells are calling, and far and near
The people gather to praise and pray,
Woman, why are you toiling here?"

Like one in a dream she answered low:
"Father, my days are work-days all;
I know not Sabbath. I dare not go
Where the beautiful bells ring out and call.
For who would look to the meat and drink
And tend the children and keep the place?
I pray in silence, and try to think
For God's love can listen, and give me grace."

The years passed on, and with fast and prayer
The good priest climbed to the gate of rest,
And a tired woman stood waiting there,
Her work-worn hands to her bosom pressed:
"Oh, saint, thrice blessed, mount thou on high,"
He heard the welcoming angels say,
When meekly, gently, she passed him by,
Who had mended shoes on the Sabbath day.

—Madeline S. Bridges.

Some Stories of Second Sight.

There is an interesting paper in *Good Words* upon "Highland Seers." It is interesting if only as illustrating how much the subject of occult phenomena is in the air:—

Ann was known as a woman who professed to have "second sight." The carpenter's shop was behind her house, and she could tell of a funeral some days beforehand by mentioning that she heard the joiners at work during the night!

On another occasion my informant tells me he and a friend visited a woman similarly gifted. She asked the friend whether there was any one sick at the place he came from. He replied that no one in particular was ill, though a farmer's wife was complaining a little when he left home. She said that farmer's wife was now confined to her bed and would never rise. So it turned out. She died on the Thursday following.

In a district of the north, which I shall not indicate, there is a woman well-known and much respected who is said to possess "second sight." We will call her Mrs. McKenzie, though that is not her name. Of her powers there are many stories related. On one occasion a gentleman returning from a sale was seen by a neighbor coming down the path on the opposite side of a river. He never returned home. They searched everywhere up and down the water, but never found the body. After a time his friends went to consult Mrs. McKenzie, and asked her if she knew whether the body would be found. She mentioned a pool in which the remains lay stuck in a tree root, but on going there their search was fruitless. On going back to her she told them distinctly that they were too long in going to the place she had indicated, that the body had got free of the roots, and now lay in a certain pool which she named. On going there they found it!

The same seer was at the marriage of a relative, and in the course of the night remarked that she would remain no longer as she saw death among the dancers. She left, and on the following morning news came that a brother of the bride had been accidentally killed in Edinburgh the night before.

A near relative of Mrs. McKenzie was a gamekeeper in England, and was killed in a fray with poachers. The body could not be found. She told them that they would find his body in a sand hole, where it had been put by two men. The following night she said that the body had been removed to a quarry in the neighborhood, and wrote at once to that effect. The body was found there!

WE HAVE GREAT PLEASURE in directing attention to the advertisement of Messrs. Jas. A. Ogilvy & Sons in another column. This firm has an extended reputation for first-class goods, and we know from experience that their prices are the lowest. Our subscribers and friends will find it to their advantage to write to this firm for samples. Their stock of new summer dress goods and trimmings cannot be excelled.

Fashions Notes.

With the eyes of the world focussed upon her this summer, the American woman cannot be too careful in the choice of her garments. She should avoid all startling novelties in cut or trimming and *outré* combinations. If the fabric of a gown is very handsome in itself, all trimming on the skirt, beyond a pretty finish around the bottom, will detract from it. It should be cut so as to flare around the bottom, slightly in the front, and on the sides, and considerably in the back. The circle flounce has a very pretty effect when cut from three to eight inches wide; but wider than this, and especially when the depth of the Spanish flounce, it is an abomination of abominations, as it "flip-flops" around the feet and ankles in most ungraceful fashion, and destroys all symmetry in the figure. Wide, stiff, and heavy trimmings, as thick ruffles of wide ribbon, about the knees, are also to be avoided. They are rosy and awkward in movement, and cut the figure into extremely inartistic lines. Black satin is very much used for trimming, and gives the needed relief to the eye in this carnival of color. One of the handsomest street-gowns recently seen was a basket-cloth in minute checks of old-rose and black. There were six narrow folds of black satin on the skirt, in groups of two with six inches space between the groups; a softly folded girdle of satin encircled the waist, there were sleeve-puffs, revers, and neck-folds of satin, and the cuffs were banded with folds. Ruffles of black satin ribbon are much used; and another favorite trimming is many rows of inch-wide ribbon put on plain. When the rows are graduated they should not be reversed in order, with the widest at the top, for this distorts the figure and suggests a barrel.

With the expansion of skirts there is a revival of the graceful accordion-plaiting. A lovely black grenadine gown is thus plaited; the selvedge runs round the skirt, and is lengthened by a wide flounce of sheer, black, French lace, also plaited, and falling over a flounce of the grenadine on the underskirt, which is of heliotrope-and-green surah. The corsage and sleeve-puffs are plaited, they are wide bretelles of the French lace, and a black satin girdle. Charming fancy waists are of accordion-plaited black *mousseline de soie* made over fitted linings of bright silk, and worn under beaded jackets. A light blue surah tea-gown is entirely accordion-plaited. It has two overlapping skirts the width of the surah, the selvedge running around, and long jacket-fronts with full trimming of wide white lace over the shoulders and down the fronts.

A novel skirt is a whole circle cut out of a large square; the material used is a transparent shot veiling, very wide, and woven especially for it. An oval hole is cut in the centre, for the waist, and it is mounted to a belt without a particle of fullness; the silk foundation-skirt is covered to the hips with accordion-plaited surah in rainbow hues, harmonizing with the outer skirt. These were first made for skirting-dancing; but they are now being appropriated for evening gowns.

SUMMER FICHUS.

Fichus are shown in great variety of color, shape, and fabric. A pretty model has a fitted yoke of silk to which the wide black lace is sewn, and the yoke is covered by a nine-inch sash-ribbon—purple-and-green, changeable—which is plaited full around the neck, leaving a standing ruffle, and a full frill of narrow black lace is placed inside this. A band of iridescent gimp covers the stitching of the plaits. Long ends of the ribbon pass beneath the arms and tie behind, either with a short bow or with sash ends. Lace tabs are added in front, if desired. This is very pretty when all white, either of lace or *chiffon*, with white satin ribbon, or of white lace with any delicate-colored ribbon.

HATS.

Never was the display of hats so varied and bewildering as this season. So fascinating and beguiling are many of the productions of the milliners' art that you must steel your heart and summon all your judgment if you would resist some of the tempting creations which, charming in themselves, may not be suited to you or your needs.

A yellow lace-straw hat, the brim of which is given many artful irregular pinches to adjust it to the contour of the wearer's face. Soft folds of black satin surround the crown, and sharply pointed ends mingle with the rosebuds and mignonette fastened at the left of the front.

A cowslip capote. The rim is surrounded by a moss-like band of baby ribbon in shades of green. The entire crown is covered with cowslips, and two long loops of black velvet-ribbon are bunched high in front with cowslips and their green stems.

Very wide *ambre* ribbons are used for hat trimmings. Veils are larger and looser than for many years past. They cover the entire face, and are drawn up in folds on the sides and pinned to the back of the hat.

Jas. A. Ogilvy & Sons' Advertisement.

You are looking for Novelties in
Summer Dress Goods!

We are now prepared to show them,
Or send you samples.

Another shipment opened up of the Latest

Summer Dress Materials.

Our New Crapon Cloths
are worthy of inspection.

Latest designs in

New Black Dress Goods.

NOVELTIES IN SILKS to match all Dress Goods!

JAMES A. OGILVY & SONS,

The Family Drapery and Linen Warehouse,
203 to 207 St. Antoine Street,
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Mail orders promptly attended to.

BE GENEROUS
TO YOURSELF AND YOUR FRIENDS!

It Only Costs 25 Cents.

"OUR HOME"

Is now Solidly Established as a Family
Monthly Paper!

OUR HOME furnishes a larger amount of pure
and healthy reading matter for 25 cents a year
than any other paper at double the price.

Send in your name at once as a yearly subscriber.

If you are already a subscriber, send us 25 cents
for a friend. If you are happy, be generous
to those who cannot afford to subscribe.

See "Offer No. 5 on page 4.

"OUR HOME"

IS INTERESTING TO YOUNG AND OLD!

ANOTHER BABY SAVED!

GOOD NEWS FOR MOTHERS.

"In June of last year, my doctor advised me to procure Lactated Food for my baby, who was at that time in such a condition that its life was despaired of. Previous to commencing with Lactated Food my baby had not been able to retain any food on its weak stomach, and was slowly dying. After using the Lactated Food for three or four days, I could see a favorable change; and at the end of July my baby was out of danger. From the first feeding it seemed to like the Lactated Food, and it is still using it, and is never sick. I thank you for your grand food, because it saved baby."

The above words are taken from the letter of a thankful mother residing in the city of Quebec. The mothers of Canada do not require any stronger proof of the value of Lactated Food as an article of diet for baby. No cholera infantum, no diarrhoea, no fatal summer sickness for baby when it is fed on this life-giving food. All druggists sell Lactated Food in three sizes, 25 cents, 50 cents and \$1 per tin. The \$1 size is sufficient for 100 meals, and it is the most economical and most profitable size to buy.

Table Adornment.

You have no conservatory? Neither have I, but we must see what can be done without one. An elderly lady, from whom I have learned many devices for the enlivenment of home, during the early spring, summer and late fall months, devotes a certain part of her garden to flowers for her table, and for breakfast, dinner and tea she gathers little nosegays, and her table is always a picture to behold. In the winter time she has her windows filled with plants, but, of course, they are not always in bloom, and to constantly cut the green leaves is sure death, so she purchases small vases of different designs. The little china baby-shoes, in white and blue, were her latest novelty, and in the fall she dug up ferns, carefully preserving the roots and as much of the native soil as possible and transplanted them into the baby-shoes. Oh! how lovely they were! How delicate and fairy-like! They were always ready to adorn her table or stand in the shade of the larger window plants. These, nurtured by a little daily sunshine, watered regularly and, in short, tended with reasonable care, last throughout the winter. She makes her little arrangements for the constant supply of parsley and mint during the winter. These, planted in common starch boxes and standing on a shelf in the kitchen window, are always ready for garnishing or seasoning when needed. They would repay any one for the little care put upon them.

Don't be chary of the best china and the company glass-ware. Let it appear not at stated intervals, or on special occasions, but at such odd and freaky times that it may, perhaps, give unconscious zest to some older member of the family, or may provoke a smile from some child who has temporarily fallen out with his appetite. If you recognize the need for a cheerful and tempting table, do the best you can with your resources.

Sickness Among Children.

More of the stern discipline of long ago, is what is needed to prevent the sudden sickness noticeable in children. Parents can be wheedled into allowing their children all sorts of indigestible truck and the result is peevish, cunning, sickly children.

One reason why there is so much sickness and death among children may be largely attributed to the fact that there is in many instances so little discipline and government, so little disciplinary judgment and control on the part of the parents. There is, in many instances, absolutely no governmental qualifications on the part of the parents to raise children.

Children are allowed to eat what they please and when they please and as much as they please, of anything and everything.

Children and young people are allowed to dress as they please, to wear what they please, and to throw off what they please. They are allowed to run here and there, day and night—are allowed to exert themselves—are allowed, from this running here and there, to over-exert their bodies and their physical capability.

Some children will cry—are allowed to cry—till they get what they want; or if older, they will pout and in other ways make themselves disagreeable till the parents yield.

When quite young, children must be taught to obey.

In cases where young animals die, the cause is sought for, and satisfaction is had only in finding the reason for death or impaired health; but when children die the cause is often looked upon as inscrutable and mysterious.

Amusement a Tonic.

A woman who manages a household sees little enough of the outer world, and the husband's duty is, therefore, the more plain during his hours of leisure. A good play is a tonic to thousands of women, and if a wife enjoys the theatre let a husband cater to her taste according to his ability and judgment. Some people cannot overcome their prejudice to the theatre. Very well, my friends, the Lord created other forms of amusement just as well. Good concerts abound; lectures are plentiful. But, in amusements, I think people fail to understand sometimes that they were intended principally to amuse and only indirectly to instruct. Some persons seem to choose their amusements as, I sometimes think, doctors do their medicines: they give you the worst they can find. Now a stubborn disease may respond best to a powerful medicine. But a worried spirit responds to something bright and happy. The play, the concert, or the lecture you select may not always be of the most intellectual order, but if it makes you forget yourself for a night in the fun it presents, the jollity it throws into you, or the brightness that seems to come across the foot-lights, the result to your mind and health is far better than had it been something that aimed to feed a mind which had been fed all day. Feed a horse too much and he will die; ditto a human being. There is such a thing as a surfeit of knowledge. Going to bed happy is often better than going to bed too wise.

Ten (Hygienic) Commandments.

1. Any man who does not take time for exercise will probably have to take time to be ill.
2. Body and mind are both gifts, and for the proper use of them our Maker will hold us responsible.
3. Exercise gradually increases the physical powers, and gives more strength to resist sickness.
4. Exercise will do for your body what intellectual training will do for your mind—educate and strengthen it.
5. Plato called a man lame because he exercised the mind while the body was allowed to suffer.
6. A sound body lies at the foundation of all that goes to make life a success. Exercise will help to give it.
7. Exercise will help a young man to lead a chaste life.
8. Varied, light, and brisk exercises, next to sleep, will rest the tired brain better than anything else.
9. Metal will rust if not used, and the body will become diseased if not exercised.
10. A man "too busy" to take care of his health is like a workman too busy to sharpen his tools.

Swimming for Boys.

"I never would allow my boy to learn to swim," said the mother of an only son; "and I never could bear to have him in a boat. Skating I always detested, and ball-playing I consider vulgar. He had a horse for riding and he was always allowed to walk as much as he chose." (?)

Her hearer understood why it was that her son had grown up to be a narrow-chested and delicate man, and were thankful that he was permitted to go outdoors at all in his boy-hood, says a writer in *Harper's Bazar*.

Fortunately this young man had possessed a strong love for walking, and also for study, which had kept him from inanition, and also out of mischief. But for an active, full-blooded boy, not decidedly studious, such a bringing up as has been described would have met either ruin or death.

There is no need to descant upon the manifold attractions and uses of swimming. All proper precautions for his safety should be taken, but your boy should learn to swim. Never let him go into the water unless he is well; neither let him go alone or with flighty boys only, even when he has mastered the art of natation—cramps and accidents of all sorts are too common for that. Keep him away from rapids and whirlpools, and impress upon him at every opportunity, by anecdote, precept and example, the necessity of exercising prudence in the matter. Especially see that he is familiar with remedies for cramp and with the modes of reviving the drowned. Many a valuable life has been lost because a boy's companion did not understand how to use proper restoratives when his body was first recovered from the water.

Do Poultry Pay.

Mrs. Geo. Rogers, in *The Practical Farmer* gives the following concise answer to this question:—

Yes, poultry pays. We keep two separate flocks, an even number of Wyandottes and Brown Leghorns. We have no mongrel lot, but flocks carefully selected of pure bloods. I have found it best to keep hens from one to three years old. This winter the Wyandottes have laid the most eggs (bringing us from 25 to 28 cents per dozen), but taking the whole year into consideration the Brown Leghorns lay the largest number. We keep the Leghorns, because we think them the best layers, and the Wyandottes for marketing and for sitters. The little Wyandotte chicks are tough and hardy and do not require such close attention as the Leghorns. The way we make them pay is by taking good care of them, and seeing that all their wants are supplied. In the morning we give them a warm mash, consisting of wheat-bran, middlings and meal in equal parts, and table scraps mixed through the mash. On the floor of our hen house we keep a litter of straw, hay, etc., (such leavings as come from the cows' mangers); at noon we scatter through this chaff, wheat, buckwheat and whole grain. This keeps them busy, and at night corn is given. I see that they have fresh water every morning, also a pan of milk and keep the drinking vessels clean. A box of road dirt is kept for dust bath. Our hen house is warm, sloping to the South and well lined with building paper. The perches are built movable, so that they can be taken down often and washed with kerosene emulsion to prevent lice.

FARMING is the best business on the earth, not because it gives the largest profits, but because it affords the best security against loss. A comfortable home is always assured to the industrious and intelligent farmer.

Stay In The Sun.

Sleepless people, and there are many in America, should court the sun. The very worst soporific is laudanum and the very best sunshine. Therefore, it is very plain that poor sleepers should pass as many hours as possible in the sunshine and as few as possible in the shade. Many women are martyrs, and yet they do not know it. They shut the sunshine out of their houses and their hearts, they wear veils, they carry parasols, they do all possible to keep off the subtlest and yet most potent influence which is intended to give them strength and beauty and cheerfulness. Is it not time to change this, and so get color and roses in their pale cheeks, strength in their weak backs and courage in their timid souls? The women of America are pale and delicate; they may be blooming and strong, and the sunshine will be a potent influence in this transformation.

Proper Care of Table-Glass.

It must be remembered that even a scratch on the surface of a piece of glass often will cause it to break at that point under the slightest shock; therefore, it is essential that it shall not come in contact with a sharp, hard substance. A grain of sand on the bottom of the dishpan, or on the cloth with which the article is washed or wiped, may be the means of breaking a valuable dish. When possible, a wooden or paper tub should be used in washing glass. A soft silver-brush, soft cloths for washing, and soft linen towels for wiping are also necessary. Have the water cool enough to bear the hand in comfortably. Make a strong suds with hard soap. Have a second dish of water of the same temperature, in which to rinse the dishes. Wash each piece carefully, rubbing with the soft cloth; then put in the rinsing-water. When four or five pieces have been washed spread a coarse towel on an old tray, and place the glass on this to drain. Wipe the hands dry, and then wipe the pieces of glass with a perfectly clean, dry towel. Rub gently to polish. Hold the glass up to the light, to see if it is perfectly clear, then place on a clean tray. Always keep the towel between the hands and the glass, and as soon as the towel becomes damp change it for a dry one. The glass should not drain long enough to become cold; for this reason it is best to wash only a few pieces at a time. If the glass is cut, or an imitation of cut, use the soft silver-brush to cleanse all the grooves. As it is almost impossible to get the deeply cut glass perfectly dry it should not be placed at once on a polished-wood surface. It is a good plan to have a soft cloth, on which to place cut pieces for ten or fifteen minutes after they have been wiped. Glass that is ornamented with gold must be treated with great care, to prevent the ornamentation from wearing off. Use castile soap, and do not have the suds strong. Wash one piece at a time and wipe immediately.

A Glove-Mender.

This is one of the useful little articles that go to make up the perfect home. Read how to make it and then try your hand.

Gloves have a faculty for calling upon the aid of thread and needle more frequently than any other article of a woman's apparel. If, therefore, you wish to give your friend a useful present, send her a glove-mender. To make an elaborate one buy a small silver ring, at different parts of which sew pieces of narrow blue ribbon, letting them hang down a short distance from the ring. To the first piece of ribbon attach a pair of silver-tipped scissors; to the next, any odd-shaped blue silk needle-book; to the third, a silver finger, which you can have made at any jewelry store. This is to put in the finger of the glove when mending. To the last piece of ribbon sew a braided strand of different colored silks. Have the silver ring hang from two broad pieces of ribbon, fastened with a bow at the top. A glove-mender is just as useful and less expensive if steel scissors and a wooden glove finger are used.

Inspect The Cellar Yourself.

Examine every part of the cellar carefully, being particular to see that there is not a particle of vegetable or animal substance left in it. Be careful, also, to see that it is free from all sorts of refuse, such as damp papers, old cleaning-cloths, dust from sweepings, etc. This trip to the cellar is a most important one, for it is hard to get servants to understand the importance of thorough cleanliness in such places. A few vegetables, or a piece of meat or fish, if overlooked at this time, may fill your house with bad odors, and produce the seeds of disease from which some member of the family will suffer later on. If the garbage-barrel is of metal have it thoroughly washed and scalded; then rinse it with about a tea-spoonful of carbolic acid mixed with about two quarts of cold water. Let it dry in the sun before storing it in the cellar.

Our Young Folks.

The Company Who Try.

Yes, I love the little winner,
With the salad and the mark;
He has gained the prize he sought for,
He is joyous as a lark.
Every one will haste to praise him,
He is on the honor list;
I've a tender thought, my darlings,
For the one who tried and missed.

One? Ah, me! They count by thousands,
Those who have not gained the race,
Though they did their best and fairest,
Striving for the winner's place.
Only few can reach the laurel,
Many see their chance flit by;
I've a tender thought, my darlings,
For the earnest band who try.

'Tis the trying that is noble,
If you're made of sterner stuff
Than the laggards who are daunted
When the bit of road is rough.
All will praise the happy winners,
But when they have hurried by,
I've a song to cheer my darlings,
The great company who try.

—Harper's Young People.

The Test.

KINDNESS PAYS.

The principal of a school in which boys were prepared for college, one day received a message from a lawyer living in the same town, requesting him to call at his office, as he wished to have a talk with him.

Arrived at the office, the lawyer stated that he had in his gift a scholarship entitling a boy to a four years' course in a certain college, and that he wished to bestow it where it would be best used.

"Therefore," he continued, "I have concluded to let you decide which boy of your school most deserves it."

"That is a hard question to decide," replied the teacher, thoughtfully. "Two of my pupils—Charles Hart and Henry Strong—will complete the course of study in my school this year. Both desire a collegiate education, and neither is able to attain it without assistance. They are so nearly equal that I cannot tell which is the better scholar."

"How is it as to department?" asked the lawyer. "One boy does not more scrupulously observe all the rules of the school than the other," was the answer. "Well," said the lawyer, "if at the end of the year one boy has not gone ahead of the other, send them to me and I will decide between them."

As before, at the closing examinations, the boys stood equal in attainments. They were directed to call at the lawyer's office, no information being given as to the object of the visit.

Two intelligent, well-bred boys they seemed, and the lawyer was beginning to wonder greatly how he should make a decision between them. Just then the door opened, and an elderly lady of peculiar appearance entered. She was well-known to them all as being of unsettled mind and possessed of the idea that she had been deprived of a large fortune which was justly hers. As a consequence she was in the habit of visiting lawyers' offices, carrying in her hands a package of papers which she wished examined. She was a familiar visitor to this office, where she was always received with respect, and dismissed with kindly promises of help.

This morning, seeing that the lawyer was already occupied with others, she seated herself to await his leisure. Unfortunately, the chair she selected was broken and had been set aside as useless.

The result was that she fell in a rather awkward manner, scattering her papers about the floor. The lawyer looked with a quick eye at the boys, before moving himself, to see what they would do.

Charles Hart, after an amused survey of the fall, turned aside to hide a laugh he could not control.

Henry Strong sprang to the woman's side and lifted her to her feet. Then carefully gathering up her papers, he politely handed them to her. Her profuse and rambling thanks served only to increase Charles' amusement.

At the lady had told her customary story, to which the lawyer listened with every appearance of attention, he escorted her to the door, and she departed.

Then he returned to the boys, and, after expressing pleasure at having formed their acquaintance, he dismissed them. The next day the teacher was informed of the occurrence, and told that the scholarship would be given to Henry Strong, with the remark, "No one so well deserves to be fitted for a position of honor and influence as he who feels it his duty to help the humblest and the lowliest."—*M. E. Saffold.*

Useful Hints.

CELERY SALAD.

Beat the yolks of two eggs until very light; add two tablespoonfuls of salad oil, two tablespoonfuls of vinegar or lemon juice, one small teaspoonful of sugar, mustard, pepper and salt to suit the taste. Cut the celery very fine; arrange in the salad bowl in alternate layers with slices of hard-boiled eggs; pour the dressing over it and garnish with the tender celery leaves. Serve at once.

CABBAGE SALAD.

2 EGGS.
5 tablespoonfuls vinegar.
5 " " milk.
5 " " mustard.
1 teaspoonful sugar.
1 tablespoonful salt.
Salt and pepper to taste.
Cook until it thickens and pour over the cabbage when cold or just before serving.

Cook's Friend Baking Powder is the great favorite in Canadian homes.

BAKED MACARONI.

Cook the macaroni in salted water for twenty or thirty minutes. It should be soft but not split. Drain well and put a layer in the bottom of a buttered pudding dish; upon this grate some mild rich cheese and scatter over it some bits of butter. Spread upon the cheese more macaroni; fill the dish in this order, having macaroni at the top covered with bread or cracker crumbs and bits of butter scattered over it. Add a little milk, and bake, covered for a half hour, then brown and serve in the bake dish.

CREAMED MACARONI.

Cook the macaroni ten minutes in boiling, salted water. Drain this off and add a cupful of milk; stew until the macaroni is tender. In another saucepan heat a cup of milk until boiling, thicken with a teaspoonful of flour, wet with cold milk, stir in a tablespoonful of butter, and lastly a beaten egg. Drain all the milk from the macaroni, turn it into a hot dish and pour the cream over it. Serve at once.

PARKER HOUSE ROLLS.

1 pint milk.
2 quarts sifted flour.
2 pastry spoonfuls sugar.
2 " " melted butter.
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful yeast.
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful baking soda.
 $\frac{1}{2}$ " salt.

Sift the flour into a large pan; make a hole in the centre; put in the milk, sugar, butter, salt and yeast. Let it stand without mixing with the flour; be sure and not have any flour in the bottom of the pan when the ingredients are put in; let it all be around the sides. Let it stand without mixing till morning, then add the soda; mould considerably and let it stand till two or three in the afternoon. Mould a little; roll out thin, spread with melted butter, cut in circles, fold together, place in buttered baking dishes and let them rise, then bake in a quick oven.

GRAHAM ROLLS.

1 cup sour milk.
1 egg, well beaten.
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful soda.
A pinch of salt.
1 tablespoonful shortening.
Graham flour.
Stir the salt and soda into the sour milk, add a little Graham flour, then the egg and enough more Graham flour to make a stiff batter, lastly add the melted shortening. Put in hot buttered rolls and bake in a quick oven. If it is desired to have the rolls sweet, add a little brown sugar or molasses.

CORN CAKE.

1 cup corn meal.
1 cup flour.
1 tablespoonful sugar.
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful salt.
2 teaspoonfuls baking powder.
Sift the baking powder with the corn meal and flour, put in the sugar and salt, mix with sweet milk to the consistency of thin batter, the last thing add two tablespoonfuls of melted shortening.

Cook's Friend Baking Powder is absolutely pure, and gives the best results.

CORNMEAL MUFFINS.

2 eggs.
2 cups meal.
2 " milk.
1 " white flour.
 $\frac{2}{3}$ " butter.
 $\frac{2}{3}$ " sugar.
1 teaspoonful soda.
2 " cream tartar.

Wit and Wisdom.

"How does it feel to have a mouster on your lip, Henry," she asked, when she perceived that her lover was cultivating that masculine adornment.—"I can't say," he answered, "how does it feel to have one on yours?"—"Well," she answered, as she struggled from his embrace and drew her breath, "I think it is something to which one could in time be come reconciled."

For want of self-restraint many men are engaged all their lives in fighting with difficulties of their own making, and rendering success impossible by their own cross-grained ungentleness; while others, it may be, much less gifted, make their way, and achieve success by simple patience, equanimity, and self-control.

Philosophers have noticed that when a man makes up his mind that he must practice economy, he generally tries to begin with his wife's expenses.

Almost all women will give a sympathizing hearing to men who are in love. Be they ever so old they grow young again with that conversation and new their old early times.

Teacher (to juvenile astronomy class)—"How many stars can we see?"

Small Scholar—"It depends how hard we fall, ma'am."

A witty old physician, on meeting a neighbor's ducks in the road, was saluted with the usual "quack, quack, quack." "See here," he cried to the neighbor, "keep these ducks at home or I'll shoot 'em. They're indulging in personal remarks."

He who does not engage in the quarrels of others will have few of his own.

Reflection increases the vigor of the mind, as exercise does the strength of the body.

A bashful young man, who was afraid to propose to his sweetheart, induced her to fire at him with a pistol which, he assured her, was fully loaded with powder, and after she had done so, fell down and pretended to be dead. She threw herself wildly upon the body, calling him her darling and her beloved, whereupon he got up and married her.

Of all the diversions of life there is none so proper to fill up its empty space as the reading of useful and entertaining authors, and with that the conversation of a well-chosen friend.

"Did you say you had a calling acquaintance with her, Dick?" "Yes, she's in a telephone office."

The high-school girl severely reprimanded her brother yesterday for using the phrase "not to be sneezed at." She says he ought to say, "occasioning no stermutatory convulsions."

We can easily manage if we will only take each day the burden appointed for it. But the load will be too heavy for us if we add to its weight the burden of to-morrow before we are called to bear it.

Said the mistress of a cigar shop to a young Bohemian journalist: "This is the sixth time that you have been here without saying a word about the money you owe me."—"Ah, madam," said the clever journalist, "when one sees you one forgets everything!"

He who waits to do a great good at once will seldom do anything at all.

Without frugality none can be rich, and with it very few would be poor.

Minutes are the poor man's small change—it will pay him to save them.

They who will abandon a friend for one error know but little of the human character, and prove that their hearts are as cold as their judgments are weak.

"Did you ever," said one preacher to another, "stand at the door after your sermon and listen to what people said about it as they passed out?"—The other replied, "I did once"—a pause and a sigh—"but I'll never do so again."

Jones—"Hallo, Will! I hear you have a situation at my friends Skinner & Co.'s." Will—"Oh, yes! I have a situation as collector there." Jones—"Capital! Who recommended you?" Will—"Oh, nobody. I told them that I had collected a bill from you, and they gave me the place at once!"

There are hours in life when the most trifling annoyances assume the proportions of a catastrophe.

Health is contagious, as well as disease; courage, as well as cowardice; generosity, as well as meanness; nobleness of action and of nature, as well as jealousy and malice.

"Mrs. Fangle is a homeopathist, isn't she?" remarked an old lady, during a call on a neighbor.—"No, I don't think she is," was the rejoinder. "She's very seldom in when I call."

Let every man sweep the snow from before his own door, and not trouble himself about the frost on his neighbor's tiles.

What Have You Done in the Past Month to Make People Happier?

In last month's issue of OUR HOME we briefly sketched how the husband and father could do his part towards making people happier. In the article referred to, we dwelt particularly on the fact that this work should begin in the home, and that the wife deserved first thoughts. We have ever held it to be a great truth, that "the husband who does not use his best endeavors to make his wife's daily life happy in some little way, can never be of much use to the general happiness of the outside world." We know of a truth, that cold-hearted, selfish and ungenerous men never do much in brightening up life's dark and dreary path.

In this month's number, we still propose to keep hold of that interesting member of the *genus homo*, the husband and father; he is too important a factor in the world's make-up to cast aside after having administered to him one short and simple lecture on the art of making other people happy. It is our desire—our duty too—to show him that in the home, he can still be useful in cultivating and spreading pleasure, happiness and joy.

We must take it for granted that the husband and father has commenced the good work with his wife, as we suggested. We fancy some will impatiently ask: "Well, after this, what would you have us do, ye moralists?" Well, fathers, we think, after your wives have received due consideration and attention, that your dear children should also come in for a share of your care and time. We know perfectly well that you clothe and feed your little ones according to your means and ability; and we know that you are endeavoring to educate them properly. Well, there is nothing extraordinary in this work; the country's laws demand it, and proclaim the fact that it is your duty.

The work to which we would call your attention consists in making the children happy at home. This work admits of great variety; time and space will not allow us to minutely detail its various divisions and sub-divisions. Home is or ought to be the abode of purity and innocence,—of kindness, gentleness and affection,—of courtesy and refinement,—of morality and religious influence. Even when surrounded by such blessed influences, the boys and girls look for amusement and fun. Fathers, your children must be provided with something to while away the minutes and hours that are not occupied with school lessons and other duties. If you are desirous of cultivating a love for home in your children's hearts, make them happy at home, or they will certainly seek for pleasures outside and with neighbors.

The mother has had her share of work during the day, not only in household matters, but also in looking after the young folks. Fathers can surely devote a half-hour or an hour at night to their children, before they are sent off to bed. Enter heartily into some of their favorite games; introduce some new game; amuse and interest them with some good story; laugh when they laugh; sing with them and for them, and they will go to bed gladdened in heart, and they will feel that father is the best and jolliest man on earth. One of the noblest and grandest of scientists once said: "My happiest time is spent in the evening with my children gathered around me. For a time I become a child, and enter into all their plays and games with true glee. This work (I never miss it), is a wonderful tonic to me, and seems to give me strength and vigor for the next day's duties."

When the father helps to brighten home for the children, school hours are made happier, and every day is a pleasure. The intelligent, discerning and experienced school teacher, when he becomes acquainted with his pupils, can readily point out the boys and girls who receive a goodly share of father's attention in the home. The minutes and half-hours devoted to home amusements for the children, have an influence that is carried out with the little ones wherever they go; the remembrance of these childish games with father is often carried into the years of manhood and womanhood. We have frequently heard with delight, remarks made by children playing on the street, lawn or green field, as to "how papa plays the game." The innocent, childish hearts never forget papa's lessons—his efforts to amuse; and his way is made the rule of the game.

Let us have more help from fathers in the home. Give the little ones more chance to laugh heartily. Innocent games, and abundance of mirth and glee are better than all the medicines in the world. In after years, when our children are fathers and mothers, they will never forget what was done for them in youth, and they will act as they were taught. Fathers, do your duty; second with your whole soul the work of the mothers, and you will be doing a work that there is urgent need for; you will be making life happier for others as well as yourself.

To be continued.

Correspondence.

Dear HOME:

We take four papers in our house, but none of them interest me more than OUR HOME. Your May number was an excellent paper, and both papa and mamma thought it was more readable and interesting than any of the other papers. Many of our friends will become subscribers, as I have been showing them your last number, and they are quite surprised at the amount of good reading you give for twenty-five cents a year. May you go on to greater success.

EMILY, Toronto, Ont.

Editor of OUR HOME:

A short time ago you published some interesting Bible facts for the benefit of your readers; the information you gave was, I am sure, appreciated by many. Some years ago I was told the number of times the words "Lord," "Jehovah" and "Reverend" occurred in the Bible, but have forgotten all about it. Can you give me the necessary information in your June issue?

LOUISA, Montreal, Que.

The word "Lord" is found in the Bible 1,853 times, the word "Jehovah" 6,855 times, and the word "Reverend" but once, and that in the 9th verse of Psalm cxi.

Dear HOME:

I have a large quantity of carpet rags and would like to dye them; what are the best colors of Diamond Dyes for this work?

MRS. S. A., London, Ont.

For cotton rags use Stocking Black for cotton, Pink for cotton, Yellow for cotton and Green for cotton. For wool rags use any of the colors for wool. The prettiest are Crimson, Orange, Violet, Olive Green, Old Gold, Green and Brown.

Dear HOME:

Last year I tried to cultivate the tuberose, but was not very successful. Can you give me any pointers that will help me?

FANNY, Montreal, Que.

To cultivate the tuberose, that most beautiful of all plants, put the bulbs in six-inch pots, three in each, and use a mixture of equal parts turfy loam, peat and leaf mould, and place in the pit. Give very little water at first, and as they commence to grow freely increase it and keep near the glass. When they begin to push up their flower-spikes they will, of necessity, require to be placed where they will have sufficient space for the proper development of the tall spikes. These will come into bloom from August to October, when they will require a temperature ranging from 60° to 70°, the latter being preferable. If wanted to bloom earlier, the pots should be placed in a warm pit, and on a hot-bed, the temperature of which is about 75°, to start them into a growth more quickly.

Dear HOME:

I have never had the privilege of visiting Montreal, but have heard it is quite a city. A friend of mine visited Montreal last summer and spoke of its magnificent mountain park, which, he said, commanded a grand view of the surrounding country. Please give me a few particulars as to the extent of the park and its height.

YANKEE BLADE, Manchester, N.H.

Mount Royal Park is Montreal's chief charm. It rises to the height of about 740 feet above the level of the river, and it is best approached by winding drives entering the park from the north-east and south-east. This park drive is something that no visitor to the city should miss, as the beauties of the mountain can be seen in no other way. The drive as well as the general plan of the park was laid out by F. I. Olmstead, of New York. Beautiful views are to be had from various points, notably, Prospect Point, the Look Out, the Observatory, and the Summit of the Mountain. The Park contains 462 acres, and was acquired in 1860 by buying up various properties. An incline railway runs up the mountain from Fletcher's field, near the Golf Club house. It is in operation from 1st May to the end of October.

FRIENDSHIP.—True friendship keeps no profit-and-loss account, posts no ledgers, strikes no daily balances, but takes gratitude for granted, and regards affections always solvent. It has no clearing house, gives no notes of hand, carries on no brokerage of attachment, makes no bargain in this commerce of the affections. With it "yours truly" goes a great way, and certainly, worn threadbare as they are by incessant use, no words have a stouter body of significance left in them.

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