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TEA

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# Woman's Sphere

### KEEPING HOUSE FOR SLEEPING BABIES.

A young woman writes that she has been able to earn a considerable amount of pin money by staying with her neighbors' babies on evenings when the parents wished to be absent from the house.

The girl had many demands upon her time. Besides keeping house for her invalid father and her three younger brothers she was attending a nearby university. The family income was limited; but so long as the evenings were occupied with study and her days filled with work she could not earn in any of the usual ways the extra money that she needed.

In planning her scheme she realized that she could study at a neighbor's house as well as at her own—better in fact, for there she would not have three high-spirited brothers shouting over their games or banging the piano. Moreover, she could be earning something while she studied.

She wrote notes to all the young married couples in the neighborhood who had small children,—to those she did not know as well as to her friends,—saying that all her evenings were free, and that she should be glad to stay in the house with the baby while the parents went out. She added that for that service her charge would be fifty cents from seven o'clock until eleven, and seventy-five cents for a longer evening.

The plan succeeded from the first. Most of the young married people in the community were of modest means and did not keep a maid. They were glad to find an intelligent and responsible person to stay in the house when they wished to go out.

"Of course the baby never wakes up, but if he should Susan would know what to do," was the way they expressed their approval of the scheme.

The business soon grew to satisfying proportions. The girl's friends quickly told others of the plan, and in a short time the project of keeping house for sleeping babies was bringing an income of three, four, and sometimes even five, dollars a week.

### MAKE A COMFORTABLE LAWN SWING.

A sliding bed with a mattress in two parts, was discarded as a sleeping arrangement because something went wrong with one of the legs, so that the bed when stretched out, would not stand satisfactorily.

Several of the family were for calling the junk man, but a more ingenious member of the group saw possibilities in the old sliding bed.

It was taken apart so that there were two good stout springs with iron frames. Stout chains were purchased and attached, and the hammock swing suspended from the porch ceiling. The mattress was covered with cretonne, with a ruffle on either side, and pillows to match made.

The seat was so comfortable that it was always in demand. The other part was taken and turned upside down so that the erstwhile legs formed four posts, three sides of which were covered with stout khaki cloth of tent weight. This made a back, a head, and a foot. This part of the mattress was covered with khaki to match, with a straight valance in front. Stout chains hung the swing at the farther end of the porch, and bright cretonne cushions finished the article satisfactorily, so that it was even better than the first one.

The expense entailed for the two verandah swings was a mere trifle, as cretonne was used which was in the house, and only the khaki cloth and heavy chain had to be bought.

True thrift consists in making good use of what we have, so as to increase our comfort, well-being and pleasure, at the same time conserving our resources.

### SOME USES FOR DISCARDED FARM PAPERS.

We subscribe to a large number of farm and dairy papers and magazines. After reading, my husband files some of these, and out of others cuts material he wishes to save. Then they are left for me to dispose of.

I save and file various household articles and recipes for my own use, and then cut out any large pictures of animals. I find these in the advertisements and in the illustrated articles. I save pictures of cows and bulls of the different breeds, poultry, dogs, horses and other live stock. Some are in colors, but most of them are not. They are all put into a box and saved until needed. Around Christmas time I purchase a quantity of red and black cambric and make scrap-books for gifts.

Cutting through triple thickness, I cut a number of pieces of cambric, twenty-four by twelve inches. About five of these are stitched by machine down the centre three times to insure strength. This makes a square book of ten pages, but, of course, the books may be made any size or thickness that is desired. The edges may be pinked to prevent raveling, or left straight. The pictures are pasted in with common flour and water paste.

Some books are all cows, some have a different page for each type of animal, while others include barns with sometimes an attractive farm scene. At any rate, I try to group the pictures well.

Little children are always delighted with these books and their making affords many a rainy day occupation for older children. It is a good plan to keep an extra one on hand to take to a sick child.

I also keep only magazines hanging behind the stove. It is most helpful for wiping the stove and greasy skillets and saves many a dishcloth.—Mrs. E. M. C.

### THEY'LL TASTE GOOD WHEN THE SNOW FLIES.

*Plum Conserve.*—6 lbs. plums, 2 sliced oranges, 1½ lbs. large seeded raisins, ¾ lb. nut meats, 3 lbs. sugar.

Quarter the oranges and slice the quarters and let stand in water over night. Cook the plums until soft and press the pulp through a sieve. Cook oranges until tender and add raisins and sugar and cook until the consistency of marmalade. Add nuts five minutes before placing in sterilized jars.

*Fruit Salad Dressing*—1 tsp. salt, 2 tsp. flour, 1 tsp. melted butter, 1 egg yolk, ½ cup cream, ½ cup hot syrup from sweet pickled peaches or pears.

Mix dry ingredients and add the beaten egg yolk, syrup and butter slowly. Stir over boiling water until the mixture thickens. When cool add cream, whipped or plain.

*Gingered Pears*—1 lb. pears, ½ lb. sugar, 1 tbs. preserved ginger (or ground ginger tied in cloth), 1 lemon, 1 cup water.

Cut pears in quarters, then slice in thin slices, put in granite kettle and cover with sugar. Let stand all night. In the morning cut lemons in small pieces, take all seeds out. Bring to the boiling point and let simmer for two hours, putting in the ginger, which has been sliced thinly, just before removing from the fire. If cooked to the consistency of jam, gingered pears may be kept in open jars.

### HANDY PIECE SHELF.

I think that mothers with many garments to mend will appreciate this: In my bathroom, over the door is a foot-wide shelf. On this are three or four-pound cracker boxes. I like these best, but any large strong boxes will do. There are marked on the front with the kind of pieces they contain, as "White," "Blue," "Plaids," "Gray," "Underwear," "Linings," "Wool," etc. Each kind is rolled and tied securely before putting away. Sometimes a box will hold two kinds, one in each side of the box and the box has two names on the front, one under the other.

When I want to patch my blue apron, or little daughters plaid dress, the lining of the good man's coat, or big boy's trousers, I can find the necessary materials much quicker than when I kept them in a "piece-bag," and what I wanted invariably seemed to be at the bottom.—Mrs. M. N.

### THE ANSWER.

What makes a home? the timber and the bricks?
Foundations strong? the style of roof and room?
The furnishings within? the builder's tricks
Of making wood so many forms assume?

Homes are not made of wood or stone
Nor all the things that men can make thereof;
What makes a home where joy and faith are known,
Where happiness and peace abide; is—love!

—Arthur W. Peach.

NURSES

The Toronto Hospital for Incurables, in affiliation with Bellevue and Allied Hospitals, New York City, offers a three years' Course of Training to young women, having the required education, and desirous of becoming nurses. This Hospital has adopted the eight-hour system. The pupils receive uniforms of the School, a monthly allowance and travelling expenses to and from New York. For further information apply to the Superintendent.

# PENNY PLAIN

BY O. DOUGLAS

Shopman—"You may have your choice—penny plain or two-pence colored."
Solemn Small Boy—"Penny plain, please. It's better value for the money."

*Copyright by George H. Doran Co.*

CHAPTER XI.—(Cont'd.)

Teenie looked round the cosy room and thought how pleasant it would have been if she and her sister had been sitting down to tea as usual, with no need to think of topics. It had been all very well to tell their obviously surprised friends where they were going for tea, but when it came to the point she would infinitely have preferred to stay at home.

"She'll not likely have any notion of a proper tea," Miss Watson said. "Scraps of thin bread and butter, mebbe, and a cake, so don't you look disappointed, Teenie, though I know you like your tea. Just toy with it, you know."

"No, I don't know," said Miss Teenie crossly. "I never 'toyed' with my tea yet, and I'm not going to begin. It'll likely be China tea anyway, and I'd as soon drink dish-water."

Miss Watson looked bitterly at her sister.

"You'll never rise in the world, Teenie, if you can't give up a little comfort for the sake of refinement. Fancy making a fuss about China tea when it's handed to you by an earl's granddaughter."

Miss Teenie made no reply to this except to burst—as was a habit of hers—into a series of violent sneezes, at which her sister's wrath broke out.

"That's the most uncivilized sneeze I ever heard. If you do that before Miss Reston, Teenie, I'll be tempted to do you an injury."

Miss Teenie blew her nose pensively. "I doubt I've got a chill changing my underclothes in the middle of the day, but 'a little pride and a little pain,' as my mother used to say when she screwed my hair with curl-papers . . . I suppose it'll do if we stay an hour?"

Things are rarely as bad as we anticipate, and, as it turned out, not only Miss Watson, but the rebellious Miss Teenie, looked back on that tea-party as one of the pleasantest they have ever taken part in, and only Heaven knows how many tea-parties the good ladies had attended in their day.

They were judges of china and fine linen, and they looked appreciatively at the table. There were the neatest of tea-knives, the daintiest of spoons, jam glowed crimson through crystal, butter was there in a lordly dish, cakes from London, delicate sandwiches, Miss Bathgate's best and lightest in the way of scones, shortbread crisp from the oven of Mrs. M'Cosh.

And here was Miss Reston looking lovely and exotic in a wonderful tea-frock, a class of garment hitherto unknown to the Miss Watsons, who thrilled at the sight. Her welcome was so warm that it seemed to the guests, accustomed to the thus-far-and-no-further manner of the Priorsford great ladies, almost exuberant. She led Miss Teenie to the most comfortable chair, she gave Miss Watson a footstool and put a cushion at her back, and talked so simply, and laughed so naturally, that the Miss Watsons forgot entirely to choose their topics and began on what was uppermost in their minds, the fact that Robina (the little maid) had actually managed that morning to break the gazogene.

Pamela, who had not a notion what a gazogene was, gasped the required surprise and horror and said, "But how did she do it?" which was the safest remark she could think of.

"Banged it in the sink," said Miss Watson, with a dramatic gesture, "and the bottom came out. I never thought it was possible to break a gazogene with all that wire-netting about it."

"Robina," said Miss Teenie gloomily, "could break a steam-roller let alone a gazogene."

"It'll be an awful miss," said her sister. "We've had it so long, and it always stood on the sideboard with a bottle of lemon syrup beside it."

Pamela was puzzling to think what this could be that stood on a sideboard companioned by lemon-syrup and compassed with wire-netting when Mawson showed in Mrs. Jowett, and with her Miss Mary Dawson, and the party was complete.

The Miss Watsons greeted the newcomers brightly, having met them on bazaar committees and at Red Cross work parties, and having always been treated courteously by both ladies. They were quite willing to sink at once into a lower place now that two denizens of the Hill had come, but Pamela would have none of it.

They were the reason of the party; she made that evident at once.

Miss Teenie did not attempt the impossible and "toy" with her tea. There was no need to. The tea was delicious, and she drank three cups. She tried everything on the table and pronounced everything excellent. Never had she felt herself so entertaining, such a capital talker as now, with Pamela smiling and applauding every effort. Mrs. Jowett, too, gentle lady, listened with most gratifying interest, and Miss Mary Dawson threw in kind, sensible remarks at intervals. There was no arguing, no disagreeing, everybody "clinked" with everybody else—a most pleasant party.

"And isn't it awful," said Miss Watson in a pause, "about our minister marrying?"

Pamela waited for further information before she spoke, while Mrs. Jowett said, "Don't you consider it a suitable match?"

"Oh, well," said Miss Watson, "I just meant that it was awful unexpected. He's been a bachelor so long, and then to marry a girl twenty years younger than himself and a 'Piscapalian into the bargain."

"But how sporting of him," Pamela said.

"Sporting?" said Miss Watson doubtfully, vague thoughts of guns and rabbits floating through her mind. "Of course you're a 'Piscapalian, too, Miss Reston, so is Mrs. Jowett: I shouldn't have mentioned it."

"I'm afraid I'm not much of anything,' Pamela confessed, "but Jean Jardine has great hopes of making me a Presbyterian. I have been going with her to hear her own most delightful parson—Mr. Macdonald."

"A dear old man," said Mrs. Jowett; "he does preach so beautifully."

"Mr. Macdonald's church is the old Free Kirk, now U.F., you know," said Miss Watson in an instructive tone. "The Jardines are great Free Kirk people, like the Hopes of Hopetoun—but the Parish is far more class, you know what I mean? You've more society there."

"What a delightful reason for worshipping in a church!" Pamela said. "But please tell me more about your minister's bride—does she belong to Priorsford?"

"English," said Miss Teenie, "and smokes, and plays golf, and wears skirts near to her knees. What in the world she'll look like at the missionary work party or attending the prayer meeting—I cannot think. Poor Mr. Morrison must be demented, and he is such a good preacher."

"She will settle down," said Miss Dawson in her slow, sensible way. "She's really a very likeable girl; and if she puts all the energy she uses to play games into church work she will be a great success. And it will be an interest having a young wife at the manse."

"I don't know," said Miss Watson doubtfully. "I always think a minister's wife should have a little money and a strong constitution and be able to play the harmonium."

Miss Watson had not intended to be funny, and was rather surprised at the laughter of her hostess.

"It seems to me," she said, "that the poor woman *would* need a strong constitution."

"Well, anyway," said Miss Teenie, "she would need the money; ministers have so many claims on them. And they've a position to keep up. Here, of course, they have manses, but in Glasgow they sometimes live in flats. I don't think that's right. . . . A minister should always live in a villa, or at least in a 'front door.' "

"Is your minister's bride pretty?" Pamela asked.

Miss Watson got in her word first. "Pretty," she said, "but not in a ministerial way, if you know what I mean. I wouldn't call her ladylike."

"What would you call 'lady-like'?" Pamela asked.

"Well, a good height, you know, and a nice figure and a pleasant face and tidy hair. The sort of person that looks well in a grey coat and skirt and a feather boa."

"I know exactly. What a splendid description!"

"Now," continued Miss Watson, much elated by the praise, "Mrs. Morrison is very conspicuous looking. She's got yellow hair and a bright color, and a kind of bold way of looking."

"She's a complex character," sighed Mrs. Jowett; "she wears snakeskin shoes. But you must be kind to her, Miss Watson. I think she would appreciate kindness."

"Oh, so we are kind to her. The congregation subscribed and gave a grand piano as a wedding present. Wasn't that good? She is very musical, you know, and plays the violin beautifully. That'll be very useful at church meetings."

"I can't imagine," said Miss Dawson, "why we should consider a minister's wife and her talents as the property of the congregation. A doctor's wife isn't at the beck and call of her husband's patients, a lawyer's wife isn't briefed along with her husband. It doesn't seem to me fair."

(To be continued.)

### Just Spikes!

"Well, now we're settled down, the tent's set up,
The dunnage off, the kettle on the boil,
Let's paint a sign and nail it on this tree
So everything shall be as ruled by Hoyle."

On which they took a box lid and some spikes
And daubed upon the lid 'CAMP SANS SOUCI.'
(They split the lid for kindling ere they left;
The spikes were left embedded in the tree).

Time winged its flight. One day two tongue-tied men
Stood hesitant before a garden gate,
And coughed, and cleared their throats, and then one said,
"We bring bad news, I guess, an' I sure hate
To tell yuh, Missus, but—an hour ago,
While we was cuttin' spruce down at the Mill—
The saw got busted on some rusty spikes
Sunk in the log. A splinter hit your Bill
Who happened to be passin' at the time
He's injured pretty bad. 'N fact it's said—"
(He gulped and mopped his brow and looked away)
"Dear God! Don't say he's DEAD."
"Yes, mum, he's dead."

—W.H.C.

Minard's Liniment Heals Cuts.

### Why Glued Joints Fail.

Every housekeeper has had the experience, to her deep regret, of her furniture loosening up at the joints, due to changes of temperature and atmospheric conditions. In many cases valuable furniture has lost its usefulness and been discarded for this reason.

This condition, however, is not always due to the above causes, it would appear. There are numerous qualities of glue, or adhesives, as they are technically called, and the causes of failure of glued joints may, in many cases be due to the use of an unsuitable grade. The glue may have been the most expensive procurable, but not adaptable for the purpose for which it was used.

This situation has influenced the Forest Products Laboratories of the Department of the Interior to conduct a series of investigations into the merits of various adhesives for different purposes. Some twenty-six commercial adhesives of the hide and casein classes have been investigated, the work including both mechanical and physical determinations. Ageing tests to secure information on the permanency of the adhesives were also undertaken.

If the Forest Products Laboratories are able to secure results that will relieve the worries of the home makers of Canada regarding the coming apart of their furniture at the glued joints they will have earned a full measure of appreciation and at the same time will be in a position to supply invaluable information to furniture manufacturers.

For Sore Feet—Minard's Liniment.

### Nothing But the Truth.

James has just been engaged to assist the milkman.

"Now," said his master to him on the first morning, "do you see what I'm doing?"

"Yes, sir," replied James. "You're a-pouring water into the milk!"

"No, I'm not, James," was the answer. "You're wrong. I'm a-pouring milk into the water. So if anyone asks you if I put water into the milk, you be sure and tell 'em 'No.' Allus stick to the truth, James, and you'll get on in life. Cheatin' is bad enough, but lyin's awful!"

### Free Speech.

A guest was expected for dinner and Bobby had received five cents as the price for his silence during the meal. He was as quiet as possible until discovering that his favorite dessert was being served. Then he could no longer curb his enthusiasm. He drew the coin from his pockt and rolled it across the table, saying:

"Hre's your nickle, mamma. I'd like to have it, but I'd rather talk."

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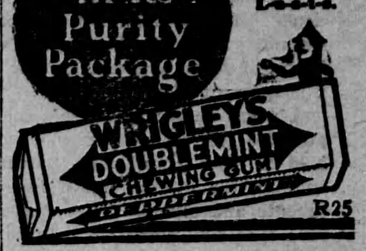


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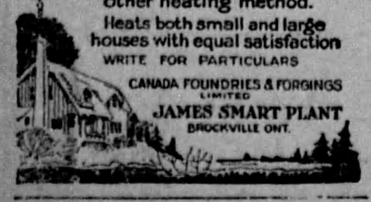

ISSUE No. 37—'24.

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