

HOME INTERESTS.

Conducted by HELENE.

It may be a homely phrase which makes the "head save the heels," but it is a wise thought for a busy housekeeper. I see many busy housewives running hither and thither getting up the materials needed to cook with. Why not use what progressive business men use in their business—a memorandum? They never think of carrying a day's plan of work in their heads, or trust to memory for dates. Have a pencil and pad—a "calendar" you may call it—made of thick, heavy paper tied with pretty ribbons and hung in your kitchen ready for reference. If you try this awhile you will never be without it again. First it has a menu for every day in the month, classified as suitable for breakfast, dinner and tea. These furnish suggestions which remove a heavy burden day after day. They have a list of needful household necessities, such as flour, coal, sugar, bacon, tea coffee, coal oil, candles, mustard, borax, soap, a complete grocery list. When Saturday comes and the weekly replenishing of stores must be made the busy housewife simply runs over her list to see what is needed and supplies the various items. Also have a timetable. Borax is one of the most helpful items to have in the kitchen, as it not only cleans quickly and easily, but it purifies and disinfects at the same time. It is inexpensive and good for cleaning all cooking utensils, tinware of every kind.

A PRAYER.

Let me remember that I failed, So I may not forget How dear that goal the distance veiled Toward which my feet were set. Let me forget, if so Thy will, How fair the joy desired, Dear God, so I remember still That one day I aspired. —Theodosia Garrison.

TO REMOVE GRASS STAINS.

At this season of the year small children and perhaps grown-ups as well, are apt to have their tub dresses injured by grass stains. It is claimed that the only sure way of removing these marks is to rub them thoroughly with molasses, and allow it to remain on the article until it is sent to the laundry, when it will be seen that the stains have disappeared.

THE MASTER'S QUESTIONS.

"Master, I have this day broken no law of the Ten—have hurt no one. Is it enough?" "Child, there stood one by thy side burdened with heavy tasks of lowly earthly labor. For a little help, a little easing of the burden, he looked to thee. Thou hast time and strength." "Master, I did not hear." "Thine ear was dull. There came a guest to seek thy converse, a human friend in quest of fellowship. I marked thy sigh, the frown. Why was thy heart not glad?" "I was reading. I hate to be disturbed, to be called from great thoughts to trifling talk." "The children would have thee some few moments in their play. Without thee they went wrong—how far wrong thou wilt not know. It is too late." "Child's play? But I was searching for a hidden truth of spiritual import." "Thou didst not turn aside to lift that lame one who had fallen by the way." "I was in haste to do what I had planned. I meant to help him when I should return." "Another lifted him. Shall I question further?"

HOW TO MEND LACE.

Now that real lace is in fashion, it is quite an accomplishment to know how to repair the delicate web. Lace mending requires both good eyesight and patience to accomplish it properly. Lace thread, a loose thread which comes especially for the purpose, is used. The groundwork mesh should be imitated as well as possible. To keep the lace in place it is best to baste it to a piece of enameled leather,

such as is used in embroidery, repairing carefully the damaged portion. If the mesh is badly torn take a scrap of fine Brussels net the size of the tear, lay it on a strip of the mending tissue, procurable at any of the dry goods shops, and pass a warm iron over it. If carefully done the mended spot will be scarcely perceptible.

CLUB WOMEN AND SIMPLE LIFE.

Responding to the toast, "The Club Woman and the Simple Life," at a meeting of the women's clubs in this city a few days ago, one of the cultured members expressed herself in substance as follows: Nothing apparently could be further apart than the club woman and the simple life. The club woman herself is admittedly complex, and as for the simple life, she had no faith that the club woman could succeed in returning to that relic of barbarism. She thought greater simplicity and increased frequency in entertaining might be a good thing, but in the simple life of the past she as a club woman expressed no faith.

How the average man must blush and hang his head, to think that his mother or his wife, instead of devoting herself to the lofty purpose of club life and "increased frequency in entertaining," is merely a "relic of barbarism," attending to household duties, bearing and rearing children, making the home cheerful and happy, administering comfort and solace to the tired and worried breadwinner, giving him renewed strength to battle with the world, filling the children's minds with fond recollections such as influence their afterlives, teaching them prayers and keeping them clean, and generally fulfilling the housewife's duties in the old-fashioned way. How he must long for the club woman, who scorns to descend to such relics of barbarism, and devotes her time to writing essays and "increased frequency in entertaining."

Some women are model wives and at the same time can deliver interesting addresses to audiences, can write and read essays on various topics, and give a certain amount of attention to club duties without neglecting their home duties. With such women the home life is first and foremost, and they never belittle it. That is what constitutes their chief charm. The other accomplishments are merely incidental, the same as music, painting, or diversions of any sort.

As there is butter and butterine, so there is culture and culture. The imitation of real culture, which scorns to descend to the practical duties of life, bears the same relation to real culture, which butterine bears to butter. Real culture does not consist in ability to string words together and recite them to an audience. Such work has rather a tendency to detract from the charm and refinement which have made women the idols of men since the world began. The sexless, short-haired species, with the aggressive face, and the elaborate essay, never could and never will command one hundredth part of the influence commanded by the gentle and refined wife and mother. If the latter are relics of barbarism, then give us plenty of the relics.—Intermountain Catholic.

MILBURN'S Heart and Nerve Pills.



Are a specific for all diseases and disorders arising from a run-down condition of the heart or nerve system, such as Palpitation of the Heart, Nervous Prostration, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Pain and Dizziness, Brain Pain, etc. They are especially beneficial to women troubled with irregular menstruation.

Wear Trade Mark D. Suspenders, guaranteed. Price 50c.

MISTAKES OF WOMEN.

One of the mistakes of women is not knowing how to eat. If a man is not to be fed when she is, she thinks a cup of tea or anything handy is good enough. If she needs to save money she does it at the butcher's cost. If she is busy she will not waste time in eating. If she is unhappy, she goes without food. A man eats if the sheriff is at the door, if his work drives, if the undertaker interrupts; and he is right. A woman will choose ice cream instead of beefsteak, and a man will not.

Another of her mistakes is in not knowing when to rest. If she is tired she may sit down, but she will darn stockings, crochet shawls, embroider dollies. Doesn't she know that hard work tires? If she is exhausted she will write letters or figure her accounts. She would laugh at you if you hinted that reading or writing would fall to rest her. All over the country women's hospitals flourish because women do not know how to rest.—Exchange.

BUSY LIVES ARE PURE LIVES.

Busy lives, like running water, are generally pure. Nothing will do more to improve the looks than sunshine in the heart. Endeavor to keep your life in sunshine—the shadows will catch it soon enough. A child's mind is often much like a piece of white paper upon which anything may be written. Don't blot it. Those who have the "best times" when they are young begin the habit of nurse their rheumatism. Happy is he who learned this one thing—to do the plain duty of the moment quickly and cheerfully, whatever it may be. If you want knowledge you must toil for it; if you want food you must toil for it. Toil is the law. Pleasure comes through toil and not by self-indulgence and indolence. When one gets to love work his life should be happy and useful. Therefore learn to enjoy your work. "Triumph and toil are twins."—Pennsylvania School Journal.

TIMELY HINTS.

Lemon rind steeped in the water in which you bathe is not only refreshing, but of actual benefit to the skin, as it forms a splendid tonic.

For stings or bites of any kind of insects apply dampened salt, bound tightly over the spot. It will relieve and usually cure very quickly.

To prevent colored cotton goods from fading in the wash put them first in cold water in which a cupful of coarse salt has been dissolved. This will preserve even the delicate tints of organdies, chambrays, etc.

Suede gloves may be cleaned dry by being drawn upon the hand or upon a glove-tree, and rubbed with powdered oyster-crackers. Another way is to procure a dry nail-brush, dip it in a dry mixture of equal parts of fuller's earth and powdered alum, and scrub the gloves until clean.

A brilliant polish may be given to brass door fixtures, ornaments, etc., by washing them in alum and lye. Make a solution by boiling an ounce of alum in a pint of lye and wash the article in it.

Baking dishes that become burned in the oven and plates and platters that become blackened with food scorched upon them should not go through the tedious process of scraping. Simply put a little water in the ashes in the dish and let it become warm, and the burned and discolored portions may be easily cleaned without injuring the dish.

RECIPES.

Delicious Potato Salad—Chop very fine indeed half a small onion and half a green pepper pod. Cut six boiled potatoes into cubes less than half an inch in diameter. Mix the onion, pepper and potato-together with five or six tablespoonful of oil. Add a teaspoonful of salt and a little paprika. Add vinegar in whatever proportion is liked. Rub the salad bowl with a split clove of garlic; put in the salad, shaping it firmly into a mound. Cover with a smooth mayonnaise. With lines of capers or sliced olives divide the mound into six sections. Fill in these sections with finely chopped hard boiled eggs, using both whites and yolks, and with chopped boiled beets. Decorate the sections in contrasting colors. Set a tuft of lettuce hearts in the top and decorate the edges with tiny gherkins cut in the thinnest of slices and spread out fan fashion.

Baked Apples—A Pennsylvania housewife cooks her "baked apples"

Burdock BLOOD BITTERS CURES Dyspepsia, Bolls, Pimples, Headaches, Constipation, Loss of Appetite, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Scrofula, and all troubles arising from the Stomach, Liver, Bowels or Blood.

Burdock BLOOD BITTERS Mrs. A. Lehan, of Baltimore, writes: "I believe I would have been in my grave long ago had it not been for Burdock Blood Bitters. I was run down to such an extent that I could scarcely move about the house. I was subject to severe headaches, backaches and dizziness; my appetite was gone and I was unable to do my household work. After using two bottles of B.B.B. I found my health fully restored. I warmly recommend it to all tired and worn out women."

Burdock BLOOD BITTERS

on top of the stove. She cores them and places them in a covered pan with enough water to prevent them from burning. She then lets them cook until partly done, sprinkles them with sugar and cinnamon and puts them in the oven to finish cooking. This is a good method for the busy housewife.

Devonshire Meat Pie—Remove the meat from a knuckle of veal. Put the bones in a kettle, cover with cold water and add one slice of onion, one slice of carrot, a bit of bay leaf, a sprig of parsley, twelve pepper-corns and two teaspoonful of salt. Then heat slowly to the boiling point. Add the veal, and let simmer until the meat is tender. Remove the meat, and reduce the stock to two cupfuls. Put a one-half pound slice of lean raw ham in a frying-pan, cover with lukewarm water and let stand on the back of the range for one hour. Brown four tablespoonful of butter, add four tablespoonful of flour, and when well browned pour on gradually, while stirring constantly, the two cupful of stock. Then add veal and ham, each cut into cubes, and let simmer for twenty minutes. Put in a serving dish and cover with a top made of puff paste of correct size. It is much better to bake the paste separately, and cover the pie just before sending to the table.—Miss Farmer, in Woman's Home Companion.

FUNNY SAYINGS

CIRCULAR HENS.

A New Jersey farmer has developed a breed of hens that ought to prove popular. For a number of years he has been annoyed by a neighbor's hens scratching in his garden, so he set about devising a strain of hens that would stay at home and not annoy the neighbors. He says he has succeeded. The new breed of fowls has legs of an uneven length. The right leg is about six inches long and the left leg four. Owing to this, inequality of underpinning, a hen is unable to take steps of equal length. When she endeavors to wander any distance from the coop she walks in a circle and, soon finds herself back at her own door. Furthermore there can be no scratching by the hens with mismatched legs. When a hen stands on the short leg the long one is put out of business and when she stands on the long one the short one can't reach the ground.—Ex.

SICK OF HAMLET.

An ardent club worker, bent on talking literature to factory girls, unfolded her scheme of Shakespearean readings, and dealt out three-penny copies of "Hamlet." The first comment came from a girl belonging to the immense army of bookfolders. "Oh, I know this well," she said, in a superior tone. "Really," said the gratified teacher. "Is it your favorite play?" "The girl looked at her pityingly. "Lor, I ain't read it," she chuckled; "we stock 'em at our place; I've 'ad 'undreds through my 'ands. 'Amlet? 'Sick to death of 'im!"

WHERE TO STOP.

An Irish priest had labored hard with one of his flock to induce him to give up whiskey. "I tell you, Michael," said the priest, "whiskey is your worst enemy, and you should keep as far away from it as you can." "Me enemy is it, Father?" responded Michael, "and it was your reverence's self that was tellin' us to 'love our enemies!" "So I was, Michael," rejoined the priest, "but I didn't tell you to swallow them."

THE POET'S CORNER

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

This world is a weary old workshop at best, And the work must go on, Day in and day out, without respite or rest, Still the work must go on; However the smile of the morn may invite The soul to a day and a dream of delight, We must turn from the lure, we must face to the right, For the work must go on. Yes, the work must go on, and the hammers must swing, And a task to be done confronts peasant and king; And the dreamer must stifle the song he would sing, For the work must go on. The heart may be heavy, the hand may be worn, But the work must go on; The spirit, within may be tortured and torn, But the work must go on. Though morning may plunge us the deeper in dole, Though evening bring nothing to soothe or console, We are yoked to a force that we may not control, And our work must go on. Yes, the work must go on, and the wheels must go round, And the hammers must swing and the anvils must sound, And new words must be spoken, new thoughts must be found, For the work must go on. A worker outwearied falls down at the loom, But the work must go on; The toiler that falls for another makes room, And the work must go on; Another steps into the place and the pay To forward the task howsoever he may, And the worker who dies is forgot in a day, But the work must go on. Yes, the work must go on, and the dullest must learn That the life of a man is a minor concern, 'Tis our fate to fall out one by one in our turn, But the work must go on. —Denis A. McCarthy.

AND ONE HAD LOVE.

One man had riches for his gift and knew The emptiness thereof; Another, where fame's topmost summits lift All pigmy peaks above, Felt the keen pangs of lofty loneliness; And one had love! Down in the lowly valley-paths of life His years were spent Where, far removed from moiling din and strife, Brook-song and bird-song blent, Babbled of quiet things, of restful peace, And deep content. Yet there was something in his cup of days Ineffably more sweet Than e'er he knew who, in the giddy maze Of fortune set his feet Or quaffed fame's goblet, wreathed with rue and bays, And found it incomplete! —Hilton Green.

A PARABLE.

Said Christ our Lord, "I will go and see How the men, my brethren, believe in Me." He passed not again through the gate of birth, But made Himself known to the children of earth. Then said the chief priests, and rulers and kings, "Behold now, the Giver of all good things; Go to, let us welcome with pomp and state Him alone who is mighty and great." With carpets of gold the ground they spread Wherever the Son of Man should tread, And in palace chambers, lofty and rare, They lodged Him and served Him with kingly fare. Great organs surged through arches dim Their jubilant floods in praise of Him; And in church, and palace, and judgment hall, He saw His image high over all. But still, wherever His steps they led, The Lord in sorrow bent down His head, And from under the heavy foundation stones The son of Mary heard bitter groans. And in church and palace and judgment hall, He marked great fissures that rent the wall, And opened wider and yet more wide As the living foundation heaved and sighed. "Have ye founded your thrones and altars then On the bodies and souls of living men? And think ye that building shall endure, Which shelters the noble and crushes the poor?" "With gates of silver and bars of gold Ye have fenced My sheep from their Father's fold; I have heard the dropping of their tears In heaven these eighteen hundred years." "O Lord and Master, not ours the guilt, We build but as our fathers built; Behold Thine images, how they stand, Sovereign and sole, through all our land. "Our trust is hard—with sword and flame To hold Thy earth forever the same, And with sharp crooks of steel to keep Still, as Thou leftest them, Thy sheep." Then Christ sought out an artisan, A low-browed, stunted, haggard man, And a mother girl, whose fingers thin Pushed from her faintly want and sin. These set He in the midst of them, And as they drew back their garments' hem, For fear of defilement, "Lo, here," said He, "The images ye have made of Me!" —James Russell Lowell.

Active Liver, Good Digestion And There is no More Prompt and Certain Means of Keeping the Liver Right than DR. CHASE'S KIDNEY-LIVER PILLS

In calling your attention to Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, it is only necessary to point to their success in the past, for they are known in nearly every home. By means of their direct and specific action on the liver—causing a healthful flow of bile—they regulate and enliven the action of the bowels and ensure good digestion in the intestines. At the same time they stimulate the kidneys in their work of filtering poisons from the blood. This cleansing process set in action by Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills means a thorough cure for biliousness, intestinal indigestion, torpid liver, kidney derangements and

constipation. It means a restoration of health, strength and comfort where there has been pain, weakness and suffering. It means a removal of the conditions which lead to backache, rheumatism, lumbago, Bright's Disease, appendicitis and diabetes. Mr. G. M. Smith, St. Catharines, Ont., writes: "It gives me pleasure to recommend Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. For some years I have been troubled with vertigo, defective circulation, and loss of appetite, followed by insomnia, and was miserable enough in different ways. Though I tried many medicines, none had the desired effect until I used Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. The first box gave relief, and a few more caused the old complaints to disappear entirely. Other members of the family have used Dr. Chase's remedies with the best results. I shall always have a good word to speak for Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, one pill a dose, 25 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

OUR BY

Dear Girls and Boys: It will be your turn of not writing or of a est. Well, dear little are times when it is in follow out our dearest the present time is Surely next week I will give you all the atten serve. Write me as usual Believe me, Your loving AUN

Dear Aunt Becky: This has been one of days, it was so cool to Wednesday. I suffered that day. All boys and forward to their first being the grandest day That is a pleasure I wait for four years yet I will be well prepared Him. My uncle and Farham were out yesterday had a nice visit. They of any of my cousins as t at school. It closes nex I suppose they will be school is finished. My dots chickens are to h row. I hope I will have with them. No more t Your nephew Granby, June 22.

Dear Aunt Becky: Here is another new ing at the door. Will it to be opened, Aunt I present I am visiting. Read. I intend to stay week or so. My home Hungerford, I am in the and intended trying to only my mamma died month ago, and I lost I could not try. We a ly now without poor have only one sister, F no brother. My teacher Miss Greenan, from L have a very nice garden of gooseberries, onions, lettuce, cucumbers and house is brick, with a in front of it. We live but keep no fowl but like to keep geese and I am very fond of them my aunt to feed her. She has eleven pet gos old hen as her geese v hatch for her this spring has fourteen little turke long letter for the fir Good-bye. Your loving n Stoco, June 22.

Dear Aunt Becky: As we were out to the Saturday and received Communion, I thought I and tell you all the ne All the girls were dress and had nice wreaths an boys were dressed in badges of white ribbon arms. We will have con September. Well Aunt only one week more of vacation. We regret that we are going to l cher. She is going to school for a year. I hav little turkeys and chick now. The flowers in our dows are nearly all in We are going to ha tions. My sister and I ing to try for the four could have come more r ing the year I would h to write for the fourth My brother Harry is g for the second book. We guess I will close. Your loving n Lonsdale, June 22.

Dear Aunt Becky: As school will soon be as my time is getting sh to you before vacation, would write you another night. School closes ne I am afraid I was g our teacher. She has b years and a half, and v her very much. We are warm weather now but rain. The berries are fr friend Nellie O'Neill a picking gooseberries thi