

HOME INTERESTS.

Conducted by HELENE.

FALL SHOPPING.

These be the days when the busy mother must go a-shopping, and the remnant counter is a favorite haunt for those who have little or growing children to fit out for the fall and winter. Short lengths of many beautiful and expensive goods may now be picked up at much less than the price at which the goods were held in the early season, and for the practical necessity of fall and winter school dresses, there are always the pretty and useful gingham, percales and chambrays. In many of these remnants there will be just enough for the frock or apron, with perhaps a yard or so that can be used in the "make overs," to be had for the same money that a cheap grade of the new goods, just opened, sells for. The shopper should remember that cheap goods do not wear or launder as well as the better quality that may cost a few cents more on the yard. Up to Thanksgiving, and perhaps later, the pretty and most serviceable of the summer clothing may be worn, with the addition of a little heavier underwear and light coat, and while these are still in service, the little winter frocks may be made, ready for putting on when they are needed, and when their newness will be most appreciated. Or, if economy is the object, the clothing to be "handed down" may be made over, brightening them up with a dip into the dye pot, or a touch of harmonious coloring with braid or other trimmings, and these may be worn during the early days of the winter, bringing out the new things later on. It would be well if mothers when going shopping would take their daughters with them. In this way they would learn to "count the cost" and realize how the money goes. They would see how impossible it is to make a five dollar bill pay for a ten dollar dress, and they would find that a penny here, a nickel there, a dime for this, a quarter for that, will soon wear a large hole in a dollar, and that the fullest purse should not be opened too often or too recklessly, else it will grow thin and flabby before the necessities are half met.

BEAUTY HINTS.

Many girls are troubled by the redness of their arms, especially at the back between the elbows and the shoulder, which is very damaging to the appearance when in evening dress. A good remedy for this is to soap the arms well every morning, using a soft flannel, and in the evening to bathe them in a thin, warm gruel, made of equal parts of starch and oatmeal. Dry carefully, then apply camphor ice or cold cream (not glycerin) and sleep in very soft white sleeves. The hair should be shampooed often enough to keep it clean; as for the time that may elapse between the washings, it must be regulated by the necessities of the case and by common sense. Once a day all tangle should be removed, and then a thorough brushing should follow. This will not keep the hair clean, but will serve to distribute the natural oil which is so essential to its luxuriant growth. It is well to change the style of arranging the hair from time to time, so that one part of the head need not always bear the strain and weight of the hair. The short-waisted woman should always favor vest-fitted bodices, not yoked ones; she should likewise rejoice over the revival of the high sleeve, which gives greater length to the appearance when in conjunction with a fitting bodice than did the drooping sleeve. She would be wise, also, to have her waistbands made deep, but so cut that they descend more over the hips than they rise above the waist-line, a precautionary measure very easy to attain with the deeply pointed belts in front.

TIMELY HINTS.

To remove varnish stains from the hands, rub with a little methylated spirit, wipe off with a piece of rag or soft paper, then wash with the soap and water. To clean suede gloves put the gloves on the hands and rub them well with fuller's earth applied with a small brush. An old toothbrush or nailbrush will do very well. Some people prefer a mixture of fuller's earth and alum in equal parts to fuller's earth alone. White suede

gloves are best cleaned with dry pipe clay.

Varnished paint can be kept looking as bright as though freshly done by soaking in water some time a bag filled with flaxseed and then using it as a cloth to clean the paint.

Salted milk as a beautifier is to be used externally and is a wash that makes the skin fine grained and clear. It is an English remedy as old as the hills and so simple and harmless that it cannot be popular because there is a perverseness about feminine nature that inclines to costly and risky beautifiers.

If when you are baking anything the oven gets too hot, put in a basin of cold water instead of leaving the door open. This cools the oven, and the steam rising from the water prevents the contents from burning. When cooking in a gas oven, a basin or tin of water should always be kept in the oven.

If a little ammonia is used every few days on brass faucets and tubes they will be kept bright and shining and with much less trouble than if polished only occasionally.

When the hair is very brittle it denotes some wrong about which a physician should be consulted. An external help may be had in this shampoo: Beat up the yolk of an egg, add ten drops of oil of sweet almonds, a teaspoon of warm water (not boiling) and twenty drops of spirits of rosemary. Then stir. Leave the mixture on the scalp for ten minutes, gently manipulating with the finger tips all the time. Then rinse and dry with fresh warm towels.

RECIPES.

Concord Grape Jelly.—Put the fruit in a large double boiler without adding any water. Cover and cook until the grapes are so well cooked that they burst. Rub through a colander, then strain through a flannel jelly bag. Measure the juice and allow a pint of sugar to each one of juice. Put the sugar in shallow pans in the open oven, stirring often to prevent scorching, until it is heated through. Put the juice into a preserving kettle and boil steadily for twenty minutes. Turn in the heated sugar, boil up once and pour into jelly glasses set in a pan of hot water.

Chocolate Pears.—Peel and core firm, medium-sized pears. Place in a baking dish, with an inch of water and the juice of a large lemon to six pears, cover and bake until tender. Sweeten the liquid very sweet with sugar syrup, and to each cupful add a heaping tablespoonful of grated chocolate, and vanilla essence to flavor. Cook until smooth and pour over the pears.

Cream of mushroom Soup.—Peel, rinse and cut fine one pound of fresh mushrooms; put them in a porcelain lined soup kettle, cover with one quart of good chicken or veal stock, and cook until tender. Press through a sieve and return to the kettle; add four tablespoonful of sage and cook twenty minutes longer; season and add one quart of scalded milk; let simmer five minutes. Take out one cupful of the soup and mix with the beaten yolks of four eggs, pour slowly into the soup and take at once from the fire.

Cheese Croquettes.—Three tablespoonful of butter, one-fourth of a cupful of flour, two-thirds of a cupful of milk, yolks of two eggs, one cupful of mild cheese cut into very small cubes, one-half cupful of grated Gruyere cheese, salt and pepper, a few grains of cayenne. Melt the butter, add the flour, and pour the milk on gradually while stirring constantly. Add the yolks of the eggs, then the cheese; as soon as it melts remove from the fire, and let cool, then make out in balls, roll in bread crumbs, and fry.

HELP FOR THE LADIES.

There is a hotel down south where the proprietor has decidedly an eye for the comfort of his guests. Tacked to the wall near the door of every bedroom, below the bell code, is a card that reads: "Ladies desiring assistance with blouses buttoning in the back ring five times."

FOLLOW YOUR CONSCIENCE.

Do what is right, or what your conscience tells you is right; do your best, and never mind what your critics say. Got the toothache, your dear? Oh, don't worry about it. Count up your blessings, and see how many parts of you don't ache. Some

people adorn their houses and cultivate their gardens, and leave nothing rude and wasteful in their minds, and nothing harsh and unpolished but their tempers. Do we want to be strong? We must work. To be hungry? We must starve. To be happy? We must be kind. To be wise? We must look and think. Our duties are best stated as our privileges. Failure after long perseverance is grander than never to have a striving good enough to be called a failure. Let us not forget that if honor is for the dead, gratitude can only be for the living. He who has once stood beside the grave, to look back upon the companionship which has been forever closed, feeling how impotent there are the wild love and the keen sorrow to give one instant's pleasure to the pulseless heart, or atone in the lowest measure to the departed spirit for the hour of unkindness, will scarcely for the future incur that debt to the heart which can only be discharged to the dust.

BE SWIFT TO FORGIVE.

Since we are grass and like a brief day of years at best, what is the use of so much fussing and fretting? What is the good of hoarding money for other people to ruin themselves with when you are dead? What is the good of hating your neighbor? What is the sense of trying to act a part, or seeming to be other than we are? What is the gain of guile or envy or evil speaking? What? I should like to know. For, since you are grass and shall soon lie down in the grave, God knows you and I do not want our dreams in that sleep of death to be of hate or malice or evil speaking. Then be swift to forgive.

HINTS FOR BUSINESS WOMEN.

The woman who must get to the office promptly each day can save herself needless worry and have much more time for the coveted morning nap if she will make a few needful preparations before retiring. Sew on loose buttons, polish the shoes and mend the gloves. Arrange the clothing and accessories conveniently near on a chair to facilitate dressing in the morning. Clothing which has been worn all day in a close office should be taken off after reaching home, brushed, and hung in the open air or spread over a chair near an open window. You will feel and look better for this extra care of your clothing. Be particular to brush your hair thoroughly before retiring and it will need less care in the morning. Attend to your nails and have all toilet articles in place for immediate use in the morning, says Woman's Life. The want of a pin or a veil at the eleventh hour and the turning of a room topsy turvy in an effort to find the desired article is annoying, to say the least. In brief, learn to "systemize your dressing, then there will be less rush and plenty of time for a nourishing breakfast, which is of vital importance to the health.

A WOMAN ELECTRICIAN.

The only electrical contractor in the United States of feminine persuasion is a demure young woman in Syracuse, N.Y., Miss Rose B. Richardson, who began business life as a telephone operator. Becoming interested in things electrical, she soon became bookkeeper and assistant for a brother-in-law, who was an electrical contractor. Since his death, some three years ago, Miss Richardson has had entire charge of the business, and has established a fine reputation. By personally inspecting all the contracts after the workmen have finished, she keeps a high standard. At the recent meeting of the National Association of Electrical Contractors, the two thousand men members gave an enthusiastic greeting to Miss Richardson. She is very domestic, however, in her inclinations and is an accomplished housekeeper.

FUNNY SAYINGS.

"Be observing, my son!" said Willie's father. "Cultivate the habit of seeing, and you will be a successful man." "Yes," added Willie's uncle. "Don't go through the world blindly. Learn to use your eyes." "Little boys who are observing know a great deal more than those who are not," Willie's aunt put in. Willie took their advice to heart. A day passed and once more he stood before the family council. "Well, Willie," said his father, "have you been using your eyes?" The boy nodded. "Tell us what you've learned." "Uncle Jim's got a bottle of whiskey hid behind his trunk," said Willie. "Aunt Jennie's got an extra set of teeth in her dresser, and pa's got a deck of cards and a box of chips behind the books in the secretary." "The little sneak!" exclaimed the family.—Newark News.

CAN A CHRISTIAN BE A FREEMASON?

A Converted Mason Declares it to Be Logically Impossible.

In his "Reminiscences," recently published in two volumes, Sir Francis Burnand, the famous editor of Punch and a convert to the Catholic Church, refers to his connection with Freemasonry when a young man. The passage is interesting: "The above period (September, 1857 to Jan., 1859) was a critical one with me, as I was then shaking the undergraduate dust of my feet, and was making an attempt 'to rise on,' not 'my dead self,' but on what I may term my 'moribund self' (as far as university life was concerned with a vast amount of kicking power still left, and, I may add, likely to remain 'going fairly strong' to the end) to better things.' Very seriously, at the end of 1856, had I, by 'special dispensation' (on account of my not being of age) become a Free and Accepted Mason. * * * I can honestly say for myself that I was most thoroughly in earnest, and, unsettled as I was at that time as to my religious position, inclined toward the High Church views, after reading Blunt's 'History of the Reformation' and Hallam's 'Constitutional History,' I recognized in Freemasonry, as it then appeared to me, a scheme of wide-reaching benevolence, of Christian charity, of universal brotherhood under the highest religious sanction. Freemasonry seemed to me 'to supply a want,' and, within a year, being punctual in attendance and working at it most enthusiastically, I was 'raised to the 'sublime degree.' I copy this from an entry in my diary on the 10th of November, 1857. And as evidence of the serious earnestness of my intentions at the time, I may copy this note from the diary, which runs thus: 'May the blessing of God be with all those who, in need and in truth, act up to the principles of Masonry and the faith of a Christian.' Even then it seems that I did not confuse the two. The banquetings, the toasts, and the convivialism of the craft always seemed to me utterly out of place as following directly on the solemn 'rites and mysteries.' The ceremonies could not have been more impressively carried out anywhere than in our University Lodge, under the mastership of the Rev. Arthur Ward, who, however, a little later in life found the practice of Freemasonry somewhat inconsistent with his advancing High Church views. Logically, no Christian can be a Freemason unless he be the sort of hedging Christian who, imitating the liberal-minded Emperor, Alexander Severus, included a statue of our Lord among those of all the gods with whose names and attributes he was acquainted."

BLOOD DISEASES

Can all be Cured by the Use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

More than half the diseases of the world is caused by bad blood—weak blood, blood poisoned by impurities. Bad blood is the one cause of all the headaches and backaches, the lumbago and rheumatism, the neuralgia and sciatica, the debility and biliousness and indigestion, the paleness and pimples and all the disfiguring skin diseases like eczema, that show how impure the blood actually is. It is no use trying a different medicine for each disease, because they all spring from the one cause—bad blood. To cure disease you must get right down to the root of the trouble in the blood. That is what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills do. They make new rich blood. Common medicines only touch the symptoms of disease. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills root out the cause. That is why these pills cure when doctors and common medicines fail. Here is positive proof:—"I suffered agony from indigestion," says Mr. Fred. Fills, of Grand Desert, N.B. "I had no appetite for my meals and no energy for my work; my stomach caused me constant distress, and everything I ate lay like lead on my chest. At times I felt my life a burden. I was always doctoring, but it did me no good. Then a little book came into my hands, and I read that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills would cure indigestion. I got them and began taking them, and I soon found they were helping me. My appetite began to improve, and my food to digest better. I used the pills for a couple of months and I was well. Now I am always ready for my meals, and I can eat anything, and all the credit is due to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I keep the pills in the house all the time, and I occasionally take a few as a precaution. I can honestly advise all dyspeptics to use this medicine, as I am sure it will cure them as it did me." Give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a fair trial and they will cure you, simply because they make that rich, strong blood that disease cannot resist. See that you get the genuine pills, with the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," on the wrapper around every box. You can get them from your medicine dealer or by mail at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50 by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

A VESTIGE OF OLD-TIME PURITAN BIGOTRY.

An incident that occurred the other day at the Baptist Ministers' Convention held in Boston shows that the old-time Puritanic bigotry against Catholics still exists. One of the ministers objected to the resolution. When asked his reasons for so doing, he frankly said he objected because the late Mayor was a Catholic. The name of the minister who made this pitiable exhibition of anti-Catholic bigotry is the Rev. Nathan Bailey, who hails from Peabody, Mass. The Baptist minister whose front name smacks of Puritan parentage holds to the belief of his Puritan forebears who were convinced that nothing good could come from a Catholic.

The Rev. Bailey could not deny that the encomia bestowed upon Mayor Collins from all quarters and by all classes of the community were richly deserved. The universal testimony was too strong for him to do this. He therefore fell back upon the fact that the recipient of all this praise was a Catholic. That damned him in the estimation of the anti-Catholics for whom the Rev. Bailey speaks. Mayor Collins might have been an agnostic or even an avowed atheist and he would not have suffered so much in the estimation of the Bailey class of bigots as he did from being a member of the Church founded by Christ Himself.

The ministers that made up the Baptist convention were quick to perceive the position in which Bailey's rabid bigotry would place the Baptist Church. One of them, the Rev. Herbert Johnson, speaking of Bailey's opposition, said: "If we do not pass the resolution, it will stand as a disgrace to us before the city." The resolution finally was passed, with only one vote in the negative which was given by the Rev. Bailey, who held out to the last that a Catholic, no matter how well he may

perform the highest public services, should receive no commendation for so doing.

It would not be worth while calling attention to the bigot from Peabody if it were not that he represents a breed of bigots that are by no means extinct. They would have all civic honors denied to Catholics. Fifty years ago, when they were in the majority in Boston, they would not permit a Catholic to hold even a position on the city police force. The spirit that prompted this kind of boycott has not died out. It is back of the attempt to keep Catholic teachers out of the Massachusetts public schools. It manifests itself continually in various walks of life. It is secretly at work whenever the Catholics have a chance of antagonizing Catholics. It is not always so promptly rebuked as it was at the Baptist convention in Boston.

Just as the high qualities Mayor Collins displayed in all the public offices he filled could not diminish the prejudice the Rev. Bailey had against him, so have the services rendered by Catholics in every station of life failed to influence the anti-Catholic bigots who eagerly avail themselves of every occasion to gratify their religious prejudices. All of which proves that Puritanic bigotry dies hard. If it has not as great vitality to-day as it possessed in Massachusetts a generation ago, the explanation must be sought in the census returns. Race suicide is eliminating the descendants of the Puritans, who are giving place to successors who have not inherited the narrow prejudices which will make them discriminate against a person on account of his religious belief.—N.Y. Freeman's Journal.

DEATH OF ANOTHER Distinguished IRISHMAN.

New England is mourning the death of another Irish-American of great attainments, Hon. John C. Linahan, State Insurance Commissioner of New Hampshire, who passed away on September 14 at his home in Concord, of which city he had been a leading figure for many years, honored and respected by all for his ability, his integrity and the many kindly qualities with which God seems to enrich the characters of those who, in the midst of worldly success, ever remain faithful to the belief and practice of the Catholic faith which they learn at their mother's knee. Mr. Linahan—or, to give him his military title, Colonel Linahan—was born in the south of Ireland on February 9, 1840, and in 1849 came to this country with his parents, who a few years later settled in Penacook, N.H. In August, 1861, shortly after the outbreak of the civil war, he enlisted in the Third Regiment, New Hampshire Volunteers. He was an active member of the Grand Army of the Republic since 1875, and was personally very popular with his comrades, being unanimously chosen in 1887 to fill the office of post junior vice commander-in-chief. He also served as director of the Gettysburg Battlefield Memorial Association from 1885 to 1895. Unlike too many public men, Mr. Linahan was a staunch temperance man and an earnest advocate of the practice of total abstinence.

One of the handsomest exhibits at the recent State fair held in Detroit Mich., was a stained glass window made in commemoration of Father Marquette's great work among the Indians and early settlers. There are three panels. The central one contains the figure of the great Jesuit explorer. In the flanking openings are, right and left, the Indian maiden in a birch bark canoe and the young French trader hearing his skill of skins, both arrested by the priest's words. The center panel is fifteen feet high and the three panels are seven feet wide.

Advertisement for Fowlers' Wild Strawberry Remedy. Text: FOWLER'S WILD STRAWBERRY. It is nature's specific for DIARRHŒA, DYSENTERY, CRAMPS, PAIN IN THE STOMACH, COLIC, CHOLERA MORBUS, CHOLERA INFANTUM, SEA SICKNESS, and all SUMMER COMPLAINTS in Children or Adults. Its effects are marvellous. Pleasant and Harmless to take. Rapid, Reliable and Effectual in its action. IT HAS BEEN A HOUSEHOLD REMEDY FOR NEARLY SIXTY YEARS. PRICE 25 CENTS.

DEATH OF ANOTHER Distinguished IRISHMAN.

New England is mourning the death of another Irish-American of great attainments, Hon. John C. Linahan, State Insurance Commissioner of New Hampshire, who passed away on September 14 at his home in Concord, of which city he had been a leading figure for many years, honored and respected by all for his ability, his integrity and the many kindly qualities with which God seems to enrich the characters of those who, in the midst of worldly success, ever remain faithful to the belief and practice of the Catholic faith which they learn at their mother's knee. Mr. Linahan—or, to give him his military title, Colonel Linahan—was born in the south of Ireland on February 9, 1840, and in 1849 came to this country with his parents, who a few years later settled in Penacook, N.H. In August, 1861, shortly after the outbreak of the civil war, he enlisted in the Third Regiment, New Hampshire Volunteers. He was an active member of the Grand Army of the Republic since 1875, and was personally very popular with his comrades, being unanimously chosen in 1887 to fill the office of post junior vice commander-in-chief. He also served as director of the Gettysburg Battlefield Memorial Association from 1885 to 1895. Unlike too many public men, Mr. Linahan was a staunch temperance man and an earnest advocate of the practice of total abstinence.

One of the handsomest exhibits at the recent State fair held in Detroit Mich., was a stained glass window made in commemoration of Father Marquette's great work among the Indians and early settlers. There are three panels. The central one contains the figure of the great Jesuit explorer. In the flanking openings are, right and left, the Indian maiden in a birch bark canoe and the young French trader hearing his skill of skins, both arrested by the priest's words. The center panel is fifteen feet high and the three panels are seven feet wide.

Advertisement for Canada's Jewelry House. Text: Have You Tried It? When in want of anything pertaining to jewelry do not hesitate to write us—our mail order system is perfect—through it your wants and requirements are easily met. A request from you will bring our fully illustrated catalogue, with exact reproduction of our goods, from which you will be able to make a selection of a gift which will be most pleasing to the recipient. Remember this—that when dealing with us you deal direct with the manufacturer—an essential point of saving to you. Address: KENT & Sons, 156 Bloor Street, Toronto.

OUR... Dear Girls and Boys: Such nice letters in the day. Some new nieces are always joining us, who that they enjoy reading and take an interest in. The more the merrier, and a lot of letters next week. Your loving AUNT

Dear Aunt Becky: We have just received the news, and I am longing to little stories. Mamma as she just returned from the and is much better. We happy to have her with us am sorry I can not tell you about this autumn, as I d mulling this autumn, but little air rifle and I go sh Thursdays, which is our had some snow to-day, ju for the first time, and it gorie. I wish some little wife to the corner. Love, nie and Stacey, I remain, Your loving nephew

Dear Aunt Becky: We have such lovely tin school is out, picking nut a woods near our house, a of us go every day and fill baskets. I went to Br summer with my papa to uncle. He has a large r lots of horses and cattle taught me how to ride. Aunt Becky. Love to all. Your loving niece, MARG.

Dear Aunt Becky: I have just received the mess and was glad to see letters from Winifred and also send them my love and grandpa went on ar on Sept. 4th to the coast, visited the Portland fair went to Walla Walla to brother. I have not school yet, but intend to am in the highest grade Our teacher's name is Miss The winter is soon coming the boys and girls can go ing and skating. I will hoping to see lots of n from all the little cousins ner this week. With muc remain, Your loving niece, M. F.

Dear Aunt Becky: This is my first letter t ner, although I read all t I see the name of Winifred D., and was much plee have cousins in Frampton to hear from them, although never seen them. I was hear of their Aunt Sta sick, and hope to hear she I go every day to our count but last year I went to the don convent to prepare for Communion. J have tw sisters going to school also two bags of butternuts, th to be plenty this year. W love, and hoping to see a g letters next time. Your loving niece, WINIF

HOW EZRA FIGURED (Mary Morrison, in The New Homestead.) It was three o'clock when ed home. He threw his shoes on the porch and re the pasture. The cows y where to be seen, neither ture nor the cornfield. were missing also. On the of the creek, behind the w Dave Donelson's clover field den suspicion led Ezra to creek and climb the steep the other side. Yes, there cows and colts knee deep in blossomed aftermath which heard the old man say wou big a swath as it had don He was going to begin cu next week. Ezra felt reliev not likely they had en enough to hurt them at th the day. Of course if it early in the morning before was off, there might have danger of it. He could dr out and fix the fence an