

HOME INTERESTS.

Conducted by HELENE.

At this season of the year, with its cool, crisp breezes, our blood courses a little faster and we feel invigorated. While thus inspired with renewed energy, and as this is the off-time between seasons, we might profit by it and put in order the many things we had laid aside in the heat of summer "to do some other time." There is a certain amount of fixing up of garments to be done, which have been neglected, and no better time could be chosen. All sorts of ingenuity will be called into play to create original ideas in stocks, cuffs, ties, kimonos and the hundred and one necessary accessories to a woman's toilet. And though it be not possible to give day-time to these little occupations, the evening hours having lengthened nothing is quite as pleasant as a happy party, each with favorite work in hand, the soft glow of a pretty light over all, and as the fingers ply needle, listening to a favorite author or mayhap the very latest and much talked about work, and about which a discussion must necessarily arise. And all the while much is being accomplished, and so autumn is voted to have its compensations.

TIMELY HINTS.

The enamel of the bath will be kept in good condition if when a hot bath is required the temperature of the water is tested before it is poured in, and if cold water is to be added it is poured first into the bath. Too hot water cracks the surface.

To revive a dying fire scatter over the embers a tablespoonful of granulated sugar. Old corks should be saved for the same purpose, and they are very useful to add to the wood employed for fire kindling.

To make silk handkerchiefs look as good as new, put some alcohol or methylated spirits in the rinsing water and iron while wet.

Carroll oil is made of equal parts of linseed oil and limewater shaken together, and it is a most effectual remedy for burns and scalds. As these accidents generally occur in the kitchen, it is well to keep the remedy there. The way to apply it is to saturate some lint, or, failing that, any soft, clean cotton or linen cloth with the mixture and then to cover the injured part so as to exclude the air. It is astonishing how quickly the pain of the wound ceases after this remedy has been used.

Ointment paste can be made at home by rolling ordinary oatmeal to a powder and sifting it. Add to this flour enough sweet almond oil to make a moderately stiff paste. Cover the hands with the paste and sleep in loose gloves. This will soon show a great improvement in the condition of the hands.

When overtired and restless bathe the neck and temples with hot water. Bathe the back of the neck particularly. This seems to relax the muscles and the veins that supply the brain with blood. A headache will often be relieved, even cured, by hot applications to the back of the neck.

RECIPES.

Iced Ginger Mousse—Take half a cupful of sugar and boil with a fourth of a cup of water until it reaches the thread stage. Whip the whites of two eggs very stiff and pour the syrup on them, whipping until the two are thoroughly mixed. A cupful of whipped cream is folded into this mixture, and a cupful of preserved ginger chopped very fine is mixed in at the last moment. Place in a mold, seal carefully and pack in ice and salt for several hours. The syrup in which the ginger was preserved makes an excellent sauce for this mousse.

Orange Tapioca—Orange tapioca may be made with milk or water, according to circumstances. Soak two tablespoonfuls of pearl tapioca in hot water to cover until the water is all absorbed; place the tapioca in a double boiler with a pint of milk, a scant half cupful of sugar, a pinch of salt, and cook until the tapioca is soft and transparent; add the beaten yolks of two eggs, cook two or three minutes until it thickens like boiled custard, and take at once from the fire, add the white of one egg beaten to a foam, and a half teaspoonful of orange extract, then pour in a glass dish, in the bottom of

which are a couple of sliced sweet oranges; beat the whites of two eggs to a stiff meringue, with two tablespoonfuls of sugar; flavor lightly with orange and pile up roughly on the pudding; set in a cool oven until the meringue rises and turns a delicate brown. The oven must be cool.

Hamburg Fried Oyster—Take two dozen large, frying oysters; dip them into slightly beaten egg, then roll in freshly grated Parmesan cheese. Let stand for fifteen minutes, then dip again into the egg and roll in cracker crumbs. Immerse in smoking hot fat and drain on unglazed paper.

Plums Glaze—For this delectable sweet choose a can of large California plums. Turn into a porcelain-lined pan and bring to the boiling point. Drain until the plums are dry, then roll them in powdered sugar until coated a snowy whiteness. To the juice add a cupful of sugar syrup, mix well, turn into the freezer can and, when frozen stiff, pile in on the plums, which have been placed in a pretty dish.

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HOW HE BECAME A CYNIC.

Some lovable traits of character in Prosper Merimee, the famous French novelist, who has left to posterity the reputation of a misanthrope and a cynic, are revealed in the pages of Augustus Filon's "Merimee and his Friends."

Monsieur Filon tells us how this celebrated author devoted one hundred louis of his salary as senator toward pensioning an old prefect of Louis Philippe, who had been ruined by the Revolution of 1848, and how, for twenty years, he assisted and protected an humble sculptor in whom he had become interested.

Monsieur Filon relates an incident of Merimee's childhood that shows how susceptible his nature was to strong impression, and how responsible older people, and particularly parents, are for the development of certain traits in children.

When the future novelist was five years of age he was once punished by his mother for some naughtiness of which he was guilty. Madame Merimee, who was an artist, and who was at the time engaged at her easel, put the culprit out of the room, and closed the door upon him.

The little Prosper, already penitent, anxiously besought forgiveness through the closed door, expressing great contrition and promising good behavior; but the door remained inexorably shut. Finally, after much effort, he opened it and dragged himself upon his knees toward his mother. His piteous supplications and his pathetic attitude so amused Madame Merimee that she began to laugh.

Instantly arising from his lowly posture he exclaimed indignantly, "Since you mock me, I will never ask pardon again." He kept his word. Thus was sown the seed of a certain cynical philosophy that tainted his after life.

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THE PERFUMED BATH.

No woman of fashion fails to perfume her bath in these days. By this method the body becomes saturated with a faint, delicate odor. Tablets for perfuming the bath come in every scent, from plain violet to all sorts of bouquets. One of these dropped into a tub of water will perfume not only the bath and the bather, but the room and the whole house.

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DON'TS FOR MOTHERS.

Don't entertain all your friends with a detailed account of your children's marvelous sayings and doings.

Don't permit a fear to be implanted in your child. Deal summarily with those who would dare implant it.

Don't delude yourself with the idea that at six months baby cannot understand the difference between your "yes" and "no."

Don't fret your children by perpetually worrying about them. They must have some common sense; teach them to make use of it.

Don't treat your son and your daughter at twenty as you would have treated them at twelve; remember that they are now a man and a woman.

Don't forget that the fire of curiosity may be smothered, but not easily extinguished, and that some one else will surely be called upon to explain if you do not.

STRONG AND VIGOROUS.

Every Organ of the Body Toned up and Invigorated by



Mr. F. W. Meyers, King St. E., Berlin, Ont., says: "I suffered for five years with palpitation, shortness of breath, sleeplessness and pain in the heart, but one box of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills completely removed all these distressing symptoms. I have not suffered since taking them, and now sleep well and feel strong and vigorous."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills cure all diseases arising from weak heart, worn out nerve tissues, or watery blood.

BE KIND TO-DAY.

Less spent on the dead and more spent on the living would bring about many happy results. Hearts are breaking, loved ones wait and tears flow all because of the withholding of kind words unspoken and letters never sent. The aged father and mother far off in the country would often be cheered did the son or daughter more frequently send them a letter. Behold the sad mistakes of others, their remorse, and profit by the same before it is too late. To-day, now, speak the loving word, send the tender message, write the letter you put off day by day, and don't wait until you forget it or until bitter memories haunt you.

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COLOR SCHEMES.

If the room is without sun, says the Scientific American, make pale yellow the color key. If it is cold, (on a cliff or in the mountains or in the shadow of high, neighboring walls) warm it with a blending of mahogany and pink or old rose and old gold hangings combined with a relief of curtains in ivory or ecru tint. If it is sunny, mahogany or other dark woods and blue will give the desired effect. If it is too dark, light it up with maple or white enamel, with cream or golden brown or with rose tones on the walls, and put some bright blooming plants and ferns about the windows.

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THE HOME IN FRANCE.

The father and mother in France eat at home when they do not eat out, but absolutely no informal social intercourse invades the apartment, which is more than anything else a sort of factory in which is produced whatever the family needs for life outside. A vast amount of sewing is done here. French girls of even wealthy parents, after they finish school, attend courses of dressmaking and millinery and to a great extent the industry which turns out the French woman as a model of good dressing, to be followed by the world, is carried on by the women of the family in what would be the home if the French knew the meaning of the word. A reception day is rigorously kept, and much entertaining at dinner and dejeuner may be done, but always of a formal character. A person having the penetrating qualities of a book agent might venture to try "dropping in" on a French woman on a day when she is not regularly receiving, but in the natural course of ordinary social experience in Paris this would never happen. Such order of living readily permits great economy. One has not to waste time, good clothes or house room in daily preparation for the unexpected guest. Six days of the week a French woman may run her sewing machine in the middle of her salon if she likes, secure from interruption of chance callers. It is said that the chief function of the petit salon of a Paris apartment is to provide storage room for ball gowns which on reception days are taken down from the chandelier and locked up in a bedroom until the guests have departed.

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BOOKS.

Books are true friends. We cast always have them with us. As a clear-sighted writer says, they never take offense, they never betray our confidence, they are ready to counsel, to interest us at any moment. They have no moods. A word from them often falls into our minds like a stone into a clear pool. It makes ripples that reflect in prismatic hues the face of the sun of heaven. No we must not underrate the influence of books. And in these days when it is truer than it was in Solomon's time, that of the making of books there is no end, we must be careful how we choose our books. Bad books have ruined as many men as bad whiskey, and sentimental love stories have made as many women useless and unworthy of their high destiny as evil companions. The mission of women is the highest mission on earth. When God sent His Son on earth He entrusted Him to the care of her—the Virgin—blessed among women. Women, as mothers, as teachers, by precept, by example, rule the world. Therefore they owe to themselves, to society, to God, to make themselves worthy of their vocation.

There have been women, like George Eliot and George Sand, who held literature to be the best thing in life. There is a woman writing to-day who holds the same opinion. Her name is Vernon Lee, and all her knowledge and all her literary skill are wielded against God. The life of George Eliot shows that genius and the finest literary skill cannot compensate for the loss of God as revealed by Himself. Her life was sad, as you can see by the letters which her husband, Mr. Cross, has left us. Practically rejecting Christianity, she committed a breach of morality for which her greatest admirers dare not apologize. You see that literature without God does not make men and women virtuous. For without God it is only part of itself. Cardinal Newman well says that a university without a chair of theology is incomplete. It is so with literature. Literature without Christ is futile. So futile is it, that all poets since the time of Augustus, in spite of themselves, are Christians in their best moments.—The Republic.

SUFFERING WOMEN

Find Health and Strength in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

"I consider Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a most marvellous medicine," says Mrs. Louis Turcott, 665 Papineau street, Montreal. "They restored me to health and strength when I was in a most hopeless condition, and almost despaired of recovery. My trouble began a few years ago, when I passed through a severe illness, from which I did not regain my accustomed health and strength, though I had the very best of care and treatment. I seemed to grow weaker every day. I was pale and emaciated, had no appetite, could hardly go about, and found my life almost a burden. It seemed as though my blood had turned to water, and my nerves seemed completely shattered. All the time I was under medical treatment, but with no apparent benefit. One day a friend who called to see me, brought me some Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and asked me to take them. I did so, and after a couple of weeks I found my appetite improving, and took this as a sign that the pills were helping me, and I got another supply. In a few weeks more the change in my appearance and condition was marvellous, and friends who dropped in to see me hardly thought I was the same person. It was not much longer until I was completely cured; in fact I felt better than I have done for years before. I am, therefore, very happy to make known to all suffering women the fact that they can find new health through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

Mrs. Turcott's experience with this medicine is the same as thousands of others. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the greatest cure for the ailments due to poor blood. All the weakness of anaemia; all the distress of indigestion; all the pains and aches of neuralgia, sciatica and rheumatism; all the misery and ill-health that women suffer from time to time, come from bad blood. And Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure these troubles, because they actually make new, rich, health-giving blood. They don't act upon the bowels, they don't bother with mere symptoms; they go right to the root of the trouble and cure it through the blood. But you must get the genuine—substitutes and imitations never cured anyone. See that the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" is printed on the wrapper around the box. Sold by all medicine dealers everywhere, or sent by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

True soul-culture comes not merely from sitting at the feet of our Lord and listening of Him, but from going out into the world and living what we know. Not he is holy who knows what is right, but he who lives what is right. And in bus living comes the opportunity for service. Wherever our life touches another life, there our influence for good or evil is felt.

The Poet's Corner.

THE LITTLE AND THE LARGE.

Who shall affront the mountains? Who deride The columbine? Come hither, pigmy man, And learn thy nothingness. Thy vaunted span Takes not one handbreadth from these peaks; These calm rebuking flowers outlive thee age On age; thy puny wars, thy tiny strifes, Are but one random idle leaf that fell In last night's canyon storm. Thou thinkest earth Doth bate its breath to watch thee battle, that The little ripple thou dost make doth fret The farther shore. But in these vast retreats Thy loudest din is but the breathing of the pines; Thy clash and clangor but one zephyr faint That stirs the smallest blossom on the brim Of these cool mountain streams. Peace! Peace, oh man! For when the curtain falls upon thy little scene, And when the vastest thing thy hand hath made Shall be the litter of the child's play-hour, These peaks shall rear their verdured heads in God's Fair sky as for the ages gone; these flowers Shall blossom on and on, to shame thy hate With their sweet oneness with the Mighty Plan. Oh would I dwelt within the shadow e'er Of these great fingers of Thy law, oh God. They point to things not taught in cities' lore: They turn the leaves not read in markets and towns, So shall Thy Greatness teach me Little-ness— The Little teach the Large. —Collier's.

THE OUR FATHER.

Teach us, dear Lord, all that it means to say, The words, "Our Father," when we kneel to pray: Our Father Thou, than every child of Thine Is, by the bond, a brother, Lord, of mine.

Teach us, Dear Lord, all that it means to say, "Thy will be done," when we do kneel to pray. Thy will be done, then our proud wills must break And lose themselves in love for Thy dear sake.

Teach us, Dear Lord, all that it means to say, "Give us our daily bread," when we do pray: We will be trustful when we understand, Not grasp the loaf from out a brother's hand.

Teach us, Dear Lord, all that it means to say, "Forgive our trespasses," when we do pray: Forgive! the word was coined in Paradise, And this world's hope and trust within it lies.

Teach us, Dear Lord, all that it means to say, This prayer of Thine when kneeling day by day, For when we know—and live—its meaning deep, No hearts will need to break, no eyes to weep. —Caroline Vinton Henry, in New World.

FATHER AND CHILD.

You are so helpless and I so strong, Oh, but the way is so lone, so long! Would I but fare with you thus always Down to the dusk of your latest day, Wee little wanderer out of the dawn, Would I might walk with you on and on,

Even as now, in the day's decline, Holding your frail little hand in mine, Guiding your steps o'er each rugged mile, Greeting with kisses your childish smile, Kissing the tears from your dimpled cheek— I am so strong and you are so weak!

You are so helpless—I am so strong, Oh, but the way is so lone, so long!

Would you might fare with me thus always, Down to the dusk of my latest day, Brave little waif of a vanished dawn, Would you might walk with me on and on, Even as now, in the day's decline, Still with your warm little hand in mine, Guiding my steps o'er each rugged mile, Soothing my fears with your trustful smile, Kissing the tears from my withering cheek— You are so strong and I am so weak! —E. O. Laughlin, in Youth's Companion.

AN ANSWER.

Through the long dark she watched beside her dead, "Grant me a sign, O God of life and light! Lest in the ocean of despair, and dread My lost soul sink to-night!"

Then in the east the dewy roses stirred; A soft breath crept amid the whispering corn; And the sweet shrillness of the piping bird Hailed the awaking morn! —Margaret Elizabeth Blake.

YESTERDAY.

Ship of To-day! I watch you sail Across the lessening hours to me, What storm can those brave wings assail, What tempest toss that peaceful sea?

All happy things you seem to bring, A cargo of long-sought desires, Rebirth of joy, glad songs of Spring, And the subtle hints of hidden fires.

Yet stand I silent and apart, Unwelcoming your fair array, With eyes turned toward you, but with heart Still with the Ship of Yesterday! —Margaret R. Schott, in the Century

TALK HAPPINESS.

Talk happiness? Not now and then, but every blessed day, Even if you can't be sure Of half of what You say: There's no room here for him Who whines as on his Way he goes: Remember, son, the world is Sad enough without Your woes.

Talk happiness each chance You get—and Talk it good and strong! Look for it in The byways as you grimly Plod along; Perhaps it is a stranger now Whose visit never Comes: But talk it! Soon you'll find That you and Happiness Are chums. —J. Wainwright.

SIT STILL.

Sit still, my child. 'Tis no great task I ask, No glorious deed, no mighty task; But just to sit and patiently abide, Wait in my presence, in my word confide.

But, oh! dear Lord, I long the sword to wield, Forward to go, and in the battle field To fight for thee, thine enemies o'erthrow, And in my strength to vanquish every foe.

The harvest fields spread out before me lie, The reapers toward me look, and vainly cry— "The field is white, the laborers are few, Our Lord's command is also sent to you."

My child, it is a sweet and blessed thing, To rest beneath the shadow of my wing; To feel thy doings and thy words are naught, To trust to me each restless, longing thought.

Dear Lord, help me this lesson sweet to learn, To sit at thy pierced feet and only years To love thee better, Lord, and feel that still Waiting is working, if it be thy will. —Selected.

OUR

Dear Girls and Boys I am sure you are this fine weather, and run and jump and heated as you would have not heard anything putting experience light out in the How I wish I could Your loving

Dear Aunt Becky:

As I have not some time, I thought you a few words. I old. I go to school am in the first reader old enough I am going teacher. I am learning book, arithmetic, geography with my grandma. Vesting, and we have dug. We have fifty spect the thresher here had a nice drive last chibucto. The trees are all beginning to yellow. I have a new term. Our last teacher teaches at her own house. The mail driver has his every day. It is feel like winter. I th my letter to a close saying good-bye from Your loving CHRISTIE Kouchibouguac, Ken

A HALF-DONE

"I don't know what could have meant," I absent, as she part open book she was reaps 'twas nothing at makes me feel uncomf I hadn't heard it; but fault; I wasn't over "Something you h Emily's troubles you, I had almost forgot in the room, mother turned quickly in her flush indicating her e "Yes; it was when I c morning for her patte something she said to it's made me feel unco since. The worst of i can't understand what meant." "Do you mind telling I can explain. I'm s never would have said tentatively to cause l slightest pain."

"I know she wouldn't said Edith, looking so grate. "Florence want some slippers like those ed for father's birthday tated, the flush on her a deeper tinge. "Well, dear?" "Aunt Emily told her finished the breakfast grandmother, she mi didn't want her to be cousin Edith—a half-do Mrs. Ferguson was sll her expression, howeve dicated that her sister understood.

"What was it, mother asked Edith, anxiously, silence. "To-morrow morning you, dear," replied M slowly. "Come to m the work is done, and "It's just the oppor waited for to make Edi unfortunate habit, a growing upon her thought Mrs. Ferguson, evening, as she gathere to room an armful of pae d articles. "I trust m after her aunt's remark, plish what my suggestio vice for months have fa and, with a sigh, Mrs. F on the table her collecti half-finished articles.

The next day, after th work was over, Mrs. F Edith into her room. "Is what Aunt Emily very bad?" asked Edith "Is it something I'll dre you tell?"

"I think I shall not h My exhibition will expla "Exhibition!" exclai curiously, looking aroun "Come over to the tal said Mrs. Ferguson, kinl this explain!"

"I don't see how! Here you get all these thing dollies I started for you mas! I'd forgotten all