

HOME INTERESTS.

Conducted by HELENE.

To be able to meet an emergency in life, no matter what it may be, is a form of self-reliance that every woman should train and develop herself for.

father, Don Alfonso XIII.—Lady's Pictorial.

HOW TO SERVE MUSKMELONS.

As soon as the muskmelons are delivered wipe with damp cloth or wash to be sure the melons are perfectly clean.

WOMEN AND HIGHER EDUCATION.

There is such a diversity of opinion upon the advisability of higher education of women that our readers will be interested to know the view of Magr. Falconio, the Apostolic Delegate to the United States.

ONE REASON FOR FAMILY QUARREL.

There is a certain foolish saying that sums it all up—"Love me, love my dog."

AMUSING ANECDOTES OF FAMOUS AUTHORS.

Sara K. Wiley, a girl friend of the ever lamented Frank Stockton, has contributed to the Ladies' Home Journal some very interesting and amusingly characteristic anecdotes of the well beloved author.

SALT FOR THE HAIR.

Salt is a tonic for the hair, and a most excellent dry tonic shampoo may be made of it.

WOMEN'S FRIENDSHIPS.

Some people only have themselves to thank that they do not possess more friends.

LEO XIII.'S HANDKERCHIEFS.

Many people have read of the beautiful layette presented by Pope Pius X. to his godson, the Prince of the Asturias, but the historical interest attaching to part of it is not generally known.

GLOVE HANDKERCHIEFS.

The glove handkerchiefs are very small and are edged with lace. They are tiny enough to tuck in the glove and are most elaborate in design.

THE TINY GLOVE MOUTHCHIEF.

The tiny glove mouthchief, the handkerchief for the drawing room, and the larger one for the street gown.

TIMELY HINTS.

Greasy spots in an oiled floor may be removed with baking soda. Let it remain on for several minutes then wash with warm water.

If all baking tins are greased with beeswax it will not be necessary to wash the tins after baking.

In cleaning frying-pans nothing will be found more useful than a bit of sandpaper, not too coarse, hung by the sink.

Put a pinch of soda into all sweet milk that is to be used in cooking and it will prevent curdling.

When boiling potatoes pour the water off and take them near an open door or window and shake the pan well.

If you wish to purify the air in the room pour a few drops of the oil of lavender into a cup of very hot water.

When scrambling eggs add a little cold water. It will be found much better than milk.

Tea and coffee pots that have become discolored on the inside may be cleaned beautifully by boiling in them a strong soap suds in which two teaspoonful of soda have been dissolved.

FUNNY SAYINGS.

A LEMON FOR THE VISITOR.

Important Visitor (after describing the great advantages now enjoyed by children)—I wish I were your children at school.

GOOD FRIDAY.

"Now, boys," asked the teacher, "can any of you tell me something about Good Friday?"

HAD HER SIZED UP.

The philanthropical Fifth avenue lady was visiting a lower East Side Sunday school.

ONE OF THE GREATEST BLESSINGS.

One of the greatest blessings to parents is Mother Graves' Worm Expeller.

How did they become Catholics?

Some twenty-five years ago a man named Monk received a package around which was wrapped a copy of a New York daily paper.

THE anti-clericals at the election

The anti-clericals at the election found a fresh argument. They argued that both the Conservatives and Catholics represented the landed interests of Rome.

Workers for the Apostolate of the Press.

Workers for the Apostolate of the Press, says Father McMillan, in the Catholic World, should be encouraged by the following letter from a Catholic writer to his brother.

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A Grand Cure

FOR SUMMER COMPLAINT AND CRAMPS

DR. FOWLER'S

EXTRACT OF

WILD STRAWBERRY

It is nature's specific for Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Cramps, Colic, Pain in the Stomach, Cholera Morbus, Cholera Infantum, Sea Sickness, Summer Complaint, etc.

Rapid and reliable in its action.

Its effects are marvellous, and it is pleasant and harmless to take.

It has been a household remedy for sixty-two years.

Refuse substitutes. They are dangerous.

Mrs. Wm. Flewelling, Arthur, Ont., writes: "I find it much pleasure to recommend Dr. FOWLER'S EXTRACT OF WILD STRAWBERRY as a grand cure for Summer Complaint. My little boy, one year old, was very bad with it, and a few doses cured him. I also used it on my other six children for cramps and still have half the bottle left. I cannot praise it too much."

There lies the root of right; That each sorrow has its purpose, By the sorrowing oft unguessed; But as sure as the sun brings morning, Whate'er is is best.

I know as my life grows older, And mine eyes have clearer sight, That under each rank wrong somewhere

There lies the root of right; That each sorrow has its purpose, By the sorrowing oft unguessed; But as sure as the sun brings morning, Whate'er is is best.

I know that each sinful action, As sure as the night brings shade, Is somewhere, some time punished, Though the hour be long delayed. I know that the soul is aided Sometimes by the heart's unrest And to grow means often to suffer— But whatever is, is best.

I know there are no errors In the great eternal plan, And all things work together For the final good of man. And I know when my soul speeds onward In its grand eternal quest, I shall say, as I look back earthward, Whate'er is, is best.

Selected.

NATURE'S SOFTENING TOUCHES

Yet still the wilding flower would blow, The golden leaves would fall, The seasons, come, the seasons go, And God be good to all.

Above the graves the blackberry hung In bloom and green its wreath, And hawbells swung as if they rung The chimes of peace beneath.

The beauty Nature loves to share, The gifts she bestows on all, The common light, the common air, O'ercreep the graveyard's wall.

It knew the glow of eventide, The sunrise and the moon,

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THE POET'S CORNER

THE PROMISE.

There's a somewhere, I know, in heaven or space, A little spot set apart, A somewhere that holds a tender face— A peace for the restless heart.

There's a somewhere, I trust, with a cushion of dreams, Maybe, with the sleeping dead, A place where the wing of an angel gleams Aslant on the weary head.

There's a somewhere, I dream, with a crystal well, And a dew for the lips that crave; But who in this dreary old world can tell If it's here, or beyond the grave?

WHATEVER IS, IS BEST.

I know as my life grows older, And mine eyes have clearer sight, That under each rank wrong somewhere

There lies the root of right; That each sorrow has its purpose, By the sorrowing oft unguessed; But as sure as the sun brings morning, Whate'er is is best.

I know that each sinful action, As sure as the night brings shade, Is somewhere, some time punished, Though the hour be long delayed. I know that the soul is aided Sometimes by the heart's unrest And to grow means often to suffer— But whatever is, is best.

I know there are no errors In the great eternal plan, And all things work together For the final good of man. And I know when my soul speeds onward In its grand eternal quest, I shall say, as I look back earthward, Whate'er is, is best.

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And glorified and sanctified

It slept beneath the moon. With flowers or snowflakes for its bed, Around the seasons ran, And evermore the love of God Rebuked the fear of man.

Secure on God's all-tender heart Alas rest great and small; Why fear to lose our little part, When he is pledged for all?

O fearful heart and troubled brain! Take hope and strength from this: That nature never hints in vain, Nor prophesies amiss.

Her wild birds sing the same sweet stave. Her lights and airs are given, Alike to playground and the grave; And over both is heaven. —John G. Whittier.

MY SHEEP.

I tended my sheep with love and care (The sheep to my heart so dear); I led them daily to herbage sweet Adorned by the waters clear. As birds at home in a warm, soft nest, My sheep safeguarded in fold were blest.

I warned them off of the ills beyond The hedge of the snow-white thorn; Of ravening wolves that lie in wait For sheep and the lambs new born. Of evil spirits that lurk unseen Within the depths of the forest green.

Alas! in the Spring when the thorn was white, Life parted my sheep and me, I called in haste but they would not hear, I wept till I could not see. Then up on Calvary's Hill I trod, To leave my flock in the hands of God.