

HOME INTERESTS.

Conducted by HELENE.

My Dear Nancy:

We have just been enjoying a delightful walk across Mount Royal. You who have only seen her in the beauty of her summer garb would, maybe, not appreciate the change which has come upon her; but we who always have her height in view have grown accustomed to the gradual transformation from emerald green to the dull browns, bright reds and mottled tints, all speaking of decay, but with a tenderness and beauty not repulsive to our senses. It was just cool enough to encourage a brisk pace which gave a ruddy glow to the cheek, and the air was heavy with the moist odor from the underbrush. There will be still further change when you return to Montreal, for by that time the royal mount will have donned her ermine mantle and winter sports will be in full swing.

Tell me, how did you enjoy your trip to the plains? We have wondered why you were silent as to your journey, your arrival, and your experiences on the whole—for experiences you must have had between here and the end of the 2000 mile run. Is it that among your surroundings and in the excitement of "pitching your tent" you have forgotten there were expectant friends, surely not. It seems to me that the very newness of the situation, the extreme isolation, and the perfect delight you take in congenial friendships would make your heart cry out for the old associations and compel you to take the only means of bridging the distance. But I fancy there is coming at top speed full particulars of ranch life, its delights and its fascinations. We will not expect a dissertation on its disadvantages, for you have dreamed too long of this to see anything but what is suffused in a rosy glow. When I read the following I determined to send it to you as possession of an ingenious brain as you are, you will be able to work it out. I should think it would be quite the thing. If I remember correctly, you said your brother was a collector of antiquities, so I fancy you will be able to manufacture something unique, at least something similar, if not directly on those lines. Let us hear the results:

An attractive and serviceable settle, one that will be useful on a deep porch, can be made from a discarded wooden bedstead. To construct one is easy, and any old bedstead will do—the older the better.

The headboard and posts make the back to the settle. The foot posts minus the board complete the four legs. These are joined by cleats on which rests the seat. The width of the seat is made to fancy, twelve to sixteen inches. The sides of the bedstead are fitted for the arms to the settle, although it is not necessary to have them. The settles made from grandmother's bed will not need staining or painting. Those of later date need a dressing to be attractive.

Hortense has just invested in a new hat. It is a very smart affair of Alice blue velvet, having a beehive crown of lighter blue, a rolling brim irregularly dented and caught up at the back with a satin strap of Alice blue ornamented with steel slides.

We will miss you from the practices for Sir Edward Elgar's "Dream of Gerontius," which are about to commence. The choirmaster has asked for increased numbers and insists on stricter attendance so that this oratorio may be better than any yet given. You never let us into the secret of your bead lamp shade making, and whether it was the success you had anticipated. You were following no directions, I know, simply seeing what you could do without being taught. This is what I was told at the Handicrafts Department about them:

have a number of needles threaded at once. In making fringes for a lamp shade the depth varies according to the size of the shade.

I have been trying to follow instructions, but evidently bead work is not in my line, for most of my time is spent hunting for the beads on the floor, as I do not seem to have the knack of threading them the right way.

We are living in the greatest expectancy of having such a long, jolly, newsy letter redolent of the air of the prairie, and brimful of vivid descriptions of every nook in the ranch; and although you have not found time to write us, we still think affectionately of you, miss you sorely from all our gatherings, and trust that ranch life and its fascinations will not let you forget your friends in the East, who look forward to the day when you will return.

Your old friend, HELENE.

TIMELY HINTS.

A teaspoonful of turpentine added to each quart of starch will give it a gloss and also prevent the iron from sticking.

Alcohol and water constitute a good washing fluid for fine cut and plate glass. Soaps, cleaning powders and polishing preparations are apt to scratch and dim highly polished surfaces. Only old, soft towels should be used for wiping glass.

Nowadays fish and fowls are not sewn with thread as they once were to retain the filling. The cavities are filled and the edges are pinned securely with skewers. A complete set of steel skewers is a necessity, but one easily supplied.

If you rub grass stains with molasses they will come out without difficulty in the ordinary wash. Spots may be removed from gingham by being wet with milk and covered with common salt. Leave for an hour or so, and rinse out in several waters.

You can make a faded dress perfectly white by washing it in boiling cream of tartar water.

Salt dissolved in alcohol will often remove grease spots from clothing.

Every one knows that smelling salts are most refreshing when one is suffering from headache, but not every one knows that they may be easily made at home. Take one gill of liquid ammonia, a quarter of a dram each of attar of rosemary and English lavender, eight drops each of bergamot and cloves. Put into a stoppered bottle and shake vigorously until well mixed. Fill the smelling bottle with asbestos or sponge cuttings and pour the mixture over them, taking care not to put in more than the sponge will retain, else the ammonia will run out and stain fabrics when the bottle is inverted.

RECIPES.

Tomato Toast—Take three tomatoes, one egg, one ounce of butter, some slices of hot buttered toast, a little salt, pepper, cayenne and half a teaspoonful of powdered sugar. Wipe and cut the tomatoes into thick slices. Cook in butter in a pan over the fire until tender. Beat the egg, add it to the tomato and stir over the fire until it thickens and becomes creamy. Add the sugar, season nicely. Pile it quickly on the buttered toast and serve very hot.

Plum Marmalade.—Plums come a little late in the season, but the knowing just how to make a marmalade that will not have the bitter twang that is found in most plum preserves, may not come amiss. The plums should be perfect and not over ripe. Cover them with ice-cold water and let them just come to a boil, dip out and throw the water away. Cover them again with ice-water and heat up, being careful not to break the skin. Throw this water away, also, then cook the plums in as much water as will keep them from burning until tender, rub them through a sieve, add pound for pound of sugar, and cook until thick and shining.

Cream of Salmon Soup—After removing all the oil, skin and bones from the contents of a small can of salmon, turn it into a saucepan with a tablespoonful of butter and let it become very hot. Then turn in one quart of milk with a little flour to thicken it, stir smooth, add two tablespoonfuls of salt and a salt-spoonful of pepper, and when it begins to boil remove from the fire, strain, add a little chopped parsley and serve.

Sweetbread Salad.—Choose large

heart sweetbreads and parboil them in water with a small onion, a small carrot, a bunch of parsley and stick of celery. Cool and cut into dice and mix well with a stiff mayonnaise. Arrange in centre of a flat salad dish in nest of lettuce leaves. Around the edge place a row of the lettuce leaves filled with cucumber diced and mixed with tiny pearl onions and green cooked peas, the cucumber dice and peas having been previously dressed with oil and vinegar, salt and cayenne.

People who like their oysters highly seasoned will appreciate this sauce which is meant to be served with the first course at dinner: Place in a bowl a heaping teaspoonful of salt, three-quarters of a teaspoonful of white pepper, a thick slice of onion, minced fine, a heaping teaspoonful each of minced chives and minced parsley. Mix these thoroughly and add a teaspoonful of salad oil, six drops of tabasco sauce, a dash of Worcestershire and about three tablespoonfuls of vinegar. At Delmonico's this way of serving oysters is called "a l'Alexandre Dumas."

IDEAL WOMANHOOD.

Mary Sarsfield Gilmore writes on this subject in the New York Freeman's Journal. She says:

Catholic womanhood and ideal womanhood by right are synonyms; and the Catholic woman or girl who fails to represent the highest type of her sex, not only incurs grave moral responsibility, but misses the golden opportunity of her life. That she is not an unknown social quantity is due less to her deliberate fault than to her culpable thoughtlessness. The average Catholic woman does not take herself with due seriousness. She realizes only in part the obligations of her nobility. She underestimates her supreme possibilities.

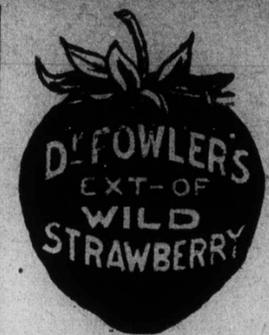
All the world agrees that purity and religion are the sole and indispensable basis of ideal womanhood, and that, as the representative of both essential graces, the Catholic woman stands above reproach.

But the law fulfilled in the letter by sheer force of Divine instinct, may be filled in the spirit by social concessions instigated by human respect. It is well to realize that where Catholic concession is necessary, there is something rotten in the social state. Moral perception is not too apt to be supersensitive, and the Catholic woman must fear laxity rather than scrupulousness, lest she be responsible for disedification or scandal. Indubitably, the perfection of Catholic precept challenges suspicion and censorious criticism of Catholic practice; and, in so far as the Catholic girl or woman forgets that she is a cynosure, and believes her imputable convictions by expedient compromise with prevailing non-religious and unmoral conventions, in so far does she relinquish her supreme distinction, and sink below the ideal type.

The pity of such a mistake on the part of a spiritually sensitive and highly intelligent sex cannot be overestimated; and must be ascribed solely to the regrettable fact that the Catholic woman of the present day all too rarely and briefly "considers in her heart." She has no leisure, no surviving taste for deep and conscientious thought. She is the child of a century favoring action rather than contemplation. She lives a public life, and sacrifices individually to conformity. "Come apart into a desert-place and rest a little" is not a call that appeals to her strenuously. It represents the antithesis of the social challenges to which her ambition and desires respond.

Yet, what has "Society" to offer the Catholic? Riches, idleness, pride and pomp, enervating luxury and self-indulgence, the spurious pleasures of folly perilously verging on vice, have palled upon the leisure classes of humanity even since the ancient days when Solomon in his glory protested "Vanity, all is vanity!" This is true of the children of the world, for whom even the gentle Christ confessed that He "prayed not," what shall be said of the soul-weariness of the child of light, who barter for the portage of social prestige and fashionable frivolities, her glorious birthright of ideal womanhood?

In truth, the lower choice is not only a spiritual tragedy—it is an intellectual stupidity! The intelligent Catholic does not look for satisfaction to the husks of life. The sacramental waters of regeneration, the Eucharistic Blood of Redemption, the Eucharistic Real Presence, the gifts of the Paraclete, quicken the soul-life past the power of the world to devitalize it; and while deliberate and persistent resistance of grace is possible, lost peace of mind and heart, lost joy of spirit, and a carking re-



Dysentery, Diarrhoea, Cramps, Colic, Pain in the Stomach, Cholera, Cholera Morbus, Cholera Infantum, Sea Sickness, Summer Complaint, and all Fluxes of the Bowels. Has been in use for nearly 60 years and has never failed to give relief.

morse embittering both life and death are the inexorable result.

On the other hand, the Catholic woman who lives up to her lights, even though sweet dolor seems the insignia of the daughters of Mary, is the happiest of her sex. The Catholic girl walks with angels, and therefore all men desire her. As a wife, love accords her its crown of reverence. As a mother, the "inheritance of the Lord" is as olive plants round about her table. As a single woman, she has a distinct vocation, recognized and honored by Mother Church in the secular no less than in the religious order.

Where is the non-Catholic woman, the "woman of the world," the avowed "society woman," who can point to an equally happy and honorable estate? The non-Catholic, in addition to her immeasurable spiritual loss, lacks the abiding protective influence, the unfailing refuge, the perpetual "sanctuary" of the True Fold. The worldling, the social devotee, pass bright butterfly-springtimes, but when the sun of youth sets, or fair weather fortunes cloud over, their evanescent day ends in gloom and desertion, and, as a rule, their little comedies of life close as pitifully as their soulless play has been superficial and petty.

Is Catholic womanhood, then, to renounce the world of social functions? God forbid that she should deprive it of its redemptive element! The ideal Catholic girl, with the exquisite bloom of convent-innocence upon her spirit—the ideal Catholic woman, with her invincible virtue, her noble dignity, her courageous conviction that "Life is real, life is earnest," and that artificiality and fippancy misrepresent even its re-creative phases—are called to the Social Apostolate!

But the call to the world implies no call to be a worldling. On the contrary, to be in the world, yet not of it, defines the social vocation as the conscientious Catholic woman must conceive it. Time is hers, neither to "kill" nor waste, but to use for eternity, and her diversion may not extend to social dissipation, nor her mere pursuit of pleasure legitimate press beyond very limited lines. Above all, unlike Goldsmith's heroine, she may not "stoop to conquer!" In compromise and concession are her hopeless defeat.

Hence, though its lines fall in pleasant places, the social mission is no simple one. To stand against the powers that be is to incur the risk of ostracism; yet the Catholic woman is in duty bound to retain her social place, while discountenancing the smart manners and repudiating the lax morals that are the reproach of modern society. Moreover, her convictions must assert their courage even against material externals. Christian society is evincing an atavistic tendency, and reverting to pagan sybaritism. Wanton luxury of environment cradles moral license, and epicurianism sets the death-feasts of spirituality and self-mastery. It behooves Catholic womanhood to recognize that social purification and reform are preached with unction only from the platform of social simplicity.

Individual efforts is beginning to command the support of concerted movement. Already the results of Catholic activity are manifest. The divorce evil no longer goes its lawless way unchallenged. Race suicide is publicly arraigned and dishonored. The social wine cup, as the emblem of Hospitality, is shattered on many a representative hearthstone. These are "signs of the times" honorable to the present, and propitious for the future, and their credit is to the Catholic women, who, in conscientiously and practically living up to their inspired ideals, establish the world's type of Ideal Womanhood.

The Poet's Corner.

CRADLE SONG.

From groves of spice, O'er fields of rice, Athwart the lotus-stream, I bring for you, Aglith with dew A little lovely dream.

Sweet, shut your eyes, The wild fireflies Dance through the fairy 'neem'; From poppy-bole For you I stole A little lovely dream.

Dear eyes, good-night, In golden light The stars around you gleam; On you I press With soft caress A little lovely dream.

THE BRAVEST BATTLE.

The bravest battle that ever was fought;

Shall I tell you where and when? On the maps of the world you will find it not;

It was fought by the mothers of men.

Nay, not with cannon or battle shot, With sword or nobler pen; Nay, not with eloquent word or thought,

From mouths of wonderful men.

But in a walled-up woman's heart— Of woman that would not yield, But patiently, silently bore her part— Lo! there is that battlefield.

No marshalling troop, no bivouac song;

No banner to gleam and wave; And oh! these battles, they last so long— From babyhood to the grave!

Yes, faithful still as a bridge of stars She fights in her walled-up town. Fights of and on in the endless ways, Then silent, unscen, goes down. —Joaquin Miller.

INASMUCH.

I asked for alms! He flung a coin at me Contemptuously. Not without sense of shame I stooped and picked it up, Does this fulfil The Master's will To give a cup Of water in His Name?

I asked for bread! He handed out to me Indifferently A ticket for some food. It answered to my need. Was this the way On that great day Christ stopped to feed The hungry multitude?

When we shall wait, After this mortal strife, Eternal life, And to His presence go As suppliants indeed, Will it be thus He will on us In our great need His priceless gift bestow? —The Outlook.

THE TRUE MAN.

This well I know is truth, that a true man, Whatever mystery, or dark or fair, Life hides, to go where conscience points will dare, Come joy, come woe, doing the best he can.

Will keep his hopes accordant with high play, Nor stoop to feeble thoughts of weak despair, Bearing with strong heart what he must bear, Still struggling to the end as he began.

As a blind steed turned loose, and without guide, Shuns downward paths, and takes but roads that rise, And, if he falls, falls from the mountainside, So a true man, perplexed, will seek the skies, Nor walk in lower ways that open wide, Led by aspiring faith that needs not eyes. —Rt. Rev. John L. Spalding.

CONTRASTS.

Always the shadow of war, but on go the works of peace; Always the shadow of death, but of joy life feels no lack. The battleship plunges along, a fortress-a-swim in the seas, But over the selfsame waves the wind drives the fisherman's smack.

What rules the world? Is it might? What rules the world? Is it love? Is it hunger that drives? Is it wit that thrives? Shall subtlety triumph or right? Hunger drives, and gumption thrives, and subtlety's envy's glove, But knowledge and truth shall drive out ruth, and love, in the end, is might. —E. S. Martin, in Scribner's.

TWO WOMEN.

One woman bravely went afar To lands made desolate by war, She cared for wounded, sick and dead, The naked clothed, the hungry fed.

Another spent the whole of life Fulfilling duties of a wife And mother, making home a bright, Chaste spot of love and sweet delight.

The first one died, whole columns told Her virtues and her deeds of gold, The other, one day, gently slept Her children and her husband wept.

FOR LIFE.

Thank God for life; life is not sweet always, Hands may be heavy laden, hearts care full, Unwelcome nights follow unwelcome days,

And dreams divine end in awakenings dull; Still it is life, and life is cause for praise. This ache, this restlessness, this quickening sting, Prove me no torpid and inanimate thing, Prove me of Him who is of life the spring I am alive!—and that is beautiful.

THE RIVER OF DREAMS.

The river of dreams runs silently down

By a secret way that no one knows; But the soul lives on while the dreams tide flows

Through the garden bright or the forests brown; And I think sometimes that our whole life seems To be more than half made up of dreams.

For its changing sights and its passing shows And its morning hopes and its mid-night fears Are left behind with the vanished years.

Onward, with ceaseless motion, The life stream flows to the ocean, And we follow the tide, awake or asleep, Till we see the dawn on love's great deep,

Then the bar at the harbor mouth is crossed And the river of dreams in the sea is lost. —Henry Van Dyke.

COMPENSATION.

All flowers? No. Some weeds with pollen dust, Some grain of rust, To soil the trailing garments as they pass.

All smiles? No. Some tears to mar the face And leave their trace In lines of sadness on the brow, alas.

All pleasure? No. Much pain to bring distress Beyond redress Of scientific man's most learned skill,

All sunshine? No. Black clouds across the heaven, By tempests driven, Will pass at times and all with terror fill.

All failure? No. The contrasts that appear Make life more dear, And show that all things justly compensate.

All perfect? Yes. All God hath made is best, And He hath blest All things in nature with a proper mate.

Neither love nor sorrow teaches us its highest lessons unless it shows us how to live the luminous life. Some day we shall see clearly that it is not a credit, but a discredit, to us to bear our sorrows heavily, to keep our griefs about us in our thought atmosphere. What if we have suffered? Not only for our own sake, but for the sake of those we meet daily, we should endeavor to keep our moods happy and magnetic.

OUR

Dear Girls and Boys: I think it is pretty

many have gone back pleased, though to be

fred and Harold. The nice letters. At the

there is a great deal You have all had you

education, and many of in the country or

Well, you must have surprised you and

and other memories of outing. Now, nothing and I am sure not

letting it pass without stores. Let us all be fun. Do not let me

corner next week. Your loving

AU

Dear Aunt Becky:

I see we are too late yesterday week, but

had to wait for him to just received the True

see a nice letter from M her my love and hope

again. We read all the in the corner. Some

have a dear little cat she came all the way

old, from Grandpa's, in first, but they are

now. Good-night, Aunt to yourself and all the

Your niece,

WIN

Dear Aunt Becky:

Winnifred and I were our letters in the

there will be letters from cousins this week. The

getting cold here now summer is gone, and we

looking forward to a very Santa Claus. We

from Santa Claus. We very lonely, for our

who had to go to the week to undergo treatment

she will soon be with us taught me music, and I

love, I remain Your nephew,

H.

West Frampton.

DAISY AND GEORGE

"I think I'll buy a with my dime," said Daisy

so far back in her little her brown boots were high

"then I needn't eat a sin thing but eggs unless I w

"Aw, who cares for an egg bet," retorted George

"Our fathers and mother all the eggs we want. dime and a little more I

got a few things not good dark cave with a gypsy m

other robber in it, two c real live locomotive little

me to run, a fireworks ste motor patrol wagon. Who

yielded, so electrified by of the last item, he fairly

and down.

"And lots of toy balloons Daisy.

"No, I've changed my mind now; I'll have a real ball

toy now. How much money have to buy all that? A

"\$2 do you think? I have and I am going to earn

Come on, we might as now."

"Oh, George, am I going Goody, goody!"

"Yes, and maybe I'll le the hen, too," said George

burst of generosity, "now

On adventure bent from ment he had got out of be

had prepared himself by p his father's evening vest, a