

HOME INTERESTS.

Conducted by HELENE.

Do you older sisters, who grow impatient sometimes over the oft-repeated request, "Please tell me a story!" realize the chance for usefulness this gives you? How many of us carry through life a helpful lesson taught us in our childhood by means of some simple tale! If you want to show the beauty of generosity and kindness, how much better you can do it through a story than by an abstract presentation of the truth. One little book, "Black Beauty," has done more to bring about the proper treatment of horses than whole volumes could have accomplished by grave discussions of the subject. Do not throw or shake your head the next time you hear a little voice say, "Please tell me a story!" If you learned to use the art of story-telling better, you would save the need of many a tie-proof, besides making the path of right plainer before the little feet which so easily go astray.

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CHILDHOOD MEMORIES.

Nothing sweetens the sorrows of our riper years like the memory of a happy childhood. The man who wounds the hearts of his children with frowns and cruel words, or staggers into the door of home with curses and blows, is a murderer—a murderer of laughter and love and happiness. The woman who deserts her home for the hollow pleasures of the social world, and neglects her innocent and helpless children for any reason, is a robber, and unworthy the name of mother.

The man may wander to the ends of the earth and meet new faces and new friends on the way; he may rise to wealth and glory, or fall to the very depths of poverty or degradation, yet the memory of paternal love and watchfulness which guarded the thoughtless boy and shielded him from harm, never ceases to beckon his spirit back to the happy fireside of the blessed past, and in every word of his mother's unforgotten prayer he hears the rustle of an angel's wing.

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MIRRORS AND GILT FRAMES.

Water should never be put on gilt frames. They should be wiped with dry cloth or chamois. This applies to all metal and lacquered goods. After a lacquered bed has once been wet and polished it must be continually polished, so the best plan is to keep it dry as long as possible. Roaches are deadly enemies of mirror backs and yearly ruin many millions of dollars' worth. For this reason the old silver back mirror is passing away, and the new ones are coated with a composition which is proof against roaches and insects, but which does not give as fine a reflection as the other sort.

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GIRLS IN THE BUSINESS WORLD.

The post of stenographer or business clerk, as undertaken by women, requires the acquisition of several important points, both in regard to the temperament and education of the aspirant. Merely saying "I mean to be a stenographer," will in nowise gain success in this department, unless it is followed by a determination to gain that proficiency which is essential for such duties. Were this a matter more seriously regarded by young women who are desirous of earning their living in this way, the labor market would not be overcrowded, as at the present moment, by so many inefficient workers.

Points essential for a business

woman are: Good education, with a head for figures; perfect knowledge of shorthand; perfect knowledge of typewriting, a good idea of book-keeping; tact and common sense; punctuality, with orderly and methodical habits; quite and polite manners; complete discretion as to not talking of business outside the office and surroundings.

A good, sound English education is absolutely necessary to all women who wish to become clerks, which should also comprise a neat handwriting, with a training in the art of composition, and punctuation. Bookkeeping is often required; and to be able to write and translate French, German and even Spanish is a very great help, thereby greatly increasing the value of a clerk in whatever office she may be.

Although these details may not all be wanted at one time, a woman is better able to cope with the difficulties of her post if she has had a thorough training in all parts of a business life, so that she is not found wanting when called upon to undertake them. Shorthand is indispensable. The instruction takes time, and requires plenty of patience and application, but the theory can be mastered by an ordinary pupil in three months, if it is persevered with every day. After this comes working up speed, the time for which varies according to ability.

Perfect silence on all business subjects is a golden maxim, and should be learnt and remembered by all who wish to succeed in a business career. No matter how trivial the matter may appear, no mention by word or look concerning the business of the employer should ever be uttered outside the office.

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THE CHILDREN'S MISSION.

God sends children for another purpose than merely to keep up the race—to enlarge our hearts, to make us unselfish and full of kindly sympathies and affections; to give our souls higher aims and to call out all our faculties, to extend enterprise and exertion; to bring around our firesides bright faces and happy smiles and loving, tender hearts. My soul blesses the great Father every day that He has gladdened the earth with little children.—Mary Howitt.

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HOW TO CLEAN BRUSSELS CARPET.

To clean and brighten Brussels carpets take a fresh beef gall and break it into a clean pan, says a writer in Ladies' World. Pour one-half into a very clean bucket and add about three or four quarts of lukewarm water. Take a coarse cloth and, having brushed the carpet well, rub it hard with the cloth thoroughly wet with gall water. Only do a small piece at a time, and have ready a dry, coarse cloth, with which rub the carpet dry. Thus proceed until the whole carpet is cleaned. A few drops of carbonate of ammonia in a little warm rain water will change discolored spots upon carpets, and, indeed, any spots, whether produced by acids or alkalis. If one has the misfortune to have a carpet injured by whitewash this will immediately restore it.

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AIDS TO BEAUTY.

Simple aids to beauty are apt to be forgotten in these days of facial massage, electrolysis and lotions for the skin, and yet there are a few which still receive the indorsement of the best authorities. One of these, and one which helps to do away with the necessity of buying cold creams, is the constant use of rain water on the face. A famous skin specialist who commanded enormous prices when beauty doctors

were fewer and farther between was asked just before she died what was the greatest beauty aid which she could truthfully recommend. She answered, "Eau de ciel." Even now this remains one of the best and simplest remedies for the skin, and yet it is one which nobody takes the trouble to preserve. A woman past middle age, who has a skin as pure as a girl's, manages to keep a small barrel always full. In the winter snow is melted, and in the summer between rains she uses the meltings from the refrigerator. The rain water that is caught outside is filtered through a coarse canvas fastened loosely on the barrel so that the water drips through it. This is kept and pure by being exposed to the air and never bottled in tight jugs. Another thing which a physician stipulates as being one of the things essential to both beauty of face and figure is to abstain from dopes of all kinds, beginning with alcoholic drinks, tea and coffee and extending to all nerve or sleeping medicines.—Chicago Tribune.

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TIMELY HINTS.

Simple tincture of benzoin is most deliciously fragrant, and a few drops added to the water in which you bathe will soften same, and benefit your complexion.

When stitching thin silk or any goods inclined to pucker place a strip of paper on the underside and stitch through. The needle cuts the paper, and it is easily pulled away, leaving the seam free of any inclination to pucker.

When washing lace, do not blue it, but give it a final rinsing in skim milk. This will give it the creamy tint so much admired, and also a slight stiffness.

A satisfactory way of preventing fish from tainting a refrigerator or any of its contents is to wrap the fish closely in a cloth wrung out of cold water. This will also prevent it from becoming hard and dry.

We all have yellow handkerchiefs and doilies that are the bane of our lives because of that dingy, ugly hue caused by an injudicious use of soap or from old age, perhaps. Wash in the usual way with clean, soft water and any good soap, and then soak overnight in clean water in which you have put cream of tartar (a teaspoonful to every quart of water). Rinse out next day, and when these articles are dried and ironed you will not recognize them as the dirty, ugly things you began to work on.

Warm water in which an onion has been boiled will restore the gilding to frames. Dry quickly with a soft clean cloth.

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RECIPES.

Pastry Cases for Fish.—A good way to make pastry cases in which to serve oysters, crabs, fish, etc., is to use the small earthen bowls that are sold to bake muffins in. Turn these upside down, cover them with pastry, prick with a fork and bake until a pale brown. Remove from the oven, and when cold take the pastry off the bowl, being careful not to break it; turn the other way up, fill the cases, heat and serve.

Ordinary poached eggs arranged on toast are delicious covered with white sauce or with tomato sauce. A minced green pepper is a tasty addition to the tomato sauce.

Indian Curry.—Cut the flesh from a raw fowl into small pieces. Sprinkle with a spoonful of curry powder and a little flour, and fry in boiling hot butter until brown; turn into a saucepan. Slice two onions, chop the heart of a head of cabbage, and a head of lettuce, fry in butter, put in the saucepan with the meat. Add half a dozen stoned raisins, one chopped apple, one ounce of grated coconut, a teaspoonful of brown sugar, a small tablespoonful each of curry paste and chutney, the juice of half a lemon, and sufficient stock to half fill the saucepan. Let simmer very slowly, keeping well covered for two hours. Take up in a heated dish, and serve with boiled rice. Rabbit, or other game may be used instead of the fowl.

Egg Slaw.—Shred cabbage very fine and place in a salad bowl or deep dish. For every three cups of cabbage allow two cups of vinegar, one and one-half teaspoonful of salt, half teaspoonful of pepper, three teaspoonfuls of sugar, one tablespoonful of butter, three eggs and two tablespoonfuls of cream. Place vinegar and seasoning over the fire. Beat eggs well, add hot vinegar to them and stir constantly until mixture thickens. Then add the cream or the same quantity of olive oil after removing from the fire. Pour, while hot, over the cabbage. Garnish with rings of hard boiled egg and serve.

FUNNY SAYINGS.

P. O. PEOPLE MUST BE QUICK-WITTED.

The following was sent from Newtown, N.S.W., intended for the parish priest of St. Ann's Church, this city. It reached its destination O. K.:

Parish Priest
Muntry Hall
St. Ann's Market,
America.

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THE APPRECIATIVE HUSBAND.

"I declare," complained Mrs. Duzzit, "I certainly shall have to punish the children."

"What have they been up to now?" asked Mr. Duzzit.

"They have simply upset my sewing-room. Nothing is where it should be. Needles, spoons of thread, scissors, darning balls, and everything have been poked away in the most unexpected corners. I had to search all afternoon to find a card of buttons. It is perfectly exasperating."

"My dear, the children didn't do that. I did it."

"You? What possessed you?"

"I thought I was doing you a kindness. After you straightened up the papers and books in my desk so beautifully, I thought it was no more than right that I should return the compliment by putting your sewing room in similar shape."

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"The Elizabethan ruff is likely to return," said Ma Twaddles, looking up from the fashion paper she was reading.

"If it does," responded Pa Twaddles, with energy, "you set the dog on him—do you hear?"

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As an example of the ability of the juvenile scholar to evolve an unexpected meaning from his text, a correspondent relates that the following question was put to a history class: "What misfortune then happened to Bishop Odo?" The reply came quite readily: "He went blind." An explanation was demanded, and the genius brought up the text book. "There, sir," triumphantly, "the book says so." The sentence indicated by an ink-stained digit read: "Odo was deprived of his See."

Pale, Weak Women

Gain New Health and Strength Through Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Anæmia is just the doctor's name for bloodlessness. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People actually make new blood. Can any cure be more direct or certain? Blood is bound to cure bloodlessness. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure anæmia just as food cures hunger. They cured Mrs. Clare Cook, a young English woman who recently came to this country from Portsmouth, England, and is at present residing at Prince's Lodge, Halifax Co., N.S. She says: "I am an enthusiastic believer in the value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills as a cure for anæmia. I had suffered from the trouble almost from childhood, but a few years ago it developed into a severe type of the trouble. My skin was pale and waxy, my lips seemed bloodless, and my entire system was run down. I suffered from headaches, dizziness and weak spells, and my friends feared that I was going into a decline. I tried tonics and emulsions, but without benefit. Then a friend who had used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for the same trouble advised me to try them. In a short time they began to help me, and in a couple of months I was quite well, the color having returned to my face, my appetite improved, and I had gained in weight. I can strongly recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to all anæmic girls and women."

The pale, anæmic person needs only one thing—new blood. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills do only one thing—they make new blood. They won't cure any disease that isn't originally caused by bad blood. But when Dr. Williams' Pink Pills replace bad blood with good blood they strike straight at the root and cause of all common diseases like anæmia, headaches and backaches, rheumatism, indigestion, neuralgia, St. Vitus dance, kidney trouble and the secret troubles that every woman knows but none of them like to talk about even to their doctors. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

THE POET'S CORNER.

SONG OF THANKSGIVING.

I offer Thee
Every flower that ever grew,
Every bird that ever flew,
Every wind that ever blew,
Good God!

Every thunder rolling,
Every church-bell tolling!
Every leaf and sod!
(Laudamus te.)

I offer Thee
Every wave that ever moved,
Every heart that ever loved,
Thee Thy Father's well-beloved,
Dear Lord!

Every river dashing,
Every lightning flashing,
Like an angel's sword!
(Benedicimus te!)

I offer Thee
Every cloud that ever swept
O'er the skies, and broke and wept
In vain, and with the flowerlets slept,
My King!

Each communicant praying,
Every angel staying,
Before Thy throne to sing!
(Adoremus te!)

I offer Thee
Every flake of virgin snow,
Every spring the earth below,
Every human joy and woe—
My Love!

Oh Lord, and all Thy glorious
Self, O'er death victorious,
Thronged in heaven above!
(Glorificamus te!)

Take all of them, O darling Lord,
In Thy Blessed Sacrament Loved—
Adored

Multiply each and every one;
Make each of them into millions—
Into glorious millions,
Into gorgeous millions,
Into golden millions—

O Glories, glorious Son!
And then, O Dear Lord, listen,
Where the tabernacles glisten,
To those praises, Holiest One!
—From the Ancient Irish.

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"HOLD MY HAND!"

Last night I was awakened,—a little cry
Came up from the crib which stood
Quite nigh;
'Twas followed by pitiful words of
fright,
And a baby voice came through the
night:
"O father, hold my hand!"

With tender love, I stretched my
arm
To shield my darling from any
harm
The dreams had summoned her rest
to pain.
But still these words rang in my
brain:
"O father, hold my hand!"

And soon she was sleeping in perfect
rest,
With my hand held close to her baby
breast;
And I thought of the faith of the
little child,—
Of the call in the night when dreams
were wild:
"O father, hold my hand!"

Then I prayed that I might be e'en
as she,
When the end of life shall come to
me,—
Prayed for that faith in a Father's
love,

A Devout Scientist.

It is not often that we find science combined with faith, and it is therefore pleasant to learn that the eminent astronomer, Prof. Schiaparelli, of Milan, the discoverer of the much discussed canals of Mars, is a good Catholic, and has done considerable service to religion. When traveling in Upper Egypt, he was struck by the miserable condition in which the Italian Franciscan missionaries were living, and, on his return home, he did not rest until he brought about the foundation of a national association for the help of Italian missionaries, an association in which he co-operated, and still co-operates with all his power.

It is by its assistance that the Franciscan missionaries are enabled to maintain themselves in many parts of Africa, where the sisters, more especially, do a work of inestimable

which would cry to the Infinite One above:
"O father, hold my hand!"
—Edwin Carlisle Litsey, in Ave Maria.

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LITTLE BROWN HANDS.

They drive home the cows from the pasture,
Up through the long, shady lane,
Where the quail whistles loud in the wheat field,
That is yellow with ripening grain.
They find, in the thick waving grasses,
Where the scarlet-tipped strawberry grows,

They gather the earliest snowdrops,
And the first crimson buds of the rose.

They toss the hay in the meadow,
They gather the elder-bloom white,
They find when the dusky grapes
purple
In the soft-tinted October light.
They know where the apples hang
ripest,
And are sweeter than Italy's wines,
They know where the fruit hangs the
thickest,
On the long, thorny blackberry
vines.

They gather the delicate seaweeds,
And build tiny castles of sand;
They pick up the beautiful sea-shells,
Fairy barks that have drifted to
land.

They wave from the tall, rocking
tree-tops,
Where the oriole's hammock nest
swings,
And at night-time are folded in slumber
By a song that a fond mother
sings.

Those who toil bravely are strong-
est;
The humble and poor become great;
And from those brown-handed children
Shall grow mighty rulers of State.
The pen of the author and states-
man,
The noble and wise of the land,
The sword and chisel and palette,
Shall be held in the little brown
hand.
—Mary H. Krout.

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"AFTER THIS EXILE."

After this exile, not while groping
here
In this low valley full of mists and
chills,
Waiting and watching till the day
breaks clear
Over the brow of the Eternal Hills—
Mother, sweet dawn of that Un-
setting Sun,
Show us thy Jesus, when the night
is done.

After this exile, when our toils are
o'er,
And we, poor laborers, homeward
turn our feet;
When we shall ache and work and
weep no more,
But know the rest the weary find so
sweet—
Mother of Mercy, pitiful and blest,
Show us thy Jesus, in the Land of
Rest.

After this exile: winter will be past,
And the rain over, and the flowers
appear;
And we shall see in God's own light
at last
All we have sought for in this dark-
ness here—
Then, Mother, turn on us thy lov-
ing eyes,
And show us Jesus, our Eternal
Prize.
—Frances Janette Partridge.

Which are You Going to Use?

WOODEN SHINGLES

Dry out, warp and crack so rain and snow soak in. Are instantly in flames from sparks or lightning. Compel you to pay highest insurance rates. Last from 3 to 10 years.

METAL SHINGLES

Are rainproof. Are snowproof. Are fireproof. Are lightningproof. Out down your insurance premiums one-third. And last for 50 years.

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THE METAL SHINGLE & SIDING CO. LIMITED
PRESTON, ONT.

THURSDAY, MAY 31, 1906.

OUR BY

Dear Girls and Boys:

How quickly the weeks for writing to the O'N. has a lovely garden from the description of flowers she has named they subscribed to the "ness" at her home might procure this printing four new subscribers we will send her in re Witness for one year. she and her brother's first communion next wishes for a very happy both little ones. She herself in her garden she has a fine collection Agnes McC. is another who should do some work says she is always glad teacher brings the True school and reads out class. If any of my phews really would like canvassing, by letting will send full particulars to go about the work of Ethel to take such Our Blessed Lady's all pleased the dear Mother receive the affection of All my girls and boys line this week. What ter? Your loving, AU

Dear Aunt Becky:

I was so glad to see the True Witness that would write again. O went up to the mountain and we went up to the mountain I wanted to May flowers for Our We have a very pretty cat to the Blessed V night at four o'clock emm Benediction, and t dren sing. My sister received a child of Mar so ill, and I hope she this time. Hoping you are well, Your little nie Montreal.

Dear Aunt Becky:

I was disappointed when we did not get to nass, as it comes always but I hope it will com had a little rain last makes everything look apple trees are nearly was seven years old o last. I got some ven- lents. Hoping you ar cousins are well. As ever your n Granby, May 26.

Dear Aunt Becky:

To-day being Ascensio we had no school. Af Mass this morning the thing I can do is to w Aunt. I am busy eve ter school hours transp flowers. The names o are poppies, petunias, a and heliotrope. I have of asters in the middle and daisies at one side at the other side. The petunias are purple a some pink. Heliotrope blue blossom. I have keys to feed. We are bare feet now. I wish the True Witness, for I lovely paper. The cou where we live is beautif the trees all in bloss summer time when the ripe my sister and I go tree and pick our hands eat them. I like very our letters in print eve school is nice now since it cleaned, and flowers dows. I'm in the third am not going to try t book at holidays. I g letter is getting rather say good-bye. Your loving n Lonsdale, May 24.