

HOME INTERESTS.

Conducted by HELENE.

A large amount of so-called haughtiness among children may be accounted for upon grounds which quite exclude the desirability of punishment for its correction, says a writer in the London Lancet. It may be due to the fact that the child has had insufficient sleep or is overtired after a long day's excitement.

Children may be restless or restive as the direct result of being undertired. They may have been confined at home for the whole day owing to the inclemency of the weather, and as a consequence the only apparent outlet for their restrained physical energy is found by annoying those who have charge of them.

There are also some cases in which an incipient physical or mental disorder may manifest itself by symptoms which very strongly resemble wilful perversity unless the possibility of the onset of an illness is borne in mind. It is notorious that ill-timed punishment in these cases at times has precipitated a severe attack. Stuttering and shyness are also likely to be aggravated by being noticed. A deaf child is often inattentive and has been occasionally classed among the mentally defective.

It has been said that many children have been punished for the faults of their teachers. This is undoubtedly true when such faults exhibit themselves as a continually close atmosphere in the schoolroom or a prolonged strained and cramped attitude of the pupil's body while he is seated at work. Frequent periods of exercise in the open air are essential in order to arouse the circulation and to stimulate the mind if a mischievous disposition is to be combated.

LIVING IN MASQUERADE.

"Didn't you have a pleasant time at Cousin Maria's?" the grand mother was asked when she returned several days earlier than was expected from a long talked-of visit. "Yes, oh, yes," but she breathed a little sigh of relief as she looked about her at the home belongings. Everything was nice at Maria's, and she and the girls as kind and hearty as could be, but it was all a front-door sort of life—just stud'ing' how things would look from the front door—and seemed like I wanted to get home again. I didn't mind sleepin' on a bed that had looked like a piano all day, nor keepin' my clothes in a box that was rigged up for a sofa, nor eatin' my meals from a table that slid out from what looked like a fire-place—yo see, they live in a flat, and Maria says all them things is conveniences; I s'pose they are. But both boys and girls work downtown, and when Anna packed her patterns and dress-making tools into something that looked like a music stool, and Lidv put up her dinner in a box that looked for all the world like a camera, seemed 'sif I'd got into a place where I didn't belong. I wanted to get back where things are real; where good, honest work ain't a thing to be ashamed of, and the food it earns is a blessin' to be thankful for."

A GOOD EYE WASH.

A good eyewash is made by simply dissolving a teaspoonful of boric acid in a pint of water that has been boiled. Strain and keep closely bottled. Sop the eyes with it morning and night and several times during the day, pouring a little in a saucer and applying it with a bit of clean, soft old linen. Always use a fresh rag and pour out fresh wash from the bottle every time you bathe your eyes, or buy an eye-cup in any drug store. This is invaluable. The eyes are a very important part of the face. Handsome eyes will make an otherwise homely face attractive.

HER CONFIDANT.

As one grows older it seems harder and harder to enter into the play

and fancies of the children around us, even if they are our very own. There are mothers who have such busy lives that any exertion that is not absolutely necessary is really an impossibility, but many are too lazy mentally and physically to keep in touch with their children, mothers who wall aloud that their children do not give them their confidence.

No child who had absolute confidence in her mother ever went very far wrong.

One cannot help being struck by the lack of sympathy between the average mother and daughter or father and son, especially as the children grow up, and the fault seems to be largely with the parents. They are so apt to be the parents, not the friends and companions to whom the children would go with even the silliness of youth and have them received as such, not as things of lasting importance, and to be referred to again and again after they have passed and are sinking into oblivion.

"Oh, I can't tell mother anything, she lays so much stress, so much importance, on every trifle, and never forgets it or lets me. I wish I had a mother I could tell things to," is the cry one hears continually from schoolgirls.—New York Press.

RECIPES.

Dundee Marmalade.—Wash the oranges and slice thin, peel the fruit, removing the seeds. To each dozen oranges add a bitter Seville orange and the juice of a lemon. Cover with cold water in an earthen dish, and let them stand over night. Boil gently the following day until the rind is entirely tender; then add a pound of sugar for each pint of fruit and boil until transparent. It should form a firm jelly.

Boiled Fish Sandwiches.—You may find it hard to believe that sandwiches made from boiled fish are good, but if when you have a bit of boiled halibut left from dinner you make a few for luncheon or tea you will find them very good. The fish should of course have the flavor that comes from boiling it in salted water with a bouquet of vegetables—say a slice of onion, a stalk of celery or a spring of parsley and half a dozen peppercorns. Break up the fish with a fork; then take a wooden spoon and rub it as fine as possible. Mix it into a seasoned paste by adding a fourth of a pint of sweet cream, a tablespoonful of salt, a saltspoonful of white pepper or paprika and at the very last and gradually a tablespoonful of lemon juice. This amount of seasoning is for one and a half pounds of fish. Cut your bread very thin, spread the slices with a little butter and then with the fish. Lay between the slices before putting the two together a small, tender lettuce leaf.

Egg Plant Salad.—Slice the contents of an eggplant in very thin pieces and cut them into dice. Put them into a bowl with a teaspoonful of salt; mix well; place a weight over them, and keep in the ice-box for two hours. Dust another teaspoonful of salt inside the eggplant to draw the water out, and keep it on ice also. Meantime prepare these ingredients: Cut into small dice some canned tunny fish, sliced one stalk of crisp celery, add four finely-chopped hard-boiled eggs and a half-pint of blanched English walnuts. Make a highly-seasoned French dressing, and add the cut-up eggplant wiped dry. Fill the shell of the eggplant with this salad. Decorate the top with some white celery leaves.

FUNNY SAYINGS.

SHE HAD MADE USE OF IT.
"See here, Aunt Dinah, I sent two brand-new shirts of my husband's to the wash last week, and you have brought only one back. Now, what have you done with the other?"
"Yes, Miss Lulu, ma'am, I was coming 'round to the question of dat dar shu't. You knows dat I ain't a pussen dat pretends to one thing and pretends to anudder, so I s'agwine to tell the truf 'bout dat shu't. It was dis-a-way. My ole man he up and died las' week, and de 'Bur'al Sassiety' dey didn't do nothing but covort 'round, an' I naber had anyting to lay dat man out in. So I helps mysef' to dat shu't for a fac'. An, oh, Miss Lulu, honey, I jes' wishes you could had seen how dat nigger sot dat shu't off!"—Lippincott's Magazine.

THE GODLESS WOMAN.

People instinctively shrink from the godless woman, for the godless woman is the one without heart and without affection. There is no light in her. There is no glory. Hers is a cold and rebellious spirit. She is discord in the sweetest harmonies of the universe. She is a wandering star; she is a motionless brook; she is a voiceless bird, the strings of her soul are never touched by the Infinite hand; she knows nothing of the goodness, of the truth, of the beauty of God, and those that love Him. Like the masculine woman, she has no place in the world.

TIMELY HINTS.

To clean bronze, make a stiff paste of powdered chicory and water. The paste is spread over the bronze and rubbed well over the surface by means of a stiff brush (an old stiff tooth-brush will answer), and then allowed to dry on the article. After drying, rinse off the powder with running water and dry in the sun.

Cover a grease spot on the matting with French chalk and sprinkle benzine to evaporate and brush off the chalk, when the grease spot will have disappeared.

Those who love the scent of violets should place ground orris-root made into sachets among their linen.

To clean and tighten up the cane-work of a chair, scrub it with hot water and soap, first on top and then on the under side of the cane. Turn the chair bottom upwards, that the

cane may be well soaked, and leave in the air to dry.
A little turpentine added to the bath water is said to be good for rheumatism.
A pinch of salt in a glass of warm water is good for bathing weak or tired eyes.

WASTED MATERIAL.
A little lady—she had seen but four rosy summers—was taking a walk early in the morning recently with her mother, and as the two sauntered along, hand in hand, the attention of the child was attracted to an ash-box which had not been emptied by the dustman that morning, and on which was a full-sized cat asleep, basking in the sunshine. The little girl faltered in her walk, and for a few seconds looked interestedly at the pussy lying asleep. Through her mind was running the thought that anything which found its way to the refuse can was of no value.

"What is it, little girl? What are you thinking about?" asked the mother.
"Why, mamma," answered the tot, "there is a perfectly good cat in that ash-box. Why do they throw it away?"

GIVE AND TAKE.
An English statesman on one occasion, when engaged in canvassing, visited a workingman's house, in the principal room of which a pictorial representation of King William, of pious and immortal memory, in the act of crossing the Boyne.

The worthy man stared in amazement, and seeing his surprise the voter's wife exclaimed:
"Sure, my husband's an Orangeman and I'm a Catholic."

"How do you get on together?" asked the astonished politician.
"Very well, indeed, barring the twelfth of July, when my husband goes out with the Orange procession and comes home feeling extry patriotic."

Beautiful Homes at Small Cost.
Metal Walls and Ceilings mark a distinct advance in interior decoration. They are made in dozens of handsome designs, from the severely plain to the most elaborate. By merely changing the color scheme of painting, the house is re-decorated without any of the inconvenience, and at a small part of the cost, of wall papering. Metal Walls and Ceilings never crack nor peel, stay in perfect condition as long as the house stands, and are absolutely fire-proof. Those who intend to build or remodel their homes are invited to write The Metal Shingle & Siding Co., Limited, Preston, Ont., for a beautifully illustrated book on Art Metal Building Materials. Mention this paper.

HIS MOTHER AND DICKY.

She's a woman with a mission; 'tis her heavenborn ambition to reform the world's condition, you will please to understand.

She's a model of propriety, a leader in society, and has a great variety of remedies at hand. Each a sovereign specific, with a title scientific, for the cure of things morbid that vex the people sore;

For the swift alleviation of the evils of the nation is her foreordained vocation on this sublunary shore. And while thus she's up and coming, always hurrying and humming, and occasionally slumping, this reformer of renown,
Her neglected little Dicky, ragged, dirty, tough and tricky, with his fingers soiled and sticky, is the terror of the town.—Tit-Bits.

THE POET'S CORNER.
A NEW VERSION OF AN OLD STORY.
(Translated from the French by Mary E. Mannix, for the Ave Maria.)
One came to Philip Neri, head bowed down
In self-abasement, striking loud his breast,
His eyes bedewed with penitential tears.
"Father," he said, "once in an evil hour,
Not many days gone by, in jealous hate
Of one I judged my enemy to be,
I suffered my unhalloved thoughts to frame
And tongue to speak a vile malicious lie.
The slander filled its lengthened measure well;
Passed him with scornful brows or stood aloof
They who of old had been his closest friends,
And I rejoiced to see his face grow pale,
And his lips tremble as each insult fell.
Awfully I hugged the evil spirit close;
Revenge was sweet, and hatred held its own.
But soon my better angel bent his head,
Shedding soft tears upon my hardened heart;
Then from these eyes the midnight blindness fell,
And in a burst of penitence and pain
I saw my crime in all its hideousness;
But when I sought to call it home again,
Alas! though black and foul it had gone forth
I knew it not in very truth for mine,
Hailed and caught up and hurled as it had been
By eager friends who call such monsters toys—
Father, what shall my great atonement be?
How can I unto him whom I have wronged,
And unto God whose truth I have deformed
Make reparation for this mighty sin?"

One moment paused the saint, his gentle eyes
Turned on the culprit with reproachful look,
Reproachful, yet compassionate and kind,
As sanctity must ever look on sin.
At length, with slow and serious voice he said:
"My son, go thou into the marketplace,
Take thence a bird the archer has brought down,
With dead, limp feathers waiting to be plucked;
Take these between thy fingers, one by one,
Gazing not in thy walk to right or left,
Marking not which way this one floats, or that,
But still pursuing thy appointed way
Until the dead bird in thy hand lies bare;
Then backward turning, stooping in thy path,
Uplift each tiny feather lying low,
Missing not one from out the scattered shower;
Then will thy sin return to thee disarmed,
Powerless as when its poison lay undrained,
Then will thy reparation be complete."

"Father," the penitent replied, aghast,
"How giv'at a task to do which mortal man
May never compass within mortal bounds?
What like a birdling's feathers, airy, light,
Weightless upon the heaving, floating breeze?
What like the autumn wind as swift

until lately has been regarded as the first Sodality. For it was in the same country of Sicily that this zealous man used to gather together the best of his pupils every Saturday after class to do honor to Our Lady. They engaged in a few devotions and he spoke to them of the greatness and the mercies of their Heavenly Queen and Mother. His example was followed by several of his fellow-teachers. The results in the school were marvelous.

Such was the modest origin of that splendid system which now covers the world, and which, in the words of the great Pontiff, Benedict XIV., "has wrought good untold in all orders and ranks of men."—Rev. Elder Mullan, S.J., in the Ecclesiastical Review.

Useful at All Times.—In winter or in summer Parmelee's Vegetable Pills will cope with and overcome any irregularities of the digestive organs which change of diet, change of residence, or variation of temperature may bring about. They should be always kept at hand, and once their beneficial action becomes known, no one will be without them. There is nothing nauseating in their structure, and the most delicate can use them confidently.

M. Revellat, Mayor of Ladat, in the diocese of Albi, France, has been suspended from his functions because he "excited resistance against the inventory of churches." So, also, has been M. Dubernard, Mayor of Bas.

THE POET'S CORNER.

and strong
What like that wind to spread itself afar
Where sight and touch can reach it nevermore?"

"Thou sayest well," the patient saint replied,
"And thus the breath of slander, wafted far
Into the market-places of the world,
Beareth its scent of plague, its poison touch,
On waves that widen and return no more
From the vast sea of everlasting death."
Even so, good friends and neighbors everyone,
Read we the page, con we its lesson well;
And, while we seek its moral other-where,
Take heed lest haply it may touch ourselves.

"THE ETERNAL GOODNESS."
I long for household voices gone,
For vanished smiles I long,
But God hath led my dear ones on,
And He can do no wrong.

I bow my forehead to the dust,
I veil my eyes for shame,
And urge in trembling self-distrust,
A prayer without a claim.

And so beside the silent sea
I wait with muffled ear;
No harm from Him can come to me
On ocean or on shore.

I know not where His Islands lift
Their fringed palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care.
—Whittier.

OUR LADY OF GOOD HOPE.
A Woman fair came joyously across
The sun-lit hill,
"I am," she said, "the dear earth's guest—the Lady of Good Will!"

"Alas!" I cried, "this wilderness is desolate and drear."
"No, no," she answered, "not to me, the Lady of Good Cheer!"

"Behold," I said, "the weary hearts that struggle in the grove,"
"I know them and for them I live,
the Lady of Pure Love!"

"But I can only see the sheep on yonder gentle slope."
"And One who calls me 'Mary,'" said the Lady of Good Hope.

"Art thou indeed the Mother Maid?"
I whispered half in prayer,
"Dear child," she answered tenderly,
and passed me in the air!
—Coleta Ryan.

A COMMON PRAYER.
Lord, when the mists lie on my world,
And autumn leaves beneath my feet,
Or when the war-flag is unfurled,
And I am threatened with defeat;
When I wait fearfully to see
What shall betide me,
I lift my heart and hope to Thee—
Guard me and guide me.

Lord, when my duties are a host,
And clamorous calls my way pursue,
When fear and panic judge me lost,
Then intervene and help me through.

I am not weak, but very strong,
With Thee beside me,
And prayer is changed to joyous song—
Guard me and guide me.

Dear Aunt Becky:
It has been a beautiful day. The men are working and the flowers are all in bloom. The boys go in their school now. Last night I went picking May flowers. Two lovely big bunches go gather them every school, and when we come give them to the teacher. It is much pleasanter to live than in town in time. When the days go we do not feel like work can go to the woods. Many beautiful things flowers, the trees, the squirrels. While the sun down its melting rays a scarcely a breath of air are cool and sweet, with grass on which to rest. give a sweet perfume, are singing very happily all tired feeling away. A rabbit will run across and the squirrels play seek in the trees. Oh, it is to go to the woods your troubles just for on Well, dear Auntie, I get close with lots of love. sins and also yourself.
Your loving niece
AGNES
Lonsdale, May 18.

Dear Aunt Becky:
As it is Friday, I am write again. I had to from school for two days to plant potatoes. I did to Catechism last Sunday was raining. I have to to catechism, but my

OUR

Dear Girls and Boys:
How sorry I was to fred D's illness! I th real brave little woman serves very rapid recovery all the nieces and they read her letter with me in hoping that she able to run around again pathize with Mary D. appointment about the of her first communion. seems to take pride in d May altar. Agnes Mc happy interest in natur ty flowers, birds and her love. Annie O'N. tle girl, and takes kind work. Clare speaks of catch a squirrel. I w he would have done w member, little ones, th animals must never be ly. It is mean and co unkind to the tiny ane God's creatures. Anu Clare should never send a plot. It is not much rewrite it and have the of knowing that it is p sentable. I think Joh start out canvassing for Witness." He says th has to wait until the t the paper to school a aloud to them. That course, that there a scribes in that section hope John will see his tain subscribers for us give him a good comm fact, any one who does line for us will be well I hope Ethel D. is quit and will be a regular c Why, of course, Harry right in to the corner. the merrier, you know. quite a large family of chickens. Many than exceedingly kind invit some day your venerabl start out on a so-ca tour and visit all hi nieces and nephews. Wo be a contract? Josep every time when he horse Kit and speaks of a drive.
Good-bye, dear little o Your loving,
AUN

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