器コ

TARRHOEA, DYSENTERY, AMPS, PAIN IN THE STO COLIC, CHOLERA MO

IT HAS BREW A HOUSEHOLD REMEDY FOR NEARLY SIXTY

bookstand, expensive to buy,

quite economical if carried out

ing upon the number of booke

stout cardboard, the length depend

piece of brocade with a pattern that

repeats itself in groups, so to speak

so you will be able to have one whole

side pieces are sewed firmly to the

back, the joints hidden by the braid,

covered with brocade and glue

gilt knobs stuck underneath serve to

FUNNY SAYINGS,

IN ADAM'S FALL.

Sunday School Teacher-Now, chil

iren, was Adam very happy in the

Tegcher-And what great misfor

tune happened which ended his hap

Garden of Eden?

Chorus of Yessum !

raise the stand from the table

which it rests.-New York Press.

strongly to the cardboard. Four little

ver the three cardboard pieces

rather thin gold or silk braid.

The wooden bottom must also

It consists of a fairly high

The

CHOLERA INFANTUM, SICENESS, and all SUM-COMPLAINTS to Children

all day.

TIRED MOTHERS.

A little elbow leans upon your kne Your tired knee, that has so

A child's dear eyes are looking lo ingly underneath a thatch of tar

gled hair. haps you do not heed the

touch moist fingers, folding warm,

yours so tight: You do not prize this blessing ove

You almost are too tired to pray to-night.

But it is blessedness ! A year ago I did not see it as I do to-day-We are so dull and thankless, and to slow

To catch the sunshine till it slip away.

And now it seems surpassing strang to me, That while I wore the badge

motherhood I did not kiss more oft, and tenderly The little child, that brought m

only good.

FASHIONS

In hats it is wise to avoid the polo turban even if it is the rage at present. This little pill box hat look its best requires a certain type The young, slender girl with delicate features may wear it and centre of each square find it chic and becoming, but worn by the average woman it only affords an interesting study for the caricatu-And the chances are that before the autumn is here it will have made so many otherwise dignified looking women appear ridiculous that the best milliners will refuse to make at up for winter wear. We are having a blue season,

spite of the fact that it started out to be a green and white summer. The craze for Alice blue has yet to reach the turning point. It is such charming color, becoming alike and hrunettes. It has the great advantage, too, in linens, porgees, and wash goods, of retaining Its color much better than the pale shades. If you feel doubtful about a whole costume of this shade, why enot use a touch of it on a ponge -coat, or better still, on a white linen

Flowers will be much used in ga nishing evening gowns, particularly for youthful wearers. The more de licate shades of yellow or the fruit yellows, as banana, apricot, etc. are in high favor.

The vogue for checks is such that the woman who wants a checked gown need not curb her aspirations The loveliest of checks come in blue and green and in red and black and in the shades of green and violet and in other wonderful combinations. In fact, all of the checks are good, and you need not besitiate to indulge your fancy in any or all of them, for fall hints indicate that checks and plaids will be the vogue until winter.

Lightweight black broadcloth will be very popular for the dressy tailormade costume. Other popular colors will be the mode shades, wine-red olive green, blue and heliotrope. sweet gown of Aeolian in one of the dainty blue shades bordering turquoise was made from a seventhe gores being turned to form plaits, which are joined together with white silk laces, holding the plaits very flat over the hips, where the laces fasten small bows. The same idea is carried out on the waist, the inverted box plait being laced from shoulder bust line, from where the plaits fall loose, blousing slightly over marrow girdle of white.

* * *

Saucepans which have been burned should not be scraped, but place them on the side of the stove filled with cold water in which some soda and a few shavings of soap have been dissolved and leave them to soak for a few hours. They will then come clean with the use of the whisk, without any scraping, which is the ruination of enamelware.

Tea leaves moistened with vinegar remove the discoloration in glass

To remove red ink stains, wet the article to be cleaned with lemon juice. Rub as much salt into the spots as lemon juice will hold. Lay the hot sun for a day, wetting hour-ly with lemon juice. At night lay in soft, clean water and soak until it is a perfect boon to the bashful

wash in the usu

To clean nickel scour with pulveri ed borax; use hot water and very lit tle soap. Rinse in hot water rub dry with a clean cloth

A ruffle on the bottom of a worl apron, well starched, will prevent spots on the skirt below To clean oily cruet bottles put

ew strips of blotting paper into th ottle with a little warm water and an equal quantity of vinegar and add a piece of washing soda. Shake a few imes and then rinse in warm water The candles for your entertainmen will burn slowly and steadily through the evening if they are lept on ice

Woollen goods when washed in soa: and water shrink and acquire the odor of the soap. Therefore, steep the articles in a warm solution washing soda for several hours and then, after the addition of warm wa ter and a few drops of ammonia wash and rinse in lukewarm water.

To prevent the skin discoloring after a blow or fall take a little starch or arrowroot and merely niois ten it with cold water and lay it o the injured part. This should be don immediately, but may be applied some time afterward with effect.

+ + +

RECIPES.

Cherry Dumplings .- Prepare a rich to baking-powder biscuit dough as for shortcake; roll out half an inch thick and cut into squares. Place in the of dough tablespoonful of pitted cherries; fold the corner of it over, wetting th edges: press them together, folding from opposite corners. Place in the steamer with tight-fitting cover and steam one hour or bake in the over in a dripping-pan, surrounded three-quarters of a cup of sugar ar two cups of water, basting several times while haking, which will mean about twenty minutes in a hot over Serve with cherry sauce.

Spiced Tomatoes-To four pound sound tomatoes take two pounds of light brown sugar, one pint elder vinegar, half ounce of cloves, and half ounce of stick cinnamon; boil all together in a porcelain-lined kettle intil the tomatoes are cooked; take the tomatoes out and put them dishes to cool, letting the syrup on simmering slowly; when the matoes are cold return them to th syrup for a little while; let them become cold before putting them in the jars. The syrup must be boiled down as quick as molasses, and poured cold over the tomatoes; tie ther down with waxed paper

German Potato Salad-With a vege table scoop cut out small balls potatoes and beil them in salted w ter until soft enough so they will break. Make a thick mayonnais sauce and mix with it art equal quar tity of whipped cream, add a drops of onion juice and a little fin ly chopped parsley. Line the salad bowl with lettuce leaves, dress the potatoes and fill the bowl, garnishing | ed for fear of my scathing criticism. the top with Spanish olives and one or two hard-boiled eggs which have been passed through a sieve

Poached Eggs with Green Peas .-teacupful of cooked green peas, haif an ounce of butter, half an ounce of flour, half a pint of milk, salt and eggs. ter in a saucepan, stir in the flour smoothly, then add the milk, and stir over the fire till it boils thickens. Season it carefully. add the peas. Carefully poach six eggs. Put them on a hot dish, pour the sauce over, and garnish the dist with strips of fried bread.

* * *

BEFORE THE OPEN FIRE.

Happy is the home with a fireplace When the chilly evenings come on the open fire is a luxury not only mainly for its warmth, but for cheer, the comfort, the presence which is, after all, the real of its charm. Its bright glow unshuttered window through the cheers the master of the house as h comes home weary, perhaps worried and it brings better thoughts to the

In early twilight the children pictures in the coals or watch shadows, like specters grim and tall. and the baby curls his rosy toes and coos at the glow. About its rudde circle, contented and united, gathe the family circle. The maiden, with her dress skirt turned back, and her

over for who shall say how ering swain has found co to declare himself while pokin the fire?

There are stories to be told of th camp fire in the mountains, young Tom spent his vacation: the lonely Bedowin campfire in far Arabia, where the uncle has been, o of the fireplace in the old home whe grandma was a girl.

Have you ever wound clouded ye thrown over th with the skeins backs of chairs, in front of such fire? How the shadows drifted over the colors as the yarn slipped off and spun around the ball, now dark, then light! How the great chimne sighed and breathed, and how onversation of the others in room drifted in and out of one's thoughts, now dark, now light. The flames leaped up the black

throat of the chimney and shone or the hearth, lingering about the old polished furniture and lighting with startling distinctness a single that looked out weird pictured face ly from its frame, while in the cor ners were heavy Rembrandt shadows Keep the open fire for the sake of sentiment. There is a suggestion of roasted apples and popcorn in its oals: the ere are castles building an backpiece and two sides cut dreams of the future; but, best of all. the memory of its gleam is like a beacon to the busy workers throu stand is to hold, while the the toilsome day until the eventide is a piece of thin wood. Choose sets homeward, and they gather once more in the home circle before fire.-G. P. Du Bois.

> + + + WAIT.

Keep still. When trouble is brev ing, keep still. When slander getting on its legs, keep still. When your feelings are hurt, keep still un til you recover from your excitemen at any rate. Things look differently through an unagitated eye. In commotion once I wrote a letter and sent it, and I wished I had not. In many later years I had another con motion, and wrote a long letter; bu life rubbed a little sense into me, and I kept that letter in my pocke against the day when I could it over without agitation and with out tears. I was glad I did. and less it seemed necessary to send

it. I was not sure it would do any hurt, but in my doubtfulness I learn ed reticence, and eventually it was destroyed. Time works wonders Wait till you speak calmly, and the you will not need to speak, maybe

+ + +

GARDENING AS EXERCISE.

standards, social or physical, do no

permit her to handle a hoe. It seem

a golf club. An hour's exercise

along a tidy garden row will produce

a hoe! It is but a poor-spirited

person who will "putter with flow

ers" but dare not work in the vege

table garden for fear that some on

may think she has to do it. If the

the grass and push the wheel hoe in

stead of the perambulator it is their

dying to dig and have not quite dar-

Let them know the worst. I pur-

mental growth, flowers, exercise, aes

+ + +

Whatever a woman is by nature

she can train herself to avoid getting

begin, have the skirt short, then

the street, rain or shine, without ex-

citing comment. If we could watch

a Parisian woman on a rainy day w

would see her reach around behind

skirts firmly all together, leavin

none to dip down and be bedraggled,

draw them around at the back from

about a level with the lady's show

tops and there held. No woman ne

free to hold the umbrella or anythin

BROCADED BOOKSTAND.

Old pieces of brocade suggest love y possibilities to the home worker

her with her left hand, grasp

the right side toward the left

thus hold them. At the back

skirts are drawn plain and flat

hesitate to display a neatly foot. The right hand is mean

hold it up. A skirt an inch and

half off the ground can be worn

RAINY DAY GRACE.

"sopping wet" on a rainy day.

pose to dig, to rake, to sow,

weed, to hoe, and to harvest.

Miller, in Success.

Perhaps, now, they

neighbors be scandalized because

urn the baby hose in the shade

the finest kind of a glow, and, with

to me as graceful an implement

I'm sorry for the woman

Chorus-The Lord made 'im a wife Silence is the most massive thing di g 4 conceivable. sometimes. It strength in very grandeur.

A minister of a country church use to get at times from the city a bo labelled "Books, With Care." One day the village carrier drove up with the usual load, and, while carrying in the box, noticed some liquid oo ing from it. "Oh, papa," cried the daughter, "here's you "Ava." remarke books at last." the carrier, "and ye'd better unpack them very quick, for I think there' yin o' them rinnin' oot.' al, you get so much more done with

* * * TOWEL WAS DONE BROWN.

Senator Pettus, of Alabama, on bright April morning was defending the government's bestowal of seeds upon the farmers.

"Those who oppose this custom he said, "are ignorant of the farmer's work and of the farmer's needs They are as ignorant as a little Alabama girl of whom I heard the other "This little girl's mother hander

her a damp towel.

for " 'Minnie.' she said, 'take this t the sake of what I get out of it in wel into the kitchen and hold it in front of the fire until it is dry.' thetic uplift, and vegetables. I shall "'Yes, mamma,' said the child, and take my turn, too, with the bicycle, she threw the towel over her shoulbut next to the go-cart, the wheel-"The mother continued her work

hoe is my favorite vehicle !- Mary R. She forgot all about her daughter. Ten or fifteen minutes passed. "Then there sounded from the kit

chen a clear, young treble voice: " 'Mamma, it called, 'is a towel done when it's brown?' "

* * *

A Sunday-school superintendent, mug and self-sufficient, was fond of asking ouestions for the privilege of answering them himself, after couraging the scholars into believing that they knew the proper reply. Or an occasion when he was talking about cruelty to animals he discours ed with much feeling.

"Only a coward would abuse a cres ture that had no way of defending itself," he said. "Why, I once kn a little boy who cut off a calf's tail. Think of it, children, he took a knife and cut the tail right off! Can as one tell me a verse in the Bible that would have taught this bad, crus boy not to cut off the calf's tail ?' There was the usual pause, follows by the uneasy shuffling of feet, and then a youngster lifted his hand. In reply to the superintendent's "Whis it, my son?" he sturdily repe

"What God hath joined to

The Poet's Corner. SEPTEMBER.

Who doth not love the soft Sep ber days ner lingers lovingly

Would say farewell? But with h Of winged subjects, in the golder

No cry of anguish, for no partin Disturbs our bliss,-our loss

count but gain. name we praise,

The swallow tempts his wings longer flight; The grasses fade: the brown flutter down;

Full ripe, the thistle-tops and milk weed blows ail far aloft on airy pinions light

And haste to catch at fleeting sun mer's gown,-Stay ?-Hath she gone? The faint wind sighs,-"Who knows ?"

Blanche Elizabeth Wade.

Henceforth thou hast a helper, me

The woman's cause is man's: the rise or sink

design in the middle of the back. Co- If she is small, slight-natured, miser able, each side and finish the edges with a How shall men grow? But work no more alone

> Our place is much; as far as in us lice ing her Will clear away the parasitic forms

> That seem to keep her up, but drag her down-Will leave her space to burgeon out

Within her-let her make herself h own

To give or keep, to live and learn and be All that not harms distinctive wo manhood.

For woman is not undeveloped man. But diverse; could we make her se the man, Sweet love were slain: his deares

bond is this, Not like to like, but like in differ Yet in the long years, liker the

must grow; The man be more of woman, she man,

He gain in sweetness, and in mora height; Nor lose the wrestling thews tha throw the world,

She, mental breadth, nor fall in child ward care, Nor lose the childlike in the larger mind:

Till at the last she sets herself Like perfect music unto noble words

And so these twain upon the skirts of Time Sit side by side, full summ'd in their powers, Dispensing harvest, sowing the To-be

Self-reverent each and reverencing each, Distinct in individualities.

(The Princess)-Tennyson.

+ + +

THE LONG ROAD

The long road, ma bouchal, is road that I must take. Long I've walked the homepaths a

heard the noisy crake: Now my bird's the curlew, its druid call Lures my feet to follow in the safest way of all.

The long road, ma bouchal, is wearying for my feet; I'll pile no more the sea-weed, I'll

glean no more the wheat. My wheel may whirr and whisper other hands than mine. And other spinners handle the coars thread and the fine.

The convent on my sister shuts fast its jealous grate; The sea-waves took my father—their

hunger would not wait: My birth no word of welcome from my pale mother found, But I could dig and spin and v

The long road, ma bouchal, is to walk alone;
"Tis ill to live and labor when you A gray stone in the highway tha

lovers spurn away May once have been a beat as mine did Ere the voice of my drowned fath

THE WEAVER

eside the loom of life I stand And watch the busy shuttle go; The threads I hold within my hand Make up the filling; strand on strand.

ney slip my fingers through, and so This web of mine fills out apace, While I stand ever in my place.

One time the woof is smooth and fine And colored with a sunny dye; Again the threads so roughly twine And weave so darkly line on line My heart misgives me. Then would I Fain lose this web-begin it that, alas! I can not do.

ome day the web will all be done, The shuttle quiet in its place, From out my hold the threads be run And friends at setting of the sun Will come to look upon my face, And say: "Mistakes she made not

Yet wowe perchance as hest she * * 4 THE FRUIT OF THE CROSS.

Thou who didst hang upon a parren tree, My God, for me

Though I till now be harren, now, at length, Lord, give me strength To bring forth fruit to Thee

Thou who didst bear for me the crown of thorn.

Spitting and scorn; Though I till now have put forth thorns, yet now Strengthen me Thou

That better fruit he borne. Thou Rose of Sharon, Cedar of broad routs,

Vine of sweet fruits Thou Lily of the Vale, with fadeless leaf,

Of thousands Chief, Feed Thou my feeble shoots. -Christina G. Rossetti.

* * *

THE MENDICANT.

t met Him to-day in the wintre

The Christ on the cross Who died, All hungered and cold in the wind and sleet With bleeding forehead and hands and

And I blindly thrust Him aside,

Had He only come with the crown of thorns Or the nail prints ruby-rad

Had the palms that pleaded for alms but worn Their wounds. I had not put by in

scorn His pietous plea for bread;

But idly now, and all in vain I grieve for the grace gone by, And muse, "Might He only again;

I'd pity His plea and ease His pain, And hearken unto His cry. Nay, nay, for the blind distinguisheth

The ling in his robe and crown; But only the humble eye of faith Beholdeth Jesus of Nazareth In the beggar's tattered gown.

I saw Him not in the mendicant, And I heeded not His cry: Now Christ, in His infinite mercy grant That the prayer I say in my day of

want, Be not in scorn put by:

ABSENCE.

The shortest absence brings to every thought
Of those we love a solemn tender-

nees, It is akin to death. We now con-Seeing the loneliness their loss has

brought, That they were dearer far than we had taught

Ourselves to think. We see that no-Than hope of their return could

Our weary days. We wonder how for Or all of fault in them, we could

Or anger with their loving presence Or wound them by the smallest

word or deed.

Dear absent love of mine ! It did ce to tell me thou were And yet the absence maketh it more

Girls and Boys I expect all the chic down to hard work at certainly did forget me ummer, but Harold ve set a good exam such nice letters. I me small folks who take this page this summer others are anything lil congratulate myself th Auntie has quite su nieces as

OUR

Your loving AU

...

Dear Aunt Becky: I am very sorry to and worst so deserted, ter from Aunt Becky t have been away down des Chaleurs, where I days at grandpa's. I time boating, etc. I of writing to you and see letters from the each week. I am sur school is opened they up again, and if they v me we will adopt for now," for if I had wri times as I thought of de have had lots of letter am back at school agai more than ever. I h teacher of last year St. Ann. With love

Aunt Becky, and to a I remain, your nephe

West Frampton, Que. + + + Dear Aunt Becky:

This is my first letter not able to write very Nellie is writing for me have written this sumn rold was away, as we sorry to see so few litt the corner. You were continue writing, and how bad we all felt as letter from you this wee surely write again. I a going to the convent a told you all about me be says that I must write say good-bye for this evening we all went to and had our tea the aunts and three 1 tile of my own brother with r sisters, Stacey and Isa.

love, Your little nied WINN West Frampton, Que. + + +

"DAD." Some boys they call their Oh, gee! That makes It sounds so stiff and 1 You bet I call mine D

And he's a ripper, too, The boys all wish they A father that would las And love them like m

Of course, sometimes, w Come in he's mighty n

And then we sit as still And hear him jaw, poo It's always over soon, a You bet we all feel gla

And then we all climb o

And hug and kiss our "You can't have kids He says, and so he's g

The good Lord made hir He mightn't been our

I don't want to be Presi Like every little tad ! When I'm grown up I'd r A nice man just like Da -May Kelly, in New Orlea

* * *

FORGETFUL TED Teddy Johnson is a pr sort of a boy, but he ha and that a very serious c not give heed to what is

forgot." One night he forgot to into the shed, although h told many times not to I and the rain washed out

and the rain washed out red paint and pretty he making it look faded and Another day he forg home for his dinner, and whole noon hour throwing the frog pond, having a his playmates' lunch.

and then, in excuse, alway