

HOME INTERESTS.

Conducted by HELENE.

Though infirmity seems the hardest cross to bear, yet some of the bitterness is removed when we look around us and see the numerous institutions devoted to the care of the unfortunate. I came to this conclusion the other day while visiting a local hospital in which hundreds receive the disinterested care of the devoted nuns. There was suffering intense and human misery, but the Sister of Charity was there comforting the pain-racked frame and soothing the pillow of the dying. In face of this devotion the critic must be silenced. To those who are prejudiced against hospitals under the direction of religious orders this might be said: While giving full credit to the noble army of women who train in our nursing schools, and while appreciating to the full the beneficent work they accomplish, when comparisons are made, value for value, we have to acknowledge that where a price is put on work there is always the certainty that when that work is completed a remuneration will follow; but in the case of the hospitaliers, the work is purely disinterested, remuneration figures nowhere, and very often ingratitude and abuse is their reward; but they are laboring for the love of God alone, laying up stores for the world beyond, and willing to wait for the reward that will last forever.

FASHIONS.

The long and graceful tunic falling over a trained skirt is the form of drapery that has acquired the greatest vogue, and, in monotone coloring, with clinging hip lines, this skirt does not detract from the wearer's slenderness nor shorten her skirt length to any great extent.

The most fascinating of the season's fashions are marvels of oriental workmanship. Old world colorings run riot in the quaint picturing of the home and social life of the new world power. Delicately carved, fragile teakwood frames in myrtle leaf and potal-like shapes hold bolting cloth or silk, painted or embroidered with the exquisite perfection of those ancient masters in fine art.

A pretty and original dress is of old blue crepe de chine made with a full skirt. The baby bodice is embroidered with Japanese designs in silk a few shades darker than the material, relieved with touches of white and dull green. A charming little cape goes with the costume, cut all in one, a la Japonaise, and embroidered to match the dress.

The fashion of combining coarser lace with the finer style still finds considerable favor, and art entire dress made of imitation Irish lace of good quality may be well and wisely trimmed with very narrow melin edging in white, put on in either a scallop or key pattern design, followed by a narrow edging of black.

Gray has won considerable favor this season, especially in the pigeon breast and dove tones, and not only cloth and silk costumes, in this color, but also frocks of gray lace gray chiffons and even gray linen and cotton have a vogue in Paris.

The popular Princess gown, that which nothing is more chic or more exacting, has doubtless had much to do with this modification of skirt lines, and the successful Princess gown marks in perfection the correct and fashionable silhouette—the broad shoulder, high and defined bust, small curving waist, well defined hips and flaring skirt like an inverted tily.

It is hardly necessary to add that this same Princess gown demands a fairly good figure to start with and most careful corseting, and demands, too, a most skilful maker; but the most successful model of this class when well worn has indescribable grace and cachet.

TIMELY HINTS.

Nothing acts on iron rust in cloth so quickly as lemon juice and salt. Be sure that the material is well wet with the lemon and completely cover the spot with salt. After reasonable exposure to strong sunlight not a trace of rust will remain.

The water in which asparagus, white onions and lettuce are boiled is said to clean the pores, stimulate the glands, and whiten the skin.

Almond meal cleanses the face and leaves it in a smooth condition. Mix a small quantity with rose water and massage the whole face with this, afterwards rinsing off with tepid water.

To clean fruit jars quickly, fill them (almost) with hot soapwater, then put into the jars an ounce of carpet tacks and shake vigorously. Afterward rinse well in clean cold water and turn upside down to dry. This is a much quicker method of cleaning than the ordinary one.

When you boil milk, grease the saucepan with butter before putting in the milk. This will prevent the granules that gather on the bottom of the saucepan, that are so hard to wash off.

To remove match marks from a polished surface, first rub with a cut lemon, then with a rag dipped in clear water.

Grated potato scattered freely, then well swept off, is recommended as a fine carpet cleaner, reviving the color without injury to delicate shades.

The short ends of candles are most satisfactory to start a fire with, since they burn with a steady flame till the landing and wood is well ignited.

RECIPES.

Mexican Balls.—Take equal parts of fresh pork and beef, say one pound. Chop fine, add salt, a small piece of soaked bread, one egg well beaten and a teaspoonful of Chili powder. Mix thoroughly and make into small balls, putting into each a piece of hard boiled egg. In a dish of hot lard or butter put five or six crushed tomatoes, a little chopped onion, broth, salt and Chili powder. Let boil a few moments and drop in the balls when the meat is thoroughly cooked.

Scotch Baked Apples.—Carefully peel and core as many apples as desired; fill the centres with butter and sugar, creamed together in the proportion of half a cup of sugar and a fourth of a cup of butter to four apples; add a few very thin slices of candied lemon peel to each apple; mix a very little sugar and water, and brush over the apples; sprinkle with bread crumbs browned in hot butter, bake. Serve cold, with or without custard.

Cucumber Mangoes.—Choose large, green cucumbers, not very ripe, cut a long narrow strip out of the sides, and scoop out the seeds with a teaspoon. Pound a few of these with a little scraped horse-radish, finely shredded garlic, mustard seeds and white peppery stuff the hollows with the mixture, replace the strips and bind them in place with a tiny thread. Boil as much vinegar as will cover them, and pour it out when white hot; repeat this for three days. The last time boil the vinegar with a little mace, half an ounce of cloves, two ounces of pepper, two ounces of mustard seed, a stick of horse-radish and one clove of garlic to every half gallon of vinegar. Put the cucumbers into jars, pour the boiling liquid over them, tie the jars closely, and set aside for use.

Genuine Mexican Chili.—Chop the desired quantity of peppers and add ten pounds of ripe tomatoes, peeled and sliced; two pounds of onions, peeled and chopped; four ounces of salt, seven ounces of green peppers, six ounces of brown sugar, one and a half pints of vinegar. Boil all together in a granite porcelain kettle for several hours, or until quite thick, then pack in air tight cans or jars.

When cream is too thin to whip stiff, the beaten white of one or two eggs stirred into the cream before it is whipped will be a vast improvement. If it is not to be cooked, sour cream can be flavored, sweetened and whipped so it can not be told from sweet cream. Gelatin should always be dissolved in cold water for an hour, then hot water or milk added as required, setting on the back of the stove until smooth. Do not add gelatin to custard until both are cold. When a custard is thick enough to coat a spoon strain and set aside to cool in molds or the dish from which it is to be served.

A SUCCESSFUL RAILROAD WORKMAN.

Here is the brief story of a woman who filled an unusual place in life, and with signal success. The account from Niles, Mich., called forth by her death, says: Ill-health alone terminated the

forty-year usefulness of Miss Rebecca Bracken, 60, a Michigan Central train despatcher, perhaps the only woman in the world who occupied such a trying and responsible railway position. And her death, which has just occurred, has removed from the junction of four divisions a woman who was admired for her ability and respected as an "angel of the railroad men." Her success was due to her eternal vigilance, and her popularity to tact and the warm-hearted interest she displayed in the welfare of every employe with whom she came in contact. It was no wonder, then, that when a few months ago she was retired on a pension, the conductors and officials gave her a diamond ring and other testimonials of their regard.

"It was during the war when I started in railroad work," said Miss Bracken, in discussing it some months before her demise. "I think it must have been in 1863. A girl friend came to our house to get me to accompany her in a walk to the depot. A soldier train was going through Niles that day and the girl had a soldier friend upon that train. We were waiting in a jam of people, and Mrs. Leonard Abrams, wife of the depot operator, asked us to take seats in the telegraph office. It was the day of 'paper operators.' Well, Mrs. Abrams was helping her husband, and as I saw her sending a message my thoughts of the soldier boys fled, and I was entranced with what Mrs. Abrams was doing. 'If she can do that, I can,' I said to myself. Not many days after, having gained the consent of my parents, I asked Mrs. Abrams to have her husband take me as a student. He wrote to M. B. Woodford, of Kalamazoo, superintendent of telegraph, for his consent, and I soon was working. I was fascinated with the work, and my liking for it increased rather than diminished during all these years. The busier I was, the better I liked it."

It is said that the office had no mark against her in all the forty years of service for the Michigan Central, an unprecedented record. Miss Bracken bore the reputation of having more knowledge of time cards and how trains ought to move in relation to one another in passing Niles than any employe or official on the road. No wreck was ever traceable to carelessness or error on the part of Miss Bracken.

A WARNING FROM A PROTESTANT SOURCE.

Catholic parents—Protestant parents, too—who value the future of your children and the morality, the security and happiness of your homes—who know that religious and moral teaching is the shield between your loved ones and the road which leads to depravity, crime, the prison and all other evils and miseries resulting from moral degeneracy—it is time for you to act! It is time for you to shut out from your doors as you would a poisonous reptile the press which ignores religion as something to be avoided and treated with contempt! Your dearest interests are at stake; the welfare of your loved ones, both material and spiritual, may, and probably does, depend upon your course. In the choice of your daily reading place the Church above the Tenderloin; put morality ahead of crime, and demand that the real home of America, the real home of love and truth, shall have preference over the daily picture of degradation, vice and bestiality. The vast majority of New York homes are those of virtuous parents and moral and dutiful children. It is for those homes to see that the right side of life is presented in the news of the day, and that their children are not given the false impression that vice is master and virtue and religion are weaklings in comparison. Refuse to patronize the poisonous press, and very selfishness will compel the reform which the highest interests of the community, of the millions of human souls in this Greater New York, and wherever the press of New York circulates, so imperatively demand.—New York Daily News.

TOO BUSY TO BE KIND.

"I sometimes think we women nowadays are in danger of being too busy to be really useful," said an old lady, thoughtfully. "We hear so much about making every minute count, and always having some work or course of study for spare hours, and having our activities all systematized, that there is no place left for small wayside kindnesses. We go to see the sick neighbor and relieve the poor neighbor, but for the common, everyday neighbor, who has not fallen by the way, so far as we can see, we haven't a minute to spare. But everybody who needs a cup of cold water isn't calling that

fact out to the world; and there are a great many little pauses by the way which are no waste of time. The old-fashioned exchange of garden flowers over the back fence and friendly chats about domestic matters helped to brighten weary days, and brought more cheer than many a sermon. We ought not to be too busy to enquire for the girl away at school, or to be interested in the letter from the boy at sea. It is a comfort to the mother's lonely heart to feel that somebody else cares for that which means so much to her. Especially we ought not to be too busy to give and receive kindnesses in our own home. May no one be able to say of us that we are too busy to be kind.—The Young Woman.

FUNNY SAYINGS.

"Doctor," said a young lady, "I want you to suggest a course in life for me. I have thought of journalism."

"What are your natural inclinations?"

"Oh, my soul yearns and throbs and pulsates with an ambition to give the world a life work that shall be marvelous in its scope and weirdly entrancing in the vastness of its structural beauty."

"My dear madam, you're born to be a milliner."

It was a broiling hot day in an English park, and those walking therein were well-nigh exhausted, when a very stout old lady came bustling along one of the paths, closely followed by a costermonger. Twice she commanded him to leave her, but still he followed just behind.

At last the old lady, quite disgusted, turned angrily round and said: "Look here, my man, if you don't go away I shall call a policeman."

The poor fellow looked up at her with a tear in his eye, and then remarked: "For goodness' sake, mum, have mercy and don't call a policeman, for you're the only shady spot in the park."

In England, the Lord Chancellor, by virtue of his office, has a right to inspect all public asylums and hospitals. One day, while the late Lord Herschell was paying a visit at the house of a friend near Norwich, he went for an afternoon stroll, and happening to pass by the great insane asylum at that place, the thought struck him that this was a good time to perform an official duty. Incidentally, it may be said that Herschell bore the reputation of being somewhat pompous at times. He knocked at the door, which, after a long delay, was opened by an attendant.

"You can't come in," he was informed. "It isn't visiting hours."

"That makes no difference, I shall inspect this institution just the same."

"Indeed, but you'll not."

"Come, come, my good man, I'm the Lord Chancellor," Herschell expostulated.

"Oh, that's all right," answered the functionary, "we're four of you inside already."—Success.

"PEEBLES HAM."

Lieutenant Peary was praising tea as a cold weather drink.

"In our dash for the pole," he said, "it will be hot tea that we will depend on rather than Peables ham."

"Peables ham?"

"Yes, Peables ham," said Lieutenant Peary. "Did you never hear of Peables ham?"

"Well this is the story: 'There were two old Scotchwomen, Mrs. MacWhirter and Mrs. McBean, who met on the road one day, and Mrs. MacWhirter says: 'Loch me, woman, yer far feae hame the day.' 'Aye,' says Mrs. McBean. 'I was just yont at Peables. Sanders MacNabb, o' Peables, keeps rare guid ham. Oor John, ye ken, likes a bit guid ham, and is aye yammerin' about the ham bein' ower fat and ower saut.' 'Oor Tom,' says Mrs. MacWhirter, 'is the same way. There's nee pleasin' o' him w' his ham. Faith, I'll hae to gie MacNabb a trial.' 'So Mrs. MacWhirter journeys into Peables, and she says to Sanders MacNabb, the grocer: 'Gie's a punf o' yer ham.' 'What kind,' says Sanders, 'wad ye like?' 'Oh, just the kind that Mrs. McBean gets,' says the lady. 'MacNabb smiled faintly. 'A richt,' says he. 'Whaur's yer bottle?'"

The Poet's Corner.

"FATHER, GO WITH ME."

Sent up to bed in the dark alone,  
Where all of the corners were weird  
and dim,  
And the shapes and the shadows  
waited him  
At every turning—my little son,  
Sent up for some childish mischief  
done  
At the hour when childish hearts are  
high  
With joy of the evening's revelry—  
And his fault at worst was a tiny  
one!

A wistful moment his feet delayed,  
Waiting to let my face relent;  
And then, a pitiful penitent,  
His faltering, frightened way he  
made;  
But up in the stairway's deepest  
shade  
I heard him pause where the shadow's  
crowd,  
And whisper, "Father," and sob  
aloud,  
"Father, go with me, I am afraid!"

Quick as his calling my answer leapt,  
Strong as his terror my shielding  
arms  
Folded him close from the night's  
alarms.  
Sheltered and comforted while he  
wept,  
Up in the nursery's light I kept  
A tender watch till he smiled again,  
Till the sobs of his half-remembered  
pain  
Lessened and hushed, and the baby  
slept.

Father of love, when my day is done,  
And all of my trespasses written in,  
Not for a thoughtless or wilful sin  
Send me out in the dark alone;  
But so as I answered my little son,  
Come to the prayer of my pleading  
breath,  
And lead me safe through the night  
of death,  
Father of light, when my light is  
gone!

N. B. Turner.

THE THINGS YOU COULDN'T BUY.

In nooks and corners they're hid  
away,  
The children's gifts for the Christmas  
Day;  
Glued and hammered, with marks of  
haste  
(Here and there is a drop of paste),  
Funnily fashioned and stitched away;  
But—these are the things you couldn't  
buy!

"Don't you think she'll be glad of  
this?"  
In every corner I've tucked a kiss!  
Many's the whispered word I hear,  
Many's the token, dainty-dear,  
Marked "I love you (with a little!)—  
And oh! they are things you couldn't  
buy!"

In a safe-locked drawer they are hid  
away,  
Tender nothings of yesterday;  
"Pictures" the dear little fingers  
drew  
(Scrawled all over with "I love  
you"):  
Over and over I say it—ay!  
"These are the things you couldn't  
buy."  
—Anna Burnham Bryant.

SO WE GROW OLD.

A broken toy; a task that held  
away  
A yearning child heart from an hour  
of play,  
A Christmas that no Christmas idols  
brought,  
A tangled lesson, full of tangled  
thought;  
A homesick boy, a senior gowned  
and wise,  
A glimpse of life, when, lo! the cur-  
tains rise  
Fold over folk,  
And hange the picture, like a bound-  
less sea—  
The world, all action and reality—  
So we grow old.

A wedding and a tender wife's ca-  
ress;  
A prattling babe the parents' life to  
bless;  
A home of joys and cares in equal  
part;  
A dreary watching with a heavy  
heart;  
And death's dread angel knocking  
at the gate,  
And hope and courage bidding sor-  
row wait  
Or lose her hold;

A new-made grave, and then a brave  
return  
To where the fires of life triumphant  
burn—  
So we grow old,  
Old to ourselves, but children yet to  
be,  
In the strange cities of Eternity.

She Nursed the Soldiers.

Sister Mary Berchmans, 74 years old, for over 46 years head of the pharmacy department at Mercy Hospital, Pittsburg, and one of the best known Sisters in the Mercy order, passed to her reward recently.

Sister Berchmans, who was born in Canton, Ohio, and was a member of the old Hostetter family, was a relative of James G. Blaine. Her parents were Presbyterians. When 18 years old she became a convert to the Catholic faith, and from that time until her death was actively and closely identified with charitable work. In 1862 she was one of the first Sisters of Pittsburg to be detailed to Washington, D.C., to care for the ill and injured soldiers at Stanton Hospital. After three years there she returned to Pittsburg, and for some time was engaged in the West Penn Hospital caring for soldiers.

Important Biblical Decision.

The Biblical Commission, says the Rome correspondent of the London Tablet, under date of August 6, suffers a great loss by the removal from Rome of Fr. David Fleming, one of its two secretaries to it appointed by Leo XIII. The learned Franciscan will, of course, continue to be a "Consultor," and to render service in keeping the Holy See informed of the phases and difficulties of the biblical question in England, but it may be assumed that his name appears for the last time as Secretary in his signature to the second decision of the Commission which has just been made public. It will be remembered that the first decision pronounced against the opinion which holds that Catholic exegetists may explain what seems to be historical inaccuracies in the Scriptures by the theory that they are "tacit quotations" from profane authors. The historical difficulty forms the basis of the second decision. Some Catholic writers have attempted to remove the historical difficulties of the Old Testament by denying that the sacred writers vouch in any way for the historical accuracy of the facts they narrate, and affirming that these alleged facts are used merely as pegs on which to hang some moral meaning. The Commission has rejected this rather bewildering attempt to explain away the Scriptures, and the Holy Father has sanctioned the judgment of the Cardinals and Consultors.

PATENT REPORT.

For the benefit of our readers we publish a list of Canadian patents recently secured through the agency of Messrs. Marion and Marion, Patent Attorneys, Montreal, Canada, and Washington, D.C.

Information relating to any of the patents cited will be supplied free of charge by applying to the above-named firm.

No. 94,660—Wm. Eng. Globensky, Montreal, Que. Building blocks and apparatus for manufacturing the same.

94,667—Eugene S. Manxy, Montreal, Que. Steam heating system and apparatus.

94,780—Ernest Renaud, Montreal, Que. Cue-tip holder.

94,785—Fred. B. R. Skager, Lemberg, Aesa., N.W.T. Twirl holder.

94,793—Ludger Sevigny, Sherbrooke, Que. Billiard cue rack.

94,890—John Terreault, Montreal, Que. Process of manufacturing metals.

94,840—Hugh Mowlem, Palmerston, New Zealand, Envelopes.

94,847—Orrin Weidrich, Chesapeake, Ont. Hockey stick.

OUR  
Dear Girls and Boys:  
Before another issue  
all returned to school  
time will be only a ha-  
am sure great accom-  
ing to the corner. I  
have had glorious tim-  
fectly content to begin  
of study. I am so hap-  
another little friend,  
You see all the little fo-  
gotten their venerable a-  
have made a good co-  
dear, so surely other  
soon. I am so glad you  
a lovely time in the cou-  
Your loving fri-  
AUN

Dear Aunt Becky:  
I was very sorry to s-  
was not any letters fr-  
your little girls or boys  
True Witness, as I like  
to have my mamma ree-  
me. I hope you will ha-  
after the holidays. I a-  
years old now, and have  
ther two years old. W-  
country for the summ-  
lots of fun. I love to  
with my daddy, and I  
fish, too. I have a dea-  
dle and I help daddy t-  
We have a lot of dea-  
and a calf, and oh, then  
cows and chickens and  
all. But we will soon  
back to the city.  
Don't forget to have  
little stories on our p-  
mamma always reads th-  
My mamma wrote this  
I told her what to say.  
Good-bye, Aunt Becky.  
GER

WHY HARRY LOST T.

It was the fairest of  
but as Harry Edwards  
gate with a very lunch-  
hand and a very small  
other, it was plain th-  
"out of sorts." It was  
and his mother had ag-  
suggestion that he invit-  
best friends to a picnic  
woods on the shore of  
She had prepared an  
and Harry set out in  
but at the last minute a  
him, and with a mos-  
smile, said: "Oh, Harry  
go around to Mrs. Black-  
ber this note. She will  
what to do, ask I this  
not mind the short delay  
His sister Ella and his  
changed smiling glances  
face darkened.  
"Oh, mother, it's late  
boys will be waiting. C-  
it to-morrow?"  
But Mrs. Edwards, usu-  
pathetic, persisted.  
"Ohey orders, Harry.  
to give the message to  
before you go to the por-  
He stopped at the gate  
the direction of Ross  
rubbed the note viciously  
gatepost.

"I don't see why moth-  
ticular about Mrs. Bla-  
this to-day! It's a wh-  
least, and I told the fe-  
on hand early. Fish bite  
it's cool. If Ella had an-  
for a fellow, she'd do th-  
I'll take 'most an hour."  
So he opened the bar-  
then closed it with a ba-  
"Mother never acted s-  
fore; why, she's sealed th-  
and she always leaves th-  
because it's more polit-  
something funny about th-  
to know what's so impor-  
Black's all of a sudden  
didn't have to go!"  
Harry was growing an-  
minute as he walked down  
lane towards the home of  
family. He could see their  
farmhouse lying in the sh-  
grove of flaming maples,  
puffing from the kitchen c-  
the mistress of the little  
was Pete Tucker. His ri-  
sers were rolled up to his  
his lean tanned legs w-  
him upon some mission as  
most speed. An idea po-  
Harry's head; he whistled  
boy ahead made no sign.  
and Pete turned about.  
"Say, Pete, don't you  
earn some money?" Ha-  
the note forward. "I'll