

HOUSE AND HOME Conducted by Helene.

"If more women knew how quickly and thoroughly coal oil acts as a cleaning agent there would be fewer tired backs and aching bones on cleaning day."

WHEN SUCCESS SPELLS FAILURE.

Business success for the woman does not mean domestic or individual happiness, and, on the whole, business life makes for restlessness, selfishness and discontent.

THE FINISHING TOUCHES IN DRESS.

The girl who is careful to have her collar, cuffs, belt, and other trifles harmonize, and who chooses them with an eye to their appropriateness to the dress, and to the occasion upon which they are to be worn, will also see to it that her gloves and shoes are neat and clean.

HOW TO TREAT A JAMMED FINGER.

The finger should be plunged into water as hot as can possibly be borne. This application of hot water causes the nail to expand and soften, and the blood pouring out beneath it has more room to flow.

PRIZE CLEANING RECIPES.

The English Society of Arts of

ferred a prize for the best process of cleansing silk, woollens and cotton fabrics—one that would not change their color or injure them in any way.

MADE A COUNTESS BY THE POPE.

Mrs. Thomas F. Ryan, wife of the New York financier, has been made a countess of the Holy Roman Empire by Pope Pius.

REST.

If all the skies were sunshine Our faces would be faint To feel once more upon them The cooling splash of rain.

If all the world were music Our hearts would often long For one sweet strain of silence To break the endless song.

If life were always merry Our souls would seek relief And rest from weary laughter In the quiet arms of grief.

WHAT ONE MAN CAN DO.

In these days, when the bad in the world finds so much publicity that the people almost forget that good exists and that the sun shines, it is refreshing to read about Duke Carl Theodore of Bavaria.

No medals cover his breast. He has not led an army on to victory. And as for scandal, with which every court in Europe reeks—Duke Carl Theodore is a gentleman.

There are loyal hearts, there are spirits brave, There are souls that are pure and true, Then give to the world the best you have, And the best will come back to you."

But, because of the wonderful impulse for good that abides in his breast, because of the divine desire to be of use to his kind, he has worked and made his efforts count.

That is the story of Duke Carl Theodore of Bavaria.

Twenty-five years of patient, skilful labor—all for others.

To Prevent is Better Than to Repeat.—A little medicine in the shape known as Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, administered at the proper time and with the directions adhered to often prevent a serious attack of sickness and save money which would go to the doctor.

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NO MAKE GOOD JELLY.

Have the fruit ripe or just a little under-ripe, freshly picked and of good quality.

The small juicy berries, such as currants, blackberries, raspberries, may be cooked in a stone pot, which should be placed in a kettle of boiling water.

Or, if preferred, the fruit may be heated slowly in preserving kettle and then mashed.

Jelly will be greatly improved in flavor if it is first strained through a cheese cloth bag and then through a flannel one.

The strained juice should be placed in a preserving kettle and boiled and skimmed. A pound of sugar should be added for each pound of juice.

The sugar should first be heated in the oven and stirred into the boiling juice until it dissolves, then fill the glasses. When such fruit as apples, pears, peaches and quinces are used, wash them thoroughly, cut in small pieces, barely covering with

water and cook gently until the fruit is soft and clear. This will take at least an hour.

Strain the juice, let it boil about twenty minutes, then add the warm sugar and boil five minutes longer. Place glasses in the direct sun for several hours.

A Tonic for the Debilitated.—Parmelee's Vegetable Pills by acting mildly but thoroughly on the secretions of the body are a valuable tonic, stimulating the lagging organs to healthful action and restoring them to full vigor.

TIMELY HINTS.

Chesecloth towels for silver and glassware will be found more desirable than crash as they are free from lint.

If alum is added to the paste used in covering books with paper or for scrap-books, moths or mice will not invade them.

For a rusty nail accident, pour turpentine at once on the afflicted parts. It is better a great deal than carbolic acid for iron rust.

Oxalic acid will remove iron rust from white goods. If the spot is at all obstinate, hold in steam of teakettle after wetting with the acid.

Serviceable yet handsome towels are made of huckaback, with one or two insets of heavy torchon lace above the hem-stitched two-inch hem.

Pale, sickly children should use Mother Graves' Worm Expeller. Worms are one of the principal causes of suffering in children and should be expelled from the system.

ICED BLUE RIBBON TEA

THE MOST DELICIOUS OF SUMMER DRINKS. BREW IT THE SAME AS IF YOU WERE GOING TO SERVE HOT TEA, THEN POUR IT OFF THE LEAVES INTO A PITCHER AND PLACE ON THE ICE. WHEN QUITE COLD SERVE WITH A SLICE OF LEMON (DO NOT USE MILK) AND ADD SUGAR ACCORDING TO TASTE. THE MOST REFRESHING AND WHOLESOME SUMMER BEVERAGE KNOWN

FUNNY SAYINGS.

NOT HIS CONCERN.

From the Catholic Monitor, Newark. Our old friend, Mr. John Schuster, of Egg Harbor City, sends the following anecdote:

After a sermon from a famous missionary every person in the audience was crying except one—a farmer. When asked how he could abstain from shedding tears after so touching a sermon, he replied:

"In our city," said Miss Rittenhouse Squayer, "admission to the upper ten implies good birth."

"That's odd," replied Miss Travelling, of Chicago, "now, in a sleeping car the lower five implies a much better berth."—Philadelphia Press.

AS BARGAINED. Jimmy's dog, Tiger, was a nuisance. The animal's pet theory must have been that all things were created to be destroyed; at least, so his practices indicated. Jimmy's parents were anxious to get rid of Tiger.

"Jimmy," said his father one day. "I'll give you a dollar if you'll get rid of that dog."

Jimmy gasped at the amount, and said he would think it over. The next day at dinner he announced that he had got rid of Tiger.

"Well, I certainly am delighted to hear it," said his father. "Here's your money; you've earned it. How did you get rid of the nuisance?"

"Changed him for Johnny Morgan's two pups," answered Jimmy.

THE DISCOMFORT OF LUXURY. A Chicago man tells of a resident of that city who had been unsuccessful in one venture after another. At last, however, he made a large sum of money by means of an invention in car-wheels; and very soon thereafter his family, consisting of his wife and two young daughters, were to be seen taking their daily outing in a motor-car.

One day the three were being driven rapidly through the park, while a look of painful self-consciousness overpowered the features of the inventor's wife, as she sat bolt upright, looking straight before her.

"Now, ma," came in clear tones from one of the daughters, whose keen face was alive with enjoyment. "now, ma, can't you look back and not look as if the water was boiling over?"



St. George's Baking Powder

"It keeps its strength—the last spoonful is as good as the first."

"And it gives such a fine flavour to the baking, once people use it, they want it every time."

Write us for our new Cook-Book. National Drug & Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited, Montreal.

PAID HIM TO GO.

"The congregation paid up every cent of my back salary to-day," announced the village minister.

"How in the world did they happen to do that?" queried his astonished wife.

"I announced from the pulpit," explained the good man, "that unless I got it I would not be able to take the three months' vacation I had planned."

Dr. J. J. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial is prepared from drugs known to the profession as thoroughly reliable for the cure of cholera, dysentery, diarrhoea, griping pains and summer complaints. It has been used successfully by medical practitioners for a number of years with gratifying results.

Better than gold is a thinking mind. That in the realm of books can find A treasure surpassing Australian ore And live with the great and good of yore.

Better than gold is the sweet repose Of the sons of toil when the labors close. Doubly blest with content and health Untired by the lusts and cares of wealth.

Better than gold is a peaceful home, Where all the fireside characters come— The shrine of love, the heaven of life, Hallowed by mother, or sister, or wife.

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WITH THE POETS

BETTER THAN GOLD.

By Father Ryan.

Better than grandeur, better than gold, These rank and duties a thousandfold In a healthy body and mind at ease, And simple pleasures that always please.

A heart that can feel for another's woe, With sympathies large enough to enfold All men as brothers, is better than gold.

Better than gold is a conscience clear Though toiling for bread in an humble sphere, Doubly blest with content and health Untired by the lusts and cares of wealth.

Lowly living and lofty thought Adorn and ennoble a poor man's cot; For mind and morals in nature's plan Are the genuine tests of a gentleman.

Better than gold is the sweet repose Of the sons of toil when the labors close. Doubly blest with content and health Untired by the lusts and cares of wealth.

Better than gold is the poor man's sleep And the balm that drops on his slumber deep. Than the sleep draughts on the dowry bed Where luxury pillows its aching head.

The toiler simple opiate deems A shorter route to the land of dreams.

Better than gold is a thinking mind. That in the realm of books can find A treasure surpassing Australian ore And live with the great and good of yore.

The sage's lore and the poet's lay, The glories of empire passed away; The world's great dream will thus unfold And yield a pleasure greater than gold.

Better than gold is a peaceful home, Where all the fireside characters come— The shrine of love, the heaven of life, Hallowed by mother, or sister, or wife.

The white gulls swing from a fleecy sky, And cry as in days of yore, But the hope I heard in the siren's song.

Is lost in the breakers' roar, Far, far out where the sky and sea Meet in the midst of the boundary Of Life's vast tide I look for sails That I sent away—but naught avails— They're gone forevermore.

The cliffs are bleak on the dreary shore, Shadows beside the sea, And each one looms a spectre grim, Mocking the memory.

Laden ships come from lands afar, And I see them cross the harbor bar But the ships I sent in the long ago, Staunch, with sails unfurled of snow, Are lost—all lost to me! —Milwaukee Sentinel.

THE RIVER OF REST.

O the river of rest, with tides that sweep By the gloomy marge of the shores of sleep;

The river flowing by vale and hill In the lotus land of the Heart-Beloved.

Shadowy armies of young and old, Are yearning there for thy sweet unfold;

Yearning, longing, and calling these To sing to them and to set them free!

O river of rest, where no man knows The silvery way that your water flows, In youth, in life, in hope, in cheer, In days of daring and nights of fear, Hearts that beat in the human breast Of time are beating the tune of rest, And love is singing to love: "Some day On the river of rest we will drift away!"

O river of rest! O beautiful stream With tides that flow to the seas of dreams! White-haired women and feeble men, By streets of cities and sylvan glen, Morn and noon and all day long To soft susurrs of golden song Are calling thee as thou callest them To blossomed meadows thy waters stem!

O river of rest, the old recline On mossy banks of those shores of thine; Gray as shadows and soft as shade They people the slopes of the hill and glade, Waiting there through the restful years For loved who went in the midst of tears, And came not back, and will not come, To hearts that grieve and lips grown dumb! —Baltimore Sun.

Here on the sands when the tide comes in, I look on the waste of sea, And I dream of the ships of the long ago, And years with their mystery. Then it was that the world was wild And the golden hopes were undefined, For the ships I sent to a far-off world, Proud, with snow-white sails unfurled, Would bring back gold to me.

The white gulls swing from a fleecy sky, And cry as in days of yore, But the hope I heard in the siren's song.

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BOYS

AT BEDTIME

The little room in fading light The little beds all sweet And the little prayer at And then all puffed And My darlings plead for That have a thousand told.

Of Alice in her Wonderland Of Cinderella's ball so The bear and poor Red And those dear children And fairy tales among Hans Andersen they love

Without the dark tunnel Within, the peace of the years may come, to go, But nevermore such joy As when, all cuddled Of The hour of story-time —Frank Fay.

EFFECT OF CONFIDENCE

There is nothing which the place in a boy's life

KING

By Theo. Gift, Author

CHAPTEY IV.—Co

"Oh! you are. You mother prohibited that decidedly than 'Sin' for there. So now, counting, as I said, made tions in full form, will favor us in return with familiar cognomen?"

Hilda stared. Gordon and handsome, and so ev ed up to by his brother that she could not he him but she felt afraid well, and owing to be child, and always living up people, she was so u chief and jokes of a that she did not know was making game of Molly good-naturedly e "He wants to know been generally called at da."

"Why, Hilda, of course real name," said Hilda, ing with a dignified air christened Hilda Petersh course as Petersham is a not called it. I on letters."

"Haven't you never h name at all, then?" ask "In that case," putting the air, "it will be ne give you one, I suppose; choice lies between wouldn't like 'Sham P haps—"

"No, no, Gordon, Sta broke in Kattie, her e with fun. "She wouldn't would you, cousin Hilda a nice boy—"

"Or Peter the Great, cate compliment, you wi stand, on your being tal either Molly or Meta," G on, with his most polite But Hilda was looking offended.

"I shouldn't like either very stiffly," My Aunt I said that nicknames weri pud vulgar things, and th vulgar people used them; it will be very rude of me one."

"Why, Hilda, of course you don't like, of course joking," Molly said enge Gordon was too much i for apologies. He was indeed, in having a some opinion of himself and be to take offence, and had all of submitting to be le little cousin whom he wa ly condescending to joke amuse; so he simply turne and marched out of pausing at the door to s "I say, Charlie, it's no wasting our holidays ing for a ride."

Molly and Kattie ran at protest and coax, but go It "wasn't a boy's place girls—they must do it for selves; and he walked o fly, though not without Charlie, in a voice that w to his sisters at any rate, air of St. Petersburg was for him!"

The girls came back too disappointed. Gordon wa hero and favorite with th the idea of getting him s selves for the whole day too delightful; and now some lunch in his pocket very likely not return till the afternoon. Besides, Charlie with him as well looked at one another bl little fettle showed her situation by putting out Hilda, and observing—

"You's a bad girl to wude, in Tottie won't love "I didn't say he was ru said it was rude of any names," Hilda answered, t of an opportunity of expl self, for she too was feel disappointed at the retror boys, and did not find consolation as she had ex the reflection that she had "perfectly right" hersef, ministered a lesson in goo to her cousins. If they and left her position a very uncomfortable one; gaining for the first time

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