

HOME INTERESTS.

Conducted by HELENE.

Although the overflow of summer joys has just been realized to us, there are signs of a waning season.

FASHIONS.

There is an endless variety of washable hats for little folks. There are floppy little hats of scalloped pique, of which the inside of the brims are faced with tiny lace frills.

In coats, both long and short are seen, the three-quarter length leading in evening coats. Etoms, boleros, redingotes and long plain coats are all in evidence.

The linen collar for women is again in favor. But unless the neck is to be ruined it should not be worn tight, but loose enough to give the throat full play.

The newest note in summer gowns is to have the entire costume—gown, hat and sunshade—in linen embroidered in openwork.

To be quite a la mode one must have now a set of hats that belong together (five is the accepted number) in place of the hodgepodge of pins that has been used so long.

Returning to the white serge frocks the French makers have introduced many novelties in cut and line. The Empire ideas that have taken so firm a hold lately appear here, as elsewhere, and Empire coats, long or short, are made up in white serge or white cloth with skirts to match and the severe tailor finish or with collars, cuffs and motifs of heavy open work embroidery on linen.

TIMELY HINTS.

Mud stains can be removed from silk if the spots are rubbed with a bit of flannel, or, if stubborn, with a piece of linen, wet with alcohol.

At least once a week, if not oftener, the carpet sweeper should be thoroughly cleaned, the box wiped out with an oiled cloth, and the brush brushed with a whisk broom.

Unpainted wire netting not only makes a good rest for flat irons when several thicknesses are used, but is most effective to clean them on.

Paraffin can be used the second time to cover jelly and jars if it is washed clean and boiled before being turned over the fruit again.

Put brown paper on top of the wardrobes. This is easily taken off and shaken to prevent the wardrobes becoming thick with dust.

RECIPES.

Iced Bouillon—For one who needs nourishing food through the warm weather, a pleasant change is made by serving clear soups iced. Prepare bouillon early in the day, having it very strong, adding to each quart one egg and the clean, crushed shell, bring to the boiling point, then simmer for a few moments; strain through a thick cloth, and set on ice for three or four hours. Put the cups in which it will be served on ice for an hour, so they will be thoroughly chilled.

Summer Salad—Celery, green peppers, tomatoes, cucumbers, stuffed olives, and English walnuts. All cut in small pieces, mixed thoroughly with French dressing, and served on crisp lettuce leaves. Both salad and dressing should be very cold. If the above mixture is cut fine, it may be used for filling tomato, cucumber or green pepper shells.

Hot Compote of Fruit—Stew to a pulp four large apples peeled and cored, and one guinea. With a silver fork mash three bananas, and express the juice of three large oranges into a cup. Butter a shallow pudding dish and cover the bottom with a layer of sweet biscuit crumbs. On this put, by alternate spoonful, the hot apple pulp and banana until all is used. Then sprinkle a cupful of brown sugar over all and moisten with the orange juice. Cover with a layer of biscuit crumbs, dot with "nuts" of butter, and bake twenty minutes to a delicate brown. Serve hot.

Rhubarb Jellied with Candied Orange Peel.—Cut a pound and a half of rhubarb into pieces an inch in length, sprinkle over it a cup and a half of sugar, and about a fourth of a cup of candied orange peel, cut in tiny bits, also a few tablespoonsful of hot water. Cover and bake, or cook directly over the fire until the rhubarb is tender. For three cups of material soften one-third of a package of gelatine in one-third of a cup of cold water; and, when well hydrated, turn it into the hot rhubarb. Pour into a mould, to harden. Serve with thin cream, sweetened and frothed with a whip churn. Decorate the cream with fingers cut from candied orange peel. Soften the peel if needed, by cooking it in sugar and water.

Rice may be cooked with cheese, making a dish equal to macaroni. Boil and drain the rice and place it in a buttered baking dish in alternate layers with grated cheese. Sprinkle the top thickly with bread crumbs, dot with butter, moisten with milk, and bake in a quick oven.

WHEN BABY SAYS GOOD-NIGHT.

Her little feet so white and bare
Trip down the wide and winding stair;

Arrayed in simple gown of white
She comes to bid me sweet good-night,

The rosy cheeks, the chubby arms—
I worship all the baby charms,
And kiss the lips that prattle so
Of childish joy and childish woe,
And then I breathe a silent prayer
For little feet so white and bare.

For tired heart and brows that ache,
There's balm that follows in her wake;

No greater blessing joy commands
Than soothing stroke of childish hands.

What greater boon to helpful bliss
Than dimpled cheeks to press and kiss?

I seem to part from ways of men,
And cling the more to heaven, when
She trips adown the winding stair
With little feet so white and bare.

A last good-night and then she's gone
To tread the shores that love grows on,

The dreamland isle where roses meet
And tangle up the childish feet
That pass that way. I grow resigned
To fate which seemed to me unkind
And cruel in its every task,
But now no earthly boon I ask;
I only laugh at sordid care,
And bless the feet so white and bare.

LET US MIND OUR OWN AFFAIRS

It is extraordinary the passion most people have for managing other people's affairs, and ordering their loves. Not only do they give much advice when asked for, but far too many feel it their duty to give advice when not sought, in the case of those they know, whilst very many will be constantly speculating upon the affairs of comparative strangers,

and say what they would do if they were "so-and-so."

Far too many of the frictions, quarrels and unpleasantnesses of this life are either caused or fomented by the interference of a third member, who would, in the majority of cases, be far better employed in managing her own affairs.

There are times, of course, when it is perfectly proper to give other people the benefit of whatever wisdom you possess, but it is a very good and safe rule never to volunteer advice.

Wait till it is asked for, or, better still, let it be dragged from you reluctantly. If your counsel is found to be valuable, the chances are that it will be asked for frequently, and even dragged from you, and if events prove to be worthless, as it is quite probable, you can console yourself with the thought that you gave it unwillingly.

AN ENGLISH WOMAN'S REASONS FOR THE FAILURE OF WOMEN'S WORK.

It has been repeatedly stated that, although women's work is quite equal to that of men, the scale of payment is much lower, owing to the prejudice which still exists in the minds of men against the encroachment of women in the labor market and to the competition among women themselves on account of the ever-increasing number who are forced to earn their own livelihood.

As a matter of fact, however, except in rare cases, women's work is not equal to that of men, not because they are not equally capable of doing it or do not understand it, but because very few women can be induced to take their work seriously, and will not devote the time necessary to perfecting themselves in it until too late. If they enter the ranks of the workers as girls they do so in nine cases out of ten simply to earn sufficient money to dress on until such time as they shall be married.

A girl who learns shorthand and typewriting, for instance, rushes through a three-month course at some school, and gains a position in an office with the idea firmly fixed in her head that she will probably be there only for a year or two. She takes no interest in her work beyond getting it done as quickly as possible, and sits all day with one eye on the clock until her hour of release arrives, when she puts on her hat and promptly forgets everything connected with the office.

Her essential ambitions and interests are all outside of it; it is merely an irksome means of obtaining extra spending money; while every creature that wears trousers instead of skirts is viewed in the light of a possible husband instead of a co-worker. Then, if the years go on and the hoped-for marriage does not take place, the girl drifts into the middle-aged woman, drab, despondent and hopeless, content to rub along on the small pittance which keeps her from actual want, but with no ambition and no interest in life.

If, instead of starting with such ideas, the girl begins her work, whatever it may be, with the firm determination to get to the top sooner or later, marriage appears to her more in the light of a handicap than otherwise, and men, instead of being merely the opposite sex, are regarded in the light of competitors with long odds in their favor. Such a girl invariably succeeds in lifting herself out of the ruck and gaining some definite position and prospects, even if she never attains any very great height. But to do this it is necessary at all times to put the work before outside interests and personal wishes. Everything must be sacrificed to the one end.—London Express.

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 of those that love Him. Like the masculine woman, she has no place in the world.

It would be a false conception to imagine that because a woman is not performing public functions, because she is not present in the glare of the foot-lights, because she is not engaged in making great history that therefore her time is lost; that she is, as it were, an outcast from the providence of God and that her days are useless. If she be a good wife and mother, and a good sister, and a good daughter, if she help her father

to bear his burdens, if she relieve her fading and falling mother, if she restrain her brother from wicked associations, if she gathers the forsaken around her knee in the moment of distress and press them to her heart, and love them and make them feel that life is worth living, because there is a human heart that goes out to them, she may perform her mission in the world.—Rev. M. P. Dowling, S. J.

A BRILLIANT NUN RECEIVES A DEGREE.

The nun is a Tertiary Carmelite from South India. Sister Beatrice tried hard to be invested without coming to the university, but the principal, Sir W. Turner, and the secretary senatus, Sir L. Grant, would not hear of it. They excused her from coming in academical costume, because this was really derived from the religious dress, and so her habit would do for her robe, and her veil for the cap; the hood only would be required. Sister Beatrice—formerly Miss D'Lima—is from Madras. Her two sisters are also Carmelites. This is probably the first case, at least in recent years of a nun receiving the degree of Master of Arts at a British university.

HOW TO RELIEVE ASTHMA.

Get some compound tincture of bonzoai at the druggist's and keep it in readiness for attacks of asthma if any of the family are subject to them. When needed, pour one teaspoonful of the tincture in a bowl and set it in a small pail of boiling water. Pour one pint of boiling water in the bowl and hold the face close over it while inhaling the fumes. Have someone pin a large newspaper over the head so that none of the steam can escape. The relief will begin with the first breath of steam, and the laboring air passages will soon be quite comfortable. Repeat the treatment as often as the case requires.

SUCCESSFUL DRY CLEANING.

A woman who home-cleans her laces and chiffons and other unwashable articles has great success in a dry cleaning process of her own invention. Filmy scarfs and their like are rubbed gently in a mixture of three parts starch and one of borax. Then they are covered with a clean layer of the starch and borax and left overnight.

WORKING GLOVES.

Many young housekeepers wear old kid gloves to protect their hands when sweeping and performing other duties that are hard on them. A pair of men's buckskin gloves are better. The leather is thicker and protects the hands better, and it whitens the hands and softens them.

FUNNY SAYINGS.

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman has been telling his constituents a story of a small boy who went to his mamma and asked her to lend him a pencil.

"But," said the mother, "I left a pen and ink for you to do your lessons with on the nursery table. Why don't you use that instead of a pencil?"

Clarence hesitated for a moment. "Don't you think, mamma," he said at length, "that The Times is a very useful paper?"

"Of course I do," answered mamma; "but what—"

"Well, you see," the little lad explained, "I want a pencil to write to the editor and ask him what'll take ink stains out of a carpet."

An inquiry was being made into the case of an officer who was supposed to have come in very drunk one night. His servant was called before the board and questioned.

"Was there anything about your master's conduct to lead you to suppose he was drunk?" he was asked.

"No, sir," was the reply. "Did he say anything to you?"

"Yes, sir."

"What did he say?"

"He told me to call him early."

"Call him early," repeated the examiner, "why should you do that? There was no parade that morning. Did he give any reason for wanting to be called early?"

"Yes, sir," he said I was to call him early for he was to be Queen of the May."

THE FIDELITY OF LANGY.

(By W. Crawford Sherlock.)

One Sunday afternoon Mr. Frank Warren sat in the library, lazily smoking a good cigar and glancing occasionally at the newspaper that lay before him. Having attended the morning service and partaken of a good dinner, he felt satisfied with himself and the world in general. His meditations were interrupted by a knock on the door, and a servant announced that a colored man wished to see him.

"Show him up," said Mr. Warren, and in a few minutes the visitor entered. He was short of stature, although powerfully built; the short, flat nose, great, thick lips, protruding ears and small, glittering black eyes below the low, narrow forehead, gave him a repulsive look which was heightened by the sinister expression of his features. He shuffled into the room, and stood, cap in hand, resembling more a wild animal about to spring than a human being.

"Hello, Langy, what's the matter?" asked Mr. Warren.

"Big fish down town, boss; spread in' fas', Bettah go an' see 'bout yo' stoah," was the negro's reply, uttered in low, guttural tones, which sounded like the growl of a dog.

"All right, Langy; I'll come down. Much obliged," said Mr. Warren.

Langy, having delivered his mission, turned and shuffled out, closely watched by the servant, who feared something would be missing if she relaxed her vigilance for a moment.

"Ugh!" Mrs. Warren shivered with disgust as Langy disappeared, "Why do you keep such a creature in your store, Frank? His very appearance is enough to make people keep away. What was the odd name you called him?"

"Langy," replied her husband, laughing. "Really, Carrie, the fellow is not as bad as he looks. I give him work because no one else will. He comes from the same county in North Carolina that I do, and I suppose that makes a bond of sympathy between us. His original name is 'Language.' His mother having once heard some one speak of 'good language,' and considering that it was something fine, named her youngest accordingly. I'll be back soon."

Mr. Warren did not return as quickly as he anticipated. The fire was of far greater magnitude than he had dreamed of, and he watched its progress, as if swept onward with ungovernable fury, with a sensation of fascination that made it hard to turn away. His own store was far removed from the path of the flames, and he had not the slightest concern about his own property, although deeply moved by the calamities of others.

As a precautionary measure, however, at the solicitation of his friends he took his books and valuable papers from the safe, and then returned home to acquaint his wife with the extent of the conflagration.

To his horror, the next morning, he learned that the wind had shifted during the night, and that not only his own warehouse, with all its contents, was totally destroyed, but that property far beyond his own was also in ruins.

It was a crushing blow to Frank Warren. For nearly twenty-five years he had toiled and struggled for success, throwing all the force and energy of his life into the conflict. He had taken the business at a time when his father, who had previously conducted it, had become embarrassed and by indomitable perseverance and economy he had managed to pay his father's debts and build up a good trade besides.

Now, in a few hours, all the work of years was swept away. His building was only partially insured; his spring stock had just arrived, and the insurance on his goods was small in comparison with the value. The machinery would be a total loss, as well as some extensive repairs and alterations that had just been completed.

And now, forty-five years of age, with a family to care for, he was practically ruined, and would have to start life again. True, his credit was good and his customers would stand by him. But where was the youthful energy, the strength of his young manhood, which had brought him to the front in years past and won for him the success he had gained?

At the thought of all this, Frank Warren laid his head upon his hands and his strong frame shook with grief as he dwelt upon the possible privations and hardships that might come to those he loved so well. Why had he not done as others had done, and removed the most valuable of his stock to a place of safety? To lose all and then realize that he

STRONG AND VIGOROUS.

Every Organ of the Body Toned up and invigorated by



Mr. F. W. Meyers, King St. E., Berlin, Ont., says: "I suffered for five years with palpitation, shortness of breath, sleeplessness and pain in the heart, but one box of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills completely removed all these distressing symptoms. I have not suffered since taking them, and now sleep well and feel strong and vigorous."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills cure all diseases arising from weak heart, worn out nerve tissue, or watery blood.

might have saved the best part, was maddening.

At this juncture the servant announced that Dr. Jordan wished to see him. Wondering who his visitor could be, Mr. Warren, after washing his face, went to the parlor.

"Is this Mr. Frank Warren?" queried a little, dapper gentleman, rising as Warren entered. Frank bowed affirmatively, and the doctor continued, "I have come, at the request of a poor negro, who is at the city hospital, badly injured by the fire. He cannot last much longer and says he must see you before he dies. Can you come at once?"

When the hospital was reached, Mr. Warren was ushered into the free ward, and there, lying on a cot, was Langy. Bandages were upon his head, one arm was in splints, and the harsh, quick breathing showed the intense suffering he was enduring, yet no moan escaped from the poor fellow, although his face twitched with convulsions of agony that made his body writhe.

Mr. Warren sat down beside the cot, and taking the uninjured hand in his own, said, "I am sorry to find you here. How did you get hurt?"

"Nebber min' 'bout me, boss. I wants to tell yo' somethin'." The words came in short, harsh gasps.

"Yo' nebber t'ink the fah'd come yo' way, but Langy did. So I got out de big wagon and de two black hosses, and I jest kep' a-takin' de stuff out as fas' as I kin. I got six loads out, and wuz on de top floah when de fish come in and I had to git out. Somefin hit me as I wuz gettin' out and I don't know no mo' 'bout dat. De stuff is at my house in Welkim Alley."

The low, harsh voice ceased, and then, with one glance of love for his master, the spirit of poor Langy took its flight.

In Mr. Warren's lot in the cemetery is a simple stone upon which is inscribed:

TO THE MEMORY OF LANGY.

"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend."

Mysteriousness is the test of spiritual birth. And this was Christ's listeth. Thou hearest the sound thereof, but can't not tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth, so is every one that is born of the spirit. The test of spirituality is that you cannot tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth. If you can tell, if you can account for it on philosophical principles, on the doctrine of influence, on strength of will, on favorable environment, it is not growth. It may be so far a success, it may be perfectly honest, even remarkable and praiseworthy imitation; but it is not the real thing. The fruits are wax, the flowers artificial; you can tell whence it cometh and whither it goeth.—Natural Law in the Spiritual Life.

TOO IGNORANT.

As the two sat in the porch after dinner, the school trustees casually called attention to a little orange-colored bug, with black spots on its back, that was crawling on the leaf of a vine close by.

"I s'pose you know what that is," he said.

"Yes," replied the applicant, glad to show his technical knowledge. "That is a Coccinella septempunctata."

"Young man," said the member of the school board, "a feller that don't know a ladybug when he sees it ain't no my vote fur teacher in this district."

OUR

Dear Girls and Boys— I need hardly ask you having a jolly time, waiting for accounts must be coming. Ha times you can, dear. Your happy childhood too quickly. Crowd and kindness you can will only be happy rec the serious years will Your loving

GOOD NIGHT AND GO

A fair little girl sat Sewing as long as her Then smoothed her work it right, "Dear work good-night!"

Such a number of ro her head Crying "Caw, caw!" to bed, She said, as she watch ous flight, "Little black things good-night!"

The horses neighed, a lowed, The sheep's "Bleat, bleat she road, All seeming to say, wi light, Good little girl, good-night.

She did not say to the night!" Though she saw him th of light; For she knew he had G keep All over the world, as sleep.

The tall pink foxglov head; The violets curtled and And good little Lucy die And said, on her knee ite prayer.

And while on her pillon lay, She knew nothing more was day; And all things said to sun, "Good-morning, good-me work is begun."

BOB STOOD THE

The "blue line" street at the corner and an am young woman put a su side.

"Now, Bob," she said, zied out to the platf "don't lose that note I don't take it out of you all."

"No'm," said the little ing wistfully after his m conductor pulled the str ver unscrewed the br horses, shaking their be off with the car.

"What's your name, Bo a mischievous-looking you ting beside him.

"Robert Cullen," he an "Where are you going?" "To my grandma's."

"Let me see that note pocket."

The look of innocent sur round face ought to have baby's tormentor, but h again. "Let me see it."

"I tan't," said Robert. "See here, if you don't the horses and make away."

The little boy cast an ap look at the belled horses, his head.

"Here, Bob, I'll give peach if you'll pull that not out of your pocket."

The boy did not reply, b the older people looked an "I say, I'll give you this of peaches if you will just the corner of your note," tempter. The child turne as if he did not wish to h more, but the young man bag and held it just where see and smell the luscious

A look of distress came i sweet little face; I believe afraid to trust himself, an man left his seat on the o to get off the car, the little quickly down, left the temp and him, and climbed into