



Along the road men may choose to take you for what you are worth in tangible funds. To some men this is the standard of value. But Time and Eternity will take you for what you are. That is your worth to them.

WOMAN AND THE POETS.

A delightful old lady said the other day. "Amongst other things I am especially thankful for having been taught to love the poets very early in life. Before I could read small print I learnt, from hearing father and mother read aloud poems, how the poets had touched with a magic wand the every-day things of my life. There was the front flower garden, and the wood at the back of the house. I saw how familiar flowers, the oaks, the poplars, and the pines had been sung by one poet or another, and so for me henceforth, the big tree beyond my window, the violets at the foot of the stone wall, linked me with the world of the unseen."

"Daily I became better acquainted with the poets, for as I grew older I was taught to learn many verses off by heart. "Sometimes the verses pleased me. Sometimes I found them dry, yet I never lost sight of the fact that the verses were the work of poets, who had made the clock, the hearthstone, grandfather's armchair, the garden gate, the plow, the old sword over the mantelshelf tell their own story. "Afterwards the poets became my best friends, and I never came to a hard bit of road without finding some of them by my side to give me hope and courage. When love and death crossed the threshold the poets had a great deal to say concerning the visitors."

A YARD-FORK.

Take a long kitchen-fork with three sharp, spreading tines, and bind the wire handle along the end of a sawed-off broom handle (a nail in the end of the stick is a help in securing it firmly), and you have a most efficient aid in keeping the yard-free of paper and other light trash.—Woman's Home Companion for August.

NASTURTIUM PICKLES.

Even though you grow them in window boxes or a city garden you can obtain several bottles of these pickles, which make an excellent substitute for capers, and are delicious in salads and other pickles. Gather the seeds as soon as the blossoms fall, and throw them in cold salt water for two days, at the end of that time cover them with cold vinegar and when all the seeds have been gathered and prepared in this way, turn over them fresh boiling hot vinegar, plain or spiced with cloves, cinnamon, mace, pepper, broken nutmeg, bay leaves and chipped horseradish. Bottle closely.

PUT CLOTHES ON HANGERS.

A woman makes a mistake when she thinks it is not necessary to put old suits on good hangers. One of the reasons that some women's clothes look so well is because they are kept on hangers until they are given away or discarded. As long as one wears a coat and skirt one should keep it in shape, and this is the only way to do so. Hanging it by loops destroys its shape. The advantage of keeping it in perfect shape is that it always looks smart, even if the cloth is wearing through.

There are women who think that if the cloth of a suit is kept in perfect condition everything is all right. They forget about the shape which is the really important thing to women who know how to dress. The moment a coat and skirt is taken off they should be put on hangers and placed in a closet swinging from hooks, or, what is better still, from a rod. It is ruinous to a coat to hang it on a hook by the loop at the neck. If there is danger of anyone else doing it for you rip off the loop. Why the tailors put it there is a question. When the coat is suspended by it the whole back is pulled out of shape and the collar will bulge away from the neckband.

Hanging a skirt up by the two hooks at the side will put the hips out of shape, and this can also happen by hanging it over a coat hanger, instead of one made for a skirt. The latter has a wide curve in it, which is the proper outline of the skirt; the former has the squareness demanded by shoulders. Therefore, the proper way to avoid trouble, is to put the skirt on its own hanger with the belt hooked and caught up over a projection at the back of the hanger that keeps the skirt from sagging at the back; and to put the coat over its own square, slender hanger and then fasten the top button.

THE FAMOUS KUMISS.

Kumiss is a valuable beverage for use in the sick-room. Heat one quart of milk to seventy-five degrees Fahrenheit, add one and one half teaspoonfuls of sugar, and one fourth of a yeast-cake dissolved in one teaspoonful of lukewarm water. Fill sterilized bottles to within one and one half inches of the top. Cork, and shake. Place the bottles inverted, where they may remain at a temperature of seventy degrees Fahrenheit for ten hours; then put in the ice-box or a cold place, and let stand forty-eight hours, shaking occasionally, to prevent the cream from clogging the mouth of the bottle. It is refreshing and nourishing.—Woman's Home Companion for August.

Tragic Death.

Great Scholar Sacrifices Life For Young Child.

The death of Miss Eileen Nicolls, M.A., of Dublin in an attempt to rescue an island girl from drowning off the western coast was an occasion of national sorrow in Ireland. A graduate of Loretto College, Stephen's Green she had won first-class honors in the Intermediate and University examinations in Irish, Latin, German, French and Logic. She had graduated with first place in Ireland in modern literature and won the \$1,500 scholarship in her M. A. examination, and was elected lecturer in Celtic studies. She spent her summers among the Gaelic-speaking districts of the west, devoting herself to the welfare of the people. Seeing a fisherman's daughter in danger of drowning off the Kerry coast, she went in to save her and pushed the girl to a place of safety when she herself was swept out by the current. The girl's brother, Donogh Crohane, was drowned in an heroic attempt to rescue his sister's preserver. Miss Nicolls was a devoted Catholic and her Requiem Mass and funeral were attended by thousands. Her death is considered a loss to the Gaelic movement and general scholarship.

OUR WOMEN PANAGIZED.

In an article which he was invited to contribute to a recent issue of Sunday's New York World, Rev. Father John Talbot Smith, LL. D., ex-president of the Catholic Summer School, thus expressed himself: Summer fashions! Observe for a moment the ordinary woman in the tight-fitting dress and the peach-basket or washbasin hat, and you note at once the resemblance to the old Dowry tough, first cousin to the terrible Sansculotte of the Place Guillotine. Absurdities usually correct themselves through the hilarity of the public. In our case, unfortunately, while ridicule will correct the passing fashion, it will leave untouched the evil source from which fashion springs, the panagizing of woman, going on actively in France and America.

It is pretty nearly impossible to generalize on anything nowadays, facts in favor of any contention being innumerable, easily got at, and not easily sifted so as to show their proper significance. But the matter of midsummer morals touches so closely on another subject, where generalization may be useful, that I offer my slender contribution with some confidence, the modesty and purity of women, and the evidence in her dress and behavior at all times, that these instinctive virtues have not departed from her, are matters of prime importance. For it is particularly on these points that society all over the civilized world and in America with a vengeance, has been losing ground. And by society I do not mean the classes, but the masses. Among the wild rich, the Socialists, the Anarchists, modesty and purity in man or woman are offenses against human nature and freedom.

IS THE WORLD GROWING BETTER?

It is necessary to emphasize this contention, because every little while a popular journal or a popular minister pompously tells us that the world is growing better all the time. It may be in a general way, though I doubt it. In this particular way it is much worse than at any time in the last three centuries; in this country it is much worse than it was fifty years ago or earlier, and its tendency is towards a revival of Decadence quite as corrupt, as bestial and as atavistic, with modern

features added, as the Neronian period. Now I reason this way, and the facts support me: If the men of the nation are patrons of Venus to a tremendously greater extent than ever before in the history of this nation, it is inevitable that the women will be somewhat affected by their condition.

Modesty is inherent in woman, and good taste in dress to a lesser degree. Modesty is instinctive with woman. The instinct guides the taste in dress, and when a good woman sets forth in public places, knowing what the world is made of, and the present American phase of it in particular, she employs instinct, knowledge and taste in choosing her costume and directing her behavior.

WOMANLY INSTINCT LACKING.

No one can say that the prevalent dress of American women shows any sign of the feminine instinct or womanly taste or womanly decorum. The Parisian importations for the past six months or more are the obscene inventions of the French Terror of 1793, the period when woman fell again to the pagan level and was commanded to display herself for the unrivalled blackguards who directed the French Republic. These are extreme fashions which will pass away, but the perverted mind which thrust them on the public and the ignorant, or silly, or impure mind which accepts it, will not pass away. These women who furnish the signs of inner and little known conditions are only a small percentage of the women of the country, we know. But they are the pioneers for the women of that class who will get bolder in the exhibition of immodesty and bad taste as the years go by. The insanely immodest dressing of the present moment is a sign of the conditions.

The men, know it and they do not like it. That is, they do not like it in their own women, sisters, daughters, mothers. They laugh at it in other women, because it is for them the sign of woman's general inferiority to man. They feel how utterly impossible it is for a man to array himself in the colors, the forms, so tasteless and absurd, which delight the souls of some women, and they argue in woman an inferiority of nature, a weakness of temperament, which makes them the dependants in the domestic circle and the mere ministers of unlawful pleasures outside.

THE CATHOLIC MOTHER.

"It is out of the ranks of the poor that the great men of the world come," said Archbishop O'Connell, in a recent address to women. "They are the men who bring the true nobility of the earth—nobility of mind and of the soul—up to the topmost ranks. It is the Catholic mother who has the true ideal of motherhood. While others are trying to barter their sons into some business that will make his life easy in the world, easy, no matter at what cost to the soul, the Catholic mother feels that her child is the child of God and is to be a prince of Christ's kingdom. So she strives to bring up her child as the Church directs. The task may be hard, but we must be patient and kind. The attitude of the Christian mother should be one of happiness. You know how hard life is if we look on this gloomy side. Those who do this always find life miserable. Our religion is one that should make us happy. Let nothing shake you forget that God is with you."

What is Worn in Paris.

Appropriate Costume for the Fisherman—Subdued Greens and Browns, Leather Bound, En Regle.

Paris, Sept. 4.—In the opinion of many people this month of September is the pleasantest month in the whole year. The great heat of August is over, but the sunshine is still brilliant, and the days are long enough for outdoor purposes while not impinging on indoor evening amusements. The coloring of Nature is at one of its most brilliant moments, with the deep green of the woods flecked here and there with the scarlet and gold of some wild cherry or horse chestnut, which are the first to feel the touch of autumn's breath. The hum of the threshing machines fills the perfumed silence from afar, and harmonizes with the drone of a bumble-bee bartering honey on the late purple loosestrife by the burn side, where a bunch of willows leans over the water and makes the question of dropping a fly over the noses of those fat trout, lying head up stream in the flickering shadows, one of some difficulty. For in September one's thoughts turn naturally

to the "Book of the Running Brook" and fishing, the sport most fitted for women in every way. But the fisherman must be properly garbed, or else there will be no pleasure for her. An appropriate suit was made of gaberdine, that most excellent Burberry material which is thorn-proof and water-proof, very light, porous and warm enough to defy the chill which rises from the water towards the evening, a moment that must be counted with, as often it is the moment when the fish rise and begin to feed. The color was a soft subdued green shot with brown, a mixture which becomes almost invisible on a river-bank, and therefore does not alarm the fish. Amateurs often imagine that fish do not see, hear or notice anyone upon the bank, which is a mistake that often is paid for by an empty creel and a full temper. Fish both see and hear, and are sometimes as capable of putting two and two together to make four as are most wild animals with any experience of the ways of man, as anyone will allow who has fought a wild old pike, and tried to keep him from rushing under the boat with the manifest intention of sawing the line in two against the keel. Therefore quietness of color, of movement and of voice is to be recommended to her who is on fishing bent. The skirt reached barely to the ankle, and was bound with soft leather to match, for no woolen material will stand having its hem rubbed over rocks and rough ground without fraying, while the leather stands such rough treatment perfectly, and can also be sponged clean of mud without any difficulty. The upper part was as a corselet with braces or a pinafore, for no belt that has ever been invented will keep the "body and soul" of a skirt and shirt together neatly and trimly when the wearer is fly-fishing. The corselet and, still better, the pinafore, have solved the problem of the rising shirt; and all sporting costumes should be cut on these lines, which give absolute freedom and are far more pleasing to the eye also. The little coat of gaberdine to match the skirt was loose-fitting and had cutaway fronts, with shaped side-seams adorned with mitered tabs of leather and leather buttons, leather also being used for the collar, revers and cuffs. The plain lingerie shirt was finished with a turn-over collar and stock-tie of dark green silk with brown spots; and the hat was of green soft leather, the brim of which can be pulled down over the eyes if required, or turned back, the only trimming being a bunch of partridge wings at the side. Puttees in cloth to match the costume should be worn over brown leather shoes with nailed soles and flat heels. This combination will be found better than boots for ordinary fishing, when there is no question of wading, as the puttees give greater play to the ankle than is possible in a laced boot, and also protect the leg up to the knickerbockers from the assaults of the maddening midge, which are the one great drawback to the delights of fishing. Of course, petticoats are taboo for any sport, and especially for fishing; knickerbockers are the only possible accompaniment of the short skirt; they can be made of the same gaberdine as the dress, for its wet-resisting qualities have distinct advantages when one slips on a mossy stone and sits down in a pool of water.

As an extra wrap to take with one on a fishing expedition, few things are better than the knitted coats, which are in greater favor this year than ever, especially among the smart set in France. At Trouville, during the recent Grande Semaine, the knitted coat reigned supreme as soon as the sea-breeze made itself felt a little keenly. Some were long and reached to the hem of the exquisite dresses they covered; others were short and did not reach the knees; but all were of the same straight shape, no matter what their length or color might be. At Trouville the white knitted coat was naturally the most popular, for nearly everybody was dressed in white or pale colors; and, of course, on board the yachts, where the gendles plus chics assembled for afternoon tea or short cruises, nothing looks so well as white. But it is possible now to get these knitted coats in all manners of colors, such as dark and pale blues, greens, browns and crimsons; and as they are light, never show a crease or a crinkle, and are delightfully warm, it would be difficult to find a better "stand-by" for chilly evenings and country wear.

Comfort for the Dyspeptic.—There is no ailment so harassing and exhausting as dyspepsia, which arises from defective action of the stomach and liver, and the victim of it is to be pitied. Yet he can find ready relief in Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, a preparation that has established itself by years of effective use. There are pills that are widely advertised as the greatest ever compounded, but not one of them can rank in value with Parmelee's.

SELF RAISING FLOUR

Brodie's Celebrated Self-Raising Flour is the Original and the Best. A Premium given for the empty bags returned to our Office. 10 Hurry Street, Montreal.

Advertisement for Surprise Soap. Text: Surprise is yours and pleasure, too, every time you use Surprise Soap. It makes child's play of washday and every day a happy day. The pure soap just loosens the dirt in a natural way and cleanses easily—without injury. Remember Surprise is a pure, hard Soap.

POET'S CORNER

LOST AND FOUND.

Where have they gone, the happy summer days, With all their loveliness of earth and sky, Which we have seen so gaily passing by, Till now the last a moment more delays? Whether have fled their mornings cool and sweet? Whether their dreamy haze of highest noon? Whether their sunset glories, and the croon Of many waters murmuringly fleet? O friends, dear friends, who have been with me here, To-night, for all the miles that intervene, There is no inch of space our hearts between; Come, hark with me a voice of hope and cheer. These summer days that have so sweetly fled, Have their Avallon wherein they abide, Like good King Arthur after he had died, Or seemed to die, when still he was not dead.

It is a quiet place within the heart, Where they live on for many an after day, Blessing alike our labor and our play; And nevermore from us do they depart.

And when we know not why we are so gay, And when we laugh, nor know the reason why, God sees in us a gleam of summer sky, Or hears some brook go laughing on its way. And so in you, I know, God keeps for me The sweetness of the unreturning days, Safe from all harm, and better than all praise: Be mine, at least, such immortality.

WHILE WE MAY.

The hands are such dear hands; They are so full; they turn at our demands So often; they reach out With trifles scarcely thought about So many times; they do So many things for me, for you— If their fond wills mistake, I May well bend, not break. They are such fond, frail lips. That speak to us. Pray if love strips Them to discretion many times, Or if they speak too slow or quick, such crimes. We may pass by; for we may see Days not far off when those small words may be Held not as slow, or quick, or out of place, but dear. Because the lips are no more here.

They are such dear familiar feet that go Along the path with ours—feet fast or slow, And trying to keep pace,—if they mistake Or tread upon some flower that we would take Upon our breast, or bruise some need. Or crush some hope until it bleed, We may be mute. Not turning quickly to impute Grave faults; for they and we Have such a little way to go, can be Together such a little while along the way. We will be patient while we may.

So many little faults we find, We see them! For not blind To love, we see them, but if you and I Perhaps remember them some by and by. Faults that not—grave faults—to you and me, even less, But just odd ways, mistakes, or even less, Remembrances to bless. Days change so many things—yes, hours,

Troubled With Backache For Years.

Backache is the first sign of kidney trouble and should never be neglected. Sooner or later the kidneys will become affected and years of suffering follow. Mrs. W. C. Doerr, 13 Brighton St., London, Ont., writes:—"It is with pleasure that I thank you for the good you Doan's Kidney Pills have done me. I have been troubled with backache for years, and nothing helped me until a friend brought me a box of Doan's Kidney Pills. I began to take them and took four boxes. I am glad to say that I am entirely cured, can do all my own work and feel as good as I did before taken sick. I am positive Doan's Kidney Pills are all you claim them to be, and I advise all kidney sufferers to give them a fair trial. You may use my name if you wish."

Doan's Kidney Pills are 50 cents per box or 3 boxes for \$1.25, at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont. When ordering specify "Doan's."

We see so differently in suns and showers. Mistaken words to-night May be so cherished by to-morrow's light; We may be patient for we know There's such a little way to see and go. —Author Unknown.

"And now, ladies," concluded the lecturer on woman's rights to her downtrodden sisters, "I am ready to answer any questions." "Would you mind telling us," ventured one fair auditor, "where you got that perfect love of a hat?"

RHEUMATISM DRIVEN FROM THE BLOOD.

A Remedy Which Assists Nature Makes a Cure Which is Permanent as This Case Proves.

Every sufferer from rheumatism wants to be cured and to stay cured. The prospect of the frequent return of the trouble is not attractive to anybody who has gone through one siege. Most treatments aim simply to "keep down" the rheumatic poison in the blood. The tonic treatments by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills has proved by hundreds of cures that it builds up the blood to a point that enables it to cast out these poisons through the regular channels of excretion—the bowels, the kidneys and the skin. When this is done the rheumatism is permanently cured, and as long as the blood is kept pure and rich the patient will be free from rheumatism. Mr. Thomas McNeil, Richmond, N.B., says:—"Permit me to bear testimony to the worth of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills as a cure for acute rheumatism. My son, Frederick, was subject to this painful trouble for a period of eight or ten years, and during this time periodical attacks would regularly occur. His last attack was a most severe one, and the pains were excruciating in the various parts of the body to such an extent that even the approach of any person would cause him to cry out with fear, and he had rest neither day or night. Our family doctor, a man of skill and experience, applied many remedies without avail, and could give no encouragement other than that the warmer weather than approaching might prove beneficial. Just at this time we noticed where some person similarly afflicted had been cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and decided to try them. He kept on using the Pills, each succeeding box showing improvement, until he had taken ten boxes, when all his pains and aches had completely disappeared, and although his mode of life is that of a fisherman and consequently exposed to both wet and cold, he has had no return of any of the symptoms whatever. The cure is complete, and is entirely due to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. You can get these Pills from any medicine dealer or they will be sent by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brookville, Ont.

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Advertisement for Constipation. Text: Constipation is caus of indigestible food, the use of stimulants, brimstone food, and str gatives, which destroy stomach and the contin bowel; therefore, when active, and failing to sufficient quantity, co to follow, and after s piles, one of the most one can have.

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