

HOME INTERESTS.

Conducted by HELENE.

Catholic women attending plays of a doubtful character shock not only Catholics, but non-Catholics as well.

DON'TS ON DRESS.

- Don't expect your hair to shine unless you brush it well every night and morning.

OLD EMBROIDERED HANDKERCHIEFS.

The next time an embroidered handkerchief wears out take a sharp pair of scissors and cut the embroidery carefully out of the linen as close to the embroidery as possible.

LEARN TO LET GO.

The person who wants to be healthy morally, mentally and physically must learn to let go, writes Evelyn Pickens in Medical Talk.

That little difference that exists between yourself and your neighbor, that you argue and bicker every time you meet, drop it and let it go.

That little hurt that you got from a friend, perhaps it wasn't intended, perhaps it was, but no matter, let it go.

habitation within your thought or memory. Sweep them out of your mind and you will be surprised what a clearing up and rejuvenating effect it will have on you.

But the big troubles, the bitter disappointments, the deep wrongs, the heart-breaking sorrows, the tragedies of life, what about them?

It is not so hard after you once get in the habit of doing it—letting go of these things. You will find it such an easy way to get rid of the things that mar and embitter life that you will enjoy letting them go.

HOW TO USE ALMOND MEAL IN WASHING.

Use almond meal for washing the hands in place of soap, and the skin will not get dry and wrinkled. It is the soap that takes out all the natural oil.

SHUN ALL SHADES OF LIES.

It should be pointed out to children that a lie may be told by silence, by equivocation, by the accent on a syllable, by a glance of the eye attaching a peculiar significance to a sentence.

TIMELY HINTS.

When ripping up the seams of an old skirt, if the ripping is started from the bottom the goods are much less likely to tear at the edges.

Dates are excellent for people with consumptive tendencies, are very easily digested and contain an abundance of sugar.

Malic acid is peculiarly helpful to the body, and apples, pears, plums, peaches and cherries all contain it.

Potatoes, the old standby, contain all the inorganic elements of the body except fluorin.

Tomatoes are among the fruits rich in potash, especially good for the blood and with a marked action on the digestive operations.

Lemons are excellent for curing colds or allaying feverishness. Their

CAUGHT COLD ON THE C.P.R.

A. E. Mumford tells how Psychine cured him after the Doctors gave him up

"It is twelve years since Psychine cured me of galloping consumption." The speaker was Mr. A. E. Mumford, six feet tall, and looking just what he is a husky healthy farmer.

"I caught my cold working as a fireman on the C.P.R.," he continued. "I had night sweats, chills and fever and frequently coughed up pieces of my lungs. I was sinking fast and the doctors said there was no hope for me.

PSYCHINE 50c. Per Bottle

citric acid supplies the blood with a cooling agent, making this fruit a febrifuge. Oranges act in the same way, but with slightly less strength.

RECIPES.

Broiled Herring—For instance, herring is universally baked, but many cooks insist upon always frying it, with bread crumbs, and people have come to believe, many of them, that this is the only edible way of cooking the fish.

Broiled Herring with Mustard Sauce.—Choose fresh herring with soft roes, cut off head, clean, but do not open. Dip them in olive oil, season well with salt and pepper, and leave them to absorb in seasoning for at least an hour.

Salmon is the housewife's comfort. Salmon cutlets in papers is an unique way of serving this fish that will meet with favor.

Spiced oysters should be made the day before they are required. Place a hundred with their strained liquor into an earthenware jar, add half a nutmeg grated, eighteen cloves, four blades of mace, a teaspoonful of allspice, a dash of cayenne pepper, one teaspoonful of salt and two table-spoonfuls of strong vinegar.

FUNNY SAYINGS

THE MASTER'S MISTAKE.

Archdeacon Sinclair tells a good story of the famous Dr. Keate, as headmaster of Eton.

He was so great a disciplinarian that he earned the sobriquet which will ever cling to that other great schoolmaster, Bushy of Westminster, and was called the "Flogging Keate."

Finding, one morning, a row of boys in his study, he began as usual to flog them. They were too terrified at the awful little man to remonstrate until he had gone half-way down the row, when one plucked up courage to falter out:

"Please, sir, we're not up for punishment—we're a confirmation class."

A BOTTLE INSTEAD OF A GLASS

He was a young and smart looking Scots clergyman, and was to preach a "trial" sermon in a strange church, says Tatler. Fearing that his hair might be disarranged or that he might have a smudge on his face, he quietly and significantly said to the beadle, there being no mirror in the vestry, "John, could you get me a glass?"

John disappeared, and after a few minutes returned with something under his coat, which, to the astonishment of the divine, he produced in the form of a bottle with a gill of whiskey in it, saying, "Ye mauna let on about it, meenister, for I got it as a special favor; and I wadna hae got it ava hadna told them it was for you."

ANOTHER FANCY NAME.

A clergyman, in baptizing a baby, paused in the midst of the service to inquire the name of the infant, to which the mother, with a profound courtesy, replied: "Shady, sir, if you please."

"And pray," asked the inquisitive pastor, "how happen you to call the child by such a strange name?" "Why, sir," responded the woman, "if you must know, our name is Bower, and my husband said as how he should like her to be called Shady because Shady Bower sounds so pretty."

BOTH HAVE WHEELS.

A class of little girls at school was asked the meaning of the word "philosopher."

"Most of the hands were extended, but one child seemed specially anxious to talk. "Well, Annie, what is a philosopher?" asked the teacher.

HE KNEW HIS PEOPLE.

Just before the collection was taken up one Sunday morning a negro clergyman announced that he regretted to state that a certain brother had forgotten to lock the door of his chicken house the night before, and as a result in the morning he found that most of the fowls had disappeared.

"The result was a fine collection; not a single member of the congregation feigned sleep. After it was counted the old parson came forward. "Now, brodr'n," he said, "I doan' want your dinners to be spoiled by wonderin' where dat brudder lives who doan' lock his chickens up at night. Dat brudder doan' exist, mah friends. He was a parable gotten up so' purpose of finances."

SHE DIDN'T SLEEP WELL.

A woman who lives in an inland town, while going to a convention in a distant city, spent one night of the journey on board a steamboat. It was the first time she had ever travelled by water. She reached her journey's end extremely fatigued. To a friend who remarked it she replied: "Yes, I am tired to death. I don't know as I care to travel by water again. I read the card in my stateroom about how to put the life-preserver on, and I thought I understood it; but I guess I didn't. Somehow, I couldn't go to sleep with the thing on."

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are mild, sure and safe, and are a perfect regulator of the system.

They gently unlock the secretions, clear away all effete and waste matter from the system, and give tone and vitality to the whole intestinal tract, curing Constipation, Sick Headache, Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Coated Tongue, Foul Breath, Jaundice, Heartburn, and Water Brash. Mrs. R. E. Ogden, Woodstock, N.B., writes: "My husband and myself have used Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills for a number of years. We think we cannot do without them. They are the only pills we ever take."

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THE POET'S CORNER

GOSSIPING OF SPRING.

Into a winter wood At the crest of the morn I went. The pine tree stood like a tent Of ermine feathery soft; The hemlock wore a hood; And many another bole Towering far aloft, Was wrapt in a samite stole.

A gentle whispering Seemed wafted from tree to tree, Like a broken melody Chorded tender and low; "We are gossiping of spring," Said a birch, with a friendly nod, "Of how we will joy when the snow Will let us look at the sod."

Then came a truant crow With a lusty, rusty note, And a squirrel, sleek of coat, With his chirrup ever glad, So we all chimed in, and oh, What a cheery, chattering, Frolicsome time we had Just gossiping of spring! —Clinton Scollard.

AFTERGLOW.

After the clangor of battle There comes a moment of rest, And the simple hopes and the simple joys And the simple thoughts are best.

After the victor's paean, After the thunder of gun, There comes a lull that must come to all Before the set of sun.

Then what is the happiest moment? Is it the foe's defeat? Is it the splendid praise of a world That thunders by at your feet?

Nay, nay, to the lifeworn spirit The happiest thoughts are those That carry us back to the simple joys And the sweetness of life's repose.

A simple love and a simple trust And a simple duty done, Are truer touches to light to death Than a whole world's victories won. —Wilfred Campbell.

A BOOK-LOVER'S WISH.

Take me to some lofty room, Lighted from the western sky, Where no glare dispels the gloom, Till the golden eve is nigh;

A LONELY HEART.

Morning after morning the priest comes forth to renew the oblation of the spotless victim. A few there are who, with bowed heads and lowly hearts, kneel about the altar. Softly rings the bell, telling that once more the Saviour has descended to earth as He came long ago an infant in Bethlehem.

Soon it is all over. One by one the people silently steal away. The priest reverently departs. And He who wept is once more alone. Alone! A sympathetic friend out of all the multitude, ever and anon finds his way to the feet of Jesus, the little lamp ceases not to flicker as it burns itself away in love, but for all else Jesus is alone.

Oh, may we not well imagine Him saying: "Man, man, why do you thus carelessly pass Me by? Why do you thus leave Me alone? Is it for this I consented always to remain on earth? This solitude crushes me. This loneliness crushes My heart. Oh, man, man, come to Me, to My comfort now, and I will be your solace for eternity." Hard indeed must be our hearts if we turn a deaf ear to this appeal of our loving Saviour.

MAYBE SO.

Uncle Walter, with his little niece Ruth in his lap, was about to telephone a message to a distant city. While waiting for the connection to be made, little Ruth asked if she might talk over the open wire. The young lady operator heard the question and said, "Yes, please let her."

Ruth, taking the receiver, first told her name. Then the operator asked her where she was, and to this Ruth replied: "I am in Uncle Walter's lap—don't you wish you were?"

JUDGE NOT.

Be not alert to sound the cry of shame, Should'st thou behold a brother falling low, His battle's ebb thou seest; but its flow— The brave repulse that heroes' praise might claim, Of banded foes that fierce against him came, His prowess long sustained, his yielding slow; Till this thou knowest as thou canst not know, Haste not to brand with obloquy his fame.

FORGETFULNESS.

Along a woodland streamlet's side He walked in budding April hours, And by the winding pathway spied Two white unfolding flowers. One flower he plucked and went away His home a little while it graced, But drooped at last, and slow decay Its fading life effaced.

Ah, but remembrance keeps no room For blossoms dead; his heart will dream Of the sweet flower he left in bloom Beside its native stream! —Eugene C. Dolson.

A SPRING TONIC.

Weak, Tired and Depressed People Need a Tonic at This Season to Put the Blood Right.

Spring blood is bad blood. Indoor life during the winter months is responsible for weak, watery, impure blood. You need a tonic to build up the blood in the spring just as much as a tree needs new sap to give it vitality for the summer. In the spring the bad blood shows itself in many ways. In some it breeds pimples and eruptions. In others it may be through occasional headaches, a variable appetite, perhaps twinges of rheumatism, or a lazy feeling in the morning and a desire to avoid exertion. For these spring ailments it is a tonic you need, and the greatest blood-making, health-giving tonic in all the world is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Every dose helps to make new, rich, red, health-giving blood, which reaches every nerve and organ in the body, bringing health, strength and energy to weak, despondent, ailing men and women. Here is proof. Mrs. Charles Blackburn, Aylesford Station, N.S., says: "For the past ten years Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is the only medicine I have taken when I found I needed a medicine. Last spring I was feeling poorly, was weak, easily tired and depressed. I got three boxes and they made me feel like a new person. These pills are the best medicine I know of when the blood is out of order."

Thousands of people not actually sick need a tonic in the spring, and to all these a box or two of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will bring new energy and strength. To those who may be more seriously ailing, who are suffering from any of the ailments due to bad blood—a fair treatment of these pills will bring new health and vitality. You can get these pills from any medicine dealer, or by mail from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50.

OUR B...

Dear Girls and Boys: The never-falling signs are with us—the merry-go-round folks here and there bent on marble playing, rasping voice of the crowd we all are, I am sure. My welcome to the corner, Joseph C. is still an inveterate just beginning to think a little friends from Kow had forgotten me when letter came. I have yet to divulge my little piece of recompense, for the contributor to the Corner, of my little friends seemed ed. Love to all my nieces phews. AUNT

Dear Aunt Becky: I promised to write an all about St. Patrick's day did not go, for it was to my father and sister went a lovely time. There was Mass at ten-thirty, and a sermon preached by Father L. there was a lovely dinner evening there was a very cert; the hall was crowded dear Aunt, my sore leg tired, so I will have to close. From your loving niece, JOS

Dear Aunt Becky: May I enter your club reading the letters every have taken the True Witness since I can remember. I ten years old, and have there and two sisters. My farm, my papa keeps a snow is about all gone but you had any new suggestions haven't. I am in the Miss our teacher's name is Fouley. I got the prize in last term. I spent St. Patrick's at home; it was a stormy day in my mamma's birthday gave her a pretty fruit dish sister gave her a vegetable remain, hoping to see my print. Your niece, St. Cyr, April 1st, 1906

Dear Aunt Becky: As I have not written long time, I thought I would you a few lines and I hope my letter in print next week I and my brother have been write to you. I saw that in print this week. As getting short, I will close good-bye. From your loving niece, J

Love to all my little nieces and my brother, Kouchibouguac, March

MY ANGEL GUIDE He walks beside me all the And tells me what to do. And when my wicked thoughts He gently points up to the My angel guide.

When tempted oft to go as Rebellious temper has its He kneels with sweet up An angel robed in human My angel guide. He holds me from the path He purifies my soul within And, tho' my heart may pain, Tells me no cross, no crown My angel guide. He does my every footstep And leads me with a hand To realms of peace—to God My angel guide. It Will Prolong Life—De Spanard, lost his life in of Florida, whither he was purpose of discovering the "Fountain of perpetual youth" to exist in that then unknown. While Dr. Thomas' Oil will not perpetuate will remove the bodily part make the young old, but time and harass the aged timely graves.