

HOUSE AND HOME

Conducted by Helene.

THE SUMMER GIRL.

Do not be one. Do not go out in the city with any man in summer who does not invite you out in winter. Maybe you believe what a man invites you to take a stroll and end up with a lunch somewhere, that he has just discovered how attractive you are, just found out that you are really good company, or that he has suddenly fallen in love with you. These things are imaginary. His family is away, his sisters and their girl friends, the young women he associates with the year round are out of town, so he turns to the one who is near. If you are seen with him more than once, you will be called a fool by the charitable and come in for much worse from those who, perhaps, know the man better than you do. Refuse his invitation point blank. If he writes your society sufficiently to come to your home and spend a quiet evening there, let him have that much; but do not make so little of yourself as to be seen outside of your home with him.

Suppose you accept his invitation and go with him to some stylish restaurant. In your efforts to do the right thing you will undoubtedly overdo and be classed by observers among unmentionable women. Your ignorance of the small things usual among those who frequent those places will embarrass you and you will wish yourself safe at home. Or, if you are the least bit giddy, you may drop from your position as a self-respecting girl and forever after be ashamed to remember the time and place. In your ignorance you will look at "perfectly beautiful" women who are tricked out in finery dishonestly come by and envy them, their manner and style.

Most girls have the habit of strict temperance. If you go out with the man who is amusing himself in an idle time, you will inevitably be persuaded to drink wine, beer or the seductive cocktail. Then, of course, you will have a lovely time; and all that anyone can say will be idle to prevent you going again and again. For as many times as the holiday or his women acquaintances will give him opportunity to take you. When those women return your day will have ended. He will suddenly find that all of his time is taken and that he cannot find an evening for you. And you, poor little moth, will have singed wings to pay for your folly. And you will have nothing else. The man who took pity on you and gave you a little good time had no more intention of marrying you than he had of taking a trip to the moon. The intentions were all on your side. He may remember you, if you chance to meet, but others than that you have dropped from his memory. So don't be silly and for the sake of a little good time belittle yourself in this way.

SHE'S A WISE WOMAN

Who is able to mend her husband's clothes and his ways. Who has learned the paradox that to have joy one must give it. Who can tell the difference between her first child and a genius. Who acknowledges the allowance made her by her husband by making allowance for him. Who appreciates that the largest room in any house is that left for self-improvement. Who realizes that two husbands of twenty-five years are not necessarily as good as one left. Who can distinguish between the smile of amusement and one meant to show off a dimple. Who gets off the trolley car the right way, though she runs the risk of being arrested as a man in disguise.

HELPFUL DON'TS.

If you make a mistake, don't brood over it. Consider it only an incident for the purpose of teaching you a lesson. Don't doubt your own judgment and discretion in business. If you do, others will doubt it. Don't be distrustful of everyone you meet. If you are, you create an unwholesome and unfortunate atmosphere about you which will bring only the unworthy and deceitful. Keep wholesome, hopeful and sympathetic with the world at large, whatever individuals may do. Don't forget that life is what one makes it. Expect life to use you better every year and you will not be disappointed. Don't forget that if there is nothing but disappointment experiences in our lives, the fault lies somewhere within ourselves, though none of us like to admit it. Don't be the chronically injured person. Don't have a continual grievance because you are not permitted to manage all the affairs of others.

TABLECLOTHS.

The "Doubters" and the "Bubbles" of Olden Times. In the twelfth century the tablecloths were very large and were always laid on the table double. For a long time they were called "doubters" for that reason. The cloth floor on the side of the table at was first placed so as to touch the which the guests sat. Then all the cloth that remained was folded so that in just covered the table. Charles V. had sixty-seven tablecloths which were from fifteen to twenty yards long and two yards wide. He had one cloth which was thirty-two yards long, and that had the arms of France embroidered on it in silk. All of these were fringed. In the sixteenth century "doubters" or double cloths, were replaced by two tablecloths, one of which was small and was laid just as we lay ours today. The other, which was put on over it, was large and of beautifully figured linen. It was skillfully folded in such a way that, as a book of that time says, "it resembled a winding river, gently ruffled by a little breeze, for among very many little folds were here and there great bubbles."

It must have required much art and care to make dishes, plates, saltcellars, sauce dishes and glasses stand steadily in the midst of this undulating sea and among those "bubbles" and puffy folds. However, the fashion had only a short existence, as is apt to be the case with unpractical fashions, and toward the latter part of the century a single cloth, laid flat and touching the floor on all sides of the table, came into general use.

Cucumbers and melons are "forbidden fruit" to many persons so constituted that the least indulgence is followed by attacks of cholera, dysentery, griping, etc. These persons are not aware that they can indulge to their heart's content if they have on hand a bottle of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial, a medicine that will give immediate relief, and is a sure cure for all summer complaints.

HOME HELPS.

Never buy a lounge that is high at one end. It is very tiresome to lie on for any length of time, and will wear out sooner, for the weight always comes at the same place. It is better to have a flat one, with pillows of various sizes to raise the head as high as desired. It is well to have two sets of pillows and bed clothes in a sick room keeping one set in the sun and air while the others are in use, taking care to warm them before using, if the weather is cold. Sleep will come sooner on a well-aired pillow than on one that is fever-soaked. Don't wheel the carriage straight ahead regardless of the fact that the sun is glaring right in the baby's eyes, or a strong wind is blowing the child's breath away. Turn the carriage around and push backward; you will be surprised to see how much more comfortable you have made the baby.

When long hair is much tangled, it is difficult to comb it without pulling out most of it. To avoid this, comb it out first with the fingers, by running them up through it close to the head, then pull out the ends and it will comb out easily. This is a great help, especially when it is matted after a spell of sickness. Many a housewife has felt thoroughly disgusted with her sofa pillows because they persisted in looking "flat" instead of having the plump appearance she desired. The trouble lies in having the covers larger, or of the same size, as the pillow, when the cover should measure an inch smaller each way than the pillow. The cover then fits snugly, and is as plump appearing as if there were no inner tick. If anything catches fire while cooking, throw salt upon it at once to prevent a disagreeable smell.

CARE OF THE EYES.

A great many of the mysterious headaches with which women are afflicted must be put down to overstrained eyes, and this kind of headache can only be cured by giving the eyes a thorough rest, and when a cure has thus been effected, great care in the use of the eyes in future is indispensable. Reading, writing or sewing in a dim and flickering light must be given up, and the common practice of attempting to read in a jolting train or omnibus must also be discarded. The eyes should never be used too long at a time, and, when most eye work is necessary, brief rests and bathings in hot water should be resorted to if the dreaded headache is to be kept at a distance.

THE SAME OFFENSE.

An old negro was recently brought before a justice in Mobile. It seemed that Uncle Moses had fallen foul of a bulldog while in the act of entering the henhouse of the dog's owner. "Look here, Uncle Moses," the Justice said, informally, "didn't I give you ten days last month for this same thing? Same henhouse you were trying to get into? What have you got to say for yourself?" Uncle Moses scratched his head. "Mars Wilyum, yo' sent me ter de chain gang fer tryin' ter steal some chickens, didn't ye?" "Yes, that was the charge."

HIS APOLOGY.

"Really, Mr. Dubley," complained the spotted beauty, as the usher showed them to their seats, "I'm not accustomed to sitting in the bal-

MOISTEN THE BUTTONHOLE.

Every man knows the difficulty and agony of a refractory collar stud. With a breakfast coat, a train to catch and an appointment to keep, few things are more maddening than the collar which simply will not ally itself to the stud. But few things are so easy to remedy. All that is necessary is to dip the thumb and forefinger in water and slightly moisten the obstinate buttonhole. Then the stud slips in without a murmur.

TIMELY HINTS.

For the Complexion.—Oranges eaten before breakfast have a wonderfully beautifying effect on the complexion, and can do no harm if eaten in moderation. Hot Water Drinkers.—If you need to drink hot water pour it from one jug to another a few times. This will aerate it, and remove the flat, insipid taste so objectionable to most people.

The Midday Rest.—Don't neglect the ten minutes' rest during the day, with the feet raised. It gives the whole body a great sense of repose, and works wonders in smoothing out the lines on the face.

To Relieve Earache.—A very good remedy for relieving earache is to fill a little bag of soft flannel with salt, and make this very hot in the oven. Test it against your cheek to make sure it is not too hot, and then apply to the aching ear.

Cure For Influenza.—It is not generally known that equal parts of new milk and lime water constitute one of the best cures for influenza. Reassuring whiskey, which is so much used, and in cases where there is fever the white of a raw egg will soothe the pain. Do not give the yolk, as that would increase the fever.

Fresh Air for the Anemic.—Paleness of the complexion is often one of the signs of anemia—a complaint from which young girls very often suffer nowadays. For these an indoor life is exceedingly undesirable, and they should be out in the fresh air as much as possible. A course of cod-liver oil and iron is beneficial and the diet should consist of milk, farinaceous foods, etc., and a cold or tepid morning bath is excellent as causing better circulation to the body.

A Shampoo for Dry Scalp.—A splendid tonic shampoo for a dry scalp can be made as follows: Take two ounces white Castile soap, one-half ounce potassium carbonate, eight ounces alcohol, two ounces tincture of quillaia, twenty drops oil of lavender, eight ounces water. Dissolve in the water the potassium carbonate and soap, then add the other

"H'm—er—to tell you the truth," stammered Dubley, "I wanted to get seats down stairs, but I didn't know whether to pronounce it 'parkot' or 'parkey'."—Catholic Standard and Times.

FAULTY STATISTICS.

"The department of agriculture has figured out," he read from the paper, "that rats cost the people of this country \$100,000,000 a year." "John Henry," replied his wife, "I don't believe a word of it. Why, mine only cost 35 cents, some women make their own, and some wear their hair flat. Huh! can't tell me!"—Philadelphia Ledger.



99.90% Pure —That's what makes St. George's Baking Powder so satisfactory. It is the purest Cream of Tartar Baking Powder that Science can make. Send for our free Cook-Book—full of choice new recipes. National Drug & Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited, Montreal.

Cardinal Merry del Val was attacked in his automobile on his way to Castle Gandolfo last week. There is a low drinking station on the way to that town, and travellers are expected to "set them up" for the half hundred lazy and besotted gamblers of the place. The Campaigner is infested with buggers in the day and robbers in the night. The last time we came through it we had two mounted guards to protect us from the ruffians. We must not attach too much importance to the incident of last week; and we are sure the Cardinal does not.—Western Watchman.

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

CATHOLICS FIRST IN INTELLECTUAL CONTEST

(From the Derry Journal.) A point is being reached when the Irish Royal University distinctions will be practically the monopoly of the Catholic colleges. This year the two Catholic women's colleges—St. Mary's, Eccles street, and Loreto, St. Stephen's Green—which do not receive a penny of public endowment of any sort, direct or indirect—more than account for the three Queen's colleges, Belfast included, while the appearance in force of Maynooth makes the Catholic predominance more striking than ever. University College, Dublin, it now goes without saying, leads off, and has no less than ninety-three distinctions; Maynooth, which is just getting into its stride, comes second with forty-six; St. Mary's equals Belfast with twenty-nine, obtaining more first class distinctions, while that excellent college Queen's College, Cork, winds up the list with just six distinctions. There are thirty-two art scholars at Cork; they have won two first class honors and four others. Either the Royal University honor list is a sham, or there is a woeful waste of public money on this Cork Queen's College.

FUNNY SAYINGS.

'TIS TRUE: 'TIS CITY. A New Haven man was praising the late Judge David Torrance, of Derby, Conn. "Judge Torrance," he said, "uttered many an epigram from the bench. In a case concerning a noise nuisance a scientist was once testifying before him about the speed of sound. "'Sound,' said the man, 'travels at the rate of 400 yards a second.' "'All sound?' asked Judge Torrance. "'All,' replied the scientist. "'The judge smiled. "'I'm sure you're wrong,' he said. 'I have noticed a great difference between the speed of certain kinds of sound. Thus, slander travels at the rate of just 1000 yards a second, flattery 500 yards, while truth makes only a few feet a second, and slow as its progress is, truth often fails to reach the goal, no matter how short the distance.'—Indianapolis Star.

KIDNEY COMPLAINTS

The kidneys form a very important channel for the out-let of disease from the system, carrying off accumulations of poisons, the blood. The kidneys are often affected and cause serious disease when least suspected. When the back aches, specks float before the eyes, the urine contains a brick-dust sediment, or is thick and stringy, scanty, highly colored, in fact when there is anything wrong with the small of the back or the urinary organs then the kidneys are affected.

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

will cure you. Mrs. Frank Fox, Woodside, N.H., writes: "I was a great sufferer with backache for over a year, and could get nothing to relieve me until I took two boxes of Doan's Kidney Pills; and now I do not feel any pain whatever and can eat and sleep well; something I could not do before." Price 50 cents a box or 3 for \$1.25, at all dealers, or The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.

WITH THE POETS

THE BATTLEFIELD.

A mother's heart is a battlefield, A mother's heart is a nest Where love leans down with snowy shield And lips that sing to rest, A mother's heart is the plain where death meets. Through all her days of life The legion of the childhood feet, The glittering ghosts of strife.

A mother's heart is a field of war Where none may know, may see, The wounds that bleed, the guns that roar, The agonized hours that be. A mother's heart is battle's home, But, oh, so few have kneed With her where shadows fill the gloom, Have felt what she has felt!

A mother's heart is warfare's realm In it, unseen of time, Rage the grim wars that overwhelm, But for her faith sublime, A mother's heart is where she hides So much she never tells, So much that in her soul abides And conquering lovehood quells.

A mother's heart—oh, sacred place, Oh, templed fane, how fair To kneel beside its shrine of grace, To kneel and worship there! A mother's heart is calm retreat, Is rest and love and song, And round it, oh, how tender-sweet The shades of memory throng!

A mother's heart has seen so much, Has felt and borne and known, The rugged blow, the tender touch, Within its wandering zone; Has borne so much for those that lean Upon its help and trust, Has done so much to keep them clean, To life them from the dust!

A mother's heart is a battlefield Where sacred strife has been, Where spear on spear and shield on shield Hath raged the battle's din! O holy shrine, inviolate spot, Where love and memory come When all the rest of life's forgot, When all the rest is dumb! —Baltimore Sun.

A MOTHER'S JOY.

(Written by a Mother in Ireland to Her Son in America on the Occasion of His First Mass.)

The joy is come, Alanna, That was watched for through the years, And my heart is full of blessings, But my eyes are full of tears. The joy is come, Alanna, And I am far away, The mother will not see her boy Upon his first mass day.

Sweet day, of all my longings! Sure, why should I complain? I'd bear to have my boy a priest A thousand years of pain. But, oh! to see you with the cup In vestments gold and white, Dear Lord, this would be heaven To a poor mother's sight!

To watch you at the altar, To hear you read the book, And when you turn around to pray Observe your holy look, At that most solemn hour, When our dear Christ is present Unto your words of power.

Some say I would not know you now, You are so changed, aghore; Oh! I would know you, darling, If an angel's wings you wore, Little they feel a mother's love, Who doubt, when face to face, That twenty years of waiting Can live in one embrace.

Now do not feel alone to-day Ma benched stor machree! For Christ is shone than mother And son to you and me. Sure, if I thought you'd shed a tear, It's o'er—'as seas I'd roam, With a little shamrock and a sod, To make you feel at home.

'Tis true, although I'm with you, And the world's should us part, My eyes would look into your eyes, My heart beat to your heart, I'm with you near the holy rail, Your kiss is on my cheek, I feel the blessing of your hand, I hear you laugh and speak.

Oh, darling, were I nearer, I think my heart would break; Such blessedness steals o'er me now And rapture for your sake. Enough, enough, to breathe my name When Christ is in your hand; Oh, don't forget your father's grave And poor old Ireland.

The morn is come Alanna, And I'm kneeling where you know The little shrine of Mary Used to smile on me and you. I've placed the flowers and candles For the mass that might have been, But my eyes, agree, can't find their rest, My joy is all within.

I'll my heart your altar, And my breast a house of prayer, And Jesus at your holy word Will tabernacle there. I'll wait for you at morn, And I'll pray for you all noon And every eve I'll dream of you, My own songstress anon.

INES ON IRISH HISTORY

(Written for the True Witness, by Thomas S. Banks, Montreal.) Erin, the glories of thy storied page Lafuse in every breast to manhood born, What'er the station, pedigree or age, A generous flush, that lies the rosy dew, Suffuses all the vision, far and near; Or as wild airs from brazen trumpets sounding, In unexpected clamor on the ear, Send through each burning vein the hot blood bounding.

For him who seeks the magic of thy past, What bounteous treasure lies before his view, What wealth of golden deeds, of fifth held fast, Of stirring actions won, of honor true; So that the reader notes not passing hours, His thoughts are chained to thy enrapturing story, A kind enchantment robs him of his powers, He lives but in the annals of thy glory.

He hears, with fancy's ear, thy lark of old, Fill with melodious cadence all the air; He sees, with fancy's eye, those chains of gold Which none but Heremon's bravest knights could wear; And that blest stone, which bards and prophets call The Lia Fall, at the grand coronation Of noble Ollave Fola in his hall, And his stern warriors' thunderous acclamation.

On Tara's hill he sees in solemn state Hibernia's senate, her Feis Temrach, meet, And prince and peer engage in grave debate, In those proud towers, of learning long the seat, And him who by Sliev Mis did herd his sheep, The gentle slave-boy, stricken with disasters, Become a saint, to stand on Tara's steep

And there by heaven's high grace redeem his masters. He sees at Clontarf the marauding Dane, In twenty-five red battles beaten down, And the good King at victory's summit slain, Changing an earthly for a heavenly crown, He sees Saint Bridget's fires in sweet Kildare, Type of that changeless faith in Erin lighted, Which spread a holy fragrance through the air, And shed its brightness over lands benighted.

But, ah! what horrid vision fills the sight, Marring the beauty of the former scene? A thick black cloud of rapine, dark as night, Rolls in mad fury o'er the valleys green; While grim adventurers and rena-gades, Glutting their ire on thy devoted nation, Spare neither sex nor age, but flesh and their blades, And turn thy peace to piteous desolation.

Ah! dark and sombre is the story now, But not without rare flashes here and there; Here great O'Neil, with anger on his brow, Drives the red tyrant cowering to his lair; There my Lord Luacan and his merry men, Explode by Limerick town the Dutchman's cannon; Here gleams the pike of '98, which struck hard and true from Arklow to the Shannon.

Now Emmet pleads his dear Hibernia's cause, And now O'Connell, filled with Attic fire, Wrings from the shamed oppressor easier laws, And gifted Moore strikes his resounding lyre, But thy best jewel, rare and unexcelled, Is that firm faith fast held 'mid tribulations, Nor corn, nor fire, nor steel thy spirit quailed, Ah! there thou standest first among the nations!

Thus, Erin, when we scan thy annals rare, Their varied charms our dazzled sense engage, Here we admire, here weep, here breathe a prayer, As prince and patriot pass along the stage, Long may thy banner wave in emerald sheen! Long may thy round towers rise, unwrapped in mystery! Long mayest thou cherish thy dear shamrock green! And long enshroud the world with Irish history.

Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator does not require the help of any purgative medicine to complete the cure. Give it a trial and be convinced.

BOYS AND GIRLS

BROWNE'S PUZZLE

All St. Louis is puzzled by the problem of Browne's puzzle. It is a teacher in the Washington University. He recently wrote a local newspaper to ask: "If a cow is tied to a shed 25 feet square by a foot long, over how much of the area is it possible for her to graze? There have been scores of answers. 'The cow,' declares 'in grazing from right to left, describes one-quarter of the area of four circles, the area of 100, 75, 50 and 25 feet. In going from left to right, she describes an exactly duplicated, enough the extreme bow of the circle is represented the diameter of which is 25 feet and the area of which is 416, or 31,416 square feet. But not so, says another, figures it out this way: 'The cow can graze fourths of a circle whose radius is 25 feet. Three-fourths of such a circle is 23,625 feet. It can besides graze a quarter of a circle whose radius is 25 feet. One fourth of such a circle is 4,417.5 feet. Answer is, therefore, 28,042.5 square feet.' Still another gives the proposition: 'To secure the circumference multiply the diameter by 3.1416. Three fourths of a circle 200 feet in diameter is 23,562 square feet; one fourth of a circle 150 feet equals 4,417.5 feet; area of a circle 100 feet diameter equals 4907.5 feet. The number of s-

KING P

By Theo. Gift, Author of CHAPTER II.—Contd.

There were a number of rowing boats rocking on ripples of the harbor, and of small storm-beaten white sails lying at anchor, and mottled wild ducks, calling heads, with strong yellow swimming lazily about, a for food among the kelp. The shore, white over the grey and white ones like here, but others smaller beautiful rosy-pink breast seawards with shrill peeps as though lamenting the loss of the steamer with a fresh strangers to disturb the their once peaceful home. It was a peaceful scene as it was, and prettily looking too, from the harbor on a bright day, with the tall, small church rising into the sky in the centre of the double row of neat white cottages dotting the hills right, its tiny dookyard, miniature guns pointing to the waves, and the flying triumphantly from flag-staff above them; C House at one end of the town, among its in a dignified garden, and that great pile at the other, where huge wool were being packed, sheds, and hundreds and hundreds were drying in the panatory to being shipped England. But to-day everything looked blurred and gloomy; Scotch mist which Hilda so unpleasant on board, into which now steaming wide channel called Port through the harbor opened in the verandah made a jolt rush forward at the first their brother, they drew in obedience to Mrs. Burne. "Not in the wet, dears," tested themselves with shout in answer. "The signal up? Hurry, oh, Charlie, when? Are you sure? I saw it with eyes." "But suppose it shouldn't be up?" Suppose it was so ship." "Katie, you're a goose, two steamers ever happen here on the same day, watching for it ever since black ball of Vesel in sight up."

THE GREAT INNOVATION

The great innovation and reputation that it has already obtained proves that Luby's Parisian Hair Restorer restores gray hair to its natural color, and, from its balsamic properties, strengthens the growth, removes all dandruff, and leaves the scalp clean and healthy. Can be had of all chemists. 50 cents Bottle.

LUBY'S