

HOME INTERESTS.

Conducted by HELENE.

There is nothing better for a person sometimes than a little hearty praise. Many good people conscientiously act on the direct opposite and seem to think nothing better than hearty blame.

HOW TO RESTORE BLACK LACE.

All restored laces are a little stiff at first, but that soon wears off. If not very brown, give it a bath of tea and then wind around a bottle until dry.

TO A WAYFARER.

Be strong. The way is steep, the way is long; There is no ending till thy strength shall end.

Be brave. The night is dark, the goal's the grave.

They need not courage who have Hope for friend,— But thou, be brave.

A WOMAN NOT A "PERSON."

A most amusing incident recently occurred in St. Johns, New Brunswick, where a Miss Mabel French, after passing her examination with high honors, was denied permission to practise law in the Supreme Court because according to the act only "persons" were allowed to practise law.

Soon afterwards a woman was arrested for drunkenness, and on trial pleaded "not guilty," being "a woman" and "not a person"—therefore not amenable to the law.

As a result the legislature promptly passed an act designating women as persons; so Miss French was allowed her degree in law.

But no study of woman's political progress can be just that does not take into account her rapid and enormous development in the faculty of organization, and in intelligent interest in public concerns.

The strongest proof of woman's long inferiority is her lack of association; only in religious bodies was she allowed to organize; and the strongest proof of her rapid approach to equality is in the uncounted thousands who now gather together in clubs and societies of every description, charitable, reformatory, educational, social, political; and of all sizes, from the handful of the "Ladies' Literary" to the International Council of Women, which in 1899 represented through its many constituent national organizations a membership of six million.

at hand.—Charlotte Perkins Gilman, in the Woman's Home Companion.

GETTING THE BEST OUT OF LIFE.

The women who get the most out of life are the busy women—not necessarily those who set themselves regular tasks, not those who from choice or necessity are wage-earners, but the women whose days are full and whose interests are diversified.

"Don't put all your eggs in one basket," is a vulgar but tried old adage, and has its uses in the social as well as in the financial world.

There was once a woman whose devotion to her mother was a by-word among her friends and neighbors. "Kate never goes anywhere without her mother."

In the course of time the mother died and Kate was left absolutely alone. She had given up her friends, her mother had been sufficient to her, and they had long since formed new ties.

Her mistake was not in loving her mother too much, but in allowing that love to sap everything else, so that when its object was taken away there was nothing left.

"Few of us get what we want in this world," said a bright woman the other day to a young girl who dropped all her old-time friends and occupations because of the perfidy of a lover.

Her mistake was not in loving her mother too much, but in allowing that love to sap everything else, so that when its object was taken away there was nothing left.

GROWING OLD COMFORTABLY.

I find I am called an old man by other people; but I get along myself without thinking of this or talking about it, unless some correspondent asks me to.

Or, in brief, if you can get along without thinking of yourself much, it will probably be a comfort to yourself, and it will certainly be a comfort to your friends.—Edward Everett Hale.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.

(From the Catholic Sun.) He was born and reared a Catholic, but the desire of making money easily crept into his heart.

He was not taught a trade as he grew up, and he did not like to work. It would be a pity for such a bright, handsome fellow as he to go to work anyway, he told himself.

So he set up a low saloon and over its door put the long-honorable name of O'Hookhan, and in a back room he put a number of chairs and tables, and, although he didn't care particularly for music, he put a cheap, clamorous piano in this sitting-room, and hired a cheap, glary-eyed Italian to play it evenings.

And around him, little by little, gathered the vile and the depraved of the city—female birds of prey, gray-haired scoundrels, thoughtless girls whose mothers slept, bloated sots and gilded youths seeking victims.

DRINK Blue Ribbon Tea

And they strayed into that sitting-room and drank whisky and beer and wine and absinthe and rag-time; and the money rattled into his till and his wife wore silks and rode in an automobile, and men said that Michael was getting rich.

She was an innocent simpleton. Her parents were Irish and poor, and she toiled in a factory at a wage that was an insult to humanity.

Fellow working-girls often told her of music and dances and of gay beaux met in quiet evenings, and one night a female acquaintance took her to Mike's place, and she went into the sitting room and drank of the beer and the wine and the rag-time, and laughed a silvery little laugh and was foolishly happy.

And after that she went again and again, and her mother slept, and her father smoked his pipe off the fireplace and talked of the Fenians of old days and Home Rule and the Plan of Campaign. He did not know she was at Mike's; and one night she disappeared.

Michael O'Hookhan was an Alderman, but he had to die like an ordinary mortal. He had six doctors at his bedside, but no priest; and, in spite of the doctors, Death struck him over the heart with a black rod, and he ceased to live.

The Great Door swung open a little way and a Shining One looked through his soul and declared sternly: "Through you poor Mary McCarthy was brought down to ruin—yes, and through you a thousand souls were lost. Go hence to the place appointed you, where there is weeping and torment forever."

And then a Mighty Terror seized him and bore him away, and a great gate shut upon him, and he began to hear sad cries and pale, Moans and the Thousand bitterly reproaching him, while millions of red demons flew past him, laughing at his anguish. And the next day, in the land of the living, a bank went crash, and his widow was a pauper. God had avenged the ruin of Mary McCarthy, and of the Thousand that were lost.

TIMELY HINTS.

The water in which potatoes have been boiled is excellent for sponging out the dirt from silk. The stains of sea water on silk or any delicate material are very difficult to erase, and in some cases sponging with soft water and then with ammonia water will act well.

Put a pail of fresh, cold water with a slice of lemon in it in your newly painted rooms. The water should be changed every few hours, and if this is done it will quite take away the odor.

To keep a pencil drawing from blurring, dip it gently in quite fresh milk and dry on a smooth hard surface, face up.

A vast amount of dustine is saved if damp cloths are spread over each register just before the furnace fire is shaken. The dust arising from the ashes is thus prevented from sifting over the entire house.

For a pleasant change in the atmosphere of a room, lay a fir or balsam-filled pillow in the register or radiator or in the oven to the stove, allowing it to remain for a few minutes.

To remove ink stains from the fingers, moisten them with warm water, then rub the sulphur end of a match well over the stains, and the ink will disappear.

FUNNY SAYINGS.

HOW HE SOILED HIS HANDS.

During a Lenten lecture on the poor, Jacob R. Riis, author of "How the Other Half Lives," said: "The slums of New York, when I first came to know them as a police reporter, were disheartening indeed. To clean them seemed as hopeless as cleaning the Augean stables. It was like the case of a stum boy whom I heard about the other day. 'Jackie,' said this boy's mother, 'your face is fairly clean, but how did you get such dirty hands?'

"Washin' me face," said the boy.

An Indian owed a merchant and went in one day to pay his bill. After doing so, he wanted a receipt. In vain the merchant told him a receipt was unnecessary. "Me must have to show me owe you nothing," said the Indian; "me go to heaven and the Lord ask Injun if he pay his debts. Injun says yes. Lord asks Injun where receipt is. What Injun do? Can't go all over hell to look for you."

Seumas MacManus tells this story about Mary Nolan, "whose bones all ached but those in her tongue." "An old Irishman had been down to visit the morgue in a big city," he said, "and after viewing all the dead bodies was seized with a violent coughing spell as he started for the door.

"That's a dangerous bad cough you have," said the keeper. "Yes," retorted the man with the cough, "but some of them lads in there'd be mighty glad to have it."

A well-known artist was once engaged upon a sacred picture. A very handsome old model named Smith sat for the head of St. Mark. Artist and model became great friends, but when the picture was finished they lost sight of one another. One day, however, the artist, wandering about the Zoological gardens, came upon his old model, with a broom in his hand, looking very disconsolate.

"Hullo, Smith," said he, "you don't look very cheery. What are you doing now?" "Well, I ain't doin' much, sir, and that's a fact. I'm engaged in these 'ere gardens a-cleantin' hout the elephants' stables; a nice occupation for one o' the twelve apostles, ain't it, sir?"

In a little schoolhouse in the north of Scotland, the schoolmaster keeps his boys grinding steadily at their desks, but gives them permission to nibble from their lunch-baskets sometimes as they work. One day while the master was instructing his class, in the rule of three, he noticed that one of his pupils was paying more attention to a small tart than to his lessons.

"Tom Bain," said the master, "listen to the lesson, will ye?" "I'm listening, sir," said the boy. "Listening, are ye?" exclaimed the master. "Then ye're listobin' wi' one ear an' eatin' pie with the other."

YOUTHFUL DIPLOMACY.

"Oh, Miss Tuttleston," said little Bobbie, who had been kept after school, "whenever I see you I can't help thinkin' of experience." "What do you mean?" the lady demanded with a good deal of asperity.

"Experience is a dear teacher, you know." Then she gave him a pat on the cheek and said that he might go if he would promise not to make faces at any of the little girls again.—Chicago Record-Herald.

IF YOU KNEW DAD!

It is on Decoration Day that my pa awells with pride, And talks in words of fire of the gallant men who died A-savin' of their country in the dark days of the war— He seems the bravest mortal that a feller ever saw.

Why, you'd think he'd been a colonel or a general, maybe, And in the very fore rank of his cheering soldiers he Had won a hundred battles, perhaps been wounded bad! But, No, you wouldn't think so, if you knew dad!

Ma says, "Pa's brave enough, I 'low but he's so mortal slow That when he'd got his courage up there was no war, you know." And pa looks daggers, and remarks, "Matilda, you must own You begged me not to go because you was 'fraid to stay alone. You know," adds pa, quite proudly, "I'd have enlisted, too, But you said it was my duty plain to stay and care for you."

Of course I wasn't living then—I only wish I had, But I have my opinion, for I know dad! —Edgar Welton Cooley, in the May Woman's Home Companion.

THE POET'S CORNER

SPRING.

We don't have time to watch the apple blossoms blow, Because, forsooth, the house needs cleaning so; Then, having missed the blossoms, do not see the budding fruit Because it's time to see about a new spring suit.

And if to hear the robin's note, or oriole's we wait, An ogre from behind pipes up, "Late for a winter hat, too late."

If we but open the windows to gaze toward vernal skies, It's time to put the screens in, to keep out the flies;

And even when the organ man comes down our street to play, The sound of beating carpets drowns out his tuneful lay.

Though long for him we've waited, through winter's frost and rime, We only catch a broken strain of "The Good Old Summer Time."

Warm zephyrs whisper "Moth-balls"; our hearts fill with regret As we give up hunting Mayflowers to sprinkle camphore.

—Katherine P. Fuller, in Good House-keeping.

DULCIS MEMORIA.

Long, long ago I heard a little song— Ah, was it long ago, or yesterday? So slowly, slowly flowed the tune along

That far into my heart it found the way, A melody, consoling and endearing; And still, in silent hours, I'm often hearing

The small, sweet song that does not die away.

Long, long ago I saw a little flower— Ah, was it long ago, or yesterday? So fair of face and fragrant for an hour,

That something dear to me it seemed to say, A thought of joy that blossomed into being

Without a word; and now I'm often seeing The friendly flower that does not fade away.

Long, long ago we had a little child— Ah, was it long ago, or yesterday? Into his mother's eyes and mine he smiled

Unconscious love; warm in our arms he lay. An angel called! Dear heart, we could not hold him,

Yet secretly your arms and mine enfold him, Our little child, who does not go away.

Long, long ago—ah, memory, keep it clear! It was not long ago, but yesterday.

So little and so helpless and so dear, Let not the song be lost, the flower decay! His voice, his waking eyes, his gentle sleeping; The smallest things are safest in thy keeping, Sweet memory, keep our child with us always.

AT THE BACK O' GALTMOORE.

There's a peaceful little village at the back o' Galty Mountain Where in blithe an' merry spring-time thrush an' linnets sing all day!

Where the wild primroses cluster, an' the blue-bells past all countin', An' the hawthorns veiled in blossom for the bridal o' the May!

From the fevered city flyin', from the strife of men together, Oft I seek this quiet village when my heart is sad an' sore,

An' the mountains' holy silence, an' the fragrance o' the heather, Are my healing balm o' Glead at the back o' Galtymore!

Such a happy little village with its kindly folks an' witty, Tho' they never saw the city, nor the harbor, nor the sea!

An' when at them I wonder, "Sure," they say, "'tis little pity; Isn't Ireland all around us an' God's mountains soarin' free?

We could never love the city where the very skies are darkened, Nor the cruel, wicked ocean bringin' trouble o'er an' o'er."

Such the foolish-seeming answer, yet I muttered as I hearkened, "They are wiser than their betters, at the back o' Galtymore."

For how oft in bitter failure dis the city's high endeavor, As the call of human anguish pierces upward to the skies, From the crowded marts an' byways, where the grace o' God is never,

An' the mists o' sin an' sorrow ever linger, never rise! While the shivering spirit shudders at the menace o' the ocean, With its Ullagan of exiles, risin', fallin' evermore,

Ah! how blessed is their portion, who can fly the world's commotion, In that cozy little village at the back o' Galtymore.

—Rev. James B. Dollard, in Down-Home for April.

Corns cause intolerable pain. Hol-loway's Corn Cure removes the trouble. Try it, and see what amount of pain is saved.



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THE EVANS VACUUM CAP is a practical invention constructed on scientific and hygienic principles by the simple means of which a free and normal circulation is restored throughout the scalp.

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OUR BY

The Secret

CHAPTER VIII.—THE B... —A NARROW ESCAPE... IS THE SCOUT?—TE... FOR THE "PAH."

"What do you call that Scout again, as a sudden air came into the small c... the forest.

"What do you call it, B... several of the party in re... "Well, I call it fire, and we can get out of this p... better for our skins. If hemmed in we shall all be... "What is the matter... whispered Stephen, as he took each an arm of Mr... clung to him.

"I am afraid it is a f... and Australia. If the fl... vance we may be in a fl... "But, father, surely we... cape. No fire can possi... through these trees," said... "My dear boy, you d... cannot imagine what a bu... It devours great trees a... straws, and its progress i... rapid. I have never seen c... but I can at least pictu... fear it."

While this little conversa... going on, the settlers and... had accompanied them ve... ing for a start in a nor... direction, so as to head... which was apparently bur... north-east. But no one c... for certain. Mr. Belton v... alarmed about Amy, for h... she had gone off with h... to the north-east settleme... "Come along," said the S... have no time to lose; this... suffocating."

The wind began to blow... now, and the heat consequ... came greater. The me... along the track—no longer... natives; they were tryin... round the great fire, thou... course, ignorant to what e... was spreading, and whete... increasing in front, or only... right hand.

As Mr. Belton and t... glanced upwards through t... they could at times percei... they believed was smok... down in their direction. T... hurried on as quickly as... along the track, which wa... impeded by creepers and fa... or logs, all quite dry and c... food for the fierce fire, like... twigs in an ordinary bonfi... boys knew that there was... around them, but did not t... great was the peril.

The smoke became thick... thicker. Over the tops of... it came in great black clou... by the wind, which thos...

Does Your Food Digest Well

When the food is imperfect the full benefit is not derived... the body and the purpose of... fasted; no matter how good... how carefully adapted to the... body it may be. Thus the d... becomes thin, weak and debilit... is lacking, brightness, snap ar... low, and in their place come d... appetite, depression and languo... so great too wisdom to know w... digestion, some of the follow... ones generally exist, viz.: coo... our stomach, variable appetit... heartburn, gas in the stomach, e... bounding health and vigor.

BURDOCK'S BLOOD BITTER

is constantly effecting cures of... because it acts in a natural w... way upon all the organs involv... process of digestion, removing... impurities and making easy th... digestion and assimilation.

Mr. R. G. Harvey, Ameliasb... writes: "I have been troubled... poppa for several years and... three bottles of Burdock Blood... was completely cured. I can... B.B.B. enough for what it has... me. I have not had a sign of... since."

"Do not accept a substitute if... there is nothing 'just as good.'"

LUBY'S For restoring gray hair to its natural color and beauty for cleaning the skin and curing dandruff, in a word for preserving and restoring the hair LUBY'S PARISIAN HAIR RESTORER is unequalled. Its composition is such that it never falls if the directions are followed. The numerous demands for Luby's and the large quantity sold prove that it gives satisfaction to all who use it. See a bottle.