

HOME INTERESTS.

Conducted by HELENE.

A large part of life's burdens are self-imposed and wholly needless. Fears of calamities which never happen, a doleful habit of looking at the worst, a suspicious disposition, a jealous turn of mind—these are the tyrants that load us with burdens heavy to bear, but needless to carry.

SHE MADE SUNSHINE.

"I owe you something," said a man lately to a woman to whom he had just been introduced. "I owe you a great deal. On one of the blackest days of my life you sat across from me in a street car, and there was something about you, I cannot say just what, that looked strong and serene and sweet, like the clear shining after rain; and by the time I was down town I had lost my black mood in watching you, and was ready to try again."

CLEAN DIRT.

A pair of dimpled, grimy paws Our lad brings home when through with play: But mother never scolds, because Clean dirt is quickly washed away.

Our barefoot lad brings dusty feet, For he has journeyed far to-day; But mother bathes them pink and sweet, Clear dirt's not hard to wash away.

God keep the little feet from soil Of evil paths in life, and may The hands be stained alone by toil; Clean dirt, like that, will wash away.

—Good Housekeeping.

MODESTY VERSUS MONEY.

When the wind was in its most capricious mood on a particularly "blowy" day last summer, a woman at that mysterious age when her friends speak of her as "well preserved," made a dash around the corner of the treacherous flatiron building. Her gown was lightest of summer muslins, and on her head she wore a marvelous creation of gauze and flowers. Every vagabond breeze in that vicinity instantly saw an opportunity to do stunts.

Sooner than it takes to tell it, the summer sunniness was describing the most alarming aerial flights. But its owner, a hand on either side of her hat, kept on stubbornly, as though such a display of open-work hosiery was an everyday affair.

"Madame," cried another woman, rushing up to her, holding her own draperies in a tight embrace, "you are probably not aware of it, but your skirts are above your knees." "I don't care," retorted the other, never moving a finger from the flower-laden bonnet. "I've had those legs for forty-eight years and can't lose them, but I've just bought this hat and paid \$18 for it, and I don't mean to let it get away."

WHAT MEN HAVE SAID ABOUT WOMEN.

"Sing of the nature of women, and then the song shall be full of variety, old crotchets, and most sweet closes. It shall be humorous, grave, fantastic, amorous, melancholy, sprightly, one in all and all in one." Woman was made out of the rib, taken from the side of a man; not out of his head, to rule him, but out of his side to be his equal, under his arm to be protected, and near his heart to be beloved.—Matthew Henry.

In the whole course of my life I never met a female, from the flat-

nosed and ebony-colored inhabitant of the tropics to the snow-white and sublime divinity of a Greek isle, without a touch of romance; repulsiveness could not conceal it, age could not extinguish it, vicissitudes could not change it. I have found it, in all times and places, like a spring of fresh water starting up from the flint.—Croyly.

I never addressed myself in the language of decency and friendship to a woman, whether civilized or savage, without receiving a decent friendly answer. With men it has often been otherwise. In wandering over the barren plains of inhospitable Denmark, through honest Sweden, frozen Lapland, rude and churlish Finland, unprincipled Russia, and the widespread regions of the wandering Tartar, women has ever been friendly to me.—Layard.

EVERY BABY IS WORTH WHILE.

Some thoroughly paganzed people of the present day would have society do away with all who are not physically "fit." Dr. Thomas Morgan Rotch, who lectured the other day at Harvard Medical School, is flatly opposed to any such theory. He says:

"No matter how severely a child may be attacked, it is important that the physician be called in just as when your house catches fire you summon the firemen to save what they can. But is it worth while to save a little crippled child? Is it worth while to save a little miserable baby that looks as if it could be no good in the world? I am frequently asked that.

"Take care of the baby. It is the brain in the end, after all, that does the work in the world. How do you know but you have the brain of a great man in this little baby? Even one prematurely born may turn out to be an athlete. We are not in a position to determine what an individual human being at birth may become later. Again and again all over the world the question is asked about crippled children, and Sparta is cited where all the cripples were killed. But the brain is of more use than the body. A combination of both makes the perfect human being."

HOW TO WHITEN IVORY CARVINGS.

Ivory carvings which have darkened and become discolored may be restored to their first whiteness by exposure under glass to the rays of the sun. Remove the dust by brushing with warm water and soap. Place the carving under glass and turn from time to time so that all sides will be equally bleached, or brush with pumice stone, calcined or

THREE TRYING TIMES IN A WOMAN'S LIFE

There are three periods of a woman's life when she is in need of the heart strengthening, nerve toning, blood carrying action of

MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS

The first of these is when the young girl is entering the portals of womanhood. At this time she is very often pale, weak and nervous, and unless her health is built up and her system strengthened she may fall a prey to consumption or be a weak woman for life.

The second period is motherhood. The drain on the system is great and the exhausted nerve force and depleted blood require replenishing. Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills supply the elements needed to do this.

The third period is "change of life" and this is the period when she is most liable to heart and nerve troubles. A tremendous change is taking place in the system, and it is at this time many chronic diseases manifest themselves. Fortify the heart and nerve system by the use of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills and thus tide over this dangerous period. Mrs. James King, Cornwall, Ont., writes: "I have been troubled very much with heart trouble—the cause being to a great extent due to 'change of life.' I have been taking Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills for some time, and mean to continue doing so, for I can truthfully say they are the best remedy I have ever used for building up the system. You are at liberty to use this statement for the benefit of other sufferers."

Price 50 cents per box, three boxes for \$1.25, all dealers, or The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

DRINK Blue Ribbon Tea

FUNNY SAYINGS.

Certainly no one who does not possess, or is unable to assume, the Scotch accent should attempt to play the part of Balle Nicol Jervis in "Rob Roy." Nevertheless a certain actor, who was not Scotch, and who could not disguise his tongue, attempted at Glasgow to play the part in question. The audience was indignant, and a man in the gallery called out:

"Whaur's your accent?" Nothing abashed, the actor came forward, and, gazing up at the speaker, calmly replied: "You've got it."

WASHING FINE STOCKINGS.

White lace stockings should be cleaned in benzine.

Turn inside out and lay in a deep dish and pour the benzine over. When the soil has been removed turn the stockings right side out, and with a fresh supply of benzine wash again. Dry thoroughly and they are ready to wear.

Some women find that their black stockings and those in bronze fade. One of the best things to freshen the color is to make a black pepper tea and soak them for an hour. Also, if there is any chance for the color to fade it will be well to soak them in salt and water before they are washed.

Occasionally small boys get their stockings very dirty, so that it is almost impossible to cleanse them thoroughly with soap and water alone without injuring the fabric in rubbing.

For such as these soak the feet or the soiled portions in kerosene, allowing them to lie for half an hour. Then cover with hot water, in which some soda or ammonia has been dissolved, use a small stick of wood to stir them thoroughly, and then remove and wash.

JUST A WORD.

Father Faber says that many lasting friendships have been built upon a kind word, opportunely spoken. It is a gift to be able to recognize a good trait or a good tendency in others, and to strengthen it by a little word of commendation. All reforming does not consist in repressing ill or reproving vice. Much effective well doing comes from the habit of encouraging good causes and lending a hand to excellent things already going on.

It is Emerson who says that a man may sometimes do as valiant an action for the right by raising a voice with courage, as a knight of old did by striking a blow. So there is bravery as well as kindness, at times, in speaking the reasonable and necessary word. And whether we are good for aught or not, often depends upon how we rise to such occasions.

TIMELY HINTS.

A quick drying glue can be made by putting the glue into a bottle two-thirds full and filling up with common whisky. Cork tight and set by for three days, and it will dissolve without the application of heat and will keep for years.

When bookcases are to be closed for some time, sprinkle a few drops of oil of lavender on the shelves to prevent the books from molding.

This is a good recipe to cut out and paste in your scrapbook for use in all seasons and on all fabrics, for this cleansing fluid is well-nigh infallible: One pint of benzoline, two drams of alcohol and one dram of chloric ether. This mixture cleanses all materials, and removes grease spots.

Discolored saucapans of enamel can often be made to look new by boiling a little chloride of lime in the water with which they are filled.

Copper pans, etc., should be cleaned by scouring with a cut lemon dipped in salt. Then rinse thoroughly in pure water, dry and polish with a soft cloth.

Why go limping and whining about your corns when a 25 cent bottle of Holloway's Corn Cure will remove them? Give it a trial and you will not regret it.

THE POET'S CORNER

THE FIRST COMMUNION.

O, how I love thee, child! Come unto Me! Holy and undefiled, Come unto Me; Come, with thy heart made white; Come, with the angels bright; Come, to supreme delight, Come unto Me!

Give Me thy heart, dear child; Fear not to come! Jesus, the meek and mild, Welcomes thee home! Come, innocent and good, Feed thou on angel's food! Cleansed by My Precious Blood, Come to Me, come!

Naught that this world can show Equals thy bliss; No joy on earth below Compares with this. All sin forgiven now, No illly fair as thou; Here at My altar bow; Receive My kiss!

Then, when this life is done, Come unto Me, Where, on My great white throne, I wait for thee. These First Communion hours Are as the budding flowers Of Heaven's eternal bowers, Come unto Me!

—S. L. Emery, in Sacred Heart Review.

PARTING.

If thou dost bid thy friend farewell, But for one night though that farewell may be, Press thou his hand in thine. How canst thou tell how far from thee Fate or caprice may lead his steps ere that to-morrow come? Men have been known lightly to turn The corner of a street, And days have grown to months, And months to lagging years, Ere they have looked in loving eyes again.

Parting at best is underlaid with tears and pain, Therefore, lest sudden death should come between, Or time or distance, clasp with pressure firm The hand of him who goeth forth. Unseen Fate goes, too, Yea, find thou always time to say Some earnest word between the idle talk. Lest with thee henceforth, night and day, Regret should walk.

—Coventry Patmore.

EVENING SONG.

The night hath stolen twilight's solemn hour, And stretched her darkness over land and sea; The dew doth fall and baptize every

flower, Again, dear Lord, we lift our hearts to Thee.

Oh! guard the sleeping world with love divine, Let thoughts of Thee lull weary hearts to sleep; How sweet to know that Thy dear face doth shine Above our home, while Thou doth vigil keep.

As Thou on Galilee the storm didst still, When waves dashed high and men grew white with fear, We know that Thou wilt whisper, "Peace, be still!"— A calmness falls and tells us Thou art near.

Ere I, dear Lord, shall close my tired eyes, Let meditation lay my conscience bare; Oh! be my soul, before the morn shall rise, A lake whose depths are beautiful and fair.

And let me dream of Thee, dear Lord, to-night, And trace Thy life on earth so long ago, From helpless child to manhood's noble night, And then—the Cross—Thy love for us to show! —Henrietta R. Martin.

ONLY WAITING.

Only waiting till the shadows Are a little longer grown, Only waiting till the glimmer Of the day's last beam is flown; Till the night of earth is faded From this heart once full of day, Till the dawn of Heaven is breaking Through the twilight soft and gray.

Only waiting till the reapers Have the last sheaf gathered home, For the summer-time "hath faded, And the autumn winds have come. Quickly, reapers! gather quickly, The last ripe hours of my heart, For the bloom of life is withered, And I hasten to depart.

Only waiting till the angels Open wide the mystic gate, At whose feet I long have lingered, Weak, poor, and desolate. Even now I hear their footsteps And their voices far away— If they call me, I am waiting, Only waiting to obey.

Only waiting till the shadows Are a little longer grown— Only waiting till the glimmer Of the day's last beam is flown. When from out the folded darkness Holy, deathless stars shall rise, By whose light my soul shall gladly Wing her passage to the skies. —Francis L. Mace.

Cardinal Favors Real Separation.

Cardinal Gibbons, replying to a statement by Paul Sabatier in which M. Sabatier speaks of the Cardinal as being "so proud of the separation between Church and State in America," and recommends him to read the Papal bulletins "which absolutely condemned it," gave out the following interview:

"In arguing for separation of Church and State, I do not presume to speak for other countries, or for other conditions. I speak only for my own country and its conditions, although I may venture the opinion that, whatever the opinion of the French Episcopate may be with regard to separation of Church and State, it would be better for that country if they could enjoy the real separation of Church and State as it is in this country.

"I am therefore unalterably attached to the separation of Church and State in this country, and have always expressed my belief and satisfaction in it. I so expressed myself in its favor thirty years ago, I did so later on in Rome itself, and I have no hesitation in expressing the same solemn belief to-day.

"Indeed, I cannot speak too highly of the present relations between



"I tell you, Ma'am, you ought to use St. George's Baking Powder. It is only for the reason that it is wholesome and healthful. The knowledge that you are NOT eating alum, lime, ammonia and acid in your food—should count for a great deal. ST. GEORGE'S is made of 99-999 pure Cream of Tartar. Try it. Write for free copy of our new Cook-Book. National Drug & Chemical Co. of Canada Limited, Montreal.

Church and State here, where Civil Government holds over us the arm of its protection, without interfering with our rights of conscience in proclaiming the truths of the Gospel of the present relations between

PAGE ACME White Fences

Any height to 8 ft. Any length you say. From 16 cents a foot. Gates to match, from \$2.25. Last longer. Easy to put up. Get booklet.

PAGE WIRE FENCE CO., Limited, Walkerville - Toronto - Montreal - St. John - Winnipeg

LUBY'S advertisement for hair restorer. The great success 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 Potile.

THURSDAY, MAY 16, 1907. The Secret By Henry Frith, Author CHAPTER IX.— "Well, that depends. torture us a bit, or—" "Oh, they cannot be claimed Ernest. "You a serious, Scout, are you that?" "I am indeed. I am that unless our people mittance and rescue it great risk." "And cannot we escape way? Can't I get a not bound very tightly my knife. If I could we would soon find so which we might escape phen. "But you can't get I Ernest: "It is no Here we are, and I c prospect of release any is indeed worse than ev silly to come!" "I can't realize it." "Is it possible and real we are held captives by vages in one of our Nonsense! The Maoris so wicked. They only frighten us!" "I wish that was all Scout. "But you m that the Maori is still and very bitter against seek his land. In time round, as many of the but there are many th natives free and in the way places they may anyone who comes agai after all, I do not thi kill us." "Only torture us to Ernest, shuddering. "I but help us! But it is and no signal can be s shall we do?" No one answered. T appear any means of e as they were, it was t cut their bonds, and u friendly native came to the unfortunate prison fer. As they pondered in a fied silence a footstep approaching. Each pr his head in the directi trance, but no one can moment afterwards a arose, as if some whisp tion was going on b guards and some new inmates of the hut co as night was falling q they surmised that so come round, or perhap arrived to inspect the that they were safe, a per watch was being k They were rather ast ever, when, without an any kind, the chief him and stood for a mo plating them by the li torch which an attenda "Ah! something v now," muttered the S two boys. "It's life o pect!" CHAPTER X.—THE CAPE—THE ATTA "PAH"—A GREAT! —THE GREATEST OF ALL! The guards had gone entered the hut alone- was on his face, whic rible in its queer ma the torchlight. He m his attendant, who fi upright in a kind of w quitted the hut. "The chief has come prisoners," suggested dressing their visitor tongue. "Tua'ana is foolish, daifnly reply. "The a mock the rat—it devo "Ah!" said the Sco his breath. "The eag not with its kind; it meet a brave, and is its fear." "Does Tua'ana say fears him?" replied the fully. "Yes, or else he wou and speak on equal te and these boys of the The chief smiled dis said— "Rangitira was not They can go; the Whit mands it, and we mus