

HOME INTERESTS.

Conducted by HELENE.

Nothing so accentuates fading loveliness as carelessness of dress. It is wonderful what a little careful grooming will do for a woman.

on the surface, which in time become filled with dust till the figures have the appearance of being veined with tiny black streaks.

BORAX.

Borax must be used sparingly as a water softening agent. It is extremely drying. Quite the most delightful beautifier for the purpose of softening the bathing water is lavender lotion.

ONLY ME.

There may be a world of pathos and even of rebuke in a very few words, and so the rather thoughtless wife of a contributor of ours discovered recently.

MISUNDERSTANDINGS.

A great deal of unhappiness in home life comes from misunderstandings. Each of us is more or less affected by the personal impression of conversation, incident or episode.

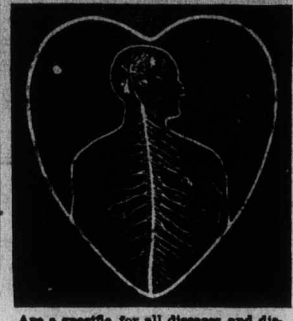
SPENDING MONEY.

The value of money and how to spend it well cannot be impressed upon children too young, and if an allowance of a few pennies a week be given, mothers should always insist upon accounts being correctly kept.

CRACKED STATUES.

Antique figures and busts in marble and porcelain show little cracks

MILBURN'S Heart and Nerve Pills.



Are a specific for all diseases and disorders arising from a run-down condition of the heart or nerve system, such as Fatigue of the Heart, Nervous Prostration, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Pain and Dizzy Spells, Brain Pain, etc.

Water, then put the lid on and place the spout to your mouth. The steam will prove very beneficial in allaying the inflammation.

RECIPES.

Iced Almond Pudding.—In a saucepan put one and one-half cupful of sugar and one-half cupful of water. Heat slowly until the sugar is dissolved, bring to a boil, then set aside until lukewarm.

FUNNY SAYINGS

Mark Twain and D. W. Howells were one day lunching in a cafe in New York. Two overdressed young men entered, and the first said in a loud voice: "Waiter, bring me some bisque of lobster, a bottle of white wine, and a chop."

THE CAUSE OF HIS MIRTH.

Sensitive Golfer (who has fozzled)—Did you laugh at me, boy? Caddie—No, sir. I wis laughing at another man.

NOTHING TO REGRET.

"Had a good time on the Fourth, I suppose?" With his one sound hand Johnny pushed his bandages aside.

MEMBERSHIP AND ORTHODOXY.

An Argyleshire elder was asked how the kirk got along. He said: "Aweel, we had 400 members. Then we had a division, and there were only 200 left; then a disruption and only 10 of us left. Then we had a heresy trial; and noo there's only me and ma brither Duncan left, and I ha' great doots o' Duncan's orthodoxy."—Christian Register.

SEEING THE LIGHT.

Young Captain Sealby, of the White Star liner Cretic, was talking about the colored signal lights of ships. "In the past," he said, "all lights were white. The colored light is a comparatively recent invention."

ONE OF THE FAMILY.

"Are you the editor that takes in the society news?" inquired the caller, an undersized man, with a timid, appealing look on his face. "Yes, sir," replied the young man at the desk, "I can take in any kind of news. What have you?"

ONE OF THE PARSON'S WEAKNESSES.

"It seems to me," said Mrs. Oldcastle, "that Dr. Fourtly indulges a good deal in hyperbole." "I've been thinkin' that same thing," replied her hostess. "Land sakes, I should think a man with as much sense as him would leave these French drinks alone."—Chicago Record-Herald.

A MOTHER'S STORY

She Tells How Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Saved Her Daughter.

Anaemia is the doctor's name for bloodlessness. It is an ailment that effects almost every girl in her teens. Womanhood makes new demands upon her blood supply that she cannot meet. Month after month her strength, her very life, are being drained away.

"THE SUNDAY COMPANION."

Until The Helper had by some months of circulation proved its usefulness, it asked no special word of public announcement. The trial period is passed, and the time has come to extend to others the benefits hitherto enjoyed by the few.

THE POET'S CORNER

AT THE TOP OF THE ROAD.

"But Lord," she said, "my shoulders still are strong—I have been used to bear the load so long;

"And see, the hill is passed, and smooth the road." "Yet," said the stranger, "yield me now thy load."

Gently he took it from her, and she stood straight-limbed and lithe, in new-found maidenhood.

Amid long sunlit fields; around them sprang a tender breeze, and birds and river sang.

"My Lord," she said, "the land is very fair!" Smiling, he answered: "Was it not so there?"

"There?" In her voice a wondering question lay; "Was I not always here, then, as today?"

He turned to her with strange deep eyes aflame; "Knowest thou not this kingdom, nor my name?"

"Nay," she replied; "But this I understand—That Thou art Lord of Life in this dear land!"

"Yea, child," he murmured scarce above his breath, "Lord of the land! but men have called me Death."

—C. B. Going, in McClure's.

GOD KEEP YOU.

God keep you thro' the silent night and guard Your pillow from all perils, dear. From dark to dawn I pray His love to ward

And watch you, hovering ever near God keep you thro' the busy day, dear heart,

And guide your feet thro' every chance, From dawn to dark may not His love depart Or lose its tender vigilance.

Nay, nay; there is no hour when I shall cease To supplicate His brooding care. All days, all nights, thro' all eternities,

God keep you, every time and everywhere! —Leslie's Weekly.

A SONG OF ECHOES.

Passed hast thou hence, from out the path of time; The years no longer mark thy goody tread;

No longer woo thee with their red-gold days, Or spend their storms upon thy noble head.

Passed, but counted not amongst the dead, For lo, I hear thy voice my name repeat,

Nor lay the shores so far apart, I may Not catch, oftentimes, the echo of thy feet—

Feet that now walk beyond the mist of years— Soft echoes, borne beyond the pale of strife;

Some day I, too, shall walk the other shore, And know the glory of eternal life. —Mary Curtin Shepherd, in The New World.

THE IRISH FIELDS.

Many have sung of her ruins old That tell of her ancient glory; And the thrilling deeds of her noble sons

Are told in song and story. Others have sung of her cruel wrongs Of the chains that about her cling, Full well I know her history's page, But not of its themes I sing;

But of simple things, and the simple lives That to me seem good and fair Of the gentle women and manly men Whom God has cherished there.

Of the fair green fields around their homes That are charming scenes to me, Spreading o'er valleys far and wide Or creeping down to the sea.

Up the mountain sides they softly climb, With hedges of deepest green, Wherever the eye may roam or rest The emerald fields are seen.

And all are gay with the fairest flowers With poppies and daisies sweet, Whether you wander o'er hill or vale They cluster about your feet.

There are many pictures that come and go Which memory's storehouse yields; But the fairest of these that never fade Are the beautiful Irish fields. —Julia Sullivan, of Detroit, in Catholic Sun.

BROTHERS WIN APPLAUSE.

The Irish Christian Brothers are doing good work in Rome. Their day schools are well attended, and the up-to-date zeal of their little boys is the subject of comment on every side.

Prevent Disorder.—At the first symptoms of internal disorder, Parmelee's Vegetable Pills should be resorted to immediately. Two or three of these salutary pellets, taken before going to bed, followed by doses of one or two pills for two or three nights in succession, will serve as a preventive of attacks of dyspepsia and all the discomforts which follow in the train of that fell disorder. The means are simple when the way is known.

OUR BY

Dear Girls and Boys Our little circle is growing larger. Education is about over all have made good become regular corner. Very truly says, our happy coming to a close, ready the appearance of gladioli and asters been busy picking She regrets that he open when it was hardly think that a plaint. I hope a better, and so sorry not attend the picnic cute Tippy (Ethel look with his new we are all enjoying ther, for we did get ing. Why, of course received with open have too many nie I know exactly who Chateaugay and I think it is about turday outing we h treat. I have been and enjoyed my vi There is so much hi cover there that it the cobwebs and g days we studied ou History. I must c that I never saw which is indeed no ment to me, and I you that it would sant living in a co With this letter cl vacation time. Sti great deal to co coming season. Yo too much success w is my earnest wish. Your loving AT

Dear Aunt Becky: It is quite cool h school was to open as we have no tea open yet. It is b like autumn. Our weather is nearly o vest is about all of busy threshing just dear Aunt, as new guess I will tell y church. We have t miles. Our church We don't have Ves ings as it is so far to go. Our parish Dean O'Connor. years a priest. We ten o'clock in the past ten in the w Aunt, as it is g time I guess I wi Love to all my cou Becky. Your loving Lonsdale, August

Dear Aunt Becky: You cannot imagi am when Friday o to the corner. I when our school di Monday. I presume cousins are attendi soon be. I hope t merry time during v all looking forward nic, which is to be go mostly every ve very much, as the large grove and so nice. My sister Rochester Saturday, glad to see her, b going to stay very It has been very w days this week, but cool yesterday and I picked a barrel o pies yesterday, for such a wind it blow trees and I would off the tree than off are busy these nigh pies. My flowers a out now, but th from the hot sun. I guess I told yo Good-bye. Your loving Lonsdale, August

LUBY'S advertisement for hair renewer. Text: To prevent the too early appearance of gray hair Luby's Parisian Hair Renewer needs only be applied as a hair dressing when its valuable properties will be appreciated. It imparts a most beautiful gloss and color to the hair, and keeps the head cool and free from dandruff. For sale by all chemists.