

HOME INTERESTS.

Conducted by HELENE.

Apròs of the much elaborated reports of a bargain crush in an American city the other day, the question might be asked, Why has the alluring sign: "This all-wool so-and-so will go at \$3.99 to-morrow morning at eight o'clock" such an effect when the simple announcement "\$4.00," is passed by without a thought. Here in our city we are accustomed to the sight of a crowd struggling at an early hour in the morning for first place long before store doors are opened. Then when the mad rush is made articles are mauled and dragged out of one another's hands, greater reductions are implored, and to give a semblance of truth to the so-called bargain sale, this last request is sometimes granted, people forgetting all the while that they are paying full value (perhaps more) for, in most cases, rubbish a store-keeper could not otherwise get rid of. How these same men must smile while they look on at the public being gulled.

From a spectator's point of view it appears a pity that people do not think more, people particularly who have to count their money, for it is not possible to sell a first class article at a ridiculously low price any more than it is honest to charge the exorbitant prices we are much accustomed to. We wonder what will take the place of the bargain counter and the bargain hunter.

FASHIONS.

One of the daintiest sheer coats is the apricot silk mousseline inset profusely with valenciennes and heavy guipure in combination and linen with white chiffon and silk. Single velvet nasturtiums, toning in perfectly with the pinkish yellow of the mousseline, were dropped carelessly among the frothing frills of mousseline and lace and folds and knots of a deep orange liberty satin were also a part of the color scheme.

Capes and little coats of linen, embroidered and perhaps lace trimmed, are numerous among the imported models, but have not taken so well here as in Paris.

The ostrich feather boa has been a summer standby for many seasons past and is still desirable, but many variations have been rung upon it within the last few years. This summer the variety in neck scarfs, ruches and stoles is even greater than usual and some of the new things are very attractive.

A very pretty waist of light weight linen was made with a round yoke, embroidered with a charming pattern of butterflies and eyelet holes, while the front of blouse was embroidered in regular round spots, the size of a five cent piece.

Linen tailored suits are very manish and severe. The most desirable model at present has a long coat very loose and baggy, with reverses and collar of colored linen, blue, mauve or green.

Voile, while not as durable as mohair, is far from being a fragile material, and in the heavier varieties wears very well indeed.

For the black hat, which is an indispensable part of the wardrobe to many women, nothing is more satisfactory than fine horsehair braid.

Crossbar and checked silks are popular. The rough weaves for silk, known as Burlington, Rajah, etc., as well as the smoother pongees, come in a variety of colors cross hatched with contrasting colors or black.

EMELLY HINTS.

Warts will disappear entirely if they are rubbed two or three times a day with oil of cinnamon. This gives no pain whatever, and is simple enough for any one to try it.

Stone jars with tight covers are the best kind of vessels to keep purified water in, for they are easily filled and handled, and may be set in an ice chest to cool, says the New York Telegram. Once cold the heavy ware keeps cool for hours, even when taken from the icebox. Almost the only objection to boiled water for drinking purposes is the difficulty of keeping it cool. This is rather hard to accomplish in the summer unless you put it in a porcelain lined cooler.

An English ironmonger claims that if new tinmed pots and pans are filled with water and allowed to stand

in this condition for a few days before being actually put into use they will be rendered rust proof.

Earthenware can be firmly mended by means of a cement made of equal parts of plaster of paris, water and white lead. Plaster of paris sets very quickly, and the cement should be made in small quantities and must be used immediately. Let dry for three days.

Fasten pieces of rubber tape near the corners of the crib, with large safety pins attached to the free ends. These can be pinned to the covers after the child is tucked in securely, and they remain in place in spite of restless movements, while in no way interfering with the little one's comfort.

The mixing pan can be quickly cleaned if a little boiling water is poured into it for a few minutes and a close cover put over it. The steam softens the dried dough so that it will readily wash off.

An excellent covering for the kitchen table is zinc, which saves labor, because it absorbs no grease and is easily kept bright and clean.

RECIPES.

Sand Tarts—One cup butter, two cups brown sugar, one whole egg, and the yolks of two; cream butter and sugar and add the eggs; add flour to make a soft dough; flour your board well and roll very light and with a small brush wash over the rolled-out dough; mix the sugar and cinnamon together and shake it all over the tart; cut in any shape you desire.

Heart of lettuce salad with Gorgonzola cheese carefully crumbled between the leaves makes a delicious if very rich salad when served with French dressing. Tomatoes are never better than when the insides are removed to make room for chopped up cucumbers and little onions that have not yet acquired flavor enough to assert themselves.

Salmon Pudding—To a pint of boiled salmon add two beaten eggs, three tablespoons of cream and a little salt and pepper. Put in a bowl placed in a pan of water and bake 20 minutes. Turn the salmon on a hot platter and serve with potato balls around it and the following sauce poured over it: Mix together one tablespoon of butter and one of flour. Stir them into a cup of boiling milk until smooth. Season with salt, pepper and chopped parsley.

Fruit Punches—Mash a quart of raspberries, blackberries, currants or cherries. Cover with water and put in a preserve kettle with half a pound of sugar and the juice and grated rind of one lemon. Set over the fire and stir until the sugar is dissolved; strain and bottle. When ready to use, fill the glasses one-fourth full of shaved ice.

Stuffed Apples—Take six large sweet apples, peel and remove cores. Stuff cavities with chopped dates and nuts or raisins. Plug both ends with pieces of apples and bake until tender. Serve with plain or whipped cream.

Any person who likes grape juice as a beverage will appreciate this grape juice frappe. One pint of grape juice, one cupful of orange juice, and the juice of two lemons are required. Add two cupful of granulated sugar and four of water. Boil the water and sugar fifteen minutes and add the fruit juice. Strain, add a quart of ice water, and more sugar if necessary. Remember that ices are sweeter before they are frozen than afterward. Do not freeze too hard.

The woman who goes to the seashore for the first time, takes it for granted that one of the best things she can do for her health, as well as one of the most enjoyable, is the daily sea-bath, and frequently it is a surprise to her that after her bath, instead of the exhilaration she expected, she feels languid, suffers from a headache, and possibly from a more or less acute attack of indigestion. This may be due to the fact that she goes into the water overheated. Though the results of this are not as serious in salt water as in fresh, they are bad enough. She may make the mistake of going into the water too soon after eating, or only a short time before a meal. The calling the energy of the body from the digestive process to counteracting the chill of a plunge into cold water interferes sadly with the digestion, and shows itself by headache, or in more pronounced ways,

A great many women not accustomed to sea-bathing never wet the entire surface of their bodies during a so-called bath. They simply wade about, exposing part of the body to the cool breezes. Everyone who has tried the experiment, knows that the chill is much greater than if the entire body were immersed. By far the most common mistake is that of protracting the bath unduly. The woman who for an hour or more exposes herself to the force of the breakers at our coast resorts, gets a pounding and a punelling such as only an athlete could endure without ill effects. Her teeth chatter. She looks pinched and blue. She drags herself out of the water at last, trying to persuade herself that it has all been delightful, but in reality finding it hard to put one foot before the other. A quick dip and a vigorous rub-down would have made her bath invigorating as well as pleasant.

A MOTHER'S PRAYER.

God bless and keep my little boy, Guard body and guide mind, Mix not his gold with base alloy—Dross of the worldly kind.

Oh! lay on me the care and pain! Spare him a little while: The heartsease ne'er will spring again Which blooms now in his smile.

Roll not the years too fast, O God! I fain would longer keep This tousel head which now doth nod, Finding the way to sleep.

And let not time with foot roughshod My few small charms destroy; For there be years to come, O God, When I must woo my boy.

Lend sweetness to his mother's voice To charm his critic ear; For siren songs will court his choice As manhood draweth near.

Only the tender years are mine— Ah, stretch their shortening span; Yet, if I must my charge resign, Make him, O God, a Man.

—The Delincafor.

WASHING SILK UNDERWEAR.

Directions for washing silk underwear have been asked for. The same precautions that are used in washing fine woollens need to be taken with silk. Prepare a suds of white soap and fairly hot water, and add to each gallon of water two tablespoons of ammonia. If the ammonia is strong use only one tablespoonful. Let the garments soak in the suds for some time, half an hour or longer. Wash by rubbing with the hands and gently squeezing. Never rub on a board, and never rub soap on silk unless some spots are unusually obstinate. Rinse thoroughly. This means through two or three waters, the same temperature as the washing water. Iron when nearly dry. If the garments are very delicate, press under a thin muslin.

THREE SPEAKERS, THREE CATHOLICS.

(From the London Tablet.)

Two hundred women writers met as comrades at dinner on Monday evening, and three of their number were down on the programme for speeches—Mrs. Meynell (who presided over the pretty banquet, made gay with flowers and musical with the arble of feminine voices), Mrs. Katherine Tynan Hinkson and Mrs. Craige. The last note to be suggested by such a festival is a polemical one. Yet the fact that the three spokeswomen of the women writers happen all to be Catholics is something more than a lucky fluke. It represents the very generally predominating activities of Catholic women in nearly all the departments of literature and journalism.

THE SAME MOTHER IN DIFFERENT SETTING.

When one sees boys and girls congregating on the city streets, learning alley language and gutter manners, one involuntarily asks, "Where are their mothers? What are they doing so important that it forces them to leave their children to the ribald instruction of the gutterstone?" Can they take them to the country or seaside, for the summer? No; they can't afford it. When they can afford it the good fortune does not change the type of mothers who do not care to be "bothered" with the children. When rich this kind of mock-mother leaves her responsibilities to the hired nurse; when poor, she pays a higher price in trusting them to the guardianship of the street. She is occupied with fancy work, fiction and "piazza chat." In the one case, and with senseless drudgery and back-door gossip in the other instance. It's the same woman, with or without the \$—Busy-

body, in Catholic Standard and Times.

WALL PAPER PICTURE FRAMES.

Unless you have tried it, you cannot imagine what pretty and inexpensive picture frames can be made of wall paper. Select paper of a small design or of plain color and cover the panels which have been cut from heavy cardboard, turning the edges over and gluing in place. Place the front panels in a row close together, face down, and lay a piece of ribbon at the top and bottom to form hinges. The backs are then glued to these, except the lower edge, which is left open to slip the photograph in. Place a board over this with a heavy weight until dry. Some very effective frames for large photographs are made of flowered designs and are quite as pretty as hand-painted ones if fine, carefully selected paper is used. Some of the tapestry papers make excellent frames and screens, and are also effective for covering shirtwaist boxes.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

SELF-TONED ROOMS.

The self-toned room—that is, the room where everything is of one color—has the lead in the best houses below the bedroom floors. Two or three kinds of furniture of as many different colors jumbled up in the drawing-room are out of the question now.

In a millionaire's new house the drawing-room has a long expanse of perfectly plain ceiling, rounding down to meet a four-inch moulding of white and gold. The walls between a two-foot high wainscoting of white enamelled wood and the frieze are paneled with yellow self-toned brocade. The chairs and sofas are upholstered in brocade of exactly the same tint, and portieres and window curtains are made from the same material. The frames of the curtains are white enamel. This is the general style of drawing room most in vogue now.

Plain ivory tinted ceilings devoid of ornamentation are practically the rule. The wide, elaborate frieze has gone out. So have the vivid contrasts of color in wall hangings and furniture coverings. Harmony is the main idea rather than that there shall be several thousand dollars' worth of covering in evidence.

The showy gilt windows, cornices, mirror frames and curtain supporters once so fashionable, have vanished. Only the panel curtain hanging straight down against the glass is now used in rooms of state with the heavy curtains of brocade, tapestry or velvet, as the case may be, next to the room. As a result of fashion's change in favor of simpler and quieter effects it is perfectly possible for people in most moderate circumstances to duplicate in comparatively inexpensive materials some of the most costly rooms in the country.—Washington Star.

FUNNY SAYINGS.

UTILITARIAN.

Sunday School Teacher—Of course, you'd like to be an angel, Tommy, wouldn't you? Tommy—I guess I would. I'd have wings then and could fly up and get the jam off the top shelf.

"Woman," said he, in agonized tones, "you have broken my heart." She laid her head on his manly bosom.

"No," she said, after listening intently, "there is not the slightest evidence of organic lesion. There is a slight palpitation; due, perhaps, to cigarettes. That is all." And now the young man swears that hereafter when he moves love to a girl at a summer resort he will be sure she is not a medical student.

A BAD BREAK.

During the annual convention of a certain religious body, not so very long ago, an incident occurred which was not on the programme, and which completely upset the gravity of the ministers and brethren assembled. It was at the closing session, and the chairman stated that they were about \$100 short of an amount desired to be raised for a given purpose, and hoped that this sum could be made up before the final adjournment. One of the laymen jumped up with the remark:

"I'll start the good work with \$25."

"I don't know your name, brother," said the chairman, "but may God bless you, and may your business be doubled during the year."

Much to his astonishment a burst of laughter followed from many in the hall, which was explained when a brother up in front stepped to the platform and whispered: "Why, that's Mr. Blank, a prominent undertaker of the town."—Lippincott.

GLAD HE WENT TO ROME.

A Protestant Minister Describes His Visit to the Head of Catholic Christendom.

In a recent number of the "Young Man," of London, England, the Rev. R. J. Campbell, minister of the London City Temple, discussing Catholicism, gives some particulars of his visit to the Pope:

"I have for years past," he writes, "made a point of availing myself of such opportunities of studying Romanism from within as might come my way. I have friends among the priesthood and the laity in England and out of it, and have taken careful note of much that they have told me. In the early part of the present year I visited Rome itself, where I was received with great kindness, and allowed to see a good deal of Catholic life in the Eternal City. My visit to the Pope, about which so much fuss was made by some extreme Protestants in this country, was neither the most instructive, nor the most interesting of my experiences there.

"Nothing could have exceeded the courtesy shown me by these ecclesiastics, from Cardinal Merry del Val downwards, to whom I took letters of introduction from my friends in the diocese of Westminster. Perhaps some Protestants would say this courtesy was all of a piece with the present designs of Rome upon England. I cannot flatter my own importance by thinking so. The Pope has a benevolent expression, considerable personal dignity, and there is about him an atmosphere of otherworldliness and simple goodness which is unmistakable. If any real curiosity exists as to why I went to see him, the only sensible answer is because the opportunity was courteously afforded me, and because I was glad to look on the face of the peasant boy who had risen to be head of Catholic Christendom."

On the general question of Catholicism, he admits that, in spite of all his efforts at Rome to look on things from a Catholic point of view, he was unable to discover the "secret of the power of Rome over so many minds."

"And yet," he continues, "we all felt—my friends and myself—the glamour, the majesty, the almost supernaturalness of Rome. We were not disappointed, as we had been repeatedly assured before leaving England would be the case. The ecclesiastics with whom I was brought into contact were men of high culture, fine character, and true spirituality. I was even able to worship without any feeling of unreality or mental protest, and yet I came away without getting at the secret of the power of Rome over minds like that of John Henry Newman."

FILIPINOS CLING TO FAITH.

As Little Danger of Losing it as of Ireland Apostatizing.

The Filipino people are intensely and intelligently Catholic. They have been made so by the heroic work of the Spanish friars, and they will continue so under the wise and prudent rule of the American Bishops. The sects, by their own reports, have made no progress, and the schism of the excommunicated priest, Aglipay, has been unmasked and found to be a revolutionary plot for independence. There is great encouragement in the recent words of the Archbishop of Manila: "There is as much danger of the Filipinos losing their faith as there is of the Irish race apostatizing."

Direct and reliable reports inform us that Archbishop Harty's wisdom and prudence have won for him the love of the Filipino people, the devotion and confidence of the clergy, and the admiration and respect of the governmental authorities. He is consulted on all questions involving the church in the islands, and is implicitly trusted by the governor and the commissioners and President Roosevelt about the many intricate problems that arise.

The Archbishop is authority for the statement that his work is absolutely unhampered by the governmental authorities. They are eager to assist him in every beneficent move, because they appreciate the fact that he is the real ruler of the people. The government is paying all damages done to church property by American troops during the war, and has paid good rent for every religious institution occupied by the troops. The relations between church and state are most pleasant, and the commissioners do all they can under our form of government to show the people that the American government is not hostile to the church. Ten years from now we shall see

great things in those islands, and in twenty-five years the Archbishop of Manila predicts "Filipino missionaries will be going to the surrounding countries to convert the natives."—Western Watchman.

THE SONGS OF IRELAND.

(From the Pall Mall Gazette.)

"The Land of Song" is one of many poetic and symbolic names in which Ireland rejoices. It is a title which is well deserved. Ireland is the one country which has a musical instrument for its national emblem. On her green flag gleams a golden harp. The system of law in ancient Ireland was a poetic composition set to music. The Irish airs which are best known, those adopted by Thomas Moore to his own graceful lyrics, expressing intensely every phase of emotion, never fail in their human appeal.

Yet the history of this matchless possession of the Irish race has never been written till now. Hitherto the best account of the music and musical instruments of Ireland was to be found in the famous "Lectures on the Manners and Customs of the Ancient Irish," which Eugene O'Curry, the archaeologist, delivered to the students of the short-lived Catholic University founded by voluntary subscription in Dublin in the '50's. Mr. Grattan Flood's work ("A History of Irish Music," just published in Dublin) is a most exhaustive history of Irish music. But it is more than that. It is a very valuable contribution to social history, to the history of manners and customs in Ireland from ancient times till the end of the nineteenth century, as illustrated by the songs and music of the people.

In ancient Ireland the bard was a person of immense power and influence. He had to undergo at least twelve years' training before the coveted title of Ollamh was conferred upon him. At that time rank was designated by color in dress. The bard had a dress of fine colors, including a white mantle and a blue cap ornamented with gold crescent. There were nine different musical instruments in use. The harp was the most appreciated, and after it in popularity came the bagpipes, flute and horn. The ancient music in Ireland, which is still extant, consists of battle marches, dance tunes, love melodies, religious hymns and chants. Right down the centuries the characteristic of Irish music has been its vein of melancholy or tenderness.

BEAR TRIES TO LIFT DEER FROM WATER.

(From the Maine Woods.)

W. M. Kennedy, who has been in the lumbering business for a number of years past, tells of seeing a bear try to lift a live deer from the Magalloway River. When he discovered them, the bear had hold of a young buck's head with his teeth and was hanging on hard with the aid of his claws. The deer swam for the shore, carrying the weight of the bear, but he swam directly into a trap in the crotch that was made by the boom. The bear made frantic efforts to get onto the logs and pull the deer after him. But the sight was too much. The bear was despatched by Mr. Kennedy.

Man-Eating Pike of Yorkshire.

Dr. G. V. A. Robertson, of Pickering, reports:—"On Saturday I received a call to visit the son of a farmer. The message was, 'The lad has been bitten by a fish.' On my arrival I found the lad suffering from a severe wound of the right foot, which required several stitches. On making inquiries I was told the lad had been bathing, along with two others, in the river Leven, which runs near to the farm at Sinnington, and on getting out of the water he sat on the bank, as lads are wont to do, when suddenly a large fish jumped out of the water on to the bank, seized the lad by the foot, and jumped in again. The distance from the water to the bank is quite two feet and the lad's foot was three feet from the edge of the bank. A lady who was passing and heard his cries went to his assistance and carried him home, as the foot was bleeding profusely. A gentleman who stays at the farm and is an enthusiastic angler, asked to see the place, and said he would try to catch the fish. On taking his fishing tackle he had the gratification of catching the fish in a few minutes with an artificial bait. It turned out to be a fine pike, measuring two feet one and a half inches long, and weighing six pounds. 'There can be no doubt,' adds the doctor, 'as to the truth of the occurrence, for I not only saw the lad and the fish, but I also saw the fish measured and the gentleman who caught it.'"

OUR

Dear Girls and Boys: It seems almost like see those letters. Anna a young contributor, will not forget to get to you, and I am sure you to it. I would like McG's flower bed, I you were too young, d firmation, even though enough. You touch a May, when you speak of a helpful little girl you when you are able to p duties while he is ill quite a collection of fl garden, Hugh. We hav our share of warm we hope for a continuance. Your loving AUN

Dear Aunt Becky: You must think I hav gotten you, but such is I have been so busy th got any real vacation is station agent, and well, and I have to trains in his place. I old friends will not for together, as the boys' ner is quite deserted. for corn and tomato tir a lover of vegetables; Auntie? There is an e Burlington to-day. My gone and will not get h o'clock to-night. We are having bad v haying, as it is raining Farmers will be discou keeps on. I will clos are enjoying summer pl Sherrington, July 23,

Dear Aunt Becky: I am a little girl, 5 y as I cannot write very mamma to write for me, sisters and two brothers, is eighteen months old, pets besides the chickens papa is going to get u week. I think we will much. We have a mile school, so I can't go Our baby's name is Ma she can talk quite plain this time. Your loving n Three Brooks, N.B.

Dear Aunt Becky: This is my second lett ers are quite plenty. W richmedels, stars and orlo suckles, stars and marl weather is warm. It's haying. I hope you are bot. I have not very mu so I will close. Your loving nep Three Brooks, N.B.

Dear Aunt Becky: It has been a long tin have written to the corr thought I would write to-day. Our school wil August 15th, 1905. I years old 15th of Febru I have a flower bed of m Bishop was up and heal small to be confirmed, b could be confirmed the n comes up. Our teacher's Miss Gertrude Burke, berries are all gone and rries are coming in. I h a long letter this time. BERT

THE LOST DOLL The seaside cottage had in order, the trunks had the expressman, and Pa was at the gate with the Even Flora Louise, Phyl doll, had her cape and al ready to go to the st "Let's go all around and say a good-by," a hugging Flora Louise in They went through all below, and then upstairs other look at the blue o ing in the sunshine and its white surf on the ben Phyllis found the windo It had been forgotten. P and Flora Louise could c mamma. Down came d tint, alas! Flora Loui slipped outside to the v beneath and rolled down row railing at the edge.