

HOME INTERESTS.

Conducted by HELENE.

Be cheerful. It is trite advice to tell women to take each day as it comes, to avoid remorse over what is done and forebodings over what is to come, but it is no less valuable advice. Nervous prostration is seldom the result of present trouble or work, but of work and trouble anticipated. Mental exhaustion comes to those who look ahead and climb mountains before they arrive at them. Resolutely build a wall about to-day and live within the enclosure. The past may have been hard, sad or wrong. It is over. The future may be like the past, but the woman who worries about it may not live to meet it. If she does she will bear it. The only thing with which she should concern herself is to-day, its sunshine, its wholesome work and perhaps its necessary sorrow.

BOOKS.

What a sense of security in an old book which time has criticized for us.—Lowell. Books are men of higher stature and the only men that speak aloud for future times to hear.—E. B. Browning. We should make the same use of a book that the bee does of a flower. She steals sweets from it, but does not injure it.—Colten. Books are the masters who instruct us without rods and ferules, without hard words and anger, without clothes or money.—Richard de Bury. My maxims are never to begin a book without finishing it, never to consider it without knowing it, and to study with a whole mind.—Buxton. A book is good company. It is full of conversation without loquacity. It is not offended at your absent-mindedness nor jealous if you turn to other pleasures.—Beecher.

A WORD ABOUT MEN.

Girls, how many have spoiled a good friend by making him into a lover? It's the easiest thing in the world to do, and sentimental girls are doing it all the time. It seems a pity, for many a man, destined by kindly fate and his own inclination to be a good friend of yours, has either been put in a wholly false relation to you by being forced to become your lover, or has been driven away altogether. Your mistaken interpretation of his attitude has brought this about, very likely. He was content to be a friend—to have a good time with you, to call often, to give you flowers and books and take you about. Not that he wanted to monopolize you. Only a cad would do that without serious intentions. No, all he wanted was to have the pleasure of your friendship, along with others. He took it for granted that you would marry some day, and he hoped it would be a happy marriage for you, and that he could still be your friend. But this wasn't your view. Bless you, no! You thought, because he sent you flowers, that he loved you; because he liked to be with you that he couldn't do without you; because he was a jolly good comrade that he looked forward to marrying you. And you—poor, sentimental little goose—indulged these fancies and dreamed of him and let your expectations be seen in your words and manner until you drove him into one of two courses—either fulfilling them or running away altogether. Why can't you let a man just stay on a friendly footing, girls? Why must you regard as a possible husband each one who flatters you with a little admiration? No strong, helpful friendships with men are possible while you persist in this foolish attitude. A man finds happiness and profit

in the friendship of women, but he has to steer mighty shy of this pleasure in the majority of cases because of this foolish misinterpretation of his conduct. Many a man who might be a good and helpful friend is coerced into being a very poor and unsatisfactory lover or else is lost altogether by reason of having to run away to escape the noose.—New York Press.

A BRAVE GIRL.

Bear hugging is an amusement which few people, especially young women, would care to indulge in, and it is seldom that one would have the chance to embrace a real live bruin in his native haunts, even if he—or she—had the nerve and the inclination to try it. The opportunity, however, came not long ago to Miss Bessie Wells, a pretty little Texas lass, who visited in Seattle recently, and she startled W. D. Cameron, who happened to be with her at the time, by giving a full-grown cinnamon bear in Yellowstone Park a good squeeze around the neck. The bear, however, much to the relief of Miss Wells's companion, did not reciprocate the caress, although he seemed to enjoy it.

Miss Wells is the fifteen year old daughter of a wealthy cotton dealer of Austin, Tex. She is a beauty of the true Southern type, imbued with the daring spirit and nerve that so often are found in the western plains girl, and is large for her age. Recently, with her father, her aunt, and her grandfather, Colonel W. G. Walling, a typical Southwestern character, she started on a tour of the Northwest. The party visited Seattle a short time ago, and from here went to Yellowstone Park. There they made the journey through the park in one of the waggon's utilized for tourist travel, and Mr. Cameron, a representative of the Saturday Evening Post, who came to this city a few years ago, happened to be in the party during that trip. He described Miss Wells's darling escapade as follows: "Our party had stopped for the noon hour luncheon, and while the meal was being prepared Miss Wells and I started out to pick a few berries. We had gone but a short distance when, about a hundred feet away, we saw a large cinnamon bear browsing among the bushes. Knowing that all the animals in the Park are more or less tame, we approached the bear. I held up my hand, and the bear, thinking that I had something for him to eat, stood on his hind feet and reached up, but finding that he had been deceived, shook his head angrily and walked away. My young companion then ran back to the waggon, and returned with a few cookies. Again we approached the bear, and Miss Wells held one of the cookies in her hand. The bear repeated the same performance he had gone through with me, but this time he found something. Miss Wells gradually drew back her hand while the bear was reaching for it, until the animal's head was over her shoulder, and then, while he was eating the cookie, she reached around his neck with her other arm and hugged him tightly. My heart seemed to stop beating, but I dared not yell, for the animal would be startled and attack the girl. When he had finished eating the cookie, however, he merely dropped down on all fours again and sauntered off into the bush. In all my experiences, I have never seen a more reckless or daring and even dangerous action by a young lady."—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

ADVICE TO GIRLS.

Do the little things, and then if you have time dream of the great things. Be natural. Remember there are others as lovely as you are. Be conservative. Your acquaintances do not want your confidences.



Daily Spasms.

Dr. Jacob's, Oct., Nov 2, 1899. Since a child 6 years old I was subject to St. Vitus Dance and spasms, and seeing an advertisement of Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic I concluded to try it. Its effect has been wonderful for before using I had spasms almost daily, but since taking this remedy have not had an attack for twelve days, and shall continue its use. MISS T. TODD RUDY.

Mr. W. F. Hackey, of Bathurst Village, N. Br., says that his little girl had from two to three attacks of fits a day for five or six months, but since she took Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic had only one in ten months and none since. Mr. C. Noyes, of Brockville, writes that he didn't have a fit in 15 weeks since he took Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic, while before that he had attacks every week.

A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases and a Sample Bottle to any address. Free patients also get the medicine free. Prepared by the REV. PASTOR KOENIG, of Fort Wayne, Ind., since 1876, and now by the KOENIG MED. CO., CHICAGO, ILL. Sold by Druggists at \$1.00 per bottle, 6 for \$5.00. Agents in Canada—THE LYMAN BROS. & CO., LTD., TORONTO; THE WINGATE CHEMICAL CO., LTD., MONTREAL.

At all times be womanly. A masculine girl does not retain admiration.

Be quick to believe good. Believe the good until the evil is evident. Be pleasant at all times. A smile does more good in this world than all the preachings.

Think beautiful thoughts. "Beautiful thoughts are angels bright." Remember that you are judged by your actions. "Do noble things, don't dream them all day long."

Elizabeth Harrison, a daughter of President Harrison, although she has never attended school, speaks French and German fluently through the tutelage of her mother.

THE MEANING OF ORANGE BLOSSOMS.

The orange tree is regarded as a prince among trees and the emblem of genius. A peculiarity of this tree is that it bears fruit and flowers at the same time. Its leaves are evergreen and as it grows older it grows in beauty and fruitfulness, its blossoms filling the air with their fragrance. It is indeed a fit emblem of marriage promise and hopes. The orange tree is considered typical of love because, though its fruit is golden and its flavor and scent delicious, its rind is bitter, and as every one knows who has experienced it, Cupid's dart causes pain. The orange is emblematic of gratitude as well as of genius and love.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

A TRICK IN ECONOMY.

Mending the finger tips of long gloves with court plaster is the trick one young woman makes use of to lengthen the life of this dress accessory which is such a luxury. She pastes the court plaster, white on white and black on black, on the inside of the finger tip, with the result that the gloves last immeasurably longer.

TIMELY HINTS.

Ink spots on table covers and wash dress fabrics are not so difficult to remove as is generally supposed at first. Try dipping the spot in melted tallow; when it has set wash it out with good soap and if a faint trace remains it will as a rule disappear in one or two washings.

A fly blister, about the size of a nickel, applied over the spot where pulsations indicate a felon to be growing, will, at the expiration of

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six hours after application, show the felon beneath its surface. The felon can then be removed with the point of a needle that has been sterilized.

Ironing silk when wet gives it a smooth, glossy appearance, but should the waist get dry before it is ironed dip it in clean cold water and roll in a cloth. Do not sprinkle water over it, as that would make it look rough and blotchy when ironed.

An excellent way to clean ribbon is the following: Cover the ribbon with warm water, then spread it on a board or table and scrub it thoroughly with a brush that has been rubbed in soap. After a good lather has been formed and the ribbon looks clean, rinse it in clear warm water, lay it between folds of thin cheesecloth and press until dry.

Rub the irons with a cloth soaked in kerosene to prevent scorching. Frequent rubbing on sandpaper will keep irons from sticking.

Tie a lump of arrowroot in a thick cotton cloth and boil it with the fine white pieces to give them a dainty odor more delightful than from sachet powder.

RECIPES.

Peach Salad.—To make a delicious almond and peach salad, pare and cut in eighths 6 large peaches and slice in strips one half of a cupful blanched almonds, and 4 peach kernels, also blanched. Mix the peaches and nuts with quarter of a cupful of mayonnaise and the same quantity of whipped cream. Serve in lettuce or in cucumber boats.

Mixed Fruit Salad.—Dice three peaches, two pears, two or three apples and several bananas, put on ice until ready to use, then cover with the following dressing: Four tablespoonful of sugar, one tablespoonful of marshmallow, one gill of sherry, one tablespoonful of champagne. Mix the ingredients together and stir until the sugar is thoroughly dissolved.

Macaroon Custard.—Put a quart of new milk on the fire to boil, mix half a tablespoonful of butter and three of flour, stir in the milk and let boil up once. Beat the yolks of six eggs with half a teaspoon of sugar, stir into the milk, let it get very hot, but not to the boiling point. Let cool and flavor with extract of orange. Crumble a dozen macaroons and scatter over the top and then pile on meringue.

Cream Cake.—One cupful of sugar, and half a cup of butter worked into a cream, add two well beaten eggs, half a cup of sweet milk, half a teaspoonful of vanilla, one cupful and a half of flour, with a heaping teaspoonful of baking powder. Beat well after it is put together, bake in square sheets, placing cream whipped, sweetened and flavored, between the layers.

FUNNY SAYINGS

SURELY HE DIDN'T.

The meekest kind of a little boy joined a Sunday school class in a West Philadelphia church. He did not know the other scholars and appeared nervous, half scared and ready to cry at any second. The teacher, however, treated him kindly, and the lessons proceeded without any outburst. After a short reading from the Bible, the teacher began to question the pupils on their last lessons and asked: "Who led the children of Israel into Canaan?"

As no one answered, she looked from boy to boy. At last her gaze rested on the new boy. He started guiltily, and said, between sobs: "It wasn't me, honest, teacher. I just moved here last week from Ohio."

MORE PRUNES AND PRISMS.

The requirements of polite conversation occasionally puzzle the student of the English language, says the author of "A Levantine Log-Book," but one who has a governess will soon acquire them all.

This young French woman who was learning English, while on tour with an Anglican attendant, exclaimed, "O my, I am all of a sweat!" "Miss Morceau," exclaimed her attendant, "never use that word again! Horras sweat, men perspire; ladies merely glow."

SQUELCHED.

Many a traveller who has looked forward to a railroad journey as a season when he need not talk will sympathize with this just triump recorded in the London Globe.

THE POET'S CORNER

THE ROSARY OF MY TEARS.

Some reckon their age by years, Some measure their life by art; But some tell their days by the flow of their tears, And their lives by the moans of their heart.

The dials of earth may show The length, not the depth, of years, Few or many they come, few or many they go, But the time is best measured by tears.

Ah! not by the silver gray That creeps thro' the sunny hair, And not by the scenes that we pass on our way, And not by the furrows the fingers of care

On the forehead and face have made. Not so do we count our years; Not by the sun of the earth, but the shade Of souls, and the fall of our tears.

For the young are oft-times old, Though their brows be bright and fair; While their blood beats warm their hearts are cold— O'er them the spring—but winter is there,

And the old are oft-times young, When their hair is thin and white; And they sing in age, as in youth they sang, And they laugh, for their cross is light.

But, bead by bead, I tell The rosary of my years; From a cross to a cross they lead; 'tis well, And they're blest with a blessing of tears.

Better a day of strife Than a century of sleep; Give me instead of long stream of life The tempests and tears of the deep.

A thousand joys may foam On the billows of all the years; But never the foam brings the lone back home— It reaches the haven through tears. —Father Abram J. Ryan.

AYOMA.

Two hills there are, both green in summer time, One where the sleeping, After life's weeping, Peacefully rest, While the white clouds, like listening angels, Float over the homes of the dead.

And quiet it is in this garden in summer time, For earth's noise comes not To this hallowed spot, Only the trees Breathe softly their songs and their sighs

To the blessed who lie asleep. And many there are with the fever of life upon them, Longing for rest, For rest seems best To those who faint In the lone, long hours of summer time.

POOR PILGRIM MOTHERS!

Gail Hamilton—Miss Dodge—was once at a banquet given in honor of the memory of the Pilgrim Fathers. She was asked to speak, and in the course of her brief address she said:

"We hear a great deal about the Pilgrim Fathers, but we do not hear much about the Pilgrim Mothers. We are often reminded of the sufferings of the Pilgrim Fathers, but we know that the Pilgrim Mothers had to endure more than they did. The Pilgrim Fathers had to endure hunger, cold, hardship, exile and the dangers of attacks from Indians. But the Pilgrim Mothers, my friends, had to endure not only all these things, but they had to endure the Pilgrim Fathers, too!"

THE ONLY THING.

A man wrote to a Western lawyer for information in regard to a person who had owed him a considerable sum of money for a long time. "What property has he which I could attach?" he asked. The lawyer's reply was brief and to the point.

"The man died six months ago. He left nothing subject to attachment save a widow."

They Never Knew Failure.—Careful observation of the effects of Par-melee's Vegetable Pills has shown that they act immediately on the diseased organs of the system and stimulate them to healthy action. There may be cases in which the disease has been long seated and does not easily yield to medicine, but even in such cases these Pills have been known to bring relief when all other so-called remedies have failed. These assertions can be substantiated by many who have used the Pills, and medical men speak highly of their qualities.

But rest comes not, and many there are who weep.

And on the other hill in summer time Men groan with pain, And never again Will former strength Come back to those who have fought with the king of death, For cruel is he to those who defy his strength.

And sleepless and long are their nights in summer time, But though pain is sad, The world is glad, And there is joy In flower and tree in summer time, And those who have felt death's touch Stretch forth for the hands of life. —M. X., in Japan Weekly Mail.

ERIN'S FAITH.

(By the Late Archbishop O'Brien, of Halifax, in October Donahoe's.) The Faith on Erin's shore will never die;

All other nations may Christ's loving yoke Cast off, and, by a demon-guided stroke, The bond of union cut. But she,—tho' nigh

The icy regions of chill heresy,—Unchilled, with youthful zeal shall e'er invoke That God, Whose love, to her, great Patrick spoke, And o'er her faith-forsaken sister sigh.

'Tis Faith that fans in her fair Freedom's love; 'Tis Hope that cheers her faith in every age; Through these she bowed not to the mighty Dane; Through these nor England's force her Church could move;

These are the secrets of her history's page; These are her part on earth,—in Heaven, her gain.

PERFECT TRUST.

How sweet to live, to know that God's loved hand Is marking out our life from day to day;

To know that, with His kindness so complete, We cannot, if we love Him, go astray, And when, through life, our paths look steep and bare,

And feeble, we seem falling by the way, We may send upward but a whispered prayer To find our loving Father near a-way.

We would not murmur when the trials come, Knowing they're sent to win our hearts to Thee,

To draw our souls away from earth's bright glare, And make them fitted for eternity. Thou wouldst not send the shadows long and deep

If we as well could bear the radiant light. Thou knowest best; we pray our souls to keep; Help us to walk by faith, if not by sight.

OUR BOY

PUZZLE

1. DIAMOND PUZZLE The head of a pony. A black paint. To dry. A fierce animal. A bird. Calm. A tree. Found in a bird's nest. The tail of an ape.

BURIED ANIMAL

1. Do you know how many domestic owed her mistress? 2. Did the king catch or lion? 3. I tell you to let the cherry. 4. This wine is champagne. 5. The monk eyed the same time askance.

BEHEADED AND CURIOUS WORDS.

1. I am a bird; beheaded am pale; behead me again, an article. 2. I am a vehicle; behead me and I am part of the verb. 3. I am a jug; curtail me, a sheep; behead me, a pronoun. 4. I am a rabble; curtail me, a bird; behead me, a great noise. 5. I am rubbish; behead me and I am a tree; curtail me and I am a conjunction. 6. I am a talk; behead me, I am a head covering; behead me again, and I am a proposition.

RIDDLE.

What is the largest known?

DOUBLE ACROSS

My initials and initials names of two celebrated manders.

1. An aquatic bird. 2 To raise up. 3 Egg-shaped. 4. Ships. 5. Reflection of sound. 6. King of beasts.

Dear Aunt Becky:

We had a heavy snow on Thursday, but it did it was all gone by night having lovely weather. It must be Indian summer are busy ploughing now threshing is nearly over potato digging is done. Little brother will write me next week. My paper new woodshed and kitchen nearly finished. My sister and I go to school day. I am in the third expect to get in the four Christmas. I have a lot work to do every night home from school. Well, as my letter is getting long I will say good-bye to you and Love to the cousins and

Your loving niece

Lonsdale, Ont.

Dear Aunt Becky:

As I have just finished work and have a few spare I thought I would write you. We have had a rain for twenty-four hours. There will be lots of it up now. Autumn is time for the farmers to dig and digging potatoes. T. could come to Lonsdale. Agnes McC. and I. I hope to have her come. must be a nice little party to hear that you are foot, but I hope I better. Well, dear Aunt letter is getting rather long. I will close. Hoping to see you in print.

Your loving niece

Lonsdale, Ont.

Advertisement for LUBY'S PARISIAN HAIR RENNEWER. To prevent the too early appearance of gray hairs LUBY'S PARISIAN HAIR RENNEWER 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. 50 CENTS A BOTTLE.