

HOME INTERESTS.

Conducted by HELENE.

Never permit yourself to make any decision of importance while you are in a state of depression.

HABITUAL KINDNESS.

There is no gift of grace that goes further to making one beloved than the art of simple kindness.

FASHIONABLE COLORS FOR THE COMING WINTER.

"Blue will be in high favor this fall and winter," writes Grace Margaret Gould, the Fashion Editor.

"Many brown shades will also be used—russet, Havana and the leather shades. Browns showing a coppery tinge will be modish.

Some persons have periodical attacks of Canadian cholera, dysentery or diarrhoea, and have to use great precautions to avoid the disease.

WHITE SHOES.

Never wear a white shoe with anything but a white gown or one whose surface is white with a flow-er or line of color through it.

RELICS OF THE POET MOORE.

One of the rooms of the Royal Irish Academy, Dublin, is devoted almost exclusively to relics of Thomas Moore.

HOW TO DRESS A WOUND ANTI-SEPTICALLY.

Apply peroxide of hydrogen to the wound until it ceases to fizz; moisten the bandage with the same.

SOME HINTS FOR THE FRUIT-CANNER.

Before putting fruit in glass jars, wash them in soap suds containing a little soda.

If you want the flavor of the fruit to come out well, do not use an excess of sugar.

Never use poor fruit for canning. The best is none too good.

Handle it as little as possible. Have everything in readiness before you begin operations.

Use the best grade of sugar. It may cost a little more than the ordinary, but it will make your fruit enough better to pay the difference in cost.

Do not stir your fruit when it is cooking. If you want to know how it is coming along, take out a piece of it without disturbing the rest.

Give it a brisk boiling. If allowed to stand and simmer it will not retain its shape well.

When the cans are ready for sealing, see that the covers fit perfectly. Never use one that does not hug down tightly to the shoulder of the jar.

Flammarton, one of the world's greatest astronomers and scientists, writes in a French magazine.

"It is my conviction that the soul of man exists as an entity, independent of his body, and that it survives the destruction of his physical being.

It is certain that one soul can influence another soul at a distance and without the aid of the senses.

There is not the slightest doubt that the soul can act at a distance. Mental suggestion seems equally certain.

Psychic communications between persons who are living is also proved by a large number of cases, observed and carefully investigated.

We see without eyes and hear without ears, while the body is inanimate during sleep.

The soul by its interior vision may see not only what is passing at a great distance, but it may also know in advance what is to happen in the future.

These phenomena, prove, I think, that the soul exists, and that it is endowed with faculties at present unknown.

That is the logical basis of communicating a study which in the end may lead us to an understanding of the after life and immortality.

The great success and reputation that it has already obtained prove that Luby's Parisian Hair Renewer restores gray hair to its natural color.

LUBY'S

woolled goods, ribbons, etc. Piano keys can be cleaned, as can any old ivory, by being rubbed with muslin dipped in alcohol.

A little thin cold starch rubbed over windows and mirrors and then wiped off with a soft cloth is an easy way of producing most shining results.

Hot milk is even better than boiling water to take off fruit stains. A strong solution of salt and water mixed with an equal quantity of camphor will often relieve a tooth-ache.

If suet which is to be chopped is first sprinkled with ground ice it will chop more easily.

DR. FOWLER'S EXTRACT OF WILD STRAWBERRY CURES

Summer Complaint, Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Colic and Cramps, Cholera Infantum, Cholera Morbus, AND

All Fluxes of the Bowels.

It is without doubt the safest and most reliable remedy in existence.

It has been a household remedy for sixty-two years.

Its effects are instantaneous and it does not leave the bowels in a constipated condition.

Do not be humbugged into taking something the unscrupulous druggist says is just as good.

Mrs. Ed. Stringer, Hemmingford, Que., says: "I have used Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry with excellent results.

Nothing looks more ugly than to see a person whose hands are covered over with warts.

Butterfly Suspensives. A Gentleman's Brace, "as easy as none." 50c.

THE VISITOR WHO HADN'T GOT IT. The visitor to London was seated at a table in one of the expensive restaurants in the West End.

"By thunder!" he exclaimed to the waiter, "haven't you got any conscience at all in this place?"

"Beg pardon?" returned the haughty waiter.

"Haven't you got any conscience—conscience—conscience? Don't you understand?"

The waiter picked up the bill of fare and began looking over it.

"I don't know if we have or not," he said, "if we have it's on the bill, if we ain't it's an extra. Them's the rules, sir."

MORE CONVENIENT FOR BOTH. A lady had engaged a Chinese cook and at her first interview with him in the kitchen asked his name.

"My name," said the Chinaman, "is Wang Hang Ho."

"Oh, I cannot remember all that," said his mistress, "I will call you 'John.'"

"Welly, welly," agreed the Chinaman. "What you name?"

"My name," said the lady, with some dignity, "is Mrs. Melville Langdon."

"I no memble all that, Misses Melv' London. I call you 'Tommy.'"

Mother's Anxiety. The summer months are a time of anxiety for mothers because they are the most dangerous months in the year for babies and young children.

Stomach and bowel troubles come quickly during the hot weather and almost before the mother realizes that there is danger the little one may be beyond aid.

Baby's Own Tablets will prevent summer complaints if given occasionally because they keep the stomach and bowels free from offending matter.

And the bright angel he must be, But only as my little child Who may be needing me.

Angels—ye who know; I am dull and slow to learn, Tolling here below.

Do not fill his heart too full With your heavenly joy, Lest the mother's place be lost With her little boy.

Last night the air was mild; The moon rose clear, though late, And somehow then it did not seem So very hard to wait.

There seemed so much to learn, So much for me to do, Before my lessons here were done And I was ready, too.

THE PASSING OF SUMMER. Scatter your petals, sweet garden rose, Hum softly, wind, through the woods;

Summer is tossing her gams away And dropping her amber beads; Adown the path to the western gate She walks with pensive grace, And over her glittering hair is bound A fillet of pearl-gray lace.

Bid her a rollicking "Au revoir," Sunflowers, cheery and bold, And solanago, hasten ye on, To make her a path of gold;

Asters open your amethyst eyes And lend her their tender light; Show her the sign of your crimson fruit, Wild plum tree, up on the height.

Cover her breasts with a toga wrought Of sunshine and lilac shade; Bring her a veil of vagrant mist From milk pods on the glade;

Sunac and sassafras hang for her Your lanterns along the lane. Silvery clouds in a bay of blue, Cool her with glistening rain.

A hint and a whisper rustle up From weeds grown shaggy and tall; And out of the russet hollows sift The nut-rich scents of the fall.

Saucy, bright thistles have set their camps Where the dainty primrose grew— The latch of the Autumn's gate is loosed, And Summer is passing through.

THE SORROWING MOTHER. Last night I dreamed he came to me; I held him close and wept and said, "My little child, where have you been?"

I was afraid that you were dead, Then I awoke; it almost seemed As though my arms could feel him yet.

I had been sobbing in my sleep; My tears had made the pillow wet. I cannot think of him at all As the bright angel he must be, But only as my little child Who may be needing me.

Do not make him grow too wise, Angels—ye who know; I am dull and slow to learn, Tolling here below.

Do not fill his heart too full With your heavenly joy, Lest the mother's place be lost With her little boy.

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THE WORLD PROCLAIMS: "A shepherd this, Who whelms his flock attends!"

A herring, Lord, am I, remiss, Who oft betrays Thy friends.

And thus my stewardship, dear Lord, Seems always unfulfilled; Thy heart and mine do not accord, With fear should mine be thrilled!

Have patience with me, dearest Christ, My soul sustain anew; That I may keep with Thee my trust, And merits thus ensue.

O make Thy priest a Christ, indeed, Whose zeal will ne'er relax; Who will not break the bruised reed, Nor quench the smoking flax."

O lead me to Gethsemane, That I may vigil keep; And all my guilt let me then see, That I may keep with Thee weep.

And for this grief grant amnesty; And when from sleep I'll wake, To shores of dread Eternity, To Heaven, me, Christ, then take.

F. A. Gaffney, O.P.

THE WORLD COMMENDS my daily work And deems my lot too hard; But, Lord! how much Thy tasks I do, No vessel mine, but shard.

My prayers, dear Lord, from lips untrue How scant of holy thought; My heart with worldliness undue Is filled, and oft distraught.

When I, at meditation's hour, Should scale Thy Holy Steep, Sloth lures me like a lotus-flower, And, traitor-like, I sleep.

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