

HOME INTERESTS.

Conducted by HELENE.

A reasonable amount of ambition certainly is a good thing, and should never be discountenanced in anyone.

AN IRISH TYPE.

"The Irish women never worry," said a woman who has mixed much in the upper circles of the little green isle.

"The dullness of the life led by the average well-born Irish girl would be pathetic if it were not that she seems to thrive so well on it.

A LATE FAD.

Glove handkerchiefs are tiny squares of embroidered linen just large enough to tuck away in the palm of the glove.

THAT HANDY POCKET.

Have a large pocket for wrapping paper in some accessible place. Make it of denim or such serviceable material.

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

to a point, finishing with rings. Hang the pocket up by the rings, which will leave the sides open.

GIRL WHO SUCCEEDS.

Two busy business men earnestly discussed the young woman employed by one.

"Such a nice girl," he said, his tone and brow dubiously puzzled. "So bright, so quick, so industrious, so reliable, so obliging.

"I know what that sort of thing is, and it's a great pity," he answered. "I've had women like that work for me before now.

The state of affairs suggested by this talk is by no means uncommon. Many a business man feels inclined, or even compelled to discharge a valued and trusted employe because of her apparent inability to acquire reserve or reticence.

Why, then, should she indulge in the gay social chatter equally out of place and unsuitable in the downtown region?

Other things being equal, the quiet, reserved business woman who, though friendly with all, says comparatively little while engaged in business, is the one most likely to reach the top of the ladder.

There are men who must have some one to talk to, who exact sympathy and advice from all who come near them, who, failing a patient wife or a tender mother, will insist that the stenographer, bookkeeper or other feminine employe reap the weary harvest of all their troubles.

"Talk only when you must and then to the point," is a good and safe rule for all business women to follow. A woman's wit and intellectual social instincts often lend her

into mistakes that her common sense should correct sharply. Retain the merry heart, the joyous outlook, the friendly impulse always if you would keep young and of value to yourself and your fellows.

TIMELY HINTS.

A small piece of paper of linen, moistened with turpentine and put into the wardrobe or dressers for a single day or two will keep out the moths.

Although good sunning is the best thing in the world for the hair, it is not particularly good for it to be dried in the sun after shampooing.

Wipe off furniture with a cloth wrung out in hot water before applying furniture polish.

All hooks used in bathroom, kitchen or pantry should be dipped in enamel paint and thoroughly dried before being screwed in.

A useful thing to remember is that the iron will not stick to the clothes if the starch used has been mixed with soapy water.

RECIPES.

Crab Soup.—Boil one dozen crabs and pick out the meat. Put four ounces of butter in a frying pan; add to it one large onion, sliced.

Bordeaux Cutlets.—Any two kinds of meat can be utilized. Finely mince the meat, season to taste with salt, pepper and a little Worcestershire sauce.

Heads and instructors of business colleges and training schools should pay particular attention to this point of business etiquette. The sensible, self-respecting business woman would never dream of wearing house gowns, overdressy blouses, jewelry, or high-heeled slippers to the office.

Why, then, should she indulge in the gay social chatter equally out of place and unsuitable in the downtown region? Merely because, being a woman, the chatty social impulse is strong within her.

Other things being equal, the quiet, reserved business woman who, though friendly with all, says comparatively little while engaged in business, is the one most likely to reach the top of the ladder.

FUNNY SAYINGS

HE WONDERED.

"I'd like to know why it is," mused Willie Waffles, "that when I act



Perfect Brightness and Clearness. 4 KINKORA, P. H. Island. Mrs. Mary Jane Greenan who used Father Koenig's Nerve Tonic assures me that she has received wonderful benefits from it.

FREE A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases and a Sample Bottle to any address. Poor patients also get the medicine free.

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.

Buildup Blood Bitters CURES Dyspepsia, Bolls, Pimples, Headaches, Constipation, Loss of Appetite, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Scrofula, and all troubles arising from the Stomach, Liver, Bowels or Blood.

Buildup Blood Bitters

Buildup Blood Bitters

like thunder, I'm 'cross and disagreeable,' but when ma's that way, she's just 'dreadfully nervous.'"

PROFITIOUS.

An English daily had the following advertisement:—"Wanted—A gentleman to undertake the sale of a patent medicine. The advertiser guarantees it will be profitable to the undertaker."

Mark Twain tells a story of a minister who had a call in the country. He had to ride nine miles over a rough road. The horse was spirited and the cart had no springs.

NOT ON HER LIFE.

An Irish woman walked into a large department store. The floor-walker, who was very bow-legged, asked her what he could do for her.

THE IRISHMAN AND THE MULE.

General Phil Sheridan was at one time asked at what army incident did he laugh the most.

STILL ABLE TO FIGHT.

A Scotchman, who had got inebriated, in his peregrinations accidentally stumbled against the pump, the handle in its upward bound striking him on the nose.

"Give me some familiar proverb about birds," said the teacher. Tommy Tucker raised his hand.

An old Pennsylvania farmer, while on a visit to Philadelphia, was taken with a violent toothache, and calling on a dentist, was informed that the tooth must be extracted.

The patient agreed to this, and then started to count his money. The dentist remarked, "Oh, you need not pay me until I have finished."

THE POET'S CORNER

THE CHILDREN'S CRY.

A ceaseless, plaintive cry goes up to God, To rescue from the clutches of the mills The pale, dwarfed children stooping 'neath their load.

"The sad, sad tears of ignorance and toil,

If Death means rest, then Death were paradise.

We have known nothing in our narrow lives,

But restless nights, and still more restless days;

The ceaseless clanking of the tireless looms

Sometimes a tired child drops from its place,

Its pallid hands are still, their task is done;

But ere the wheels have paused the empty space

Has claimed another, and the mills go on.

"Oh ye who fill the halls of State, give heed!

Give ear unto our cry for Liberty: Strike off the shackles from our helpless hands,

Bind fast man's greed of gain, and set us free!"

—Kato G. Laffitte, in September Watson's.

ENVY.

'Tis true that dogs will bark and bay

Because the moon o'er them doth shine;

And so, 'tis often, too, the way With human folks,—they snarl and whine

Because, with selfish instinct strong, They can not bear their neighbor should

To brighter sphere than they belong, Although to shine these folks ne'er could!

O, foolish dog, the moon shines on

Despite your valiant labor lost, And, envious heart, when you are gone,

And learn, to your most bitter cost, How futile all your efforts proved,

Your neighbor still, in his high plane, Will move and smile, as e'er he moved

And smiled at your endeavor vain!

—Amadeus, O.S.F.

ACHREE.

Your face is ever with me,

I see it in the mist That rises on the moorland

which are necessary for the formation of new nerve force.

It is only by this building-up process that you can ever hope to entirely cure sleeplessness, headache, neuralgia, nervous dyspepsia, irritability, brain fog, and the discouragement and despondency which tell of exhausted nerves.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, 6 boxes for \$2.50, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

Avoid fatigue, hurry, worry, and excess. Seek fresh air, rest, and the best means of increasing the nerve force of the body, or, in other words, use Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

These are the instructions the best physicians will give you as the most effective treatment to overcome diseases of the nerves, for, if they do not recommend Dr. Chase's Nerve Food in so many words, they give you a prescription containing practically the same ingredients.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is an up-to-date, scientific preparation, composed of the most powerful nerve restoratives known to science. It is bound to prove effective as a treatment for weak nerves, because it supplies the very elements of Nature

Rev. Denis P. O'Flynn, of New York City, who died on August 22, used to say that priests ought to die poor and he practiced what he preached.

Where we used to keep our trust, In the red, red clouds at sunset, Where our castles used to be— O, my lover of Glangariff, I am missing you, achree!

Through the patter of the raindrops On the thatch at eventide, I hear a saddened moaning Like the eerie banshee call, 'Tis your voice forever sighing As the wind upon the sea:

"I am wanting you, alanna, Come, follow me, achree!"

In the dusky glow of peat fire I can see you, misty, stand; I can see your mantle gleaming And the beckon of your hand.

On the border of the shadows You are waiting but for me— O I'm coming fast to meet you, For I'm missing you, achree!

—Elsie Cassaigne King, in The Reader.

THE COUNTRY FLOWER.

She could only thrive in sunshine, This daisy from the plains,

When shadows dark loomed o'er her She sank to earth again.

A plain little flower from the open field,

Child of the Light and the Sun, Should the shadow stay o'er the daisy's way,

The frail little life is done.

Give freely of love, and light, and joy,

Guard and shield her everywhere, In her own sweet way will the daisy pay

For your kind and loving care.

She can ne'er forget the sunlight Or the country green and fair,

Or the honest hearts and loyal friends Who bloomed around her there.

Then cherish the daisy fondly Shield her from care and strife

For the sweet little flower from the country Is the wearied city wife.

Julia Sullivan.

Detroit, Mich.

UPON THE THRESHOLD.

It stood upon the threshold of the door,

The little ghost of him we loved of yore;

"Come in, come in!" we said: It smiled at us, and gently shook its head.

The firelight filled the room with warmth and cheer,

There lay the toys that he had loved, and here

The wee dog wagged its tail

At that small image, standing dim and pale.

It noticed all, with dreamy, wistful eye,

Then vanished with the semblance of a sigh;

The great door slammed, and grand-ma raised her head,

"The North Wind is abroad to-night," she said.

—Mary Small Wagner, in September Watson's.

A MODERN SAINT

Rev. Denis P. O'Flynn, of New York City, who died on August 22, used to say that priests ought to die poor and he practiced what he preached.

Aside from a valuable library given to the Paulist Fathers he has no discoverable estate—no money in bank, no money in the rectory.

"He died as poor as the proverbial church mouse," says his assistant, Father Corrigan. "What little insurance he carried will barely cover the funeral expenses. He never saved a penny for himself. After keeping the house on his meagre salary he gave away all he had."

OUR

WINNER OF PI

Miss Annie O'Neill, LO

HONORABLE ME

Agnes McCulloch, Lon

Joseph Caroline, Gran

Dear Girls and Boys:

We have come to the

at last. I am sure

anxious to know who

Well, the prize awarded

regular and nearest w

Miss Annie O'Neill.

While her composition

actly up to the mark,

prize by her regularity

Miss Agnes McCulloug

second, but she too fro

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You have splendid opp

learn how to write

which is an art in

fresh courage. Try to

terestingly as you can

forget the rules I hav

for you.

Your loving

AU

(The book awarded

warded to-day to

O'Neill.)

Dear Aunt Becky:

As I am not very b

I would write. It is

look very much like a

leaves are dying and

things. All my flowers

dying also. I go to

every day and have lo

ing. The weather is

We have not had any

ly, only a shower the

The pears are ripe no

Aunt, as it is gett

time, I guess I will

Love to all the cous

Becky.

Your loving

Dear Aunt Becky:

As I am afraid I w

I wish to put in my l

I will write to-day, I

eight dolls, three of

won't let me play wit

my best dolls; the ot

with in turns. Two

from Chicago, and o

Louis, Mo. I got the

to the World's Fair

with mamma. One o

doll, and it has met

idents and I wou

would tell me wh

Hospital" is that w

the True Witness

Auntie. I will hav

put in to have his lim

I think that the doc

to make him artifi

arms. I am going

now for a car-ride. I

mas when Agnes

come up to Montrea

at our house as we

room. With love to

and you, Aunt Becky

Your loving ni

Montreal.

Dear Aunt Becky:

You cannot imagin

felt when I saw so

the corner last week,

this all the cousins

and their letters

week. I wonder wh

to Annie O'N and Jo

such regular corres

did not write last w

Agnes McC is the on