

HOME INTERESTS.

Conducted by HELENE.

A glance through the fashion papers, which of late years have become so numerous that one wonders how they all find readers—is it that fashion papers keep up the fashions or vice versa?—is enough to deter all but the most courageous of men from venturing on matrimony. The pages and pages of advertisements alone, of racing gowns, "Bridg-

which, being loose and strong, are the best to work in—the cleansing fluid sometimes seems to take out the natural oil, leaving them dry and harsh to the touch. When that occurs rub a little pure vaseline into them—just a little, so as not to make them greasy.

CARDINAL LOGUE'S REBUKE.

The Irish Catholic tells the following incident of Cardinal Logue: The virtue, beauty and charm of Irish women are as pronounced today as ever. This being admitted, it is a pity a well-known Catholic hostess, who, for obvious reasons, must be nameless, should, at a dinner party at her house, have given Cardinal Logue such serious offense in the matter of dressing. The lady in question and some of her smart women friends were heroically decollete one of the coldest nights of the year. His Eminence, as most people know, makes no attempt of concealing his feelings, looked unutterably things during dinner, scarcely raised his eyes, and spoke with a chilliness that sent a veritable icy breeze through his hearers. When the lady rose, at the end of dinner, to give the signal for retiring to the drawing-room, the Cardinal drew from his pocket a large, white handkerchief, saying: "My dear Lady K—, allow me to save you from catching your death of cold," and with this remark he draped his hostess' ample shoulders in the silken folds. "If you could only see yourself now," the Cardinal added, "you would realize how very much better you look." Lady K— turned crimson to the roots of her hair, but she did not attempt to remove the Cardinal's draping as she led the guests to the drawing-room. His Eminence's action has, of course, been criticized, and some of the women say it was cruel in the extreme. The general idea, however, is that it is a great lack of good taste for ladies to appear in exaggerated evening dress when the Church is represented, more especially as some little time back they were informed that it was especially desired that they should not do so.

HOW TO RENOVATE BLACK LACE.

Spread the lace out on a sheet of paper, and brush carefully with a soft brush, then shake it to free it from as much dust as possible. If it is spotted or stained in any way, rub it gently with a cold sponge dipped in cold tea, and then allow the lace to soak for at least half an hour in tea prepared in the following manner: Put into a small lined sauceman one teaspoonful of gum arabic, one dessertspoonful of dry tea and a pint of boiling water.

Simmer these slowly over the fire, stirring occasionally until the gum is dissolved, and then strain into a basin.

The gum arabic in the tea will give a slight stiffness to the lace.

If the lace is made of silk, one teaspoonful of alcohol may be added to the other ingredients, which will help to give the silk a gloss. This is also a good way to stiffen black muslin.

After the lace has been soaked in the above solution for the necessary time, squeeze it gently between the hands and then in the folds of a cloth, and put it through the wringer.

Pull out all the points with the fingers, roll the lace in a dry cloth and let it remain at least an hour before ironing. When about to iron, spread a sheet of kitchen paper smooth side uppermost, on a piece of double felt or thick ironing blanket; spread the lace smoothly on top of this, and place another piece of paper with the glossy side downward, on the top.

If the rough side of the paper is placed next to the lace it will peel off in small pieces. Iron the lace carefully on the top of the paper with a cool iron, and, when partly finished, remove the paper, pull out the points of lace and then iron again with the paper over.

Never touch the lace with the bare iron, as any glazing would quite spoil its appearance. When quite dry hang up the lace to air. The washing and dressing of lace is cer-

tainly a work which requires time and care; it cannot be hurried over, but it is interesting, and nothing better repays for the time and labor bestowed upon it.

TIMELY HINTS.

Walls and ceilings that are spoiled by a smoky lamp or stove can be cleaned by making bags or pads of cheese cloth folded double and filled with a mixture of equal parts of corn meal and corn starch. Rub the walls straight down and up; the pads will be black with soot and the walls fresh and clean; never use a moist cleaner for soot or smoke, as it will make a bad matter worse.

In laundering embroidered linens the designs will stand out beautifully if they are ironed on several thicknesses of Turkish toweling. A clean firebrick is more satisfactory as an iron stand than the ordinary piece of filigree cast iron, which not only admits the air to the bottom of the iron, but conducts the heat from it. Being a non-conductor of heat, the brick retains the heat in the smoothing iron.

Two potatoes grated in a basin of warm water will give better results than soap in washing delicate flannel or woollen goods, ribbons, etc.

To slip the rod of a freshly laundered curtain into place try moistening the hem. The rod will go in easily without damaging the fabric.

RECIPES.

Macaroni Croquettes.—Have ready a large kettle of boiling water. Select half a package of macaroni and without breaking plunge it gradually into the water, turning it round the side of the kettle as it softens. Take from the water when it is tender, dry on a towel and with a sharp knife cut it in pieces an eighth of an inch wide. Drop into cold water until ready for use. Into a sauceman put one tablespoonful of flour, one scant teaspoonful of salt, one quarter of a teaspoonful of white pepper, a dash of cayenne and a very little grated nutmeg. When well-mixed, add one cupful of milk and stir until thick and smooth. Cook five minutes, add the beaten yolks of two eggs, three tablespoonsful of grated cheese and the macaroni, drained and dried. Take from the fire and spread on a greased platter. When cold and firm shape into croquettes, dip in egg, roll in bread crumbs and fry in smoking fat. Serve hot with tomato sauce.

Danish Fritters.—Five eggs, one cupful of flour, one-quarter of a teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of powdered cinnamon, the grated rind of one lemon, one-quarter of a cupful of chopped citron. Mix the dry ingredients, beat the eggs and add them with sufficient cold milk to make a very thick drop batter. Grease the bottom and sides of a frying-pan with a little butter, pour in the batter and place at the back of the stove where it can cook without being too deeply colored. Turn out and cut in two-inch pieces across at the ends to facilitate raising. Drop them into deep fat which is smoking hot; when they swell and rise to the surface they are done. Drain on unglazed paper and dust with powdered sugar.

Frozen Nougat Pudding.—Blanch one-half of a pound of shelled almonds, spread out on a pan and set in a very moderate oven until a pale yellow; put in a frying-pan one cupful of sugar and place on the back of the stove until the sugar begins to melt; stir with a metal spoon and when melted throw in the almonds and shake and stir until the syrup is a good coffee color; take at once from the fire and pour out on a greased pan. When cold, pound to a powder and add it to a boiled custard made from the yolks of eight eggs, one cupful of sugar and one quart of cream. When cold freeze until very firm, stir in a meringue and four tablespoonfuls of sherry; re-pack and set away for three hours.

FUNNY SAYINGS.

A member of the faculty of the University of Wisconsin tells of some amusing replies made by a pupil undergoing an examination in English. The candidate had been instructed to write out examples of the indicative, the subjunctive, the potential and the exclamatory moods. His efforts resulted as follows: "I am endeavoring to pass an English examination. If I answer twenty questions I shall pass. If I answer twelve questions I may pass. God help me!"

Canon Ainger used to tell this story of the stage manager at the Lyceum drilling the witches in the great Brocken scene (infernal regions) in "Faust." The witches came on hopping and skipping, as merry as you like, when the manager

sternly checked them: "That won't do at all! You mustn't look 'appy! You mustn't look 'appy! You're not on 'Ampstead 'Eath—you're in 'Ell!"

"Poets are born, sir," said an indignant versifier to an eminently practical editor.

"Of course they are," responded the editor suavely; "you didn't imagine that I thought they were products of an earthquake?"

"They are born; born, sir—do you understand?"

"I think I do." The editor rubbed his chin reflectively. "But why are they born?" he added at length. And the poet went his way sadly.

Sunday School Superintendent—Fighting again, William Baker! How many times have I told you when struck on the cheek to turn the other cheek to the striker?

William—Please, sir, 'e 'it me on the nose, and I've only got one.—Smiles.

Author.—You have no idea how many stamps I use posting my manuscripts to various editors.

Critic.—Very likely. I think there ought to be excursion tickets for manuscripts at reduced rates.—Tit Bits.

Nellie, aged 5, had her photograph taken recently, and when the proof was sent home her mother said she looked too solemn, and asked why she didn't smile. "I did smile, mamma," said Nellie, "but I guess the man forgot to put it down."

Remarkable island where wild animals are tame

That wild animals become extremely tame is well known.

Several years ago some residents on one of the channel islands of Southern California introduced a number of black-tailed deer, which were protected to such an extent that in time they discovered that they were privileged characters and assumed nearly the absolute contempt for human beings held by the sacred bulls of India that crowd men and women from the road. They persisted in entering gardens day and night, destroying the plants, and finally to locate them the dwellers on the island had bells fastened to them. One buck made his home near the town of Cabrillo and walked about the place and over the hills with the freedom of a dog. When a boat landed off the pier the buck ran down to greet the newcomers and share their lunch and became a welcome guest at barbecues and lobster and clam bakes.

Nearly all animal life is protected at this island. I have counted half a hundred bald eagles in an 11-mile run, have seen them take a large fish from the water within easy gunshot, and they build their nests on pinnacles that are not difficult of approach. The sea birds are equally tame. Gulls gather in flocks a few feet from those who feed them, in the winter flocks of cormorants swim into the bays and are so tame that they merely divide when a boat passes and fishermen often find that the cormorants take off bait and I have seen a long-winged bird resembling the petrel follow my line under the water at a cast, using its wings to fly along and take the bait, and at times scores of seabirds are seen inshore feeding upon small shrimps, paying no attention to observers photographing them.

The most remarkable illustration of tameness to be seen here is that of the sea lions. For ages the animals have held possession of a mass of rock on the shore of the islands. A few years ago many were killed by vandals, but laws were passed and for a number of years the sea lions have been protected and the rookery has increased in size until a split has recently occurred and another settlement has been established half-way up the island.

It has been the custom for years for fishermen in cleaning their fish to toss the refuse into the bay and the sea lions formed the habit of coming down to the bay at this time to dine thereupon. At first only one or two came; now a band of two large bulls and several females make their headquarters at the bay or spend most of their time there, constituting a valuable sanitary corps, as they eat every fragment of fish, the gulls joining in the feast. When not feeding the sea lions pass the time lying within a few feet of the beach, sleeping or playing, the females and young leaping from the

THE POET'S CORNER

LEAVE-TAKING.

You who do not know, stand by the door and watch from there, Impatient at the long delay and foolish care With which I take each little thing from its accustomed place— The tiny clock, the old Satsuma vase, The imaged Virgin and the Child, And winsome Psyche who has smiled At her brook-mirrored beauty—trifles, all— And yet, and yet the hours that they recall! To you who stand beside the door and watch from there, Impatient at the long delay and foolish care, I know the tender touch, the lingering hand Are reasonless to you who do not understand. And count the little room, at best, but a poor place With meagre share of sunlight, lacking grace Of rare, rich hangings that so subtly please And charm the fancy and invite to ease— You cannot know that here, that here was built a shrine Where my soul worshipped, learning the divine Sweet mystery of love, that 'tis the place Where love lies buried. But I hide the trace Of tear lest you should know. The secret's mine, The secret of the grave and of the shrine!

—Margaret Hannis, in Watson's Magazine.

THE SANDSHORE IN SEPTEMBER

Dim dusk on the sea where a star The night steals across the sand, Purplery-brooding the shadows hover And by the headland a white-sailed rover Skims on to the darkening land. Far in the west still the hue is glowing Of a sunset's crimson death, The troubled tide o'er the bar is flowing And vibrant winds are coming and going With the salt foam in their breath. Shines over, Slow from the eastward a fog is creeping, Spectral and chill and white, Soon it will wrap the wide sea sleeping And the sandshore, given o'er to its keeping, Will dream and gleam through the night. Why need we linger when o'er the meadows The glow of our homelight shines? Dear, let us leave the sandshore to its shadows And hand in hand go across the meadows To that love-star in the pines. —L. M. Montgomery, in September Donahoe's.

water and going through various tricks of interest to the looker-on. But a few feet away from the sea lions are the boat stands of the fishermen and boatmen, and boats are moving out and over the sea lions constantly, yet they are apparently oblivious to the men, who never molest them. The enormous animals have become so tame that they almost allow the men to touch them and readily come out upon the shore to feed from their hands. It so happened that I was upon the sands when no sea lions were in sight, and upon asking a boatman where they were he began to whistle as though calling for a dog, and to call "Here Ben!" repeating the call several times, whereupon out from among the anchored boats appeared not only Ben but two large bull sea lions, which must have weighed half a ton, followed by two or three smaller females.—Scientific American.

They Are Carefully Prepared.—Pills which dissipate themselves in the stomach cannot be expected to have much effect upon the intestines, and to overcome costiveness the medicine administered must influence the action of these canals. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are so made, under the supervision of experts, that the substance in them intended to operate on the intestines is retarded in action until they pass through the stomach to the bowels.

WHEN I GO HOME.

It comes to me often in silence, When the firelight sputters low— When the black uncertain shadows Seem wreaths of the long ago; Always with throb of heartache That thrills each pulsive vein, Comes the old, unquiet longing For peace of home again. I'm sick of the roar of cities, And of faces old and strange; I know where there's warmth of welcome, And my yearning fancies range Back to the dear old homestead, With an aching sense of pain; But there'll be joy in the coming When I go home again.

When I go home again! There's music That may never die away And it seems the band of angels, On a mystic harp to play, Have touched with a yearning sadness On a beautiful, broken strain, To which is my fond heart wording— When I go home again. Outside of my darkening window Is the great world's crash and din, And slowly the autumn's shadows Come drifting, drifting in, Sobbing, the night winds murmur To the plash of the autumn rain; But I dream of the glorious greeting When I go home again. —Eugene Field.

HER TRANSPLANTED ROSE.

He came to her in the early dawn; And lived in her arms one day, But the little baby soul was tired, It had come such a long, long way. But a whisper grew at the lips of the world, The sun rode, hushed and high, She looked and caught the eye of God As the sorrowing winds went by. And her heart lay close to the heart of All, While the morning held its breath. Ah, me! The messenger stole so near, And the name on his wings was Death! And the child with the summons came at dusk, Looked up with eyes of blue Straight into the vision, as though to say: "How long I have watched for you!" Then fell back cold on his mother's breast, And she knew, though her eyes were dim, While this meant torturing grief to her, It was endless peace to him. And the flowers they sent to the mother's room Withered beside her bed: But her little immortal flower was safe, She smiled when they called it dead.

Dear Aunt Becky: You cannot imagine what I am having after we come to school these nights picking plums and pears up off the trees which fall from the trees. They went gathering butte the woods to-day and got. They are nice to have in much nicer than this time but I cannot wait that them, as I like them so are having very nice water but the mornings and ever very cool. We had a very tric storm last Sunday night my sister left for Rochester went by boat, and the weather very rough after the storm lonesome to see her go, for not see her again until next. We are getting along with our new teacher; very much, she is so kind. Well, Auntie, the summer gone again and all my friends about dead. I think I will do some fancy work to evenings. Well, as I have more to write I will close at work. If women only knew the cause. Backache comes from sick kidneys, and what a lot of trouble sick kidneys cause in the world. But they can't help it. If more work is put on them than they can stand it's not to be wondered that they get out of order. Backache is simply their cry for help. Your niece, AGNES Lonsdale, Sept. 8.

IF WOMEN ONLY KNEW

Thousands of women suffer untold misery every day with aching heads that really have no business to ache. A woman's back wasn't made to ache. Under ordinary conditions it ought to be strong and ready to help her bear the burdens of life. It is hard to do housework with an aching back. Hours of misery at leisure or at work. If women only knew the cause, Backache comes from sick kidneys, and what a lot of trouble sick kidneys cause in the world. But they can't help it. If more work is put on them than they can stand it's not to be wondered that they get out of order. Backache is simply their cry for help. Your niece, AGNES Lonsdale, Sept. 8.

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

will help you. They're helping sick, over-worked kidneys—all over the world—making them strong, healthy and vigorous. Mrs. F. Ryan, Douglas, Ont., writes: "For over five months I was troubled with lame back and was unable to move without help. I tried all kinds of plasters and liniments but they were no use. At last I heard tell of Doan's Kidney Pills and after I had used three-quarters of the box my back was as strong and well as ever." Price 50 cents per box or three boxes for \$1.50, all dealers or The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.

LISTEN TO THE CHILDREN.

We must not only be ready to talk to and advise the children, but also to listen while they talk. Give the same attention as to your most welcome guest.

Often some little incident of the day related starts a conversation quite broad and impersonal, and I am amazed at the grasp and reasoning of the mind of my son, not yet six, on the whys and wherefores and rights and wrongs of things. Have I not reason to hope that the talks we have now, truly "heart to heart," will help him to consider and decide for the right in after years?

The acts and conversation of grown persons seem oftentimes coarse and defective when judged through the eyes and ears of a child. I have to be constantly making excuses to my boy for what he sees and hears. I am trying to develop in him the power to consider the character of the people, and right and wrong. Both girls and boys need this equipment.—Good Housekeeping.

WATER AS A NERVE FOOD.

"If nervous women would only drink more water they would not be so nervous," remarked a crained nurse the other day.

"Nearly every physician will recommend a woman who is suffering from nervous prostration or nervous exhaustion to drink lots of water between meals, but many women who do not come under the doctor's care would feel better and look better if they would drink, say, a quart of water in the course of a day. Water is a nerve food. It has a distinctly soothing effect when sipped gradually, as one can test for herself."

WORKING GLOVES.

Keep the inside of the old gloves you wear around the house for the rough work clean. If they are allowed to become begrimed with the dust and dirt of the work, they are almost as hard on your hands as the work would be. Gasoline will clean almost any sort of glove, although with the heavy ones—the castoffs of the men of the family,

The great success and reputation that it has already obtained proves that Luby's Parisian Hair Renewer restores gray hair to its natural color, and, from its balsamic properties, strengthens the growth, removes all dandruff, and leaves the scalp clean and healthy. Can be had of all chemists. 50 cents a bottle.

OUR B

BY A

Dear Girls and Boys:

The tinkle of the school bell has been heard in every nook and corner of our land, and every small girl and boy have fled to the appointed task. There is something irksome in daily grind, but when one looks the way ahead and of the and women who have over books, just as you are ing, and to whom the ta more pleasant than it is present day little ones, we also realize the mark made and the positions we must remember that in every case the result abundance of brains, but t of putting to good use y ligence had been their sha age, little ones. There amount of room at the ladder. No necessity shoved to the wall at the the crowd who have not enough to put one foot t other. The rounds of the not any further apart to years ago, so go ahead a It was really too bad t letter was delayed, but b than never. I certainly j Lillie T. in hoping that a sins will be regular contr appreciate Lillie's very k tion to call on her; but t that I have a very limit of time on my hands, but very pleased to have n nees and nephews come how the True Witness is I am sure it would be ver ing for them. Agnes is in of fruit picking. It really lots of fun, and makes n could be with you. Of c cousins are interested in letters. And why not? they join with me in hop very soon Joseph will b enough to run around How jolly that Amie O' was a success and what a was realized for the chur Love to all the cousins, AUNT

Dear Aunt Becky:

You cannot imagine what I am having after we come to school these nights picking plums and pears up off the trees which fall from the trees. They went gathering butte the woods to-day and got. They are nice to have in much nicer than this time but I cannot wait that them, as I like them so are having very nice water but the mornings and ever very cool. We had a very tric storm last Sunday night my sister left for Rochester went by boat, and the weather very rough after the storm lonesome to see her go, for not see her again until next. We are getting along with our new teacher; very much, she is so kind. Well, Auntie, the summer gone again and all my friends about dead. I think I will do some fancy work to evenings. Well, as I have more to write I will close at work. If women only knew the cause. Backache comes from sick kidneys, and what a lot of trouble sick kidneys cause in the world. But they can't help it. If more work is put on them than they can stand it's not to be wondered that they get out of order. Backache is simply their cry for help. Your niece, AGNES Lonsdale, Sept. 8.

Dear Aunt Becky:

You cannot imagine how I felt when I saw my letter so I resolved that I would again. School opened on the fourth, much to the teachers and pupils, I think that all the cousins will regular in writing to the a few days our retreat starting. In a little while techism classes on Sunday opened and I am very glad the sister goes to catech Sunday when it opens. I v dear Auntie, if you would to see me. I live in the