

HOME INTERESTS.

Conducted by HELENE.

The home woman is the indispensable woman. It has been wisely remarked that we could do without the women who have made careers for themselves in all other directions but without the home woman we should have to shut up shop at once. The home-maker is the absolutely necessary element, the woman the world cannot do without. It is a pity, therefore, that the home woman allows herself, so often, to fail of her full development and reward. She is apt to be so unselfish and so conscientious that she lets the four walls of home narrow about her. The "household" woman, as she has been called, does not get enough exercise every day, nor does she breathe enough of the outside air of thoughts and action to refresh her spirit. The simplest remedy is that of at least one outside interest. The woman who takes up one hobby, one charity, one line of work beyond the household cares, and follows it steadily, will find that it brings freshness and power with it. It becomes both outlook and inflow to her. The study and collection of old china, reading up a subject, making a garden, any one of these, if pursued thoroughly, will bring her in touch with others, and open vistas of interest unendingly. And the woman with a hobby grows old so slowly that she often never grows old at all, but keeps to the last that freshness of interest which is the mark of youth.

HATS OFF TO THE WOMEN.

Statistics have struck a deadly blow at the sacredly held notion of woman's fitness for certain kinds of employment because of her sex. Of the 130 different kinds of occupations in the United States given in the last census, women were represented in all of them, except the army and navy, street car conductors and telegraph linemen. There are several hundred female blacksmiths and plumbers, there are a number of women undertakers, while the sex is represented by thousands in law, medicine, dentistry, and architecture, and of women commercial travellers there are many. There is a woman bank president, a woman civil engineer, a woman flock keeper, and one of the champion mountain climbers is a woman. Of the ten new stars found and catalogued in the past two hundred years, eight were discovered by a Boston woman astronomer. Women have proven themselves successful farmers and success has attended them in commercial pursuits. Though they have proven themselves so capable, women have few rights under the law. In thirty-two states of the union the mother has no rights over her children; the sole authority is vested in the husband, who can give them away or dispose of them as he pleases and she is powerless to prevent it. In sixteen states the wife has no right to her earnings; in eight states as soon as a woman marries, her property goes under the absolute control of her husband, but the right of suffrage is granted to her in four states—Wyoming, Colorado, Utah and Idaho.

THE MOST EXTRAVAGANT OF MILLIONAIRESSES.

In the matter of spending money on fine raiment, perhaps Miss Guila Morosini, daughter of G. P. Morosini, banker, and former partner of Jay Gould, is admittedly the most extravagant of millionairesses. Says Anna Steese Richardson, in Woman's Home Companion for March. "She confesses that she spends two hundred thousand dollars a year on

clothes alone, and her interest in life is divided between her horses and the gowns that match her turnouts. Miss Morosini's gowns are generally the sensation of the annual Horse Show at Madison Square Garden, and a daily study for sight-seers along New York's million-dollar speedway. Every gown and hat she dons is built to harmonize with either vehicle or harness. To harmonize with one pigskin set of harness she wears a princess frock of tan-colored chiffon. For another pigskin harness, with blue satin rosettes and gold mountings, on chestnut horses, she wears a pale blue rough silk trimmed with Irish lace. Recently she decided that she wished to wear royal blue, so she sent to London for matching harness to be used when she drives with her famous three-abreast team. The royal-blue harness is of finest kidskin dyed to match the broadcloth of her gown. Her basket-weave vehicle has wheels of oxblood red, and when seated in this vehicle, Miss Morosini wears an onion-red chiffon satin. For each of these gowns she has matching hats and shoes, many of the latter dyed to order, but with every harness she uses lines of white English web, and she wears only white suede gloves in elbow length."

ARRANGEMENT FOR THE HAIR.

Here are a few hints regarding the tasteful arrangement of one's hair: The girl with the high forehead should wear her hair down low over her brow.

If she has a low, smooth, white brow she should brush her hair well off the forehead.

The girl with an intellectual brow or a fair share of youthful beauty can afford to draw her hair back in loose waves, sans pompadour or parts, and coil it on the neck.

For elderly matrons the pompadour is dignified and stately, and it seems to increase the height of stout women. The round shape head looks well with a soft puff of hair at the nape of the neck.

Every woman should study her own style. If she looks best with her hair low, then low she should wear it, though every woman in the land is piling her hair at the top of her head.

A wise woman never curls or frizzes or overdresses her hair, if it is beautiful of itself.

A HINT FOR PARENTS.

In a recent address before the Catholic Club, New York, Archbishop Farley spoke as follows concerning the sending of young men to non-Catholic colleges: "I feel that I am speaking to men who, if they thought that their sons fell below their own standard, their great hearts would be bowed down with bitter disappointment. How are you going to bring up your sons? This question raises the subject of Catholic education. There is a strong tendency on the part of some of our Catholic men who have attained a standing of wealth and position to send their sons to non-Catholic colleges. This is something, I am sure, that many of you are well aware of, and this is what I wish to call your attention to, particularly. I consider the sending of your sons to non-Catholic colleges as much an act of treason as it would be for me to neglect to make provisions for the future welfare of the Church in this archdiocese. I hold that a man who has been brought up in a Catholic atmosphere and who feels that he is not bound to give his sons the same religious education that he had is a

SCORED ANOTHER WONDERFUL VICTORY

One More Added to the Long List of Cures Effected by Psychine.

This young lady, who lives in Brownsville, near Woodstock, Ont., tells her own story in a few effective words of how she obtained deliverance from the terrible grip of weakness and disease.

I have to thank Psychine for my present health. Two years ago I was going into a decline. I could hardly drag myself across the floor. I could not sweep the carpet. If I went for a drive I had to be down when I came back. If I went for a mile on two on my wheel I was too weak to lift it through the gate. I came in from having a spin I dropped utterly helpless from fatigue. My father would give me no peace until I procured Psychine, knowing it was excellent for decline or weakness. I had to try the results are wonderful, and people remarked my improvement. Instead of a little, pale, hollow cheeked, listless, melancholy girl, I am to-day full of life, ready for a slight ride, a skating match, or an evening party with anyone, and, as a tonic, gives a ravenous appetite, aids digestion and assimilation of food, and is a positive and absolute cure for disease of throat, chest, lungs, stomach and other organs. It quickly builds up the entire system, making sick people well and weak people strong.

Thousands of women are using PSYCHINE, because they know from experience that in it they have a safe friend and deliverer. Psychine is a wonderful tonic, purifying the blood, driving out disease germs, giving a ravenous appetite, aids digestion and assimilation of food, and is a positive and absolute cure for disease of throat, chest, lungs, stomach and other organs. It quickly builds up the entire system, making sick people well and weak people strong.

PSYCHINE (PRONOUNCED SI-KEEN)

For sale at all druggists at 50c. and \$1.00 per bottle, or at Dr. T. A. Sloum, Limited, Laboratory, 179 King St. West, Toronto.

Dr. Root's Kidney Pills are a sure and permanent cure for Rheumatism, Bright's Disease, Pain in the Back and all forms of Kidney Trouble. 25c per box, at all dealers.

remegade.

"Why do not our wealthy Catholics send their sons to Catholic colleges? Perhaps it is a desire for social advantages. I make bold to say, and I say it advisedly, that young Catholic men who go into non-Catholic colleges with the desire to be elevated socially come out very much humiliated and in the same social status as when they went in. Another reason is that perhaps they get better equipment, or that the discipline of the Catholic college is too severe for them. It should be borne in mind that this period of a young man's life, the period of formation, is the most important of his life. It is a period of formation and information. There is a difference between information and formation. Information can be had at any college, but formation can be had only in its best form in our Catholic colleges. Any person who gives his son the right to choose his own college because he expects social advantage or superior equipment will live to see, but will not be able to remedy the wrong he has done. I will give one example of what I have said. I knew of an excellent young fellow, seventeen or eighteen years of age, the son of good Catholic parents, who was sent to a non-Catholic college. When he came home after his first year he father, a man of education, discovered that his son had lost faith in the Bible, and had no more regard for it than he had for his Homer or Virgil. This was the result of one year's stay in a non-Catholic college. He finished the remaining few years, and he lived to break his father's heart and to bring disgrace upon his family. If you wish to go down to your graves in peace, don't think of sending your son to an institution where he will live in an atmosphere of tolerance, but send him where he can hold up his head and feel that he is amongst his equals, and follow the faith for which his forefathers suffered."

TIMELY HINTS.

Mustard for table use should be mixed with sugar in the proportion of one teaspoonful of the former to one and a half of the latter, and a pinch of salt, over which boiling water is poured until of proper thickness, then stirred smooth.

If the kettle in which cereals are cooked is buttered before the water or milk is poured in, the contents will not stick to the dish.

To prevent cream rising on scalded milk, pour into a pitcher as soon as scalded, then stand the pitcher in a bowl of cold water.

A lump of camphor placed in the clothes press will keep steel ornaments bright.

Scale or crust can be prevented in

a tea-kettle by keeping an egg shell in the kettle. Rub white spots on oil cloth caused by heat from utensils with spirits of camphor. Spots on plush will disappear if rubbed lightly and rapidly with a clean, soft cloth dipped in chloroform.

A sponging with a solution of one part ox gall to two parts of water is said to brighten the colors in a faded carpet.

FUNNY SAYINGS.

A SAILOR-MADE SUIT. Capt. Collins was a person of both courage and resource. A pioneer on the great lakes at a time when hardships were the rule, the bluff captain was often successful in enterprises that baffled less forceful men.

On the summer day that Capt. Collins embarked with his 10-year-old son for a lake trip in a lumber vessel the weather was hot and sultry. The captain had more important matters than his son's wardrobe on his mind, and young Peter, with the shortsightedness of excited youth, left home without his jacket.

For two days the wind blew softly from the south. On the third day it switched suddenly to the north, bringing with it a cutting Arctic coldness. Mrs. Collins, fingering the forgotten jacket, had visions of her thinly-clad son turned blue with cold or perhaps already stricken with pneumonia.

Two weeks later the travellers returned, the father beaming, the boy even more radiant in a bulging flannel garment of curious but ample cut. "You see," explained Capt. Collins, "Peter didn't have clothes enough, so we put in at the nearest port to buy him a coat. But there was only one store, and not a ready-made garment in the place, so I bought three yards of red flannel and made him a suit."

"Where," asked Mrs. Collins, trying not to laugh, "did you get the pattern?" "Used the boy," said the captain, proudly. "Laid the flannel on the deck, spread the boy on his back on top, and cut all around him with my jackknife. Then I laid him on his stomach and cut out the front. How else could you make a pattern?"

Sick all the Time with Kidney Trouble

4 BOXES CURED HIM

Mr. Whellam was a mighty ill man this spring. He had been ailing for almost a year. Sharp pains in the back and through the hips. Dull headaches and dizzy spells. Appetite poor—nothing seemed to taste right.

Finally, an old friend told him about a friend who was in just that condition and who was cured by GIN PILLS.

Mr. Whellam tried them. And you would not know him for the same man now. That worried, strained look about the face is gone. His eyes are bright—his complexion rosy. He enjoys what he eats—has gained in weight—and sleeps like a top.

He had kidney trouble. GIN PILLS practically gave new kidneys—healed and strengthened these vital organs—soothed the bladder—and freed the system of uric acid that was poisoning him.

Broad Cove, C.B., July 6, 1906. I received a sample of your GIN PILLS last fall. They did me a great deal of good. In fact, they are the best kidney medicine I know of. A neighbor of mine has tried them and they did him more good than all the Doctors' Medicine he took in three months. I will not forget during my lifetime the benefit your GIN PILLS have been to me. JOHN WHELLAM.

Are your kidneys sick? Do you feel just as Mr. Whellam did? Then take GIN PILLS on our positive guarantee that they will cure you. To have you give them a fair trial, we send a free sample if you mention this paper. Write to-day to Bole Drug Co., Winnipeg. 84 GIN PILLS are sold by dealers everywhere at 50c a box—or 6 boxes for \$2.50.

A little Scottish boy was reading in his history an account of the Battle of Bannockburn. He read as follows: "And when the English saw the new army on the hill behind, their spirits became damped." The teacher asked the boy what was meant by "damping their spirits."

The boy, not comprehending the meaning, simply answered, "Pittin' water in their whusky."

An Irish cobbler had a little shoemaker's shop in which for many years he plied his trade, earning an honest living. One day he was amazed to see on the opposite side of the street a sign which read, "Mons. Lafarge, shoemaker, just from Paris." He was very indignant, and felt that Monsieur was poaching on his grounds. The next day he came out with a sign which read: "Pat Connolly, shoemaker; never saw Paris, but defies competition."

THE POET'S CORNER

THE SHAMROCK.

Patrick blessed it on Tara Hill. He blessed it thro' good, he blessed it thro' ill. He gave the little green leaf to me As a humble sign of the Trinity.

I folded it safe in my heart and there It grew in my love, so strong, so fair. I held it dearer than rose or sedge Tall-flowering, by the gray sea's edge.

It saw my kings go forth to war With spear and shield and battle car. In the splendid time of my glory when I was Queen and Mother of Peerless men.

It grieved with me when the trouble came On that dark, dark day of fear and shame. When the chiefs went sailing, Ochoon, Ochoon! From Donegal and from green Tyrone

Cromwell crushed it beneath his foot, Yet, North and South spread each branchy brood, Secret and silent—from East to West— And lo! it was blooming upon my breast.

Flesh of my flesh and bone of my bone Hath the Sassenach taken—the cornerstone Of my palace lies in the flaunting weeds. And my heart keeps ever a wound that bleeds.

My Faith and my Shamrock—all be- reft I guarded the twain that the foe had left. I wore the sprig at the scaffold's side— God's earth lie light on the brave who died.

In the folds of my heart is the Shamrock—there It grows in my love, wide-spreading, fair, And a thousand times dearer than rose or sedge, Tall-flowering by the gray sea's edge. —Ethna Carberry.

HOME LONGINGS.

Dear old Killarney, of thee I am dreaming— Beautiful land where I first saw the light; Ever to me are thy scenes brightly gleaming— Visions more rare never burst on my sight.

I see thy fair hill-slopes, the cattle there grazing. The winding brook rippling a tune as it flows; The lark o'er the woodland is heavenward rising Its anthem for all that sweet nature bestows.

Thy lakes, O Killarney, so placidly lying— Reflecting the sunlight's glittering sheen; Like radiant jewels the view beautifying—

QUESTIONS ANSWERED.

T. J. Doyle, Sudbury, asks where he can procure "The Blakes and Flamagans"; "New Lights; Or Life in Galway," also "My New Curate." All of the above may be had at

Aglow in their glorious settings of green.

Killarney, Killarney, for thee am I pining— Home of my childhood, for thee do I sigh;— When, in the eve, as my day is declining, At last, on thy soil may I lie down and die.

THE SPIRIT OF IRISH SONG.

Lov'd land of the bards and saints! To me There's naught so dear as thy minstrelsy; Bright is nature in every dross, Rich in unborrowed loveliness; Winning is every shape she wears; Winning she is in thine own sweet airs.

What to the spirit more cheering can be Than the lay whose lingering notes recall The thoughts of the holy, the fair, the free, Belov'd in life, or deplor'd in their fall?

Fling, fling the forms of art aside— Dull is the ear that these forms enthral; Let the simple songs of our sires be tried— They go to the heart, and the heart is all. —Thomas Furlong.

ST. PATRICK'S CROSS.

Through storm and fire and gloom I see it stand, Firm, broad and tall— The Celtic cross that marks our fatherland Amid them all! Druids and Dames and Saxons vainly rage Around its base; It standeth shock on shock and age on age, Star of our shattered race.

O Holy Cross! dear symbol of the dread Death of our Lord, Around thee long have slept our martyr-dead Sward over sward! A hundred bishops I myself can count Among the slain; Chiefs, captains, rank and file, a shining mount Of God's ripe grain.

The recreant's hate, the Puritan's clay-mote Smote thee not down; On headland steep, on monster summit hoar, In mart and town, In Glendalough, in Ars, in Tyrone, We found thee still. Thy open arms still stretching to thine own O'er town and lough and hill.

And they would tear thee out of Irish soil, The guilty fools; How Time must mock their antiquated toil And broken tools! Cramer and Cromwell from thy grasp retired, Baffled and thrown, William and Anne to sap thy site conspired— The rest is known. —Thomas D'Arcy McGee.

ROOM AT THE

Never you mind the Or fancy your life The work is the worth To him that doeth Fancy the world a Look where the millio You'll find the crow lad; There's always room

Courage and faithan There's space in the The better the chance The further along y Keep your eye on y Never despair or pat Be sure that your pat There's always room

Dear Aunt Becky: I was glad to see the corner and have d again. I am glad letter in this week, as will be more next w confirmed last May at first Communion also mles and a half to There is no Catholic serton, but we go to The name of the chur shene is St. John's. name is Father Noh priest. He has a new little chapel which wa fall, and is to build in the spring, and ho a shrine also about f of our farm, where priests were tortur Father John De Brebe Father Gabriel Lalleme dear aunt Becky, as getting rather long with love to you and sins.

From your loving Fesserton, Ont.

Dear Aunt Becky: I have written to yo I didn't put my nam I only put C. S., and Chester Sweeney. I t tell you how I spent mer's vacation, althou late. I am eleven ye go to the Grammar S in the seventh grade. teacher very well; he Martin, and she is a O summer I took ches store for a while, and to Aliston with my gr I fell in with a fello three and a half mile and he had a dollar to day I was coming hon him, and he bought a glove; then he took r bridge, and from thee Briton, passing Alis there home. After dri to Boston. I didn't k in Boston but the Com public gardens, becau there the day before w I just got back to Al I got home to Hudso got back home I took store again. I went a week in Maynard w I had a good time caught lots of fish. I agam to go to school The Grammar Schoo fixed and we had a w the other schools. We vacation in honor of birthday, and we just day. I will also tell spent it. Washington went out with my cou went over to Everet house for a while. E who has hip trouble a from me was a little b years. I was over to h of the week playing w is sitting up in a chair sit on the floor now.

Your loving ne Hudson, Mass., March

Suffered Terribl FROM PAIN AG HIS KIDNE DOAN KIDNEY CURED

Read the words of praise. M Marlow, Bridge, N.S., has for Pills. (He writes us): "For sh I have suffered terrible agony my kidneys. I was so bad I or bend. I consulted and was treat me, but could get no relief of a friend, I procured a box life-giving remedy (Doan's Kid better. In my opinion Doan's is no equal for any form of kid Doan's Kidney Pills are 60 three boxes for \$1.25. Can be dealers or will be mailed dir price by The Doan Kidney Ont.

Do not accept a spurious and get "Doan's"

Makes Child's Play of Wash Day. Read the Directions on the Wrapper. IF EVERYBODY knew how much cheaper good soap really is, there wouldn't be another pound of poor quality soap sold anywhere. "SURPRISE" soap not only does better work and does it easier and quicker than poor quality soap, but it lasts longer and it costs less in the end. Then "SURPRISE" never hurts the hands nor injures anything you use it on. It is a pure, hard soap, and those who try it never go back to ordinary soaps. Sometimes people think they ought to use good soap for fine work and cheap soap for common laundry, but after trying "SURPRISE" they realize that it pays to use the best all the time. Same price you pay for other kinds.

St. George's Baking Powder. "They all want St. George's Baking Powder." "I never in my life saw an article make friends like St. George's." "It seems as if every order I get calls for this Baking-Powder." "And no wonder!" is made of Cream of Tartar that is 99.90% pure—it keeps its full strength till the can is empty. It never disappoints—but always makes the baking light and white. "Look at the result—everyone delighted, and ordering this genuine Cream of Tartar Baking-Powder again and again." May we mail you a copy of our new Cook Book? All the newest recipes of famous chefs—with practical suggestions, weights, measures, etc. Sent FREE, if you write to THE NATIONAL BREAD & CHEMICAL CO. OF CANADA, Limited, Montreal.

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