

HOME INTERESTS.

Conducted by HELENE.

The secret of all good manners is unselfishness. Those who live a life of service for their fellowmen have no trouble about their manners. Women must themselves set the example of courtesy to each other if they wish men to treat them courteously. The specious arguments, "it is healthful," "doctor's orders," and kindred excuses employed by followers of fads to justify their bad habits and manners, are too transparent to have any weight with sensible people. True politeness springs from a kindly heart. The polish that is acquired from education is but a veneer, and cannot well stand the wear and tear of life. No amount of education in courtesy, either at home or in school, will enable the average person to bear patiently the unjust criticism or the disagreeable remark. Only the patience of a kindly spirit can do that.

FOR THE TOILET.

If the eyebrows are thin, a little tincture of cantharides, or two or three drops of the oil of cajuput may be gently rubbed into the roots of the hair every other night before retiring—the rubbing being always toward the outer extremities of the hairs; never the reverse. Or the eyebrows may be brushed with cocoa butter or oil, or inodorous castor oil, either of which will promote the growth and give a glossy appearance. Vaseline is excellent for this purpose, as is also almond oil. When the brows have been lost, by fire, or by other causes, it is recommended to use a lotion composed of one ounce of alcohol and five grains of sulphate of quinine. None of these remedies should be applied to the eyelashes, as the eyes might be harmed thereby.

One can not be too careful what substances one brings near the eyes. Though the various dyes, eyelash stains, and eyebrow pencils should contain no harmful ingredient still even the simplest of these should be used with care, and no foreign substance be allowed to come near the delicate organs of sight, which are irritated all too frequently by dust and cinders, not to speak of the ill-treatment they get in the way of bad light, over-work and fatigue.

There are several reliable methods of darkening eyelashes that are too light, but it is not best to trust such work, even the simplest, to inexperienced and untrusty hands. Much harm might result.

To keep the hair in curl, take gum arabic, one ounce; good moist sugar, half ounce; pure hot water, three-fourths pint. Dissolve. Perfume with cologne or lavender water. Dampen the hair with this and roll on kid curlers and let dry.

There is nothing better to remove freckles than buttermilk; use it night and morning, letting it dry on the skin after bathing in it for ten minutes. Grated horse-radish steeped in the buttermilk will aid in removing freckles and tan.—Ex.

THE FANCY BOLERO.

Boleros of all shapes and in all sizes are evolved from laces, embroideries and sheer lingerie stuffs. One of those coquettish little affairs will lend the cachet to even the simplest of cotton frocks. The best models are expensive. The coarse and cheap imitations fall utterly as substitutes, for in this sort of thing it is the fineness, the daintiness, that is the keynote of success. If one cannot buy a good article it is better to pass the counter by and content oneself with some simpler effect which one may herself achieve by hand, or trust to a seamstress.

The short loose bolero with full open sleeve is the usual model and the variations are wrought by trimming the details and materials; but there are also radical differences in length and shaping, especially among the all-lace coats. There is, for example, a chick little coat of guipure,

with its long curving pointed fronts and its short-waisted empire back, ending in a short basque tail. No trimming is used upon the model, save a small collar of satin, large buttons of carved ivory, matching the tone of the lace, and a frill of soft yellowed lace finishing the little sleeve, which is hardly more than a sleeve cap; but the lace was handsome and the coat was a most elegant little garment, bound to give an air to any sheer frock with which it might be worn.

A WOMAN'S INVENTION.

"A woman," said a papermaker, "invented blue paper. It was by accident that she did it, though. Before her time all paper was white. "She was the wife of William Eastes, one of the leading paper makers of England in the eighteenth century. In passing through the paper plant one day she dropped a big blue bag into a vat of pulp. Eastes was a stern chap, and so, since no one had seen the accident, Mrs. Eastes decided to say nothing about it.

"The paper in the vat, which should have been white, came out blue. The workmen were mystified, Eastes enraged, while Mrs. Eastes kept quiet. The upshot was that the paper was sent to London marked 'damaged' to be sold for whatever it would bring.

"The selling agent in London was shrewd. He saw that this blue-tinted paper was attractive. He declared it to be a wonderful new invention, and he sold it off like hot cakes at double the white paper's price.

"Eastes soon received an order for more of the blue paper—an order that he and his men wasted several days in trying vainly to fill. "Then Mrs. Eastes came forward and told the story of the blue cloth bag. There was no difficulty after that in making blue paper. This paper's price remained very high, Eastes having a monopoly in making it."

THE GIRL WHO DOES.

It is the girl who does things in this world who is attractive, both to men and to her own sex, which last counts a little too, in the long run. You may not be able to do great things, to paint great pictures or to sing in grand opera, but you can learn to make bright little things for yourself and your friends and perhaps to play the light "catchy" airs of the day so that your friends will enjoy them, and if you can't do anything else cultivate the art of talking brightly and of being sympathetic. Every girl can do one thing well if she will only take the trouble to find out what that thing is. The difficulty is that she often looks in the opposite direction. She wants to do something great and showy or nothing at all. But there are other talents within reach if she will only look, and these talents may be such a comfort to her in her dark hours that they will make life happier both for herself and those about her.

How the world likes a cheerful, plucky girl who makes a brave fight and hides her skeleton in a closet instead of folding her hands and whining because things don't come her way—the girl who puts her own griefs as much as possible aside—who takes a wholesome interest in life!

CONVENIENCE FOR THE DRESSING TABLE.

While visiting recently at the house of a friend, I saw a little homemade convenience, designed to be placed beneath the mirror above the dressing table. It was made of four small cigar boxes screwed together. Each was placed on end, two below and two above. The covers were arranged to open like doors, swinging outward, of course. The top was finished with scroll work made of the cigar box wood. Very pretty it was, too, and the work of a woman. The doors were furnished with tiny knobs. The



CURES
Dysentery, Diarrhoea, Cramps, Colic, Pains in the Stomach, Cholera, Cholera Morbus, Cholera Infantum, Sea Sickness, Summer Complaint, and all Fluxes of the Bowels.
Has been in use for nearly 60 years and has never failed to give relief.

whole was to be stained and varnished, to match the table, making a little cabinet pretty enough to grace any lady's dressing table. It was designed to hold toilet bottles or any accessory of the toilet.—Christian Work.

TIMELY HINTS.

Charcoal tied in a bag and dropped into the cistern will purify the water.

When lemons have become hard and dry immerse them in cold water. They will soon become quite soft and ready to use.

The most practical use for old corks is to make a low fire burn up. Empty spools are also good kindling, and neither should be allowed to accumulate in any quantity.

Use cold boiled sweet potato for baiting rat or mouse traps, and you will find it much more effective than cheese or bacon rind or any of the time-honored baits.

In buying draperies consider the size of your room. Heavy, imposing ones makes a small room look stuffy, while airy, diaphanous hangings are out of place in a very large room.

Soda should never be dissolved in hot water, because if it is some of the gases would then be liberated and wasted, and a greater amount of soda would be needed to make good this waste than if the soda were dissolved in cold water.

If horseradish is to be grated the simplest way is to put it through the meat chopper.

Turpentine will remove tar from any kind of fabric.

When the heat of the oven is slow it may be increased by putting hot stove lids under the pudding or dish which is baking.

If you will always set the dishpan with the handles at the front and back instead of at the sides as you face it you will have fewer nicked tea sets.

If when covering a kitchen table with oilcloth a layer of brown wrapping paper is put on first it will prevent the oilcloth from cracking and make it wear three times as long.

RECIPES.

Curried Eggs—In a saucepan put one tablespoonful of flour, one-quarter of a teaspoonful of salt and one teaspoonful of curry powder. Mix over the fire and add gradually one cupful of milk. Stir until thick and smooth, add ten drops of onion juice and six hard boiled eggs cut into quarters, let simmer gently for five minutes and serve.

Lobster Salad.—Cut the boiled lobster into good-sized pieces and marinate with a French dressing, then set aside until ready to serve. For each pint of salad add one dozen olives cut into strips and one-half of a cupful of thick mayonnaise. Line the bowl with lettuce leaves and on them heap the prepared lobster. Cover with thick mayonnaise.

Browned Potato Cubes.—Peel large potatoes and cut into inch cubes. Throw into cold water for half an hour, then dry and drop, a handful at a time, into smoking hot fat. When golden brown skim out, drain on unglazed paper and sprinkle with salt.

Baked Shad with German Sauce.—Clean a small shad, wash and dry it, and place in a well-buttered baking dish which has deep sides. Season with a pinch of salt, a small pinch of pepper and add two finely chopped shallots and one-half wineglassful of white wine. Cover with a buttered paper and cook in a moderate oven for twenty-five minutes. When done lift the fish to a hot plate, pour the liquor into a sauce-

pan, add one-half pint of German sauce, and a small quantity of spinach. Cook the sauce a few minutes, then strain a little over the fish and serve the remainder in a sauceboat.

FUNNY SAYINGS

Little Marie hated freckles, and with good reason, for she was like the proverbial turkey egg. Her small nurse, Rhody, was as black as tar, except her beautiful white teeth. One day Marie said, regretfully: "Wish I was black like you, Rhody, ain't nowhere for you to get freckles 'cept your teeth."

SHE WAS KIND.

He—So you have forgiven him?
She—Yes, quite, forgiven; but I shall not let him forget I forgave.—Judy.

HADN'T SIZED THEM UP.

Mrs. Madison—How do you like your new neighbors?
Mrs. Dyer—I don't know. I haven't tried to borrow anything yet.—Town and Country.

WHEN HE BECOMES PRACTICAL.

"Are you going to take your son into business with you?"
"Not now. I'm going to wait until he has forgotten all he's been taught."

MAKING IT RIGHT.

"I found six dead flies in those currants you sent me yesterday," said the customer.
"John," said the grocer to his clerk, "give the lady six more currants."—New England Grocer.

A SAFE CHOICE.

The freaks were forming a club. The elastic skin man had the chair. "Next in order," said he, "are nominations for treasurer. Has any one—"

The wild man of Borneo rose. "I nominate," he said, "the legless wonder."

A college professor, from an institution that only recently decided to admit women students, was telling of his difficulty in growing accustomed to the "co-eds" after he had been used to classrooms full of boys. "One morning I asked the class to write short essays, off-hand, allowing half an hour in which the papers were to be completed and handed in. The subjects, as I explained, might be of the students' own choice.

"Select something with which you are most familiar," I suggested. "The one 'co-ed' in the class was the first to finish her piece. As she left the room, I glanced at the title. It was 'How to Make a Seven-Gored Skirt.' Well, I just threw it in the wastebasket and graded her 100."—New York Post.

The City of the Tribes

In the Messenger for July, P. G. Smyth has an article on the historic city of Galway, that old city on the sunset rim of Innisfail which, as the writer so truly says, was in its

THE POET'S CORNER

SOME TIME.

Some time, when all life's lessons have been learned,
And the sun and stars forevermore have set.
The things which our weak judgment here has spurned,
The things o'er which we grieved with lashes wet,
Will flash before us out of life's dark night,
As stars shine most in deeper tints of blue,
And we shall see how all God's plans were right,
And how what seemed reproof was love most true.

And if, some time, commingled with life's wine,
We find the wormwood, rebel and shrink,
Be sure a wiser hand than yours or mine
Pours out this potion for our lips to drink;
And if some friend we love is lying low,
Where human kisses cannot reach his face,
Oh! do not blame the loving Father so,
But bear your sorrow with obedient grace.

And you shall shortly know that lengthened breath
Is not the sweetest gift God sends his friend,
And that some times the sable pall of death
Conceals the fairest boon His love can send,
If we could push ajar the gates of life,
And stand within and all God's working see,
We could interpret all this doubt and strife,
And for each mystery could find a key.

But not to-day. Then content, poor heart:
God's plans, like lillies, pure and white, unfold;
We must not tear the close shut leaves apart:
Time will reveal the calyxes of gold,
And if through patient toil we reach the land
Where tired feet, with sandals loose may rest,
When we shall clearly know and understand,
I think that we shall find that "God knew best."

BELLS OF LONG AGO.

Tinkling bells of Long Ago, where has your music gone?
Why does your melody grow faint as the years go creeping on?
Where is the hush of vesper time, when across the twilight gray
We heard your cry for souls to come—lost souls to come and pray!

Where are the bells that pealed to God when fair was the world and young—
Ere the tide of life had ebbed so far and the sorrows were still unsung?
Where are the golden, golden bells

that guided the straying feet,
And tolled in the evening afterglow like a benediction sweet?
Thro' the mesh of years there come the dreams of your echoing, swelling chime,
And there gleams the sheen on life's great tide of an olden summer-time;
The path winds smooth to the distant world thro' the sweets of a fragrant June,
And the hope in the heart is strong and beats with your melody in tune.

Tinkling bells of the Long Ago, laden with dust and mould,
Ring again for those who've strayed from the heartstone's true enfold;
Ring again for the ones whose feet the story paths have trod—
Bring them back to the fold again—and show them the way to God!
—Milwaukee Sentinel.

A PRAYER IN DEFEAT.

Still hurl me back, God, if Thou must!
Thy wrath, see, I shall bear—I have been taught to know the dust
Of battle, and despair.
Send not to me this hour, O God,
Where I defeated stand;
I have been schooled to bear Thy rod,
And still wait, not unmanned!
But should some white hour of success
Sweep me, where, vine-like, lead
The widening roads, the clamoring press—
Then I Thy lash shall need!

Then, in that hour of triumph keen,
For then I ask Thine aid,
God of the weak, on whom I lean,
Keep then unafraid!
—Arthur Stringer.

WHERE DID SPRING DIE?

Where did Spring die? I did not hear her go
Down the soft lanes she painted.
Flower-still
She moved among her emblems on the hill
And touched away their burden of old snow.
Was it on some young down where young winds flow
That the wild spirit of Spring went out to fill
The eyes of Summer? Did a Vaise the pale urn remote where she lies low?
Oh, not as other moments did she die,
That woman-season, outlined like a rose.
Before the banner of Autumn's crimson bough
The Summer fell; and Winter, with a cry,
Wed with March wind. Spring did not die like those,
But vaguely, as if Love had prompted "Now."
—Zona Gale, in Harper's Bazar.

OUR BO

Dear Girls and Boys:
Vacation is over, and on my little nieces and nephews I have to take up their studies. I am glad to see that they are looking forward with pleasure to the opening of school. Lin says she is going up classes thing. That is right, Lin; that you are making good your time. Agnes McC. and O.N. evidently enjoyed their picnic. I am glad to hear they like their new teacher. O.N. writes a very short letter. I am glad to hear that I have taken a resolution to regularly. I hope that my nieces and nephews will do wisely. I am sure Joseph will be pleased to hear that you read his letters. Of course we will be very glad to welcome among us. I hope you will often to the corner. You are a good example did in your. Perhaps you may prove to be a ration to others to follow your example. Agnes also likes Joseph's letters. I am sure will find it lonesome when he goes to school, but I suppose will bring him to see the Joseph is the only little one who writes regularly. I wonder what has become of the. Perhaps now that school has commenced I shall hear from you. us hope so.

Your loving,
AUNT B

Dear Aunt Becky:
As this is the last week of holidays I am taking the opportunity of writing to you. Our opens Sept. 6th. I am going to class in everything this year. English teacher's name is Mrs. ter of the Blessed Sacrament spent most of my holidays grandpa's and a week in Mass. I intend going to my grandmother. I will close now, hoping my letter in print.
Your niece,
LINA
Farnham, Aug. 27.

Dear Aunt Becky:
As our school opened last week we were all glad to see our her. We like her very well. There was no school Wednesday as we all went picnic. Some of the people in the afternoon. We did not home until about one o'clock that it was about two when there. As soon as I got to met all my schoolmates. We together and walked around grove for awhile, then we got some ice cream. We then watched them play the. When we came back it was time, so we went and got per. We did not leave the until dark. It was a lovely night, only it was a little is very cool these morning dear Auntie, I guess this is time. Good-bye.
Your loving niece,
AGNES
Lonsdale, Sept. 1.

Dear Aunt Becky:
As our school opened last day, I thought I would write tell you the news. Our name is Miss O'Connor. She very nice teacher. We all picnic last Wednesday and of fun. We did not leave until nearly one o'clock, and the picnic grounds about o'clock. When we went to sister and I went for a walk our schoolmates. We then got some candies and peach while I got some chocolate



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halcyon days the Venice of Ireland, made so by the commercial energy of its prince merchants, proud and pious, wealthy and exclusive, whose armorial bearings were graven on many a mansion front, and whose ships sailed in many a sea. "Here more intensely than in any other Irish town," continues Mr. Smyth, "breathes the spirit of the stormy chivalrous, romantic past, with its phantasmagoria of gleam and gloom blending with that of the material and workaday present—here meaning just the usual local phase of Ireland's struggle for natural and industrial existence against tremendous odds. They come crowding, those olden local memories, on the student of Irish history, as he traverses the long central street of Galway, called in its various parts West Gate street, Main Guard street, Shop street, with here a row of modern buildings, and there a dark-browed Spanish gateway, and yonder the sculptured shield of some old burgher who flourished, bearded, befurred and gold-chained, four or five hundred years ago."

Long centuries before the Christian era, the district of which Galway is now the chief city was occupied by the Firbolgs, a race of small, alert dark-haired people who escaped from slavery in Greece to establish sovereignty in Ireland. One of their

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