

HOME INTERESTS.

Conducted by HELENE.

THE DISSATISFIED ONES.

Everywhere we find people who are dissatisfied with their lot, who think they would be happy if they could only get somewhere else, into some other occupation. They see only the thorns in their own vocations, the roses in those of others.

How much energy has been lost, how many lives have been spoiled by this fruitless longing for other fields, other opportunities out of reach.

Attractive ornaments. Horns, when nicely mounted, make very attractive ornaments. In our stockyards, I expect, one could purchase a pair of horns for a very reasonable price.

The ruffled kitchen apron. The man who discarded the two buttons on the back of his coat as soon as he discovered that he could not tell why they were placed there might have scorned the ruffles with which a certain wise cook invariably trimmed the bottom of her kitchen apron.

Don't expect too much. If you wish to be young looking and happy adopt as your principle in life never to expect too much of people. A large amount of worry and trouble arises from our too great expectation of others.

Benefits of standing up. Women are supposed to grow more masculine as time changes, and our manners change with the times, so it may not have attracted much notice how lately they have taken to stand talking, male fashion, in front of the fireplace after luncheon or dinner instead of sinking gracefully into

the nearest comfortable chairs. This is, however, no attempt at femininity, but simply the following out of the latest medical fad, which advises us to stand for at least half an hour after each meal to avoid the pains of indigestion.

To remove stains. Equal parts of water and vinegar will remove fly stains from furniture; apply with a soft woollen cloth and rub dry.

Funny sayings. Father—What did the teacher say when she heard you swear? Small Boy—She asked me where I learned it.

Youthful ambition. A little lad was asked the other day what he intended to be when he grew up. He pondered over it for awhile. "I won't be a sailor," he said, "because I might be drowned, and I won't be a soldier, because I might be shot. I think I will be a skeleton in a museum."

Why he was happy. He stood in front of his home and grinned enthusiastically as he saw the others unwillingly wending their way towards school.

Timely hints. Slices of whole wheat bread spread with cream cheese sprinkled with finely minced sweet green or red peppers make delicious sandwiches.

The ordinary cake blacking mixed with a little milk makes a fine polish for shoes and prevents the leather getting hard and cracking.

Recipes. Sardine and Celery Salad.—Scrape and wash the celery. Crisp in ice water to which has been added the juice of a lemon; then cut into half-inch lengths and heap in lettuce cups for individual serving.

Petite Fours.—The foundation of these delicious little cakes is usually a simple and very light sponge cake baked in shallow tins.

Consumption Cured. Never lose heart if you have consumption. Others who have been left to die by the doctors, have been saved by PSYCHINE, and it will save you, too.

NAPOLEON'S CONCORDAT AT AN END.

The bill for the so-called separation of Church and State, which was passed by the French House of Deputies last summer, was adopted by the French Senate on the 6th ult., by a majority of 79. In this way the great work accomplished by Napoleon when he brought order out of chaos in 1801 by reconciling the State with the Church has been undone.

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THE POET'S CORNER.

LOVE'S SAILING. Love came sailing Down the silver ripples, round the willow tree; "Ho, there, and ho, there!" Love is ever hailing Each one with "Ho, there! Who'll aboard with me?"

Love saw an old man Writing out a sonnet, writing on his knee; "Ho, there, and ho, there! Chill it is and cold, man; Come into the sunshine, come aboard to me!"

Love saw a young man Writing out a rondeau, oh, so daintily; "Ho, there, and ho, there! Verses should be sung, man; Throw away your inkhorn and come aboard with me!"

Love laughed lightly; "You who sit a-dreaming beneath the willow tree, You have never seen me, never knew me rightly; Sit there, and dream there. Who'll aboard with me!"

THAT OLD SWEETHEART OF MINE. (Those of our readers who were fortunate enough to hear Prof. J. C. Monaghan, of the Department of Commerce and Labor, Washington, deliver his lecture—"Expansion of the Wealth of the United States"—at the Catholic Summer School, Cliff Haven, on August 18th, and those who saw it, in part, of course, in the public press, will read with livelier interest, therefore, the following sweet and tender lines written by the Professor, on a subject dear to the hearts of all those who have and who had sweethearts. We are indebted to a Washington friend for the poem. He heard Prof. Monaghan read it at a small social gathering of friends, and thinking it too good to be confined to a local literary circle, and to us for publication—Irish World.)

Like one who sits in silence On the banks of purring streams, And lets his fancy wander In a world of idle dreams, I sometimes sit, and ponder, Painting pictures wondrous fine, Of happy days that I have had With that old Sweetheart of mine.

This world has noble women— Aye, some worth tons of gold And some so sweet and happy They never can grow old. But with the years are better Like the noblest vint of wine, And that's the way it always was With that old Sweetheart of mine.

In the darriest days of danger, In the doubt that often comes To the man whose home is marble, To the toiler in the slums, Her words and ways are winning— As the lifeman's saving line Are the words and ways so winning Of this old Sweetheart of mine.

I do not envy others, Who choose to live alone, With hearts as hard or harder Than the hardest granite stone: The words I'm always wanting, Is just one word divine To paint a fitting picture Of this old Sweetheart of mine.

When o'er the hills blew blizzards, And wealth went into dust, And naught was left of all we had, Except a loving trust, She came and whispered sweetly, "We'll live for Auld Lang Syne!" 'Twas then I knew the value Of that old Sweetheart of mine.

So fill your glasses gaily, And drain them to the lees; 'Twill taste the sweeter to you, Like honey to the bees. When you pledge their health in Morselle, In Champagne or in Rhine— The health of all fair sweethearts! But mostly yours and mine.

SUCCESS. Ho that has kept clean hands and stainless heart, He that, in climbing, bore no brother down, Whom vision sees not God and man apart— He has not failed! To him the victor's crown!

Holloway's Corn Cure is a specific for the removal of corns and warts. We have never heard of its failing to remove even the worst kind.

OUR B...

Dear Girls and Boys: I am expecting every one telling me all about Santa Claus. I know, of course, not miss one of my little cause it is only the naughty and girls he passes by, not among the naughty one hope you have all made resolutions to write me oftener than you past year, and let us all to the corner bright and into

Your loving AUNT

Dear Aunt Becky: I thought as I have not you for some time I would you a few lines. Our school's day; we are having our holidays now. We had a Christmas tree home. We busy making the things to we are having lovely wreathe sleighing is fine. I hope that way all winter. I will close, wishing you Christmas and Happy New Year

Pugwash, Dec. 23, 1905

(Many thanks, Katie, for and pretty card.)

A FLOWER UNBLOWN. A flower unblown, a book A tree with fruit unharvested A path untrod, a house w Lack yet the heart's divin A landscape whose wide be In silent shade 'neath stle A wondrous fountain yet A casket with its gifts con This is the year that for y Beyond to-morrow's myst —Horatio Nelson Powers.

A CHRISTMAS FOR S Hetty was cross, or she have said it; and Max we Max was usually teasing, his pretty sister, but he co be made to see that her s lations were anything but he was more inclined to b ing than sympathetic. It was the day before and mother unexpectedly called away to meet an old friend who to sail for Europe. The spending the holiday with seemed forlorn enough to pedally as a friend of hers, usually be depended upon what Max called "such org cations," was too sick to them. Last of all, a dai china, which Hetty had p gift for the invalid, had back from the "firing" r it was too late to do an "Never mind, my dear accidents will happen," sa the serene tone of one w appreciation of artistic li what such a loss meant, another soap-dish, painte day, will answer.

"It wasn't a soap-dish, know my name isn't Meh svered Hetty, shortly. "Well, then, my Hetty w able, be consoled by the that to-morrow is Christ "It won't be worth cal mas," she said petulantly my share of it very chea "You would? Advertisi advised Max. "That's th to get rid of what you to keep."

But Hetty was in no laughed at, and she resp promptly when Bridget s from the room. Left to looked about the pretty Hetty secretly called her presently an idea flash chievous head, which he in hot haste. He printe card—"Christmas For S —and hung it in the shade would hide it but where it could be p from the street. Hetty sure to go over to her fr few minutes, and then a cover it, her brother ch ing to himself as he p look her face would ve saw it.

He sauntered off, and ing to the quiet room. T out that afternoon. T when Max returned, he his joke in fresh inter Hetty were chatting be when the door-bell rang brought a little boy in

Consumption Cured. Never lose heart if you have consumption. Others who have been left to die by the doctors, have been saved by PSYCHINE, and it will save you, too. Consumption is a powerful disease, but PSYCHINE is a more powerful remedy. It practically puts new life into the system, increases nutrition, purifies blood, tones up the nerves, kills germs and repairs exhausted tissues. Don't waste time and don't lose hope until you have tried PSYCHINE (PRONOUNCED SI-KEEN)

OBSTINATE COUGHS AND COLDS. The Kind That Stick. The Kind That Turn To BRONCHITIS. The Kind That End in CONSUMPTION. Do not give a cold the chance to settle on your lungs, but on the first sign of it go to your druggist and get a bottle of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. In some Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Sore Throat, Pain in the Chest, Whooping, or any affection of the Throat or Lungs, Mrs. Goodwin, 43 Clarence Street, Toronto, writes: "I wish to thank you for the wonderful good Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup has done for my husband and two children. It is a wonderful medicine, it is so healing and soothing to a distressing cough. We are never without a bottle of it in the house."