

MOTHER'S VACATION.

For a good many weeks you girls have been counting the days before vacation. Busy times of review came first, and then those hard examinations which you do not care to remember even now. But all this is over, and the summer stretches before you, the dear, delightful summer with its blue skies and warm with its blue skies and warm breezes and its days so full of good times that some of them have overflow into the long evening.

And how about mother's vacation?
Some of you look puzzled by that
question. For even though warm
weather is here, there is just as
much work for mother.

much work for mother.
You cannot help it, you say? Do not be too sure of that! "Many hands make light work," the old proverb tells us, and this is true even if some of the hands are small. One does not need to be very wise or strong to wash dishes or sweep a kitchen or dust a parlor neatly.

Besides helping in the work that.

Besides helping in the work has to be done, you can be careful about making unnecessary work. In a thousand little ways you can keep from adding to the burdens mother

has to carry.

Even though you do your best, still there will be plenty of hard work mixed in with mother's vacation. tion. But if you are thoughtful and loving and ready to help, you can make the summer a resting-time for her heart as well as for her tired body.

Child study should have an impor tant place in every young woman's education—as a preparation for her life as woman—whether she be a mother in the specific sense or not. Such study will enable her better to understand herself; will help her to adjust her relations to others; will give her a wider horizon, deeper sympathies, more gentleness and to-leration—in short, will be a potent factor in developing the real man—which is the mother.

ASK THROUGH THE ROSARY.

"After the experience of a "After the experience of a life-time," says a writer in the Inter-mountain Catholic, "I urge upon all this consoling truth, that the most sweet Heart of Jesus will never turn away from his own Mother's ap-peals in our behalf, and that no mayor so powerfully moves our so powerfully moves our Mother to obtain all we need as the most holy Rosary, devoutly offered, since no form of prayer gives more glory and honor to Jesus and + + +

MADAME MODJESKA'S BEAUTI-FUL LIFE A LESSON.

Once at a summer resort she heard a soft little moan. A baby was crying. She rang the bell and inquired about her little neighbor. She found that the little chap was being devoured by mosquitos, while his frivolous mother left him alone and displayed her finery and her empty head on the hotel veranda, Mme. Modjeska went to the veranda, sought out the woman, asked her if Mme. Modjeska went to the veranda, sought out the woman, asked her if she might visit her room and amuse herself with the baby. The mother, much gratified, consented, and handed her key to Mme. Modjeska. Madame at once made friends with the little fellow. She undressed and bathed him and rubbed cold cream all over the bruised little body. At how later they found her sitting before the found her sitting be-

hour later they found her sitting be-side the open window, the baby fast asleep in her arms, and she singing a Polish lullaby to him.

Ethel Barrymore recalled when her mother, Georgie D.

rymore, died in California and upon the girl of 13 devolved the sorrowful task of taking the remains back to Philadelphia for burial, Mme. Modjeska gave her a mother's love and blessing, the noble figure being the last she saw through tear-blured eyes as she looked back at the station of the little California town. Howard Kyle, for three spasons in California and upon | ookin' so well.

station of the little California town. Howard Kyle, for three seasons her leading man, said: "Mme Modjeska had rure stage integrity. She always gave every actor in her company, however subordinate, his full meed of opportunity on the stage. Her standard of art was so high that she never changed the lines nor situations an iota to add to her stellar glory. I never supported a star that she never changed the lines nor situations an iota to add to her stellar glory. I never supported a star whom I so reverenced." he said. "She seemed wrapped around with an atmosphere of ideality. When she played Marie Stuart, those who played with her felt that she was not playing, but that she was the character. She had the most beautiful arms I ever saw. Their beauty was in their delicacy and expressiveness. They were the synonyms of grace. She seemed always to be enveloped in sadness. The condition of her birth and girthood had taken deep root in her nature. Paderewski and the De Reszkes were countrymen and friends of hers. Once after she had given a reception to them in Chicago, she had said: They are wonderful artists, and they should be. There is nothing to do in poor Poland but to develop art. We may not fight. We may only entertain."

But Modjeska did more than the sectain. ed sweetness and light by countless deeds of love. She took her holy religion with her on the stage and she lived its precepts off the stage. Now the world is saying that, notwithstanding her many sorrows, her life was a beautiful one. It was—ah, no doubt it was!—but what made it so? Unquestionably, that force which made beautiful the lives of St. Francis Assisi, St. Elizabeth of Hungary, and thousands similar since Christ walked the earth and gave to men the Sermon on the since Christ walked the earth and gave to men the Sermon on the Mount. If all women were guided by that which guided Modjeska there would be fewer cruel divorces and bitter sunderings of family ties that should be sacred.

A FUNNY STORY.

By George Ado. The late Maurice Barrymore told a capital story one evening. It has gone the rounds more or less since then, but I have never seen it in

"A society bud goes to her first big party. It is a gorgeous social event, and she is all fluttering with excitement. The star of this big party is a young man recently turned from a long trip abroad after turned from a long trip abroad after completing his course at Harvard. He is very handsome, very brilliant, very rich. All the young women are overwhelmingly interested. The bril-liant young man meees the little debutante, and fails head over heels 'n in ve. He dances with her repeatedly, and then asks if he may can.
The girl, very much agitated, says she will ask her mamma. Mother, equally agitated, tells her daughter to say to the young man that they will be delighted to have him call and he says that he will drop in on the following Thursday evening. The society bud goes home, her society pun whirling with the excitement or ne-first flirtation and the anticipation of a call from the real catch of the season. Next day she seeks out

" Just think, he's coming to call next Thursday evening, she 'says.
Oh, my, what'll I say to him when he calls? He is so smart and intellectual; graduated at Harvard and travelled abroad and all that. I just know I won't be able to about the things that interest What do you think he'll want

"'I dare say,' replied one of her thoughtful young friends, 'that he will want to talk about literature, art, or history.'
"'But I don't know anything at

"But I don't know anyoning at all about those subjects."
"Why don't you read up? You have four days, and you can do a lot of reading in that time, and be prepared when he comes."
"So the young woman read history for four days, so that she might be able to carry, on a conversation."

be able to carry on a conversation with the intellectual giant from with the intellectual grant from Harvard, who had travelled abroad. Thursday evening came. He arrived and was shown into the parlor. Pro-sently she came down. He arose and took her by the hand and began to

talk to her as' follows:
"'Gee, but I'm glad to see "Gee, but I'm grad to see you again, and, say, you're lookin' fine to-night. That gown is a corker. How have you been since the dance? Didn't we have a great time? Say, I never enjoyed myself so much in my life. You're the greatest partner I ever danced with. When it comes to two-stemping you're the comes to two-stepping you're comes to two-stepping you're the sure enough the limit. Honestly, you are. I'm not stringin' you. I have been thinkin' all week about comin' up here to-night, and you don't know how tickled I am to see you

looked across at him and said, 'Wasn't that too bad about Mary, Queen of Scots?'

"The young man was startled. Why, what do you mean?" he ask-

'Why, what do you mean?' he ask-ed.
''Haven't you heard about it?'
she exclaimed. Why, gracious me!
She had her head cut off!' ''-Ex-tracted from an article in Success
Magazine.

+ + + HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Instead of wasting the potato peelings save them. Whenever there is a good fire in the stove burn the peelings. It will at the same time clean the chimneys.

Should your clothes catch fire, throw yourself upon the floor and roll over and over on the flames, dragging the hearthrug or some thick material with you if possible. A small kitchen table painted white is necessary in every sewing room, the drawers containing shears, extra thread, chalk, tape, pins, needles, a tape measure, and a tracer. When holes come in the outside of your furnace or in the galvanized iron pipes, patch them with asterior happer and boiled flour paste. Patches of this kind are good for years' wear.

To prevent a gored or circular skirt sagging at the seams sew in with the seam when making a strip of narrow tape. This will aid wonderfully in retaining the shape of the skirt.

A delicious substitute for whipped

cream to serve with hot chocolate is marshmallow. Drop one in each cup of hot liquid. These are not cup of hot liquid. These are expensive and can be kept for long time.

To keep sliced Spanish onions from falling apart take toothpicks and stick them through each side to center; then dip in egg and cracker crumbs, and fry in butter. They will there not fall results the state of the then not fall apart.

To make a heavy sewing table cushion fill the stout cover with rice. This makes a very heavy rice. This makes a very locushion, which can be used for onions, turnips, cabbages, etc., will not permeate the house while boiling

if the vessel in which they are cook ing is done slowly. BAG FOR TOILET ARTICLES.

Most every woman nowadays is a Most every woman nowadays is a victim of the bag habit. They all use these more or less useful articles. And many of them can be made at home. Wooden embroidery hoops and flowered ribbon furnish the foundation for these fancy work novelties. A case for holding manicure articles can be made of two oval articles can be made of two oval embroidery hoops, the larger for the top of the bag proper and the smaller for the rim of the cover They are about eight or ten inches in diameter. Gather a strip of five or six inch pibbon over the large hoop, keeping the stitches on the inside. Then saw the other address to a Then sew the other edge to a side. Then sew the other edge to a silk-covered oval which is made of cardboard and covered on both sides with scented wadding and plain silk to match the color of the flowered ribbon edge. The two sections are then sewed together on the inside with fine stitches and fine white cotton thread. Then make the cover he hidden which is never that the sewer that the cover he wild the sewer that the ver by binding plain, narrow sating ribbon over the smaller hoop an sewing a strip of flowered ribbo over this by bringing the edge of th wide ribbon over the outside of the hoop. This piece should be made without the fulness there is in the the lid and fasten it there with the loose ends cut off and the joinings hidden under a rosette or a bow. Fasten the top on at the back in two places, using baby ribbon, and a piece to the front of the co-

and one opposite to fasten AN IDEA FOR MOTHERS.

One clever woman, who is the mo-ther of three sturdy little girls, has successfully solved the summer white petticoat problem. Now the terror of "washday" has been greatly les-sened, and the number of little gar-

For each little frock the mother makes a tiny pair of bloomers of the same material, and this is an ex-cellent plan, for the little bloomers are undoubtedly cooler and much more comfortable than stiffly starched white petticoats.

They are quite scanty, and fasten above the knees with a buttoned

above the knees with a outloned strap that fits rather loosely, thus avoiding an elastic and the hot, tight garters it causes.

It requires very little material to make these bloomers, and they are most practical in a family where most practical in a family where there are several little folks, for they save fine white petticoats from the

dress's temper, and unnecessary epense.—The Times.

\$\frac{1}{2} \frac{1}{2} \frac{1}{2} \text{TRAWBERRIES} \text{WITH RICE}\$ BALLS.

BALLS.

Boil one cup rice in plenty of water for five minutes, then drain, rinse in cold water and cook in three cups of milk with half a teaspoonful of salt, a little shredded candied orange peel, until tender and the milk is all absorbed. Add the yolks of three eggs, beaten, two tablespoonfuls butter and two tablespoonfuls butter and two tablespoonfuls each of sugar and rich cream. Turn out to cool, then form into little balls with one or two ripe strawberries in the centre. Dip into egg and breadcrumbs and fry in deep fat until a dainty brown. Serve each ball on a round of angel food spread with sweetened crushed strawberries, and pass good rich, sweet cream with it.

STRAWBERRY SHORTCAKE.

New England strawberry short-cake offginated in rural New England, where wild strawberries abound and rich cream, sweet or sour, may be had in plenty. The farmer's wife of these parts, famous for her shortcake, uses no butter or lard shortening to make a dough for her shortcake, uses no butter or lard shortening to make a dough for her vakes, but cream, thick, yellow and sour, to shorten and moisten as well. Soda and oream of tartar, if the cream is sweet, but soda alone for her freshly soured thick cream. If you have no cream, or at least not errugh to moisten the fluir to a life output of the cream as house party at a fashionable country house, adorned with the new turned-down collar—one in

soft dough, then take the following preparations: To three pints of flour add three teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, thoroughly sifted through with a teaspoonful of salt. Rub in with the finger tips, two tablespoon-Rub in with the inger tips, two tanispoonfuls of butter and one of lard. Mix
a teaspoonful of soda with a pint of
milk, or use half and half cream.
Make rather a soft dough, roll out
half an inch thick and bake in two
cakes in a quick oven for about 20
minutes. As soon as done sulfit the minutes. As soon as done split the cakes open in the following manner:

cakes open in the following manner:
Mark around the edge with a knife
and then pull the cake apart with
the fingers, as cutting will make it
heavy. Butter both top and bottom
cakes, spread the strawberries on
the lewer one, sprinkle thickly with
powdered sugar, lay the top crust
on the berries and send to the table
with sugar and cream. Cut in sections like pie.

4.4.4. STRAWBERRY SPONGE.

Soak a quarter of a package of ge-latine in a quarter of a cup of vold water for half an hour, then dissolve with a quarter of a cup of boiling water. Add a cup of sugar and stir over hot water until dissolved. Strain into a dish set in cracked ice. Beat in gradually the beaten whites of three eggs and continue to beat until the mixture will keep its shape. Line a chilled earthen or china bowl with strawberries cut in halves and dipped in partially congealed gela-tin. Then turn in the sponge and set away to harden. Turn from the bowl and garnish with a border of

What is Worn in Paris.

Black Velvet and Moire Chains in Vogue--Grey Seems to be Favored Color--Seasons Gowns Most Attractive.

dainty neck-chains are again a relic of the early Empire; and very pretty are the little black velvet and black suede neck collars, finished with lit-tle Louis slides and buckles.

Two country frocks recently seen were admirable, and, what is more, were admirable, and, what is more, were made at home by a clever maid and her ingenious and original mistress. One frock was in white pique, showing a corselet skirt finely pleated a little above the waistline. Round the hem of the skirt was a deep band of coarse pique that gave the necessary weight. The baby bodice was arranged in box pleats, with a turnover collar of the coarser Irish crochet. The sleeves were plain with cuffs to match, and the neck was finished by an enormous neck was finished by an enormous bow of red and white foulard. The bow of red and white foulard. The costume was completed by a big "burnt" straw sailor hat with a scarf of spotted red foulard and an all scarlet en-tout-cas. Equally simple and very pretty was the second dress, which was a rose-colored crash linen with elbow sleeves turned back with a black spotted cuff of foulard. The pinafore bodice was cut square the same foulard disclosing the under chemisette or blouse with long sleeves of dead white filet net. This blouse also benefited by a little sleeves of dead white filet net. This blouse also benefited by a little entre-deux of white muslin with a tiny black spot and a little turn-over hand-embroidered collar. Both these frocks were very economical and they had that charming chic which is the necessary adjunct of the simple country gown, never so easy of achievement as it sounds and easy of achievement as it sounds and requiring skilful wearing as well as making.

Silk muslin is very much worn; it is embroidered or worked in with insertions or with openings showing under-skirts of light colored silks, while arms and shoulders are always visible beneath the vapory material. Grev seems in favor, but bright, vivid colors are preferred for tailor-made costumes either in then or tussore. Still, on cloudy days a serge or cloth dress will be chosen in navy blue or in grey, such as was seen so often last summer, and the summer before. Over a dark cloth dress a pretty ornamentation can be made with narrow straps of openwork over a light underlining; these straps can be sewn crosswise all around the skirt or up the fronts only, the thin, intermittent yet regular line of light appearing and there is very pretty and discreetly elegant.

the palest rose pink tussore with rather a high waist-line accentuated by a beautiful band of topazes. The simple, gathered baby bodice was finished with a low, turned-down Byron collar of old-world embroidery clared with Valencians of the control of the contro edged with Valenciennes, the simple three-quarter sleeves being turner back, with deep insertions of the same embroidery. With this was worn a scarf of palest mauve color-ed embroidered tulle and an enormous hat, covered with La France roses and wreaths of purple wis-taria, this toilette being completed by a Japanese parasol of pale pink, painted with the same flower.

Shilds Play

Vašh-daŭ

cleanses so easily

that wash day is like child's play.

Read the directors on the w You can produce in eng

There is nothing in it but pure Soap it cannot injure the clothes and gives the sweetest cleanest results. To wash the Surprise way

Surprise Soap

The other frock for a debutante was in real old-fashioned white spotted muslin, the big sailor collar Alencon net, being adorned with an Valencienne entre-deux of Valenciennes. The bodice was finished just above the waist-line with a sailor knot of black satin. The full skirt had innumerable little tucks introduced, and at the hem came a fascinating old-world ruching. The sleeves were worn just below the elbow and finished with rows of net and lace. This was surmounted with an enormous black hat with wreaths of moss roses and sweet peas, accommoss roses and sweet peas, accom-panied by a parasol of white chif-

With the inclination to the fuller dresses, we naturally have a revival in white and colored muslins for the young girls' frocks. Should "the fates" be propitious in the matter of weather, it would seem likely that the summer display of season frocks this year will be particularly at-tractive, and millinery, in spite of eccentricities, has reached a height of excellence that it would be diffi-



LONG AGO.

In the beautiful meadow of Long Ago, My mem'ry turns, with a longing fond,

To the place in the meadows Long Ago
Where nestled the dimpled and lilied

pond; nere willows flickered their dows down On our blistered backs and our faces

Where all day long in the sunny wea

When you and I were boys together,
We plunged and splashed in the
friendly pond—
In the lilied pond of Long Ago.

Around its banks were deep, green That lifted and flourished their banners high, face, wherever unshaded by grasses, Its

Photographed glimpses of cloud and sky; And there, when the evenings were long and sweet,
We hurried and raced with eager

feet, And laughed and shouted, or yelled

and pouted,
When our shirts were knotted, or
mine was flouted.
As we dipped and splashed in
waters sweet,
In the lilied pond of the Long Ago.

My breast is full with a heavy sigh When I think of its waters so calm and cool, And I think of the days when you and I

Stole out as truants away from school,
To leap and to run in the summe

To leap and to run in the summer sun,
And muddy each other up, just for fun;
To hark for the bull frog's sudden hush,
As we caught the water with bound and rush,
And splashed till our bodies were all aglow
In the lilied pond of the Long Ago.

But the lilled pond of the Long Ago Is lost and gone, and its bed is dry; No more, as once in the long ago, Will it catch the lights of a summer

No waters there put the tears that

fell
From eyes that always had loved it
well;
I looked my last, for I prized it so—
The lilied pond of the Long Ago.

The hopes we cherished when were young;
Our youthful love so fresh and fond;
The songs we relished are now us

Sung:
Sung:
Our hearts are dry as the dear old pond,
Our hopes are as dead as its old cat-Our lives as bruised as our dinner

pails;
But we, as into the future we grope
Can live for the better and always
hope,
And flower our hearts with the hopeful glow
That flowered the pond of the Long

Ago.
—The Khan. THE PRAYERS.

I was in Heaven one day when all the prayers

Came in, and angels bore them up
the stairs

Unto the place where He
Who was ordained such ministry
Should sort them so that in tha
palace bright

presence-chamber might be duly dight; they were like to flowers of various bloom And a divinest fragrance filled the

Then did I see how that great sor-ter chose
One flower that seemed to me a hedging rose, And from the tangled press

Of that irregular loveliness Set it apart—and—"This," I heard him say,
"Is for the Master;" so upon

. way He would have passed; then I

Whence is this rose? O thou cherubim
The chiefest?"— "Know'st thou not?" he said and smiled.

This is the first prayer of a little child."

child."

-T. E. Brown, in Littell's Living IMMORTALITY.

Foil'd by our fellow-men, depress'd outworn, We leave the brutal world to take its way, And, Patience! in another life, we

The world shall be thrust down, and

And will not then, the immortal armies scorn
The world's poor, routed leavings?
or will they,
Who fail'd under the heat of this

life's day. Support the fervors of the heavenly morn?

No, no! the energy of life may be Kept on after the grave, but not

begun; And he who flagg'd not in the earthly strife strength to strength advanc-

ing—only he, s soul well-knit, and all his bat-Tis tles won,
Mounts, and that hardly, to eternal

life.
--Matthew Arnold.

Prophetic Words.

Thirty years ago M. Baudon, president of the St, Vincent de Paul Society, in writing for the Catholics of France, expressed himself as the Catholics of France, expressed himself as

follows:

"The importance of the press is not understood enough by the faithful. They look to the building of churches, to the founding of communities, to the multiplying of homes for orphans and poor, all clearly necessary works, but they forget that over and above these needs there is another which the pressure of facts makes first of allfollows: needs there is another which the pressure of facts makes first of allitis the extension of the Catholic press, at least in certain countries, of which France is one; for if the Catholic press is not supported, encouraged, elevated to the height of its sublime mission, then the churches, if not burned, will be empty, the religious communities will be expelled, and the homes for orphans and poor—nay, the very schools themselves—will be taken from the religion that founded them."

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Deputy Minister N.B.—Unauthoris this advertisement for.

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