

HOME INTERESTS.

Conducted by HELENE.

There are many women capable of the most exalted friendship—great of heart, broad in sympathy, wise in counsel.

THE MAN WHO SINGS AT HIS WORK.

Give us, O give us the man who sings at his work! Be his occupation what it may, he is equal to any of those who follow the same pursuit in silent sullenness.

These are the gifts I ask Of Thee, Spirit serene: Strength for the daily task, Courage to face the road,

CATHOLIC ACTRESS TO FOUND DRAMATIC LIBRARY.

Maria Cahill, the actress, has offered to found a library of value to dramatic students at Georgetown University, and the offer has been accepted by the Rev. Father Buell, S.J., the president of the college.

It is possible to educate the stage by encouraging educated men and women to interest themselves in dramatic affairs, for with educated actors, playwrights and managers the stage will naturally elevate itself.

IN PRAISE OF WOMANHOOD.

The Church of God greatly exalts two types of womanhood! One is aureoled from the Lamb Whom she followed in virginity, reproducing in herself His patience and purity.

earth, listening to the sad music of our humanity. Very greatly does the Church regard that true woman. Her praise is sung in the offices of the Church wherever Monica is mentioned, whenever that holy Blanche, the mother of St. Louis, is praised; whenever Elizabeth of Hungary or Portugal is named.

THE TINIEST OF MANUSCRIPTS

One of the tiniest manuscripts ever recorded is a little Bible in a walnut shell the size of a small hen's egg, an account of which has been preserved among the Harleian manuscripts by Peter Bales, an Englishman and a clerk of the chancery.

WHY DON'T YOU?

Why don't you answer your friend's letter at once? Why don't you make the promised visit to that invalid? She is looking for you day after day.

If you are a sufferer from colds get a bottle of Bieckle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup and test its qualities. It will be found that no praise bestowed on it is too high.

TIMELY HINTS.

The curves and crevices in willow furniture may be successfully cleaned by rubbing in damp salt with a stiff brush.

Soap improves with keeping, so it should always be bought in large quantities. Before storing it, however, it is well to cut the bars into convenient pieces, for this is most easily done when it is soft.



A Wonder of the Universe.

HAMILTON, Ont. July 12, 02. My nerves were very weak and at times I would be afflicted with melancholy spells, all this being the effect of a miscarriage.

My case, I believe, came from hard work and other troubles, exposed to heat as well as cold. I was subjected to considerable illness, my stomach was out of order, and I had no appetite.

FREE A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases and a Sample Bottle to any address. Poor patients also get the medicine free.

FUNNY SAYINGS.

SOUND ADVICE.

"Doctor," said a young lady, "I want you to suggest a course in life for me. I thought of journalism."

"What are your natural inclinations?" "Oh, my soul yearns and throbs and pulsates with an ambition to give a life work that will be marvelous in its scope and weirdly entrancing in the vastness of its structural beauty."

"My dear madame, you were born to be a milliner."

"Mrs. Stobbins is a very mean woman."

"What has she done?" "She gave her little boy a slice of bread and butter and told him to go out and sit where he could smell the blackberry jam Mrs. Perkins was making."

A comely young woman applied at one of our leading hospitals last week. She wanted to learn nursing.

"Do you think you would like nursing?" the head nurse asked.

"Oh, yes," the young woman answered.

"Have you had any experience at all?"

"Rather. Two of my brothers play football and father has an automobile."

BUSINESS AS USUAL.

Lady Curzon made a point of collecting any amusing attempts made by Hindus to write English that came under her notice and had many curious specimens in her scrap book.

"Gentlemen.—We have the pleasure to inform you that our respected father departed this life on the 18th inst. His business will be conducted by his beloved sons, whose names are given below. The opium market is quiet and Mal. 1500 rupees per chest. O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? We remain," etc.—Pittsburg Press.

HE WONDERED HOW.

Mrs. Jones was in the habit of giving Henry a large piece of chocolate cake whenever he came to see her; but one day, when she was expecting company, she left the cake uncut, and did not offer him any.

For a time Henry waited, and then remarked: "Mrs. Jones, it seems to me I smell chocolate cake!"

Mrs. Jones laughed, and going into the cupboard, cut him a tiny slice.

"That's all there is for you to-day, Henry," she declared, as she returned with it.

"Thank you, Mrs. Jones," said the child, politely, disappointed, and then added, with a great sigh: "Seems strange that I should smell so small a piece."

NO ROOM.

An Irishman was recently traveling in a train accompanied by a minister, when two stout ladies entered the compartment. They placed themselves one on each side of Pat, who was, of course, much crushed.

The minister, on seeing him so placed, said: "Are you sure you are comfortable, Pat?"

To this question Pat quickly replied: "Sure, your honor, I haven't much room to grumble."—London "Tit-Bits."

WHERE THE TREASURE IS.

"Harold," said the heiress, "I have been thinking."

"Thinking of me, precious?" asked Harold.

"Indirectly, yes. I have been

thinking that were you to marry me everybody would say you only did so in order to get my money."

"What care I for the unthinking world?"

"But, oh, Harold, I will marry you!"

"My own dear!"

"And I will not have people say unkind things about you, so I have arranged to give all my fortune to the missionaries. Why, Harold, where are you going?"

Harold paused long enough on his way to the door to look back and mutter, "I'm going to be a missionary!"—Judge.

"Now, children," said the teacher, "in your copybooks you have read: 'Every cloud has a silver lining.' What does that mean?"

"I know what it means in the winter time," said Willie.

"Well?"

"Why, when the snow comes down over the clouds yer git 10 cents for shovellin' it off the pavement."

PUZZLED THE PARSON.

Parson Jones was writing when his little daughter walked into the study. "What are you writing, papa?" "I am writing a sermon, pet."

"How do you know what to write, papa?" "God tells me," said her father gravely. After watching her father a few minutes the child remarked: "If God tells you what to write, papa, why do you scratch some of it out afterwards?"

SCHOOLBOY 'HOWLERS.'

Amongst the gems of a collection of schoolboy 'howlers' given in the University Correspondence and College Magazine, are the following: Socrates died from a dose of wedlock.

The name of Caesar's wife was Caesarea; she was above suspicion. Simon de Montfort formed what was known as the Mad Parliament—it was something the same as it is at the present day.

The Star Chamber was a room decorated with stars in which tortures were carried out. From this we have the modern expression 'to see stars'—that is, to be in pain.

The Tories objected to the passing of the Reform Bill because they thought that the House of Commons would soon be filled with republicans and sinners.

"Cabal" is a short name for the English Prime Minister; ca stands for Campbell, and ba for Bannerman and the l at the end means that he is a Liberal.

The Duke of Marlborough was a great general, who always fought with a fixed determination to win or lose.

Crippled With Rheumatism

CURED BY GIN PILLS

Mr. Derragh certainly did have a hard time of it, winter before last. Caught cold, and it settled in his kidneys. First thing he knew, he was in bed with Rheumatism. He nearly went mad, the pain was so intense.

Then a friend stepped in and said, "Why don't you try GIN PILLS?" After a great deal of persuasion, Mr. Derragh did try GIN PILLS. You never such a happy man in your life, after he had taken two boxes. Pain all gone—stiffness and lameness completely left—that ache in back and hips disappeared—and he was well in no time.

That was two years ago and he has been in perfect health ever since.

Contracted a severe cold. Rheumatism followed and the sharp pains took me so often and were so severe that I had to take to bed. For several months I could get no relief, until I started to take "Gin Pills." In five days I was up and around the house. My pains are gone and I have not had a return of the old trouble since. I wish also to say that "Gin Pills" gave me the first painless passage of urine I have had in two years.

How about you? Haven't you suffered enough without going all over it again this winter? Get Gin Pills now—and cure yourself at home. Mention this paper and we will send you a free sample to try. The Bole Drug Co., Winnipeg, Only 50c. a box—6 boxes for \$2.50. 87

LITERARY REVIEW.

Another book has appeared from the pen of Rev. J. Guinan, whose "Priest and People in Doon" and "The Soggarth Aroon" were so much enjoyed. This new story, "The Moores of Glyn," is a rather sad little story of Irish life. To quote the author's own words concerning his theme, "Be ours the congenial task to relate the story of the simple joys and sorrows, the hopes and fears and cares of an humble, God-fearing Irish family who dwell in this unknown corner of the land."

Father Guinan lays stress on the mistake so often made by Irish parents in forcing their sons to study for the priesthood. In his tale, the misfortunes of the family seem to date from the return of the "cut student."

Some passages seem just a little

THE POET'S CORNER

THE HILLS OF CARRICKBEG.

The hills o' Carrickbeg, a gradh, I'm dreamin' of 'em yet, An' many a time with tears for 'em, me poor ould cheeks are wet,

Me poor ould cheeks are wet, a gradh, me heart is sick an' sore With longin' for the Irish hills I'll ne'er be seeh' more.

The hills o' Carrickbeg, a gradh, 'tis I that know 'em well, 'Tis often I could see 'em and I walkin' to Clonmel, a gradh, from Carrick down below,

The sight of 'em would cheer me every step I had to go. The hills o' Carrickbeg, a gradh, are green as green could be, No hills in all America are half so green to me,

No hills in all America, me longin' e'er could cure, To see the hills o' Carrickbeg that rise beyond the Suir!

I love the hills o' Carrickbeg, I love each blade of grass, O'er which I used to ramble on a Sunday after Mass,

Ah, Sunday after Mass, a gradh, young heart an' lively leg, I roamed with friends an' neighbors o'er the hills o' Carrickbeg!

'Tis often as a boy, when I remembered Ireland's wrong, Or when the heart within me thrilled at some old Irish song,

In fancy I could hear the noise o' battle rise and swell, An' see the foemen flyin' from the hills I loved so well!

The hills o' Carrickbeg, a gradh, I never more shall see, Until I die they'll only be a memory to me—

Ah, many a place in dreams I trace from Coolnamuck to Oregg, But first and best of all the rest, the hills o' Carrickbeg!

—Denis A. McCarthy.

AN IRISH LULLABY.

Hushen, hushen! thou little pink ray of the dawn!

Son of a hundred kings—in thy nest 'mid the ripening corn;

Sleep, while thy mother sings Son of a hundred kings, Hushen, hushen! thou little pink ray of dawn!

Sleep, sleep, thou little pink pearl of my heart, The breezes come creeping in, swaying the corn apart,

Trying to kiss thine eyes, Blue as the skies, Sleep, sleep, thou little pink pearl of my heart.

Sleep, sleep, 'tis not yet time to awake; Sleep and grow strong, O heart for thy country's sake;

Till thine arm can wield A sword on the battlefield, Sleep and grow strong and brave for thy country's sake.

Lullabye, lullabye, thou son of a hundred kings, What art thou dreaming there as thy mother sings?

Of the angels above? Of the flowers that you love? Lullabye, lullabye, thou son of a hundred kings!

Cushla machree, ma bouchaleen bawn! From "Songs of My Land and Others," by Amy Skoogard Pedersen.

VOICES AT THE DAWN.

Hast ever listen'd in the earliest dawn, When all mankind seems wrapt in deep repose, (While shadows gray o'er sky and stars are drawn,

Save where th' orient flames its flame of rose) Hast, ling'ring, listen'd to the strange, weird cries

That from the heart of Nature, plaintive, rise? It is as if this world of care and sin,

This sad old world, thus mourned its misery: "Oh! must I now another day begin—

A day of sorrow, shame, iniquity? Resume again my weary weight of woe,

And stagger on, disconsolate, below?" Soon from the beasts awaking in their stalls,

From lonely birds a-wing or in their nests, Re-echoes far and near that doleful call,

That shudd'ring wail from furr'd or feather'd breasts: "Thou sad old world of sorrow and of sin!

Ah! must thou now another day begin?" Then glad and high rings Chanticleer's bold cry:

"The sun is up!" (he shrills; "the stars grow pale! Rejoice, sad world! Let cares and fears go by,

Reform the wrong and let the right prevail! Tho' here below full many a tear must fall.

The saints still live and God is over all!" —Eleanor C. Donnelly.

THE DREAMLESS DEAD.

Under the cedars and the stars, The dreamless dead repose, Under declining twilight's bars And winter's drifting snows,

Under the starry dome of night, Or tempest gathering nigh, The dead sleep on without affright, Nor heed what's passing by.

Under the sunshine and the cloud, Within the lonesome mere, They sleep together, shroud by shroud, The pauper and the peer.

For them the vanities of life, Like empty mists, are o'er, Its fretful din and noisy strife Disturb their dreams no more.

'Tis well for them if over there Beyond the tide of time, Their spirits wander ever fair, In some bright, happy clime.

—Thomas Walsh, in Catholic Record.

A PASSPORT.

My mother taught my childish lips to say Whose child I was and where my dwelling place,

To tell, she said, to the first friendly face, If ever I should chance to go astray, And once when I had wandered far away,

And could no more my truant steps retrace, Back to my longing mother's warm embrace One led me by that clue at close of day.

We must be children once again, saith He Whose Word is life's high law; so, when I roam Out of the narrow way and stand in need,

Lest I be lost forever, I will plead: "My mother's name is Mary, and my home Is where she lives in Heaven, and looks for me."

—Rev. John Fitzpatrick, O.M.I.

crudely arranged as for instance on page 306, in speaking of the long absent brother's return. "The tab-leau that met Dermot's view was this: His brother Frank—for he knew him at once, in spite of his altered appearance and wasted, cadaverous, ghost-like aspect—was evidently dying, as his long-drawn breath-



Makes Child's Play of Wash Day. Read the Directions on the Wrapper. SURPRISE SOAP. A PURE HARD SOAP.



THE LITTLE FIRE

Do you see those tiny sparks that dart up the chimney? That they are little sparks you didn't know

Not the wicked little great black cat, That come riding on a with red cloak and

But the dearest little the shadows fall at Come nestling to you pering in the soft.

The most wonderful of children can desire; Drawing pictures in building castles in

Right in the glowing build a fairy town Then a great big ogre and pulls the house

And Nurse sees that it and the fire is burnt So Good-night, dear! And off to bed you

TRUE MANHOOD

That we may achieve fullness, let us seek the passions, discipline, lect, subjection of the of inflicting and the s

mitting a wrong, respect are in authority and for all who are in dep

ration for the good, m

evil, sympathy with watchfulness over a temperance in all pleas

severance in all toils.

FRIENDSHIP OF A

Sometimes animals w nature deadly enemies and cats, strike up a friendship. I have kn

adopt a puppy and nur but as a rule they pre and scratch. A sculpto

a Mr. Harvey, had two geon and a cat, who l in great friendship, an photograph taken while

of the same dish. The named Pidgie and the c Toddie. They ate, slep together, and when Pid die was nearly broken- would never again

from the dishes from w her little playmates together.

APOLOGIZING

To apologize is rarely pleasant task. One ma certain angry speech wa

it takes great moral courage to go to the p whom one has been in say, humbly: "I was

now; I spoke hastily. forgive me?" It shoul superhuman grace for

who has been offend such an apology in the in which it has been

too often the speech of cold and has a ring th sincere. Once in a grea accompanied by an ac

that the suer for forg been disagreeable, and is forgiven he must re an unkind speech canno forgotten at will. He receives an apology is the right path than he

conscience of his fault, and seeks to make amen is wrapped about with self-conceit and self-ri

LITTLE OD

By the Author of "S

CHAPTER XIX.

For a moment the chid strangely; then he t lently and ran hastily hiding his face on the friend.

"Send them away out. Herr Bruder soothed feulty. By degrees he look up. Bonny's e from one face to the of chord of memory was struck.

The lady came close took his hand. "Bonny dear," she

LUBY'S advertisement for hair care products, including 'LUBY'S' and 'RENEWER'.