

HOME INTERESTS.

Conducted by HELENE.

The house woman is the indispensable woman. It has been wisely said 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 homemaker is the absolute, necessary element, the woman the world cannot do without. It is therefore a pity 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 is called, does not get enough exercise every day nor does she breathe enough of the outside air of thought 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 her household cares and follows it steadily will find that it brings freshness and power with it. The study of some special art, together with the collection of old china, reading up a special subject, making a garden—any one of these if pursued thoroughly will bring her in touch with others and open vast 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.

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SCHOOLGIRL FRIENDSHIPS.

"I've often noticed," said the matron of a girl's boarding-school, that the girls who really keep up their school friendships are the ones who make little or no fuss over each other. When vacation comes, it's the funniest thing to hear the protestations of constancy, not merely for a season, but for life, that some girls make. Promises to write every week and sometimes every day during the summer are recklessly given between parting friends, and yet it's pretty safe to conclude that next term these same enthusiastic creatures won't even care to be roommates. Then at graduation time such assurance of lifelong fidelity the girls indulge in. I smile to myself whenever they come to my ear, because I know perfectly well that two-thirds of these avowals will be used up in gush and the other third will dwindle away naturally as broader interests come to the fore. When I keep track of the girls who have been here, I find that those whose interest in each other grows rather than dies out with time are girls who have never been demonstrative, but whose friendship is the outgrowth of genuine congeniality, not the result of schoolroom chumminess.

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ON GOING INTO DEBT.

(Aunt Bride, in Sacred Heart Review.)

The safest way from every point of view, it seems to Aunt Bride, is never to go into debt for any purpose whatever. Save every penny you can manage; get along without the superfluities for a while, and then when you have earned and saved enough by your own exertions start in business, buy a home, pay for an education, or carry out whatever plans you had in mind. The character you have developed by self-denial and carefulness and thrift will keep you from the mistakes which prove the undoing of the irresponsible borrower. Don't say that you can't save anything. You can if you will. Cut off the candy supply. Most girls spend enough for candy and ice-cream soda and superfluous fancy pins and knick-knacks to start a good-sized bank account. Don't buy things on the installment plan. Get along without them until you can pay cash. If you can save fifty cents a week to pay a collector you can as easily put half a dollar in a box each week until you have the cash price of the article desired. By paying cash you always save fully a quarter of the installment price. If you've contracted a careless habit of buying things and having them

charged, cut it out at once. Nothing leads to waste and extravagance more certainly. Get along without when you can't pay cash. The self-denial will do you good, and you'll have a chance to amount to something. Borrowers are always struggling on the ragged edge of things. If you want to get over the edge into the land of peace and comfort and freedom from worry learn to do without what you can't pay for. Debt will either ruin your character or be a nightmare of worry to you. In either case it's an acquaintance to be cut if you care anything about the future.

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THE DEAD MOTHER.

How still the house! The light peering between
The close knit vines that o'er the casement lean,
Falls faint and low—fearing to touch the bed
Where I lie cold and dead!
The bird whose song awoke me with

the dawn,
And filled with melody the fragrant lawn
This morning sang a faltering, plaintive lay,
And then flew swift away!

Fond, weeping friends caress my marble brow
And tell my deeds of good, as they somehow
Would fain eke out in tender words and tears
The love of mortal years!

And kindred hands, for many a year estranged
Have o'er my form the friendly clasp exchanged
And I, in death, have healed the bitter strife
I sorely wept in life!

The conscious door opens noiselessly, and he
Who had few words of tenderness for me
Kneels at my side and cries: "Couldst thou but live!
Forgive, sweet wife, forgive!"

Yet I am calm, with calmness of the dead
Who by the love of God are comforted:

My peace doth like a mighty river roll,
And rest unto my soul!

But hark! a voice—a cry—so small, so faint!
My child! In Paradise I hear thy plaint!
O God! Grant but to me its steps to guide,
And I ask naught beside!
—Zitella Cooke.

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LAUNDERING LINGERIE WAISTS AT HOME.

The clever girl who makes her own shirtwaists has added another to her list of accomplishments. I was in the company of three pretty girls all belonging to well-to-do families, the other evening, when the conversation turned on the inevitable subject of clothes, of the best way to get shirtwaists made and the latest in sleeves. And every one of those girls said that she always washed and ironed her own shirtwaists. One said if she sent them

to the laundry they were full of holes in a fortnight, and so she washed them so they looked all right. Another said that it took but a few minutes to wash a waist in a basin in the bath room, and that she could have all the clean waists she wanted if she did them up herself. And there was a chorus of "especially when you make them yourself."

And nowadays when the old-fashioned stiff waist is seen less often than formerly, and almost all of the waists are as soft and filmy as possible and as innocent of starch as a pocket handkerchief, it is a simple matter to renovate one. If there are fruit stains on it, pour a little boiling water through the spots; if there are coffee stains, soak the waist in cold water a few minutes; then wash in warm suds made from fine soap, being careful not to rub too hard, scald for a few minutes and rinse. If a little starch is wanted, and it must be very little, stir a tablespoonful of starch in a little cold water and add boiling water to it until clear. Then with cold water and dip the waist in it. Shake nearly dry, roll in a clean towel, and in an hour, or less if there is any hurry about it, the waist can be ironed. It is a very simple matter. —Catholic Union and Times.

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TIMELY HINTS.

To bring out the brilliancy of cut glass, ammonia should be placed in the water in which it is to be rinsed.

There is no astringent that will reduce double chin, but hard massage will accomplish it. The strokes should be from the point of the chin toward the ears, and from the chin along the under jaw. The movement must be hard enough to wear down the flesh, and should be done nightly for ten minutes.

A little pipeclay dissolved in the water used in washing linen saves a great deal of labor and soap and cleanses the dirtiest linen thoroughly. This method is specially useful in towns where outdoor bleaching is generally an impossibility.

To remove the odor of onions from the breath, eat parsley and vinegar; from the hands, rub an outside piece of celery on them.

The tops of wardrobes and cupboards that do not reach to the ceiling should have papers laid over them, not only to keep dust from sitting down, but to lighten the monthly house cleaning.

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RECIPES.

Bermuda onion and watercress make a good combination either in a salad or a sandwich. The addition of a little horse radish gives an extra flavor to the combination. When the onion figures in a sandwich, scrape or mince it. In the salad slices are better.

Ribbon Cake contains three large layers, the middle one having fruit through it. For a large cake use one cupful of butter, two cupfuls of sugar, one cupful of milk, four eggs and three and a half cupfuls of pastry flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Separate the yolks and whites of the eggs. Rub the butter and sugar to a cream, add to this the well-beaten yolks, stir well and put in the milk and then the flour into which has been stirred the baking powder. Lastly add the beaten whites. Have ready buttered three long, shallow tins of equal size, divide the cake into three parts and bake two of them plain. To the third add one cupful of raisins, one cupful of currants, one quarter-pound of citron, two teaspoonfuls of molasses, two teaspoonfuls of brandy or wine, half a teaspoonful each of mace and cinnamon. Seed the raisins and chop them coarsely, wash and dry the currants, and slice the citron fine; then put all the fruit together and flour it well. Stir the fruit and spice into the third portion of batter and bake in the third tin. When all the layers are done arrange them with the fruit cake in the middle, spreading a coat of jelly between them. Press each cake lightly with the hand as it is laid on, to insure the layers sticking close together. Trim the edges even and frost with a plain or a boiled frosting.

French White Nougat—Place in a large, bright basin a quart of pure strained honey and three-fourths of a pound of finely powdered sugar, and set over a slow fire (one that is covered with ashes) to evaporate for an hour, stirring constantly with a wooden paddle. At the expiration of the hour stir in the whites of three eggs beaten to a very stiff froth, and then let the mixture evaporate, stirring faithfully two hours more, or until it will crack or snap apart when tested in cold water.

When this point is reached, add three pounds of blanched almonds and a drop of orange oil; work all well together, and pour out on sheets of paraffine paper laid closely together. Smooth the mass nicely over the top and cover with paraffine paper, over which lay ordinary paper, and on top of all a smooth board with weights upon it. When the mass has become nearly cold, remove the covering and cut the nougat into small slices with a very sharp knife.

FUNNY SAYINGS

CONCEDING HIS HEIGHT.

A small boy and his smaller sister of a West Philadelphia family were being interviewed by an admiring visitor. She asked the boy how old he was, but he had an attack of shyness and could not tell. His sister, however, did better, and announced that he was six years old. "Six years old!" exclaimed the visitor. "What a big boy! And how tall are you?" This stumped both the children. The visitor expressed surprise that a six-year-old boy could not tell his height, and even the little sister hung her head in shame. Then the visitor gave it up and talked of other things, but soon the little girl edged around to her and whispered: "You mustn't tell mamma," she said, "but Rob is just tall enough to reach the jam on the pantry shelf."

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In the schools of a Connecticut town measures were recently taken to test the children's eyesight. As the doctor finished each school, he gave the principal a list of the pupils whose eyes needed attention, and requested him to notify the children's parents to that effect.

One night, soon after the opening of the fall term, a little boy came and gave his father the following note, duly signed by the principal. "Mr. —: Dear Sir—It becomes my duty to inform you that your son shows decided indications of astigmatism, and his case is one that should be attended to without delay."

The next day the father sent the following answer: "Dear Sir: Whip it out of him. Yours truly, —."

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FEELING IN HIS ART.

The singing teacher was visiting the school and as this was an important event in the district, the pupils had been instructed to memorize a verse or two to recite for the entertainment of the visitor.

During the delivery of his lines, one small boy was especially noticeable for the action with which he accompanied his words; so much so that the teacher, surprised at his efforts, commended him highly on the ease with which he spoke and the apparent practice which he must have put on the piece.

"It was fine," she exclaimed, in closing, "and shows a large amount of rehearsal! But Johnny, where did you get the gestures?" "Tain't the gestures," replied the young genius, with a twist, "tain't the gestures; it's the hives."

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A well-known counsel, examining the plaintiff in a breach of promise case, inquired of her, "Was the defendant's air when he proposed to marry you perfectly serious or one of levity and jocularity?" The plaintiff replied, "If you please sir, it was all ruined with 'im running 'is hands through it." "You misapprehend my meaning," said the counsel. "Was the promise made in all sincerity?" "No, sir; it was made in the wash-house!"

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PARENTAL INSTRUCTION.

"Ah was most runned over by a automobile. De conductor didn't blow his horn."

"Doan say conductor, my chile. De conductor is on de trolley car. Caint you learn to say chifionier?"

If attacked with cholera or summer complaint of any kind send at once for a bottle of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial and use it according to directions. It acts with wonderful rapidity in subduing that dreadful disease that weakens the strongest man and that destroys the young and delicate. Those who have used this cholera medicine say it acts promptly, and never fails to effect a thorough cure.

THE POET'S CORNER

LONGING.

Do you ever long, Mavourneen, for the flower-covered meadows,
For the smiling hills and valleys of your own dear Innisfail?
Do you ever dream of by-gone days—of chasing lights and shadows,
And the thousand scenes that fill the hearts of every wandering Gael?
Do you ever hear the music and the sound of light feet dancing?
Do you ever hear the rafters ring with gladness thrilling song?
Does your fancy ever bring you where the fire of bright eyes glancing
Sheds a radiant magic halo over all the joyous throng?

Have you seen the hills of Ulster in a blaze of golden glory
As the summer sun caressed them ere he calmly sank to rest?
Have you listened to the minstrel's lay or heard the graybeard's story
How Erin once was queen among the Islands of the West?

Ah! I know your thoughts are roaming where the summer winds are singing
Their tender crooning love songs to the bonny heather-bell,
Where the hunter's horn a-winding starts a thousand echoes ringing,
And the silver-throated thrushes sing their matins in the dell.

I am longing, too, Mavourneen, and I clasp your hand in token
Of the love for Erin twining round each fibre of my heart,
And with weary eyes I'm watching for the day when fetters broken
In the councils of the nations Innisfail shall take her part.
—Hugh Roe Campbell.

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A SONNET.

There was a wild cry in the night,
And one went past:
I knew a soul was faring forth
Upon the blast.

And I crouched through that awful night
Without a stir,
Saw shining in the dark, the sweet
Sad face of her.

Vain of my heart, can you hear me crying
Over the salt-dividing sea?
Maybe you'll think 'tis the wind
That's sighing,
But it comes from the heart of me,
The heart of me!

Oh, that happy day, and your face before me!
The blue loch lay like a silver sheet;
A blackbird swayed to its own sweet story,
And a thrush sang in the wheat.
—Ethna Carkery.

A REBUKE.

Why are you sad? (sing the birds, the little birds)
All the sky is blue,
We are in our branches, yonder are the herds,
And the sun is on the dew;
Everything is merry, sing the happy little birds,
Everything but you!

Fire is on the hearthstone, the ship is on the wave,
Pretty eggs are in the nest,
Yonder sits a mother smiling at a grave,
With a baby at her breast;
And Christ was on the earth, and the sinner He forgave
Is with Him in His rest.

We shall droop our wings (pipes the trostle on the tree)
When everything is done;
Time, unforlorn yours, that you soar eternally
In the regions of the sun.
When our day is over (sings the blackbird in the lea)
Yours is but begun!

Then why are you so sad? (warble all the little birds)
While the sky is blue,
Brooding over phantoms and vexing about words
That never can be true,
Everything is merry (trill the happy happy birds),
Everything but you!
—Rose Mulholland (Lady Gilbert).

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NOR MORE, NOR LESS.

Your generous goblet with rare wine o'erflows,
And the dumb earth drinks it up,
Yet all the sweetness of God's vineyards glows
In my one stunted cup.
One drop can mirror sun and sea and sky;
What have you more than I?

In your wide garden every scented bloom
Has its own place and part,
Yet all its manifold delights find room
In my one rose's heart;
Can beauty know more than its own completeness?
Shall sweetness surfeit sweetness?

Before you many loyal subjects bow,
Flinging their homage down;
One, only one, upon my happy brow
Has set love's sacred crown.
Tell me—although your wisdom I defy—
Are you more queen than I?

All your unmeasured store—
Tell me—what does it more
Than my one portion prove
Of Beauty, Mirth and Love?
—Carlotta Perry, in Lippincott's.

Kidney Disease On the Increase

But Prevention and Cure are Readily obtained by the Use of

DR. CHASE'S KIDNEY-LIVER PILLS

Recent reports of the New York Board of Health prove that the mortality from kidney disease is greatly on the increase.

Bright's disease as well as the other dreadfully painful forms of kidney disease can usually be prevented and cured by giving some attention to the diet and to the activity of the Liver and Kidneys.

Excesses in eating and the use of alcoholic drinks must be avoided, and the filtering organs can best be kept in good working order by the use of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. The derangements which lead to Bright's Disease usually have their beginning in a torpid liver and there is suffering from headaches, biliousness and indigestion before the kidneys fail and such symptoms appear as backache, scanty, highly-colored urine, painful scalding urination, deposits in urine, etc.

Mr. James McGuire, blacksmith, Mount Forest, Ont., states: "In my work as blacksmith there is probably more straining and exposure to sudden changes of temperature than in any other trade. This, no doubt, accounts for so many blacksmiths suffering with headache and kidney disease."

"I was troubled a great deal with

my kidneys, and the bending over my work so much caused great suffering from backache. I found Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills the best treatment I could secure for this trouble. They act directly and promptly and I would not think of using any other medicine."

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills succeed where ordinary kidney medicines fail, because of their direct and combined action on the liver and kidneys. This has been proven in thousands of cases of serious and complicated diseases of the kidneys. One pill a dose, 25 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Company, Toronto.

Death of Indian Missionary.

Rev. Peter Prando, aged 61 years, a noted missionary of the Pacific Northwest, died of Bright's disease last week at St. Michael's Mission, seven miles east of Spokane, Wash. Father Prando spent 23 years among the Crow Indians. He lived their life and gained their confidence, and at the end of that time had established a large mission. He personally baptized 1400 Indians. He was known by the Indians as "Istumate," "the Man with the Iron Eyes." He was a graduated physician, and practiced medicine among the Indians. Several times when the Indians threatened to go on the war path he was able to pacify them, and it was through him that the government irrigated the lands of the reservation. Father Prando was born and educated in Italy, but came to the United States for the purpose of working with the Indians.

As it is Friday I guess soon be ripe. The harvest is turn yellow. My popples bloom. Some are all red and white. The berries good this season. We are every day picking them. The weather just now for to cut the hay and draw is bright and sunny and day. The time is short now will have to go to school don't like to go to school so hot we cannot play.

Dear Girls and Boys:

Only four letters this pose my nieces and ne having too good a time Well, I can't blame them will soon be over now, have to work hard again we are glad to welcome corner, Loretto. There room for more. Thanks kind invitation, Agnes. Annie O'N. deserves a h working so hard. I am likes the stories in the week I will expect to see letters.

Your loving AUNT

Dear Aunt Becky:

Will you accept me as nieces. I should love to them. School closed on Papa and my brother I cutting hay. The weather warm now. I made my munition three years a confirmed last year. My sister, Agnes, will receive mer. My eldest sister months ago; we feel without her. Well, dear being my first letter I I hope my next one will Hoping to see my letter Love to all my cousins ting yourself, dear Aunt Your loving niece LOR

Mayo, Que.

Dear Aunt Becky:

As I am all alone this having a few moments I thought I would write lines and tell you what ing this week. I was pic a few days this week. lot, but they are get scarce now around where sister has gone picking aunt's. They are quit there. While she is gone mind house. In the ho my sister and myself with us and go out u shady tree and read. W every evening at five o'clock leaves us a long evening get the turkeys, goslings ens in every night after I have them in I water else they would die, as dry weather at present. I if you go to visit your and nephews, would you and visit me also? I I tainly be glad to have Guess this is all this time cousins and Aunt Becky. Your loving niece AGI

Lonsdale, July 20.

Dear Aunt Becky:

I see all the cousins ar berries and cutting h ing it in the barn. think you don't find our interesting, as we all ha about the same thing. been a great deal of hay barn in the last week, was so fine. How badly ly in Deseronto must ha have their parent die in How he must have suffer when I am eight years o in the second book, t quite a lot every day. can't help out doors he something to take up h like those stories, the Mrs. Mural's Hired lye.

Your loving neph

Granby, July 20.

Dear Aunt Becky:

As it is Friday I guess soon be ripe. The harvest is turn yellow. My popples bloom. Some are all red and white. The berries good this season. We are every day picking them. The weather just now for to cut the hay and draw is bright and sunny and day. The time is short now will have to go to school don't like to go to school so hot we cannot play.