

HOME INTERESTS.

Conducted by HELENE.

There are many influences that go into the structure of a great nation, not the least of which is the quiet, unselfish mother-love. It is like the rains that fall on some fields far away from busy cities and throbbing industries and coaxes the sown grain to golden harvest. It is like the orchards that blossom and bear their luscious fruits in the valleys and hillslopes where they grow unseen except by an occasional traveller or strolling hunter. It is like the fountain that springs by the roadside where every wayfarer may find a blessing, a fountain that augments not merely the stream in the valley, but provides unfailing refreshment where both man and beast may slake their thirst and go on their way. The mothers who in quiet neighborhoods, unspoiled by the world, rear their families and send their boys and girls out into life imbued with truth, with honesty, with unselfishness and something of their own pure lives and their own serene faith, are among the best and mightiest forces of a nation. Such homes as those they dwell in are the places where God comes to train his own.

++ ++ ++

MISDIRECTED ENERGY.

Frances, a girl of thirteen, was destined by her mother to be a fine musician. While still a little child she was taught to read the notes and her tiny fingers were placed on the keyboard. Year in and year out the child was obliged to practice, and she acquired a measured amount of skill, but her playing was wooden and spiritless. In despair her mother said to her, "What do you expect to be when you are grown-up?" The girl sighed, "When I am grown up, mother, if I have a house of my own the first thing I shall do will be to order the piano chopped up for kindling wood. I want to be a doctor."

As time passed musical studies were dropped, and duly Frances went to the medical college. At last she was allowed liberty to grow in her own proper direction. She is a successful physician, treating nervous disorders with rare sympathy and understanding.—Margaret E. Sangster, in Woman's Home Companion.

++ ++ ++

HIGHER IDEALS FOR CATHOLIC WOMEN.

"A glance through the fashion papers which of late years have become so numerous that one wonders how they all find readers—is it the fashion paper keeps up the fashions, or vice versa?—is enough to deter

all but the most courageous of men from venturing on matrimony. The pages and pages of advertisements alone, of racing gowns and 'Bridge' gowns and ball gowns, of hats and corsets, coats and lingerie of the daintiest and expensive and most perishable sorts, not to mention other less straightforward aids to beauty, such as powders and hair dyes, transformations and 'toupets,' and various similar secrets of the feminine toilet—are they not enough to stamp the entire sex with the marks of frivolity and extravagance, of vanity and deception and insincerity, with which some woman-haters like to brand them. Reading these same fashion-papers, one begins to realize the wisdom of those old laws which forbade the use of certain fine textures and colorings to all save those of the most exalted rank.

"Would it not be well if we (women) could make up our minds to forego these useless accessories; to adopt a sensible every-day costume or uniform for working hours at least? It need not necessarily be an ugly one, any more than the dress of the typical dairymaid, or the hooded cloak and short petticoats of the Connemara peasant is ugly. It would at least relieve our bodies from the wearing incubus of this modern over-dressing; it would free our minds from the hopeless and useless problem of trying to follow the fashions, and would give us more time and more money to spend on better and wiser things."—Mrs. Nora T. O'Mahoney, in the Sydney Catholic Press.

++ ++ ++

THE NECK AND ARMS.

Get the idea into your head that bones are beautiful and you won't mind thin arms and a "swanlike" neck, even though it be over swanlike. Fat never yet made any woman beautiful. It is the way your bones grow and the way you carry your bones that give you a good figure. Because your arms are thin is no reason why you should hide them. God never yet made any woman without bones, so they must be all right. You can get the thin arms fleshened up a little by anointing with lanolin or cocoa butter. The same treatment will do for a thin neck. Vocal culture and cold baths will help.

++ ++ ++

FRUITS INSTEAD OF DRUGS.

The remedial properties of berries, all of which are of great value in different diseases, may be preserved through the home manufacture of cordials, shrubs, vinegars, etc., and by drying, in which they are to be steeped, strained, and the water used as needed. Cherries, greengage plums, peaches and apricots share in this value with the berries. Grapes are second only to figs for use in diseases which arise from a torpid or congested state of the intestines.

Health depends so largely upon the regularity of the functions of the bowels that attention to them is of the utmost importance. An excellent preparation is an effusion by steeping one ounce of senna in a pint of boiling water; select one pound of plump, dried figs, and, having placed them in a layer in an earthen dish, pour over them the well steeped and strained senna tea. Place this in a moderate oven and allow them to remain until the fruit has entirely absorbed the liquid. Put this in a closed jar, and for use, one fig eaten on retiring is a dose for any case of constipation. Pineapple, while of especial worth in some diseases when taken with other food, should never be eaten alone, as falling anything else to work upon, its acids attack the lining of the stomach itself. It is claimed that it has an especial value in certain forms of dyspepsia and in diphtheria as its juices will cut away mucus that nothing else can remove.

All fruits, however, do not affect all persons alike. One should seek to know what is suitable in his own case, and not eat fruits merely because somebody has told him "it is good for him." Owing frequently to idiosyncrasies, as well as to certain physical conditions, fruits are often the worst thing that one can eat. Each person must be "a law unto himself," in this matter.—New York Freeman's Journal.

++ ++ ++

THE WOODWORK.

Enamel finishes require to be well washed in clean warm water, using the mefest suspicion of soap or scouring sand upon dirty or grimy spots. Afterward they must be rubbed with flannel brisk enough to make them extremely hot. This develops luster in them quite as it does in hardware.

Grained and varnished imitations of hardwood are best cleaned with borax soapsuds, never letting water touch them, but rubbing well with cloths wrung dry. Afterward they should be rubbed with a flannel barely moistened with kerosene. If there is too much kerosene it will dissolve and blur the colors. Clean hardwood with a flannel wet in turpentine and rub afterwards lightly with boiled linseed oil. Take off spots with fine sand mixed in oil. Apply it with a leather and rub with clean leather afterward to bring back the polish.

Once in two or three years hardwood ought to be well washed in borax soap suds, then rubbed dry, lightly oiled and rubbed with leather polishers until the surface burns the hand.

It cannot be said too forcibly nor too often that in every kind of cleaning the first thing is to brush or wipe away every particle of loose dirt.

++ ++ ++

TIMELY HINTS.

Oil painted walls must be washed with soap and water, using a soft flannel cloth, care being taken to wring it out well before using. Use cold water to finish, and dry with a soft linen cloth.

To clean tapestry covered furniture, first brush thoroughly; then add a tablespoonful of ammonia to a quart of water. Wring a cloth out of this, and sponge thoroughly rinsing and turning the cloth as it gets dirty, changing the water when necessary. This freshens and brightens it wonderfully.

Bronze may be renovated and re-colored thus: Mix one part of muriatic acid and two parts of water. Free the article from all grease and dust and apply the mixture with a cloth. When dry, polish with sweet oil.

For distressingly red hands apply equal parts of glycerin, lemon juice and rose water nightly under gloves. Daily applications of lemon juice produce a whitening effect.

Keep candles on ice at least twenty-four hours before burning. They will burn much more evenly and slowly with this treatment.

++ ++ ++

RECIPES.

Strawberry Jam—Take equal weights of berries and sugar. Mash the berries well in a preserving kettle, heating slowly for half an hour; then add the sugar and boil twenty minutes, stirring frequently and skimming.

Strawberry Sauce for Baked Pudding.—Cream together half a cupful of butter and one and one-half cupful of powdered sugar; then add the yolks of one egg and a cupful of crushed berries just at serving time.

Fruit Salad.—Put strawberries and small pieces of pineapple in alternate layers in a glass dish. Pour over them a little sherry wine, or, if you

prefer, the strained juice of two oranges or lemons. Serve with sponge cake.

Fruit Punch.—Into each glass put three or four sliced strawberries, squeeze over them the juice of one orange, add a few slices of banana and a little pineapple, also a few cherries if you have them. When the punch is served add a tablespoonful of powdered sugar and two tablespoonfuls of shaved ice.

Strawberries and Toast.—Cut some slices of stale bread very thin and toast them a light brown, butter quite thick, and line the bottom and sides of a pudding dish with them. Fill the dish with strawberries as full as it will hold and sift plenty of sugar through and over them. Set this in the oven for about half an hour. Serve very cold with rich cream.

FUNNY SAYINGS

GALLANT.

It is reasonably safe to assume from a story in the New York Tribune that the late Henry Harland, the novelist, was seldom kept after school in his boyhood. Among Harland's early teachers was a charming young lady, who called him up in class one morning and said to him: "Henry, name some of the chief beauties of education."

"Schoolmistresses," the boy answered, smiling into the teacher's pretty eyes.

++ ++ ++

It is still the custom in some of the Scottish county churches for the minister to bow to the laird before he begins his discourse. On one occasion in a certain church the laird was not present, but his wife, accompanied by her daughters, occupied the usual pew. Either from forgetfulness or deliberate design, because of the laird's absence, the minister omitted the usual salaam. When they next met, the laird's eldest daughter, who was famous for her good looks, rallied the minister for not bowing to the ladies. The reply was admirable. "Your ladyship forgets," he said, "that the worship of angels is not permitted by the Scottish Church."

++ ++ ++

Clara—Did you ever know a forger to come over here and take this country as he found it?

Clarence—Sure. What's the matter with Columbus?

++ ++ ++

AN ERROR ON THE STAGE.

The late Mrs. Gilbert, the veteran actress, was telling some of her experiences. Once, at a reception in Chicago, she said:

"One of my earliest speaking parts was played here in your city, and I was very nervous. I was so nervous, in fact, that on the first night I made an error that nearly ruined the performance."

"I had a small part, the part of an old nurse. There was a dying king, a villain, and a band of music in the piece, and the band of music was supposed to be very fine. The queen's life, indeed, was to come near being ruined through the strange, sweet seductiveness of this band. Nothing but compliments and flatteries of the band were to be heard on every side."

"Well, in the third act, while the band was playing its best, I had to rush on and cry:

"Stop the music. The king is dead."

"What I did in my nervousness was to rush on and cry:

"Stop the music. It has killed the king."

++ ++ ++

THE ASYLUM CRITIC.

Jan Kubelik, the violinist, like most of the musical "virtuosos," affects long hair. This led to a misunderstanding once, according to an anecdote printed in the New York Times.

"I was asked to play before the inmates of an insane asylum by an alienist," said Kubelik, "the doctor believing that music was a fine medicine for unbalanced minds. I accordingly accompanied him to the institution, where he introduced me, and said I would favor my hearers with something gay and happy."

"I hadn't intended to do this, but following his suggestion I played a brilliant Slav composition, which I hoped would be joyous enough. The crazy folks were all seated about the platform in chairs and seemed to be intensely interested. As I finished, a very pretty young woman rose and beckoned to me. I thought, artist-like, that she wanted an encore, and so said to the doctor:

"Ask her what she desires."

THE POET'S CORNER

THE PENITENT.

"E la sua volontade e nostra pace."—Dante.

O restless soul of man, unsatisfied With the world's empty noise and feverish glare, Sick with its hopes of happiness denied, The dust and ashes of its promise fair;

Baffled and buffeted, thy days perplexed, Thy cherished treasures profitless and vain, What comfort hast thou, captive, thwarted, vexed, Mocked by mirage of joys, that merge in pain?

Though love be sweet, yet death is strogg and still Inexorable change will follow thee; Yea, though thou vanquish every mortal ill, Thou shalt not conquer mutability!

The human tide goes rushing down to death; Turn thou a moment from its current broad, And listen: 'What is this silence saith O soul? 'Be still, and know that I am God!'

The mighty God! Here shalt thou find thy rest, O weary one! There is naught else to know, Naught else to see—here thou mayst cease thy quest, Give thyself up. He leads where thou shalt go.

The changeless God! Into thy troubled life Steals strange, sweet peace; the pride that drove thee on, The hot ambition and the selfish strife

That made thy misery, like the mist are gone;

And in their place a bliss beyond all speech; The patient resignation of the will That lifts thee out of bondage, out of reach Of death, of change, of every earthly ill.

I see that altar lamp is burning yet Just as in years gone by, I see the Crucifix of silver gleaming Above the lamp's unwearied beaming, Waiting for me.

All is the same—'tis I alone am changed By care and sin. Oh, from the bitter ways of wrong and strife, From the dark memories of a wasted life— Lord let Thy pilgrim in!

A holy calm through my unquiet soul Comes gently stealing. I have come back, oh Great Un-changing One! With darkness past—and a new life begun Where I am kneeling.

"He rose to his feet and was about to question her, when she exclaimed: "To think of the likes of me being in here, and he being at large in the world!"

WISE CHICKS.

"Do you know why the chickens came out of the eggs, Bobbie?" "I guess they knew they'd get boiled if they stayed in."—Harper's Bazar.

Wasting Brain and Nerve Force

And Undermining Health by Useless Worry—New Vitality obtained by using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food

Brain and nerve force is squandered in a way which would be utterly condemned in the use of money. And of what value is money as compared with health? By useless fretting and worry, by overwork, and by neglecting to take proper nourishment, rest and sleep, strength and vitality are frittered

Kneeling in hope before Thy blessed shrine!

In hope—at length. And with the rain of sad, remorseful tears I wash away the burden of past years And pray for strength!

Strength to be faithful to the very end— Thy grateful, loving slave forevermore to be. And so beneath Thy feet my heart I lay— In night or morning, life or death, I pray Thy holy will be done in me always, Through all the ages of eternity. —Selected.

THE VOICES.

Out of red twilight worlds Come shining Presences on vast swift wings— Out of far sundown realms where cities flash. Inhabited by kings.

Out of deep twilight worlds Come radiant Songs and crystal Melodies. And awful Splendors winging thro' gray dusks Ascending from dim seas.

Far in red twilight worlds Great Voices speak in utterance strong and broad, And Living Thunders, clothed in flame, fall down At the white feet of God.

Sail fast, sail fast, my bark, And bear my soul across the sun-down reach! So I may find the Voices calling me, And learn the Splendors speech. —Charles J. O'Malley, in Syracuse Sun.

THE PITY OF IT!

How blind to crush the best that we may feel! To be ashamed to show our brightest side, To let affection's golden stream congeal

Beneath the mask of our conventional pride! We scarcely veil the face of selfishness; Seldom we blush at our ungracious speech;

We lightly touch the hand that we should press And turn from those who our kind thought beseech. And if we meet two friends with hearts aglow, Who on each other look with tender eyes,

Or interchange of loving words bestowed, Our cold disdain we oft would not disguise. Thus do we to ourselves delight deny

And Love's unwritten law in scorn repeal, Stiffing our soul's deep protest that would cry:

"How blind to crush the best that we may feel!" —William Struthers, in Boston Transcript.

... FOR ...

Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Colic, Stomach Cramps, Cholera Morbus, Cholera Infantum, Seasickness, Summer Complaint, and all Looseness of the Bowels in Children or Adults.

DR. FOWLER'S
Extract of
Wild Strawberry

is an instantaneous cure. It has been used in thousands of homes for sixty years, and has never failed to give satisfaction. Every home should have a bottle so as to be ready in case of emergency.

Mrs. GEORGE N. HARVEY, Rosemeath, Ont., writes: "I can recommend Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry as the best medicine I have ever used for Diarrhoea and all summer complaints. I always keep it in the house and praise it highly to all my friends."

OUR

BY

Dear Girls and Boys: Though vacation weather very warm, have not been neglected and nephews. Berry general topic, which long to be out with McC. wonders where are who used to write ly. She is a very young girl, and quite under letters are lacking in must be busy. Why, will take Fred McC. cle. I will always m if I will need to pu page. Fred intends t boy helping with t Annie O.N. seems to happy birthday and membered by her papa I feel certain all the in wishing her many Harry O.N. is a prett think, for his eight y the second book and ing the horses with h so pleased to read th is going to continue Well, it is a long tim T. wrote to me, but letter partly makes up has a lovely time dur to Quebec. Joseph sp haying season commen pose he will have to help. With best wis happy vacation to a friends,

Your loving

AUN

++ ++ ++

Dear Aunt Becky:

It is such a long time to you that I thought again. I am going of Quebec to see my gran- ties and uncle, so that write to you before I g says that she will sen Witness, and then I v letter in print. Papa home a dear little pu day. I call him "Gy have such fun playing is spotted brown and down to Dominion Pa mamma and my sister The electric lights at there are thirty thous went on the Scenic R you cannot imagine ho was, but papa had his me. We went on Old Chutes, and many oth it started to rain so v home. The next nigh Riverside Park: It is but nothing like Domi Well, Aunt Becky, a getting long. I think Hoping to see my lett

Your loving

Montreal.

++ ++ ++

Dear Aunt Becky:

How quickly the time it is time to write ag much news, only some h ed haying. Papa will if it is fine. Two o from the States are co week to spend vacatio One of them I have ne has not been here fo The other one was her One is a trained nurse, school teacher. Of co expect to have much f for they are grown up shall be glad to see the ting near bed time, I say good night.

Your neph

Granby, July 18.

++ ++ ++

Dear Aunt Becky:

As berry picking t and as it is very busy, sent, I cannot writ but hope to find a lit week. My sister and I berries Wednesday even about three quarts. T ing to be quite plenti This is the first week of what a lovely week it did not rain any only ternoon, but it did no men from working. T Sunday-school last Sun ter and I went visiti We had a lovely tim like rain when we wa