

HOME INTERESTS.

Conducted by HELENE.

Keep the house comfortably clean but do not carry cleanliness to such a point that the home will constantly be an accusing finger, with yourself as the great human sacrifice. A man loves to have things neat and orderly about him, but he hates to be reminded constantly that his wife is the drudge who has accomplished it. And remember also, by one of the contradictions of fate which are so frequently cropping up in life, that the woman who exerts herself the least is the one most humored and cosseted. But, after all is said and done, there is little need for a woman to kill herself in these days of improved appliances. Invention has not only invaded the kitchen and stamped nearly every article there with some device for the saving of strength and labor, but has covered pretty well the entire house. Sweeping, dusting, scrubbing and polishing are now accomplished with one half the exertion of past times.

GIRLS AND BAD NOVELS.

In the past we have had occasion to call the attention of parents and teachers to the evil and pernicious effect of bad reading. This time we will allow the Journal of Kansas City to speak. It says in a recent issue:

"Half the woe that comes to girls in this world is the result of bad novels. They pore over all the silly, senseless stuff and get filled up with all sorts of romantic but improper ideas, and it need not be surprising that they try to cut some of the capers that their glittering heroes do." It is the duty, then, of Catholic parents to save their children from such mistaken notions of morality by providing them with good reading—papers and books that will inculcate sound principles and inspire them to be good Catholics and conscientious men and women.—Sacred Heart Review.

THE HANGING OF PICTURES.

In hanging pictures the guiding principles as to height is the level of the eye, but combined with that are equally important considerations of size, shade and color, in relation both to wall spaces and to each other. The inclination seems to be to hang pictures too high, giving an impression of being skied.

Too high, too far apart, poorly balanced and forming steps or gables are pitfalls to be avoided. When one's pictures are large and can be hung one in a place, with a thoughtful or, for the proper height and lighting, the problem is a comparatively simple one. The eye must rest directly upon it; it must not give the impression of weighing heavily upon the piece of furniture, nor must it float off into space above. The shapes must harmonize with the shape of the place of furniture beneath, as well as with the space. That the dark places must have light pictures and the dark photographs hang in the high lights can easily be seen.

ENRICHING EXPERIENCE.

Why has art so large a place in the lives of the Japanese? Perhaps because they begin to touch art early in life.

In a recent trip around the world the eminent English surgeon, Sir Frederick Treves, spent considerable time in Japan. On the occasion of his visit to a famous temple the only living creature met with in the temple grounds was an old woman carrying a golden-faced baby—her grandson.

"Why have you come to a place so solitary?" Sir Frederick asked. "I thought it would do the baby good to see the plum blossom," the old woman replied, with the soft urbanity of her race.

THE DREADED CROUP.

A baby attacked by croup is the cause of the utmost alarm to an inexperienced mother. A doctor should be sent for, but meanwhile the mother may wring out flannels in very hot water, and place them on the child's throat, changing them very often so as to keep them hot. A very small baby may be entirely wrapped up in a blanket wrung out of water as hot as it can be borne. If possible, get a kitchen kettle of boiling water and place it so that the child may inhale the steam from it. The child's breathing will be greatly alleviated by this treatment.

WHEN SILENCE IS GOLDEN.

The best of us talk too much. "The essence of power is reserve," said a man who knew.

Many a reputation has been built on silence. Many a one is spoiled through rushing prematurely and volubly into speech.

It is safe to be silent when your words would wound. "Faithful are the wounds of a friend," says the old proverb, but one wants to be mighty sure one's friend needs the wounding and that we are qualified to administer it.

Keep still when your words will discourage. It is infinitely better to be dumb forever than to make one fellow-being less able to cope with life.

Keep still when your words will incite to anger or discomfort. An incredible amount of breath is used in the evil practice of trying to make our friends dislike their friends.

Never speak when what you have to say is merely for the purpose of exalting yourself.

Shut your lips with a key when you are inspired to babble incontinently of yourself—your ailments, your accomplishments, relations, loves, hatreds, hopes and desires. It is only to the choice rare friend that one may speak of these things without becoming a fool.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

NURSERY NOTES.

Don't take your children out in goats. They are very good for children over three, but younger ones need a baby carriage.

A successful method of giving children powders is to cut open a small piece of chocolate cream, insert the powder and close the chocolate again. Don't curl or plait a child's hair tightly if you want it to grow long and thick. Many a scanty crop of tresses in later life is due to straining the hair while the child is growing.

Comfortable footwear for children is indispensable to the proper development of the legs. With the feet in a comparatively helpless condition it is quite impossible for the calf muscles to work properly. Four hours is the longest interval during which children should go without food in the daytime, and something, if it is only a drink of milk and a biscuit, should always be given them the last thing before going to bed.

GOOD ADVICE.

The Rev. J. H. Murtagh, at a Father Mathew memorial meeting at Sioux City, Iowa, October 17, issued a warning to girls of the Epiphany Cathedral parish against marrying men addicted to the use of intoxicants with the intention of reforming them. He said the girl who took

such a course was running long chances, and he cited numerous instances which had come under his observation in order to prove his contention. No matter how much a girl loved a man, and no matter how much the man seemed to love the girl, the uncontrollable appetite for liquor would come between them and the girl would be the sufferer as well as the man.

RECIPES.

Rice Cakes with Creamed Fish.—Boil some rice, and when it is tender and dry season it with butter, salt, pepper and a little curry powder. Spread the rice on a buttered baking pan and leave it for several hours. Then cut it with a cookie cutter into rounds, scoop out a little of the rice from the middle of each, roll in egg and bread crumbs and fry in deep fat. Have ready some cooked fish that has been heated up in a rice cream sauce and fill the hollows of the cakes with it. Sprinkle with minced parsley and serve very hot.

Here is a dessert that may be prepared in a hurry: Whip a pint of rich cream and place on a round platter with ladyfingers arranged in the form of a star, the cream piled in the middle; dot the top of the cream with maraschino cherries, pouring the liquor over the sponge fingers.

Potato Balls.—Two pounds of potatoes, a little butter, chopped parsley, chopped ham, pepper and salt, one egg. Peel the potatoes, boil them in salted water till quite done, strain and put the pan on the side of the fire to steam, then mash thoroughly with a little butter, pepper and salt and chopped ham and parsley to taste. Form the potato into small balls, brush over with egg, and bake to a delicate color in the oven. The more ham that can be added to the dish the better.

TIMELY HINTS.

A satisfactory way of preventing fish from tainting a refrigerator or any of its contents is to wrap the fish closely in a cloth wrung out of cold water. This will also prevent it from becoming hard and dry.

For those troubled with roaches and water bugs borax burned on a shovel or old pie tin and sprinkled in their runways will induce them to leave their happy homes "for good."

Iron embroideries on the wrong side over a thin, smooth cloth over flannel. Never touch lace directly with an iron on either side. Heavy laces and tatting should not be ironed, but pinned out on a board over cloth. If they seem stiff when taken out rub them gently with the fingers.

It is asserted that light scratches or marks on polished tables or chairs can be effaced by rubbing the meat of the common black walnut over them. After the oil of the nut has been rubbed in it is hardly possible to find the scratch. If the furniture is black walnut this would seem on the homeopathic principle of "similia similibus curantur."

If a brush such as painters use is used for dusting books the work will be much more satisfactorily done than

PSYCHINE

(PRONOUNCED SI-KEEN)

COUGH AND LUNG TROUBLE

"PSYCHINE" differs radically from the old fogey medicines. It is compounded on new and advanced methods of curing disease, otherwise it would be just like scores of others, without any exceptional merits. But "PSYCHINE" possesses virtues of healing, that no other preparation in the world does.

There never has been in the history of medicine, such a truly remarkable remedy, for the prompt and complete cure of obstinate coughs and lung trouble. There is nothing else just like it, or nothing else one half so good. Thousands of men and women readily and enthusiastically give testimony to prove the statement.

PSYCHINE BUILT ME UP

Linden, N. S., June 7th, 1904.

"I cannot speak too highly for your excellent I may say invaluable—remedy for weakness of throat, lungs or declining conditions. My brother, mother, and sister died of consumption, and I suppose I inherited a tendency in this direction, but, thank God, through the use of PSYCHINE I to-day enjoy good health. I suffered for some two years from a distressing, obstinate cough and weak lungs. I used PSYCHINE and OXOMULSION, and they built me right up. My lungs are now strong and I enjoy splendid health. Yours truly,

"ELLA M. COVE"

GREATEST OF ALL TONICS

AT ALL DRUGGISTS—ONE DOLLAR—TRIAL FREE

The Dr. T. A. Slocum, Limited, 178 King Street West, Toronto

The Bad Cold of To-Day MAY BE PNEUMONIA TO-MORROW.

The sore throat or tickling cough that, to the gardener, seems but a trivial annoyance, may develop into Pneumonia, Bronchitis, or some Throat or Lung trouble.

DR. WOODS' NORWAY PINE SYRUP

contains all the lung-healing virtues of the pine tree, and is a sure cure for Coughs, Colds and all Throat or Lung troubles. Mrs. B. Hutchinson, 188 Argyle Street, Toronto, writes: "I have been a sufferer from Chronic Bronchitis for years and have found Dr. Woods' Norway Pine Syrup far better than any of the hundreds of remedies I have used. Our whole family use it in cases of Coughs or Colds. We would not be without it."

Don't be humbugged into taking something "just as good," ask for Dr. Woods' and insist on getting it. Put up in yellow wrapper, three pine trees is the trade mark and price 25 cents.

with a cloth or feather duster, instead of which can dislodge the fine particles of dust from the corners and crevices. It is also very useful for dusting picture frames, bric-a-brac and moldings.

One of the surest and best ways of removing soot or dirt of any kind from a moquette, velvet or axminster carpet is to rub cornmeal well into the spots and then spread sparingly over the whole carpet. Sweep off, and the spots will be gone, leaving the carpet as bright as new.

FUNNY SAYINGS.

THE TWELFTH JUROR.

"Where is the twelfth juror?" exclaimed an Idaho judge as court reconvened, after a recess, with only eleven good men and true in the box. One juror arose. "Please, Judge," said he, "it's like Simmons as is gone. He had to go on private business, but he's left his verdict with me."

"I am from Bryn Mawr," a trifle self-sufficiently said a tourist. "Of course, you have heard of Bryn Mawr?"

"Well, by George!" ejaculated a prominent citizen of Oklahoma. "So that's a place, is it? That's shorely news to me, Podnet! I remember readin' them words som'ers, but I always sorter thought they was the name of a throat disease of some kind."

One evening she had set the batch of dough to rise in the kitchen and was reading in the parlor, when her six-year-old boy came running to her crying, "Mamma, mamma, there's a mouse jumped into your bread pan!" The good woman sprang from her seat.

"Did you take him out?" she asked, frantically.

"No'm, but I done just as good. I threw the cat in, and she's digging after him to beat the band."

The Rev. Dr. Marshall, a convert to the Church, who was a very large man, had been attending a meeting at Dublin, and took a covered car to go where he was staying. Before he got into the car he asked the driver to tell him what the fare was. The answer came:

"I'll leave that to your reverence."

"But how much is it?"

"Whatever your reverence pleases."

"That won't do. I shall not get into the car until you tell me the fare."

"Get in at once, your reverence, for if the horse turns and gets a sight of you, the devil a step he'll go at all."

TOLD IN THE BARBER SHOP.

The bath man told me this story the other day:

An Irishman and a Jew were having an argument, that grew heated as it progressed, regarding the preponderance of Jews or Irish in heaven. Finally they decided that each should name those of his compatriots whom he believed to be in the celestial region, and for each one named he would pull a hair from the other's beard.

A toss was made for first choice, and the Irishman won. "St. Patrick," he promptly exclaimed, and out came a strand from the Jewish whisker.

"The twelve apostles," retorted Mr. Isaac, and a small handful was dragged from the face of McMilligan.

This was getting serious for Mr. Isaac, and he began to concede both heaven and the hair to the Jew.

He thought deeply for a few brief seconds and shouted, "The Ancient Order of Hibernians!" The Jewish beard and the argument ended right there—"Potpourri" of Catholic Union and Times.

A SONG IN THE AFTERDUSK.

Bright twinkling stars are shining now,
My little love and I stroll hand in hand,
Night deepens over all the vernal land,
While soft we breathe our true love's vesper vow.

Then sweet and still more sweet we sing,
Then dear and ever dearer ring
The verses old our hearts repeat,
Where knows, but love, our trysting seat.

A song to-night here in the darkling wood,
A quaint old song it is and simple too,
Yet with its olden notes her heart I'll woo.

For, sooth, my love, she counts it very good.

Then sweet and still more sweet we sing,
Then dear and ever dearer ring,
The verses old our hearts repeat,
Where knows but love our trysting seat.

—M. L. O'Malley.

An old couple from the country were gazing at a marble memorial to a bishop, which showed him sinking into the arms of an allegorical figure intended to represent the Angel of Death. The old lady surveyed the monument critically, and then remarked that it was a good likeness of the bishop. "But," she added, "it ain't a bit like his wife. I knew her well, and she wore spectacles and side curls."

BLOODLESS GIRLS

Find New Health Through the Use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

When you see a young girl pale and ailing and wasting away, you know that budding womanhood is making new demands upon her blood supply which she cannot meet. Month after month her health, her strength, her very life, is being drained away. No food and no care can do her any good. Common medicine cannot save her from broken health and a hopeless decline. New blood is the one thing that can make her a healthy, cheerful, rosy-cheeked girl. And Dr. Williams' Pink Pills actually make new blood with every dose. That is the whole secret of how they have saved thousands of pale, anaemic girls from an early grave. Miss Alice Chaput, aged 17 years, living at 475 St. Timothee street, Montreal, gives strong proof of the power of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to cure. "A couple of years ago," says Miss Chaput, "I was an almost continuous sufferer, and became so weak I could hardly go about. I suffered from frequent and prolonged spells of dizziness, I had frightful headaches, and my stomach was completely out of order. The least exertion would leave me worn out and breathless, and I did not appear to have a drop of good blood in my body. I consulted a doctor, who told me the trouble was general debility, but his treatment did not help me a particle. To add to the trouble my nerves gave way, and I often passed sleepless nights. At this stage a friend advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I got a few boxes. The first benefit I noticed from the use of the pills was an improved appetite, and this seemed to bring much relief. I continued taking the pills until I had used six boxes, when I was fully restored to health, and I have not had a day's illness since. I cannot praise Dr. Williams' Pink Pills enough for the great good they have done me."

A pale anaemic person needs only one thing—new blood. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills do one thing only—they make new blood. That is all they do, but they do it well. They don't act on the bowels. They don't bother with mere symptoms. They caused originally from bad blood. But when Dr. Williams' Pink Pills replace bad blood with good blood they strike straight at the root and cause of all common diseases like headaches, dizziness, backaches, kidney trouble, liver complaint, biliousness, indigestion, anaemia, neuralgia, sciatica, locomotor ataxia and the special secret troubles that every woman knows but that none of them like to talk about, even to their doctors. But you must have the genuine pills, or you can't be cured, and the genuine always have the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" on the wrapper around the box. Sold by all medicine dealers or sent direct by mail for 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

WHILE THERE IS LIGHT.

While there is light,
Guard thy lamp's ray,
To meet the Bridegroom
Upon His way:
Deep in the woodlands
Unto His Voice hark I
When it grows dark.

While there is light
Learn the bird's art,
Building and singing
With buoyant heart;
For now the woodlands
Are silent and marl
How it grows dark!

While there is light
Guard thy lamp's ray,
To meet the Bridegroom
Upon His way:
Deep in the woodlands
Unto His Voice hark I
When it grows dark.

While there is light,
Garner thy sheaves,
Above life's famine,
Its fallen leaves;
Lo! from the woodlands,
Upsoareth the lark,
Out of the dark.

In many instances the heart is a better guide than the more logical mind.

The efficacy of Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup in curing coughs and colds and arresting inflammation of the lungs, can be established by hundreds of testimonials from all sorts and conditions of men. It is a standard remedy in these ailments and all ailments of the throat and lungs. It is highly recommended by medicine men, because they know and appreciate its value as a curative. Try it.

The Poet's Corner.

THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD.

Oh, it is sweet to think
Of those that are departed,
While murmured aves sink
To slumber tender-hearted.

Yet not as in the days
Of earthly ties we love them;
For they are touched with rays
From light that is above them.

Since now they are God's only
Ah each one that has gone
Has left our heart less lonely.

He mourns not seasons fled
Who now in Him possesses
Treasures of many dead
In their dear Lord's caresses.

Dear dead! They have become
Like guardian angels to us;
And distant heaven like home
Through them begins to woo us.

Love that was earthly wings
Its flight to holier places;
The dead are sacred things
That multiply our graces.

They whom we loved on earth
Attract us now to heaven:
Who shared our grief and mirth
Back now to us are given.

They move with noiseless feet
Gravely and sweetly round us
And their soft touch hath cut
Full many a chain that bound us.

O dearest dead! To heaven
With grudging eyes we gave you;
To Him—he doubts forgiven!
Who took you there to save you.

Now get us grace to love
Your memories yet more kindly,
Pine for our homes above,
And trust to God more blindly.
—Father Faber.

THE ROBIN'S RED BREAST.

The Saviour, bowed beneath His cross,
Climbed up the dreary hill,
While from the agonizing wreath
Ran many a crimson rill.

The cruel Romans thrust Him on
With unrelenting hand
Till, staggering slowly mid the crowd
He fell upon the sand.

A little bird that warbled near,
That memorable day,
Flitted around and strove to wrench
One single thorn away.

The cruel spike impaled his breast,
And thus, 'tis sweetly said,
The robin has his crimson vest
Incarnadined with red.

Ah, Jesu, Jesu, Son of Man!
My dolor and my sighs
Reveal the lesson taught by this
Winged Ishmael of the skies.

I, in the palace of delight
Or cavern of despair,
Have plucked no thorns from Thy
dear brow.

But planted thousands there.
—Brother James Randall, in Frederic, Md., News.

WHILE THERE IS LIGHT.

While there is light,
Cull from the flowers
Brightness to cheer thee,
Thro' wintry hours;
See, in the woodlands
Nor glimmer, nor spark!
Soon it grows dark.

While there is light
Learn the bird's art,
Building and singing
With buoyant heart;
For now the woodlands
Are silent and marl
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While there is light
Guard thy lamp's ray,
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OUR

Dear Girls and Boys:

Just one letter this is from an old friend, speaks of having her I suppose that will boys and girls long of snow. This is a bring to your mind birds. You all know suffer more or less in ther. So, now, make tuition of scattering out is such an easy task, task at all, simply a Our little feathered friend depend on chance for so let the boys and girls themselves to show that which will have a spron the recording angel's Your loving

Dear Aunt Becky:

Since I have not written for a long time, I am very sorry I could not with the corner. I have good one to keep up with You see a letter of his nearly every second week ride on my sleigh was glad to see so many letters. We are going Royalty, near Charlotte spring. The school is and I do not like to let her is so nice. Papa was not going to be coast on. I like that by's nest. I hope to sins. Of course there winter comes. I remain Your loving

Bay View, P.E.I.

THE NEW BA

Yes I've got a little bro Never asked to have him But he's here. They just went away and And, last week, the d him,

Weren't that queer When I heard the news Why, I thought at first 'Cause, you see, I s'posed I could go and And then mamma, cour him

Play with me. But when I had one lo "Why," I says, "Grea that him?"

Just that mite!" They said: "Yes," and cumin'?"

And I thought they must He's a sight!" He's so small, it's just And you'd think that he He's so red.

And his nose is like a b And he's bald as Uncle Oh his head.

Why, he isn't worth a b All he does is cry and h He can't stop.

Won't sit up, you can't a I don't see why he don't At the shop.

Now we've got to dress And we really didn't need More'n a frog;

Why'd they buy a baby I When they know I'd a g ther

Have a dog?

WHY HERBERT GAVE ING.

"It's too mean for anything and Herbert, in spite of years. 'They might tak Just as well as not."

"What would I do with the man?" asked mamma bert refused to be consol "You've got papa and you needn't be afraid. I Ralph could be so selfish as good and do every them if they'd only take

"Well, pack your traps, said the voice of his big him. "I asked the they'd care, and they said go. There, don't squeeze off."

Herbert was so delighted he had to say yes and make a big bundle of his small son. "It will two weeks, mamma," he asked her good-bye, "and can stand it that long pictures on four dream