

HOME INTERESTS

Conducted by HELENE.

It has been wisely suggested that the women who succeed are those who go to their work with a determination...

danger of the half-dozen crosses which the action of the foot is bound to form on the front vamp.

It is well to have two or three pairs of shoes at least on hand and to change them as often as possible.

VALUE OF OLIVE OIL.

Sufferers from nerve disorders should try the olive oil cure, which is highly recommended. The very best and purest olive oil must be obtained...

A MEDICAL ESTIMATE OF PRAYER.

At the recent annual meeting of the British Medical Association, a specialist in neurology and in the treatment of mental diseases, said: "As an alienist and one whose whole life has been concerned with the sufferings of the mind, I would state that of all hygienic measures to counteract disturbed sleep, depressed spirits and all the miserable sequelae of a distressed mind, I would undoubtedly give the first place to the simple habit of prayer."

A SMOOTH YOUNG SKIN.

A professional model whose complexion is of the classic type has this to say about her smooth skin and its treatment:

"I suppose I ought to say that I owe my complexion to soap and water; but, to tell the actual truth, neither soap nor water agrees with my skin very well. I seldom wash my face, vulgar as this may sound.

"I am accustomed to taking a cold bath every day, which is a matter of habit. It is good for some people and bad for others, but it agrees perfectly with me. I feel invigorated by it.

"In the natural course of events my face gets its dash of cold water, but otherwise I do not wash it except for a light steaming which it gets once in awhile, say once in ten days or so.

"At night I cover my face thickly with cold cream, putting it on in great layers. I let it remain on for a few minutes and then remove it with a soft cloth. I then apply another thick coating of cold cream, and this I leave on all night.

It seems to sink into the pores and to supply the moisture which has been taken out of it during the day.

"You cannot expect to have a smooth young skin unless you use lots of cold cream on your face. You must experiment until you find the right kind of cold cream to use. If glycerin hurts your skin, do not use it. If you cannot stand rose water and alcohol, why, it is best to omit them. Discover the kind of cream you can use and stick to it. That is the way I did."—Brooklyn Eagle.

YOUR SHOES.

If women knew how a rundown heel or a dirty shoestring spoils an entire toilet they would be more particular.

"When a woman is particular about her shoes, gloves and handkerchiefs," said a man, "you may be sure that she is a good housekeeper."

If you buy a well made, well fitting shoe in the beginning it may cost you more than you felt you ought to pay.

But if you take good care of these shoes, cleaning them, keeping them in shape and soeing to their wants, you will find that they will endure three times as long as a cheap shoe and still always look shapely.

Shoes are not to be taken off at night and tossed anywhere. As each one is removed it should be stretched and pulled while still retaining the warmth of the foot. It should be rubbed with the palm of the hand and then allowed to stand until the wearer is ready to retire. At this point the adjustable foot tree should be inserted. The tree shoelaces all

A bread toaster for a gas stove is another new device. Four slices of bread can be toasted at once, and clever arrangement prevents any part of the bread from coming in contact with the flame.

Odds and ends of soap can be put to a good use if, when a number of them have been accumulated, they are almost covered with alcohol. This forms a thick jelly, which is readily dissolved in water, and will be found useful in shampooing, in manicuring the hands, and in the bath.

RECIPES.

Snowflake Pudding—Soak a package of gelatine in one cup of cold water until thoroughly dissolved then turn into it two half cups of boiling water, the juice of two small lemons, one and one half cupful of sugar and the well-beaten whites of three eggs. Whip up until very stiff. Bake a custard by scalding one and a half pint of milk, adding to it one cup of sugar, one tablespoonful of flour and the yolks of three eggs. When cold flavor with vanilla.

Spiced Grapes.—Take the pulp of the grapes, boil, and rub through a sieve so as to get rid of the seeds. Add the skins to the strained pulp and boil with sugar, vinegar and spices, using for seven pounds of grapes four and a half pounds of sugar and one pint of good vinegar. Spice quite highly with ground cloves allspice and a little cinnamon.

To candy violets, get some fine double blossoms, break off the heads, dip them in water into which previously dissolve a little isinglass, and put them afterwards into a little cooled spun sugar. Sprinkle the violets with the finest powdered sugar, and lay them on sheets of white paper in the sun or some warm place, but on no account put them in an oven. Spun sugar is made by taking a quarter of a pound of loaf sugar to half a pint of water. Boil it until it forms strings on a spoon when dipped in it—hence the name. The violets may be gathered on a dry, sunny day, otherwise there is danger of their not keeping.

Brown Betty—The very mention of brown Betty brings with it all the flavor of old-fashioned days. The following recipe is one of the best of its kind: Spread the bottom of an earthen pudding dish with a layer of quartered apples dotted with bits of butter and seasoned with nutmeg. Then cover with a layer of bread crumbs soaked in milk. Do not use too much milk, as the tartness of the apples and the sweetness of the milk do not combine well, but the crumbs should be thoroughly moistened to prevent their becoming too dry in baking. Bread freshly grated from a stale loaf is excellent for this purpose. Sprinkle the top with nutmeg, a little sugar and large bits of butter. Bake until a rich brown. Serve with thick, sweetened cream, or, better yet, with a hard sauce, made with powdered sugar, butter and a little flavoring. It is good either hot or cold.

FUNNY SAYINGS.

A FAREWELL PRAYER.

Great preparations were being made in a Dublin household for a visit to Belfast. The tiny daughter of the house was greatly interested, as she was to make the trip with her parents.

The night before they were to start little Gladys knelt to say her prayers as usual. After her accustomed petitions had been made, the mother, who was listening rather absent-mindedly, was startled to hear the little girl conclude her prayer with the exclamation, "Good-bye, God! We're goin' to Belfast."—The Shamrock.

An absent-minded professor was one day observed walking down the street with one foot continually in the gutter, and the other on the pavement. A pupil, meeting him, saluted him with "Good morning, professor, how are you?"

"I was very well, I thought," announced the professor, "but now I don't know what is the matter with me. For the last ten minutes I've been limping."

THE ANIMAL HE RESEMBLED.

John R. Davis, Jr., tells a good story of a Welshman and an Irishman who had a fight, in which the ignorance of natural history played an important part. The Welshman had taken boxing lessons until he thought he could lick anything of his weight. He thereupon challenged an Irishman to fight him to a finish and the challenge was promptly accepted. The Welshman selected a fellow-countryman named Davvy for a second. After the first round the

Welshman went to his corner and asked Davvy how he looked.

"Look like a lion!" said Davvy. In the second round the Welshman had an eye closed, but Davvy still declared his champion looked like a lion. At the end of the third round the Welshman was out. When he came to he looked through his swollen eyes at his second and said:

"Ow do I look now, Davvy?"

"Like a lion," said Davvy.

"I don't feel like 'an. Did you ever see a lion?"

"Yes, indeed. Bill Jones 'as 'un!"

"Hit hain't a lion, man. Hit's a jackass!"

"Well, that's 'ow you look!"—Youngstown Telegram.

BEING PREPARED.

"In driving across the country from one town to another in New Hampshire last winter," said the Boston traveller, "I had an accident and was laid up at a farmhouse for a month. I was there when Port Arthur surrendered. I read the news in my Boston daily, which came to me every day, and just as I had finished the dispatches the good woman of the house came in to see if I wanted anything. I told her the news, but she looked at me in a puzzled way and made no reply. When she withdrew I heard her say to her husband in the next room:

"Silas, Mr. Blank says Port Arthur has surrendered."

"What's that?" he asked.

"I dunno, but that's what he says."

"Go back and ask him what it is."

"I hate to. Silas. He'll think we don't know anything."

"Well, what you goin' to do about it?"

"I'll get around to ask him tomorrow. Meanwhile, you'd better prepare yourself."

"How can I?"

"Why, you can go to work and bag up thirty bushels of 'aters, and if it's any news that's goin' to lower the price you get them into town as fast as them old horses can gallop."

—Philadelphia Press.

DYING BY INCHES.

Bloodless Girls Saved by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Dying by inches—that is the only way to describe hundreds of bloodless girls who are slipping slowly but surely from simple anaemia into a decline. They drag themselves along with one foot in the grave through those years of youth that should be the happiest in their lives. And the whole trouble lies in the blood. Bad blood is the fountain head of all the trouble that afflicts woman from maturity to middle life. Bad blood causes all the backaches and sideaches, all the paleness, breathlessness and despondency; all the heart palpitation, sickly dizzy turns and deathly fainting spells. From fainting spells to consumption is only a step. In nine cases out of ten consumption starts from bloodlessness—and the only cure for bloodlessness is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They actually make new, rich, red blood, that brings the rosy glow of health to sallow cheeks, and strength to every part of the body. This has been proved in thousands of cases. Miss Frances Peach, Welland, Ont., says:—"A couple of years ago my condition of health was very serious. Doctors said that I had no blood—that it had turned to water. I was unfit to do anything for months, and was little more than a living skeleton. I had no appetite; the least exertion would leave me breathless, and I had frequent severe headaches. I was treated by several doctors, but they failed to help me, and I was completely discouraged. Then I was urged to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and in a few weeks found my health improving. I used eight boxes in all, and was by that time again well and strong. I gained twenty-two pounds in weight, and never felt better in my life."

What Dr. Williams' Pink Pills did for Miss Peach they can do for every other weak and ailing girl. They make new blood, and new blood brings health, strength and happiness. But you must be sure you have the genuine pills with the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," printed on the wrapper around each box. All dealers sell these pills, or you can get them by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Sorrows may take from life its delight, but, thank God, they can never take its duties. At the lowest ebb of dejection we still have much to do.

Fruit-a-tives OR "FRUIT LIVER TABLETS" A pleasant liver laxative made from fruit with tonics added. Nature's remedy for constipation, headaches, biliousness, kidney and skin diseases.

The Poet's Corner.

MY HEART AND I.

Enough! we're tired, my heart and I, We sit beside the headstone thus, And wish that name were carved for us.

The moss reprints more tenderly The hard types of the mason's knife, As heaven's sweet life renews earth's life With which we're tired, my heart and I.

You see we're tired, my heart and I, We dealt with books and trusted me, And in our own blood drenched the pen.

As if such colors could not fly, We walked too straight for fortune's end, We loved too true to keep a friend; At last we're tired, my heart and I.

How tired we feel, my heart and I: We seem of no use in the world, Our fancies hang gray and uncurled About men's eyes indifferently; Our voice, which thrilled you so, will let

You sleep; our tears are only wet, What do we here, my heart and I? So tired, so tired, my heart and I, It was not thus in that old time, When Ralph sat with me 'neath the lime

To watch the sunset from the sky, "Dear love, you're looking tired," he said; I, smiling at him, shook my head: "Tis now we're tired, my heart and I."

So tired, so tired, my heart and I; Though now none takes me on his arm To fold me close and kiss me warm Till each quick breath end in a sigh Of happy languor. Now, alone, We lean upon this graveyard stone, Unheeded, unloved, my heart and I.

Tired out we are, my heart and I, Suppose the world brought diadems To tempt us, crusted with loose gems

Of powers and pleasures? Let it try, We scarcely care to look at even A pretty child, or God's blue heaven, We feel so tired, my heart and I.

Yet who complains? My heart and I? In this abundant earth, no doubt, Is little room for things worn out; Disdain them, break them, throw them by!

And if, before the days grew rough, We once were loved, used—well enough I think we've faded, my heart and I. —Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

YOUTH.

"Oh, dear, dead days, good-by," she said, "No tears or prayers or sighs of pain Can wake ye into life again."

Away she turned with drooping head, Not marked how in the distance lay Her future like a crescent moon, Waiting to burst in golden bloom

When some few nights had waned away, "Oh, dear, dead days, good-by," she said. —Theodosia Pickering Garrison.

CRADLE SONG.

Sing it, Mother! sing it low; Deem it not an idle lay, In the heart 'twill ebb and flow All the life-long way.

Sing it, Mother! softly sing, While he slumbers on his knee, All that after years may bring Shall flow back to thee.

Sing it, Mother! Love is strong! When the tears of manhood fall, Echoes of thy cradle song Shall its peace recall.

Sing it, Mother! when his eye Catcheth from the Yellow Divan, Bring, he may smile to see, When he remembereth, —Dorothy Weston.

THE CONVERT.

The river's rose and gold—on other days At sunrise, too, it shone, but now its glow Seems golden-patterned as the streams that flow

From that great heart set in the Godhead's rays; There is no change in all the daily ways

Of this, his life; the friends that come and go Are nearer, yet apart; they cannot know

The rapture in his soul where new peace stays. He is the same to hurrying men that pass

In haste to daily work; they cannot see The splendid bloom upon a barren rod; They cannot know—he goes from his first Mass—

The fullness of his hidden ecstasy— He bears like Simeon, heart to heart, his God. —Maurice Francis Egan.

A PRAYER.

O Thou before whom storms are silent, And oceans vast from tumult cease, Take this wild heart unto Thy keeping,

And lead it to Thy perfect peace. This heart, storm-tossed, enflamed by lime

Soon tempted from the narrow way Its very love too often leading itself and others far astray

Wrench it, Lord, from the senses' thralldom, From pleasure which it loudly claims,

From wishes, vaguely interwoven, And give it everlasting aims, That from the tyranny of moments, From doubt, regret, and pain set free,

It may for once be without burden, And rest, at last, at last, in Thee. —F. W. F. F. F.

FOR THE DEAD.

Help, Lord, the souls which Thou hast made, The souls to Thee so dear, In prison for the debt unpaid Of sins committed here.

Those holy souls, they suffer on, Resign'd in heart and will, Until Thy high behest is done, And justice has its fill

For daily falls, for pardon'd crime, They joy to undergo The shadow of Thy cross sublime, The remnant of Thy wo.

Help, Lord, the souls which Thou hast made, The souls to Thee so dear, In prison for the debt unpaid Of sins committed here.

Oh, by their patience of delay, Their hope amid their pain, Their sacred zeal to burn away Disfigurement and stain;

Oh, by their fire of love, not less In keeness than the flame, Oh, by their very helplessness, Oh, by Thy own great Name.

Good Jesu, help! sweet Jesu, aid The souls to Thee most dear, In prison for the debt unpaid Of sins committed here. —J. H. Newman.

O, for a tongue to utter The words that should be said— Of his worth that was silver, living, That is gold and Jasper, dead!

Dead—but the death was fitting: First in the ranks he lay, And he marks the height of his nation's gain, As he lies in the harness—dead! —John Boyle O'Reilly.

It is a hard world. It is a cruel world, and the more that men and women live in it the more like it do they become from the primal instinct of self-preservation, unless they keep unspattered their youthful faith in their joy and their hope. To give these up is the first step toward playing the gutter, so joining the ranks of the bowed and hope—Dorothy Weston.

OUR

Dear Girls and Boys: I am glad to see the fog. I cannot get too tired. I evidently had a Hallow'een. May E. n like more pieces. Why, have room for ever and I hope to hear again.

J. Amy McU is a very welcome she would all like to see drinking dog. M. Edna enjoys the corner. How little folks are becoming together through reading in the corner, I understand cannot send too many write as often as you like.

Your loving AUNT BECKY.

Dear Aunt Becky: I have received the T and was glad to see such letters in the corner. ing pretty cold weather snowing to-day. Winnifd in her last letter that he to know how many brothers I have two brothers, Ray nia. Ray is seventeen December, and Johnnie is most thank Winnifred ver her kind invitation. I very much to go to Fram her, and would also like Harold could come to cousins in Kensington, fo be glad to see them and spend a few weeks with u now finish by sending my the little cousins. I remain

Your loving niece M. Kensington, Que.

Dear Aunt Becky: As Edna is writing I also. I was very much to see the letter from my Frampton, also send her hope she will write again very much to see Winnifd in the corner. Last night low'en and we made toffee games. The Hallow'eer in and they looked very of their false faces. We have to-day, as this is All Sat but will go to-morrow. I finish by sending my love little cousins, not forgetting I remain,

Your loving niece WINNIFRED Kensington, Que.

Dear Aunt Becky: We receive the True Wit like it very much. I like to little letters in the True Wit live on a farm, and my p twenty-two cows, four hor sine calves. I read in the der and learn geography, spelling, writing and arithm ter's name in Winnifred D. have a cousin Harold. So we must be cousins to the who write to the True Wit they write to us we will an letters. Aunt Becky, would to have two more nieces? M

Warden, Que.

Dear Aunt Becky: I have read letters from D. That is my name too, brother Wilfrid, twelve y and a sister, eight years of name is Mary Evelyn. I years old. Wilfrid is going college in Marquette at New Mary and I are going to the next September. We are g 446 music lessons next wee have twenty-six scholars school. It is about a mile quarter from our house. W every day. If I see my let print I will write again, G from

Warden, Que.

Dear Aunt Becky: Every time I read the True I notice that there are letters from the children in so I thought I would write o go to St. Joseph's school and the second reader. I learn writing, catechism and draw am ten years old. I've got t ters and three brothers. I've dear little dog named Tiny, I will think it funny to know the drink tea every day. I

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