

HOME INTERESTS

Conducted by HELENE.

The faces of the women one passes in the street form a curious, and too often, a saddening story. One woman purses up her lips, another screws her eyes into unnaturalness, while a third will wrinkle up her forehead and eyebrows until she looks absolutely ugly.

Oranges, limes and lemons are of great value in improving the complexion, and a couple of oranges eaten before breakfast will often clear a muddy skin. Those who suffer from acidity should not eat acid fruit with farinaceous food.

A DRY SHAMPOO. Orris root powder dusted over the hair is often a substitute for frequent shampooing. Sprinkle the powder into the hair and rub it well into the scalp; then brush it out.

Cholera and all summer complaints are so quick in their action that the cold hand of death is upon the victims before they are aware that danger is near.

MILBURN'S HEART and NERVE PILLS SAVED HER LIFE

Mrs. John C. Yensen, Little Rocker, N.B., writes: "I was troubled with a stab-like pain through my heart. I tried many remedies, but they seemed to do me more harm than good."

Price 50 cents per box or 3 boxes for \$1.25, at all dealers, or mailed direct by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

MACAROON WHIP. Macaroon whip is simply and easily made. Soak one-quarter of a package of gelatin in one-quarter of a cupful of cold water.

THACKERAY'S REPENTANCE. That Catholic lovers of Thackeray have always had their admiration for the great novelist tempered by displeasure at the bitterly anti-Catholic spirit which animated his earlier writings, is a statement which is made by a writer in the Ave Maria, and to the truth of which every reader of the works of the author of "Vanity Fair," "Pendennis," and "The Newcomers" will readily testify.

FRUIT FOR THE COMPLEXION. As every woman desires to have a good complexion, she should remember that the benefit to the skin from any cosmetic or lotion is not to be compared with that to be given by the use of fruit.

THE GREAT SUCCESS and reputation that it has already obtained proves that Luby's Parisian Hair Restorer restores grey hair to its natural color, and from its balsamic properties, strengthens the growth, cures all dandruff, and leaves the hair clean and healthy.

LUBY'S Parisian Hair Restorer advertisement with product image and text.

TIMELY HINTS.

A simple and very efficient disinfectant to pour down a sink is a small quantity of charcoal mixed with water.

Be careful not to read lying down, as there is then too much blood pressure in the eyes and the external muscles soon become very tired.

A mild solution of oxalic acid and water will remove stains from the nails and hands. This is good to use when the hands are stained with fruit juices.

Don't polish the nails roughly nor scrub them until they become heated. Touch them lightly with the polish or rub them lightly on the palms of the hands.

There are no miracles in medicine. Remember that to keep or to get health generally requires only a knowledge of nature's laws, with experience and common sense to obey them.

When suffering with a cold in the head or any kind of catarrhal or throat disorders try putting a warm solution of salt water in the nostrils and gargle the throat with cold salt water.

To preserve milk put a spoonful of horse-radish into a pan of milk and it will remain sweet for several days either in the open air or in a cellar.

FUNNY SAYINGS.

WILLIE'S CATCH. The Pretty Teacher—Willie Simpson, how is it you were not at school yesterday?

Willie—Please, teacher (handing over his excuse note), I was at gran-ma's, an' we went a-fishin'.

Teacher—Catch anything? Willie—With pride Willie fetched from his jacket pocket a huge bullfrog and carefully placed it on the teacher's desk.

Teacher looked up from sharpening a pencil, full and close into the bulging eyes of Master Frog.

Horror-stricken she opened her lips to shriek. Then she was conscious of twenty pairs of eyes upon her, and to her came the thought, "Good-by to discipline if the boys see I am afraid."

So, with shaking limbs and unsteady voice, she managed to say, "Quite a beauty, Willie. Put it back again."

DEAD. "Silas Kidder has just answered my letter," said the country editor's assistant.

"What does he say?" asked the editor. "Dumbed if I know. He just sent my letter back with some Italian words scrawled on the bottom of it. Looks like 'requiscat in pace.'"

NO STYLE!

Proof is below that ladies criticized each other's clothes in the seventeenth century as in the twentieth century—and in "fonetik" spelling.

In 1686, May or June, Bridget Noel wrote to her sister, the Countess of Rutland: "My Lady Gansbourer meet us at Burley, but in such a dress as I never saw without dispute. Her jaunty mairto is the worst o' its kind, it is purple, & a great deal of green, & a leetle gold, & great flowers, there is some red with the green, and no lining, which luks a bosomeable."

SETTLING IT.

They had looked soulfully into each other's eyes for some time, but somehow he didn't seem to come to the point. Then suddenly he made a discovery.

"You have your mother's beautiful eyes, dear," he said. "She felt that the time had come to play her trump card."

"I have also," she said, "my father's lovely cheque-book." Within thirty minutes the engagement was announced.

POP WAS THIRD.

"I've got a wonderful boy," said the father of five. "My oldest, I mean. He came to me the other night with a subject for composition. He asked me off-hand to write it for him. I put down my paper and wrote it. I flattered myself that I did rather well with that composition, it having been some time since I had had occasion to write one, but I hardly expected the encomium I got from him. The next day at dinner time he came rushing in, hurried up to me and slapped me on the back.

"Hurrah for you, pop!" he cried. "You're all right. You stand third in the class!"

KANSAS ETIQUETTE.

A Denver man had a friend from a Kansas ranch in the city Saturday on a business deal, and at noon they went to a down-town restaurant and had lunch together.

The Kansas ranchman ate his entire meal with his knife. When he was nearing the end he discovered something. He discovered that he had no fork.

"Say," he said to the Denver man, "that waiter didn't give me a fork."

"Well, you don't need one," replied the Denver man seriously. "The deuce I don't," came from the Kansan: "What am I going to stir my coffee with?"—Denver Post.

ICED BLUE RIBBON TEA

THE MOST DELICIOUS OF SUMMER DRINKS. BREW IT THE SAME AS IF YOU WERE GOING TO SERVE HOT TEA, THEN POUR IT OFF THE LEAVES INTO A PITCHER AND PLACE ON THE ICE, WHEN QUITE COLD SERVE WITH A SLICE OF LEMON (DO NOT USE MILK) AND ADD SUGAR ACCORDING TO TASTE. THE MOST REFRESHING AND WHOLESOME SUMMER BEVERAGE KNOWN

All Weak Women Will Find New Health and Strength in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

The weak woman can depend upon it that her blood is out of order, for if her blood is rich and pure she will be strong, healthy and happy. Bad blood is the cause of nearly all the aches and pains from which women suffer.

That Catholic lovers of Thackeray have always had their admiration for the great novelist tempered by displeasure at the bitterly anti-Catholic spirit which animated his earlier writings, is a statement which is made by a writer in the Ave Maria, and to the truth of which every reader of the works of the author of "Vanity Fair," "Pendennis," and "The Newcomers" will readily testify.

It is accordingly interesting, as the Ave Maria writer goes on to say, to learn from a paper by Sir Francis Burnand in the Catholic Times, that the novelist, in later life, regretted the vituperative vein in which, both in Punch and "The Irish Sketch-Book," he had attacked the Church.

FRUIT FOR THE COMPLEXION. As every woman desires to have a good complexion, she should remember that the benefit to the skin from any cosmetic or lotion is not to be compared with that to be given by the use of fruit.

LITERARY REVIEW.

WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION.

The August number of the Woman's Home Companion is primarily an all-story number—except, of course, for the twelve indispensable departments that appear in each issue. The new novelette "Helena's Path," appears in this number, and all the other fiction comes up to the excellent standard of Mr. Hope's novel.

Among the contributors are Anne Hamilton Donnell, author of "Rebecca Mary," May Isabel Fisk, in one of her inimitable monologues, Zona Gale, Clinton Dangerfield, Mary Wilhelmina Hastings and Jeannette Cooper. Considerable space is devoted to the vacation problem, and Dr. Edward Everett Hess, Margaret E. Sangster, Anna Steese Richardson and the Editor all give some admirable vacation suggestions.

The number is elaborate pictorially with a double page of photographs of children of royalty and of other prominent people with their pet ponies—and illustrations by such well known illustrators as E. Dalton Stevens, Blanche Greer and Herman Steffer.

Mrs. Sangster and Mrs. Richardson continue their talk with girls, Fannie M. Farmer tells how to make some appetizing picnic dishes, and Evelyn Parsons contributes several attractive designs for summer embroidery. The children's pages are entertaining as usual.

THE POET'S CORNER

"COMING."

"At even, or at midnight, or at the cock-crowing, or in the morning—Mark xiii., 35.

"It may be in the evening.—When the work of the day is done, And you have time to sit in the twilight—

And watch the sinking sun, While the long bright day dies slowly— Over the sea—

And the hour grows quiet and holy With thoughts of Me.— While you hear the village children Passing along the street.

Among those thronging footsteps May come the sound of My feet. Therefore I tell you: Watch! By the light of the evening star, When the room is growing dusky As the clouds afar;

Let the door be on the latch In your home, For it may be through the gloaming I Will Come!

"It may be when the midnight Is heavy upon the land, And the black waves lying dumbly Along the sand;

When the moonless night draws close, And the lights are out in the house; When the fires burn low and red, And the watch is ticking loudly Beside the bed;

Though you sleep tired out on your couch, Still your heart must wake and watch In the dark room; For it may be that at midnight I Will Come!

"It may be at the cock-crow. When the night is dying slowly In the sky, And the sea looks calm and holy, Waiting for the dawn Of the golden sun Which draweth nigh;

When the mists are on the valleys, shading The rivers chill, And My moving star is fading, fading, Over the hill;

Behold, I say unto you: Watch! Let the door be on the latch In your home; In the chill before the dawning, Between the night and morning, I May Come!

"It may be in the morning, When the sun is bright and strong, And the dew is glittering sharply Over the little lawn;

When the waves are laughing loudly Along the shore, And the birds are singing sweetly About the door;

With the long day's work before you You rise up with the sun, And the neighbors come in to talk a little Of all that must be done; But remember that I may be the next To come in at the door, For evermore;

As you work your heart must watch; For the door is on the latch In your room, And it may be in the morning I Will Come!"

By the path that leads to the sea, So He passed down my cottage garden, Till He came to the turn of the little road Where the birch and the laburnum tree Lean over and arch the way; There I saw Him a moment stay,

THE BIRTHDAY

And Turn once more to me, As I wept at the cottage door, And lift up His hands in blessing— Then I saw His face no more, And I stood still in the doorway, Not heeding the fair white roses, Tho' I crushed them and let them fall;

Only looking down the pathway, And looking toward the sea, And wondering, and wondering, When He would come back for me; Till I was aware of an angel Who was going swiftly by, With the gladness of one who goeth In the light of God Most High,

He passed the end of the cottage Toward the garden gate— (I suppose He was come down At the opening of the sun, To comfort some one in the village Whose dwelling was desolate)— And he passed before the door, Beside my place, And the likeness of a smile Was on His face;

"Weep not," he said, "for unto you Is given To watch for the coming of His feet Who is the glory of our blessed heaven; The work and watching will be very sweet, Even in an earthly home: And in such an hour as ye think not, He Will Come!"

So I am watching quietly, Every day, Whenever the sun shines brightly, I rise and say— "Surely it is the shining of His face!"

And look unto the gates of His High place Beyond the sea: For I know He is coming shortly To summon me; And when a shadow falls across the window Of my room, Where I am working my appointed task, I lift my head to watch the door, If He is come; And the angel answers sweetly In my home: "Only a few more shadows, And He Will Come!"

A ROYAL HEART. Ragged, uncomely, old and gray, A woman walked in a Northern town, And through the crowd as she wound her way One saw her loiter and then stoop down, Putting something away in her old torn gown.

"You are hiding a jewel!" the watcher said, (Ah! that was her heart—had the truth been read!) "What have you stolen?" he asked again, Then the dim eyes filled with a sudden pain, And under the flickering light of the gas She showed him her gleaming, "It's broken glass," She said, "I've lifted it up from the street, To be out of the road of the children's feet!"

Under the fluttering rags astir, That was a royal heart that beat! Would that the world had more like her, Smoothing the road for the bairnies' feet!

CHAPTER IX.—Continued. "Oh! Miss Olive, what are you doing?" It was Jane, the girl who peeped in upon her this morning, saying Miss Bush she said, "I'll want to and I am doing it."

"I think Miss Bush will be angry, Miss," returned Jane. "She is never angry with said the confident child, and the faster in her self-will. "More reason for you try please her, miss," observed she went and called Nancy.

Nancy came, and took away the scissors, but no sooner had she got back than the incorrigible went again to Miss Bush's and found another pair and her mischievous work was done. And at this point Miss B. Guy stepped up upon the scene and turned from their walk. Of course creature Rolf looked bounded out through the door to meet his mistress and his woe. No wonder Miss struck him back with her scold as he stretched up for a caress that Guy thought him some animal.

"Why, it's poor old R. Bush," said the boy. "Yes, How gratefully he licked the hand caressing him, and how whined and barked out his whining, meanwhile, and himself, as if he did not feel as he ought to feel.

"Haven't I made him love the audacious child, lying on her again as the two step the dog with them. "You've made him ugly, and a cruel, ungrateful thing; you cruel to the dog and ungrateful me."

Miss Bush turned up the face and kissed it, an ungrateful something depicted on her face. Why was she so patient with him? Why had she taken this attitude to her heart and home, as she done? The kind lady rang and Jane appeared.

"Jane, will you gather up heap of hair, and take it away from Miss Olive to bed?" She spoke her orders, and went back to her out-of-doors thing.

For New and Old Subscribers.

Rates: City, U. S. and Foreign \$1.50. Newfoundland and Canada, \$1.00.

FILL OUT THIS BLANK AND MAIL TO THE TRUE WITNESS, MONTREAL.

Please send me "The True Witness" for.....months from.....190.....for which I enclose \$..... Name of Subscriber..... P. O. Address..... If you are a new subscriber, write "new" here.....