HOUSE PO HOME

— Conducted by Helene.

The old saying that people never know one another until they dwell under the same roof is a true one, for nothing so severely tests the disposition as constant intercourse and tne wear and tear of everyday life. Hence ft is more important to strive to be agreeable at home than to acquire manners that will make us brilliant and popular in society. acquire manners that will make us brilliant and popular in society, though the two are not at all incompatible, both requiring unselfishness and the true instincts of a Catholic and a lady. In almost every family there is one member who must sacrifice his or her. desires, frequently very modest and reasonable ones, in order to maintain peace. It may be good discipline for the one who is thus constantly called upon to practice self-abnegation, but it is meither just nor honorable on the part of the other members of the family, and because Mary or Jane is sweet tempered and uncomplaining, is no reason why she should be expected to bear all the ill-humor and burdens of the family. If we must observe the golden rule in our ordinary dealings with our fellowmen, we can scarcely dispense with it around our over firedides. , we can scarcely dispense around our own firesides with it around our own irresides. Yet this is exactly what so many do. No adults can live happily together without making sacrifices, but the renunciation should not be all on one side.

MUSIC THE REVEALER.

For music (which is earnest of Seeing we know emotions strange by

it, Not else to be revealed)), is as A low voice, calling fancy, as

To the green woods in the gay summer time:

And she fills all the way with danc ing shapes ch have made painters pale and

they go on ile stars look at them and winds

As they leave life's path for the twi-light world the dead gather.

CARDINAL GIBBONS ON WOMAN'S WORK.

and gentle Cardinal is received with eagerness by a public that has learned to expect only wisdom from his lips. Hence his recent words in

his lips. Hence his recent words in regard to woman's proper place in the world have a special significance. Not very long ago he made this statement: "The more woman in-vades the domain of man, the more wades the domain of man, the more will her social and moral status be lowered." Questioned afterward as to his exact meaning, and as to his popinion in regard to woman in the ndustrial world, the Cardinal said:

"Every woman should work, There is no room in the world for parasites but," he added, "married woshould work in the home. for

"I give woman great credit for her advancement in industrial pursuits. I did not speak of her industrial activity, which I approve. I referred to her efforts to enter political life and of the tendency of some married women to neglect their husbands and their homes for clubs. "Women," continued the Cardinal, "have shown their fitness for certain pursuits. As stenographers and typewriters, as saleswomen, book-keepers, and cashiers, they have become invaluable. What would we do without them, indeed? But their work is not an invasion of man's

tory and the home, but the home must win."

MARY ANDERSON'S HOME.

MARY ANDERSON'S HOME.

I suppose there is no rural spot in England more visited by Americans than Broadway, a charming Old World village situated at the extreme southeast corner of Worcestershire, says a current writer. Its picturesque houses seem to have more affinity with Gloucestershire than with their own country, being mostly built with the soft, yellow Gloucestershire stone, which hardens with exposure and tones down into all sorts of subtle and beautiful tints, besides having a happy kmack of attracting to itself a variety of delicate lichens.

This is where Edwin A Abbey used to live, and where F. D. Millet, another famous American artist, lives now. The house dates from the 14th contury and was built to be the manon house of the Abbots of Pershore, who were very great men indeed, possessing vest revenues and having seats in Parliament, for Penshore was a mitted abbey, and a seat in Parliament was one of the privileges of its abbots. There is still the quaint, little medieval chappel, with its kind of hagiosoope in

the west wall, by means of which those sitting in the great hall could assist at Mass.

Halfway up the street are two specially interesting old houses, one called the Prior's Mance, which, like Millet's home, once belonged to Pershore Abbey, and the other, the Lygon Arms, a magnificent specimen of an ancient hostelry, picturesque without and within, and with memories of Charles I., and Cromwell and all sorts of celebrities of long ago, as well as those of the present day, who dash up to the ina in their motor cars, bringing

of long ago, as well as those of the present day, who dash up to the present day, who dash up to the inn in their motor care, bringing back something of the stir and bust the which, at one time, seemed to have vanished with the old coaching ago. But to many of us the most interesting house in all the village, is the home of Mrs. de Navarro, the better known as Miss Mary Anderson. If you approach Broadway from the station, Court Farm is at the extreme end, so that this Engelsh village may be said to be guarded by two Americans, Millet at the one. ens and Mary Anderson at the other. Court Farm is a very old house, but it has been beautifully restored, and at the back is one of the sweetest gardens in the world. Here, with her husband and two little sons, the one about 12, the

little sons, the one about 12, other not yet two years of little sons, the one about 12, the other not yet two years old—the charming actress lives an ideal life, delighting in the leisure she finds for reading and music, entertaining her friends and wimning the adoratian of her poor neighbors. For Mary Anderson is the good angel of the Broadway poor, and, as the saying goes, they "worship the ground she walks on."

A SHIRTWAIST TALK

Among the loveliest shirtwaists fo fall and winter wear with plain tailor mades, are those of heavy linen sprinkled with embroidered dots in black, mauve, pale blue and green They are made with broad effects They are made with broad effects over the shoulder and turn-over collar and cuffs of plain linen corresponding in color with the figure on the body material. It is always an art to wear a simple blouse properly. If the plaits are not placed in accord with the lines of the figure the effect is spoiled. The secret of correctly adjusting the shirtwaist lies in the proper belting before the dress skirt is secured over it; once the waist line is made permanent the desired lines will be preserved as long as the waist is worn. There are innumerable little contrivances with which to 'secure

contrivances with which to 'secure the blouse, and every woman who would appear neatly dressed should provide herself with the one best provide hers suited to her her waist.

THE WINTER'S MUFFS.

THE WINTER'S MUFFS.

Muffs are exceedingly graceful in design this year, and while flat effects are still seen, the round muff is gradually asserting ftself—not the actual small, round, old-fashioned muff, of course, but rather a compromise between this model and the later flat style. One such muff is a partly rounded affair made of erbaine, and trimmed with mink two ermine, and trimmed with mink, two erigine, and trimined with mans, twentire bodies being used. Thee bodies start under the heads, curvupward, and then take opposite directions, pointing downward, endin gracefully in tiny tails.—Woman Home Companion for November.

HIS WIFE LOOKED AFTER THAT.

flowers and white violets sifted to impalpable atoms through silk and free from the slightest trace of foreign matter. If properly applied the powder does not give the slightest indication of its use, but leaves a very beautiful finish.

Dissolve gum camphor in turpentine and keep for use when something soothing is needed for burns.

Panes of glass may be easily removed by applying soft soap to the putty which holds them. Leave the soap on for a few hours before attempting to remove the putty, which, however hard it may be, will rarely fail to soften under this treatment. come invaluable. What would we do without them, indeed? But their work is not an invasion of man's domain.

"Nevertheless, woman's sphere is the home, and married women should find their work in carring for their homes and husbands and children.

"A girl works in a factory until she marriage is the aim of her life. It should be. To love and care for a family is woman's destiny. There is strong competition between the factory and the home, but the home applicant for the position of floor walker. The man was well groomally extinguish the flames figasoline or any other form of troleum, since it forms an emula from the oil, whereas water

walker. The man was well groomed, well dressed and prosperous looking. He had some excellent credentials, too, but, as is customary, he was obliged to account for every month of work for three years previous.

"He admitted lightly that he had not worked for the preceding four months.
"'Where were you?" asked the su-

"Where were you?' asked the superintendent.
"'Up state visiting my folks. Had not seen father and mother for a good while.'
"'But who supported your family during that time?"
"'Oh, my wife looked after that.
Ferhaps you have heard of her—Mrs.
Blank, of Dash & Co.'
"The superintendent had heard of her. He knew her to be one of y the best paid women in that particular line of business—and a tire-less worker. He looked at the faultiesly dressed man, and said blunties.

More Terrible Than War!

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup

you would save yourself a great deal of unnecessary suffering. Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup contains all the life-giving properties of the pine trees of Norway, and for Astfina, Croup, Whooping Cough and all Throat and Lung affections it is a specific. Be sure when you ask for Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup to get it. Don't be humbugged into taking something else. Price 25 cts.

Miss Lena Johnston, Toledo, Ont, writes: "I have used Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup for throat troubles after taking numerous other remedies, and I must say that nothing can take the place lof it. I would not be without a bottle of it in the house."

ing of able-bodied men by employing

Good Digestion Should Wait on Appetite—To have the stomach well is to have the nervous system well. Very delicate are the digestive organs. In some so sensitive are they that the atmospheric changes affect them. When they become disarranged no better regulator is procurable than Parmeles's Vegetable Pills. They will assist the digestion so that the hearty eater will suffer no inconvenience and will derive all

TIMELY HINTS.

treatment.

Milk will immediately and effectu-

LITERARY REVIEW.

NOVEMBER WOMAN'S HOME.

COMPANION.

The opening chapters of a new no vel, "Though Life Us Do Part," by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, is the feature of the Woman's Home Companion for November. The annousement of a new story by the authono of "A Singular Life," is always agreeable, and this new novel give promise of being one of Mrs. Ward's pest.

Companion, contributes a charming talk on "Thanksgiving-Then and Now," and Mrs. Anna Steese Richardson completes her series to three articles on "The Woman in Business." The other editors, Grace Margaret Gould, Margaret E. Sangster, Dan Beard and Famme Merritt Farmer, contribute specially interesting departments. Particular motice should be called to the Cooking Department, which gives a large number of excellent recipes. There is splendid fiction by Juliet Wilbor Tomplens, Mrs. C. N. Williamson, Herbert D. Ward and others.

"Arabella," Anna T. Sadlier Price 80c. B. Herde, St. Louis, Mo 'Arabella,"

"Cousin Wilhelmina," Anna T. Sad-lier. Price \$1.00. B. Herder, St. Louis, Mo.

FUNNY SAYINGS.

AN IMPORTANT QUESTION

A North Omaha Sunday school su-erintendent always conducts the sesson reviewin his school. He spends bout five minutes in explaining the seson, and then asks:

lesson, and then asks:
"Now, has any one a question to ask?" Last Sunday he explained the lesson as usual, dwelling at length on its chief thoughts, and wound up with the usual question:
"Now, has any one a question to ask?"

raised his hand.
"Well, what is your question?"
asked the superintendent.
"Please, sir, are we going to have a picnic this su

Donald, aged six, listened with rapt attention to the oft-told story

Eve and the apple.

"Now," said his mother in corclusion, "what commandment di clusion, "what commandment did Eve break when she took that ap-ple and ate it?"
"Why, mummy," exclaimed Donald, with wide-eyed reproof, "don't you

The Print Board State of the Contract

SEEING

IS

BELIEVING.

TASTING

POSITIVE PROOF

that BLUE RIBBON TEA is what you should

use in your home

-Father Abram J. Ryan.

My heart and I; We have tried to sing a song,— My heart and I,—

We have drunk at Sorrow's spring,

Much unkindness we have met, My heart and I; My heart and I; And, sometimes, we can't forget, My heart and I.

For companionship we've known the truth we have to own,
My heart and I.

The young English tourist had arrived at the tiny country station, and the porter had fetched out of the guard's van a store of luggage, which included many portmanteaux, a camera, golf and fishing tackle, and a particularly ferocious-looking bulkdog.
"Aw, portah," commanded the tourist, "just put my portmanteaux, cameraw, etceteraw, in the waiting-room for a few minutes, will yaw?"
The porter surveyed the bulldog dubiously. dubiously.

"Yes, sir," he said, slowly. "Extension won't bite, will he,

& WITH THE POETS !>

THE ROSARY OF MY YEARS.

Some reckon their age by year Some measure their life by a But some tell their days by the of their tears. And their lives by the moan their heart.

The dials of earth may show
The length, not the depth of years,
Few or many they come, few or
many they go,
But time is best-measured by tears.

Ah! not by the silver gray
That creeps thro' the summy
And not by the scenes that v on our way

And not by the furrows the finger
of care

On forehead and face have made, Not so do we count our years; Not by the sun of the earth, but the shade Of souls and the fall of our tears.

For the young are oft-times old, Though their brows be bright and fair; While their blood beats warm their

hearts are cold— O'er them the spring—but winter is

And the old are oft-times young,
When their hair is thin and white;
And they sing in age, as in youth
they sang,
And they laugh, for their cross was
light.

But bead by bead, I tell The rosary of my years;
From a cross to a cross they lead;
'tis well,
And they're blest with a blessing

Better a day of strife Than a century of sleep; Give me instead of a long stream of The tempest and tears of the deep

A thousand joys may foam
On the billows of the years:
But never the foam brings the lone
bark home—
It reaches the haven through tears.

MY HEART AND I.

We fared together long, My song of hope and cheer,
M a smile above a tear,—
We have tried it many a year,—
My heart and I.

My heart and I;
We have seen our dreams take wing,
My heart and I;
But we've smiled, and tried to smile
And the weary hours beguile,
'And we've found it words our while,
My heart and I.

We have tasted pleasure, too,
My heart and I;
And we've paid, as others do—
My heart and I.

My heart and I.

Fon every joy a pain;

Still, we hold it not in vain,

And we'd live it o'er again,

My heart and I;

Yes, we try to sing our song,

My heart and I;

And, when all the model

And, when all the world goes wrong My heart and I

Just smile, and keep our grit,-Don't give in a little bit, Till we get the best of it, My heart and I.

'Twill be just the same alway,—
My heart and I:
Will be cheerful as to-day!
My heart and I
Shall endure the bettle's fire,
With a vim that maught can tire,
Till we gain our One Desire,
My heart and I!
—Amadeus, O.S.F.

A SONG OF NOVEMBER.

Miserere'! Sad and slow Tolls the death-bell. The hours go, Quietly with a nuffled tread, Sad November mourns her dead, Spreads a pall of russet leaves.

All the hopes are dead and gene, The sweet youth cold as stone, Only Robin cheerily Sings from a damp and drooping tree His true song of hope and faith.

"Christian folk, there is no death, Life with Christ will rise again, After darkness and the rain. O look up! take heart! rejoice!" Robin sings with a blithe voice.

Miserere! Sad and slow Tolls the death-bell in the snow. While we grieve our hearts w

Violets out of sight and pansies Wait the Spring's footfall and call.

Spring's wild call and magical That shall wake them up again, After darkness and the rain, And our dead, with quiet eyes, Wait the call that bids them rise Robin's singing for his part,

"Sursum corda!" with full heart.
"Tis the month of them that sleep
Safe and well, Christ's folded sheep, The flowers spring and the gra wake, And when our Lord rose Death was

slain.

After the darkness and the rain,
The world will break to green lol that were dead shall rise and

-Katharine Tynan, in the Tribune, London.

HABIT.

So, then! Wilt use me as a gar-ment! Well,
"Tis man's high impudence to think he may;
But I—who am as old as Heav'n and Hell—
I am not lightly to be cast away.

Wilt run a race? Then I will run

with thee,
And stay thy steps or speed thee
to the goal;
Hit dare a fight? Then, of a certainty,
I'll aid thy foeman, or sustain thy

Lo, at thy marriage feast, upon one Face of thy bride, and on the other

mme!
Lio, at the couch of sickness close I stand,
And tain't the cup, or make it more beingn! Yea-hark! The very son thou hast

Vea-hark! The very son that has begot.

One day doth give thee certain sign and cry;

Hold thou thy peace-frighted or frighted not—

That look, that sign, that presence—it is I!

—Margaret. Steele Anderson, in -it is 1!

-Margaret Steele Anderson,
merican Magazine.

THE TRUE WITNESS





GRACIOUS ME!



Headaches, Constipation, Loss of Appetite, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Serofula, and all troubles arising from the Stomach, Liver, Bowels or Blood.





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The True Witness Print & Pub. Co.

NOBODY KNOW How many butto day? Nobody knows How many playth her way? Nobody knows How many thimb she missed? How many burns fist?

BOYS

how many bumps kissed?
Nobody knows
How many hats 1 day?
Nobody knows
Carelessly hiding hay?
Nobody knows
How many hands strayed?
How many ribbon maid?
How, for her care, paid?

How, for her care, paid?
Nobody knows
How many muddy row?
Nobody knows
How many stockin you know?
Nobody knows!
How many little to mend?

How many hours of spend? what is the tim work will end Nobody knows b How many lunches Sam? Nobody knows bookies and apples

mend?

jam? Nobody knows b tooth,"
Toddling Dottie or How much love swe forsooth?

forsooth?
Nobody mows b
How many cares
heart know?
Nobody knows b
How many joys froi
love flow? Nobody knows bu many prayers white bed,

How many tears for she shed, How many kisses for w many kisses fo head? Nobody knows bu

Letters to Au Dear Aunt Becky:

I have often read letters in the True Widecided to write to y I live in Frampton thirteen years old. the convent school. have two sisters and My oldest brother is l Province of Saskatch cond brother is workin of the State of Maine.

brother is nine years ing to school.

My cousin Adelia Le Cranbourne, is here to

with us.

Dear Aunt Becky, Iall I will write. My
short, but next time
longer. I remain,
Your loving m

West Francton BA West Frampton, P.Q.

Dear Aunt Becky:
It has been a long t
Wrote to you. I am r
old, and I am still go
old, and I am still go
old, and I am still go
like my teacher very
name is Miss Nellie Fil
little cousin Mary
Georgetown, spent the
our place. Her papa
week and she went hom
We are all very loneson
think my grandma will
boston to spend the win
receive the True Witness
aloy it, reading the le
there are in it.
I am afraid some

there are in it.

I am afraid some of phews and mieces have for because we do not see of their letters in the power willage. Our parish pris Rev. John O'Farrell. comes to our school and



St. George Baking Pow

Correctoring eray bair to the natural color and beauty for eleaning the skin and curing sandroff, in a word for preserving and rectoring the late LUGYN PARISTAN HAIR REPORTED TO THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY