

HOUSE AND HOME

Conducted by Helene.

To apologize is rarely, if ever, a pleasant task. One may feel that a certain angry speech was wrong, but it takes great moral and spiritual courage to go to the person with whom one has been irritated and say, humbly: "I was angry just now—I spoke hastily. Will you forgive me?" It should not require superhuman grace for the person who has been offended to accept such an apology in the same spirit in which it has been offered. But too often the speech of pardon is cold and has a ring that is not sincere. Once in a great while it is accompanied by an acknowledgment that the suer for forgiveness has been disagreeable and that while he is forgiven, he must remember that an unkind speech cannot always be forgotten at will. He who thus receives an apology is farther from the right path than he who has acknowledged his fault. The one is conscious of his wrong and admits it and seeks to make amends; the other is wrapped about with a mantle of self-conceit and self-righteousness.

MANNERS.

Manners are the happy ways of doing things, each one a stroke of genius or of love, now repeated and hardened into usage, they form at last a rich varnish with which the routine of life is washed and its details adorned. If they are superficial, so are the dewdrops which give such a depth to the morning meadows. Manners are very communicable; men catch them from each other. No man can resist their influence. There are certain manners which are learned in good society of that force that if a person have them he or she must be considered and is everywhere welcome, though without beauty or wealth or genius. Give a boy address and accomplishments, and you give him the mastery of palaces and fortunes where he goes. He has not the trouble of earning or of owing them; they solicit him to enter and possess.—Emerson.

A FUR TOQUE.

Fur toques are very small this season, showing a great deal of hair," writes the Fashion Editor, in the great October Fashion Number of the Woman's Home Companion. "A new fur which is most becoming is called by the French Austrian sable. It is really Japanese muskrat, and is nearly as dark as good sable. White coney skin toques are very pretty for the autumn in the country, with flat broad collars and large muffs, and are also quite suitable for skating. The white fur is attractive trimmed with velvet ribbons in the new bright blue, or with just one large scarlet bird on the side. Flat black and gray linc hats are faced with tulle, to keep them light in weight, with the long shaggy fur hanging over the edge."

THW LAUNDERING OF WAISTS.

A strictly tailored waist must be sent to the laundry and stiffened and polished. Then it will keep quite clean, if care is taken with the lower sleeves, for three days. That is an easy solution of the shirt waist laundering problem. But a lingerie waist is another matter. If it goes to the laundry once, that is an end to its beauty. And equally so, if near it, is the home wash tub. A lingerie waist will keep clean for many wearings, if the wearer is careful. When it can be no longer used, when soiled spots can no longer be sponged away and pressing only makes the soil more apparent, there are but two things to do. One is to have it dry cleaned and the other is for the young woman to wash and iron it. To get a moderately plain waist cleaned at the dry process places costs from one and a half dollars up. That is an impossible outlay for any but an expensive and very frail waist. Unless a waist is trimmed with real lace or real Irish crochet, it will be better to launder it.

To do this successfully is an accomplishment. Make a warm suds of white soap. Soak the waist over night. In this, then squeeze the waist without rubbing it and put it into another clean warm suds. It may require squeezing through several waters. Never rub soap on the filmy thing nor rub it even between the hands. Keep it all the time entirely covered with water and do all the cleansing by squeezing it under the water. Rinse it and squeeze it dry. Spread it on a clean cloth and pat it with another cloth until it is ready to iron. Iron it while still quite damp and that will give stiffness enough. If it is embrodered, iron on the wrong side to bring out the pattern. Iron the sleeves first, being careful that no crease is pressed in. A small ironing board will be a great convenience for this part of the work. Then iron the front and when quite dry around the armholes, iron the backs. Last of all, press the collar. If it is desired to stiffen the collar slightly, make a little thin boiled starch and, with a clean cloth, pat the starch into the collar.

Should it be desired to stiffen the

waist a very little, make a boiled starch. To do this take common starch, not electric, not more than a tablespoonful, and stir it until smooth with a little cold water. Then slowly pour in boiling water until it is perfectly clear and very thin. Do not add salt, as that will make the stiffness leave the garment when exposed to any dampness, even dew. Put the wet waist into this starch, which has been thinned until only a little thicker than water, and squeeze it dry. Spread it on the cloth, pat it nearly dry and then iron.

THE HANDS.

Don't cut the nails in points, but carefully ached. Don't cut the cuticle or any part of the flesh around the nails. Don't cut the nails without first holding them in wax to soften them. Don't wear rings that are too small. The inevitable result is red and swollen hands and knuckles. Don't wear bracelets tight enough to affect the circulation or so that they rub on the joints of the wrist. Don't wear gloves every night or the hands will become yellow. Occasional use of gloves, however, is advisable. Don't forget to pinch the ends of the fingers now and then. This will do a good deal toward making the fingers taper. Don't dry the hands carelessly after washing. Use a soft damask towel or a silk handkerchief, and dry thoroughly.

MASSAGING THE SCALP.

The massage of the scalp is by the root of all treatment of the hair. By stimulating the flow of blood to the scalp new vigor is given to the hair. With this massage hair restoratives are of little avail. Now this massage may be better done by a masseur than by the man or woman who is growing bald, but it is possible for that individual to massage his own scalp well enough to do the hair a great deal of good. The hands should be half-folded and at the ends of the fingers made to touch the scalp lightly. Then rub them slowly over the scalp. It is convenient to begin at the back of the neck and rub the scalp slowly up the center of the head to the forehead. Then the rubbing should be done all over the head from one side of the scalp to the other. It should be repeated several times. The same glow that the expensive fingers of the masseur produces follows, showing that the circulation in the scalp has been stimulated. The fingers should be pressed on the scalp with sufficient force to cause the blood to tingle.

A CURE FOR SEASICKNESS.

A chat with a hardy Breton fisherman brought forth this novel cure for seasickness, says the New York Globe. While the old man told of the storms that he has been through the narrow escapes he had had, and the long journeys he had taken, he was interrupted by the question: "Are seasickness? Were you ever sick?" "Never!" replied the old man. "And I'll tell you the reason if you like to hear—I never went on any ship without taking a little mirror in my pocket. As soon as I felt the sickness coming on I looked steadily in the glass, and all the symptoms passed away. I got the cure from my father, and I never knew it to fail."

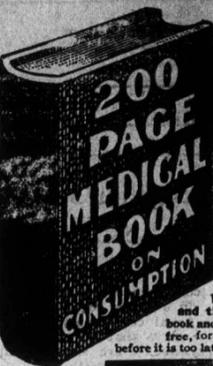
A Recognized Regulator.—To bring the digestive organs into symmetrical working is the aim of physicians when they find a patient suffering from stomachic irregularities, and for this purpose they can prescribe nothing better than Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, which will be found a pleasant medicine of surprising virtue in bringing the refractory organs into subjection and restoring them to normal action, in which condition only can they perform their duties properly.

TIMELY HINTS.

Small pieces of cotton batting slightly steamed make good dusters that should be burned after once using. The bread can be wiped out daily. Otherwise the crumbs will collect, and these will mold. The moldy crumbs will communicate their fungus to the fresh loaves put in, and the whole will be contaminated. If you have a jardiniere of ferns be sure to give them plenty of water. A fern that has become thoroughly dry once or twice is practically ruined—at least it will never have the same old strength again. When washing glassware do not put it in hot water bottom first, as it will be liable to crack from sudden expansion. Even delicate glass can be safely washed in very hot water by slipping it in edge-wise. To cure lockjaw take a raw red beet, cut it in half and scrape or mash it into pulp and apply it to the wound and also to the palms of the hands, binding it on like a poultice.

LUBY'S For restoring gray hair to its natural color and beauty for cleaning the skin and curing dandruff, in a word for preserving and restoring the hair LUBY'S PARISIAN HAIR RESTORER is unequalled. It is composed of such that it never fails if the directions are followed. The numerous demands for Luby's and the large quantity sold prove that it gives satisfaction to all who use it. 50c a bottle.

Consumption Book



FREE

This valuable medical book tells in plain, simple language how Consumption can be cured in your own home. If you know of anyone suffering from Consumption, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma or any throat or lung trouble, or are yourself afflicted, this book will help you to a cure. Even if you are in the advanced stage of the disease and feel there is no hope, this book will show you how others have cured themselves after all remedies they had tried failed, and they believed their case was hopeless.

The juice of the red beet will cure lockjaw. It draws the poison out and prevents it from spreading. Patent leather boots should never be cleaned with blacking. They should first be wiped with a damp sponge to remove dirt, and then thoroughly dried and polished with a soft cloth. A very little oil or fresh butter may occasionally be used as a dressing.

Suffer no More.—There are thousands who live miserable lives because dyspepsia dulls the faculties and shadows existence with the clouds of depression! One way to dispel the vapors that beset the victims of this disorder is to order them a course of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, which are among the best vegetable pills known, being easy to take and are most efficacious in their action. A trial of them will prove this.

smallest railroad station in America. It is of this station that the story is told that an old farmer was expecting a chicken house to arrive there, and he sent one of his hands, a newcomer, to fetch it. Arriving there the man saw the house, loaded it on his wagon and started for home. On the way, he met a man in uniform with the words "Station Agent" on his cap. "Say, hold on. What have you got on that wagon?" he asked. "My chicken-house, of course," was the reply. "Chicken-house be jiggered!" exploded the official. "That's the station!"

KNEW WHAT TO DO.

"Sam, is it true that you confiscated your neighbor's chickens?" "No, sah; I fricazees 'em."

SEEING IS BELIEVING. TASTING POSITIVE PROOF that BLUE RIBBON TEA is what you should use in your home

FUNNY SAYINGS.

A STRONG MINDED LOVER.

Nobody had ever accused Nathan Harlowe of indulging in romance or sentiment. When it came to a question of young Jared Parker's marrying one of Mr. Harlowe's daughter the practical father was amazed to find how little influence his wisdom had. "Got his mind all set on Phemie," Mr. Harlowe remarked, in a dazed tone, to one of his neighbors, "and I couldn't turn him no more'n I could turn an engine! I put it to him plain and offered him inducements, but 'twan't a mite o' use. 'Marthy's the oldest and ought to be married first, by rights,' I said to him, 'and more'n that, she's a suitable height. You'd oughtn't to take a little piece like Phemie, tall as you are!' But I couldn't convince him. 'I'm a-going to have Phemie and that mahogany bureau she's told me about,' he says, laughing. 'Sakes alive, man!' I said to him. 'There's two bureaus goes with Marthy, and maybe three!' 'But he's just laughed and shook his head. So then I gave up contending with him once and for all. There's no reason to him.'—The Youth's Companion.

THE GOOD PROVIDER.

Mrs. McKinley used to tell of a colored widow whose children she had helped to educate. The widow, rather late in life, married. "How are you getting on?" Mrs. McKinley asked her a few months after her marriage. "Fine, thank yo', ma'am," the bride answered. "And is your husband a good provider?" "Dead he am a good providah, ma'am," was the enthusiastic reply. "Why, jes' his las' week he got me five new places to wash at."—Everybody's Magazine.

WILLIE'S REASONING.

Willie—"Papa, if I was twins would you buy the other boy a banana, too?" "Papa—Certainly, my son."

A READY ANSWER.

A visitor from the great metropolis had been sightseeing in the Quaker City with a neighbor of that place. "People don't die very often over here, do they?" he remarked. "No, only once," replied the Quaker, calmly.

TOOK THE WRONG HOUSE.

On one of the Southern railroads there is a station-building that is commonly known to travellers as the

WHAT SHE HAD.

One day Marjorie, aged 3, wanted to play doctor with her sister. Marjorie was the "doctor" and she came to make a call on her sister, who made believe she was sick. "Do you want to know what you've got?" the doctor asked after a critical examination. "Yes," faintly assented the sick woman. "You've got dirty hands," said Marjorie, dropping in disgust the wrist on which she had been feeling the pulse.

OVERDID IT A BIT.

A famous statesman prided himself on his success in campaigning, when called upon to reach a man's vote through his family pride. On one of his tours he passed through a country town when he came suddenly upon a charming group—a comely woman with a bevy of little ones about her—in a garden. He stopped short, then advanced and leaned over the front gate. "Madam," he said, in his most ingratiating way, "may I kiss these beautiful children?" "Certainly sir," the lady answered demurely.

"They are lovely darlings," said the campaigner, after he had finished the eleventh. "I have seldom seen more beautiful babies. Are they all yours, marm?"

The lady blushed deeply. "Of course they are—the sweet little treasures," he went on. "From whom else, marm, could they have inherited these limpid eyes, these rosy cheeks, these profuse curls, these comely figures and these musical voices?"

The lady continued blushing. "By the way, marm," said the statesman, "may I bother you to tell your estimable husband that I, Republican candidate for Governor, called upon him this evening?"

"I beg pardon," said the lady, "I have no husband."

"But these children, madam—you surely are not a widow?" "I fear you were mistaken, sir, when you first came up. These are not my children. This is an orphan asylum!"

Do not let a cold settle on your lungs. Resort to Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup at the first intimation of irritation in the throat and prevent disease from lodging in the pulmonary organs. Neglected colds are the cause of untold suffering throughout the country, all of which could have been prevented by the application of this simple but powerful medicine. The price, 25 cents, brings it within the reach of all.

WITH THE POETS

AND SO FORGET!

Forget! forget! The tide of life is turning; The waves of light ebb slowly down the west; Along the edge of dark some stars are burning To guide thy spirit safely on an isle of rest. A little rocking on the tranquil deep Of song to soothe thy yearning, A little slumber and a little sleep, And so forget, forget!

Forget! forget! The day was long in pleasure; Its echoes die away across the hill; Now let thy heart beat time to their slow measure, That swells, and sinks, and faints, and falls till all is still. Then like a weary child that loves to keep, Looked in its arms some treasure, My soul in calm content shall fall asleep, And so forget, forget!

Forget, forget! And if thou hast been weeping, Let go the thoughts that bind thee to thy grief, Lie still and watch the singing angels, reaping The golden harvest of thy sorrow, shed by sheaf; Or count thy joys like flocks of snow white sheep That one by one come creeping Into the quiet fold, until thou sleep, And so forget, forget! —Henry Van Dyke.

WINDOWS.

Here in the city each window is blank as a dead man's eye; But the windows of a village in the land where I would be Shine out for me like the faces of friends when night storms up the sky; Scanning the hills for their tardy guest; waiting, looking for me.

Like the smoke of a burning empire the night drifts over the deep, And the shadows the dusky giants who stride o'er the mountain range; And the silent earth is clothed with the marvelous hues of sleep, And the dark flowers melt in darkness, and the white flowers waver and change.

A Farmer's Trials

Weak and Worn Out Through Overwork and Long Hours.

The farmer's life is always a hard one, but if he is weak or suffering it is almost unbearable. The hours are long and the work so hard that none but the strongest can stand it. An illustration of the effect of hard work on the system is given by Mr. Geo. Huntsberg, a farmer of Spry, Ont. He says: "I have lived nearly all my life in the Bruce peninsula I am a farmer and have always had my share of hard work and like a good many other men I thought there was no wearout to my system. In this I was mistaken for about a year and a half ago I began to get gradually down hill. I would tire at the least exertion; my appetite failed me; I had a severe pain in my side and around my heart. The doctor told me I was suffering from pernicious anaemia; that I was almost bloodless. I doctored for six months, but instead of improving I grew so weak that I could hardly move without assistance. I lost flesh till I was almost a skeleton. A friend from Stokes Bay told me of the great benefit she had derived from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and advised me to try them. My sister-in-law had also received great benefit from their use so I decided to give them a trial. After using the pills about a month I began to gain strength and from that on I improved rapidly. New blood seemed to course through my veins; my appetite improved; the pain left my side and heart and I gained in weight. After using about a dozen boxes of these pills I was again enjoying the best of health. I have nothing but praise for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills as they cured me after medical treatment had failed—I really believe they saved my life." "Good blood is the secret of health. Keep the blood pure and such diseases as anaemia, rheumatism, sciatia, indigestion, heart palpitation, eczema and the secret ills of women will not exist. The most perfect blood tonic and nerve restorer in the world is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Mrs. Roosevelt, wife of the President, has donated an etching to the bazaar for the benefit of St. Rita's Church, the Bronx, New York. She has also sent her autograph.

Do Not Delay.—Do not let a cold or cough fasten upon you as it will if neglected. Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil will break up a cold and cure a cough, and should be resorted to at once when the first symptoms appear. It can be disguised so that any unpleasant taste it may have will be imperceptible to the delicate. Try it and be convinced.

Oh, it is there I would be at this hour, far from the voluble street,

And the cunning of little men, and the gossip of little towns, Above my head my comrades the stars, and beneath my feet the naked breast of the downs, For I know that where the lines of the hill curve splendidly to the sea, In the house with the gray stone gable beyond where the pathway ends, Night after night, in storm or calm, a woman watches for me, At one of those golden windows that shine like the eyes of friends.

And I know that when I return at last, travel-stilled and vile, Scourged by the whips of life, broken and wan with years, The blood will leap to my desolate heart when I see her smile, And my fear-stained soul shall be cleansed in the healing rain of her tears.

—St. John Lucas, in The Academy.

"UP, MY HEART."

Up, up, my heart, and keep the road, Up; do not mourn for youth gone by— Or winged step or cheek that glowed, Or spherically wonder-widened eye; For there is Youth, all youth beyond; Thou mayest not of Youth despond.

Up, up, my heart, and keep the road, Up; do not mourn the loves that die; But let the Lost Years' roses, strowed, Hide the low barrows where they lie.

For there is Love, all loves beyond— That neither breaks—nor knows—the bond!

Up, up, my heart, and keep the road, Up; do not stay when life goes by, Let drop the goal, let fall the load; Bend toward a far, sweet, clarion cry: Up, up, my heart—up, and respond— For it is life—all life beyond! —Edith M. Thomas, in New York Sun.

Truly a Struggling Mission

In the Diocese of Northampton, Fakenham, Norfolk.

HELP! HELP! HELP! The Love of the Sacred Heart and in Honor of St. Anthony of Padua, DO PLEASE send a mite for the erection of a more worthy Home for the Blessed Sacrament. True, the out-post at Fakenham is only a GARRET. But it is an out-post; it is the SOLE SIGN of the vitality of the Catholic Church in 35 x 20 miles of the County of Norfolk. Large donations are not sought (though they are not objected to). What is sought is the willing CO-OPERATION of all devout Clients of the Sacred Heart and St. Anthony in England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales, and the Colonies. Each Client is asked to send a small offering—to put a few bricks in the new Church. May I not hope for some little measure of your kind co-operation? The Church is sadly needed, for at present I am obliged to SAY MASS and give Benediction in a Garret. My average weekly collection is only 3s 6d, and I have no endowment except HOPE. What can I do alone? Very little. But with your co-operation and that of the other well-disposed readers of this paper, I can do all that needs to be done.

In these days, when the faith of many is becoming weak, the teaching of the Faith is all that is needed, and is about to treat Our Divine Lord Himself as it treated His Holy Church, the Catholic Faith is renewing its youth in England and bidding fair to obtain possession of the hearts of the English people again. I have a very up-hill struggle here on behalf of that Faith. I must succeed or else this vast district must be abandoned.

IT RESTS WITH YOU

to say whether I am to succeed or fail. All my hopes of success are in your co-operation. Will you not then extend a co-operating hand? Surely you will not refuse? You may not be able to help much, indeed. But you can help a little, and a multitude of "littles" means a great deal.

Don't Turn a Deaf Ear to My Urgent Appeal

"May God bless and prosper your endeavours in establishing a Mission at Fakenham."

ARTHUR, Bishop of Northampton.

FATHER H. W. GRAY,

Catholic Mission, Fakenham, Norfolk, Eng.

P.S.—I will gratefully and promptly acknowledge the smallest donation, and send with my acknowledgments a beautiful picture of the Sacred Heart and St. Anthony.

THE NEW MISSION IS DEDICATED TO ST. ANTHONY OF PADUA.

Constant prayers and every kindness for Benefactors.

The True Witness does good printing at moderate prices. Why not give us a trial order?

THE LAND OF

Little Trit Trot was a slave In the land of "I" He ran and he ran Did little Tritivity Who lived with "I" over the way, In the land of "I" It was "Where is n is my cap, And where is my b And where is my b ing glove? I cannot find the And he hunted and And down, In kitchen, chamber

The hat was found tree By the side of a The cap was left nest When he gathered night. The hat was wet a torn, And both were a

The ball and the ba ing glove in hand Were down in the And the slate and s and books Had hidden under For this is the wa themselves In the land of "I" —Mary Morrison, in pantion.

POLITE JAPANESE

Japan is the country of politeness begot with the first of child. Should the emerging from school on the opposite side they courtesy, and exceedingly respectful This civility is repeated pupils. It makes a ture, and illustrates ing of the Japanese trained to civility Before a baby can sp fore it can toddle alo to lift the hand to th receiving a gift. Ev

By Rev.

The world is full of ism, and once in a ourselves face to face that makes our own unworthy. Such is the ing to tell you about, I only tell tales that The classes of First-working boys were bei evening in the school-parish I was watcht they were placed in cording to their intell suddenly a scuffle was door. Every head was turri was pushed forward, quickly regained his fee make his exit; but tw were behind him, barri He stood at bay like animal, his terrified by the windows, vainly to escape were possible. "What does this me sternly. "Father, this feller b in 'round the buildin' He wants in, but he's "What are you afraid No answer came from who certainly looked death. He was ill-cla pale. "What is your name? afraid. Speak up, like "Will," in a husky v his cap. "Will what?" "Father, he ain't got name. He hasn't got nor brothers, nor auth who seemed to k One of life's waifs thrown on the stream



St. George Baking Powder

"It keeps its strength spoonful is as good as the "And it gives such a fi to the baking, once peo they want it every time."

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National Drug & Chemicals Co., Ltd., Montreal

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