

HOUSE AND HOME

CONDUCTED BY HELENE.

True Witness Beauty Patterns



A BECOMING WORK APRON.
6195.—Ladies' Apron. Cut in sizes small, medium and large. The medium size will require 4 1/2 yards of 36 inch material. This neat and attractive work apron is made of white and black figured percale. The front is in princess effect and a deep pleat over the shoulders adds greatly to the becomingness of the mode. The full skirt extends around to the back, thus protecting the entire dress. Linen, gingham and percale are all suitable for the making. A pattern of this illustration will be mailed to any address on the receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

PATTERN COUPON.

Please send the above-mentioned pattern as per directions given below.

No.

Size.....

Name.....

Address in full:

CHEERFULNESS.

I know an old man who has had a great deal of trouble and many losses and misfortunes, but he started out in life with a firm determination to extract just as much real enjoyment from it as he went along as possible—not in dissipation, but in wholesome recreation and fun. He has always tried to see the humorous side of things, the bright side and the duty of happiness.

The result is that, although the man has had more than his share of sorrow in his career, he has developed the inestimable faculty of making the best of every situation and of always facing the sun and turning his back to the shadows. This life habit of cheerfulness and optimism has brought out a sweetness of character and a poise and serenity of mind which are the envy of all who know him. Although he has lost his property and the most of his family and relatives, yet he radiates sunshine and helpfulness wherever he goes.

A man who can laugh outside when he is crying inside, who can smile when he feels badly, has a great accomplishment. We all love the one who believes the sun shines when he cannot see it.

A potted rose in a window will turn its face away from the darkness toward the light. Turn it as often as you will, it always turns away from the darkness and lifts its face upward toward the sun.

GOD'S DWELLING.

God made His dwelling in my heart to-day.
Flung wide the shuttered windows to the dawn,
And let the light in, ray on level ray.
Till all the dark was gone.

He swept the drowsy chambers clean as snow,
And set the sills a-blossoming with flowers.
So in my heart's house moved he to and fro,
Twelve wondrous, wondrous hours.

The shapes of fret and discontent and hate
That had been wont to claim the place as home,
Paused, fearful, in the shadow of the gate,
And dared no nearer come.

Once Sorrow's shadow darkened at the door,
And I looked up and bade it be my guest,
Shrinking nor fearing; and behold! it bore
A blessing in its breast.

Yes, and those dreary ghosts of memories

I long had known, sad, furtive-footed things—
To-day I marked their gentle presence
By the soft sound of wings.

Smiling, I bent me to my burden's weight,
Singing, I wrought before my busy loom,
With threads of gold. Uplifted and elate
I met the folding gloom.

To-night God roofs me with His tranquil skies
And lights His steadfast stars and takes away
The twilight's pictures from my straining eyes,
And all the sights of day.

Unloosed, unshot, I hear across the deep,
Still dark, the world's last murmur faint and cease;
And, folding quiet hands, I fall on sleep,
Safe in my House of Peace.

GENUINENESS.

There is nothing which will add so much to one's power as the consciousness of being absolutely sincere, genuine. If your life is a perpetual lie, if you are conscious that you are not what you pretend to be—that you are really a different person from what the world regards you—you are not strong. There is a restraint, a perpetual fighting against the truth going on within you, a struggle which saps your energy and warps your conduct. If there is a mote at the bottom of your eye you cannot look the world squarely in the face. Your vision is not clear. Everybody sees that you are not transparent. There is a cloudiness, a haze about your character, which raises the interrogation point where you go. Character alone is strength and deceit is weakness; sham and shoddy are powerless, and only the genuine and the true are worth while.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

A sense of duty pursues us over. It is omnipresent, like the Deity. If we take to ourselves the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, duty performed or duty violated is still with us for our happiness or our misery. If we say the darkness shall cover us, in the darkness as in the light our obligations are yet with us.—Daniel Webster.

COLOR COMBINATIONS.

The latest manifestation of odd color schemes is found in a costume having a tunic skirt of electric blue shantung silk and a frivolous little coat of jade green satin foulard. These coats continue to flourish and with them are being shown waistcoats of costly old tapestries or brocades, many of them handsome enough to adorn the crystal shelves of the curio cabinet.

PARASOL FOR A BRIDESMAID.

Painted parasols are again the fashion, and spring blossoms the chosen designs. One with sprays of exquisitely tinted apple blossoms is especially appropriate for bridesmaids to carry, as the delicate coloring will blend with any costume.—Vogue.

CLEANING THE ATTIC.

"We'll give this trash to the ash man this afternoon," said Mrs. Carter, as she and her maid began the annual housecleaning. "I shall be glad to get so much worthless stuff out of the house." How she succeeded is related in the Chicago News.

Helga first surreptitiously extracted a chromo entitled "Our Pets," from the overflowing basket which they had brought from the attic. The fact that the chromo had a hole punched through it did not alter her opinion that it was "too good to throw away."

"Mother," exclaimed Elizabeth, rushing in from school and leaning over the basket, "you weren't really going to throw away my dear little Easter rabbit?"

"Why," said Mrs. Carter, "I did not suppose you cared for that old rabbit. One ear is broken, and one foot gone—"

"Of course I care for it!" interrupted Elizabeth, and carefully brushing the dust from the dilapidated bunny, Elizabeth carried it to the dining room and deposited it tenderly in a cut-glass dish on the sideboard.

"Hello!" called Bob. "Cleaning house? Say, don't throw that rug away! I shall want that when I go camping this summer."

"But, Bobby," remonstrated his mother, "the moths have ruined it. You don't want a rug that is full of great holes, do you?"

"Sure!" responded Bob. "And I want these old umbrellas, too. There is a man down on Market street that pays a good price for old umbrellas."

He proceeded to rescue also a broken clock and a piece of rusty chain and promised to remove his possessions to the shed.

"Mother," said the elder daughter, coming downstairs a few minutes later,

ter, "I notice that Helga has carelessly thrown the note-books containing my essays that I wrote in my sophomore year into that basket of rubbish. Those essays were the results of a great deal of original research. Will you please tell Helga to put them back in the attic?"

"Yes, my dear," said her mother, with a little sigh. "I'll attend to it myself."

"Been cleaning the attic?" asked the head of the household. "I hope you didn't throw away those tan shoes. I want them this summer."

"But, Robert," protested Mrs. Carter, "those tan shoes are entirely worn out; one has a big hole in the side. I have saved two fairly decent old pairs for you."

"The others are all right," responded her husband, "but I want the tan shoes, too. Nothing like having plenty of shoes. Those tan shoes are the most comfortable things I ever had, anyway."

Mrs. Carter went upstairs and took the tan shoes and the note-books out of the basket.

Nothing now remained except a half-roll of wall-paper, which had been left when the parlor was papered the time before the last. Mrs. Carter unrolled the paper and looked at it.

"This is such pretty paper," she said to herself, "it is a shame to throw it away." So she carried it back to the attic.

HELPFUL HINTS.

A piece of dried orange peel burnt on a shovel or tin plate in a close stuffy room will sweeten the air immediately and leave a pleasant odor.

Before polishing your furniture, wipe it over with a cloth wrung out in warm water. It takes the polish better and looks much brighter. The same thing applies to brass.

After peeling apples or anything that stains the skin, rub with a lemon, digging the nails well in, so that the lemon juice goes under them. Afterwards wash in warm water, using no soap.

To clean a brown leather belt erase any dirty spots by rubbing with a rag dipped in spirits of wine. Wash the belt with soap and water, and when dry polish with ordinary brown boot or harness cream.

SEVEN "MINDS."

1. Mind your tongue. Don't let it speak hasty, cruel, unkind, or wicked words. Mind!
2. Mind your eyes. Don't permit them to look on wicked books, pictures, or objects. Mind!
3. Mind your ears. Don't suffer them to listen to wicked speeches, songs, or words. Mind!
4. Mind your lips. Don't let tobacco foul them. Don't let the food of the glutton enter between them. Mind!
5. Mind your hands. Don't let them steal or fight, or write any evil words. Mind!
6. Mind your feet. Don't let them walk in the steps of the wicked. Mind!
7. Mind your heart. Don't let the love of sin dwell in it. Don't give it to Satan, but ask Jesus to make it his throne. Mind!

HEALTH AND BEAUTY.

A paste that will strengthen the nails is made of forty grains of white wax, sixteen and a half grains each of powdered alum and powdered resin, sixteen grains of table salt and

a quarter of an ounce of pistachio oil. The wax and resin are put into a basin and set into hot water and stirred as the wax melts. The oil, salt and alum should follow in succession, and lastly add a grain of camphine. Beat all smooth and apply thickly over the nails at night.

On every dressing table there should be a small jar of bicarbonate of soda or some tincture of camphor. Each is most excellent for whitening and preserving the teeth. If the soda is used, half a teaspoonful to half a glass of water is sufficient, and the liquid is used as a wash, rinsing the mouth always after eating and without fail before going to bed. About five drops of camphor tincture are sufficient to half a glass of water. Soda and camphor should not be used at the same time.

Nothing is more soothing or nourishing to the skin than sweet almond oil. Its odor, which is not pleasant, though inoffensive may be concealed by adding a few drops of oil of lavender. It may be massaged into the pores at any time, and when the hands are being treated the beneficial effect is more rapid if they are thickly dusted with powdered French chalk and incensed in gloves. This done for several nights will make a marked difference in the appearance of the hands. While not as easy to use as cold cream, it is a perfect substitute.

It is very bad taste to place beautiful jewelry upon neglected fingers.

Blue Ribbon Tea

This coupon cut out and mailed to The Blue Ribbon Tea Co., P. O. Box 2554, Montreal, entitles the sender to a free package of our 40c. Blue Ribbon Tea. Fill in blank space whether you wish Black, Mixed or Green Tea.

To MRS. TOWN

COLD SPONGE BATH.

If you enjoy and wish to take a cold sponge bath every morning to improve or preserve your general health, you should exercise before the bath if you do not react well. If you feel chilly and do not become warm for some time after the bath, you may be sure that the shock is too great.

If you spat the entire body well before this bath for five minutes you will find yourself better able to stand the shock. If you still feel chilly spat the body before the bath and rub it well with salt after the bath.

Take a handful of damp salt and rub the entire body with it.

THE BARREL ON THE SIDE-WALK.

A barrel stood on the sidewalk and beside it stood a man. The man was dressed in laborer's clothes and apparently was in a quandry about how to get the barrel to one of the upper floors. He scratched his head and pondered, and meanwhile a crowd began to gather.

"Big up a derrick and hoist it by hand," suggested one man with a clay pipe in his mouth.

The man beside the barrel made no response.

"Get a rope and pulley and hitch a horse to the rope. That'll get the thing up in jig time," suggested another.

The man remained silent.

"Why in the dickens doesn't he put it on the temporary elevator and take it up that way?" asked the man with red whiskers.

"I know a better way than that," said the man with patches on his trousers. "Just rig up a boatswain's outfit, and the thing can be hauled up quick as a wink."

Suddenly the man beside the barrel took a red bandanna handkerchief from his pocket, wiped his forehead, took a chew of tobacco, put the barrel on his shoulder and carried it up to the second floor.

The barrel was empty.—Milwaukee Tree Press.

CARE OF THE TEETH.

Brushing the teeth is not a simple operation, and few persons do it correctly. To remove accumulations of foreign stuff and acid collections so they will cause no decay the bristles must be rubbed up and down and not across the teeth. In cleaning the best plan is to brush the upper teeth with a downward motion and the lower ones with an upward motion. By this process any substance between or at the side of the teeth is removed, while the center is also cleaned.

Should stains, etc., appear on the enamel use powdered pumice stone, about once in six weeks, to remove them.

Put on the pumice with an orange-wood stick that has been previously dipped in lemon. Rub the teeth evenly with this; then rinse out the mouth to remove the powder that, if left on the gums or teeth, would surely scratch the dentine. In the same way rub on powdered cuttlefish bone once a week.

Funny Sayings.

THE EXPLANATION.

Him (in the surf)—The water is getting cold. I wonder why.

Her—That tall girl who just came in is from Boston.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

The little daughter of a homoeopathic physician received a ring with a pearl in it on the Christmas tree. Two days later she poked her head tearfully in at the door of her father's office.

"Papa," she sobbed, "Papa, I've lost the little pill out of my ring."

FREDDY'S EXPLANATION.

"Freddy, you should not laugh out loud in the schoolroom," exclaimed the teacher.

"I didn't mean to do it," apologized Freddy. "I was smiling, when all of a sudden the smile busted."

A little girl whose grandmother had recently died after having received the last sacraments, was asked in catechism class this question: "How many sacraments are there, Nellie?"

Nellie, after some hesitation: "There ain't none."

"Why so?"

"Because my grandma died last week and she received the last sacraments, so there ain't none now."

Two priests were not long ago walking along a picturesque street in a western village famed for an institution of learning under the care of one of the pious sisterhoods.

They were accompanied on their walk by a large St. Bernard dog who did guard duty around the convent for the before mentioned sisters. The dog was heavy and grew easily tired and short of breath:

"I see," said one of the reverend gentlemen, "that the good sisters have given up their laundry work."

"No?" answered the other in surprise. "I thought they found it quite a paying venture. When did you learn of it?"

"Why," answered the other, "I see that our friend Bernard here is now doing his own part."

MAKING SURE.

"What are you sealing up in that envelope so carefully, Crawshaw?"

"Important instructions that I forgot to give my wife before I came down this morning. I am going to send it up home."

"Will your wife open it at once?"

"Rather. I have made sure of that."

"How?"

"Our lady typist will address it to me, and put a big 'Private' on the corner of the envelope."—Tit-Bits.

For Diarrhoea, Dysentery AND ALL Summer Complaints DR. FOWLER'S EXTRACT OF WILD STRAWBERRY IS AN INSTANTANEOUS CURE.

It has been used in thousands of homes during the past sixty-two years and has always given satisfaction.

Every home should have a bottle so as to be ready in case of emergency.

Price 35 cents at all druggists and dealers. Do not let some unprincipled druggist humbug you into taking so-called Strawberry Compound. The original is Dr. Fowler's. The rest are substitutes.

Mrs. G. Bode, Lethbridge, Alta., writes: "We have used Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry and found it a great remedy for Diarrhoea, Summer Complaint and Cramps. We would not like to be without it in the house."

The Scandal of the Great.

Father Phelan, who is sojourning in Europe, is sending home interesting letters to his paper, the Western Watchman of St. Louis. Writing from Berlin, he deprecates the lack of religion in the large cities of the continent. Especially is this noticeable among those occupying high places.

"The scandal of the great" is the bane of our age," he writes. "The men who occupy the first places do not go to church. The rulers of France and Italy never go to Mass. What a scandal! The rulers of other European countries are, with two exceptions, men without any sense of religion. What a scandal! The chiefs of the army and navy never enter a church. The heads of the universities are all infidels. What a scandal! The mayors of the towns the judges of the courts, the men charged with the vindication of the laws, are unbelievers in anything above the reach of their own powers. What a scandal! In Italy and in France the rulers of the people are not only devoid of religion, but they are openly hostile to it in all its forms. The forum, the court, the press is atheistic. What an awful scandal! Quails rex, talis populus. The leaders of the people despise religion; the people grow indifferent to it."

NATURAL SEQUENCE.

"I suppose Catherine Brown has her hair bleached now," said the returned traveller.

"Yes," replied the stay-at-home, "but how did you know? You've been away nearly a year."

"Yes, but I thought that would be the next step; she had just begun to spell her name 'Kathryn' when I went away."

THOUGHTFUL.

A lady, carrying a little dog in her arms, was riding along one of the busiest parts of Glasgow. All the way she worried the conductor to know whether they had come to No. mentioning a house in A-street. When they reached this number the conductor stopped the car, thinking that the lady wished to alight there. Instead of doing this,

Cowan's

Perfection **Cocoa**

(Maple Leaf Label) Absolutely Pure

THE COWAN CO., LIMITED, TORONTO

Surp

A Pure Hard

Makes white goods Colored green

See for Remem

SURPRISE