CONDUCTED BY HELENE.

Not one of us, even the most good-natured, likes to have his mistakes pointed out. We may appear not to mind corrections and accept them

ABOUT COLLARS. to mind corrections and accept them with a smile, but it is human nature to smart under correction, although some of us may be clever coough to conceal the smart; hence, the fewer mistakes we call attention to in others, the bettef. Two-thirds of the mistakes we make are trivial. Their correction is unimportant. Why, then, notice them? Yet some people do, and do so constantly.

notice them? Yet some people do, and do so constantly.

A person speaks of having done a certain thing on Thursday, when in reality it was done on Wednesday. If no important point is involved, why call attention to the mistake? What good does it do to have the exact day set right? It is a matter of no importance, so why insist upon correcting the trivial error? Stanch friendships have often been pricked by this needle of useless correctian. It is a great art, this art of learnby this needle of useless correction.

It is a great art, this art of learning to allow others to be mistaker when the mistake is unimportant.

Few learn it, but those who do, are among the most comfortable. friends one can have.

A RESOURCEFUL QUEEN.

A story, too beautiful not to be true, of the former Queen Regent of Holland, mother of Wilhelmina, is related by the Catholic Watchman (Madras, India). The wing had bought a fine service of Sevres porcelain for the use of the royal fami ceian for the use of the royal farm-ly, and announced that immediate dismissal would be the punichment for any servant who should break one of the costly pieces. A man who had been in the royal household for many years came to the Queen one day in great distress, and confessed that he had broken one of the delithat he had broken one of the cate cups. Queen Emma spoke words of comfort to him, and prowords of comport to him, and pro-posed that he should mend the cup with cement. The man sorrowfully answered that the King's sharp eye would at once detect the cracks. Ne vertheless, the Queen insisted that he should mend the cup as neatly as he could, and should be sure to to de the country of many states of the country of "Think of me as one of the mos awkward of your Majesty's ser vants" she said. 'I have broke one of your precious Sevres cups You must discharge me at once. don't deserve to remain in your ser vice.' The arbitrary old king war. The arbitrary old king was amused, at her speech and manner and considered the accident a greajoke. The poor servant, standing behind the tray, cast a grateful look in the direction of the Queen. The King never learned the truth about the broken cup.

Tennyson said of a strange literary coincidence: "A Chinese scholar some time ago wrote me saying that in an unknown translated Chinese poem there are two whole lines of mine almost word for word." Byron, in his monody on the death of Sheridan, where he says there will never be another Sheridan, the mold being broken un employs word for ver be another Sheridan, the mold being broken up, employs, word for word, terms in which an ancient Sanskrit document refers to the death of Maru, notwithstanding that Byron could never have seen the document. Shakespeare's passage about love and lightning in "Romeo and Juliet" is almost identical with a quotation from "Malata and Madhava," an Indian poem by Bhava-buti, written nine centuries before, and not translated up to Shakespeare's time.

A WOMAN'S SMILE

A woman's smile is sunshine in the home; it is sunshine anywhere.

A woman's smile is the outward and visible sign of her power to

please and to gain what she wishes.
The Italians say that the beautiful woman by smiling can draw tears

woman by smiling can draw tears from a man's purse.

Marot speaks of a "woman's little giddy laugh that was enough to raise a man from the dead."

Men are very much what women make them, and it is largely by their smiles that they make man what they ought, or ought not to be.

A woman's smile is what the sunbeam is to the landscape; it embellishes an inferior face and redeems an ugly one.

Every now and then we meet a woman who possesses the power of suchanting all about her; her presence tights up the house, her approach is like a cheering warmth the passes by, and we are not content; she stays awhile and we are

When Children Cough

give them that old reliable remedy that never fails to cure BOLE'S PREPARATION OF Friar's Cough Balsam It stops coughs-breaks up colds-and heals inflammstion in throat and bronchial tubes. Absolutely pure and safe for children. 25c a bottle. At druggists or from MATIONAL DRUG & CHEMICAL CO. Limited . LONDON, Ont. ST

Amid all the lovely collars of lacribbon and tinsel there looms up a new style which is most attractive. The collars are linen affairs worked The collars are linen affairs worked with groups of miniature dots, placed in squares of four dots, 16, or in triangle or csoss effects. With the collars will be found the linen tie to match. It is either a single or double bow, the edges buttonhole stitched the same material as the dots, These collars are dotted with red. brown. collars are dotted with red, brown collars are dotted with red, brown, white, yellow; in fact, every color imaginable. Many of the little bows are shaped like pretty leaves, while others are prim with only the bow ends notched and whipped with thread, but always the collar and bow will be control match. bow will be seen to match.

EVERALLS KEPT BRIGHT.

If more persons knew that the eye-balls need bathing quite as much as the body, no dressing stand would be without an eye cup and lotion be without an eye cup and lotion for this purpose. In washing the eyes use a special glass that may be eyes use a special gauss that may be bought at any druggists. This cup is shaped something like a wine glass, except that it is elongated instead of round and has a rim that slopes down in the middle to fit the

To use this little vessel fill it To use this little vessel fill it three-quarters full of whatever lotion or liquid is prescribed, then place it closely about the eye and throw back the head. In this position open and shut the eye, so that the ball is thoroughly bathed.

As to the lotion for the bath an excellent and simple one that will

cellent and simple one that will cleanse the ball and relieve a fevercleanse the ball and relieve a fever-ish or tired sensation is made by boiling and filtering half a pint of water and pouring into it, while still warm, one half teaspoonful of re-fined borax. Let this cool, then filter again through a piece of thin mus-

The cup may be partly filled with this liquid morning and night and any time during the day when the eyes feel 'tired. It should be applied as previously directed and, after using for a time, will usually clear away the yellow scum so frequently seen on eyeballs and always so disseen on eyeballs and always so dis-figuring. Before applying any lo-tion the eyes must always be care-fully bathed in warm water. For eyes that are weak a tonic wash recommended by English ocul-

ists is made in this way: One-half of an ounce of rock salt and one of an ounce of rock salt and one ounce of dry sulphate of zinc sim-mered in a perfectly clean covered porcelain vessel with three pints of water until the ingredients are all dissolved; strain through thick, clean, muslin, add one ounce of rose water and cork tightly.

und cork tightly.

Use when the eyes feel weak.

If the lotion smarts add a little
vater. The eye cup should be kept
verfectly clean.

If after simple home treatment the

If after simple none treat a yellow-eyeballs continue to show a yellow-ish appearance no time should be should be appearance no time should be lost in consulting a physician comething wrong with the system is indicated

indicated.

Any inflammation of the eyes is likely to exhibit itself by secretions on the lids in the morning, and this condition should be checked before it leads into another more serious

After bathing with either of the lotions given the edges of the lids should be covered at night with a paste made of two and one-half centigrams each of oxide of zinc and subacetate of lead, twenty-five centigrams of oil of sweet almond three grams of white vaseline and three drops of tincture of benzoin. It is well to have this compound-

ed by a chemist, for should there be the least lump of grain it is apthe anywhere, to find its way into the eye and cause irritation. In making any lowhat she wishes, that the beautiful can draw tears liquid become cloudy, it must be strained again to prevent causing irritation.

KNOW ONE THING WELL.

In the business world this is pre-eminently the day of the specialist. Never before was such a premium set upon excellence.

To put it in the vernacular of the

A woman's smile is what the sunbeam is to the landscape; it embedishes an inferior face and redeems an ugly one.

It is one of the duties of women to beautity the world, to shed joy, to radiate happiness, to cast light appon dark days, to be the golden thread of our destiny and this she does by rightly using her talents for pleasing.

To put it in the vernacular of the times, which makes up in expressivement whether the kinds up in expressivement whether the day when the person succeeds when the fast of one shift stands in the varguard and the fox of many shifts is delegated to the rear.

The man of ambition who aspires to a successful husiness defect these

16

condary importance.

This does not imply that one's life down to

on the contrary, the successful wo-man must learn a little of every-thing that tends to enlighten. She must learn more of the things which shape the well balanced intellect and well rounded character, but if

well rounded coveted prize is to be gain.

coveted prize is to be gain.

must know all that can be known of some lone thing.

The woman thus equipped cannot only find a footing, but, what is vastly more to the point, hold it.

Even the social world has become infected with this idea, and the woman who wins the plaudits is not a, she who has a showing of many ac complishments, but the woman of one stunt in which she excels.

Mrs. Margaret McGuirk, of Carrick She can dance an Irish jig and is al She can dance an Irish light and sake to kint, sew and spin. A newspaper cutting with reference to this wonderful old lady has been forwarded to the king, whose private secretary, in reply, has written asking for the birth certificate of Mrs. McGuirk.

LACE MITTS.

Long mitts of exquisite lace taking the place of evening gloves.
The finest duchesseand honiton point are responsible for these cobwebby accessories, and the prices asked are upon an equality with their beauty. upon an equality with their beauty.
Another novelty is a pair of elbow length black glace kid gloves
inset with medallions of fine point
lace. That they are extremely striking goes without saying, and only
women quite sure of being a sartorial success should attempt them.

SOME MENDING HINTS

Rents will look much better when nents will look much better when said the blushing. young man, indimended if they are attended to nonce, because the longer they are cast eyes and smiling face who stood left the more ragged the edge comes.

"Come in." said the minister, and he endeavored to ease their embarasment for a moment; but he soon decided that it was useless to try.

ANOTHER HATCHET STORY.

The state of the s

ANOTHER HATCHET STORY.

Some smart children live in the city and read the papers and keen tab on events, and teachers sometimes have a furny oxperience with the aforesaid children. The story may not be true, but anyway sounds likely. A class in American history was up being reviewed. Among the topics of the lesson was George Washington, the Father of his country, including the little incident of cherry tree and hatchet. To test them, the teacher asked several questions on the lesson and then this particular query was put to the punils:

pupils:
Who was it said: "Father, I can

Who was it said: "Father, I cannot tell a lie, I did it with my little hatchet?"

The little girl at the head of the class was sure she knew and quickly raised her hand.

"Tell us now; who was it?"

As prompt as unexpected came the answer, "Mrs. Carry Nation."

HOW IT STRUCK SANDY

In Scotland-Native, sighting the runaway French balloon: "Laird keep us, Sandy, what call you yon?" Sandy, looking up—"Weel, weel!" He pauses aghast. "An' can ye see it too, Tammas-"Ahm seeing it vary lein."

plain. Sandy, a little relieved-"Ah wud no like to see it by mysel'."

Tammas—"What tak' you it to be,

Sandy-"I ken weel it's a sign." Tammas—"An' what kind o' sig

Sandy?' Sandy—"What kind o' sign, mon Dinna ye ken? Sure, it's a sign that you an' me, Tammas, must cut oot th' whuskey!"

· SLIGHT MISTAKE.

"What a cozy little flat you have!" said the visitor. "But why did they build the airshaft in such a peculiar place?

olace?"
"My goodness, that isn't the airwhaft. That's our hallway!"—Milvaukee Sentinel.

HE HAD NO OBJECTION.

"We-we want you to marry us," said the blushing young man, indi-

WITH THE POETS THE CRY OF THE EXILE.

Whist, alanna, till I tell ye o' dream I had last nighe!
I was back in dear old Ireland, the hawthorn hedge was white
Hills and valleys smiled an' nodd like ould friends they seemed to

be; An' the brown road, runnin' west-ward, seemed to smile an' beckon

I held me ould head high, Scornin' all the well known 'neath the tender Irish sky known place

Then I thought me heart 'twas break in, an' I thried to turn around; But the sky grew dark an' threaten-in' an' the hills and valleys

An' the brown road seem'd a river

leapin' madly after me.

Till the wild waves caught an'swept me out upon the hungry sea.

Starin' walls then riz atween us, bricks an' morter city walls;

An' I woke up, could and dhrippin'—but the brown road calls and calls!

Tis a fine grand land entirely,

this great Amerikay, wid its bustle an' its traffic—shure they've turned the night to day! Wirra, now, I'm not complainin'—don't ye think it, Moira dear! Though the tears they do be stream. in', shure I know I'm better here

in, shure I know I m better here s a fine grand land entirely, wid its—God, them starin' walls! ure they've drive the sinses from me—and the Brown road calls an calls!

-Mary M. Redmond, in Catholic

ADDRESS OF BRIAN TO HIS ARMY.

and ye now for Erin's glory Stand ye now for Erin's cause! Long ye've groamed beneath the rigor of the Northmen's savage laws, What though brothers league against us? What though myriads be the

victory will be more honored in the myriad's overthrow.

Proud Connacians! oft we've wrang-led in our petty feuds of yore; Now we fight against the robber Dane upon our native shore; May our hearts unite in friendship, as our blood in one red tide, While we crush their mail-clad legions, and annihilate their pride

Brave Eugenians! Erin triumphs in Brave Fugentans! Even triumpns in the sight she sees to-day— Desmond's homesteads all deserted for the muster and the fray! Cluan's vale and Galtee's summit send their bravest and their best May such hearts be theirs forever,

for the Freedom of the West! Chiefs and Kernes of Dalcassia! Brothers of my past career, Oft, we've trodden on the pirate-flag that flaunts before us here; You remember Inniscattery, how we

bounded on the foe, As the torrent of the mountain bursts upon the plain below!

They have razed our proudest castles
--spoiled the Temples of the

Lord—
Burnt to dust the sacred relics—put
the Peaceful to the sword—
Desecrated all things holy—as they soon may do again, If their power to-day we smite not-if to-day we be not men!

On this day the God-man sufferedlook upon the sacred sign—

May we conquer 'neath its shadow,
as of old did Constantine!

May the heathen tribe of Odin fade

before it like a dream,
And the triumph of this glorious
day in our future annals gleam!

God of heaven, bless our bann nerve our sinews for the strife! Fight we now for all that's holy-"Pa," complained the boy, "solong as I go to the same school with Tommy Tuff I can't be a Christian Scientist."

The boy of the boy of the same school with Tommy Tuff I can't be a Christian Scientist."

For the honor of our maidens and the glory of our race!
Should I fall before the foeman 'tis the death I seek to-day:
Should ten thousand daggers pierse me, bear my body not away.
Till this day of days be over—till the field is fought and won—
Then the Holy Mass be chanted; and the funeral rites be done.

Men of Erin; men of Erin! grasp the battle-axe and spear!

Chase these Northern wolves before
you like a herd of frightened
deer!
Burst their ranks like bolts from
heaven! Down on the heathen

For the glory of the Crucified, and Erin's glory, too!

A BALLAD OF GALWAY.

The market place is all astir,
The sombre streets are The sombre streets are gay, And lo! a stately galleon Lies anchored in the Bay—
The colleens shy, and sturdy lads,
Are swiftly trooping down,
To greet the Spamish sailors,
On the quay of Galway Town.a

But Nora-golden Nora-What matters it to you?
There's joy—long time a stranger—
In those gentle eyes of blue;
And wherefore deck your ringlets,
And don your silken gown,
For a crew of Spanish sailors,
That strolled through Galway Towa

Said Nora—golden Nora—
And her laughter held a tear,
"I don my silk and laces
Because my love is near—
Among the Spanish crew is one
Should wear a kingly crown—
Although he walks a landless man,
To-day through Galway Town To-day through Galway Tox

'Look forth! see youd his dusky

head
Tower high above the throng.
Oh brave is he, and true is he,
And so my lips have song.
For he's no Spanish sailor,
Though he wears the jerkin brown,
But Murrough Og O'Flaherty,
Come back to Galway Town.

"He fought in Spain's red sieges, And he holds a captain's place, Ah! would his arm were raised

In battles of his race! But his boyhood saw with grief
Iar-Connacht lose renown,
When the Saxon crushed his valiant

clan
In the streets of Galway Town.

To-night will be our wedding With a holy priest to bless—
Shall we remember Cromwell's law
Amid such happiness?
While my true love's arm is round

me,
Should they come with fighting frown,
His sword shall cleave a pathway
For his bride through Galway
Town."

Then up the street stepped Murrough And down stepped Nora Ban,
And down stepped Nora Ban,
Had ever sailor fairer love—
Sweet, sweet as sunset dawn?
Their glad lips clung together—
"Such bliss old grief must drown;
God guard the faithful lovers,"
Prevent we in Course. Prayed we in Galway Town.

Oh, far across the water The good ship's speeding now, And Murrough Og O'Flaherty Stands tall beside the prow; And Nora—golden Nora— A bride in silken gown-Hath sailed away for ever

From her kin in Galway Town. Ethna Carberry, in the Catholic Press, Sydney, Australia. ROBERT EMMET.

Oh, God, can a spirit such as this Be born to the light of day To flash and dazzle through the gloom
And then to fade away;

To leave behind it naught to light A nation's sombre gloom, But a thought of him and his lofty A memory and a tomb?

Ah, Nation, thou of the crimson flag

Thought thus to end our might
But you only flashed adown
years

A sword, colossal, bright—
That will cut in twain ""

will cut Union's" ties Union's" ties
And sever the clanking chains,
And light in Windsor's massive halls
The fire of "Vengeance reigns"—
Whose flame, in time, will reach that

flag. Whose hue is from the blood That ebbed from mankind's bursting

hearts
As they for freedom stood.

'Tis then from out the gloom will flash "The Sumburst" of the free.

Beneath whose folds, with tears, we'll carve
An Epitaph for thee.

restitution must be present. The New York Sun, probably, the best known newspaper, in the United States, mentioned some years ago a case of restitution, which is perhaps, the only one of its kind. In New York a man went to confession, and told the priest, that he had come to his wealth in an unjust manner. Nearly all his money was the result of systematic and undiscovered thefts and forgeries.

"But I have

handed ft to Comptroller Kelly. The former millionaire, now perhaps a poor man, then received absolution of his sins. In the confessional those millions were like so many faggots of straw, for it was unjust property. The penitent simer, made known his case, concealing only his name, as a warning to all.

To MRS.

TOWN. ST.

a piece of thin woollen mate rial the same size as the tissue and as near the color of the cloth as possible, lay this on top of the tissue, and when placed in exactly the right position iron with a hot iron until the patch adheres to the gar

piece of mending tissue rather large

The heat will cause the tissue to dissolve, forming a sort of glue.

If the material is of lightweight goods it will be best to use a parch but if the material is heavy, such as is used in men's suits or coats, a lighter patch will be very much better.

A clean cut in heavy materials may be mended by putting the two edges.

be mended by putting the two edges firmly together and basting them to a piece of paper on the right side. Take a thread and insert the needle about three-eights of an inch from the edge and carry it between the the edge and carry it between the cloth to about half an inch the other side of the cut and draw the threads thirough, put the needle in where it came out and carry it to the other side about half an inch beyond the edge in a slightly slanting position.

Continue to do this until the whole cut is deared. Be expedit not to put it

continue to do this until the whole cut is darned. Be careful not to pull too tight. Darn in the same way in the opposite direction.

It is difficult to use this method of mending if the edges are the least bit frayed, and on thin material it must be done with the greatest care sales the finest thread and needle. using the finest thread and needle

possible.

All darns must be pressed when finished. To do this lay the right side down on the ironing board and on the wrong side lay a damp el-sth and iron until perfectly dry.

and from until perfectly dry.

*** *** ***

If you are ** sufferer from colds get a bottle of Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup and test its qualties. It will be found that no praise bestowed on it is too high. It does all that is claimed for it, and it does it thoroughly. Do not take any substitute for Bickle's Syrup, because it is the best, fraving stood the dest of years. All the best dealers sell ft.

'Will you be married with a ring?' he inquired.

The young man turned a helpless gaze upon his companion, and then looked at the minister.

"If you've got one to spare and it can come out o' the two dollars, I guess she'd like it," he said at last. -Youth's Companion.

SUSPICIOUS PROCEEDINGS. "John, do you love me?"

"Do you adore me?"
"I s'pose."
"Will you always lov "Will you always love me?"

"Ye—look here, woman, what have you been and ordered sent home now?"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A BAR TO FAITH.

"What!" cried the pillar of new church, "why can't you?"!
"'Cause it's hard to believe that a punch in the jaw is all my imagination."—Catholic Standard and Times.

SHE WAS A CHOSEN ONE.

Two very nice little girls had a quarrel one day. "Anyhow," said one to the other, who was an adopted child, "your parents are not real." Whereupon the other little girl retorted: "I don't care, my papa and mamma picked me out Yours had to take you just as yo

The Power of the Confessional,

Every Catholic knows, from his catechism, that he can only receive absolution of his sins in confession when he is truly sorry for them, and is willing to \(\text{Year}\) epair all injuries occasioned by the \(\text{U}\), as far as lies in this recurse.

sumplive Syrup and test its qualities. It will be found that me can only receive absolution of his sins in confession when he is truly sorry for them, and is willing to repair all injuries occasioned by the n. as far as lies in his power.

Non-Catholics and the can only receive absolution of his sins in confession when he is truly sorry for them, and is willing to repair all injuries occasioned by the n. as far as lies in his power.

Non-Catholics and emercial edge the wonderful influence for got d, that exists in the Catholic Cause d, above all others by reason of filies practice.

The penitent simer, made known his case, concealing only his name, as a concealing only his as a concealing only his name, as a concealing only his as con

came."

There's a work
my boy,
A position for
And it waits to
Along life's wa
For the boy w
So, youth, be to
For God wants
In the field to There's a work dear girl,
A position for the girl the So pure and ki
A work that So, girl, be tru
For God wants
In the garden There is work world, my Some position Our God wants None else will The bill alone

The bill alone Children, be true Our God wants Your place as Dear Aunt Beck This is my corner. I like and stories in was thirteen the go to school ever go mow becaus I have two sistems. We live about church. This if for the present.

THURSDAY, F

BOYS

YOU

letter in print. Your Grand Cascap Dear Aun't Beck It is an awf wrote to you, terested in the

terested in the all the same, a see some of my ponding again Well, dear Au time in Quebec brating the Ca orry to be for Montrealers cap prizes. We have prizes. We have sion which paracipal streets, a evening there. Louis Gate, an bands playing, pretty lively. pretty hvely.
anxiously to se
to be played t
rocks and Quet
I am still atte
studies, and ho I suppose it is dear Auntie, al

dear Aunthe, al are having, as must have an e Well, dear au ter is a little l after such a lon to see my lett together with a little cousins. little cousins. With love, I BILLY'S There was am citement seemed chen, where the faces, were gas Mr. Symonds was raking the lawn, heard the came in to ask "He's Billy,"

"No, Billy w fast, Mr. Syn Mr. Symonds was very seriou and hard at B off his hat and after which he "Billy must be "Billy, Billy, fast," coaxed I fast," coaxed I really ought to self, Billy, unle Mr. Symonds sa a beautiful brea hands—nice—brea

think you won'
"Oh, Billy, pl urged little Her Billy's little very faintly in and his round into Hester's to be really would he really would thing, but yet mention it. Mr mention it. Mr fed Billy hersel She was not ill

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