

HOUSE AND HOME Conducted by Helene.

It is a happy thing to be assured of love and devotion. The half of us go through life believing that those who care for us can guess just how deep is our appreciation of them without putting into so many words just what we think and feel. We miss much that is heart cheering just because of this. "If I had only known," is the burden of more than one regretful strain. However severe our philosophy, none of us is indifferent to what is thought of us. We like to know that we have pleased people whom we have met. We like to know when we have touched a responsive chord in another heart, and we are selfish, indeed, if we deprive our friends of their right to know that we care for them. We are afraid of being thought sentimental, but it is only the tenderest and truest and best of men and women who are sentimental. Those who have allowed their finer sensibilities to die or become indifferent have not met the affairs of life as bravely as they should for the best that is in one should not suffer from contact with rougher things.

TALENTED CATHOLIC IRISH-WOMAN. Lady Huggins, who co-operates with her husband, Sir William Huggins, in astronomical work, has written for private circulation a sketch of the late Agnes Clerke, the talented Catholic Irishwoman who designed a "History of Astronomy" at the age of fifteen, wrote fifty articles for the Edinburgh Review, mostly on her favorite subject, and learned to read Portuguese in six weeks as a preparation for one of her articles. Her sister Ellen, who was also something of an astronomer, wrote a pamphlet in German, a story in Italian and had a considerable knowledge of Arabic.

THE SEASON'S SHOULDERS. Drooping shoulders are not likely to obtain much success in the garments intended for street wear. The Paris models so far shown give too contracted an appearance in the back to appeal to the American taste. They are likely to obtain in evening wraps, because a looser and broader effect can be secured in such a garment, which this season must be of a nature to slip on and off easily, as well as not to crush the large sleeves worn beneath. Broad shoulders are the proper thing for the tailored garment in both suits and separate coats intended for day wear. It is in these styles of garments that the restrictions of the American taste are likely to prevail over the French fashion indications.

A WOMAN'S ALPHABET. I will be: Amiable always. Beautiful as possible. Charitable to everybody. Dutiful to myself. Dearest in the right things. Friendly in disposition. Generous to all need. Hopeful in spite of everything. Intelligent, but not pedantic. Joyful as a bird. Kind even in thought. Longsuffering with the stupid. Merry for the sake of others. Necessary to a few. Optimistic, though the skies fall. Prudent in my pleasures. Quixotic, rather than hard. Ready to own up. Self-respecting to the right limit. True to my best. Unselfish, short of martyrdom. Valiant for the absent. Willing to believe the best. Exemplary in conduct. Young and fresh in heart. Zealous to make the best of life.

AN IRISH POETESS. January 18, 1907, was the centenary of the birth of Helen Selina, Countess of Gifford, better known as Lady Dufferin, the author of several charming Anglo-Irish songs still in vogue. Born on January 18, 1807, this gifted lady was the daughter of Thomas Sheridan, and the grand-daughter of the celebrated Richard Brinsley Sheridan. On July 6, 1825, she became the wife of the Honorable Pim Blackwood, afterwards Lord Dufferin, and her only son (born in 1826) was the late Marquis of Dufferin. Her husband died in 1841, and she then devoted herself to song writing. Among her ballads are "I'm Sitting by the Stille Mary," "Terence's Farewell," "Katie's Letter," "Bay of Dublin," and others, but by far the most popular is the first mentioned, set to music in 1845 by an Irish composer, George Arthur Barker. She herself composed the music for "Sweet Kilkenny Town," and also wrote an amusing prose satire. In 1862 she took for her second husband the Earl of Gifford, who died in less than three months, and her death took place on June 18, 1867.

THE NEW GIRLS. The rule of colors applies equally well to girdles. Every woman may attempt a girdle if she but know

which one is possible to her figure and then see that it is carefully boned and fitted. The secret of a trim figure lies principally in studying the waist lines and correctly lengthening or shortening the space between the bust and the hips. Tall women take kindly to the draped girdles which terminate in a modified point just below the bust in front, slope slightly beneath the arm size and curve upward toward the middle of the back. These are the most difficult of all girdles to undertake, as everything depends upon their fit and the ability to determine precisely how much draping they require. A narrow girdle that is exceedingly pretty with the fichu draped waists has rounded points back and front and slopes very slightly beneath the arms. Shaped, undraped girdles that disappear beneath the waist trimmings may be made to lend almost a princess effect to a gown, and these are greatly liked with the long, smoothly fitting sheathlike skirts now being made up in velvet, mohair and other fashionable fabrics for autumn and early winter wear.

TWO PREVIOUS MARY. There is a certain old gentleman who partakes of the qualities of the diamond as it is mined, but whose lack of "polish" is a sad trial to his eldest daughter. The old gentleman, as he expressed it, "got that with both feet when some dude investors came piratin' round the range." Not long ago the family were gathered in the library, one of the windows of which was open. "That air," the father began, but was quickly interrupted. "Father, dear, don't say 'that air' say 'that there,'" the daughter admonished.

MARCONI'S MOTHER. Mme. Marconi, the mother of the famous inventor, is a most charming woman, who has had a life filled with romance. She was born Annie Jamison, daughter of Andrew Jamison, of Daphne Castle and Fairfield, Ennisorthy, County Wexford, Ireland. She was a brilliant beauty, with a marvelous soprano voice, which she decided to train for grand opera against the wishes of her family. She ran away to Italy to study music. She met Signor Marconi, an Italian banker, of Bologna, and fell deeply in love with him. The marriage took place at once, thereby depriving the world of a queen of song. Mme. Marconi spends a great deal of her time in Ireland now, for not only has she her own relatives, but she is especially fond of her son's wife, who was Beatrice O'Brien, sister of Lord Inchiquin.

THE HAPPY HOUSEHOLD. The happiest households are those who do not let die out the sentiment connected with various anniversaries. Although gift giving or recognition of such events in a suitable way may be out of the question owing to the straitened circumstances of those within the gates, there can yet be a little air of festivity when mother's or father's birthday comes around, or some wedding anniversary is to be celebrated. An extra dish, a little bunch of flowers, or some special music prepared for the occasion, will show the kindly spirit and the loving remembrance that count far more than the money value of any gift. As the children grow up, if these festivals are encouraged, they will have much to look forward to, and much more to remember in the years to come when they go out to do battle with the world and find that sentiment is crushed under foot and affection is regarded only as a side issue.

ABOVE ALL, GOOD HUMOR. The things that men like best in a woman are kindness, the gentle dependence on the man they love, a sweet, low voice, an indefinable womanly modesty which shrinks from notoriety, and, most particularly, a good, cheerful temper. These may not attract and fascinate as do charm, versatility, brilliance, or the talent to amuse, but the old-fashioned first mentioned virtues last longer. They stand the wear and tear of life much better, and after all, it is not the sparkling repartee which amuses a crowded room that is good to live with, but the cheerful good humor that can brighten up a back parlor.

MAKE THE HAIR FLUFFY. When combing the hair take hold of the ends and dust thoroughly with talcum powder, then shake well. This

Consumption Book

200 PAGE MEDICAL BOOK ON CONSUMPTION 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. Write at once to the Venkerman Consumption Remedy Co., 281 Ross Street, Kalamazoo, Mich., and they will send you from their Canadian Depot the book and a generous supply of the New Treatment, absolutely free, for they want every sufferer to have this wonderful cure before it is too late. Write today. It may mean the saving of your life.

LAUGH-DYSPEPSIA CURE.

The best medicine in the world for indigestion, says an old physician, is a good hearty laugh. High spirits and plenty of fun at the table are better dyspepsia cures than all the doctors' stuff in creation. More goldfish die from over attention than from neglect, and once in three weeks is sufficiently often to change the water in a ten or twelve-inch globe. If the fish can be gently removed into another dish it is advisable to thoroughly clean the globe, scouring to remove any deposits of lime in the water. A thorough rinsing after using any cleansing agent is imperative.

NUNS WHO WRITE.

Some of the nuns who live in the United States and write very dainty poetry, says the Catholic Sun, are Mother Austin Carroll, Amadeus, O. S.F., Estelle Marie Gerard, Mary Rose, Sister M. Wilfred, and we believe, "Mercedes." There are several dead Sisters who once did excellent work, the foremost, perhaps, being "F. M. Edelias" (Sister Mary Frances de Sales), who was one of the most scholarly women we have ever known, not excepting even the late Mrs. Margaret F. Sullivan.

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

why shall we needlessly hunt for sorrow, and die a thousand times before our time for fear of the lion that won't waken until we reach him?"

PROMPTNESS.

Don't live a single hour of your life without doing what is to be done in it, and going straight through it from beginning to end. Work, play, study—whatever it is, take hold at once, and finish it up squarely; then to the next thing, without letting any moments drop between. It is wonderful to see how many hours these prompt people contrive to make out of a day; it is as though they picked up the moments which the dawdlers lost.

DOANS' KIDNEY PILLS

There can be a difference of opinion on most subjects, but there is only one opinion as to the reliability of Mother Graves' Worm Extirminator. It is safe, sure and effectual.

CURE ALL KIDNEY TROUBLES.

Mrs. Hiram Revoy, Marquette, Ont., writes: "I was troubled for five years with my back. I tried a great many remedies, but all failed until I was advised by a friend to use Doan's Kidney Pills. I did so, and two boxes made a complete cure. I can heartily recommend them to all troubled with their backs. You may publish this if you wish." Price 50 cents per box or 3 for \$1.25, at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.

TIMELY HINTS.

The old-fashioned way of cleaning silver involved altogether too much labor and worry. Pastes, liquids and injurious acids did damage to the hands, and temper, as well as to the silver. Nowadays a soft cleaning cloth does the work without the least dirt or inconvenience. It can be purchased at almost any druggist's for 25 cents. When house-cleaning a room do not forget to pass a damp cloth over the mouldings. The amount of dust collected there will surprise you, and will, if let alone, shake down gradually on your clean furniture.

When curtains and fittings fail to match the new carpet, why not send them to the dyer? It is much better than to constantly endure the inharmonious of quarrelling colors.

Many women like to preserve the little mementoes of their children's early years. A large, plain covered scrap book holds everything, from the baby photo to the first kindergarten attempts at writing and newspaper clippings mark the stage of progression in examinations at school. Little entries of events important in a baby's life, when the first tooth was cut, when the short clothes were put on, are artistically pasted in. When the child grows up the record thus kept is both interesting and amusing.

About pictures—remember that the present fashion dictates that they be hung but little above the level of the eye and flat against the wall.

For photographs, special mouldings are now put on the walls of bedrooms, boudoirs, and dens. The effect is decidedly "demishe," and

would never do in a formal room. However, for a private room it appeals to many.

FUNNY SAYINGS.

NOT A SAMSON. A Scotchman in search of work was recently given employment as a laborer at Cramps' shipyard. His first job was to carry several heavy planks. After he had been at it for about two hours he went to the foreman and said: "Did ah tell you ma name when I started to work?" "Yes," replied the foreman, "you said it was Tomson."

DETAILED FOR BAPTISM.

During the civil war the late Colonel Bouck organized a regiment, says Everybody's Magazine, which he controlled as a dictator. It was while the army was resting after the colonel's first campaign that an itinerant evangelist wandered into camp, and, approaching the colonel, asked if he was the commanding officer. "Ugh!" snorted "Old Gabe," as he was affectionately called, "what do you want?" "I am a humble servant of the Lord endeavoring to save the souls of the unfortunate. I have just left the camp of the—th Massachusetts where I was instrumental in leading eight men into paths of righteousness."

MEEDLESOME BABY.

"I think baby has your hair, mamma," said the nurse girl, looking pleasantly at her mistress. "Gracious!" exclaimed the lady, glancing up from her novel. "Run in to the nursery and take it away from him. What will that child do next?"

WITH THE POETS

BENEDICITE.

(By John Greenleaf Whittier.) God's love and peace be with thee, where— Spoe'er this soft autumnal air Lifts the dark tresses of thy hair!

Whether through city casements comes Its kiss to thee, in crowded rooms, Or out among the woodland blooms 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.

It freshens o'er thy thoughtful face, Imparting in its glad embrace, Beauty to beauty, grace to grace!

Fair Nature's book together read, The old wood-paths that knew our tread, The maple shadows overhead—

The hills we climbed, the river seen By gleams along its deep ravine— All keep thy memory fresh and green.

Where'er I look, where'er I stray, The thought goes with me on my way, And hence the prayer I breathe today:

O'er lapse of time and change of scene, The weary waste which lies between Thyself and me, my heart I lean.

Thou lack'st not Friendship's spell-word, nor The half-unconscious power to draw All hearts to thine by Love's sweet law.

With these good gifts of God is cast Thy lot, and many a charm thou hast To hold the blessed angels fast.

If, then, a fervent wish for thee The gracious heavens will heed from me, What should, dear heart, its burden be?

The sighing of a shaken reed— What can I more than meekly plead The greatness of our common need?

God's love, unchanging, pure and true— The parable white shining through His peace—the fall of Hermon's dew!

With such a prayer, on this sweet day, As thou mayst hear and I may say, I greet thee, dearest, far away!

OCTOBER.

Against the winter's heav'n of white the blood Of earth runs very quick and hot today;

Around the lingering sunset of the wood, Where rows of blackberries unnoticed stood, Through 'wholming vines, as through a gleaming flood,

Run streams of ruddy color wildly gay: The golden lane half dreaming picks its way.

O warm, outspoken earth, a little space Against thy beating heart my heart shall beat,

A little while they twain shall bleed and burn, And then the cold touch and the gray, gray face,

The frozen pulse, the drifted winding sheet, And speechlessness, and the chill burial urn.

—Ethelwyn Wetherald.

THE "SCOTCH-IRISH."

(From the Boston Pilot.) Are ye gangin' to the meetin', to the meetin' o' the clans, With your tartan and your pibrochs and your bonnet and brogues?

There are Neelays from New Hampshire and Mulligans from Maine, McCarthys from Missouri and a Tennessee McShane.

Kelleys, Caseys, Dunns and Daceys, O' the ozens and the score, And O'Farral of Virginia, whom the Tribbyites adore.

There are Cochranes (born Corcoran) as polished as you please, And Kenyons who were Kennans and Murrees, once Murphys.

And we'll sit upon the pint-stoup and we'll talk of old lang syne As we quaff the flowing haggis to our lassies' bonnie eye.

And we'll join in jubilation for the thing that we are not; For we say we aren't Irish, and God knows we aren't Scot!

THE SIGN OF THE CROSS.

With the holy cross myself I sign, From forehead to breast the upright line, From shoulder to shoulder the cross arms

My soul and body to save from harms. While on my forehead my hand I lay; "In the Name of the Father" is all I say;

In the "Name," for all Three are One, And next I say, "And of the Son," While on my breast my hand I place. Lastly the rest of the cross I trace.

From shoulder to shoulder, saying Amen, Let me think it over again, With the Name of the Father I sign my brain,

Seat and symbol of mind and thought; For I believe what God has taught, With the Name of the Son my heart I sign,—

Seat and symbol of love divine, O heart of Jesus, I give Thee mine, While on my shoulders the cross I trace.

I name the Holy Ghost, whose grace Will make the heavy burden light, As bravely I bear it in God's sight.

Thus shall the work of each day be done, In the Name of the Father and of the Son, And Holy Ghost, Three in One. —Rev. Matthew J. Russell, S.J.

THE "TRUE WITNESS" CAN BE HAD AT THE FOLLOWING STANDS:

- J. Tucker, 41 McCord street. Miss McLean, 281 Centre st., P. St. Charles. Mrs. McNally, 845 St. Antoine st. H. McMorrow, 278 Carriers st. El. Watkins Etches, 44 Blurry st. Miss White, 680 St. Denis st. C. J. Tierney, 149 Craig st. west. M. Shaw, 789 St. Catherine st. west. Mrs. Ryan, 1025 St. James st. A. W. Mulcahey, 235 St. Antoine st. Mrs. Lewis, 1111 St. Catherine east. G. A. Dumont, 1512 St. Denis st. Mrs. Charns, 1551 St. Denis st. M. Leblanc, 1097 St. James st. J. Murray, 47 University st. Mrs. Raymond, 438 Notre Dame west. Milley's Bookstore, 241 St. Catherine west. James McLean, 28 Chaboules Squ. Aristide Madors, 2 Beaver Hall Hill. Miss Scanlan, 68 Blurry st. Miss Egan, 375 Wellington st. Mrs. Gilmour, 149 Devoe street.

LUBY'S. For restoring gray hair to its natural color and beauty for plumping the skin and springing dead-fall, in a word for preserving and restoring the hair LUBY'S PARIGIAN HAIR RESTORER is unequalled. It is composed of such ingredients that it never falls 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.

BOYS

THE DESERT.

She put me away in a cold me she didn't. She was weary of him and pink cheeks. She had fallen in love with a dead Bear.

So I've waited here at her highness' O, the long hours I'm in for the touch of hands! For, even though she she holds me in it.

If my rival were only would never shed a But, ugh! that horrid I never would let O, the thought of the highness is driving fear!

But I hope some bright ing she will turn to old. And her Teddy Bear's taken by her dolly gold; And the arms of her lo will my waiting an —Denver Republican.

A SMALL BOY'S RE A bright boy who had the nature of strong d missed to shun it, one rich uncle who was not The uncle offered the bo wine, which he declined see how far he could b urged the boy to drink offered him the gift of a would drink. The boy ing: "Please don't tor keep a teetotaler. I can buy a watch of my ow drink and take your later have to pawn it to —Bluestone Messenger.

A SCHOOL IN P Oriental children have bles, their skipping rope toy plows into which c tens are harnessed for enjoy life quite as much rican children.

When the boys are ter they are sent to school est mosque. Parents will take a boy to school a him over to the gentle teacher with these words: are mine but his flesh Teach him and punish he see fit."

When boys go to scho ally sit in two rows. O ranged along one wall, hand, and the other row opposite wall. The tea the middle of the room. not use chairs, but sit th the floor, which is covere

KING P

CHAPTER XII.—Con "But how do you know don?" persisted Hilda, w ing that the childish fac made up and dwelt on fa must be true.

"Because he told me so retorted Gordon. "It was Governor sent his boys he Rugby. They were friends and I thought it rather h didn't send me too, for I than they, and even so m of them in Latin, and he himself said, as the boys ing with their tutor, it w such a good opportunity t travel home with them. F grumbling about it rather because I knew father's a pub-school man himself didn't think a boy could be anything of that wasn't, a behold, he came in in th Well, he wasn't a bit angri I thought he would be. F was natural enough I shou have the same chance as m and if he couldn't give the just then, or perhaps eve not to think it was because care about my getting on, c sting and gruded me so m then he said he wasn't a s as people thought, because ago he had undertaken to p debts and provide for the orphan of someone very nee due to him; that mother ha nobly by giving up money o own, and taking all the gr ing on her own shoulders, a he thought I ought to kno came then, instead of grum might feel glad to think I ing my share in a good an able work—which of coura Gordon put in; "and he sa that no man ought to let him into it, if only for the sake depending on him. He nev and he hoped that I would after that—after that! Berth out with all this string of t his, and declares his mother them from the Crawfords, hope they'll get to father that's all," and Gordon, stil angry, marched off with the pot to get it re-heated.

Hilda was only too thanki his departure, for by this time all she could do to keep from Supposing her uncle did get it—that the Crawfords had this horrid story about him. And Mary, on the strength of she had said to Meta, "how low mean and base is the