

**HOUSE AND HOME**

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A PRETTY DESIGN FOR THE WASH FABRICS.

6132—Girls' Frock. Cut in sizes 6, 7, 8, 9, 10 and 12 years. The eight year size will require 2-3-8 yards of 36 inch material. A simple and becoming little dress could be made after this design in any of the pretty washable fabrics, also in challis or China silk. The blouse waist is mounted on a fitted lining and is laid in deep tucks at the shoulders. The full skirt is simply gathered and attached to the waist. A pattern of this illustration will be mailed to any address on the receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

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**THE SUNSHINE OF LIFE.**

The world's most delightful days are its days of sunshine. On such days all nature overflows with gladness. Sorrow is a forgotten quantity. Man and beast and bird and plant lay aside and forget all that tends to cast about them even the suggestion of gloom and unite in enjoying to the fullest extent one of the greatest blessings that the universe has received from its Creator.

But all sunshine does not come from the skies. The best sunshine of life is that which comes from the heart, and oftentimes it rests entirely with us whether our day will be gloomy or not. Why, then, should not all our days be days of sunshine? There is no need for us to be sad and impatient and unpleasent, if we would persuade ourselves to believe that the sunshine is within us waiting for an opportunity to well up and flood us with joy. It is because it is one of the easiest things in the world to be gloomy that we so frequently allow ourselves to be so. All we have to do is to allow our natural inclinations of crossness and fretfulness and work to master us, and the inevitable consequences will be unkind words, frowns, scowls, and gloom.

Sunshine, however, is not so easily gained, for then we are working against these forces and going up instead of down. It requires effort to smile in the face of failure or possible disaster, and it is equally hard to be pleasant in the midst of distasteful and unpleasent surroundings. But happy indeed is he who overcomes these difficulties when by doing so he is enabled to live always in the bright and pleasant rays of life's best sunshine.

To those who try to find them there are many ways of making sunshine. The best of these ways is to find something or someone to love. But few persons in this world are utterly without someone who cares for them, and yet how seldom in a way that gives its object the knowledge and full satisfaction of it! Love is now, has always been, and will always be the sunshine of life. No matter how lonely and sorrowful our path through life, when love, in its truest and noblest type, comes to us there is a rift in the clouds and a beam of glorious sunshine breaks out upon us making us forget all the past sorrows of our way.

The world is full of this love if we but knew it, and our plea is not for more love but that it may be shown more. What plant can grow and flourish without an abundance of sunshine? What tree or flower can blossom with loveliness without its

rays? And what man can live a life of peace and quiet happiness without sunshine? Would you be happy and have others so? All that is needed to do it is this same sunshine and it is yours for the making.

When love—sunshine—really comes into our lives then hate—darkness—must go out of them. The two will not dwell together. The eleventh commandment, given us by the Prince of Love Himself, is that we shall love our neighbor as ourself. It is not a hard task set us to do, if love is really in our hearts. How easy, then, it is for us to do a golden deed or help one who is discouraged and downhearted with a smile or speak a kind and helpful word to some soul who is sadly in need of such an uplift.

It may not come easy at first for us to make sunshine. It does not usually. But little by little the bright spots here and there in our own lives and in those which we are trying to make happier begin to grow and expand until ere long we are fairly reveling in an abundance of the glory which is shed upon us, and what is better—not only enjoying it ourselves, but also passing it on to others.

"Just a little deed of sunshine, — Sust a word of hope and cheer, Just a smile! they cost so little — But they make it heaven here."

**GENTLE ART OF MAKING ENEMIES.**

Whistler, the great American painter, may be better known for his pamphlet entitled "The Gentle Art of Making Enemies" than for his wondrous pictures. And it is an art practised by cynicism that would ever call it gentle. Some are always getting hurt and offended. They seem ever on the lookout for slights and rudeness, and so turn and twist many an unintentional thing into a deadly insult. And it's funny, if we are on bad terms with some folks whether by their fault or ours, how we are always running up against them.

He that hath a thousand friends, Hath not one friend to spare, And he that hath an enemy Will meet him everywhere.

Though true, this is decidedly an unpleasant circumstance, and so, for your own sake, it is best to be as little pugacious as possible. Having enemies is a luxury none of us can afford if we want to make the best of life and have our friends and relatives make the best of it, too, and in addition to this, there is the higher side of the question, for we are enjoined in the book to love one another. We must not be too hard on one another nor too critical. If we were weighed in the balance for home use as a rule. Let us ponder on what Oliver Wendell Holmes once said, "Surely while the Lord can tolerate me I can tolerate my fellow creatures." It is not love, but an excess of self love, that is at the root of all evil. We fancy that we are most treated with proper respect, not as we ought to be. We would all get on a great deal better if we put self in the background and tried to "make others happy and enjoy themselves. We wouldn't get offended then. Let us try it.

**IN THE KITCHEN.**

Tomato Omelet.—Take three eggs and one large tomato. Beat the yolks and whites of the eggs separately. Chop the tomato, add to the yolks and add the whites just before cooking. Season with salt and pepper. Heat a saucpan, put in a piece of butter and when hot pour in the omelet and cook for two or three minutes. Fold over, turn out on a platter, garnish with parsley and serve very hot.

Apple Custard.—Take four apples, pare, quarter and cook as for sauce leaving little juice. A few minutes before removing from the fire stir into the apples the following mixture: One quarter nutmeg, grated; one large tablespoonful butter; the yolk of one egg, and sugar to taste. After the custard has been removed from the fire spread over it the white of the egg, which has been beaten stiff, with a tablespoonful of sugar.

Orange Custard.—Soak one-third box gelatine in a third of a cup of cold water until soft. Pour on one-third cup of boiling water, stir until dissolved, then add one cup orange juice and the juice of one lemon, the orange pulps with a little of the grated rind, and a scant cup of sugar. Strain, then set in a pan of cracked ice to chill and stiffen. As it begins to harden, whip to a stiff foam, add the whites of three eggs also whipped until stiff and light, then continue the beating until the mass is stiff enough to drip. Line a mould with split lady fingers, slices of sponge cake or sections of orange as preferred, turn in the cream and set on the ice. When ready to serve loosen around the edge of the mould with a limber-bladed knife, turn out on a low dish and pile a half pint whipped cream on top.

Rhubarb Shortcake.—Wash the rhubarb, but do not peel it. Cut into thick pieces. Put two cups of this with one scant cup of sugar dissolved. Add the juice and chopped rind of one lemon. Dissolve one teaspoonful of soda in a cup of sour cream-of-tartar and one-half teaspoonful of salt with two cups of flour. Stir the cream into this, and if not stiff enough to roll out until about one-half inch thick. Cut and bake like biscuits. When done, tear open, butter them and arrange on a hot dish. Cover with the rhubarb and when serving pour the juice over them.

**CHILDREN'S HOME STUDY.**

A question which perplexes mothers greatly is how long to allow children to study out of school. Children under 10 years of age should not be allowed to study out of school at all. They need all the time spent out of school for outdoor exercise and rest and sleep. A child who is fond of books probably will want to study, but this is not to be allowed to any extent, for the unusually bright child seldom remains as bright when the higher grades are attained, and in many cases will fall behind the average child, who has received more exercise and play. Children over 10 years of age possibly will have to study a little out of school, and the amount of home work will increase as the child progresses. Studying however, should always be done in the late afternoon or in the early morning, but never after supper, when both the mind and body need relaxation to prepare the way for a night of sound sleep.

**TRUE MARRIAGES.**

Marriage is not a union merely between two creatures—it is a union between two souls; and the intention of that bond is to perfect the nature of both, by supplementing their deficiencies with the force of contrast. Every man should seek these excellences in which it is naturally deficient: to the one, strength of character and firmness of moral will; to the other, sympathy, meekness, tenderness; and just so solemn and just so glorious as those ends are for which the union was created by God, just so terrible are the consequences if it be perverted and abused; for there is no earthly relationship which has so much power to ennoble and to exalt. There are two rocks, in this world of ours, on which the soul must either anchor or be wrecked—one is God, through His established Church, and the other is the true appreciation of the sex opposite.

**FAITH.**

What kindness, what courage, what loves comes our way, What longing, what trust in Thy strength, for each day.

**Blue Ribbon Tea**

This coupon cut out and mailed to The Blue Ribbon Tea Co., P. O. Box 2534, Montreal, entitles the sender to a free package of our exclusive Blue Ribbon Tea. Fill in blank space whether you wish Black, Mixed or Green Tea.

To MRS.....

ST..... TOWN.....

What lessons of patience, what gleams of delight, Come down from above, like sunbeams so bright. What faith in our Father, what joys in His praise; What songs filled with tidings of glory, uprising— We pour forth our gladness, with hearts full of love, All glory to Him, who doth watch from above.

Many a life is filled with peace because some other life is praying. The unrecording intercession of friends gives lustre to many eyes that would otherwise be dim and cheer to lips that would otherwise be filled with words of sadness.

**LOVE OF CHILDREN.**

There is something radically, horribly wrong with a woman who doesn't love children and who does not delight in their society. Children are genuine philosophers, speaking directly from the heart and using language that is always more expressive than that of the studied mind. To indulge in the plays of a child is to realize that Time has stolen away. Their little brains, undulled by care and free from deception, see a thousand sweetnesses in life that the adult eyes never perceive. Those women who find nothing beautiful in childhood would pass by a sunset without a thought, or would walk over roses without a shudder. Much of our discontent and unpleasentness is caused by our lack of appreciation and our ignorance of what is beautiful and splendid.

**HOW TO BE LOVED.**

The secret of getting along with everybody and having a good time wherever you go is to like people and to take an interest in their lives. It does not matter whether it is a princess or a servant maid, a statesman or a farmer, whom you are thrown with for a few minutes or a few hours, find out the main interest of the life you have met, and talk about that, and you will interest yourself and your hearer, too. Find out the good qualities of others. Be they great or small, find them out. You'll have friends everywhere if you do. People will love you, believe in and confide in you, Why? Because you love, believe in and take an interest in everybody. Such human nature loving is contagious, and we do not need to go far to find it out.

**FRESHENING A LINEN FROCK.**

A linen frock or coat suit that has shrunk may be lengthened by adding bands of colored linen. This is a fashionable trimming this season, either put on plain or joined to the white with scrolls of soutache braid, running to the hem. A favorite color combination is

yellow linen on white, braided in white. Pink and blue are equally good, but scarcely as unusual. Often these bands run down either side of the coat, and the skirt has front panels edged with color, with a hem to match.

**FRIENDSHIP.**

Only he has true friends who is willing to pay the price for making and keeping them. He may not have quite as large a fortune as if he gave all of his time to money making. But wouldn't you rather have good staunch friends who believe in you and who would stand by you in adversity than have a little more money? But friendship must be cultivated. It cannot be bought. It is priceless. If you abandon your friends for a quarter of a century or more while you are buried in your pursuit of wealth you cannot expect to come back and find them where you left them. Did you ever get or keep anything worth while without an effort equal to its value?

Many people seem to think that friendship is a one-sided affair. They enjoy their friends, enjoy having them come to see them, but they rarely think of putting themselves out to reciprocate or take the trouble to keep up their friendship. It does not matter how much knowledge you have in your heart or what your accomplishments are, you will live a cold, friendless, isolated life unless you come in close contact with other lives, unless you cultivate your sympathies and take a real interest in others—suffer with them, rejoice with them, help them.

**DELICIOUS CUSTARD.**

The recipe for this delicate dessert has been handed down in my family for many generations, says a contributor to the Delicاتور. Into each individual custard cup put the yolk of one egg, add a heaping teaspoonful of sugar, two grating of nutmeg and five tablespoonfuls of sweet milk. Incorporate thoroughly and set the cups in a pan of hot water. Bake in a moderate oven until firm. When cool cover with meringue, using the whites of the eggs for this purpose, and allow a tablespoonful of powdered sugar to the white of each egg. Through the very tip of each snow mound drop a teaspoonful of orange marmalade.

**MOTHER LOVE.**

The elder duck lines its nest with the soft down pulled from its breast, the very same elderdown which is in such demand for keeping human babies warm. When she leaves her nest, she covers the eggs with this soft material, and, if you should pass, you would very likely think it a heap of thistle down. As the wise mother knows, there are enemies of her kind which are partial to duck eggs, and that is one reason why she covers them. Even while she is absent, her mother-love protects her young.

It would be a sorrowful thing if mothers always had to be near their children in order to help them. But you girls know this is not the case. How often a temptation comes that you would find it hard to resist by yourself. But the memory of some word mother has spoken comes back, or the recollection of her dear face rises before you, and you feel as safe as if you were clad in armor, able to defy any temptation. Even mothers in heaven may protect the children, they leave behind. There is many a girl, trying bravely to live the only life worth living, who is kept true to her ideals by the memory of a face she no longer sees.

Thank God for mother-love, girls, and for love's sacrifices, which help to keep us safe wherever we go.

**A SIMPLE SALAD.**

Cabbage scorned as plebeian takes on an air as a salad. Not cold slaw or hot slaw, but a crisp, easily mixed salad with French dressing. Cut the cabbage with fine grater and put it in ice water for an hour before serving. Dry on a clean napkin and cover with a highly seasoned French dressing about ten minutes before serving. If a clove of garlic is rubbed over the bowl in which the dressing is made the flavor is much improved for many persons. While one could not serve this salad at a meal meal, it makes an appetizing lunch dish.

It is Wise To Prevent Disorder.—Many causes lead to disorders of the stomach and few are free from them. At the first manifestation that the stomach and liver are not performing their functions, a course of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills should be tried, and it will be found that the digestive organs will speedily resume healthy action. Laxatives and cathartics are so blended in these pills that no other preparation could be so effective as they.

**Funny Sayings.**

**A POETIC COMPARISON.**

The poet was favoring a friendly soul with his last verses, says a writer in St. James Budget. The verses were descriptive of a beautiful girl. The poet read: "Her hair was massed in flowing curls, The color of a whisper." "This made the listener 'sit up,'" "What's that?" he said. "Read that again." "I thought you would say something about that," the poet answered. "I don't want to appear egotistical, but that little phrase gives some scope for the exercise of the mind." "In what way?" "The poet laughed. "Don't you see," he said, "how beautifully that describes the shade of her hair? Every poet speaks of golden hair or raven locks. To be a success one must be original. Well she did not have golden hair. It was nearly golden, and I convey the impression by means of that one word."

The other still looked puzzled. "You have heard," said the poet, "that 'silence is golden?'" "Yes," the other admitted. "Well," resumed the poet, "if silence is golden, what would a whisper be? It would be nearly golden, wouldn't it?" The poet laughed again. The other was sitting down and could not stagger, so he laughed, too.

**TAKING NOTICE.**

Fred—"My dear Dora, let this thought console you for your lover's death. Remember that other and better men than he have gone the same way." Bereaved One—"They haven't all gone, have they?"

Teacher told Elsie to name the large bodies of water. She had been absent the day before, and hadn't learned the definition of a sound. She thought she remembered the name, and she replied: "Oceans, bays, gulfs, straits and—and—"

**UNKIND.**

Mrs. A.—Mrs. Baker says she'd give a good deal to know where you get your clothes. Mrs. B. (smiling)—She likes them, then, doesn't she? Mrs. A.—No. She thinks they wear wonderfully.

**A HAPPY ACCIDENT.**

Pa he sat down on ma's old hat— Pa's big around and wide and fat— And when he saw, what he had done He rose and seemed to want to run. But ma, she grabbed it with a smile And said: "Land sakes!" It's just the style."

**THE FIRESIDE DIPLOMAT.**

"I don't want to be nagging at you," Mrs. Murrat began, "but it's the little things that bother me most." "Ah!" interrupted her husband sweetly, "I suppose you're going to tell me you haven't a decent pair of shoes." —Philadelphia Press.

A woman once wrote to Abraham Lincoln asking for a sentiment and his autograph. He answered promptly: Dear Madam—When you write to a stranger asking the favor of a letter always inclose a postage stamp. There's the sentiment. Here's the autograph. —A. Lincoln.

**CAUSE AND EFFECT.**

Dolly—"No, I won't wash my face!" Grandma—"Naughty, naughty! When I was a little girl I always washed my face." Dolly—"Yes, and now look at it!" —London Opinion.

**A LOGICAL WEATHER PROPHECY.**

Mr. Flaherty surveyed the clear sky with a frown, "It's sure be raining to-day," he announced gloomily. "What makes you say that?" asked the friend. "Because," said Mr. Flaherty, "I've taken notice that when I don't expect it to rain at all, that's the time it does, an' nobody could be expecting it to-day, wid a sky like that."

**NOT MEANT FOR HIM.**

"See here!" indignantly cried the transient guest, "here's a collar button in this stew." "Oh that's a mistake, sir," replied the waiter. "A mistake?" "Yes, sir, we never give extras except to our regular customers."

**"WHAT'LL YOU HAVE?"**

"How political parties change. For instance, Prohibitionists were quite strong some years ago, but now they're declining." "I've observed quite the opposite. Instead of declining some of the Prohibitionists are accepting now."

**OUTSTRIPPED IT.**

"As I recall things, you once had a

future before you," said the old friend. "Yes," replied the fate-tossed man, "but, you see, I lived so fast that I got ahead of it."

**THE LIMIT.**

"There's nothing that makes a would-be society woman madder than to find her name left out of the returned." "Unless it's to find besides that her rival's name is in."

**THE OCCASION FOR IT.**

"He says he never prayed in all his life." "What a monotonous existence! Apparently he has never been in a tight place."

**St. Vitus Dance**

**A Severe Case Cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.**

St. Vitus dance is a disease of the nerves brought on by a morbid condition of the blood. It is a common disease with children and attacks females oftener than males. The only cure lies in plenty of pure blood, because good blood is the life food of the nerves. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure even the most severe forms of this trouble because they enrich the blood supply, thus carrying the necessary food to the nerves. In proof of this we have the statement of Mrs. Alex. Cameron, Summerside, P. E. I., who says:—"Some years ago my daughter Lena, then a child of ten years, became afflicted with St. Vitus dance. At that time she was attending school and the first indication I had that something was wrong was that she appeared easily discouraged in her studies. She was usually a spirited child, not given to tears, but she would cry over what I thought should be easy work for her. The disease progressed so rapidly that in the course of a few weeks she became unable to hold anything in her hands, and we were obliged to take her out of school. She became so afflicted that she could not hold a cup to her lips without suddenly losing hold of it. I knew from the first by the symptoms that her ailment was St. Vitus dance, as it was looked on as a hopeless ailment. She became so bad that she could not hold herself still for the space of ten seconds. Her hands or feet were continually moving and last of all she would contort her features so that she was losing her natural expression. At this stage I chanced upon a paper containing a testimonial in favor of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, describing the cure of a little girl afflicted as mine was. I hastened to get a couple of boxes of the Pills, and by the time she had used them I noticed a decided change for the better, and purchased a further supply. By the time she had taken seven boxes she was entirely cured. Although she seemed thoroughly cured I was afraid the disease might return again, but it never did, and she has since enjoyed the best of health. I cannot thank Dr. Williams' Pink Pills enough for what they did for my child, and I hope my experience may be of benefit to someone afflicted as my daughter was."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all medicine dealers or may be obtained by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

**BOOK NOTICE.**

Messrs. Longmans will publish on September 10th a work in two volumes at 5s net each (sold separately) on Moral Instruction and Training in Schools. The book is the outcome of an international inquiry conducted by a committee which was appointed at a large meeting held in London on February 5th, 1907, under the chairmanship of the Rt. Hon. James Bryce. The first volume deals with methods of moral instruction and training in elementary and secondary schools for boys and girls, including some of the great Public Schools in Sunday Schools, in Adult Schools and in Training Colleges in the United Kingdom; the second with the methods of moral instruction and training adopted in schools in the United States and Japan. Among the contributors are the Headmaster of Eton, Professor Eucken of Jena, President Stanley Hall, Dr. Felix Adler, the Bishop of Birmingham, Monsieur Alfred Fouillee, Dr. Paton, Mr. Harold Johnson, Father Maher, S.J., Professors Muirhead, Adams and Findlay, Mr. Arnold Rownce, Dr. F. H. Hayward, Mr. J. H. Bradley, Mrs. Bryant, Dr. Estlin Carpenter, Chaucellor Bernard, Miss S. E. Walls, Miss Alice Ravenhill, Miss Jourdain, Mr. F. J. Gould, Mr. Gustav Spiller, Mr. Percival Chubb, Baron Kitchin, Mr. Stephen Gwynne, M.P., and Mr. J. H. Vossall, M.P. The volumes have been edited by Professor M. E. Sadler, who contributes an introduction.

Always Serviceable.—Most pills lose their properties with age. Not so with Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. The pill mass is so compounded that their strength and effectiveness is preserved and the pills can be carried anywhere without fear of losing their potency. This is a quality that few pills possess. Some pills lose their power, but not so with Parmelee's. They will maintain their freshness and potency for a long time.

**(By Nora Tynn)**

It was rather tiny fortunes never coming and nursed little I unaided—through t putting the evil t "on her feet, unkind of the Fate's she must now stes old Judy, her main as she was hoping, her teaching. But the help for it, all the (warily like most of dreadfully flussy at herself in illness, h bed from the begin all nourishment o Ada Lombard had The old woman weak and despon resolute, and it see nothing short of phy induce her to take from her anxious ri "But you know, I never do," Mrs. Lon a sorely worried lo from the sick woman sitting down on a cup of nourishing which she had vainti obdurate old creatu you go on like this, send for the doctor.

"Troth, then, it be wanting, and the don't soon get, but the old woman burst den access of energy back! and the mad What's comin' over all?"

"Now, Judy, don't excited about it," h soothingly. "You'll day or two if you' ent and take what' all had to go thro' know."

"But you weren't me, am'm," Judy of conviction. "Su took to your bed w Beside 'em, the un Judy's mistress cou bear a smile.

"Well, perhaps I v patiently. 'But you' poor Duncan was so couldn't think of ly ever, Judy, if you'e you say, perhaps it to send for the doc"

She said it with a call in a doctor me, and that was n tiful a commodity at for a her "crasse" Dr. Broome to com Nook as soon as could.

Ada Lombard had for the past five year—despite certain line sorrow in her face— dinky pretty woma dark hair, a clear, with the faintest deep blue eyes fringes black lashes, and a

indefinable sweet ed an slender, her figures under the aust simple black gown a wearing carried a d a womanly dignity a had married, at nin young stockbroker town, and her lot ha be of the easiest; by years of her wedding ful husband and fath victim to consumpti with one son and a tance saved out of t had been largely swi the excesses of his l

Will Lombard had devoted husband, an marriage was hardy making. Ada had that a tender and le be. True, there had body else," one of table first loves, the which comes back at tanzitalize—with a feel Paradise—even the and matter-of-fact wives.

It was not till af death, following a ve

