

HOUSE AND HOME

CONDUCTED BY HELENE.

Earning a living does not mean earning a shorn, bare existence. It means earning the right to live, and to be useful and happy and glad.

When we are really earning a living we earn not only bread and butter and clothes, we also earn the splendid right to live in this glorious old world, to move among our kind.

Life's little things. A wild bird's song is a little thing—lost in the deeps of a frowning sky.

And yet as it falls on a listening ear and leaves its message of melody earth's green seems brighter and life is sweeter all through an autumn day.

The coo of a babe is a little thing—meaningless sound from a vacant mind.

But 'tis the only sound that all nations heed—the one clear language that all races know.

A mother's love is a little thing—too soon, alas, forgot!

But it typifies to blind human kind the love and trust and hope divine that bears with patience calm and sweet and wilful wrongs in these lives of ours.

A passing smile is a little thing—lost in a world of toil and care.

And yet the soul with gloom oppressed and the life grown weary with burdens hard will be happier in the afterglow of a smile that is warmly kind.

A kindly word is a little thing—a breath that goes and a sound that dies.

But the heart that gives and the heart that hears may know that it sings and sings and sings till at last it blends with the wild bird's song and the coo of babes in what men call the celestial choir.

LAUGH WHILE YOU MAY. Heaven knows there are in the world tears enough that can't be helped.

Whenever you feel like laughing go ahead and giggle. When you feel like singing, sing out good and loud. It will break the clouds of the worry-disturbed atmosphere.

It will shake away the miserable little troubles that, come hanging around bothering one and interrupting and making fusses all the time.

Don't let trouble down you. Put on your steel armor of good thoughts.

Get your broomstick of optimism and when trouble comes along, hit him one big, beautiful swoop.

Then run away so he can't catch you. Don't laugh. This isn't a joke. It's "for real."

Some people have a fool idea that to keep young and happy is to be regardless of the serious matters of life.

The most serious matters in life are the great, big important things that will not let your heart shrivel up like a red flannel shirt that has been treated to a scalding hot bath until it is so small you can hardly see it or feel it or even find it.

If your heart's all right and your conscience working on time, you're just every bit as good and nice as the next one.

But do take time to laugh. You will find the world isn't one great sob after all. It gives back just what you send out.

Learn to laugh out good and loud, and don't let trouble down you.

THE WAND OF YOUTH. The Musical Times has the following on Sir Edward Elgar's first suite for orchestra, entitled "The Wand of

Youth": "It consists of seven movements severally named Overture, Serenade, Minuet, (old style), Sun Dance, Fairy Pipers, Slumber Scene and Fairies and Giants. The pieces were originally written to a child's play for the entertainment of the composer's family in 1869, when Sir Edward was only 12 years of age, and they were played by his brothers and sisters on various instruments."

THE GLORY OF WOMAN. A number of our contemporaries are commenting upon the story recently published that George Washington was three times rejected by as many haughty damsels of Virginia before, at the age of 27, his hand was accepted by the young, beautiful and wealthy widow Curtis.

The comment, more or less frivolous, is directed to the feelings that the three ladies may have experienced in after life when the young civil engineer had grown to be forever historic in the world's estimation.

In the little city of Laurens, in this State, in its hillside cemetery overlooking Little River, are three graves marked with unpretentious tombstones.

The inscriptions record the deaths on the battlefield in the service of the Confederacy of three youths, Willie, Theodore and James Hance, one, a lieutenant colonel, another, a captain and the third, a "mere boy," a sergeant. Their mother was Miss Word, who married an honest gentleman, who was a saddler by trade. It is well authenticated that before her marriage to Mr. Hance, the hand of Miss Word was sought by a journeyman tailor whose name was Andrew Jackson, and who subsequently became President of the United States.

There are differences of opinion in these matters, but it will be held by those who each year have the roll of honor read on Memorial Day in the villages of the South, that the matron who gave three noble and talented sons to her country is not less worthy to be remembered than if she had come to be "the first lady in the land."—Charleston (S.C.) News and Courier.

TWO SIMPLE DESSERTS. Having no maid, I am always trying to find the easiest way of getting through the daily round of work. The desserts make me the most trouble, I think. I will pass on two of my very easiest rules, writes a correspondent of Harper's Bazar.

"Choose a very cold night for making this dessert, and when the evening meal is well out of the way, take some cream and whip it until it stiffens somewhat; then add sugar and flavoring to taste; turn into a common tin pail, cover and put it out doors to freeze. I find it freezes nicely to set it on the piazza. Do not look at it until you serve it at the next day's dinner. The family all like it, and while it is not so nice as ice cream made in the orthodox manner, it is a very good substitute. Another easy dessert is to save the coffee left from breakfast, and an hour before dinner heat it up and when hot stir into it a cup of minute tapioca. Set it in a double boiler and cook until clear. Shortly before serving add to it a cup of sugar and a good-sized lump of butter. Serve hot with cream."

OLIVE OIL ON BRUISES. In the treatment of bruises, where there is extensive discoloration of the skin, if olive oil be applied freely without rubbing, the discoloration quickly will disappear. Absorbent cotton may be soaked in the oil and applied. If the skin is broken, a little boracic acid should be applied over the abrasion. A black eye thus treated can be rendered normal in a few hours, especially if the oil be applied warm.

ANCIENT WORDS ORIGIN. That some of our everyday words and phrases have a very ancient origin is shown by a student of folklore.

"Take," says he, "the phrase 'helter-skelter.' This dates back to the defeat of the Spanish Armada, some of the vessels of which, driven by stress of weather, took refuge north to the river Helder and south to the river Skelder (or Scheldt)."

"Where the shoe pinches," is one of the oldest phrases. In its Latin form the old Romans used it, the story being that a Roman who had divorced his wife was taken to task by his friends, who protested that they could see no fault in the woman. The object of their criticism responded by taking off his shoe. "It seems a good shoe," said he. "You will see no fault in it—but none of you can tell where it pinches me."

"To 'don' a man for debt arose from the name of a bailiff of Lincoln, Joseph Dun, a champion debt-collector; while 'hurrah!' or 'hur-



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If you wish to be convinced, hear the new model at the nearest dealer's. Booklet on request. WE DESIRE GOOD, LIVE DEALERS to sell Edison Phonographs in every town where we are not now well represented. Dealers should write at once to National Phonograph Co., 100 Lakeside Ave., Orange, N. J., U.S.A.

rayl' is a corruption of 'tur ate!' the war cry of the old Norse searovers."

PAPAL JUBILEE OFFERING. King Alfonso of Spain has appointed his sister, the Infanta Maria Teresa, president of the national committee of Spanish women which has been formed to collect vestments and altar essentials for presentation to Pope Pius X. as a jubilee offering, and to be distributed by His Holiness to poor churches all over the world.

A SIMPLE COSMETIC. "If women who spend so much of time over their complexions, and

lish language. She was trying to make her pupils understand the meaning of the word fright, and asked if any one in the class could give a sentence containing the word.

Quick and confident was the reply of one little girl: "I had a sentence, teacher. We had fright eggs for breakfast this morning."—Boston Herald.

WHICH WOULD YOU RATHER BE? If an editor makes a mistake he has to apologize for it, but if a doctor makes a mistake he buries it.

If an editor makes one there is a lawsuit, swearing and the smell of sulphur, but if a doctor makes one there is a funeral, cut flowers,

Blue Ribbon Tea. This coupon cut out and mailed in to us, entitles the sender to a free package of our 4oz. Blue Ribbon Tea. Fill in blank space whether you wish Black, Mixed or Green Tea. To MRS. ST. TOWN.

so much money at facial beautifiers, would simply wash their faces at night with salt or apply a salt and milk solution, they would not only have better skins, but save money besides," was the remark of a woman with a rose leaf complexion, according to the New York "Sun."

"That sounds absurd to you, no doubt," she continued, as she noted the look of skepticism in her companion's eyes, "but you try it. At night wash your face in very hot water, using salt as you would soap; then rinse in cold water. Your face will feel like ivory. The salt not only whitens the skin, but renders the flesh firm and solid. Then as a cosmetic take a teaspoonful of salt and add it to two tablespoonfuls of milk. Apply to the face, leaving it on over night. The effect is magical."

HER CHOICE. "Now, girls," said an ardent Sunday-school teacher, "I want you each to choose some character from the Bible whom you will emulate. Edna, you begin by telling us your choice."

Edna was a very fat little girl and had often been teased on account of her excessive plumpness. "I choose," she said, "the man who was weighed in the balance and found wanting."

A COAT THAT WOULDN'T COME OFF. The inspector asked the boys of the school he was examining: "Can you take your warm overcoats off?" "Yes, sir," was the response. "Can the bear take his warm overcoat off?" "No, sir." "Why not?" "There was silence for a while, and then a little boy spoke up: "Please, sir, because God alone knows where the buttons are."

FUNNY SAYINGS. WOULD HAVE BEEN MORE CONSIDERATE. An antiquary one day visited Westminster Abbey, and found a stonemason at work in the little cloister recutting the name of Wilson, the great tenor of Shakespeare's day.

The antiquary began to tell the stonemason about Wilson, how he had been Shakespeare's friend, and Ben Jonson's, and Kit Marlowe's, and how all these men loved and honored him.

The stonemason, looking up from his work, frowned and shook his head. "I wish, sir," he said, "we'd known he was such a swell afore we ran that drainpipe through him."

THE VERY KIND. The Sunday-school teacher asked the class, "What kind of boys go to heaven?" And one little urchin yelled out, "dead boys."—Lippincott's Magazine.

THE EDITOR'S REGRETS. Office Boy—The editor says he's much obliged to you for allowing him to see your drawings, but much regrets he is unable to use them.

Fair Artist (eagerly)—Did he say that? Office Boy (truthfully)—Well, not exactly. He just said: "Take 'em away, Timpe; they make me sick."

HIS ONE REGRET. Mother—Why, Edgar, I'm afraid you're a very greedy little boy. Now aren't you sorry you ate so much turkey? Edgar—Yes, ma; 'cause I've only a wee bit of room for the plum puddin'.

A BREAKFAST DISH. Over in Chelsea, a school teacher was engaged in her task of teaching a class of foreign children the Eng-

and a snell of varnish. A doctor can use a word a yard long without knowing what it means but if an editor uses it he has to spell it. Any old college can make a doctor. You can't make an editor: he has to be born.

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WITH THE POETS

EARL DESMOND AND THE BAN-SHEE. Now cheer thee on my gallant steed, There's a weary way before us— Across the mountain swiftly speed, For the storm is gathering o'er us.

Away, away, the horseman rides; His bounding steed's dark form Seem'd o'er the soft black moss to glide— A spirit of the storm!

Now, rolling in the troubled sky, The thunder's loudly crashing! And through the dark clouds, driving by, The moon's pale light is flashing.

In sheets of foam the mountain flood Comes roaring down the glen; On the steep bank one moment stood The horse and rider then.

One desperate bound the courser gave And plunged into the stream; And, snorting, stemmed the boiling wave, By the lightning's quivering gleam.

The flood is past—the bank is gained, Away with headlong speed: A fleet horse than Desmond rein'd Ne'er served at lover's need.

His scattered train, in eager haste, Far, far behind him ride; Alone he's crossed the mountain waste, To meet his promised bride.

The clouds across the moon's dim form, Are fast, and faster sailing, And sounds are heard on the sweeping storm, Of wild, unearthly wailing.

At first low moanings seem'd to die Away, and faintly languish; Then swell into the piercing cry Of deep, heart-bursting anguish.

Beneath an oak, whose branches bare Were crashing in the storm, With wringing hands, and streaming hair, There sat a female form.

To pass that oak he vainly tried; His horse refused to stir. Though furious 'gainst his panting side Was struck the bloody spur, The moon, by driving clouds o'er-cast, Withheld its fitful gleam;

And louder than the tempest's blast Was heard the Banshee's scream.

And, when the moon unveiled once more, And showed her paly light, Then nought was seen save the branches hoar Of the oak-tree's blasted might.

That shrieking form had vanished From out that lonely place; And like a dreamy vision fled, Nor left one single trace.

Earl Desmond gazed—his bosom swell'd With grief and sad foreboding; Then on his fiery way he held, His courser madly goading.

For well that wailing voice he knew And onward hurrying fast, O'er hills and dales impetuous flew, And reached his home at last.

Beneath his wearied courser's hoof The trembling drawbridge clangs, And Desmond sees his own good roof, But darkness o'er it hangs.

He pass'd beneath the gloomy gate, No guiding tapers burn; No vassals in the court-yard wait, To welcome his return.

The hearth is cold in the lonely hall, No banquet decks the board; No page stands ready at the call To 'tend his wearied lord, But all within is wild and drear, No sighs or sounds of gladness— Nought broke the stillness on the ear.

Save a sudden burst of sadness, Then slowly swell'd the keener's strain

With loud lament and weeping, For round a corse a mournful train, The sad death-watch was keeping, Aghast he stood, bereft of power, His fears confirmed—his beautiful flower—

His fair-haired bride—was dead! THE PEACE OF SILENCE. There is no silence like the silence where the grave is, Under the green trees! No song of linnet, throistle, or finch, or mavis— Nor the best of these— Is more sweet than silence at its ease.

You are there, my father, in your silence, With your own folks, and many a friend. The linnet is on the thorn, the lark over the highlands; More sweet than these, to the end, Is your silence, where the green boughs bend.

—Alice Furlong, in The Irish Monthly.

WIND SCENTS. The songs that the wind has sung, The scents that the wind has flung, From the flower-hearts where they clung

But yesterday— These are too sweet to linger or delay.

The songs that haunt the past, The fragrances too faint to last— Will they never come Wearily, happily home To the flowers where they clung, To the heart of the wind that has sung,

Forever to live in the air— Forever there?

The dreams that are past and gone! Is there not one That shall ever come Wearily, happily home? Shall they forever fade Into the passing shade, With all the passing fragrance that has clung

In long dead flowers, And with the dying hours Die with the songs the dreaming heart has sung? —Charlotte Prentiss, in Atlantic.

THE OLD HIGH HAT. O! ye needn't be so sly, All ye lads when I go by, Wid your winkin' o' the eye An' your smirkin' an' all that. Shure, I'm wise enough to see That the cause of all your glee Is the ancient cut o' me An' me old high hat.

Arrah! lads must have their play, So I've not a word to say; 'Tis mesel' that wance was gay As the gayest wan o' you. Shure, there wasn't many men That would joke about me then, When me blood was young an' when This old hat, was new.

It was wid me an' me bride When the blessed knot was tied; An' it followed, when she died, Where they soon will lay me, too. It has served me all these years, Shared me laughter an' me tears, As it's sharin' now the jeers O' the likes o' you.

Now we're worn an' old an' sick, But there's joy to think, avic, That ye niver held a brick. An' there's some that can't say that So they needn't be so sly; When they smile an' cock their eye, All them lads, when we go by, You an' me, old hat. —Catholic Standard and Times.

There is nothing to equal Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator for destroying worms. No article of its kind has given such satisfaction.

Said Mass for a Protestant Congregation.

Can there be any doubt of the fact that in the majority of towns there is not a willingness to listen to the message of the Catholic missionary, but even a positive desire to have him come? Experience shows that at the mere announcement of Catholic lectures the people will fill the largest hall in the place.

The following curious experience confirms the same facts. It is a part of a conversation with a priest from the far West:

"Arriving very late Sunday morning in a certain town, I found that the only place for saying Mass was a little Protestant church. The minister had been dismissed for some reason or other, and the people, when they heard a Catholic priest was going to officiate, came in good numbers to assist. I ascended the preacher's reading desk, opened my valise, and began to put on the vestments, everybody giving me the most respectful attention. But just then an old man came up the aisle and told me in broken English, for he was French, that he was a Catholic—the only one in the place, by the way—and added that he had come fasting so as to receive Holy Communion. I asked the people if any of them knew French, and, finding I was safe, I heard my old man's confession in public, saving the seal unbroken, and showing my spell-bound audience the whole meaning of

this much-dreaded sacrament. "Then, while putting on my vestments, I explained each of them, from amice to chasuble, including the draping of the chalice and altar stone and altar cloths. And just before beginning Mass I added an explanation of why Latin is used, and finally pointed out the significance of the principal and holiest parts of the divine sacrifice. Mass over and my ancient Frenchman, communicated, I preached for an hour to my strange congregation, showing them the full meaning as best I could of all they had witnessed, as the perfection of God's gifts to mankind in His one true Catholic Church.

"I had only stopped over at the village to offer Mass that morning, and I must hurry on to my distant destination. This my new-found congregation of Protestants much regretted. As we parted company they urged me to return again and preach more of such doctrines to them. Now, let me assure you that there are many villages in our country, and many hundreds of thousands of such non-Catholics to be found, had we but the missionaries to devote themselves to the holy vocation of seeking them and saving them.

There is no medicine on the market that can compare with Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup in expelling from the system the irritating germs that colds engender in the air passages. It is suicide to neglect your cold. Try this cheap experiment of ridding yourself of it by using Bickel's Syrup, which is a simple remedy, easily taken, and once used it will always be prized as a sovereign medicine.

BOLE'S PREPARATION OF Friar's Cough Balsam. One of the good, old-fashioned things that has never been improved upon. Infalible for coughs, colds, bronchial and lung troubles. It is the largest and best 25c remedy for coughs and colds. Prepared, recommended and guaranteed by the largest wholesale drug house in the world. If your druggist does not handle it, let us know. NATIONAL DRUG & CHEM. CO., Limited - 30 LONDON, Ont.

Women Suffer Agonies from Kidney Trouble GIN PILLS CURE THEM. There's Mrs. Ripley, for instance, who suffered terribly with her back. It ached, ached, ached—all the time. Even in bed, it seemed as if she could not get easy. It finally became so bad that housework was impossible. She certainly was a discouraged woman when she began to take GIN PILLS. And there isn't a happier, healthier woman in the Dominion than this same Mrs. Ripley to-day. I cannot refrain from writing you the benefits I have received from GIN PILLS. Before I had taken GIN PILLS I suffered dreadfully with my back, and had suffered for twenty years. I have tried almost everything but got no relief until I got "GIN PILLS." I have taken six boxes and now I have not the sign of a pain or an ache in my back. I am now 48 and feel as well as I ever did when I was 20. There is nothing can hold a place with GIN PILLS for putting the back to rights when women are subject. Yours truly, MRS. WILLIAM E. RIPLEY. Mrs. Ripley had serious Kidney Trouble. And the sick kidneys were making her back ache—were giving her those splitting headaches—were sapping her strength—and dragging her down. GIN PILLS really saved her life. GIN PILLS cured her kidneys. She has been well ever since. GIN PILLS are a grand medicine for women. Try them at our expense. Mention this paper when writing and we will send you a free sample so you can see for yourself just what GIN PILLS will do for you. The Bole Drug Co., Winnipeg, Man. 91 50c. a box—6 for \$2.50. At all dealers.