

HOUSE AND HOME

CONDUCTED BY HELENE.

There was a clatter of hoofs, and the lady from the city thought with alarm that the horse was running away, and wondered helplessly what to do. But before she had time to decide upon a plan of action, the girl rider had drawn rein, and slipped from the saddle to the ground as lightly as a bird.

In the bath is excellent for the skin. Thin cloth is used for the bags, which may be made any size you prefer. They are filled two-thirds with bran, cornmeal or oatmeal, bits of toilet soap, and a little powdered orris-root. The bag should never be used more than twice, for it soon sours.

OPUFFINESS UNDER THE EYES is often largely caused by the drinking of too little water. Two and a half pints of liquid should be taken every day by an adult, and of this a large proportion should be pure water.

HOW TO CLEAN WINDOW SHADES When window shades are merely dust soiled the surface can be refreshed by the application of hot cornmeal. The shade should first be spread out flat on a large table and the meal rubbed in with a circular motion of the palm. Then if rubbed gently with a soft, dry cloth, the meal and the dust it has absorbed will be removed without leaving any trace of either.

THE MEMORY OF A CATHOLIC MOTHER.

An unworthy son may prove recreant to his mother's love and to the early teaching of the fireside. But some day the memory of that mother will rise before him, and stand there until tears come to his eyes and prayers to his lips. At such a time he would give all that he has gained through disobedience to be just like her. There is no faith like the faith of a Catholic mother, and there are few influences that will arrest the waywardness of men like the remembrance of her.

HOW TO MAKE TEETH GLISTEN.

To make the teeth glisten, besides making them white, brush them every morning with warm water, a fairly stiff brush and a good dentifrice, says the Cleveland Leader. A good dentifrice is an absolute necessity to keep the teeth pure. After they have been thoroughly cleaned go over them with a solution of peroxide, and the teeth will glisten beautifully unless they are in an unhealthy condition. Cleanliness cannot be accomplished with an old water-soaked tooth brush nor one which is used constantly. Have two brushes, and when one has been used for a couple of days wash it in carboic water and lay it in the air and sun for two days. Carboic water is made by putting two drops of carboic acid in a pint of boiling water. When the brush becomes discolored on the back throw it away. If your teeth are close together use dental floss. In the East Indies, where fine teeth are the rule, the charcoal of the betel nut is used as a tooth powder. It is smooth and alkaline.

CULTIVATING FERNS.

Ferns are among the most graceful and beautiful of foliage plants. For a shady nook in the yard during summer, for a shaded window or for hall decorations in winter the ferns will be found desirable plants, says Garden Magazine. They like a cool atmosphere than most plants grown for the window, and for this reason a cool room or hall suits them best. A temperature of from 50 to 65 degrees is warm enough for most of the greenhouse species. Keep in a light, moist, shady place and as soon as the young plants are large enough pick them out and pot in three inch pots, placing half a dozen in each pot. As they become larger they may be potted singly. When the ferns once are established in pots do not report them more than once a year and that invariably when the plants are in a dormant state. Under no circumstances should the roots be disturbed while growing. As the plants become larger the soil should be more lumpy and coarse and should consist of one-sixth part of charcoal or broken crockery, which will keep the soil porous and sweet. It is a mistake to use large pots for ferns. They will thrive with less room than the majority of cultivated plants, and it is not unusual for florists to allow the plants to remain in the same spot for more than one year. In this event, however, the soil is enriched during the growing season by liberal applications of liquid manure. Great care should be taken that the plants do not suffer from dryness at the roots. This will stunt them and seriously injure their vitality. Ferns are not attacked often by insects. The young fronds sometimes are troubled by green fly, but this pest can be effectually destroyed by syringing and washing with tobacco water. The scale insect is the worst foe and is difficult to dislodge. Repeated washing with cam-

APPLYING LACE.

There is a most delightful and very little known stitch by which lace is applied to a fine fabric, such as a handkerchief.

It is known as incrustation and may be used for both insertions and edges.

It is made as follows: Lay the lace over the fabric on the edge to the depth of half an inch or so. Baste it straight to a thread a little distance from the edge of the lace and take a stitch backward in the fabric.

Draw the thread tight and put the needle in the fabric in the same hole in which it was first inserted and bring it out through the fabric and the extreme edge of the lace.

Draw the thread through the entire length. Take a back stitch through the lace edge and the fabric and bring it out in the hole which was pierced by the previous stitch. Repeat this until the lace is fastened to the fabric.

On the back it will appear like a herringbone stitch. Drawing the thread tight in this way and making practically a stitch and a half each time, the lace is finished with a pretty open edge which looks like hemstitching.

Now cut away the linen from under the lace to within an eighth of an inch from the edge. This raw edge does not make the work weak, and it launders beautifully.

Frenchwomen are not in the least bit afraid of a raw edge on the wrong side, and very often they avoid in this way what might be called sewing a thing to death—sewing which takes away much grace.

FUNNY SAYINGS.

UP AGAINST IT. Diogenes uttered a horrid imprecation. Yet the philosopher was not greatly to be blamed. He had been out all morning with his lantern looking for an honest

man and in his absence someone had stolen his tub.

WHERE THE DIFFICULTY LAY. A Brooklyn man has a little girl named Ethel, who not long since gave a birthday party, at which there was some slight delay in providing seats for her small friends.

Said Ethel: "You see, it isn't that I have asked too much company."

CIRCUMLOCATION. "Grandpa, if you were a little boy, and your mamma had promised you a penny if you got your lesson right, what would you think was the best way to spell cat?"

DID THE SHOE FIT? A lonely bachelor, at the age of seventy-two, married a young wife. A Sunday or two after the wedding a window asked the minister who had officiated at the wedding ceremony of the bachelor to pray for him, as his own wife had just died.

The minister, in his prayer, therefore, did not fail to remember "our aged and grieving brother, upon whom the heavy hand of sore affliction had so lately fallen."

At these words the old bridegroom, red and smothering with rage, rose from beside his girl wife.

"It may be a sore affliction," he growled audibly, as he left the church, "but I'll be hanged if any man's going to pray for me in public that way."

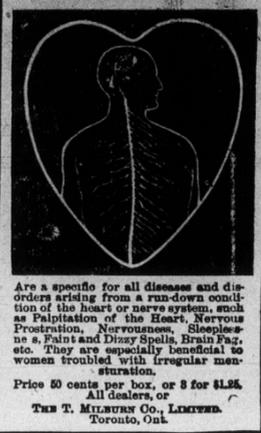
CONSTIPATION.

Although generally described as a disease, can never exist unless some of the organs are deranged, which is generally found to be the liver. It consists of an inability to regularly evacuate the bowels, and as a regular action of the bowels is absolutely essential to general health, the least irregularity should never be neglected.

MILBURN'S LAXA-LIVER PILLS

have no equal for relieving and curing Constipation, Biliousness, Water Brash, Heartburn, and all Liver Troubles. Mr. A. B. Bettes, Vancouver, B.C., writes:—For some years past I was troubled with chronic constipation and bilious headaches. I tried nearly everything, but only got temporary relief. A friend induced me to try Laxa-Liver Pills, and they cured me completely. Price 25 cents per box, or 5 boxes for \$1.00, all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price. THE T. MILBURN CO., LIMITED Toronto, Ont.

MILBURN'S Heart and Nerve Pills.



Are a specific for all diseases and disorders arising from a run-down condition of the heart or nerve system, such as Palpitation of the Heart, Nervous Prostration, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Pain and Dizzy Spells, Brain Fag, etc. They are especially beneficial to women troubled with irregular menstruation.

Price 50 cents per box, or \$ for \$1.25. All dealers, or The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

A NEW NAME FOR THEM.

One rainy afternoon Aunt Sue was explaining the meaning of various words to her young nephew. "Now, an heirloom, my dear, means something that has been handed down from father to son," she said.

"Well," replied the boy thoughtfully, "that's a queer name for my pants."

TERSE.

Reverend Doctor Newman Smyth, of New Haven, was asked by the representative of one of the worst of modern newspapers for "a bright, terse interview about hell" for its Sunday edition. Dr. Smyth very kindly complied with the request.

His article was as follows: "Hell, in my opinion, is the place where the Sunday edition of your paper should be published and circulated."

THE ASSOCIATED CHARITIES.

A lady whose cook had suddenly

taken her departure went in search of another whose address had been given to her.

Reaching the alley, she rapped at the door, which was opened by a portly colored woman. A still larger one was occupying a rocking chair in the room. The lady stated her errand.

"No'm, I isn't 'tendin' to wuk dis yer winter. I's gwine to rest."

"Then perhaps you know some one who would like the place?"

"No'm, fact is, de culled ladies in dis alley all means to tek a rest. We goes to de 'sassinated charities' fo' what we wants."

SUCH A PLEASANT ROOM.

"It ain't ev'rybody I'd put to sleep in this room," said old Mrs. Jinks to the fastidious and extremely nervous young minister who was spending a night at her house.

"This here room is full of sacred associations to me," she went on, as she bustled around opening shutters and arranging the curtains. "My first husband died in that bed with his head on these very pillows, and poor Mr. Jinks did set in' right in that corner. Sometimes when I come into the room in the dark I think I see him settin' there still."

"My own father died layin' right on that lounge under the window. Poor pa! He was a Spiritualist, and he allus said he'd appear in this room after he died, and sometimes I'm foolish enough to look for him. If you should see anything of him to-night you'd better not tell me; for it'd be a sign to me that there was something in Spiritualism, and I'd hate to think that."

"My son by my first man fell dead of heart disease right where you stand. He was a doctor, and there's two whole skeletons in that closet that belonged to him, and half a dozen skulls in that lower drawer."

"There, I guess things'll do now—Well, good-night, and pleasant dreams."

HARD PRAYING.

An old colored man stole a pig, and after getting home with the animal knelt to pray before retiring. His wife heard him praying to the Lord to forgive him for stealing the pig. She went to sleep with Uncle Eph. still praying. Later in the night she woke up and saw her husband still kneeling in prayer. At daybreak his supplications had not ceased. "Eph, why don't you come to bed?" asked his wife. "Let me home, 'Biah, de mo' I tries to 'splain to de Lord how I come to steal dat pig de wusser I wuz mixed."

AND THAT SETTLED IT.

"If ye please, mum," said the ancient hero, in an appealing voice, as he stood at the back door of the cottage on washday, "I've lost my leg

WITH THE POETS

A BROKEN PEN.

Unto a child a glorious gift was given;— He felt he could prolong The echoes of the angel choirs of heaven.

In wondrous earthly song, But, when his facile pen would fain interpret, That all might understand The heavenly mystery hinted in his music.

An angel stayed his hand; The guardian spirit who was ever shielding His life from vain regret, Caressed the child, but firmly checked his ardor, And gently said, "Not yet."

The boy delved in the lore of all the ancients, The myths of Greece and Rome; Familiar grew with history and traditions, And legends of his home. He found a meaning in each deed of valor, Unknown to common ken, He thrilled with longing to retell each story.

To kindle man in men. Again his hand was stayed; again he heeded, And stifled all regret, With prompt obedience to that angel spirit, Who firmly bade, "Not yet."

When life maturer had a richer meaning, A fuller depth of tone, Celestial trills now ran through all his music, With beauty all their own. His heart responded to the wind-harp's whispers, He heard and understood The heart-communion of all God's creatures.

Of vale, or hill, or wood, His soul grew sweeter, tenderer, stronger,—feeling That heaven and earth had met; He seized his pen, again the angel stayed him, Again he bade, "Not yet."

Then Sorrow came. Each fine chord of his nature Quivered with keenest pain; Each nerve was torn, each tender spot bled freely, He solace sought in vain. But in his agony his soul expanded, Pain did by gifts atone, And when his every hope was blighted, He lived for God alone. His pure heart bowed before his guardian spirit,— He would not break his plight, But pleaded still for the long-sought permission—"O Angel, let me write."

Unto the Cross the angel led the poet, Whose songs were all unsung, The Crucified looked down with utmost yearning, His heart with anguish wrung. A God asked alms,—and there were few to give them. In answer to His call: The poet had one worthy gift to offer. A perfect gift—his all.

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Christ understood; it was enough, 'Tis over— That strife unguessed by men,— And they who threw the Lord unvalued treasures

Smiled at a broken pen.— M. I. J., in Irish Monthly.

WE TWO.

I cannot do it alone; The waves run fast and high, And fogs close chill around, And light goes out in the sky, But I know that we two shall win,— In the end:— Jesus and I!

I cannot row it myself— My boat on the raging sea: But beside me sit another, Who pulls or steers,—with me: And I know that we two shall come safe into port:— His child and He—

Coward, and wayward, and weak, I change with the changing sky:— To-day, so eager and brave; To-morrow, not caring to try; But He never gives in,—so we two shall win:— Jesus and I.—

Strong, and tender, and true, Crucified once for me! Never will He change, I know, Whatever I may be: But all He says, I must do, Ever from Him to keep free, We shall finish our course, and reach Home at last!— His child and He—

SLEEPING.

While children sleep They know not that their father toils; They know not that their mother prays— Bending in blessing o'er their beds, Imploring grace for afterdays.

While children sleep They never dream that others work That they may have their daily bread; When morning comes they rise and eat, And never ask how they are fed.

While children sleep They do not see the shining sun— They do not know the gracious dew, In daily miracle of love, Is ever making all things new.

Do we not sleep? And know not that our Father works With watchful care about our way; He bends in blessing from above— His love broods o'er us day by day.

Do we not sleep? And never dream that others work, Reaping the sheaves that might be ours; We see not how the shadows fall, Which mark the swift departing hours.

Ah! still we sleep, Our drowsy eyes see not the Light, See not the hands stretched out to bless, See not that waiting for us stands God's kingdom and His righteousness.

A Great Doctor Speaks of a Great Remedy

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Strongly Endorsed by one of the World's Greatest Doctors—Hope for the Sick.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People is the only advertised medicine in the world that has had the public endorsement of a doctor of world-wide reputation. Such an endorsement stamps this medicine as being worthy of the confidence of every person who is sick or ailing. A great doctor would not risk his reputation unless he was absolutely confident, through a personal knowledge, that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills would do what is claimed for them.

Dr. Giuseppe Lapponi, one of the greatest physicians of modern times, for years the trusted medical adviser of the Pope, writes the following strong letter in favor of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills:

"I certify that I have tried Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in four cases of the simple anemia of development. After a few weeks of treatment, the result came fully up to my expectations. For that reason I shall not fail in the future to extend the use of this laudable preparation, not only in the treatment of other morbid forms of the category of anemia or chlorosis, but also in cases of neurasthenia and the like."

(Signed) DR. GIUSEPPE LAPPONI, Via dei Gracchi 332, Rome. The "simple anemia of development" referred to by Dr. Lapponi is of course that tired, languid condition of young girls whose development to womanhood is tardy, and whose health, at the period of that development, is so often imperiled. His opinion of the value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills at that time is of the highest scientific authority, and it confirms the many published cases in which anemia and other diseases of the blood, as well as nervous diseases, have been cured by these pills, which, it need hardly be mentioned, owe their efficacy to their power of making new blood, and thus acting directly upon the digestive and nervous system. In all cases of anemia, decline, indigestion, and all affections of the nerves, as St. Vitus' dance, paralysis and locomotor ataxia, they are commended to the public with all the greater confidence because they have the strong endorsement of this great physician.

"Well, I ain't got it," snapped the woman fiercely. And the door closed with a bang.

APOSTLE AND EPISTLE.

A man riding through the mountains of Tennessee stopped one evening to water his horse before a little cabin, outside of which sat an old colored woman watching the antics of a couple of piccaninies playing near by.

"Good evening, Aunty," he called. "Cute pair of boys you've got. Your children?"

"Laws-a-massy! Mah chillun! 'Deed, dem's mah daughter's children. Come hyah, you boys."

As the boys obeyed the summons the man inquired their names. "Clah to goodness, sah, dem chilluns is right smart named!" said

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Advertisement for 'Only' featuring a cartoon illustration of a man and text promoting a product or service.