

HOUSE AND HOME

Conducted by Helene.

Some day there is going to dawn a grand vacation morning for faithful toilers. Nobody every worked honestly here but what he shall find somewhere an adequate compensation. And how blessed the thought that it is ours by right. No charity about it, dear toilers. It is your rightful due, dear toilers. It is your right and aching joints and desolate years of comfortless toil. We shall never have to thumb over our wretched little accounts there, and sigh, and sigh again, that we can not force two and two to equal six.

CURVES UNFASHIONABLE.

Curves will be unfashionable and hips impossible in winter styles for women, according to Miss Elizabeth A. C. White, president of the Dress-makers' Protective Association of America, who is demonstrating new gowns at the annual meeting in New York. "The stylish figure," Miss White declared, "will be one without hips, a straight line figure. It is all in the corset."

Nor will there be any fleshy women, at least none that are well dressed, Miss White declares that there is no need of any woman appearing fat unless she is lazy and wants so to appear.

Miss White says that well-dressed women on winter afternoons this coming season will wear semi-tailored skirts of grey, lavender, reddish-purple and light blue; black coats, waists of net embroidered in the color of the skirt and partly mushroom hats trimmed with orchids, morning glories and roses.

WORDS OF DANIEL WEBSTER.

If we work upon marble, it will perish; if we work upon brass, time will efface it; if we rear temples they will crumble into dust, but if we work upon our immortal minds, if we imbue them with principles—with the just fear of God and our fellow men—we engrave on those tablets something which will brighten to all eternity.—Daniel Webster.

Just The Thing That's Wanted.—A pill that acts upon the stomach and yet is so compounded that certain ingredients of it preserve their power to act upon the intestinal canal, so as to clear them of excreta, the retention of which cannot but be hurtful, was long looked for by the medical profession. It was found in Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, which are the result of much expert study and are scientifically prepared as a laxative and an alterative in one.

IRELAND TEACHING CHINESE LACE-MAKING.

Under the patronage of the Hong Kong and Shanghai Banking Corporation and the able management of its present secretary, Miss Frances Randell, the lace guild has been progressing and its capacity has been quadrupled, which puts it in the field as a lace-making institution capable of meeting the competition from lace centers in other parts of the world. The lace made is in its general character very similar to torchon and to Irish bobbin lace. In its manufacture practically the Irish method is used. Patterns are drawn on a stiff paper, and the design is pricked over by a special set of workers. The pricked design is then placed upon a cushion, and in each of the holes outlining the pattern a small pin is placed. About these pins linen thread is twisted and woven, entirely by hand, until the design is produced.

A knowledge of drawing is necessary to design the patterns. As the Chinese do not possess a knowledge of art that renders them competent to design the necessary patterns, the guild is compelled to design its patterns from Ireland. The linen thread is pure Irish linen imported directly by the guild. The high grade of work done can be appreciated by a comparison of the samples forwarded and on exhibit at the Bureau of Manufactures, with the work from other lace centers, and it is worth mentioning that the Amoy Lace Guild received a silver medal and diploma at the St. Louis exposition in 1904 and the silver medal at Hongkong exposition in 1906.

THE COURTESY OF MEN TOWARD WOMEN.

(Baltimore American.) It is all too apparent that the invasion of woman into the field of business competition with men is bringing about a change in man's attitude toward her. There is no lack of respect, but a growing tendency to eliminate the sex distinction and put her on a par in all things. And it is probable that the modern woman would have it this way, for she is rapidly proving her ability to take care of herself. Nevertheless, it is to be regretted that man should ever grow careless in his attitude towards woman. Chivalrous conduct is one of the most beautiful things there is left. Any deviation from it is to be frowned down. We have not grown so careless as some other cities, for we

have, and ever will have, a wholesome admiration and veneration for womanhood; yet we can with profit take an introspection and correct the things in which we may be going amiss.

WOMANHOOD.

No marshaling troops; no bivouac song, No banner to gleam and wave. But, oh, these battles they last so long, From babyhood to the grave.

Yet faithful still as a bridge of stars She fights in her walled-up town— Fights on and on in the endless wars, Then silent, unseen—goes down.

Oh, ye with banners and battle shot And soldiers to shout and praise, I tell you the kingliest victories fought Were fought in these silent ways.

Oh, spotless woman in a world of shame! With a splendid and silent scorn, Go back to God as white as you came, The kingliest warrior born! —Joaquin Miller.

VALUE OF PAPER BOXES.

There is no greater convenience in a small way than that of having a good supply of paper boxes and the thrifty housekeeper always make a point of saving them.

Flower boxes, candy boxes and boxes for dresses and shoes are constantly coming into every house, for most of the large stores depend entirely on pasteboard boxes for the delivery of goods.

It does not take much time to cover boxes of suitable size with gay patterned wall paper or cretonnes.

Neatly pasted over the pasteboard, the cover made like a hinge, they make pretty glove, veil, ribbon and handkerchief boxes for fairs, birthday or holiday gifts.

With a supply of waxed paper, one of these pretty covered boxes filled with home-made candies or small dainty cakes, makes a much appreciated gift.

Any one with a taste for passepartouting will find these pieces of pasteboard just the thing for backing.

Often a picture will need a new back, the thin board used in framing will often shrink. Here is another use: Small strips are just the thing for measuring hems and distances in sewing.

Portfolios for music, pictures or loose magazine sheets made of this pasteboard, covered with silk, cretonne, tapestry or for general utility bookbinding material, are easily made. The board needs to be cut with a very sharp knife, so the edges may be smooth and true.

When photographs or fragile goods are to be sent by mail, or express, two pieces of pasteboard inside the outer wrapping will insure against defacing in transit.

FRENCH WIFE'S WAGES.

In France a wife's earnings belong to her husband. If a woman earns a dollar by washing and ironing, or hundreds of dollars by a great painting or a popular novel, every cent of it belongs to her husband. If she should happen to get possession of the money and put it in a bank, she could not draw it out without his consent. It belongs to him to do as he wills. He doesn't have to get her consent to draw it out or spend it, either. For fourteen years the women of France have been working for a law to give wives the control of their own earnings.

The Association of Women Journalists of Canada has done not only a graceful but a logical thing in electing to its presidency Miss Barry, the "Francoise" so well known to all Montrealers who read the French tongue. Few writers, if any, have done as much to maintain the highest honors and dignity of womanhood in the daily press of the country, and few have brought to the press a finer literary talent or a more ingratiating personality.

As the Oil Rubs in, the Pain Rubs Out.—Applied to the seat of a pain in any part of the body the skin absorbs the soothing liniment under brisk friction and the patient obtains almost instant relief. The result of the use of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil have surprised many who were unacquainted with its qualities, and once known it will not be rejected. Try it.

"Oh, for a new race of heroes! A band of invincibles brave enough to face the world's scorn and the sneers of pigmy revilers of all things broad and best, until the new era of right shall usurp the long-time tyranny of might. A race of great-hearts who shall be strong enough, not alone to face lions and dominate physical fear; who shall be heroic not only in deeds of daring, such as charging mobs and scaling burning walls to save property and life, but who shall have the courage to maintain their

convictions in the most insignificant cause of good and champion a new idea, however weak and unrecognized it may be, in a world that is full of pretense and pride, and the laughter of fools!"

TIMELY HINTS.

Cloves or salt sprinkled on a pantry shelf will rid it of ants. Oily water can be cleared by adding a few spoonfuls of cornmeal. Salt dissolved in alcohol will often remove grease spots from clothing. A faded dress can be made perfectly white by washing it in boiling cream of tartar water.

But grease stains with molasses and they will come out without difficulty in the ordinary wash. A spoonful of mustard in a gallon of water will kill insects in the earth. This is good for potted plants.

A small portion of orris root put into the ordinary water will impart a delicate perfume to the clothes. Two potatoes grated in a basin of warm water will give better results than soap in washing delicate flannel or woolen goods, ribbons, etc.

Mud stains can be removed from silk if the spots are rubbed with a bit of flannel, or, if stubborn, with a piece of linen wet with alcohol. A little thin cold starch rubbed over windows and mirrors and then wiped off with a soft cloth is an easy way of producing shining results.

FUNNY SAYINGS.

PRETTY BASHFUL.

(Church Family Newspaper.) At a village church a wedding was fixed for a certain date. The happy morn arrived; and in due course a youthful swain and faire lady presented themselves at the chancel steps. The service proceeded smoothly as far as the question, "Wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife?" Whereupon the supposed bridegroom stammered blushing: "Please, sir, I'm not the right man."

ICED BLUE RIBBON TEA

THE MOST DELICIOUS OF SUMMER DRINKS. BREW IT THE SAME AS IF YOU WERE GOING TO SERVE HOT TEA, THEN POUR IT OFF THE LEAVES INTO A PITCHER AND PLACE ON THE ICE. WHEN QUITE COLD SERVE WITH A SLICE OF LEMON (DO NOT USE MILK) AND ADD SUGAR ACCORDING TO TASTE. THE MOST REFRESHING AND WHOLESOME SUMMER BEVERAGE KNOWN

"Not the right man," exclaimed the clergyman, agast. "Then whose is the right man?" "He's down at the bottom of the church, sir. He's ashamed to come up."

AMEN, SAID EZRA.

An old lady and gentleman were taking their first trip on the steam cars. She held her breath while crossing a trestle, and then, turning to her husband, exclaimed in a high voice: "Thank God, Ezra, we have lit!"

NEW PRICES FOR SUMMER LAUNDRING.

The wife of a prominent judge was making arrangements with the colored laundress of the village to take charge of their washing for the summer. Now the judge was pompous and extremely fat. He tipped the scales at some three hundred pounds.

"Missus," said the woman, "I'll do your washing, but I see gwine ter charge you double for your husband's shirts."

"Why, what is your reason for that, Nancy?" questioned the mistress.

"Well," said the laundress, "I don't mind washing fur an ordinary man, but I draws de line on circus tents, I sho' do."

HELPING THE MINISTER.

A young minister unexpectedly called upon to address a Sunday-school, asked, to gain time: "Children, what shall I speak about?"

"A little girl on the front seat, who was in the habit of reciting at entertainments, had committed to memory several declamations so that she was always prepared for any occasion. Sympathy and interest shone in her face as she held up her hand and in a shrill voice inquired: "What do you know best?"

PUTTING IT UP TO THE PROFESSOR.

Some years ago, at an annual reunion of some professional men in an Eastern city, there were gathered together some pretty good storytellers. Among them was a college professor who had spent his vacation in a rural town on the coast.

One day he came upon a group of farmers at the corner store, and after some casual remarks had passed between himself and the men one fellow moved nearer to the professor as if to claim his whole attention.

"Be you one of them fellers who knows 'everything' as was ever writ?" he asked.

The professor replied that he had studied a good deal along some lines and perhaps knew considerable about some things.

Apparently satisfied that he at last had found where he could be sure as to the correctness of his information the questioner now said: "Well, if you've studied so much maybe you



"No sale now for any but St. George's Baking Powder. Glad of it, too! I don't get any more complaints—but lots of compliments. So out with these old lines." Write The National Drug & Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited, for their new free Cook-Book.

can tell me what I've long wanted to know—is diggin' clams agriculture or fishin'?"

AUNT DOTTED.

Willie had been a very bad boy in school that day. He had made little inky pellets of blotting paper, and thrown them about the room, had stuck a number of steel pen-nibs into his desk for use as a kind of musical instrument, and had generally constituted a serious impediment to steady work on the part of the school fellows. Consequently the weary master decided that he should be kept back after school to compose a piece of literature.

"William," he said sternly, when all the other boys had gone, "go to your desk and write an essay on— But stop! I'll make it easier for you. Write a sentence contain-

ing the word 'antidotes.'" Some minutes passed, and then Willie placed a scrowed silently before the dominie and fled.

This was his sentence: "My aunt dotes on bonnets, chocolates, malinays, novels, ottomobiles, and Mr. Robertson."

With one bound the master was at the door, but too late, for Willie was nowhere to be seen.

No person should go from home without a bottle of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial in their possession, as change of water, cooling, climate, etc., frequently brings on summer complaint, and there is nothing like being ready with a sure remedy at hand, which oftentimes saves great suffering and frequently valuable lives. This Cordial has gained for itself a widespread reputation for affording prompt relief from all summer complaints.

MORE THAN THEY WANTED.

On his trip homeward by trolly a tired business man was much annoyed by the conduct of three middle-aged ladies who stood near him. They were evidently just returning from a summer tour. All the seats in the car were occupied, but they seemed determined that he should offer one of them his seat.

He screened himself behind his paper and listened to plainly audible remarks about the decline of gallantry in the present age. This grated on his nerves, so he arose, and with a profound bow, addressed the three.

"Will the oldest of you ladies honor me by accepting my place?" Whereupon they became interested in the advertisements over the windows, and the man triumphantly resumed his seat.

MILBURN'S HEART and NERVE PILLS SAVED HER LIFE

Mrs. John O. Yensen, Little Rock, N.B., writes: "I was troubled with a stab-like pain through my heart. I tried many remedies, but they seemed to do me more harm than good. I was then advised by a friend to try Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills and after using two boxes I was completely cured. I cannot praise them enough for the world of good they did for me, for I believe they saved my life."

Price 50 cents per box or 3 boxes for \$1.50, all dealers, or mailed direct by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

WITH THE POETS

THE BATTLE OF LIFE.

Did you tackle the trouble that came your way, With a resolute heart and cheerful? Or hide your face from the light of day?

With a craven soul and fearful? Oh, a trouble's a ton or a trouble's an ounce, And it isn't the fact that you're hurt that counts, But only how did you take it.

You are beaten to earth? Well, well, what's that? Come up with a smiling face; It's nothing against you to fall down flat.

But to lie there—that's a disgrace! The harder you're thrown, why, the higher you bounce; Be proud of your blackened eye; It isn't the fact that you're licked that counts, It's how did you fight and why.

And though you be done to death, what then? If you battled the best you could, If you played your part in the world of men,

Why the critic will call it good. Death comes with a crawl or comes with a pounce, And whether he's slow or spry, It isn't the fact that you're dead that counts, But only how did you die. —Edmund Vance.

"WE SHALL NOT PASS THIS WAY AGAIN."

We shall not pass this way again, If there be aught of secret pain "Tween you and me, In the great sea.

Of all men's pain let it be cast This night, that only love may last.

We shall not pass this way again, My Heart, in pain shall we refrain From tenderness,

And cease to bless Each added hour that love may give Us in this piteous space we live?

We shall not pass this way again, Happily to-morrow comes in vain, If we shall part With heavy heart

This night. Ah, then could love forget The little griefs we cherish yet? Let us be done with pain— We shall not pass this way again.

GOD BE WITH THESE!

God be with thee where thou goest, Though my path be not with thee; And, though absent, dear, thou knowest

That my prayer for thee shall be; And my love would fain unfold thee, And from every danger hold thee, For my heart must, long, have told thee

What thou art, my friend, to me! God be with thee! may He yield thee Every grace He may command; From life's perils may He shield thee, May the uncton of His hand Soothe the pain that may oppress thee, Calm the fears that may distress thee;

Fakirs and Their Followers.

I have often wondered at a very strange phase of the intellectual emancipation and freedom from superstition alleged to be the proud heritage of the non-Catholic mind. This intelligence laughs at the poetic and harmless belief in fairies and banshees that cling to poor old Ireland with the tenacity of the grey moss to the Druids' altar or the ivy to her desecrated shrines. This serene emancipated intelligence denounces as priestcraft the doctrine that a priest has the power to forgive sins, and yet, miserable dictum, in no country in the world does palpable fraud derive a larger revenue from superstition than that paid by the non-Catholic people of the United States. The very men and women who prate most about priestcraft and Catholic superstition pay a heavily annual tribute to fakirs who blasphemously pretend to be able to lay bare to mortal man the unsearchable secrets of Divine Omniscience, and to reveal to the creature the impenetrable mind of the Creator. The augurs and the soothsayers, the priests and the priestesses of pagan Greece and Rome, the medicine men of the savage Indian tribes, the hoodoos of the darkest Africa, all are reproduced here in the United States, and derive a rich income from the superstition of the people. Take the Sunday editions of the daily papers of our large cities, and read the high-priced advertisements—whole columns of space given to them in the great metropolitan papers. This advertising is a large revenue in itself.

You will find advertisements from clairvoyants, mediums, seventh sons of seventh sons, seventh daughters of seventh daughters, seers born with a caul, astrologers. All of them are frauds, and all are making money out of the gross ignorance and superstition of the so-called enlightened and intellectually emancipated non-Catholics of America. The managers of the papers that publish the advertising cards of these fakirs are themselves steeped in this degrading superstition, or they are guilty of knowingly aiding and abetting those who trade in false pretenses, and guilty also of helping to disseminate false and blasphemous doctrines.

They put coins on a dead man's eye to keep the lids down. If you put coins enough on the orb of the

May He guard and love, and bless

thee 'Till before Him thou dost stand! —Amadeus, O.S.F.

LOST IDEALS.

Have we not all, amid life's petty strife, Some pure ideal of a noble life That once seemed possible? Did we not hear The flutter of its wings, and feel it near,

And just within our reach? It was, And yet We lost it in this daily far and fret, And now we live in vague regret; But still our place is kept, and it will wait,

Ready for us to fill it, soon or late; No star is ever lost we once have seen, We always may be what we might have been,

Since God, though only thought, has life and breath, God's life can always be redeemed from death.

And evil, in its nature, is decay, And any hour can blot it all away; The hopes that lost in some far distance seem May be the truer life and this the dream. —Adelaide A. Proctor.

BRIDGE IT OVER.

I know a river so strong and swift, It runs at last to the sea; And on its way, as it glides along, With sometimes a shout and sometimes a song.

It has ever a word for me. It speaks in song where its banks are fair, And it slides on smooth between, Where grows the fungus fiery red, And the long fern raises its feathery head.

From out of the mosses green, And it slides on smooth between, Where grows the fungus fiery red, And the long fern raises its feathery head.

But it speaks with a shout where it leaps the rocks, That lie on its onward way; Where it leaps the rocks with a headlong bound, And scatters the damp white foam around, With a terrible mock of play.

There never was swimmer yet so strong Could stem that turbulent tide; There never, I know, was built the boat Could through those dangerous waters float Safe to the farther side.

But though there ne'er was swimmer nor boat Could pass it, yet I see A grey old arch from shore to shore, With one wide span has bridged it o'er, And the torrent snouts to me.

It shouts: "Now learn how much can be wrought By the patient heart and hand— By the diligent toil that will hew each stone, And fit and join them one by one The dreariest gulf is spanned!"

A SAD SIGHT.

I never met a man from Naples to Rome, from Rome to Venice, from Venice to Padua, from Padua to Bologna, from Bologna to Brescia, from Brescia to Milan, or from Milan to Chiasso that did not express love and admiration for Pope Pius X. He is the people's Pope, and all look to him to bring the Holy Church out of prison. It is a sad sight to drive up to the great piazza in front of the Cathedral and see away up in a far-away story, one window alight—the Pope's apartment, with the Papal arms, and then consider that in that seclusion, by voluntary acceptance, he lives, moves and has his being! The sharpness and bitterness of the situation comes home more keenly and sensibly when we visit St. Mark's Venice, where Cardinal Sartò, Archbishop, reigned in peace and enjoyed the liberty of walking the great piazza or taking his recreation on the waters of the Adriatic in gondola, or in a yacht, distinct with prelatial outfit and garnitures—Rev. John Frico, in the Pittsburgh Observer.

Unfortunately the girls' chiefs were all too small, he didn't seem to wish to mention to his; but Molly, who was still better, the glass-cloth she had borrowed cook to wrap their mugs when this was fastened to of the boathook, where it as grandly as a real flag, G nounced that the time had begun exploring.

"We will go single file, I first, with my knife in my case of meeting an Indian wild beast—I'm the shipwreck of the family, of course (she's my wife), last, with my knife in my case; and then Hilda, because she's only a young senger, and a great invalid want protection, and to be over all the streams & places."

He winked at Hilda as he but for once Hilda forgot tended; for there was some strong and good-natured old man that she felt sure he was joking only, but that he was care of her. There was indeed, his allusion to Indian wild beasts had rather frightened Hilda, who had rather frigh though Meta, whispered that this was only fun, "for they wild animals to be afraid of; but the Catholics, except the Catholics, and they shouldn't still look uncomfortable." "See-ions!" she repeated, thought they lived in the

BOYS A

THE MUSIC L

Fly away, dearie, fly The little black notes Will answer what you To your fingers on them When you ask them got to say.

Dear little clumsy fingers Dear puzzled eyes look But fingers learn to play Never missing one its And eyes to eat up notes row.

Fly away, dearie, fly A little bit better each That's how people train Fingers, eyes and brain A trained will's nod to

IT DOESN'T P

My young friend, there things in this world the pay to do.

It doesn't pay to try sell off for more than you it tends to depress your talion

It doesn't pay to be must all be kept on f and in the course of t them are pretty certain the wrong hook. A better memory than any to possess.

It doesn't pay to be living without a work harder and get a than if you did honest

It doesn't pay to be a joker, unless you can er when you happen to be it doesn't pay to rest ought to be at work; if you are apt to have to you ought to be resting.

It doesn't pay to pay milk, neither does it the milk.

TOO YOUNG FOR THE

A little boy was indu the pledge. One night a er called on his father, course of the conversat

KING P

CHAPTER VI.—Con "Then the first thing to to explore," said Molly, y face was beaming with "People always explore a land when they first lan they?"

"Not sensible people," s witheringly. Gordon aiv taking the lead in outd "They first of all colle the food and things which washed ashore from the t which are always just th they can't do without w on the island."

"Our lunch baskets are can't do without," said K ging one of them to a sa from the edge of the wave "And then," Gordon "then—let's see—oh! the ways proceed to hoist a s of the sailors' shirts, or to the bough of a tree; s attract attention of a p pel, and bring it to their

"But we've got our shir don!" said Charlie, "and t any trees, anyhow, to ho to."

"And the vatchinal bush low to do instead," ad glancing at the shrubs wh the edge of the sands, were indeed not more th three to four feet in heigh leaves of a whitish-gree which left a bitter taste fingers when a squeezed. G ed about him.

"Ah, this'll do better," picking up the boat-hook Davie had left lying on and beginning to plant it the sands. "Now, then, w big clean pocket-handkercl —" he took it out, "bu hastily to his pocket; "m red."

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The "True Witness" can be had at the following Stands:

- J. Tucker, 41 McCord street.
J. McMillan, 345 Centre st., P. St.
Charles, 182 Centre st., P. St.
Mrs. McNally, 345 St. Antoine st.
H. McMorrow, 375 Carriere st.
E. Watkins Eches, 44 Bligny st.
Miss White, 630 St. Denis st.
O. J. Tierney, 149 Craig st. west.
M. Shaw, 739 St. Catherine st. west.
Mrs. Ryan, 1035 St. James st.
A. W. Hillebray, 335 St. Antoine st.
Mrs. Lewis, 1111 St. Catherine east.
C. A. Dumont, 1313 St. Denis st.
Mrs. Clewan, 1331 St. Denis st.
E. Lohr, 1237 St. James st.
Mrs. Richmond, 439 Notre Dame west.
Wiley's Bookstore, 241 St. Catherine west.
James Mackay, 35 Chabollies Sq.
Arthur Mackay, 2 Beaver Hall Hill.
The Standard, 65 Bligny st.
Mrs. White, 375 Wellington st.
Mrs. Blodgett, 149 Dorchester st.

LUBY'S advertisement with image of a woman's face and text describing the product's benefits for skin health.