

LIMITED.

St. James Street.

SEPT. 27, 1902.

Ladies' COATS

and put into stock of Ladies' Stylish Coats.

to impossible to immense stock of and Coats carried. Best to call and

very inexpensive, well suit, made from good quality broadcloth, jacket made in one of our latest with satin silk

..... \$12.95

ilior-made, suit, made of

respun, jacket cut fly

satins, skirt made latest

over the flounce, lined

..... \$16.50

rsible tweed, Chester-

er, full

..... \$11.40

beaver cloth, Empire

mmmed self applique

long

..... \$13.25

OODS?

ould visit us.

ess Goods implies greatest

and best values. The

is stock is by long odds

er, that the varieties are

oes farthest here.

A work basket of shoestrings is

made with a cardboard foundation

covered with a silk in some bright

shade, then a thick braid of many

strands of shoestrings tacked a-

round the entire basket. Three

strands of five strings each length,

then braided and the ends joined un-

der a loose knot made of the must

be sewed together a sufficient ravel-

ed ends.

TO MAKE STOCKINGS WEAR.

Children's stockings are an ex-

pensive item of dress, so that any plan

that will make them wear well is

welcomed by the economical mother.

It never pays to buy cheap stock-

ings. But a good quality and mark

each child's stockings with his or her

initial. These can be purchased

ready to be sewed on. On this tag,

in addition to the letter, mark the

number one, two or three on two

stockings, so that the same two

will always make a pair and will

receive the same amount of wear.

Then turn the stocking wrong side

out and run the heel and toes up

and down with good darning cot-

ton. Use a long stitch and a short

one, and do not draw them tight, as

the stockings will stretch with wear

and will pull away from the darn,

causing a tear.

WELL-KEPT HANDS. — Over my

sink are two bottles and a nail-

cleanser. One bottle contains five

parts of lemon juice to one of alco-

hol, which will keep indefinitely. The

other contains the following lotion:

One-fourth of an ounce of gum tra-

gacanth, added to one pint of rain

water, which has stood three days,

then one ounce each of alcohol, gly-

cerine and witchhazel, also a little

dishes or preparing vegetable I ap-

ply a little of the lemon juice, then

the lotion, and in a moment my

hands are dry, soft and very smooth.

All stains disappear as if by magic,

and the nails are cleaned easily. The

time required is not over two min-

utes. This process, repeated five or

six times daily, will certainly repay

SURPRISE SOAP

is

Pure Hard Soap.

Household Notes.

SHOESTRING FANCY WORK.

One of the latest fads in woman's fancy work is the use of the shoestrings. They may be of cotton or silk, and the brown or russet ones are used, as well as the ordinary black laces. They are braided, singly or in strands composed of several strings, into basket work or bags for shopping and other useful articles.

Seventeen pairs of the usual length are required to make one of these pretty receptacles. The lining is of silk, satin or mercerized cotton. They are woven or knotted like heavy fringe over two pieces of pasteboard, which serve to keep the shape and may be drawn out when the bag is finished. The ends left hanging along the lower edge are either trimmed even and the strings fringed out to an inch or two of depth or the metal ends are left on as an irregular finish.

A work basket of shoestrings is made with a cardboard foundation covered with a silk in some bright shade, then a thick braid of many strands of shoestrings tacked around the entire basket. Three strands of five strings each length, then braided and the ends joined under a loose knot made of the must be sewed together a sufficient raveled ends.

TO MAKE STOCKINGS WEAR.

Children's stockings are an expensive item of dress, so that any plan that will make them wear well is welcomed by the economical mother. It never pays to buy cheap stockings. But a good quality and mark each child's stockings with his or her initial. These can be purchased ready to be sewed on. On this tag, in addition to the letter, mark the number one, two or three on two stockings, so that the same two will always make a pair and will receive the same amount of wear. Then turn the stocking wrong side out and run the heel and toes up and down with good darning cotton. Use a long stitch and a short one, and do not draw them tight, as the stockings will stretch with wear and will pull away from the darn, causing a tear.

WELL-KEPT HANDS. — Over my sink are two bottles and a nail-cleanser. One bottle contains five parts of lemon juice to one of alcohol, which will keep indefinitely. The other contains the following lotion: One-fourth of an ounce of gum tragacanth, added to one pint of rain water, which has stood three days, then one ounce each of alcohol, glycerine and witchhazel, also a little dishes or preparing vegetable I apply a little of the lemon juice, then the lotion, and in a moment my hands are dry, soft and very smooth. All stains disappear as if by magic, and the nails are cleaned easily. The time required is not over two minutes. This process, repeated five or six times daily, will certainly repay housekeepers, for what is there more indicative of refinement than well kept hands? Then, too, the expense of these lotions is comparatively nothing. Be sure to have them in a handy place.—August Woman's Home Companion.

KEEPING ICE.—A correspondent writes: I made a fortunate discovery at the beginning of the summer, that has lessened the amount of my ice bill. I tried first putting a newspaper over the ice in the refrigerator; but as I like to use the small piece, left in the box when the new ice comes, for my water cooler, I found this would not do, as the ice tasted of the paper. Then I tried wrapping the ice in flannel. This was good, but to keep a fresh flannel ready and all clean and sweet made extra labor. Finally I spread a double thickness of old carpet o-

ver the outside top of the refrigerator. This was a perfect success. My ice account from April 1 to October 1 was two dollars less than the year previous, and we certainly had as warm a summer. I made more ices and frozen deserts this summer, too.

MICE AND SOAP.—Two neighbors, says a correspondent, who are living in nice new houses have pantries which are rat and mouse proof. The pantries are lined throughout with sheet iron, which is then painted as ordinary walls would be. If you find a mouse hole in the corner of your pantry or closet, try stopping it up by packing it full of hard soap. I have never known mice to disturb it.

ABOUT FOOD.—A common fallacy is the belief that hot rolls and new bread are the most indigestible of stuff. An experienced physician will tell you that there is absolutely no reason why this should be so. The whole matter hinges on the proper chewing of the bread—its mastication. More and more stress is being laid by physicians on the subject of the proper mastication of food. The percentage of folk who devote the proper amount of time and care to chewing their food is very small. Yet a person who does not chew thoroughly what he eats, not only injures himself much more than he imagines, but also misses the best and most enjoyable and nutritious parts of his diet.

It is a common thing to hear persons say that they cannot eat this or that because it does not agree with them. The chances are that they could eat with impunity if they would only learn to chew it. Few things taste better than new bread and hot rolls, yet there are thousands of persons who declare that they are most indigestible. Stale bread, contrary to the common belief, is not a bit more digestible.

HELP FOR MOTHERS.

Baby's Own Tablets Are What You Need When Little Ones Are Cross, Fretful and Sleepless.

If a child is cross, fretful and sleeps badly, the mother may feel absolutely certain that some derangement of the stomach or bowels is the cause. And she can be just as certain that Baby's Own Tablets will put her little one right. These Tablets cure all the minor ailments of little ones, such as indigestion, constipation, simple fevers, diarrhoea, worms and teething troubles. They are guaranteed to contain no opiate and can be given with absolute safety to the youngest and most feeble child. Every mother who has used them speaks of these Tablets in the warmest terms. Mrs. E. Bancroft, Deerwood, Man., says: "I have used Baby's Own Tablets for stomach and bowel troubles, for simple fevers and teething, and I think them the best medicine in the world. They always strengthen children instead of weakening them as most other medicines do."

You can get Baby's Own Tablets at any drug store, or by mail post paid at 25 cents a box by writing direct to The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N.Y.

Beware of confiding in distant prospects of happiness lest they be suddenly intercepted by the most trivial present vexation. A leaf in the foreground is large enough to conceal a forest on the far horizon.

Life is made of little things, and that character is the best which does little but repeated acts of beneficence, just as that conversation is the best which consists in elegant and pleasing thoughts expressed in natural and pleasing terms.

Our Boys And Girls.

A boy's life history is often made between his twelfth and his fifteenth year. In those formative years he is sometimes called to make lasting decisions for good or for evil. The success or wreck of the man of thirty is frequently made by what he chose to be at thirteen.

William McKinley Enscoe, of Menard, Ill., is the youngest telegraph operator in Illinois. He is now only 10 years old, and is able to send and receive messages on main line wires. His sister Lena, who is 11 years old, is an equally skilled operator. Both children were taught telegraphy at home by their mother. Their father, R. L. Enscoe, for thirteen years was station agent and operator at Galatia, Ill., for the Cairo Short Line railroad. He has now moved to Menard, Ill., having been appointed to an important position at the Southern Illinois penitentiary at Chester. Both children, though they have spent considerable time in the telegraph office, have always been regular in their attendance at school, and are well advanced in their studies.

THE SOLO.—On a beautiful summer morning, the youthful Joseph Haydn drew near to the monastery of Mariazell. With anxiety he contemplated the white walls with their many lofty windows; and in imagination he saw the holy monks moving through the corridors, now with severe and solemn looks, and again with cheerful friendly faces.

How would the choir master receive him? This is the question he asked himself as he drew from his pocket a roll of music-paper and studied it with melancholy mien.

He stood thus absorbed in deep thought for a long time. At last, he directed his steps towards the monastery gate, and inquired of the porter if it were possible for him to speak to the Father Director. "It will be very difficult, good friend," answered the porter, thoughtfully shrugging his shoulders, "the Father Director is overwhelmed with many and important duties."

The Brother's words must have produced a distressed expression on the youth's countenance, for the good Brother looked at him pityingly, saying, "Well, we will try it, perhaps we will succeed."

Haydn was admitted. He was led into a large chamber containing several cabinets filled with music books, a piano, and other musical instruments. The Father Director sat at a desk with his back towards the door; in his hand he held a score which he was studying closely.

"What dost thou want?" asked the Father.

Haydn drew a deep breath. "My name is Joseph Haydn, Reverend Father. I was a choir boy in the Church of St. Stephen in Vienna. They say that I can sing well, and besides I have some knowledge of music."

"And further?" demanded the monk.

"I have just composed a 'Salve Regina' for twelve voices. I think it is the best that I have yet produced."

"And thou wouldst sell it to our monastery?" asked the choir master.

"No," answered the youth, "I don't want to make any bargain; I have not come here to get money, but to ask your Reverence, in your goodness, to permit my composition to be produced in the church."

The father looked in astonishment at the bold youth.

"Oh, let me implore you!"

"Impossible, my dear boy; go down to the refectory, and they will give thee a good meal, but as for what thou callest thy composition, thou must take it along with thee."

The young artist stood overcome with emotion.

"I repeat again, Reverend Father, I was choir boy in St. Stephen's Church in Vienna, and—"

"Many young people come here who assert that they have been singing in St. Stephen's Church, but when they are put to the test they cannot sing a note."

When the monk had spoken these

words, he turned again to his desk, and resumed his occupation.

Haydn, still holding the music roll in his hand, remained standing for a moment, and then left the room with slow, reluctant steps.

He knew not how he gained the outside of the monastery. The ground seemed to waver under his feet, the pictures on the walls danced before his eyes. When at last he reached the open air, the fresh air of the morning revived him somewhat. Slowly he wandered on till he reached the edge of a wood, and seated himself under the friendly shade of a tree.

He was thoroughly overcome; hot tears coursed down his cheeks; the disappointment was too great. He remained sunk in gloomy thoughts for a while, when, suddenly, the sound of the church bells calling the faithful to High Mass awoke him from his reverie. The youth sprang up saying: "When they are put to the test they cannot sing a note," said the Father—"very good, I will show him that I can sing."

Haydn went into the church, and entered the choir. Then he stood near the grand organ, and those who saw him thought that the youth had lost himself, and now was afraid to take a place among the monks and choir boys.

The music books were distributed among the singers. Haydn placed himself near a boy who sang the solos, told him that he was a good singer from St. Stephen's Church, Vienna, and begged him to permit him to see the notes of the solo parts.

The choir boy readily granted his request. Joseph examined the notes, soon seized the melody, and entered into the spirit of the music.

"Let me to-day sing thy part," whispered Haydn.

The choir boy looked at him in amazement, and answered: "No, I cannot do that."

"I assure thee that I can sing it well."

"No, the Father Director is severe. He would not let me off easily."

Haydn searched in his pocket for something. He drew forth his last silver coin, and held it before the eyes of the choir boy. The latter looked at the coin with a covetous expression; the strife between duty and gain was plainly visible on his countenance.

Suddenly, the bell announcing the beginning of the Mass sounded. The organ gave forth a few chords; the choir master looked at his singers (like a field marshal on the eve of battle), tapped on his music desk, and Haydn tore the solo part out of the choir boy's hand and began, with a silvery voice, to sing the "Kyrie." The choir boy was bewildered, and stared at the choir master, but the latter cast only pleased, delighted looks at the strange singer.

The "Kyrie" was ended.

"Go on singing," said the Director softly to Haydn. The young soloist was filled with joy and his voice rang out so clear and loud, so supplicating and imploring, that his music raised all hearts to heaven.

The High Mass was ended. Haydn laid down the notes, approached the choir master and modestly asked him: "Tell me now, Reverend Father, can I sing or not?" The monk looked kindly at him, seized his hand and said: "Come, come with me and tell me now who taught thee to sing."

"The chapel master—Reuter in Vienna."

"That austere man. He may have taught thee the notes, but the spirit, the soul of music thou canst never have learned from him."

Joseph did not know what answer to make to this.

"Dost thou know how thou hast sung?"

"No, Father."

"Then I will tell thee. Thou didst sing as if thou hadst composed the Mass thyself. Greater praise than this I cannot give thee, for the composer, whether in poetry or in music, is its best interpreter. I composed that Mass, and to-day the execution of it has filled my soul with joy and my heart with gratitude to the dear God. Thou art a true musician; thou art a son of music in its highest and noblest form."

Joseph Haydn was overjoyed. He had never before received much praise. Hitherto, mockery and insults had been his portion, never an encouraging or appreciative word. He almost believed himself in heaven.

"And now what dost thou think of doing?"

This question brought the young artist back to the harsh realities of life. He took his only silver coin out of his pocket and said: "This is my whole fortune, Reverend Father; with this money and my talent I must live."

The monk looked at him compassionately.

"Thou art not rich in earthly

goods, but rich in talents. But tell me, art thou also a God-fearing youth?"

"How shall I answer you, Father? It is true that you do not know my parents. Oh they are so good and pious, and I have always striven to follow their example. It does not become me to praise myself, but if I must confess, I declare to you that I love God above all things, and I will always try to do His will."

The Reverend Father took Haydn's hand and walked with him through the beautiful and fragrant gardens of the monastery. The young musician rejoiced in the blooming loveliness of nature; it seemed to him that every flower breathed forth a tone and that these tones united form a glorious melody.

Joseph spent a happy week in the monastery, and no wonder, for he was a most welcome guest to all the inhabitants of the cloister. He was permitted to play on the beautiful organ; he revelled in the treasures of music in the library of the choir master; and he—the poor musician—was feasted on the best in the monastery.

The last day of the visit dawned. The young composer bade farewell to the Reverend Director in few but heartfelt words.

"I have had a splendid time with you, dear Reverend Father," said he; "I assure you I will never forget it. Bless me now, Father, before I depart."

Haydn knelt down and bowed his head.

"God be with thee! thou wilt be great and famous when I am resting in the grave."

Speaking thus, the worthy priest pressed something into the youth's hand and turned back to the monastery. Haydn went on his way, but his thoughts were still with the good priest who had just blessed him.

He wandered on, sunk in thought for some time, when suddenly he stopped to examine what the priest had pressed into his hand. He opened the paper and found shining silver—twenty gulden with the accompanying words: "A little cornerstone for the temple of thy glorious future."

Tears of emotion and gratitude sprang into the youth's eyes. He covered his face with his hands and prayerfully bowed his head. Then he arose and said: "And now forward, with God's blessing, with my talents and my twenty gulden."

Cardinal Vaughan's Plan To Guard Boys.

Writing to the recent annual conference of the Catholic Young Men's Associations of England, Cardinal Vaughan, of Westminster, said:

"Remember that we have three hundred thousand young people who have left our schools and are under twenty-one years of age. The boys especially need clubs and organizations to hold them together—to help, direct and encourage them during the most critical years of adult life. I know of no work the Catholic Young Men's Association could take up more needed, but at the same time more difficult, than this of establishing a strong working apostolate on behalf of the boys who have left school."

"I know the difficulty with boys who have left school. They are rougher, coarser, wilder and less easily interested and held together—at least this is frequently so. But have they not frequently been taken the wrong way? Give them, by all means, physical exercises—games, athletics and other amusements—with some useful instruction; all this is needed and responds to their growing faculties and muscles. But there remains something wanting. They are capable of something higher; there is in their breasts a nobler chord that may be touched. They may be touched by an appeal to a sense of chivalry. They have within them a certain tenderness that responds to a mother's heart. Appeal to all this. Place them under the Blessed Mother, who is God's Mother, as well as their Mother. Bring the whole position out in words and ways that boys can understand. The Blessed Mother of God ought to be brought home to these rough lads. Without interfering with amusements and athletics, there may be a warm appeal to their chivalrous nature. Arouse it in behalf of our Blessed Mother. This will require tact, judgment, boldness, courage and love for the Divine Mother as well as for these boys, who are in reality her children, though they know it not. But I have said enough to suggest a line of conduct which mere natural methods failed to secure. Go to the Mother; appeal to the Mother in loving earnestness."

Millionaire Schwab's Early Life.

In the village of Loretto, Pa., on the crest of the Allegheny mountains, Charles M. Schwab is just plain "Charlie" Schwab. He is called that by almost all of Loretto's 300 inhabitants, who live their contemplative days in real Pennsylvania style, scattered along a single-shaded street that runs the length of a ridge.

At one end of the mile-long thoroughfare stands a church—not the usual wooden structure of sleepy, slow-going villages, but granite, large and imposing. By its side, sheltered in a grove, is a convent for Sisters of Mercy; a short distance away, the brick red building of St. Francis' college peeps from many trees.

There is no other than the granite church for miles around. There is no need of another. No person not a Catholic has ever been known to live in Loretto, founded 100 years ago by the famous Prince-priest, Demetrius Gallitzin. It is noted in Church history as the home of Catholicism in western Pennsylvania. The people of Schwab's boyhood home have the one predominant trait of living together as one family, entirely under the spiritual and largely under the material guidance of Father Kittel, the Franciscan Brothers at the college and the gentle Sisters of the convent.

When Charles M. Schwab arrives here no one stands in awe of him, notwithstanding the fact that he has been the only man who ever went out from Loretto and amassed great wealth. Except for the big house on the hill, his life when he comes back here is almost as simple as in his boyhood days.

John Schwab, Charles' father, is the nabob of Loretto. He is the richest resident, its only retired merchant. All the rest have to keep right on trying to scrape in the pennies that are sufficient unto the day. Several years before his son had managed in Braddock, John, by means of a lively business, got together a comfortable sum for use in his declining years. John Schwab is 65 years old, but his six feet of spare body remain as straight as an arrow and not a gray hair shows in his black hair and beard.

The mother is the opposite of her husband. She is typically German. Her figure is short and stout, her face is round and full, and her complexion and hair, fair. She is exceedingly affable. The villagers say that "Charlie" takes after his mother in everything except his nose, which is prominent, like his father's.

Charlie Schwab didn't begin to make the acquaintance of his staunch friend "Paddy" Moran, the blacksmith, and other Loretto folk until he was 12 years old, when his father moved here from Williamsburg, bought out Loretto's only livery stable and ran the stage between Crescen and St. Augustine, carrying passengers and mail. Loretto is insistent on one point, and it is that Charlie didn't drive the stage nearly as much as contemporary chronicles represent. According to Loretto, he drove only when he felt like it or when his father was short of "hands." Charlie couldn't have driven regularly or often, and attended school and college at the same time.

While he was at college, Charlie learned to play the piano. Father Bonn, the college chaplain to the time of his death, was the boy's teacher. Charlie was an apt pupil and became passionately fond of the instrument. Several of the Sisters of Mercy at the convent also aided him in his musical studies, paying particular attention to his voice. Every Sunday between the time that he learned music and his going away, he played the church organ and sang. At times he also assisted in serving Mass.

When he left for college, "Charlie," still a boy, had no definite idea as to what he wanted to do. For a time he worked a little about the livery stable and loafed more. Then a cousin of his mother, Captain M. F. McDonald, who ran a grocery store here, wanted to make a clerk of him. The boy was all ready to take the job when A. J. Spiegelmire came to Loretto on a visit. Mr. Spiegelmire had lived formerly in Loretto. He was part owner of a merchandise store in Braddock. He offered Charlie a clerkship at \$7 a week. Charlie accepted. But young Schwab wasn't cut out for a dry-goods clerk. At the end of two months, Mr. Spiegelmire's partner, W. A. McDewitt, informed him politely that as he couldn't tell calico from gingham after all these months, he'd better look for another job. Charlie "looked out" so well that up to date W. A. McDewitt has the distinction of being the only man who ever discharged him.