

HOUSE AND HOME

CONDUCTED BY HELENE.

Why do you wear a harassed and troubled look? Are you really in trouble or are you allowing the little worries of life to grind furrows in your face?

It may seem a little thing to you whether or not you wear a smiling face, but it is not a little thing. A serene look advises the tired and troubled men and women whom you meet that there is peace and joy in at least one heart.

True Witness Beauty Patterns



SEMI-PRINCESS GOWN FOR A YOUNG GIRL.

167. Misses' Semi-Princess Dress. Sizes for 14, 15 and 16 years. The 16 year size will require 6 1/4 yards of 36 inch material.

PATTERN COUPON.

Please send the above-mentioned pattern as per directions given below. Name, Address in full, etc.

N.B.—Be sure to cut out the illustration and send with the coupon, carefully filled out.

"It is surely not necessary," says some one, "to be on one's best behavior at all times, one does not need to wear company manners at home or in the office, the factory, the store, with those with whom one is in constant association; is that not in danger of becoming affectation?"

more necessary do tact and courtesy become. Except in cases of necessity which are rare, leave your friend to learn unpleasant truths from his enemies; they are ready enough to tell him.

We occasionally meet a woman whose old age is as beautiful as the bloom of youth. We wonder how it has come about—what her secret is. Here are a few of the reasons:

She knew how to forget disagreeable things. She kept her nerves well in hand and inflicted them on no one.

She did unto others as she would be done by, and now that old age has come to her and there is a halo of white hair about her head, she is loved and considered. That is the secret of long life and a happy one.

Those who espouse and advocate ideas and principles rule the world. There is no such thing as public opinion—if there seems to be, it is only because the public clamors for what it has been taught to believe.

Some talk of love. Love is a grand thing and a powerful factor in many lives. But I wonder how many enter into matrimony with well defined ideas of love. When one reflects on the neglect that comes so soon after marriage and on the evident want of cordiality and of courteous treatment—the strained relations and cold bearing of many married couples—we may doubt if love had been the prevailing motive or if serious attention had been paid to their characters by the contracting pair.

If a man loves the woman he marries he will not run away from her as soon as he discovers some defect; but he will bear with it, make the best of it, and try patiently to curb or destroy it. If there be love, he will not tire of her company and hasten to spend his evenings elsewhere.

The sentiment of affection that will cement the union of husband and wife must not be born of admiration or contemplation of the physical and is not easiest elicited by corporeal exhibition. Let it be founded on something higher and more sacred.

"It has been written that wedlock is 'a royal road broader and less rugged than other ways of life.' But that is only when wedlock is regarded as sacred—as a condition as the priesthood. In the Christian religion both are Sacraments. Let the State aid the Church let teachers aid priests and ministers let parents take a hand in instructing all on the exalted and sacred dignity of the married.—Rev. C. F. Thomas.

OUR DUTY.

There is a general disposition to measure ourselves by others. So far as duty is concerned, nothing could be more dangerous. We lack the data for an absolutely correct estimate of others. Possibly we may correctly judge. But what others do or neglect to do, at least apart from relation to us, really does not determine or modify our duty.

Nothing is easier than fault finding. No talent, no self-denial, no brains, no character is required to set up in the grumbling business, but those who are moved by a genuine desire to do good have little time for murmuring or complaint.

There is no sadder symptom of a generation than such general blindness to the spiritual lightning, with faith only in the heap of barren dead fuel. It is the last consummation of unbelief. In all epochs of the world's history, we shall find the great man to have been the indispensable savior of his epoch—the lightning would have burnt. The history of the world is the biography of great men.—Thomas Carlyle.

Stand before an open window in the early morning, rest the weight of the body on the balls of the feet, abdomen in, chest out, head erect. Take long, deep inhalations through the nose, hold the breath for a few moments and exhale through the nose. Repeat five times, rest a few times.

When the lips are cracked they should be anointed two or three times a day with a salve composed of spermaceti, 1-oz., alkanet root, 1-oz., white wax, 6drs., almond oil, 1 1/2-oz., otto of roses, 1-4dr.

Blue Ribbon Tea advertisement with coupon and product image.

Of this one or that one, nor asking you to accept as your associate one whom you are convinced is not worthy of your regard. But, good friend, I would rather be imposed upon and trust an unworthy person than to charge with evil, even in my heart, one who is, to all intents, trying to live right.

The interior of one's home, be it flat, apartment, house or room, should be such that tired nerves may be rested within its walls, the mind and body refreshed and invigorated and the whole being cheered and at the same time rendered peaceful by its influence.

The instinct of self-control, of gentleness, of consideration, and forethought and quick sympathy, which go to make up what we call good breeding; the absence of noise and hurry, the thousand and one little ways by which we can please people, or avoid displeasing them—are all taught us by our own hearts. Good manners are the fine flowers of civilization. And everybody can have them. I always say that one of the best bred men of my acquaintance is Mr. Jarvis, the Mason. I have known him to come out of a cistern to speak to me, dressed in overalls and a flannel shirt, and his bow and his manner and the politeness of his address would have done credit to any gentleman in the world.—Susan Collidge.

There's always something doing As this world keeps rolling round, Its yearly course pursuing Through the depths of space profound. Each man who seeks it reaches A usefulness immense: If you cannot make the speeches, You can be the audience.

You know no stories funny You can laugh and still be gay. If you're not the man with money, You can work and earn your pay; So feel no anxious flutter As the seasons come and go.

There is either ice to cut, or There is grass for you to mow. The popularity of the Grecian idea in evening dress as well as in street and house costumes suggests the Grecian form of hair dressing. The large pointed knot at the back of the head, with the hair drawn back softly from the face, is an eminently fitting coiffure for the prevailing hats.

A boy at 15 years of age, in our opinion, is at the most important period of his life. He is at the forks of the road. What he needs more than anything else is sympathy and advice. It would be strange, indeed, if boys did not build castles in Spain at that age, and what they need is the practical suggestion of some one who is himself a success in life, to guide them. Most people think that boys do not need either sympathy or advice. It is a great mistake. We have never known one of them to refuse to take advice if it were tendered to him at the right time, in the right place, and in the right spirit. The mistake that most people make in talking to boys is that they lecture them in season and out, persecute them with all sorts of suggestions, and expect a good deal more from them than they would from a man. If we had any word of counsel to give it would be: Don't lecture a boy. Don't nag him. Do not persecute him if he has done some wrong. Don't laugh at him if he has failed, perhaps in some over-ambitious boyish scheme. Don't crush him. Give the boy a chance.

A thoughtful woman asked the other day, in the course of conversation, "Are we charitable enough? Not the charity that consists in almsgiving, do I mean, but the charity that thinketh no evil and speaketh none. Are we not too prone to judge our fellow travellers on life's highway? And do we not credit too readily the whispered reports of evil concerning our neighbor?" "Now," she continued bravely, "I am not trying to condone the faults

of this one or that one, nor asking you to accept as your associate one whom you are convinced is not worthy of your regard. But, good friend, I would rather be imposed upon and trust an unworthy person than to charge with evil, even in my heart, one who is, to all intents, trying to live right.

As a matter of fact, the average woman pays very little attention to the subject of color in her home, yet it is the most important factor in its general make-up and makes for beauty or ugliness according to the way the color is used. When a house gives you a feeling of indescribable charm and tranquility as you enter it you may be sure this effect is due to choice of color. The mysterious something that gives an air of individuality to the home is from the same cause—the right distribution of color and its powerful mental influence on the inmates and friends of the household. The word home suggests a retreat—a safe place where one may shut out the world and its cares. But if the home is so arranged that naught but a disturbing element is the result, the home defeats its own object.

Difficult subjects require careful handling, and for this reason a room clerk at a woman's hotel must have special qualifications. One of the many applicants to approach a clerk of this class was a young, prepossessing woman, who, a few days ago, walked to the desk and hesitatingly asked if a room could be had at a moderate price. "Would you like a room at a dollar and a half a day?" With a startled look she replied, "I want one at \$3 a week." "We have rooms at that price, but none vacant. You can see that the office is full of guests, and it is not probable that we shall have such a room as you desire until one of our guests dies—or gets married." Sweeping the office with her eyes, the young woman replied sweetly, "Oh, then, it is hopeless!"

One can hardly be expected to have "music in his soul" when there is discord in his stomach. Husband—What was that you were playing, my dear? Wife—Did you like it? "It was lovely—the melody divine, the harmony exquisite!" "It is the very thing I played last

evening, and you said it was horrid." "Well, the steak was burned last evening."

After his son's great success with the "Deane aux Camelias," Alexander Dumas wrote to him as though a stranger, congratulating him on the book and expressing a desire to make the author's acquaintance. "I myself am a literary man," said he in conclusion, "and you may have heard my name as the author of 'Monte Christo.'"

Dumas fils was equal to the occasion. He wrote immediately in reply, expressing the great pleasure he would have in making his correspondent's acquaintance, principally on account of the high terms in which he had always heard his father speak of the author of "Monte Christo."

FUNNY SAYINGS.

THE POWER BEHIND. At a prayer meeting a good brother stood up and said he was glad to give the following testimony: "My wife and I," he said, "started in life with hardly a cent in the world. We began at the lowest round of the ladder, but the Lord has been good to us and we have worked up—we have prospered. We bought a little farm and raised good crops. We have a good home and a nice family of children, and," he added with much emphasis, "I am the head of that family."

REMEMBERED HIM TOO WELL. "Did young Skinnick's uncle remember him when he made his will?" "Must have. Didn't leave him anything."

INS AND OUTS. "What's that noise?" asked the visitor in the apartment house. "Probably some one in the dentist's apartments on the floor below getting a tooth out."

WHAT THEY SAID. "Maybe it didn't mean just what to the casual listener it seemed to mean but this is what the farmer was overheard to say to his wife as they looked over the market reports in the daily paper."

ANOTHER THRUST. Eva (reading novel)—"She riveted her eyes." Dick—"You don't say?" Eva—"And then she dropped them."

HER SWEET REVENGE. Difficult subjects require careful handling, and for this reason a room clerk at a woman's hotel must have special qualifications. One of the many applicants to approach a clerk of this class was a young, prepossessing woman, who, a few days ago, walked to the desk and hesitatingly asked if a room could be had at a moderate price.

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THEY WEVE QUIT. A city fellow while hunting went out into the country one day and lost his way, and as he was standing by a crossroad he saw a farmer a little way off. He walked over to the farmer and said: "Say, Pat, how do you know my name is Pat?" "I guessed it," said the fellow. "Well," replied the farmer, "then guess the way to the station."

VERSATILE. "She has a very versatile pen." "Yes, I've seen her use it for pulling out basting threads and manicuring her nails."

A Sinking, Hollow, "All-Gone" Sensation at the Pit of the Stomach.

"THAT IS DYSPEPSIA"

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS. It acts by regulating and toning the digestive organs, removing costiveness, and increasing the appetite, and restoring health and vigor to the system.

THE PAPAL COLORS. We are so used to the yellow and white as the Papal colors that we are apt to forget that they are of only comparatively recent date. As a matter of fact this year marks the centenary of their adoption. The Marquise MacSweeney has just brought out a book, in which he describes the occasion on which the present colors were introduced. In the year 1808, when the French troops were occupying Rome, the general in command, Mollis, incorporated the pontifical troops in the French army, and left them still to wear the old Papal colors of gold and purple, Pius VII, who was then Pope, protested against this incorporation, and to avoid confusion gave to the Swiss Guard and those attached to the Campidoglio and the Finance the now familiar colors of yellow and white. It is a sign of the tyranny that the French then exercised over Rome, that their officers, irritated by this change, forced the remaining Papal troops to take off the new colors. This act of the French, says the marquis, led to an interchange of diplomatic notes between the Papal Government and the French, which ended in an order that the troops in Italy were not to wear the new colors. After the downfall of the French power, when the Pope received back his rights, instead of resuming the old colors he retained the new ones of yellow and white, which are those in use at the present day.

The Foe of Indigestion—Indigestion is a common ailment and few are free from it. It is a most distressing complaint and often the suffering attending it is most severe. The very best remedy is Parnee's Vegetable Pills taken according to directions. They rectify the irregular action of the stomach and restore healthy action. For many years they have been a standard remedy for dyspepsia and indigestion and are highly esteemed for their qualities.

Rollingstone Nomos—"Dis paper says dat labor is emboling." Tatterton Tom—"Dat's all right, but I'm agin' de nobility, anyhow."—Philadelphia Record.

Weary Willie—"Firemen has a cinch, dey don't do nothin' most o' de time but loaf around de fire house. I'd like dat job, wouldn't you?" Kagon Tatters—"No, 'one I seen a fireman get soaked wid water from a hose."—Philadelphia Press.

There were four Convent and Accorperables. It we view often law "where one is, it three."

Four of them from staid, sobe Lawrence from Po fair forest city; dark-eyed beauty, Southland, and C from a famous can of the "Golden W Kesharine was aight girl with golden-brown hair (soo large, perhaps) hands with long almond-shaped nails, played marvellous skill, as she made it talk essays, worked wazess, and out-ri in china-painting. She had a strong, racter and possess somality, which m er" wherever she many so-called "We know, three t was self-confide daughter of one of est citizens, and o great in the m few cars, an indu adoring father, t one thing preventi piness vouchsafed low, ill health. Beatrice was seven darj-haired, priv a frank, cordial m an only girl, but Seven brothers pe voted parents tau fecton and adhered the chief, and g goodness and the Blessed Virgin do with our story pass one of the out, at least, a w Helen! eighteen ed on her. Natu with her gifts. S with an almost form. No pen co subtle alluremen azure eyes, sheltere the soft, bright black hair as the it. Every one lo voice was wonderf em melodies flowe one forgot all ex She was the only ful but delicate m med when she wa she never forgot "Helen, take care ther." Softly she will, dad dear, ind kept her promise, in many ways bec surrounded her m watchfulness and writes—"I have used Burdock Bitters and find that few medicines can give such relief in Stomach Troubles and Dyspepsia. I was troubled for years with Dyspepsia and could get no relief until I tried B. B. B. I took three bottles and became cured, and now I can eat anything without it hurting me. I will recommend it to all having Stomach Trouble.

Constance Durand "Boy," was a slen She was not partic as Sister Genevieve bright girl, and v hair, a woman's cr her chief beauty. ing mass of gold— would have called were of a fine G complexion of the eyes, blue mirror soul. Her father v old English family had emigrated to with one of his and they had m "pie." He marri Western girl who enough after the birth to a girl. 7 shipped the child. four years old he m mistake of his life, try immediately, b thief, but as a fo forged his brother's money enough to a one of those specu so sure until after was not a success; place the money, a discovered his dishc one of those good, thers one reads abo to "forgive and forg make. Mr. Durand

and please every time. Surp So It makes child—and every d The pure soap dirt in a nat cleanses an injury. R SURPRISE