Solomon says of the good house teeper: "She looketh well to to ways of her household," and an true woman may be proud of the moomatum; but looking well to the ways of her household does not no essently mean pans and strubbin trush. The woman who is alway verrun with ways of her housequit does not he cossanily mean pams and scrubbing brush. The woman who is always overrun with work and is forever worrying and bustling and hurrying; who saalds all the preserves in the cellar once a week for fear they might work when she didn't know it, and rips the pillows open in search of possible moths, may imagine site is doing her duty, but she has the faculty of melding herself and every one around her immensely uncomfortable and there is serious doubt if Solomon's wisdom would sant on her course.

This paniful excessive good house-keeping is simply a nervous disorder and should be treated as other forms of nervousness. Rest, change of some and anything that has a tendency to broaden the mind of the household drudge and to bring

showshold drudge and to bring to her the fact that there are in interests in the home, will be beneficial. If she really looks to it she will see that her well to it she will see that her husband has companionship as well as good dinners and that her children's morals, minds and manners are more important than their clothes. A smithing face and a cheerful word will far outweigh some slight disorder in the household, but failing to find these, the husband will scarcely pardon the defect, even though his wife may have spent hours in polishing the silver or preparing a new salad. A neat house, good cooking, and carefully mended good cooking, and carefully mende ents do much towards making e germents do much towards making a pleasant home, but health and good temper should not be sacrificed to them, and every woman owes the duty to herself and family to take a sufficient amount of rest.

### THE FASTING FAD.

remarks an exchange, and as its opinion has been solicited in regard to the "fasting fad" it proceeds to give it as follows: We are living in an age of fads

opinion has been solicited in regard to the "fasting fad" it proceeds to give it as follows:

There is no particular advantage to be gained from going hungry. Hunger is the voice of nature telling us that the system needs food, and, like all of nature's a warnings, should be heeded. To be sure, a great many, we might say the majority, of people eat too much as well as too often. But the entire abstinence from food is an exceptional remedy if it is used at all. In cases where one's stomach is filled with germs it is far better to fast than to go on eating in the usual way, but even then it is not necessary, for one can get all the benefits of fasting and more without discomfort by subsisting for a time upon a fruit diet. In this way the germs are starved out, the fruit juice acting as a distinfectant. Usually one or two days of this kind of fasting is all that is needed, and it is not always necessary to use the fruit entirely alone even then. Some dry sterilized bread, such as zweiback or gamoses, may be taken with it without interfering with the purpose of the fast. It is really wonderful what can be accomplished by the use of fruit in ridding the digestive tract of germs.

## FABRICS.

The August number of the Wo-man's Home Companion has some advance information on fall and win-ter styles. Of the fabrics to be used Grace Margaret Gould, the fashion

Grace Margaret Gould, the fashion editor, says:

''For the mainish tailor-made suits hard-finished worsteds will be used. The new worsteds are medium in the most fascinating array of stripes, small broken and unbroken checks, plaids, and plain colors. In these materials stripes are the most in favor. Serge will be much used, as well as cheviot. Cloth plaids promise to be less a rumoned fashion and more a fact this fell and winter than for many a past season. The dark blue serge tailor-made costume will be extremely fashionable for early fall wear, with just a touch early fall wear, with just a touch of plaid or orange cloth in the pip-ings on the folds of the skirts and the lapels and cuffs of the coat."

---HOW TO CARE FOR EVENING

Cloth top slippers should be well whisted each time arter wearing, and an occasional cleansing with maphtha or gasoline will keep them clear, says the Washington Star. Evening slippers in pastel shades of kid or in silk or satin may be readily cleaned with an erasure known as art gum that is used by illustrators. Of course, either naphtha or gasoline will clean soiled slippers. Those made of brouze leather, glit or gold cloth must be carefully handled to prevent tarnishing and should be painted with a liquid brouze or gold as soon as they begin to look dull. When fouched with this brightener it is best to have the slippers fitted over trees; then the cloth or kid will not only keep free from wrinkles, but the correct shape will be retained. SLIPPERS.

Keep out of the past. It's lonely
And barren and bleak to the view;
Its fires have grown cold, and its
stories are old;
Turn, turn to the present—the new.
To day leads you up to the hilltops
That are kissed by the radiant sun;
To-day shows no tomb; life's hours
are in bloom,
And to-day holds a grize to be
won.

A Time for Everything.—The time for Dr. Thomas Eclectric Oil is when croupy symptoms appear in the children; when rheumatic pains besst the old when lumbago, askimas, coughs, colds, catarris or carache attack either young or old; when burns stadds, abrasions, contusions our sprains come to any member of the family. In any of these allments it will give relief and work a cure.

GIRLS SHOULD REMEMBER. That true beauty of face is only possible where there is beauty of soul manifested in a beautiful character.

That the girl everybody likes not affected and never whines, but is just her sincere, earnest, helpful self.

self.

And, finally, that one of the most beautiful bhings on earth is a pure modest, true young girl—one who is her father's pride, her mother's comfort, her brother's inspiration and her suscer's ideal.

## A CHICAGO PRINCE.

A writer in the Chicago Daily News tells the following little epi-sode of the congested downtown dis trict of this city, an incident that came to his notice at the busy hour of noon. A prince was walking down Clark street. He was no effete, defunct, unsavory specimen from over the water—just an American prince, a Chicago prince, if you please.

please:
He was going south, one of the tangled, double stream of humanity which fills every inch of the walk at this tired and hungry hour. As he came to an alley crossing, two steps down, littered with debris because of repairs going on near by, he met an old lady, poorly clad, crippled, wrinkled, feeble and tottering. This young prince in smart business clothes stopped, turned around and took this old, overlooked flotsam on the selfish hungry tide around and took this old, overlocked flotsam on the selfish hungry tide tenderly by the arm, and, with all the affectionate consideration which could be shown to a queen, helped her down and across and up on the other side, lifted his hat and was caught up again in the fevered current of the bread hunters.

As we touched elbows for a moment I said: "Young man, your soul has grown a foot taller in the last minute."

minute."

He looked about with a suggestive moisture in his eyes and only answered: "Oh, we've all got mothers at home."

To-morrow a prince will be walking the streets of Chicago about noon, too. You may not see him He wears no crown on his head, but on his heart rests a diadem outshines all the stars.

Here are the qualifications to wifehood which Mr. Schwab has re contly formulated: Learn to cook a perfect meal. Learn to darn.

Learn to sew.
Learn to sweep.
Learn to wash dishes.
Learn to replace shirt buttons.
Learn to make beds.
Learn to soothe man's trouble

### .. .. .. TIMELY HINTS

TIMELY HINTS.

To test the purity of butter smear a little on a piece of clean, white paper, roil up the paper and burn it. If the butter is pure, the smell of the burning paper will not prove urpleasant, but if the butter is not pure, a distinct odor of tallow is noticeable.

Fine table salt rubbed on marble will remove a stain unless this latter be of too long standing.

Carrots and onlone will be betten if scaled in cold water for twelve hours before using, to draw out the strong flavor.

Becon should be scaled in water for three or four minutes before being fried to prevent the fat from running.

In order to prevent milk from burning while being boiled, rinse this

walter tends to selt the odor of onions both on the knife and hands, and for this reason should be avoided.

A bowl of quicklime placed in a damp cupboard will tend to dry it. The lime should be renewed every day or two, as it loses its power.

## WATCH The Kidneys.

They are the most important secretory organs. Into and through the kidneys flow the waste fluids of the body, containing poisonous matter taken out of the system. If the kidneys do not act properly this matter is retained, the whole system becomes disordered and the following symptoms will follow: Pain in the small of the back and loins, frightful dreams, specks floating before the eyes, puffiness under the eyes, and swelling of the feet and ankles or any urinary trouble.

weiling of the account winners trouble.

When any of these symptoms manifest themselves you can quickly rid yourself of them by the use of the best of all medicines for the kidneys, DOAN'S

KIDNEY PILLS. Mr. John L. Doyle, Sutton West, Ont., writes: "I was troubled with a pain in my back for some time, but after using two boxes of Doan's Kidney Pittas I was entirely cured and can speak highly in their favor."

Price 50 cents per box, or 3 for \$1.25, at all dealers, or The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.

## FUNNY SAYINGS.

IDENTIFIED.

Tommy made himself the hero of story—which the Boston Record prints—when he called for "that one

prints—when he called for "that one about the boy who ate the ribbons and it made him sick!"

Aunt Ethel was puzzled. "I know of no such story," she said, after searching her memory vainly.

Nothing she could suggest answered the description. Tommy cannot read but he thought he could find ed the description. Tommy cannot read, but he thought he could find the book. He found it. They read one thing after another, until in the midst of the "Night Before Christmas" Tommy gave a whoop of glee. Aunt Ethel was reading:
"He rushed to the window and threw up the sash."

threw up the sash."
"That's it! That's it!" cried
Tommy. "You see, it's just as I told

THE INTELLIGENT BOOK-BUYER A fashionably dressed young wo-man came hurrying into a book store recently, and approached a salesman with the statement: "I want to get a book—it's a red book a ''I

Teacher Why? Patsy-'Cause you can't.

The following is ascribed to our old friend, Mark Twadn:

"Well, young man, I'll give you a little advice, and to illustrate my point I'll tell you a little story, and you can draw the moral to suit yourself. I went to claurch once, and the minister practical a servine about this minister preached a sermon about the poor heathen. The sermon touched me, and I thought I'd just give that hundred dollars I had in my pocket toward hisping the poor heathen. But the minister kept on preaching, and my enthustasm began to drop. So did my hundred dollars, twenty-tive dollars at a time, until there was notding left for the poor heathen! And the minister was still talking, and by the time the plate was nothing left for the poor heafrom it to get even."

## Books Received.

From R. and T. Washburne Co.: Late of Blessed Julie Billiart, foun-dress of the Institute of Sisters of Notre Dame (of Namur). By a mem-ber of the same Society.

From B. Herder Pub. Co.,
The Protestant Reformation. By
tev. Charles Coppen, S.J. Price,
loth, 40c.

From Longmans: The Legends of the Saints. Rev. H. Delehaye, S.J. ' By

The September Woman's Home Companion is remarkable principally for two things—the exquisite cover, by Earl Stetson Crawford, which won the \$1500 prize recently offered by the companion, and for an excellent article on "The Influence of Business Life on Women," by I Anna Steese Richardson. This September cover represents the highest achievement in magazine-cover work yet produced, and the article mentioned above will make a profound impression on all people interested in the subject of women in business life, as it is the candid expression of a woman who has made a pronounced oman who has made siness success herself.

business success herself.

The fliction in this number is far above the average. Anthony Hope continues his charming novel, "Helena's Fath," and Jennette Lee, the late Julia Magruder, Grace MacGowan Cooke, and several others contribute short stories. Dr Edward Everett Hale's monthly editorial page is on the subject of Letter Writing. Grace Margaret Gould,

## IGED 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 very thick! No, I don't know the name of it or what it is about, because I haven't read it. It has a picture in the middle of the cover eat least I think t is a picture—it is something round, done in gdit. It may be the name.

"I wish you would hurry and

may be the name.
"I wish you would hurry and hunt up the book, because I am taking a train to New York, and I went to read on the trip. I saw some one reading it on the train the other day and laughing over it, and that's why I went it.

why I want it.

"Of course I am not expected to know what it is, but I should thinks any one who knew books and was handling them all the time ought

"No, I don't think it was either of those books—it was thicker than that one and more on the cerise shade than that one. "Well, I can't wait any longer for

you to hunt it up."

As the young woman passed out of the shop she turned to her companion and remarked qudibly:
"Strange how stupid some of these
clerks are! Well, I wasn't going to
really get it anyway. I just wanted
to find out what it was!"

All sorts and conditions of men-have excellent reasons for their posi-tion in life. Illustrated Bits tells of a tramp who had no illusions about the cause of his own con-

of a tramp who had no himson about the cause of his own condition:

Mrs. Finehealth (at hotel as trance): No. I have no money to spare for you. I do not see why a able-hodied man like you should a about begging.

Lazy Tramp—I' s'pose, m'm, it fer about the same reason that healthy woman like you boards at healthy woman like you boards at leotel, instead of keeping house."

THE PAINS OF VICTORY.

"How's your brother, Tommy?" "Sick in bed, miss; he's hurt he

the fashion editor, has special pattern pages for children's and young ladies' school clothes. Famme M. Farmer tells how to cook the different kinds of macaroni, and all the other departments—embroidery, dress making, knitting, etc.—are full timely and helpful suggestions.

## From Heart Failure

## HEART AND NERVE PILLS

mal beat and imparting tone to the nerve

Mr. Darius Carr, Geary, N.B., writes:

"It is with the greatest of pleasure I write you a few lines to let you know the great blessing your Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills have been to me. I was a total wreck from heart failure and my wife advised me to take your pills. After using two boxes I was restored to perfect health. I am now 62 years old and feel almost as well as I did at 20."

Price 50 cents per box or 3 for \$1.25, at all dealers, or mailed direct by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

MY-MOTHER'S BEADS.

This little chain

Of vanished cares, at peace reposes, While I my lone late vigil ices, And fondly finger. Her dear old worm white reserve. Fain would I linger. Forever in the holy peace. That like the perfume of the roses, These hallowed beads exhale.

My mother's beads my mothe tears,
Her hopes, her fears,
Her prayers for me!
I kiss thee, jewel, dear to me
As if her tears thro' all the yearsThe draught of pain
That mothers drink
From life's unfathomable cup—
Came welling up. Came welling up
And drop on drop and link on link
Forged this dear chain,
This rosary.
Of love, for me!

How God must hearken when a mo

How God must hearken when a mother pleads,
And heaven hush ail its harps and
lifted voices
To listen to her count her beads!
And on this little chain
Nightly she tells her needs,
Turning to Holy Mysteries—
To Bethlehem, to Calvary,
To Resurrection's riven Tomb—
Conning the old sweet sacred story—
Unearthly gladness, pain-pierced
glory—

glory—
Of mother-love and love divine,
For strength to bear her pain.
For strength to suffer mine!
How often has she followed Him
Anto the rhadow of the olive trees,
Into the deepest depth of sorrow!

Where in the darkness crosses dim Stalked out of the deep fear gloom, And pitiless clasped her in

arms!
How often has she gore alone
Into the darkness of Gethsemane
To drink the bitter cup for me!
O little beads, a life-time spent
In counting thee could only say
The old, old truth—a mother che

To watch and pray And be content.

Heaven, I ask no greater gain In life then to atome! Let me be strong to shield her from

Let every day give her the fruitage

rare
Of all these mysteries,
Sorrowful, glorious,
Joyful—victorious!
This, gentle Jesus, is the prayer
That I would tell to-night
Upon this precious rosary, so old.
so worn, so white.

Mother of mothers, in whose gentle Across the light of infinite happin That motherhood divine hath given

Mother of Christ, pray thy dear Son to bless
My mother who, on these dear beads,
for me

The village with its old thatched roots
Lies sleeping 'neath the moon;
The apple trees are frosted o'er

with blossoms, dev-aswoon;
And softly on the ev'ning wind
The breath of flowers sweet
Is gently wafted o'er the lake
And fills the village street.
And all that breaks the quiet dee
Are fishes in their play—
A little splash and splutter mild
And noises die away.
And soon the lowing herds cal
home,

Full many a prayer hath told

Until we meet again! That is the meaning
Of the familiar words, that men re-

peat
At parting in the street.
At, yes, till then! but when death
intervening
Rends us asunder, with what ceaseless pain
We wait for the Again.

The friends who leave us do not feel the sorrow
Of parting, as we feel it, who must stay
Lamenting day by day,
And knowing when we wake upon the morrow
We shall not find in its accustomed place

place
The one beloved face.

It were a double grief, if the departed,
Being released from earth, should still retain
A sense of earthly pain;
It were a double grief, if the truehearted,
Who love us here, should on the farther shore
Remember us no more.

Believing, in the midst of our efflictions, That death is a beginning, not an

end, We cry to them and send Farewells, that better might be called predictions,

Being foreshadowings of the future
thrown
Into the vast Unknown.

Faith overleaps the confines of our reason,
And if by faith, as in old time was said, said,
Women received their dead
Raised up to life, then only for a season
Our partings are, nor shall we wait in vain
Until we meet again.
—Longfellow,

THE IRISH PIPER

I heard the piper playing, The piper old and blind And knew its secret saying. The voice of the summer

I heard clear waters falling, Lapping from stone to stone The wood dove crying and calling, heard the bells of the heather

Ring in the summer breez Soft stir of fur and feather The piper drew me yearning Into the dim gray lands Where there is no returning, Although I wring my hands.

There to the piper's coning I saw my dead again, All in a happy nooning Of golden sun and rain.

You piper kind and hoary, Your pipes upon your knee, If I should tell my story The things you piped for me.

The folk would leave their selling, And bid their buying go, If I could but be telling The things you let me know.

Katharine Tynan.

Fresh from the dewy grass; sateese, the plough-boy, urged them

on.

Bertille, she saw him pass.
Beneath a hat of straw there beamed
A face, sunburnt and red,
And, when the Angelus pealed out,
In pray'r he bowed his head.
On bended knee, he asked his God
To bless Bertille Lachance.

"Levre Betacese." Bertille whisper'd

"I love Bateese," Bertille whis "Bateese, king of the dance."

Very many persons die annuelly from choiera end kindred summer complaints, who might have been saved if proper remedies had used. If attacked do not delay in getting a bottle of Dr. J. b. Kellogg's Dysantery Cordial, the medicine that never fails to effect cure. Those who have used it say it acts promptly, and thoroughly subdues the pain and disease.

Bertille whisper

There was such an unselfing this statement that the

"Never have walked! Why what's the matter. Something with my back, and the legs twisted."

"And no bed but this? How they let you out of the hosp "Oh, I had a nice mattress stoop down and I'll whisper; beat me if she heard me tell

was mine, at mother is young, to packed up a basket i we had

MARJORIE JEAN'S

BOYS AN

head.

"O, now she is Queen of Marjorie Jean,
So, courtesy, dolls," Rosumana was flustered; si

Of course it was Rover, with a bound.

Away through the clover He ate up the cake we'd to take, And maybe an apple or t

Susy Ann
Will 'member it all of her
Now that's all I'll say about lies to-day Except—they're the dear ears. e May North, in Chi

YOU WILL NEVER BE For living a pure life. For doing your level be For being kind to the po

A ST

"Is there not somebody get to come and sit with while?" said Father Logam prepared to take his departs. "Yes," replied the sick "there's Mrs. Gillan, in room down the passage. Some if you asked her."

come if you asked her."
"I certainly shall ask her
ed the priest. "Now, good
try and remember all we his
over. I'll come around is
morning."
Carefully closing the doo
due to the priest of the priest.

him, he turned down the nar sage, whose walls were dar age and the accumulated age and the accumulated years. At the thind door he and knocked, but it was not the knocked agedin, and hear shrill cry of "Come in!" of door, and, standing on the tilooked into the dingy, squa. At first he thought it was but afterwards saw in the est corner a rough bed, ma boxes, on which were spreas ragged clothing. Out of the pered a thin, sharp face, it piercing black eyes. He back, the resemblance to a so striking! Then, recalling rand, he asked for Mrs. Gill "Other side. What is it yher for? Thought you mig doctor coming to see me." "To see you?" said the crossing the room to the "Why, are you ill?" "I should think so. Why been in three hospitals, but years. At the third door he

een in three hospitals, but

"I think you ought to be hospital now. This is surely place for you. Can you no at all?"

ob, I had a nice mettres stoop down and I'll whisper; beat me if she heard me tell. beat me if she heard me tell. book it; it was worth pawn "Took it! Would beat you who is she?"

"Annt Fan. Oh, she's real good smart; and she's real good sweapers of such a guardian! But perhe story wasn't true.

"Wat a while," he said. "T going to Mrs. Gillan. I weak to look after a sick woman. I'll come back and we can hong talk."

"Wat a while," he said. "T good talk."

He was back in a few n looking very grave. The child was evidently true, and the greevons be righted.

"Now, first of all," he said was how could the grievons be righted.

"Now, first of all," he said was to be your triend, you and what I can do for you, how do you pass the days?"

"Th busy, working!" Ther such importance, in the voice look that the pricest suppresses sails that rose at this idea of frail aboun of humanity work. But when, from under some papers, the child produced a tickes of wood, exquisitely our was actonished.

"I'd you do this?"

"Yes, all by myself. When in the last nospical a sailor me, and it is real good to he tall the time. At first she would

If you are a new subscriber, write "new" here.....

# Was A Total Wreck My love, I see thee pass. They dance about the distant fields, Like fairies of the night, Unto the rippling lake below They dash with all their might. And o'er the old, gray garden-wall, They leap in their glad prance; And, far into the village green, They hold their midnight dance.

In such cases the action of MILBURN'S

uieting the heart, restoring its nor-

In Old Quebec.

William J. Fischer; in Catholic Sun.

For New and Old Subscribers.

Newfoundland and Capada, \$1.00. FILL OUT THIS BLANK AND MAIL TO THE TRUE WITNESS, MONTREAL,

Rates: City, U.S. and Foreign \$1.50.

Please sena me "The True Witness" for .....months from 190 for which I enclose \$..... Name of Subscriber.....

The great success and reputation that It has Luby's, Parisian Hair Renewey restores gray building the