

HOUSE AND HOME

Conducted by Helene.

Solomon says of the good house-keeper: "She looketh well to the ways of her household..."

This painful excessive good house-keeping is simply a nervous disorder and should be treated as other forms of nervousness.

THE FASTING FAD.

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

THE NEW FALL AND WINTER FABRICS.

The August number of the Woman's Home Companion has some advance information on fall and winter styles.

HOW TO CARE FOR EVENING SLIPPERS.

Cloth top slippers should be well whisked each time after wearing, and an occasional cleansing with naphtha or gasoline will keep them clean.

LUBY'S. The great success and reputation that it has already obtained proves that Luby's Facial Hair Remover restores gray hair to its original color...

Keep out of the past. It's lonely And barren and bleak to the view...

Turn, turn to the present—the new. To-day leads you up to the hilltops...

A Time for Everything.—The time for Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil is when croupy symptoms appear in the children...

GIRLS SHOULD REMEMBER. That true beauty of face is only possible where there is beauty of soul...

And, finally, that one of the most beautiful things on earth is a modest, true young girl—one who is her father's pride, her mother's comfort...

A CHICAGO PRINCE.

A writer in the Chicago Daily News tells the following little episode of the congested downtown district of this city...

He was going south, one of the tangled, double stream of humanity which fills every inch of the walk...

To-morrow a prince will be walking the streets of Chicago about noon, too. You may not see him.

Here are the qualifications for wisdom which Mr. Schwab has recently formulated:

Learn to cook a perfect meal. Learn to darn. Learn to sew. Learn to sweep. Learn to wash dishes.

OLD FRIENDSHIPS.

The old friendships, safe, genuine and firmly built, for which we take little thought, and which always avail us, are like those good, thick walls of bygone days...

TIMELY HINTS.

To test the purity of butter smear a little on a piece of clean, white paper, roll up the paper and burn it.

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

water, then dry and polish it. Hot water tends to scotch the odor of onions both on the knife and hands...

WATCH The Kidneys.

They are the most important secretory organs. Into and through the kidneys flow the waste fluids of the body...

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 PILLS I was entirely cured..."

FUNNY SAYINGS.

IDENTIFIED. Tommy made himself the hero of a story—which the Boston Record 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.

THE INTELLIGENT BOOK-BUYER. A fashionably dressed young woman came in to buy a book recently, and approached a salesman with the statement: "I want to get a book—it's a red book."

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...

—not very thick! No, I don't know the name of it or what it is about, because I haven't read it.

"I wish you would hurry and hunt up the book, because I am taking a train to New York, and I want to read on the trip."

"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."

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

THE REASON. All sorts and conditions of men have excellent reasons for their position in life.

THE PAINS OF VICTORY. "How's your brother, Tommy?" "Stuck in bed, miss; he's hurt himself."

Teacher—Now, Patsy, would it be proper to say, "You can't learn me nothing?"

Patsy—Yes'm.

Teacher—Why?

Patsy—"Cause you can't."

The following is ascribed to our old friend, Mark Twain: "Well, young man, I'll give you a little advice, and to illustrate my point I'll tell you a little story..."

Books Received.

From R. and T. Washburne Co.: Life of Blessed Julie Billiam, founder of the Institute of Sisters of Notre Dame (of Nazam).

From B. Herder Pub. Co.: The Protestant Reformation. By Rev. Charles Coppen, S.J.

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

The September Woman's Home Companion is remarkable principally for two things—the exquisite cover, by Earl Stetson Crawford...

Where in the darkness crosses dim Stalked out of the deep fearful gloom. And pitiless clasped her in their arms!

Heaven, I ask no greater gain In life than to atone! Let me be strong to shield her from alarms,

My love, I see thee pass. They dance about the distant fields, Like faeries of the night.

Was A Total Wreck From Heart Failure

MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS

In quieting the heart, restoring its normal beat and imparting tone to the nerve centres, is beyond all question, marvelous.

In Old Quebec. William J. Fisher, in Catholic Sun. L.

The moon's pale face is on the lake. The dew is on the grass; The sparrows gray have gone to rest.

Te watch o'er me and you. With what a crown of jewels rare He decks the silent night!

WITH THE POETS

MY-MOTHER'S BEADS.

My mother's beads! Ah, how I treasure This little chain more than its measure...

Now she has put her beads away, After the long, long day; And fast asleep Clapsed in the sweet surcease...

My mother's beads—my mother's tears, Her hopes, her fears, Her prayers for me!

How God must hearken when a mother pleads, And heaven hush all its harps and lifted voices...

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

I heard clear waters falling, Lapping from stone to stone The wood dove crying and calling, Ever alone, alone.

I heard the bells of the heather Ring in the summer breeze, Soft stir of fur and feather And quiet hum of bees.

My love, I see thee pass. They dance about the distant fields, Like faeries of the night.

Very many persons die annually from cholera and kindred summer complaints, who might have been saved if proper remedies had been used.

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BOYS AN

MARJORIE JEAN'S My dolls had a party—Su was ever so old that de Because she was mother's was mine.

Untill we meet again! That is the meaning Of the familiar words, that men repeat.

It was a double grief, if the departed, Being released from earth, should still retain A sense of earthly pain;

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

Remember us no more. Will 'member it all of her Now that's all I'll say about lies to-day.

For living a pure life. For doing your level best. For being kind to the poor.

A STA

"Is there not somebody I get to come and sit with while?" said Father Logan, prepared to take his departure.

"I certainly shall ask good ed the priest. "Now, good try and remember all we hav over. I'll come around in morning."

"Why, are you ill?" "I should think so. Why been in three hospitals, but couldn't cure me!"

"I think you ought to be hospital now. This is surely place for you. Can you not all?"

"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 hospi!"

"Oh, I had a nice mattress stoopt down and I'll whisper; beat me if she heard me talk, took it; it was worth paying."

"Wait a while," he said, "going to Mrs. Gillan. I want to look after a sick woman. I'll come back and we can have long talk."

"Now, first of all," he said, "want to be your friend, you. Tell me all you like; what you and what I can do for you."

"I'm busy, working!" There such importance in the voice look that the priest suppresses smile that rose at the idea of frail atom of humanity work!