

HOUSE AND HOME

CONDUCTED BY HELENE.

"Be careful that you do not fall in love with misery, daughter," warned a wise mother. Thinking how miserable one is because of a trial or a disappointment, how one ought to be pitied, putting on a sad or pensive or distressed air—what is this but a kind of falling in love with misery, coddling it, making it one's closest companion? A hundred times better is it to remember that misery is not the soul's true inheritance, and to resolve not to be overcome; then to turn the attention to duties, to find the blessings one has. Nothing is lost, and much is gained, by trying to be brave and triumphant, to keep one's misery out of others' sight and out of one's own sight.

A RULE OF THREE.

Three things to govern—temper, tongue and conduct. Three things to cultivate—courage, affection and gentleness. Three things to commend—thrift, industry and promptness. Three things to despise—cruelty, arrogance and ingratitude. Three things to wish for—health, friends and contentment. Three things to admire—dignity, gracefulness and intellectual power. Three things to give—alms to the needy, comfort to the sad and appreciation to the worthy.

HOME MANAGEMENT.

A managing woman is quite a term of reproach, but it ought not to be so, for every wife and mother should try to be this. The fact is that women feel this pretty generally, but a good many have not the tact and wisdom they need to help them in their work.

Management when recognized is always rather resented both by children and grownup people as an indignity, but a tactful woman never lets it be seen and peace and happiness are assured under her reign. She studies the disposition of her husband, children and dependants and wins rather than drives. She is gentle and courteous, and requests and suggests far more than she commands.

Whither goest thou? You go to your work in the morning, but will you return, or will you, perhaps, be brought back as a corpse in the evening? Who knows? The warm and fine weather is a great temptation for some Catholics to miss holy Mass on Sundays and to go on excursions. It's a jolly crowd that goes, but how often has hilarity been turned into sadness of the worst kind. Railroad wrecks are not so uncommon, and the spiritual wrecks are even of more frequent occurrence. Did you ever think of that, how terrible it must be for a Catholic to miss holy Mass, go on an excursion, have a good old time, getting drunk, cutting up, talking and acting as though they never had heard of the Christian religion, and after such a day, to get wrecked, killed, and go before the judgment seat of God?

Whither goest thou! To-day you may be rich, and to-morrow you may be on the road to the poor-house. What is your health, your strength, your courage? Nothing at all when you come face to face with the messenger of death. The giant Goliath died, the mighty kings of this world had to pay the tribute of their life to this all-destroying messenger of God, who calls whom he pleases and when he pleases. Should you not, then, be prepared? Ask yourself this question every morning: "Whither am I going? I am a child of God; am I on the right or wrong way back to God?" If you are on the wrong road, go back my friend, to the Good Shepherd, and He will receive you with open arms and make you one of His own here and crown you eternally if you remain true to Him. Will you do it, and do it now?

A PRAYER.

O God, my Master, God, look down and see. If I am making what Thou wouldst of me, Fain might I lift my hands up in the air. From the defiant passion of my prayer; Yet here they grope on this cold altar stone, Graving the words I think I should have known. Mine eyes are Thine. Yea, let me not forget, Lest with untaunted tears I leave them wet, Dimming their faithful power, till

when they were gay Billys—go in scuffed, worn shoes, and fringed sleeves, and work doggedly, patiently, through all the long years, till some of the Kiddies have lunged out and can help.

And each of these years has many days, and endless hours in all the days. And a mother, who still grows gay-hearted over a hint of pretty things to tie at her throat, or pin in her hair or trail behind her, puts away all of the fancies of pretty things, and does beautifully without them that there may be more for the Kiddies.

So here, in the wonder of the new days of the first Kiddie, begins the living over of their lives, that have suddenly and strangely gone from them, in the very little and funny life they have created. They hang over the high-railed little bed, with its blue quilts and buttoned pillows, in the dusk time when the birds go swinging home over the land and the air sniffs sweet of twilight; and they talk with husband and they make little tales of what the soft breathing thing, with its Teddy bear under its chin and its eyelids moist, inside the high railing, will do.

He will always conquer—him. "I will send him here; I will send him there"—His Dad enthuses in a whisper. "We can save and maybe we can give him"—the mother nods back. And they build castles again—ways Castles in Spain, in the twilight, till their planning mounts into the very sky—into the gold of the sun—and it shines there with blinding light.

And the mother haps, "Won't be proud!" And the father wags his own and ventures that he's got a "good head." And the two of them whisper so, and dream aloud, and always the planning is of some sacrifice, with nothing for their own selves in it, and all for the smaller life. And sometimes the grown and finer William kisses the tender fingers of his Betty and can't think of any other thing to say but "You, you, Dear, you."

And the Kiddie breathes, and dreams of ogress, and princesses, and white swans, and golden apples, and

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broomsticks—a wild little fancy of the bewildering many tales of his Lady Mother has made for him in the sun of the doorway that day. You who have known this—even if you think up all the troubles—and denying of yourselves that went with it—don't you grin a great superior grin at the folks who never have!—Nell Brinkley, in Boston American.

FOR A BRIDE'S COOK BOOK. We learned in student days of yore, 'Isms and 'ologies galore, Abuse and scientific. No fact our knowledge could appal We very nearly "knew it all," Our wisdom was terrific!

TO WHITEN HANDKERCHIEFS. To keep handkerchiefs a good color instead of dampening them in the usual way before ironing try this method: In two quarts of tepid water put five drops of blue and a small piece of lump starch. Pour in a basin. In this mixture dip each handkerchief separately, thoroughly wetting it and then squeezing it as dry as possible. When all the handkerchiefs have been treated in this way spread them out smoothly on a clean cloth or towel until they can be ironed.

IS MARRIAGE A FAILURE? This wonderful bit out of a man's and his mate's life together is finer than all the fine words that one might think up, and bring out of the secret fairy places where the shapes and faces of words live that might tell. Every Betty dreams, in the best and sweetest deep-down place in her heart, of Some Day when she will have a little child of her own. It's one of her Castles in Spain.

ONE THING AT A TIME. A young housekeeper was bemoaning one day the pressure of work confronting her. "And it's all got to be done," she added, in a tone of anxiety. "How one pair of hands can do it is more than I can see."

SHE EXPECTED VISITORS. Mr. Subbubs—Do you expect any visitors to-night, my dear? Mrs. Subbubs—Well, considering that Bridget's going to leave, Willie's got the measles, the cellar is flooded and the grocer hasn't called for two days—yes, I do—Ally Stoper's Half Holiday.

THE GIRLS FROM A CONVENT SCHOOL. The girls from a convent school near Chicago attended Mass at the village chapel where they were seated opposite a class of little boys who were under instruction for First Holy Communion. Occasionally the girls would have a whispered conversation with the boys in spite of the watchfulness of the vigilant Sister in charge.

One day a grave academician in cap and gown whispered to a little boy, "I used to study in a catechism like that." "I can't remember my answers to Father B—," whispered the lad. "How far are you?" questioned Miss Cap-and-gown.

Had Weak Back. Would Lie In Bed For Days And Was Scarcely Able To Turn. Liniments and Plasters Did No Good But DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS Cured.

Mrs. Arch. Schnare, Black Point, N.B., writes:—For years I was troubled with weak back. Oftentimes I have lain in bed for days, being scarcely able to turn myself, and I have also been a great sufferer while trying to perform my household duties. I had doctors attending me without avail, and have tried liniments and plasters but nothing seem to do me any good. I was about to give up in despair when my husband induced me to try Doan's Kidney Pills, and after using two boxes I am now well and able to do my work. I am positive Doan's Kidney Pills are all that you claim for them, and I would advise all kidney sufferers to give them a fair trial.

Doan's Kidney Pills will cure all kinds of Kidney Trouble from Backache to Bright's Disease, and the price is only 50 cents per box or 3 boxes for \$1.25, at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.

"Why," ruminated the boy, with innocent and solemn eyes, "I'm just past Redemption." A VALUABLE SERVICE. "The traveller in Ireland will do well," recently remarked an attaché to the American embassy at London, "when he engages a jaunting car to make sure of the step to which in mounting he must trust his weight. The carman does not help him to mount."

"I am afraid that step is loose," an American once said to the driver he had engaged. "The man took hold of the step and shook it. 'Ah, shure,' said he, 'it's too strong, it is. What are ye afraid of?' As he was talking the thing came off in his hand. This mishap did not, however, embarrass the Irishman, for, with the sunniest of smiles, he turned to his fare, saying: "Shure, now, I've saved yer honor from a broken leg."

WHEN THE "HEN" WENT AWAY. "Mama is the old black hen going to be sent away for the summer?" "No, Tommy; but why do you ask?" "Well, I heard papa tell the new governess that he would take her out riding when he sent the old hen away for the summer."—Harper's Weekly.

THE CHANGE OF A COMMA. "Whenever she asks me to do anything," soliloquized Mr. Meeker pensively, "I always go and do it, like a fool." "Yes," said Mrs. Meeker, who happened along in time to overhear him. "Whenever I ask you to do anything you always go and do it like a fool."—Chicago Tribune.

AN IDEAL HUSBAND. The Man—And you really think you have an ideal husband don't you? The Matron—I know I have. Why, he treats me as if he were a candidate for office and I was a voter.—Chicago News. A READY ANSWER. The captain of a schooner that trades between New York and Savannah is noted for his wit, and on every occasion that offers he loosens his shafts of humour, to the chagrin and embarrassment of its target. Sooner or later the stinger gets

GLORIES AND GLOOMS. The students of Yale university have invented some new slang descriptive of important conditions which affect the lives of young men. Here are some additions to the Yale vernacular: "A Glory"—A young woman of unusual attractiveness. "A Gloom"—A young woman of far less than average attractiveness; vide "lemon."

"A Ball of Fire"—A young woman whose beauty and charm are irresistible. An ideal guest for college parties. Vide "peach," "pippin," "corker," etc. I could see his dancing as Jack or, to use his own

"E uno bello p country," said Jack years more we in here and start an on the Campus M the Palatine, and establishment in Just then the band beckoned him "I like that y Jack, "and I w him a little pres sensive." "Wait," said I, Venice, and both a nice souvenir o "But you know sent at the Prop and I am just dy is like." "Well, Marie,"

THE BEST BREAD YOU EVER BUTTERED. That's the kind you have if you use PURITY FLOUR. Don't buy flour simply because it has a name and is labelled, but buy the kind which is milled to help you make the nicest loaves of pure, appetizing bread. That's PURITY. Ask your grocer to-day for Purity Flour and try it. THIS IS THE LABEL. See that it is on each bag or barrel you buy. WESTERN CANADA FLOUR MILLS CO., LIMITED. MILLS AT WINNIPEG, GODFRICH AND BRANDON.

In the

On the Sunday of the Epiphany, the exercise pageant, in the Spain. We kn had he not a given us that g Venice, his Veni Adriatic." Hen for the "forstret "pazienza," pat

We first met of his in the Vi form in, knowi Jack, immediat flict them on the most affabl as his prais of told him with p aim to secure a when he returne University. We met him o

ther we had jou music of the mo more frequenly in at the foot of th his companions v their evening vis Jack grew ver so did I, and hours we spent in are indeed to-da mory. One afternoon our stay in the across himself ar the Tre Fontane, reason why the v 'tain had a differ

"St. Paul, you headed near here main and could ne the executioner's Apostle's head it and in each plac "A very pretty Jack, signing h "No, teague is dear American, it if you will taste will find them temperature. We told him w shortly and you see His Holines "E difficile, it he, "but after yo glotto I will try the "biglietti d' To say we wer putting it mildly side ourselves w "Then, after y must go to Veni San Salvatore, c covered gondola and hear the musi angeli, the musi Angels. "I hope it wor of the old woma every morning "Acqua acetosa," forty care notes "Maché, Signor is the music of the you hear 'Santa Venite all'agle Santa Lucia, San

"Well, I guess ter woman must getla decaduta," been thumbing M in the hotel libr "It really mu place," said I. "St. Signorina. Rome is historica ate Venice it is a and one who ha never appreciate "Venetia, Venet non te patria." "Why, it's a lit Jack, "compared and we have bull Doge's palace or for Lido, why whole business u Bridge."

"I like that y Jack, "and I w him a little pres sensive." "Wait," said I, Venice, and both a nice souvenir o "But you know sent at the Prop and I am just dy is like." "Well, Marie,"

Su... A Har... Makes you Colored... See... Re... (SURPRISE)