

IN WOMAN'S WORLD.

NOTES AND REFLECTIONS.

MANY and varied are the contributions to newspapers and magazines upon the all-important subject of family life.

If there is anything which makes life worth living, it is to be one of an affectionate family.

Strange to say, however, most people could count upon the fingers of one hand the really nice families they know; the families, that is, in which there is not a tender care for each other, but an unselfish deportment and a kindly interest always manifested by each towards other fellow member.

This is the household into which a young man, who wants a good wife, will do well and wisely to marry. There may not be much show about the girls, but he will find they are compassionate, and that their dispositions stand the test of wear.

The Catholic Review, N.Y., refers to a custom which was in vogue many years ago in Montreal, but which is now, we are happy to say, but very little practiced. It is the pernicious one of stopping at hotels near the cemetery after funerals.

The Review says:—

A habit that has been growing, seemingly, all over the country is the practice of stopping at hotels on returning from funerals. Around nearly every cemetery there are clustered together a number of these hostilities, and towards one of these a returning carriage is always sure to be directed, not on account of any desire of its occupants but because of the rewards which the hotel keeper promises to the driver for bringing his fare there. To say the least this shows a lack of respect for the one interred. If the matter were treated in the manner suggested by Archbishop Eder the practice would soon cease. "We earnestly appeal to all Catholics not to patronize these saloons, abstaining from entering them, not only on returning from a funeral, but also when making visits to the graves or relatives or friends."

It is a cause for surprise to the calm observer of things in the social world that their should be so many people whose sole aim in life is to be fault-finding and unhappy with their position in life, and so immersed in self. The Church News says:—

The majority of men, women and children are too careless regarding the bad habit of complaining at every little thing that does not please them. They seem to imagine that they were created for no other purpose than to enjoy themselves, and that every other person should contribute to their happiness. They do not stop complaining long enough to reflect how unhappy they render their relatives and friends.

A little meditation upon the object for which we were created and our future life would prevent many from uttering complaints as they do, upon the slightest provocation. We should not forget that we were not created simply for this world, and that we are only here to prepare for a world of unalloyed happiness. And then we should never fail to remember that there are so many far more miserable than ourselves, and yet we very often find those who suffer the most annoyances the most patient.

It now appears that a course of study has been recently introduced in a woman's college in the neighboring republic. A council of etiquette is formed, to which mooted questions are submitted, the council not pronouncing judgment until authorities have been consulted and every effort made to secure a wise decision. Papers on relevant topics are prepared and discussed, an effort being made to remove the study from the consideration of minor arbitrary points of etiquette to the broader range of gentle breeding.

Reverence for the memory of the dead, however rational and admirable, says the Catholic Sun, should not be allowed in any way to prejudice the rights of the living. It is not difficult to find how far and in what way this applies to Catholic methods. It may excite some comment to say so, but we feel justified in saying that some of our people go almost too far in their reverence—as they regard—for the memory of a deceased relative or friend. One of this class of limited means and a large family will sometimes be heard to say: "I'll spend every dollar I have, if it takes it, to give him a decent funeral." What a mistaken idea of post mortem reverence is involved in so thoughtless a proceeding. Give the dead a decent burial by all means, but let it be in proportion to the family means and have due consideration for the maintenance of the survivors. What a foolish, not to say vicious, course it is to strip the little household or plunge it in hopeless debt, in order to be able to say that everybody at the wake was treated to the best and that so large a number of carriages had not been seen going to the church in a given number of years. Justice to the living should precede our duties to the dead, and it is manifestly criminal to expose the child to possible hunger that the father may have a silk-lined casket, or that the sister should be covered with floral offerings that all have to be paid for. While there is some degree of gratification in noticing that, owing to the timely admonitions of the reverend clergy and the remorseless traces of Catholic papers, the senseless sentiment that operates in these cases has been considerably modified in late years, yet it still prevails in some families to an extent that is neither creditable to their creed nor their intelligence. Our fathers had only deal coffins, and they are, presumably, in heaven, their descendants go down to the vaults of death puffed in oak, and we hope it is all right with their souls.

HOUSEHOLD NOTES.

IN England, as elsewhere, the vicious and criminal practice of adulteration followed by manufacturers and vendors of food and drink is becoming one of the great evils of our time. An English journal says:—

Coffee has been the victim of adulteration to such an extent that what we used to know as coffee in our young days is not to be found—is not to be indulged in nowadays. It seems to have gone out of existence simultaneously with the old London coffee-house. Time was when you had the inviting aroma of your coffee before your eyes came to see it. Coffee at the end of the nineteenth century is a money-making swindle. The genuine article has been manufactured out of existence to such an extent that only a very few people know what really genuine coffee is, or ought to be. No wonder! According to a London medical journal:—

"In Hamburg, Bremen, Antwerp and Rotterdam, certain dealers 'work, color, and dry the coffee berries in centrifugal machines with sawdust, so that the crevices become filled with powdered wood. The process is said to make them of a fine white color, and thus to enhance their market value."

And we have food inspectors and sanitary inspectors and public health officers all kept up at the ratepayers' expense; yet the ratepayers are allowed to be swindled and slowly poisoned.

Paying cash for everything used to be, says a writer in the New York Post, a woman's standard of thrift, and the feminine mind still recoils from a load of debt. The busy women of today, however, find that weekly or monthly bills are a great saving of time and energy, and possess two other distinct advantages. A regular customer is well treated, and if poor or short-weighted goods are delivered, a protest insures prompt improvement. The business woman who does not have to concern herself with the commissary department of the home has discovered, too, that the same principle applies in her shopping needs. An account with a reliable house, if she is a sensible enough woman not to over-run it, saves her time and strength.

[Despite the above comments upon the good old system of cash payments, the fact remains that it is much the safest plan for housekeepers to adopt, as there is a tendency to incur expenses under the credit system, of monthly payments even, which causes much unpleasantness, and in many instances are fatal to domestic harmony. Pay cash as you go is a good motto for women in charge of the household.]

A single expedient to alleviate the fly nuisance is to sponge the window and sills with a strong solution of carbolic acid. Do it while the sun is shining and the flies are most plentiful. They will, it is said, die at once and in numbers. The brushing may be repeated several times.

A health journal says that the substitution among enlightened cooks of lemon juice for vinegar is to be highly commended.

It is always interesting to know how royalty interest themselves in matters of domestic economy. It is said that the sound business capacity and marvellous memory for details which serve Queen Victoria so well in her greater office of sovereign do not fail to render her successful also in her lesser one of housekeeper. She is the mistress of palaces, castles and country houses, and although the actual daily housekeeping is, of course, done by deputy, the royal head of the establishment remains ever in a very real sense the mistress. She perceives immediately anything amiss, and perceives also the remedy.

She is a kind but also an exacting mistress, and as she pays well, and never fails to consider a reasonable excuse, quite properly demands good service and tolerates no shirking. A recent little volume upon her private life relates several entertaining household anecdotes of the royal lady's ways. She has, it seems, a dislike of cold meat, which she never eats, but etiquette demands that at luncheon a side table shall stand ready, provided with cold fowl and a cold joint, no matter what daintier hot food the dining table may offer.

Like every good housekeeper, says Tit Bits, the Queen knows and remembers her valuable household possessions, and is fully aware of their individual merit and the places where they ought to be kept. She does not know them all, for they number thousands, but hundreds of them she does know, and elaborate catalogues are kept of the rest—furniture, bric-a-brac, china, glass, silver, draperies and other furnishings—by her order, and in large leather bound books provided in accordance with her ideas.

Only a small proportion of her many hundreds of articles for table service are actually in ordinary use, and she is in the habit of using but three or four many services of plate and china at Windsor Castle.

But once, after a talk with the German Ambassador, who was visiting her, the members of the Queen's household were surprised on coming to the table to behold strange china set before them, each plate adorned with landscape paintings.

It soon appeared that the Ambassador having mentioned in the morning that his birthplace was Fürstenberg, the Queen had recalled to mind a service of china never used, and for nine years put away and forgotten by every one but herself, which had been manufactured there, and was decorated with painted scenes of the town and its vicinity.

She knew exactly where it was and how it looked, and by her order it had been produced and used at dinner—surely a very pretty attention from a royal hostess, as well as something of a feat of memory in a royal housekeeper.

WHIMS OF FASHION.

MUCH has been said in regard to the fashions. A correspondent to the Catholic Witness, Detroit, says:—

The love of beauty and refinement belongs to every true woman. She ought to desire in moderation pretty dresses, and delight in beautiful colors and graceful fabrics; she ought to take a certain, not too expensive pride in herself, and be solicitous to have all belonging to her well chosen and in good taste; she ought not to like singularity, either of habit or appearance, or be able to stand out against a fashion when fashion has become custom; she ought not to make herself conspicuous only by the perfection of her taste, by the grace and harmony of her dress, and unobtrusive good breeding of her manners; she ought to set the seal of gentleness on every square inch of her life, and shed the radiance of her own beauty and refinement on every material object about her.

Among the many vagaries which have been adopted by women in New York and other great cities, where thousands of women devote so much time to the study of the fads of fashion, says a writer in the New York Herald, perhaps none will be hailed with greater delight than the latest one of dispensing with the gloves during the warm months. The absence of gloves to day is a mark of good breeding and sign that the gloveless woman belongs to the upper ten, while a year ago the ungloved hand would have been stamped as belonging to a person utterly unacquainted with the first rule of good society.

Originally the wearing of gloves was conducted on the same sound principle that inspires a miller to wear a white hat, but long ago the custom departed from the primitive idea of usefulness. According to the encyclopedia and other heavy literature, proceeds this writer in his historical retrospect Laertes was the first to wear a glove. The farmer King was not fashionable, but it is set forth in the "Olysees" that in his capacity of farmer he had to deal with certain bramble bushes, and he must also keep his hands in a kingly condition.

Since then gloves have had many and strange significances, from a seal of the transfer of property to a challenge to mortal combat. Not until centuries later did they begin to take on class significance. It was when they were adopted by royalty that the wearing of gloves was first regarded as a mark of station.

Some of the early kings were buried with gloves on, and when the manufacture of gloves was introduced in Great Britain it was considered as a craft of great dignity and importance. During the reign of Robert III. of Scotland the incorporation of the Gloves of Perth, a wealthy guild which still exists, was chartered and received armorial bearings.

Although gloves were started on their career by men it has fallen to the women to bring them into universal popularity. After bringing about such a fashion it is to be supposed that women have felt they must stand by it, for, whatever the cause, men have never come addicted to the glove habit after the manner of women.

A man is bound to be comfortable, and when gloves are a discomfort, he casts them off. He never loses sight of the utility idea, differing from the other sex, which was created blind to it.

With the introduction of the shirt waist, the short skirt and the sailor and Fedora hats, a woman's costume has become comparatively simple and sensible, and it is this new freedom and comfort in dressing that accounts for her independence in the matter of gloves.

The only men to suffer by this new whim of ever charming woman are the merchants and glove dealers, who say that the barehanded fad has greatly affected the sale of gloves. June, July and August are deadly dull in the glove trade usually, but this year even silk gloves have failed to find purchasers.

Many of the gowns of the immediate future will fasten at the back. The woman who does not have some one to help her will find this an inconvenient style. But those who keep up with the procession of the well dressed must expect to be inconvenienced. The princess gown owes its charm to this arrangement in a great measure. Word has come from Paris that we must prepare for the return of buttons; and wonderful buttons they are, too. Large stones, cameos, emeralds, and amethysts, diamond shaped, oval, and square, are to be used extensively as the season advances.

Grace-loving French women declare that the fad for flounced skirts has gone too far, and that they have never approved of the fashion.

White stockings are coming rapidly into fashion again in France and are considered quite smart with light gowns.

The ordinary foulard nearly covered with a white design has been extremely fashionable this season, but for early autumn wear satin foulard in the most exquisite new tints, with small white or cream designs, is taking its place. The satin foulard is far richer looking than the other and wears twice as well.

Short red jackets made of light cloth are being much worn with white duck suits by those fortunate enough to be in the mountains or by the sea. Crystal buttons trim the sweet little coats.

Overskirts and draperies are becoming general on the light, fluffy type of evening gown, and they will no doubt be universally adopted for evening wear before winter sets in.

There is infinite variety in the new veillings for autumn wear. All take the direction of close set, small spots. The most becoming have a ground work of gray or white with black, chenille dots,

but the newest design is of black silk net with lace sprays in cream or white, with a border to match. The veillings with chenille dots grouped in sets of three, five or seven have not met with favor, as they tend to give the wearer an uncanny appearance.

Parisian manufacturers are turning out epaulettes with fringes hanging to the waist and deep flounces of fringe are being woven to hang from the knees to the hem of the skirt.

THE STORY OF WEDDING RINGS.

"The wedding ring is made of gold of the purest quality, signifying how noble and durable is our affection," writes Frank H. Vizetelly of "The Romance of the Ring" in the September Woman's Home Companion. "Next, in form the ring is round, a symbol of eternity, implying that our regard shall be without end. Why is this golden circle worn on the third finger of the left hand? Because among the ancients it was taught that there was a vein in that finger that came directly from the heart, and the custom has survived the ages and come down to us from remote antiquity. But there are other reasons why it should be worn on this finger: Because, being a finger least used, it may be least subject to be worn out, because its distinct purpose is that it is to be the visible, lasting token of a solemn covenant which must never be forgot. It has been suggested also that the form, being round and without end, imports that mutual love shall flow from one to the other, as in a circle, and that continually and forever."

WEDDING SUPERSTITIONS.

Here are some quaint wedding superstitions:—

The bride who finds a spider on her wedding dress may consider herself blessed.

The bride who dreams of fairies the night before her marriage will be thrice blessed.

If the groom carry a miniature horse shoe in his pocket he will always have good luck.

Ship marriages are considered anything but lucky. Get married on land or don't get married at all.

No bride or groom should be given a telegram while on the way to church. It is positively a sign of evil.

If the wedding ring is dropped during the ceremony the bride may as well wish herself unborn, for she will always have ill-luck.

Maidens eager to wed should give dishwater heated to the boiling point a wide berth. It means that they will not marry for a long time if they attempt to cleanse dishes in water so hot.

Should a bride perchance to see a coffin while being driven to the railway station prior to departing upon her wedding tour, she should order the driver to turn back and start over again, or else she will surely meet with bad luck.

THUNDER AND LIGHTNING.

It is said that lightning may be recognized at a distance of two hundred miles when the clouds among which it plays are at a high altitude, but that thunder can seldom be heard at a greater distance than ten miles. The sound of thunder is also subject to refraction by layers of different density in the atmosphere, as well as to the effects of "sound shadows," produced by hills and other interposed objects. These are among the reasons for the existence of the so-called "sheet" or "summer" lightning, which seems to be unattended by thunder.—Youth's Companion.

TO DRAW OUT A SPLINTER.

Removing a splinter from a suffering hand is not always an easy task, but home surgery may sometimes give someone a feeling of heartfelt joy. The sufferer who illustrates the matter on this occasion was a carpenter. He was working at his trade at an institution over which the sisters of the Roman Catholic Church presided. One day he broke off an ugly splinter in his hand and could not get it out. He went home at the close of the day's work feeling no annoyance from the wound but by the next morning his hand was in a serious condition and so painful that working was an impossibility. On his way to the doctor's the carpenter stopped to tell the sisters why he must delay his work. "Let me see what I can do with your hand before you go to the doctor's," said one of the sisters. The man demurred. "Yes," said the sister, with gentle insistence, "it will do no harm, anyway." She quickly filled within an inch or so of the top a rather wide mouthed bottle with steaming hot water, and as she held it, another sister pressed the inflamed part of the injured hand gently down over the opening. Such a peculiar sensation! It seemed to the man that his whole hand was being drawn with great force into the bottle. He would have taken it away, but the sister was holding it gently but firmly. Then there was a feeling of relief; it seemed as if the inside of the

ADVANTAGES OF A BAD NOSE.

"Had man developed, during his early earth walking career, olfactory powers anything like equal to those of the dog, I may be bold to say that all of us, if we were now existing, would be getting our living by sniffing for roots and grubs like a badger, or by yelping along a trail like a pack of jackals! Because, happily, he could not profitably follow his nose, primitive man was obliged to use his wits."

"Where the dog or the wolf gallops blindly or without thought along the tainted line left by the feet of his quarry, the primitive hunter had, from the dirt, not only to learn to notice each displaced or shifted stone, or broken down drop, but had also—from these and a thousand other data—to infer what had passed that way, when it had passed, and often, in the case of one wounded animal in a herd, how it had passed, and whether it was sufficiently disabled to make a profitable speculation. As far as I can see, this faculty, engendered and necessitated by olfactory shortcomings, formed the basis of much of our vaunted reasoning power."—"Wild traits in Wild Animals," by Louisa Robinson.

BREVITIES.

Men possessed of an idea cannot be reasoned with.

The region where no man hath ever set foot is called to-morrow.

Pity is so near akin to contempt that an honest man doesn't need it.

He who excuses himself before he has been censured 'accuses himself,' says the proverb.

Affected dispatch is one of the most dangerous things to business that can be.—Francis Bacon.

No man ought to forget that if he sow wild oats he will have to reap the same kind of crop.

R. H. Louis Stevenson said that when a cheerful person entered a room it was as if another candle had been lighted.

In the greatest minds the partition dividing wit from foolishness is very thin. In a small mind it is absent altogether.

The law of the harvest is to reap more than you sow. Sow an act, and you reap a habit; sow a habit, and you reap a character; sow a character, and you reap a destiny.

There is no rest from labor on earth; there are always duties to perform and functions to exercise—functions which are ever enlarging and extending in proportion to the growth of our moral and mental station.

There is one sort of labor which adds to the value of the subject upon which it is bestowed, there is another which has no such effect; the former, as it produces a value, may be called productive; the latter, unproductive labor.

Silly labor and the labor of sorrow are little worth. If you could only shed tranquility over the conscience and infuse joy into the soul you would more to make the man a thorough worker than if you could lend him the force of Hercules or the hundred arms of Briareus.

I have faith in labor, and I see the goodness of God in placing us in a world where labor alone can keep us alive. Manual labor is a school in which men are placed to get energy of purpose and character—a vastly more important endowment than all the learning of all other schools.

WHAT A BOY SHOULD DO.

A boy should learn the axe to use, And never his sisters to abuse, To shovel snow, to be polite, And not think he is always right.

A boy should learn not to be cross, And think he is his sister's boss; Ne'er be a bully, tyrant, bear, And never, at any time, to swear.

A boy should learn to rake and hoe, To dig the ground, the seed to sow; To brush the boots, to clean the knives, And brighten other people's lives.

A boy should learn when he goes out, Ne'er to leave his clothes about, When he returns, with bat and ball, Not to leave them lying in the hall.

A boy should learn to read and write, And how to do his sums just right, His lessons never to neglect, His teachers always to respect.

A boy should learn to be just nice, Not tease the cat, nor torture mice; A boy like this is sure to be The pride of the whole family.

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