

HOUSE AND HOME

CONDUCTED BY HELENE.

A habit of mistrust is the torment of some people. It taints their love and their friendship.

RESPECT FOR WOMEN.

When a man habitually speaks slightly of any woman or women as a class, he betrays himself in attempting to injure women.

This answer turned the weapons of the slanderer upon himself with a vengeance. A celebrated author says: "The criterion of a man's character is the degree of respect he has for women."

Such golden memories cover the book of life with the beauty of God.

A CURE FOR "THAT TIRED FEELING."

By way of alleviating the mental and physical discomfort following a trying day one is surprised by the effectiveness of taking a bath and changing all the clothing.

It is a further aid to physical, and indirectly to mental, comfort if one can learn to wear low shoes and the thinnest underwear the year round.

APRIL.

What time the prairie still lay bleak and frore, I sauntered forth, like some old palimpsest.

SACRED HEART SISTERS.

The Archbishop of Tokyo, Japan,

has effected the opening of a higher school for the education of Japanese ladies, who need not be necessarily members of the Catholic Church.

FASHION ACCESSORIES.

Brown shoes are to be worn with Cuban or high heel and slightly pointed toe; also shoes with contrasting tops and especially with fancy shaped tips on the toes.

Pure white needle work is seen on the linen parasols. All are finished with rickings of Valenciennes. The "coachings" with rich colored borders, are among the handsomest seen in years for practical purposes.

WOMEN AND LETTERS.

"There is a good deal of talk," said a local lawyer, "about this being an age of business women."

"What is the lack? Well, it's the lack of ability to answer categorically questions propounded in letters. The difference between the sexes in this regard is apparently deep-seated.

"A woman, on the other hand, skims through a letter, if, indeed, she thinks it worth while to have it before her when replying to it,

"Why don't you put your really essential matter into a postscript of your first letter?" the lawyer was asked.

FRECKLES REMOVED AT HOME.

Freckled faces are so common during other seasons than summer—when they flourish particularly—that it would be a wise plan to begin the warm weather with the skin free from these blemishes.

To remove these "spots" bleaches should be applied, for freckles are distinctly a discoloration. Unfortunately they are beneath the surface of the flesh, and so only very strong caustics can work quickly.

The safest remedy, therefore, is to use simple bleaches whose action will be gentle and slow, but not harmful. Even by constantly put-

ting on these washes it is by no means certain that all will be efficacious, but one after another can be tried until that which best suits the skin is found.

For instance, when the spots are light yellow a saturated solution of borax in rose water may be all that is needed. This is made by adding powdered borax to rose water until the liquid will dissolve no more.

Another simple application is freshly cut lemon, but it is well to soften the skin before applying it. To open the pores so they will absorb this juice cloths wet in hot water should be held on the face until the skin is soft and pliable,

then a small quantity of cold cream may be rubbed in. After this preparation a freshly cut lemon should be rubbed over the flesh, letting the juice remain on. This can be done in the morning as well as at night.

Another preparation, a cream suited to the removal of freckles and tan, is based on honey.

It is made from two ounces each of spermaceti and sweet oil of almonds, an eventaspoonful of strained honey and a few drops of rose or violet essence. The spermaceti should be placed in a basin, set in hot water, and as soon as it softens the honey should be evenly blended.

This lotion is applied to the skin at night and stays on until morning. Its effect is softening and whitening.

When the freckles are dark or of long duration a home-made burning plaster may be used, if one wishes.

To prepare it a tablespoonful of the best English dry mustard is made smooth with lemon juice. To this is added a teaspoonful of oil of almonds. This paste is then spread over the skin in a thin layer and is allowed to stay on until smarting begins.

Blue Ribbon Tea

Advertisement for Blue Ribbon Tea, featuring a coupon for a free package and a testimonial from a woman.

dition. Once freckles have been removed, only the utmost care will prevent their return, and always when going out of doors it will be necessary to wear a thick veil for protection from the wind and sun.

FUNNY SAYINGS.

Jeweler—You say you want some name engraved on this ring? Young Man—Yes; I want the words "George, to his dearest Alice," engraved on the inside of the ring.

"No, she is the young lady to whom I am engaged."

"Well, if I were you, I would not have 'George, to his dearest Alice,' engraved on the ring. If Alice changes her mind you can't use the ring again."

"What would you suggest?" "I would suggest that the words be, 'George to his first and only love.' You see, with that inscription you can use the ring half a dozen times. I have had experience in such matters myself."

GRADUATED.

A certain aged Negro desired to learn to read so that he could study the Bible.

A friend taught him. Some time afterwards the former visited the Negro's cabin and asked his wife how he was getting on.

"Laws, Miss Fanny," said this person, "he jes' getting out de Bible an' in de newspapers."

The youngster in the art gallery looked long and earnestly at the painting. Then he read the inscription.

"Do you like it?" asked the mother.

"Oh, I like it well enough," he answered, "but I don't understand it."

"Why, it says: 'Wild Horses—After Rosa Bonheur.'"

"I see the horses all right, but where's the girl they're after?"

THE NEW SURGERY.

In a short time, according to a prominent surgeon, it will be a common thing to transplant with success

the vital organs of lower animals to man's body.

Bill Smith was in a railroad wreck—the cars were ground to matches—

And when the surgeons got to him Bill Smith was mostly patches; But soon with a pair of rabbit's ears; Bill Smith was keenly harking,

While lungs from out a setter dog had set Bill Smith a-barking.

The doctors solved most capably the missing stomach question: Two stomachs from a muley cow built up Bill Smith's digestion;

And when a horse contributed (with no thanks to the giver) Bill Smith would not have taken back his ancient faulty liver.

A pair of cat's eyes tickled Bill and fixed him up completely. And he could see in blackest night, and dodged his light bills neatly.

And when folks asked if he was pleased with all his borrowed tackle, Bill Smith would just throw back his head and give an old hen's cackle.

—The Denver Republican.

A SUDDEN UPRISING.

It is hard, sometimes, for the old and the young to arrive at a common point of comprehension. The old lady and the Sunday-school boy in the following story, taken from "Answers," did finally arrive at an understanding, but not until the boy had suffered damages to his feelings, if not to his possessions.

A picnic was in progress, and the benevolent and elderly lady took much enjoyment in seeing the delight of the children who were sporting themselves in her grounds.

She went from one to another, saying a few kind words to each. Presently she seated herself on the grass beside Tommy, a little boy with golden curls and an angelic expression.

But as soon as he observed her sitting beside him, Tommy set up an ear-piercing howl. "Have you the stomach ache?" she asked anxiously.

"No, I ain't!" snapped Tommy. "Perhaps you would like some more cake?"

"No!" roared the angelic child. "Wot I want is my frog wot I caught!"

In days of pain and anguish, The greatest help I knew Was to hold that little crucifix Until I calmer grew.

And looking on that Figure Which hung in patience there, I saw the dreadful torture Which He in love did bear!

His feet are nailed together, His loving arms outspread And blood is dropping slowly Down from his thorn-crowned head.

And how could I then murmur Or bitterly complain, When love for me induced Him To undergo such pain?

So when the time approaches That I will have to die, I hope that little crucifix Will close beside me lie;

That the Holy Name of Jesus May be the last I say; And kissing the dear crucifix, My soul may pass away."

Neuralgia In the Face.

Long standing case completely cured by Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food.

Headache and Neuralgia. What hosts of people seek for cures of these ailments.

And in vain. Because they are misled by going after medicines which only relieve.

Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food is not a mere relief for headaches and neuralgia, but is a thorough cure in the only way these troubles can ever be really cured—by restoring the nervous system.

Mrs. James Clancy, 714 Water St., Peterboro, Ont., states: "I was troubled more or less with severe headaches and neuralgia for nine years. Besides suffering I was useless as far as work was concerned. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food built up my system generally and made a thorough cure of my old trouble. It succeeded in my case after a great many treatments had failed."

Neuralgia and nervous headaches are always an indication of exhausted nerves. Make the cure thorough by using Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents at all dealers or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto, Ont. Portrait and signature of A. W. Chase, M.D., the famous Receipt Book author, on every box.

A Missionary's Reply. A traveller among the mountains of South America came upon a Catholic missionary living at a lonely mission station.

Seldom did this holy priest see a white man's face, rarely did a letter come to cheer his existence.

"Father," asked the wanderer, "are you not very lonely here? Do you not consider your life wasted in this remote and uncongenial place, among natives who are almost savage?"

"My son," replied the missionary, "to be able to hold the crucifix before the falling eyes of one dying Indian repays me for my life's work."

The Twilight Gray and Dim.

His little eyes look into mine, Those blue, blue eyes that softly shine;

His snowy, shabby arms I feel Around my neck caressing steal;

As dulcet music to my ear His hissing baby voice I hear;

Upon my breast his head he lays. Into those eyes I fondly gaze.

I kiss the lips that scarce can talk. The tiny feet that just can walk.

And as I sit and fondle him, There in the twilight, gray and dim, I pray that God may guide aright

Ancient Glories of the Catholic Church.

William Winter, the noted dramatic critic, pays this tribute to the Catholic Church in the New York Tribune, in connection with the centennial of the New York archdiocese: "To think of the Roman Catholic Church is to think of the oldest, the most venerable, and the most powerful religious institution existing among men."

"I say I am not a churchman; but I would also say that the best hours of my life have been hours of meditation passed in the glorious cathedrals and among the sublime ecclesiastical ruins of England. I have worshipped in Canterbury and York, in Winchester and Salisbury; in Lincoln and Durham; in Ely and in Wells. I have stood in Tintern, when the green grass and the white daisies were waving in the summer wind, and have looked upon those gray and russet walls and upon the lovely arched casements—among the most graceful ever devised by human art,—round which the sheeted ivy droops, and through which the winds of heaven sing a perpetual requiem."

"I have seen the shadows of evening slowly gather and softly fall, over the giant tower, the roofless nave, the gaunt pillars, and the shattered arcades of Mounts abbey, in its sequestered and melancholy solitude, where ancient Babylon dreams, in the spacious and verdant valley of the Spack. I have mused upon Netley, and Kirkstall, and Newstead, and Bolton, and Melrose and Dryburgh; and at a midnight hour, I have stood in the grim and gloomy chancel of St. Columba's cathedral, remote in the storm-swept Hebrides, and looked upward to the cold stars, and heard the voices of birds of night, mingled with the desolate moaning of the sea."

"With awe and reverence, with many strange and wild thoughts, I have lingered and pondered in those haunted, holy places; but one remembrance was always present—the remembrance that it was the Roman Catholic Church that created those forms of beauty, and breathed into them the breath of a divine life, and hallowed them forever; and, thus thinking, I have felt the unspeakable paths of her long exile from the temples that her passionate devotion prompted and her loving labor raised."

Nearly all children are subject to worms, and many are born with them. Spare them suffering by using Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator, the best remedy of the kind that can be had.

CANADIAN PLUCK.

That Canada is the land of energy of go-aheadness, of indomitable pluck is fully sustained by the reports from the West that last year the farmers of the West lost about \$12,000,000 through the depletion of their cattle stocks by the extremely severe weather.

Yet, despite the fact that they had to stand this loss and in addition the loss of millions of dollars lost through the poor growth of wheat, they simply smile in again, believing that they will soon retrieve their losses, as they have unbending faith in the country, which nothing can shake.

Wheat growing is now a passion with the farmers of the west and they are gradually cutting down their cattle interests to plant grain, for the reason that the latter offers by far the greater, and more profitable returns.

Think of it. Two million of people in Western Canada, standing in one season a loss of between \$25,000,000 and \$30,000,000 and yet it never phased them. What an example for our Ottawa politicians who are continually crying blue ruin.

They are going ahead more determinedly and more hopefully than ever, and they are not mistaken. It is doubtful if there is another section in the world where a similar state of affairs could exist with such indifference to so great a loss.

A country with such a population is bound to prosper, and it will.

The "True Witness" can be had at the following Stands:

- J. Tucker, 41 McCord street. Miss McLean, 182 Centre st., Pt. St. Charles. Mrs. McNally, 845 St. Antoine st. H. McMorrow, 278 Carriers st. E. Watkins Etches, 44 Blouy st. Miss White, 680 St. Denis st. C. J. Theroy, 149 Craig st. west. Mrs. Ryan, 1025 St. James st. A. W. Mulcahy, 825 St. Antoine st. Mrs. Levac, 1111 St. Catherine east. C. A. Dumont, 1212 St. Denis st. Mrs. Cloran, 1551 St. Denis st. M. Labale, 1097 St. James st. Jas. Murray, 47 University st. Mrs. Redmond, 488 Notre Dame west. Milloy's Bookstore, 241 St. Catherine west. James McArin, 28 Chabouffes Sq. Aristide Madore, 9 Beaver Hall Hill. Miss Scouman, 65 Blouy st. Miss Egan, 875 Wellington st. Mrs. Slocata, 149 De-chaer st.

Advertisement for Boie's Preparation of Friar's Cough Balsam, featuring an illustration of a man and text describing the product's benefits.

Vertical advertisement on the right edge of the page, including the word 'BOYS' and 'LITTLE' and various small text fragments.