

The Little Wife at Home.

(By Margaret E. Sangster, in Sacred Heart Review.)

The dear little wife at home, John, She has ever so much to do— Stitches to set and babies to pet And so many things for you. The beautiful household fairy, Filling your home with light, Whatever you meet today, John, Go cheerily home tonight.

Although you are worn and weary, You needn't be cross or cur, There are words like darts to gentle hearts; There are looks that wound and hurt; With the key in the latch at home, John, Drop troubles out of sight, To the dear little wife who is waiting, Go cheerily home tonight.

Two Houses.

For nearly half a century the houses stood side by side, and save for an occasional fresh coat of paint, and other needful repairs, they remained practically unchanged throughout the years of their existence. During this time they had been occupied by the same families which had the usual history of births and deaths and marriages, and the departures and returns which go to the making of the average family annals.

They were not fine houses. They were just comfortable homes with considerable yard space lying between, divided at the property line by a fence which was high and solidly built of boards at the back. Half way to the street it was joined to an ornamental partition of slender iron rods and wire scrolls, painted a glossy black. This part of the fence was only waisthigh to a grown person, and permitted of neighborly visits between the occupants of the house.

In the beginning of their residence side by side, there was not such intimacy between families. The two mothers were busied with their household cares and their children, and there was little time for visiting, then too, they belonged to different social circles and were never brought in contact away from their home.

The years which seem so many when they are counted in retrospect, were swift in passing, and while they were going, the two women were widowed, the house where there had been but two children became a place of quiet and sometimes one of loneliness, while the other, where there were several sons and daughters born continued to be filled with life and action. The sons and daughters of the Other House married while they were young and began home-building for themselves, but they all remained in the same town and were daily visitors at "Ma's home."

Then there came a second generation to fill the Other House with the interests and the stir and cheery sounds brought by children. The family thrived and prospered and increased in numbers, while in the Quiet Place there was no second generation to repeat the child life which had ended when the children belonging there were grown.

When their youth was past the woman of the Quiet Place and the woman of the Other House, drew near to each other and were held together by a strong tie of sympathy and affection. They visited frequently "over the fence," and found they had much in common. Both loved flowers and both worked in their yards to beautify them, whenever it was possible, and in this way they grew close together in a friendship which, though late in coming, was sincere and enduring.

Life in the Other House was eventful and nearly always there was something happening. The family grew large enough to be a social circle in itself, and "Ma" was the gentle, peaceful spirit which held her children and her children-in-law without friction. It was a busy happy life that went on in the Other House, and to watch its transactions was as entertaining as a play to the woman in the Quiet Place. Often she was alone, and sometimes she would have been lonely but for the interest afforded her by the Other House family. She had not curiosity concerning her neighbor's affairs; she simply enjoyed seeing them come and go, and having a good time together.

Much of the life of the Other House went on in the side toward the Quiet Place. The living rooms in the Quiet Place faced the lively side of the Other House, and often at night when the Quiet Place was very still, it gave the woman who lived there a sense of comforting companionship to hear the opening and closing of the side door "Over so the Other House," and voices

Aching Joints

In the fingers, toes, arms, and other parts of the body, are joints that are inflamed and swollen by rheumatism—that acid condition of the blood which affects the muscles also.

Sufferers dread to move, especially after sitting or lying long, and their condition is commonly worse in wet weather. "I suffered dreadfully from rheumatism, but have been completely cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla, for which I am deeply grateful." Miss FRANCES SMITH, Prescott, Ont. "I had an attack of the grip which left me weak and helpless and suffering from rheumatism. I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla and this medicine has entirely cured me. I have no hesitation in saying it saved my life." M. J. McDONALD, Trenton, Ont.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Removes the cause of rheumatism—no outward application can. Take it.

raised in greeting or saying, "Well, good-night, Ma; take care of yourself. Yes, some of us will be over tomorrow."

The side door of the Other House opened from a veranda directly into the sitting room, and the sitting room was the heart of the house.

In the summer the family spent much time on the veranda. In the winter it was in the sitting room where the "children" and the children's children assembled, but even through closed doors one could sometimes hear talking and laughter, and at night there was always bright light shining through the windows. The woman in the Quiet Place often went to her sitting room window to see if the light was there reflecting the Other House cheer, and she was seldom disappointed. If the house chanced to be dark of an evening she felt lonely and went repeatedly to her window, until the lights appeared, seeming to send across the yards a neighborly greeting.

Life in the two houses moved in their usual channels for several years with the friendship growing stronger and stronger between the woman in the Other House and the one in the Quiet Place, and then, without the warning of an illness the woman in the Other House folded her hands; hands which had scarcely ever been idle, and went away from the home she held so dear.

The woman in the Quiet Place felt desolated when she knew "Ma" was gone. "So many years we've lived side by side," she said. "So many years. How I shall miss her!" The life in the Other House seemed to have reached a full stop. There must be a change, since she who made the home was gone. None of the sons or daughters cared to take the homestead for their own. The house was old, and expensive repairs were needed to make it a modern residence, and so it was decided to tear it down and put up in its stead an apartment building.

When she heard of this decision, the woman in the Quiet Place felt as if her life was violently disrupted. It was a grief to her when she saw the Other House being destroyed, and the yard which "Ma" had so carefully tended, trampled to wreck and ruin. The new building would cover nearly all of the ground, and crowd the fence over which they had enjoyed so much good, sweet gossip. There would be no more family gatherings for her to watch, no more comfortable sense of companionship when she was lonely, and she looked on the growth of the apartment house with hostile eyes.

Brick by brick its walls were reared until they loomed high above the Quiet Place, and cast upon it their shadow. The nearness of the building made its great bulk seem overwhelming. The woman of the Quiet Place was used to open spaces and the change was unwelcome. So many years the Other House had stood there, and now it was gone—blotted out by this monster of an intruder.

It is strange the tricks that fancy plays, and it is strange how memory can make more vivid pictures than present realities. Sometimes, though it is all past, when night veils the walls of the apartment building, the woman in the Quiet Place looks out of the windows from which she has so often watched and listened for the Other House cheer, and she sees it just as it used to be in the winter evenings with its broadside of light turned toward her, and its sounds of happy home life. She hears again the opening and closing of the side door, and she hears voices raised in greeting or saying: "Well good night Ma. Take care of yourself. Yes, some of us will be over tomorrow."—Elizabeth Ayers, in Toledo Blade.

Muscular Rheumatism.

Mr H. Wilkinson, Stratford, Ont., says:—It affords me much pleasure to say that I experienced great relief from Muscular Rheumatism by using two boxes of Milburn's Rheumatic Pills. Price a box 50c.

Minard's Liniment Cures colds, etc.

SCOTT'S EMULSION is now a summer as well as a winter remedy. It has the same invigorating and strength-producing effect in summer as in winter. Try it in a little cold milk or water. ALL DRUGGISTS

Aching Feet and Frazzled Nerves.

(Dr. Johnson Talks.)

'Did you see that lady going out of the office as you came in?' said Dr. Johnson to me. 'Yes,' I answered, what a careworn and unhappy face she has. 'Her face is not as careworn as her feet, said the doctor.

'She illustrates perfectly just what aching, uncurd for pedal extremities will do for the rest of the body. She came in here this morning and said, 'Doctor, I think I'm going insane. My nerves are all a-quiver—my solar plexus palpitates, if anything, worse than my heart. Look how the corners of my mouth twitch and just see the ugly wrinkles between my eyes.'

'I myself, not only observed the ugly wrinkles between her eyes, but that the eyes themselves were blood-shot. You noticed probably that she was a thin woman, and naturally her feet were without the flesh which acts as a padding that is so essential not only to a graceful carriage, but to comfort in walking as well.

'On each foot across the ball there were three terrible corns and the callouses were so thick both on the ball and on the outside of the little toe and on the back of the heel, that her feet looked as though they were dead—this skin being yellow and hard like parchment. Her feet were so sore that when I touched them she cringed, and yet she told me that for ten years she had been waking upon these painful and diseased members. No wonder her face showed marks of physical pain for those deep lines at the corners of the mouth reaching down to the chin are always indicative of physical pain. These lines, however, must be confounded with those made by a drooping mouth which predicate discontent.'

'Goodness, Doctor, I thought you were a chiropodist, but you seem to be a diagnostician of the psychological side of beauty.' 'I am only a chiropodist,' he answered, 'but I have had to learn to diagnose unerringly the symptoms of different diseases on the feet, and this embraces a general knowledge of the whole body.

'I have almost grown to be able upon looking into the faces of the people in the street to immediately decide whether they have healthy feet or not. It ought to be said in this connection, however, that corns do not always come from wearing tight shoes. Skins differ so much in different persons in softness and pliancy, and there is often a lack of the natural oils which will mediate the friction arising from ill-fitting shoes. Thin people are perhaps more apt to have corns and calloused feet than fleshy ones.

'Few people realize the delicacy of the nerves which center in the ball of the foot. The sense of feeling is there quite as acute as in the hand, and as is usual when these nerves are hurt, there is a sympathetic reflex action from all the other nerves in the body.

'But to get back to my patient, after having her feet massaged for a short time in a cooling and softening cream, it was astonishing to see what a quieting effect it had on her nervous condition. After the removal of some of the worst callouses I proceeded to pay the bottoms of her feet in such a way that the pressure would be taken from the corns.

'Aren't you going to take out the roots?' she asked me. 'My dear lady,' I answered, 'contrary to the assertions of many charlatans, the corn has no root. It does not grow upward, but downward, and it thus protruded upward. What might be called the root is the place where undue pressure is brought to bear, and nature is only seeking to protect herself against injury by forming a horny layer after layer of the scarf-skin over the point of pressure.

'The layer on the top of the corn is the earliest not the latest of the growth. The latest growth is at the bottom of all, directly in contact with the disorganized mucous layer tissue. This disorganized unhealthy mucous layer is that which, when the corn as a mass is removed from the foot, clings to its base and is triumphantly exhibited as its root. If you will examine fine slices of a corn cut horizontally across you will find that they represent concrete layers of a horny substance—this is the dead layer of the scarf-skin. Knowing this, the remedy is easy to find. We must remove the pressure which prompts nature to form these horny layers of scarf-skin and this we will do by soft padding the sore spot. These pads must be taken off at night to allow aid to get to all parts of the feet and dry out under perspiration that comes from wearing them.'

'The remedy seems very simple, said my patient; how long will I have to wear these pads?' 'You will have to wear pads,' I answered, 'at least a year, but they will probably have to be cut in different shapes on each of the fifty-two weeks during that time.'

'You don't mean to say,' she exclaimed, 'that it will take a year to cure my feet?' 'A year at least, I answered, 'and if you will stop to think that you have been ten years getting them into this condition, the time is short in comparison. You will have to be very careful of the stockings you wear during this time; they should never be too long or short. The perfect fit of the stocking should be insisted upon with quite as much emphasis as the fit of the shoe.

'I would advise shoes made to order, or at least if you buy those ready made, go to a reputable shoe dealer and explain to him your trouble and have them fitted by an expert. 'I know that my patient felt better when she left the office, but it will take her many months to get her nerves back into healthful condition.—From The Woman Beautiful.

Death of Famous Australian Priest.

The late Rev. Joseph O'Malley, S. J., a native of Dublin, whose death is the subject of sympathetic notice in the Melbourne newspapers, was a priest of many attainments. His great debating power was effectively used in defence of the Faith, and he was a fine preacher and lecturer. He was also a skilled musician, and invented an instrument for beating time, besides devising a new method of teaching music, a chart of which was shown at the late exhibition in Adelaide. Father O'Malley was born in Dublin, in October, 1832, entered the Missionary College at All Hallows near Dublin, in 1848, and two years later was admitted a member of the Society of Jesus. He passed his novitiate at Issenheim, in Alsace, and in 1853 he returned to Ireland, where he spent eight years in teaching in various colleges.

In 1861 he was ordained a priest, and after a year in England, spent six years at Rome. In 1869 he visited Victoria, where he was engaged for some years in teaching in St. Patrick's College, Melbourne. He was a most successful teacher, especially of languages, history and music. Father O'Malley took a great interest in literary matters, and especially in Catholic newspapers. The Melbourne Advocate owed much to his advocacy and contributions in his early days. He was likewise a frequent correspondent in the daily papers on Catholic subjects; and he took a prominent part in the controversy on secular education both with pen and voice, when the system was first introduced in Victoria in the seventies. In the eighties Father O'Malley was sent to New Zealand and spent some years in Dunedin. On his return to Australia he was engaged in the work of the Order in Melbourne and Sydney, and was sent in 1901 to Norwood, where, with the exception of a brief interval in Sydney, he remained until his death.

Was So Bad With Heart and Nerves Could Not Sleep At Night.

Many men and women to-night after night upon a sleepless bed. Some constitutional disturbance, worry or disease has so debilitated and irritated the heart and nervous system that they cannot enjoy the refreshing sleep which comes to those whose heart and nerves are right.

Mrs. John Gray, Lime Lake, Ont., writes:—'Last summer I was so bad with my heart and nerves that I couldn't sleep at night. There was such a pain and heavy feeling in my chest that I could not sleep, and at times I would become dizzy and have to grasp something to keep from falling. I tried different things but never got anything to do me any good until I tried Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills and I can now recommend them to all troubled as I was.'

Milburn's Heart & Nerve Pills are 50 cents per box, or three boxes for \$1.25, at all dealers, or mailed direct by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

selves in no other place and estimate the situation from the standpoint, than from any other cause. The estrangements and jealousies that so often divide household are due far less to intentional wrong or selfishness than to inability to see the other side.

Minard's Liniment cures Diphtheria

'Mother,' asked little Ethel, 'now that you're in mourning for Cousin Adelaide will you wear black night-dresses too?' 'What an absurd question, child!' 'Oh. I only thought you might be as sorry at night as you were during the day.'

A druggist can obtain an imitation of MINARD'S LINIMENT from a Toronto house at a very low price and have it labelled his own product. This greasy imitation is the poorest one we have yet seen of the many that every Tom, Dick and Harry has tried to introduce. Ask for MINARD'S and you will get it.

'My first wife married me to reform me.' 'Of what?' 'Being a bachelor.' 'Well, she succeeded in that, anyhow.' 'I should say. I've been married twice since.'

There is nothing harsh about Lax-Liver Pills. They cure Constipation, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, and Bilious Spells without griping, purging or sickness. Price 25c.

What Makes a Great Life?

Do not try to do great things; you may waste all your life waiting for the opportunity which may never come. But since little things are always claiming your attention, do them as they come, from a great motive, for the glory of God, to win His smile of approval and to do good to men. It is harder to plod on in obscurity, sowing thus, than to stand on the high places of the field within view of all, and do deeds of valor at which rival armies stand still to gaze.

But no such act goes without the swift recompense of Christ. To fulfil faithfully the duties of your station; to use to the uttermost the gifts of your ministry; to bear calmly and bravely the pillory and the stake; to find the one noble trait in the people who try to molest you; to put the kindest construction on unkind acts and words; to follow with the love of God even the unthankful and evil; to be content to be a fountain in the midst of a wild valley of stones, nourishing a few lichens and wild flowers, or now and again a liberty abbe; and to do this always, and not for the praise of man, but for the sake of God—this makes a great life.

'Are you sure you have the position you want?' questioned the student who was instructing his young cousin in the use of his camera. 'That gives a pretty fair view of the building, but one from the other side may be better. You don't want to waste your material on a view just because it happens to be the first one you strike. Learning to estimate quickly the worth of views from different angles is a part of the business.'

It is a part of life's business also, but it is an art that few take the trouble to acquire, and judgment, temper and conduct are sadly distributed in consequence. The first view of any relation or happening is naturally our own—our side of it—how it affects us, our rights or wrongs in the matter. The ability to take a quick other-side view of it, to think how it must appear from our neighbor's angle of vision, how it would probably strike us if we stood where he stands, would have unnumbered quarrels and acts of injustice. More people break the Golden Rule from failure to think of them-

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