

HOUSE AND HOME

CONDUCTED BY HELENE.

True Witness
Beauty PatternsA BECOMING MODE FOR THE
LITTLE GIRL.

No. 5978. The illustration shows a smart frock for the little school girl, that is quite the simplest for home making, and adaptable to most of the season's fabrics. The straight skirt is gathered and attached to a body lining, completed by a standing collar and full-length bishop sleeves. The blouse laps in double-breasted style and is attached to a shaped belt. The graceful little sleeve caps open up to the shoulder, and are strapped across with tab extensions matching the front. Serge, cashmere, albatross, challis, linen, gingham and pique are all suitable for reproduction. For a child of eight years 4 yards of 36 inch material will be required.

Girls' Dress, No. 5978. Sizes for 6, 8, 10 and 12 years.

A pattern of the accompanying illustration will be mailed to any address on receipt of ten cents in silver or stamps.

PATTERN COUPON.

Please send the above-mentioned pattern as per directions given below.

No.

Size

Name

Address in full:

longer, and this she may do if the crown is of a character that it may either be cut off just above the inner side of the brim, or else covered with silk, veiled with net or lace. The fabric crown, of course, must be puffy and voluminous in effect, but at the same time not overpowering. Where it is pleated on the brim, it must be concealed by some sort of trimming not of the band order, but rather like a twist of ribbon, or, better still, a succession of bows. Another was of refurbishing a hat crown that has been pinned out to band it at brief intervals with inch-wide velvet ribbon, terminating said bands under an upstanding wide bow or a wing cluster.

TRIFLES OF FASHION.

Knickerbockers of natural color linen are made with circular tops and buckled in below the knee. These are to be worn under short cloth skirts for all out-door work and pleasure. They take the place of a petticoat and are much more convenient.

Dark china silk shirtwaists to match dark skirts are worn with turnover cuffs and collars of polka dot muslin edged with a band of the color.

Turnover collars and cuffs of polka dot brown and white and blue and white muslin, edged with a band of the plain color, are in style.

Detachable buttons made of white pique and linen, that are taken off wash frocks when they are sent to the tub, are a convenience.

Aquamarines set in dull metal rims are used for studs down the front of muslin frocks as well as shirt waists. The cuff buttons come to match.

Yokes of Mechlin lace are made to match the gown in color, instead of the white lace ones which we have had with us for so long.

Short, heavy silk gloves in mouse gray with a single silver clasp are for all street wear.

Many of the new fans have imitation sandal wood sticks below Japanese paper. Others are fringed at the top with small peacock feathers.

Scalloped ruffling of colored embroidery on sheer muslin by the yard is now sold to trim thin shirt waists or the blouses of muslin frocks. It is buttonholed by machine, but it is quite neat and effective.

THE DIRECTOIRE GOWN THIS FALL.

"Paris says: Extreme Directoire modes for the autumn—the sheath skirt slashed at the sides, satin knickerbockers in place of petticoats, the highest of high collars and the slimmest of slim silhouettes," writes Grace Margaret Gould, the fashion expert in Woman's Home Companion for September.

"New York says: Directoire modes? Yes, but first let us modify them. The American woman likes to take her fashions from France, but always subject to her own ideas. She wants to be in style, of course, but she wants more to be herself. This will be specially evident this fall.

"The influence of the Directoire will be felt in the lines of the new gowns and separate coats, in neckwear and in hats, but with our best-dressed women the conspicuous features of the Directoire modes will be omitted."

A NEAT PATCH.

To mend the knees of little boys' trousers so they will look as well and wear as well as when new rip the seams as far up as worn, cut away the worn part, take a piece of cloth like the garment, sew straight across the front, carefully matching goods, press the seam well then shape by the piece cut off, sew up the seams and hem across the front. If the pressing is well done, one could not tell they had been mended.

CHRIST AND THE CHILDREN.

The twilight came in Judea. At the close of a sultry day. And the laborers turned them homeward.

From meadow and hillside gray. In the shade of the palm they lingered.

By the side of a deep old well. And greeted their friends and neighbors.

As the peaceful twilight fell.

Hither the patient camels. From the dusty highways came. And the gentle sheep from the pasture.

Which the shepherds call by name. And the little children loitered. Tired with their merry play. And they drank of the crystal water. In the cool of the passing day.

And there came the Master also. To rest Him a little space. And the children clustered round Him.

Drawn by the gentle face. And the tiny brown-haired maidens. And the little lads eager-eyed. Trustingly leaned upon Him. And rested there by His side.

And He lovingly clasped the wee ones. Feeling a kinship sweet. Master of earth and heaven— With the little ones at His feet.

And He raised his eyes to the people. And said in His dear voice mild. "To enter the kingdom of heaven. You must be as a little child."

The clear stars shone o'er the hill-tops. As the children homeward sped. And the Master mused by the well-side.

And the sheep to the fold were led. And the years that have passed are many. But the Master's heart is the same. And He blesses to-day the children Who whisper in love His name.

AUTUMN FASHIONS.

(By M. A. Westfield.) The Maple owned that she was tired of always wearing green. She knew that she had grown of late too shabby to be seen!

The Oak and Beech and Chestnut then deplored their shabbiness! And all, except the Hemlock sad, were wild to change their dress.

"For fashion-plates we'll take the flowers," the rustling Maple said. "And like the Tulip I'll be clothed in splendid gold and red!"

"The cheerful Sunflower suits me best," the lightsome Beech replied. "The Marigold my choice shall be."

The Chestnut spoke with pride. The sturdy Oak took time to think: "I hate such glaring hues;

The Gilly-flower, so dark and rich, I for my model choose."

So every tree in all the grove, except the Hemlock sad, According to its wish ere long in brilliant dress was clad.

And here they stand through all the soft and bright October days: They wished to be like flowers—in deed, they look like huge bouquets!

MARKET.

I went to Market yesterday. And it is like a Fair.

Of everything you like to see. But nothing Live is there. The Pigeons, hanging up to eat—

And Rabbits, by their little feet— And no one seemed to care.

And there were Fishes out in rows. Bright ones of every kind. And some were Pink, and Silver, too. But all of them were blind.

Yes, everything you want to touch; It would not make you happy, much; But no one seemed to mind.

And oh, I saw a Lovely Deer! Only its eyes were blurred.



This coupon cut out and mailed to The Blue Ribbon Tea Co., P. O. Box 2354, Montreal, entitles the sender to a free package of our 4oz. Blue Ribbon Tea. Fill in blank space whether you wish Black, Mixed or Green Tea.

To MRS.

ST.

TOWN.

And hanging by it, very near. A beautiful great Bird.

So I could smooth his feathers through. And kiss them (very softly), too. And, oh, he never stirred!

—Josephine Preston Peabody, in Harper's Magazine.

China silk of any shade makes a most pretentious-looking petticoat for a comparatively modest outlay of money. Such garments are made on the same principle as the sheath-fitting umbrella petticoats and are finished with knee flounces of either two bands of Valenciennes lace and silk, the lace being first stitched onto the material, which is then cut away from underneath. At the hem petticoat from wearing, and the flounce is attached to the petticoat proper under a broad lace heading, through which a ribbon is run. On some of these petticoats are set deep flounces of all-over imitation Valenciennes lace, which launders wonderfully well. If the skirt is of a dark color it may be flounced with dark net finished with a narrow silk ruching. Such flounces do not soil readily, and with care will last for several months.

FASHION NOTES.

A collar that will almost take the place of a fur piece for the neck and one that will assuredly prove a comfort or the first cool days of autumn, is the directoire, a smart confection which almost anyone can fashion. It is simply a wide band of satin trimmed with closely set

Afflicted for years with a Diseased Liver.

Mr. L. R. Devitt, Berlin, Ont., better known, perhaps, as "Smallpox Ben," has used

MILBURN'S LAXA-LIVER PILLS

He has also used them for his patients when nursing them, and it is a well-known fact that small-pox sufferers must keep the bowels well regulated.

Read what he says:—"I have been afflicted for years with a diseased liver, and have tried all kinds of medicine, but of no avail until about four years ago I tried your Laxa-Liver Pills, and got instant relief. Since then I have nursed different patients afflicted with small-pox, and in each case I have used your valuable pills."

"My wishes are that all persons suffering with stomach or liver troubles will try Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills. I will advertise them whenever and wherever I have an opportunity and I hope that if at any time I cannot get the pills, I will be fortunate enough to get the formula."

Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills are 25 cents per box or 50 cents for \$1.00, at all dealers or will be mailed direct by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

And the sheep to the fold were led. And the years that have passed are many. But the Master's heart is the same. And He blesses to-day the children Who whisper in love His name.

Muffs are going to be larger than ever this year, and, unfortunately, many of them are comparatively plain in cut, especially in the case of the more expensive furs, such as ermine and sable. Some of the caracul muffs have a sort of a little frill all around them, and this suggests possibilities for increasing the proportions of a muff of last year's brand. The felt of the caracul is so thick and long that it is the easiest matter in the world to add to it so that the woman who has a half-worn neckpiece of that fur and a muff that is out of fashion, would best get it to the furrier's as soon as possible. The same may be said in regard to squirrel, with the additional good news that dyed pelts of that family are in vogue and that if one have various odd pieces of it on hand a really old time "grandmother" muff and a good-sized neck scarf may be pieced together from scraps of various colors.

Sachets are now given as bridge prizes, so that the hostess who possesses more of the virtue of hospitality than money may entertain correctly if only she has a large number of fresh-looking silk pieces at hand. Such little bags are of all sizes, as they are used to drop among the handkerchiefs, the neckwear, the gloves and the lingerie. They are mounted over little fine white linen sacks which hold the powder, and their ends may be fringed and tied together with baby ribbon, or they may be faced or shirred into a sort of rose effect. Sachets are especially acceptable these days when only vague suggestions of perfume are permissible.

The little old man was cross and cold. For the chimney smoked, that day. And never a thing would he do but scold.

In the most unmanly way. When the little old woman said: "Listen to me!"

He answered her nothing but "fiddle-dee-dee!" "No, nothing but 'fiddle-dee-dee!'"

Then she whacked her puggy-wug dog, she did. As asleep on the mat he lay; And the puggy-wug dog ran off, and hid.

And howled in a dismal way. For a puggy was he of spirit and pride. And a slight like that he couldn't abide—

He couldn't of course, abide.

Then Muffin, the kitten, said "Deary me!"

What a state of affairs is this! I must purr my very best purr, I see.

So Muffin, the kitten, she purred and purred.

Till, at last, the little old woman she heard—

The little old woman she heard.

And she smiled a smile at the little old man.

And back he smiled again, And they both agreed on a charming plan.

For walk in the wind and rain, Then, hand in hand, to the market town.

They went to look for the Sunday gown—

For the coveted Sunday gown.

Then the chimney drew and the room grew hot.

And the puggy-wug dog and the cat.

Their old-time quarrels they quite forgot.

And snuggled up close on the mat, While Muffin the kitten, she purred and purred.

And there never was trouble again, I've heard—

No, never again, I've heard!

—Ellen Manley, in St. Nicholas.

ENOUGH TO SCARE HER.

"Bill" Smith is a Bucks county storekeeper, and last spring he came down to Philadelphia to purchase his stock of goods for the summer trade.

The goods were shipped immediately, and reached his store before he did. Among the lot of cases and packages was a box shaped something like a casket.

When Bill's wife saw this one she uttered a scream and called for a hammer. The drayman, hearing her shrill cries, rushed in to see what the trouble was. The wife, pale and faint, pointed to the following inscription on the box:

AND SO SHE "DIDNA."

Perhaps it was because he was Scotch that his temper was quick, but whatever the reason, he lost it during a rush hour at the little country station where he was employed as porter, and he told one lady near by that she could go to—

—well, a place not down on the time table.

Quite naturally, she complained to the station master, and it was he who sent Sandy into the waiting room to apologize for his strong language. He found several ladies there, and not being sure which was the woman with whom his business lay, he asked them all around whether he had told her to go—there. The very last one answered yes.

"Well," said Sandy, "ye needna."

—Lippincott's.

As a Family Medicine

For biliousness, constipation and kidney derangements Dr. A. W. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills easily stand first.

Lots of suffering would be avoided and much serious disease prevented if every family did as the writer of this letter suggests.

She has found out from experience with many medicines that there is nothing so good as Dr. A. W. Chase's Kidney Liver Pills as a family medicine for biliousness and constipation.

Such diseases as Bright's disease, diabetes and appendicitis almost invariably arise from neglect to keep the liver, kidneys and bowels regular.

This emphasizes the wisdom of keeping Dr. A. W. Chase's Kidney Liver Pills constantly on hand.

"For a long time I suffered from liver complaint and biliousness and could find nothing to help me until I used Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. I have recommended these Pills to many of my friends and they have all been satisfied with the results. You can use this letter for the benefit of women who are suffering as I did."—Miss Julie Langlois, Manor, Sask.

One pill a dose, 25 cents a box. At all dealers or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

Dr. A. W. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills

Funny Sayings.

Pater—My wife's learning the piano my daughter's learning the violin, and my son's learning the banjo.

Slater—And you are learning nothing?

Pater—Oh, yes; I'm learning to

After all.

You're the butt of many a joke. Doctor-man. We hand you many a poke. Doctor-man.

But when we're feeling ill We're not satisfied until We've partaken of your pill. Doctor-man.

—Toledo Blade.

LIKE HER POSTSCRIPT.

A woman's letter, however sweet, Without a postscript is not complete. "It's just like her," men jeeringly say.

For once we will let them have their way. It is like her! when all else was wrought—

She was created—an afterthought. And like the P. S. of her letter She is, therefore, so much the better. —Emily L. Russell, Detroit, in Woman's Home Companion.

TRULY A STRUGGLING MISSION

In The Diocese of Northampton, FAKENHAM, NORFOLK, ENGLAND.

This Mission of St. Anthony of Padua was started by me nearly three years ago by command of the late Bishop of Northampton.

I had then, and I have now, No Church, no Presbytery, no Dominican Grant, no Endowment (except Hope).

I am still obliged to say Mass and give Benediction in a mean upper room. Yet, such as it is, this is the sole outpost of Catholicism in a division of the County of Norfolk measuring 35 x 20 n. m.

The weekly offerings of the congregation are necessarily small. We must have outside help for the present, or haul down the flag.

The generosity of the Catholic has enabled us to secure a valuable site for Church and Presbytery. We have money in hand towards the cost of building, but the Bishop will not allow us to go into debt.

I am most grateful to those who have helped us, and trust they will continue their charity.

To those who have not helped I would say—"For the sake of the Cause give something, if only a little". It is easier and more pleasant to give than to beg. Speed the glad hour when I need no longer plead for a permanent Home for the Blessed Sacrament.

FATHER H. W. GRAY.

Catholic Mission, Fakenham, Norfolk, Eng'd.

P. S.—I will gratefully and promptly acknowledge the smallest donation, and send with my acknowledgment a beautiful picture of the Sacred Heart and St. Anthony.

(EPISCOPAL AUTHORIZATION)

Dear Father Grey,

You have duly accounted for the alms which you have received, and you have placed them securely in the names of Diocesan Trustees. Your efforts have gone far towards providing what is necessary for the establishment of a permanent Mission at Fakenham. I arise you to continue to solicit alms for this object until, in my judgment, it has been fully attained.

Yours faithfully in Christ,

† P. W. KEATING, Bishop of Northampton.

bear it.

"Fighting Bob" Evans, during his last stay in Washington, was one evening a guest at a house where he met a number of the younger set of the Capital.

As the admiral was leaving he chanced to pick up from the floor a very dainty handkerchief, edged with lace. He was gravely inspecting this "trifle light as air" when a rather effeminate-looking young man hastened forward to claim it.

"Your sister's, no doubt," said the admiral, as he handed it over.

"Oh, no," said the young man. "It is mine."

Evans scrutinized the young man closely.

"Would you mind telling me what size hairpins you use?" he asked, after a pause.—October Lippincott's.

"You say you would like more exercise," said the deathwatch to the condemned man. "What sort of exercise would you like?"

"I should like to skip the rope," replied the prisoner with a grin.

"Your wife used to sing and play a great deal. I have not heard her lately."

"Since we have had children she has had no time."

"Ah, children are such a blessing."

Franklin—Did you ever see a horse jump five feet over a fence?

Mike—I've seen 'im jump four feet over. I didn't know that a horse had five feet.

DASHES.

Maude—"Vera married a dashing young man."

Mable—"Some one told me he was kept busy dodging collectors."

LOVE YOUR ENEMIES.

An Irish priest had labored hard with one of his flock to induce him to give up whiskey.

"I tell you, Michael," said the priest, "whiskey is your worst enemy, and you should keep as far away from it as you can."

"Me enemy, is it, father?" responded Michael, "and it was your reverence's self that was telling us in the pulpit only last Sunday to love our enemies."

"So I was, Michael," rejoined the priest, "but I didn't tell you to swallow them."

Mr. Naggett—I don't feel like myself to-night.

Mrs. Naggett—Then we ought to have a pleasant evening.—Illustrated Bits.

AFTER ALL.

You're the butt of many a joke. Doctor-man. We hand you many a poke. Doctor-man.

But when we're feeling ill We're not satisfied until We've partaken of your pill. Doctor-man.

—Toledo Blade.

Only e