

HOUSE AND HOME

CONDUCTED BY HELENE.

True Witness
Beauty Patterns

8253.

A DAINTY MODE FOR THE LITTLE MAID.

No. 8253. Girls' Over-Blouse Dress—Cut in sizes 4, 6, 8, 10, 12 years. The eight year size will require 3 1/4 yards of 36 inch material. This design is unusually smart and pretty, and is suitable to any of the season's wool goods, wash silks or cottons. The blouse is made with front, back and sleeves all in one piece, and is designed to be worn over a guimpe, although for warm weather the guimpe could be omitted, making a dainty little low-necked frock.

A pattern of this illustration will be mailed to any address on the receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

PATTERN COUPON.

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

No.

Size

Name

Address in full:

A WAY TO PACK.

A business woman who has made frequent trips abroad has evolved an excellent idea for keeping her gowns in good condition. Her plan entails considerable work at first, as she makes pasteboard packing boards and covers them with a cheap percale. When these cases are shipped over the board the ends are sewed up and tapes to fasten in the gown securely are sewed to the cover at equal distances on each side and on the ends and tie in the center. The garment is thus held secure. In laying in the skirt all the plaits, tucks and other fulness are smoothed in place as it would naturally hang. Each gown or skirt and shirt waist has its pasteboard, that has been cut just small enough to fit inside the trunk. With this arrangement a dress may be taken from the trunk without deranging any of the others.

AN EVERYDAY WOMAN.

Whatever other ambition you have you must strive to be a good housekeeper. You married your husband to make him happy; you are under a contract to do so, and although you must be Mary, in order to satisfy him and yourself, you must be Martha, too.

But do not stop there. Continue to cultivate your mind. Your husband is learning all sorts of fresh facts every day. A man's life, and his continual association with others who think, tend to encourage the natural proclivity he has for mental growth. Men are built that way. However pretty and well dressed you are—and both of those delight him—he will still feel it to be a great drawback if you are not interested in most of the things that interest him.

TO PLEASE "MERE MAN."

The woman that men admire must not be masculine and yet be brave and active, never moping and languid.

She must be frolicsome, but never reckless. She must be saucy, but never sarcastic.

She must be witty, but never rude. Above all, she must be strong, robust and healthy.

Always ready to do whatever man suggests and to go anywhere he fancies, not too ready, however, with her own suggestions and desires.

But—and here is the real man—she

must have all these suggestions, absolutely without flaw, hidden away in the recesses of her mere feminine brain.

She must smuggle the idea over into the man's mind in some telepathic way so cleverly that he will glory in being the first thinker.

Women must wear the short skirt and shirt waist when occasion demands and have a disdain for frills and ruffles, but these same furbelows must be forthcoming at the evening function, else my lord is highly displeased.

The damsel must flirt without seeming to do so and must hear a lot of pretty things which, if necessary, must be forgotten immediately. Yet may she look as if the speeches had sunk deep into her soul.

All these qualities and many more men admire in women. Very modest if they can in return offer a few of the perfections they exact.

Have they qualities, mental or physical, to equal their demands?

NEEDLEWORK NOTES.

Dark red linen makes a girlish dress that can be worn with a coat or lingerie waist. The material launders nicely.

Many of the striped, walking suits are trimmed with pompadour ribbon on the collar, narrow revers, cuffs and belt, the ribbon matching the stripe of the material.

When altering a blouse for any reason it is a great mistake to move the shoulder seam to the front. A far better plan is that of dropping it backward instead of forward.

New vanity bags for dancing parties are most attractively made of dainty ribbon in the form of a tiny bag, which holds powder and puff ball, while the bottom on the outside has a mirror, held in place by a shirred piece of ribbon, after first being glued to the ribbon-covered cardboard which forms the inside of the bag.

Some women waste their time in featherstitching dainty garments with embroidery thread. The embroidery thread being soft, when the garment is laundered it pressed into the material and loses its individuality. Twisted cotton, which comes by the ball in various numbers and which is sometimes used for crocheting, is the most satisfactory thread with which to do this dainty work.

A SMILE FROM A STRANGER.

Most of us owe debts of gratitude to strangers whose kindly smile has sent sunshine into our aching hearts and has given us courage when we were disheartened.

It is a great thing to go through life with a smiling face. It costs little, but who can ever estimate its value? Think how the pleasure of life would be increased if we met smiling faces everywhere—faces which radiate hope, sunshine and cheer! What a joy it would be to travel in a gallery of living pictures radiating hope and courage! Who can estimate what beautiful, smiling faces mean to the wretched and the downcast—those whose life burdens are crushing them?

Many of us carry precious memories of smiling faces, but whose sweet uplifting expression will remain with us forever.

A NOBLE REPARATION.

A placard announced that after dinner a collection for the old people would be made by the Little Sisters of the Poor. The card was put up in the dining hall of one of the largest hotels at a resort in France where crowds came to take advantage of the thermal springs.

At noon the dinner gong rang out noisily, once, and then again to hurry up the laggards; soon all the guests had arrived, eager and joyous.

During the first course there was a shadow of annoyance upon the faces of the diners, and conversation turned upon one topic: "The fleecing of visitors who patronize the health resorts."

"I finish the season to-morrow," said a young woman to her neighbor. "It is time! Would you believe it, my dear madame, since my arrival this is the third collection. You may be assured that I am short of money. The hotel is horribly expensive, then the treatment, the physicians, the servants, the souvenirs for those at home; it is enough to ruin a Croesus, and then they heap up collections to relieve every misery in the country."

"For me," broke in a corpulent gentleman, "I admit that I contribute cheerfully once a year for the refugees, the asylums and for the poor out of work, but after I have given these, let the good Sisters leave me alone."

Suddenly the door opens and there enter two Sisters of the Poor. One, aged, tall and pale, advances modestly, but without timidity her countenance betrays no sign of embarrassment as she passes along the side of the table, presenting her plate to the guests. The other, low sized, slender and charming beneath her nun's bonnet covered with a cape, was a contrast; her cheeks were suffused with a bright blush, her large eyes were steadily lowered beneath the gaze of those who curiously followed her movements, her trembling hands were an evidence of her emotion.

Purses were quickly opened, and these strangers, all—even those who had been opposed to the collection half an hour ago—now searched with-

out delay for a gold or silver coin to put upon the plate held out to them in the name of God and of His poor.

One on each side, the Sisters went along the length of the table, whispering their gratitude, the timid Sister gaining courage little by little.

With more or less generosity the guests showed their good will, the plates became heavy, the harvest gathered for the old people was abundant. What happiness!

All at once the young Sister showed signs of embarrassment. A guest dropped a sou, a copper coin, upon the plate, and as he did so broke the general silence with "This is enough for good-for-nothings and drunkards! You drink, Sister, one can tell it by the color of your face."

Red hot blushing flushed the little Sister's face; she did not dare to cast a glance at her insult, for fear that she should see the tears that flooded her eyes. Sweetly and with supreme gentleness, she murmured, "Thank you, sir."

Then she passed on to the next guest, who was a brilliant young lieutenant of chasseurs. This young officer arose under the influence of deep feeling and placed a gold coin upon the copper sou of his neighbor. He spoke in a tone that thrilled: "My dear little Sister, I regret so much that I cannot give more for your good old people; please permit me to take your hand."

The little Sister bent her head and held out her trembling hand.

"Thanks! thanks on the part of the army; the Sisters are our guardian angels," he said, joyfully, and then bowing reverently, he resumed his seat without giving even a glance at the guest at his side.

All present had witnessed the two episodes that presented so strong a contrast. No one spoke.

Meanwhile the Little Sisters had joined each other at the foot of the table; the collection was over. They bowed to their benefactors and holding with both hands the plates filled with coin they advanced a few feet towards the entrance of the hall. All smiled on them as they passed out and even then they received some new offerings that increased their collection. Their simplicity, their sweetness, and above all the action

Blue Ribbon Tea

This coupon cut out and mailed to The Blue Ribbon Tea Co., P. O. Box 2554, Montreal, entitles the sender to a free package of our 4c. Blue Ribbon Tea. Fill in blank space whether you wish Black, Mixed or Green Tea.

To MRS. TOWN

ST.

of the young officer had triumphed over human selfishness.

But, behold, when they came to the middle of the dining hall the two Sisters stopped; there before them was the man who had insulted them. "They have given me a well-merited rebuke," he said, in a low and firm voice. "I ask pardon, little Sister, but from you especially whom I have insulted so grievously and so unjustly."

When he had said this he pushed a 100 franc note beneath the pile of coins. The little Sister cast a look full of gratitude upon the speaker and murmured "Thanks, thanks." Another moment and she and her companion had disappeared.

"How did you feel when you were insulted?" she was asked afterwards. "I had strange emotions."

"What were they?" "I can not well describe them; something of the ox kicking against the goad—something that forced the tears to my eyes. Then of joy, of immense joy. These little crosses are a delight to carry when one thinks of Jesus and Mary, who have suffered a million times more."

No crime is too great to be forgiven. The best reparation is to humbly acknowledge our fault.—Southern Messenger.

WOMEN ARE BECOMING MAN-NISH.

Father Bernard Vaughan, the noted pastor of aristocratic Mayfair, London's smartest residential section, asserts that Englishmen are becoming effeminate and English women becoming mannish. Says Father Vaughan:

"We are confronted by a serious problem which can never be rightly solved until men become more manly and women become more womanly. At the present moment it seems to me the modern man is rapidly growing feminine, while the modern woman is trying to be masculine."

"Your typical modern woman appears everything mannish she wants to dress like a man, talk about and lounge like a man, smoke and drink like a man, and generally to bear herself not like a refined lady, but like an unrefined man."

"I am talking of the modern woman who screams from the top of a cart that she will have her rights and who mauls policeman like a wild thing from the Zoo."

"It is a pity man-mimicking woman does not realize that if she insists upon being unsexed and playing the man, she will soon meet with short shrift and will be treated, not like a gentlemanly man, but like a bouncer."

Women having leaped from her pedestal and taken her place in the arena with common folk, your modern man lets her shift for herself. He neither gets up from his chair when

she enters a room, nor does he offer her his seat, even though there be no other for her to occupy."

THE NAME OF MARY.

There is a name far sweeter still Than evening breath or zephyr sigh; 'Twas brought to man from Paradise To fill with perfume, earth and sky.

'Tis sweeter far than incense breath— 'Twas kindled at the God-Head's flame; 'Twas sent when earth stood most in need Of such an efficacious name.

All children know it. 'Tis like The murmur of the silvery brook, That flows o'er pebbles twinkling like The stars above at which we look.

'Tis softer e'en than vernal breeze That bears upon its widespread wing Arabia's choicest odors sweet, That fill the earth in youthful Spring.

No song 'mong birds is mellow like This name. 'Tis short, but sweet indeed. Nay, more—from Heav'n sent, 'tis now A balm, and then a joy and mead.

Surpasses far the leaves' low rustle When living still or lifeless straw, Upon the bleak cold earth they lay— Yes, softer e'en than breeze at noon.

The bells' clear tinkling dies away; They hush their silvery voices fair When lisping child or aged man Repeat this name at work or pray'r.

'Tis mighty, too, as angry wind, And loud as raging billows roar; Majestic, oft 'as organ peal, 'Twill hush, like death, the din of war.

This name let man e'er sacred hold; Like Nature let him strive to show His love for it by word and deed, And call on it in weal and woe.

Let us this day—in this festal day, Impress this name upon our breast.

For her sake deal gently with—some mother's child.

OIL STAINS.

It is very aggravating to find that a good blouse is ruined—or seems to be—with drops of oil from the sewing machine.

You were stitching along so steadily that you did not notice you had put on just one drop of oil too many and that it was leaving a trail along the new material.

At first you will be discouraged, but remember, the oil can speedily be taken out and the material left as good as new.

Cover the stain thickly with lard; let it stand long enough to absorb all the grease; then wash out in cold water with soap.

SOFTENING AND BLEACHING THE HANDS.

The hands repay a little care better than the face does a great deal, and yet it is the cry among women that they cannot keep the hands soft and white. As a rule, it is the too frequent use of strong soaps, filled with alkali needed to cut the grease and dirt from various utensils used about the house, that makes the skin of the hands rough and wrinkled. Large veins are not very easy to help; they accompany rheumatic and gouty conditions of the blood, the veins enlarge when the hands are held down, and so on. But even this will not be of a great deal of importance if the skin is soft, white and without blemish.

Treatment of the hands should consist more of constant care than of the sudden application of strong chemicals to bleach them white in a single application; these always render the skin so much more sensitive, and besides, always burn, more or less, so the last condition is worse than the first.

Glycerine properly diluted is really one of the very best of the many lotions directed for the hands; it is very softening, but unfortunately many try to use it too strong. Rose water is one of the best diluting agents to combine with glycerine and the latter should also be as chemically pure as possible. In its crude state, it will burn the skin almost like a coal, and leaves a shriveled and dry spot, feeling like a shroud, why so many object to its use. But diluted properly there is nothing quite so good. The addition of two parts of rose water, for example: measure two tablespoonfuls of glycerine into a bottle to this add four tablespoonfuls of rose water and one of alcohol, and you have a lotion that keeps the hands soft and in time will whiten them.

Hard water is very bad for the hands; it dries and really does not remove the dirt; only helps to grind it in further. Where nothing but hard water can be had and boiling it to soften cannot be done, add a teaspoonful of powdered borax to a basinful and then wash the hands. Water that is too cold is as bad as that which is too hot, both hurt the skin. Tepid, so the flesh will not feel the change of temperature, is the best.

Glycerin also softens the water, the same proportions as of borax will answer the purpose; add a teaspoonful to the basin and note the softness of the water. After that the hands should be rinsed and wiped carefully with a soft cloth and a little of the glycerine lotion poured into the palms and rubbed over them; this should be done every time they are washed.

After the day's dust and grime the hands should be as carefully attended to as the rest of the body, and then a healing, cooling and soothing, softening cream should be well rubbed in. The wearing of gloves at night is always directed in treating the hands, but the gloves must be clean inside, if of white kid the better, and they may be filled with a cosmetic cream that will make the skin all the softer for the long hours of absorption during sleep.

Thick gloves that cause perspiration of the hands are better than any others for daily wear; this keeps the pores active and the skin soft. Just the constant use of the glycerine lotion, as given, helps greatly if cold cream cannot be kept readily.

Cucumber juice or the rind rubbed over the hands helps to whiten the skin; so will lemon juice, but both of these cause a roughness because they are acid and astringent. Always after using either the hands should be well rubbed with cold cream.

If very dirty, lard should be well rubbed in, allowed to remain ten minutes; then warm water with a bland soap will remove that and the dirt also; just soap and water will not take off grime. Where the hands are washed too often the skin becomes dry and there is a constant inclination to wash them again; that is because the natural oils are washed out and the best thing to do is to try to make the loss good by some application that has oil in it. Oil of almonds may be used, honey and water, half and half, are good.

SOME MOTHER'S CHILD.

And when I see those o'er whom long years have rolled, Whose hearts have grown burdened, Whose spirits are cold: Be it woman all fallen, or man all defiled, A voice whispers softly, "Ah! some mother's child."

No matter how far from the right she has strayed, No matter what inroads dishonor has made, No matter what elements cankered the pearl— Though tarnished and sullied, she's some mother's girl.

No matter how wayward his footsteps have been, No matter how deep he is sunken in sin; No matter how low is his standard of joy— Though guilty and loathsome, he's some mother's boy.

That head hath been pillowed on some tender breast, That form hath been wept over, That soul hath been prayed for, in tones sweet and mild;

For her sake deal gently with—some mother's child.

Pinks—Yes; our Willie whipped the janitor's boy.

CAUGHT THE DEAN.

One of Dean Swift's friends sent him a fish by a lad. The boy burst into the room, exclaiming very impudently: "My master sends you a fish."

"That is not the way a gentleman should enter," reproved the dean. "You sit here in my chair while I show you how to mend your manners."

When the boy was seated the dean went out. Then the dean knocked at the door, bowed low and said: "Sir, my master sends his kind compliments, and hopes you are well, and begs you to accept a small present."

"Indeed," replied the boy, "return him my best thanks, and there is a shilling for yourself."

The dean, caught in his own trap, laughed heartily and gave the boy a half crown for his ready wit.

DOUBLY WILLING.

"You are pushing me too hard," said Wu Ting Fang to a reporter in San Francisco who was interviewing him. "You are taking advantage of me. You are like the Peking poor relation."

"One day he met the head of his family in the street. 'Come and dine with us to-night,' the mandarin said graciously. 'Thank you,' said the poor relation. 'But wouldn't to-morrow night do as well?'

"Yes, certainly. But where are you dining to-night?" asked the mandarin, curiously.

"At your house. You see, your estimable wife was good enough to give me to-night's invitation."—Saturday Evening Post.

She: "This dress doesn't become my complexion. I must change it." He: "More expensive? I can't stand it, you'll ruin me!" She: "You silly! I don't mean the dress—I mean the complexion."

A GREATER WONDER.

An inspector was examining a very youthful class of Scotch boys, and among other subjects he requested the teacher to ask her pupils a few questions in nature knowledge. Desiring her class to do her honor, she decided upon the simple subject, "Chickens."

"Now, children," said she, "I want you to tell me something very wonderful about chickens."

"How they get out of their shells," promptly responded one little fellow. "Well," said the teacher, "that is of course wonderful, but I mean something more wonderful still."

There was a silence for a few seconds. Then up spoke little Johnny. "Please, ma'am, it's a mair wonderful hoo they ever get intae their shells."

—Ladies Home Journal.

Biliousness, Liver Complaint

If your tongue is coated, your eyes yellow, your complexion sallow; if you have sick headaches, variable appetite, poor circulation, a pain under the right shoulder, or alternate constipation and diarrhea, floating specks before the eyes,

Your Liver Is Not In Order

All the troubles and diseases which come in the train of a disordered liver, such as Jaundice, Chronic Constipation, Catarrh of the Stomach, Heartburn, Water Brash, etc., may be quickly and easily cured by

MILBURN'S LAXA-LIVER PILLS

Mr. S. Gifford, Zurich, Ont., writes: "I had suffered for years with liver complaint, and although I tried many medicines I could not get rid of it. Seeing Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills advertised I decided to try them, and after using them four months I was completely cured."

25 cents a vial or 5 for \$1.00, at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

The Concours of Rome.

In the recent Paris "Concours de Rome," MM. Desvieux-Verite and Eugene Adenis carried off the prize with their poem, "La Sirene." It was on this poem that the young musical composers competing for the Grand Prix de Rome—musical section of the Beaux Arts—made their cantata. M. Desvieux-Verite, who has already made his mark with such works as "Jeanne d'Arc," "Les Gars d'Islands," and "Le Roi de Thule," is married to an Irishwoman. Her maiden name was Hawkesworth-Kelly. She is a writer, too, and authoress of "The Blue Light," "Comedy and Tragedy," and other tales.

Among her more serious works may be mentioned an exhaustive study of Pasteur, published some years ago in America. A marble bust of Daniel O'Connell occupies a post of honor in M. and Mme. Verite's villa at Neuilly, near Paris. Irish visitors regard this bust with increased interest when they know that it was M. Desvieux-Verite's maternal grandfather, Mr. Fox, who acted as second in O'Connell's duel with d'Essex. As will be remembered, Fox was killed in the leg by the rebound of a ball fired by one of the duellists. He was descended from the younger of two brothers, English statesmen and Catholics, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. To preserve his faith, this younger brother settled in Ireland. The elder turned Protestant, remained in England and became the ancestor of the celebrated Fox, contemporary of Pitt.

The most obstinate corns and warts fail to resist Holloway's Corn Cure. Try it.

Funny Sayings.

"Mamma, I heard you tell Uncle Jim I was a dear boy. About how much am I worth?"

"You're worth more than a million dollars to me, my son," said his mother as she gave him a hug.

"Well—say—mamma, couldn't you advance me twenty-five cents?"

HOW IT WAS.

Jinks (in surprise)—Moving again? Just when you were settled?

Father John Bern noted poet of the sweet and one of the swee have drawn their Maryland environs, eight or nine emine been consulted, but be no hope, and charming verses ha heart of childhood, tic chords from the unstinted praise from women of matu now sits in darkne College, eyes blended to the blooming flowers at this environ the draw was wont to draw Father Tabb's eye

him at the thresh fame. Just as he enter the portals, i of the critics, light nled him, and he g darkness. Yet, it not be that thro loss the spiritual w come kinder? May the poet's soul, und distractions of mate through its loftier l the better led men into the beauties o things which it is f men to see? Is th of prophecy in the before his affliction

Ah, if my grief his My dark light, I count each loss fo And bless the night

Who knows but w come upon him in might reach greater like blind Milton, of

So fair the vision t Abided with these, lo A flaming sword bet Had shut these out f

John Banister Mar by birth and a Mar tion. He was born March 22, 184 fore, sixty-three ye ceived a good educa of private tutors, ar war broke out he e federate navy. He war 1864-5, and a was ended came to he studied music. taught at St. Paul more, and at Racine san in 1872 he Catholic and studie College, Maryland, le instructor in English he was ordained a But little has been Father Tabb—famed modest and retiring friend, though, he o his poetic vision fol a direct gift from G when, following the in need and knew no His sky was clouded with not a star to Suddenly, it was as vine opened and he c of things spiritual, touched and he was power to peer into th flows the laughter o to each out the inn of the hearts of men ears were attuned to the flowers, the b song birds. A ha the strings of his was set into motion for brightness, deli sympathy have be part, seldom equal poets. Such is Fath option of poetry:

A gleam of Heaven: Star Held captive in the morny; A silence, shell-like, a after The rapture of th

The blindness of F pathetic thing, for h from a sight of the with a passionate Charles' Coliere is i surpassing beauty. C with its lofty minar self quite a pile to thoughts, while the foreground is in the summer months a ga its spacious lawns gl gold and crimson of rated flowers. Adja woods, abounding in

follow every ho

Sur

You wonder h the clothes so with no idle rit is just SOAL with peculiar quing clothes. wash. Read ch the

SURPRISE