HOUSE NO HOME

CONDUCTED BY HELENE.

Good cheer is the hall mark of a brave and healthy soul. To give way to gloomy thoughts, otherwise the "blues" is a sign of weakness. This isn't asserting that no one but weaklings are attacked by the blues; but it is one thing to be attacked and another to rout the disturber. And that is what the brave soul does. There may be a very real and tangible reason why the heart faints and halts, for life is serious, and the world full of unexpected trials, but to sit and brood over a trouble only makes it look larger and larger until it finally obscures the horizon line, and darkness descends upon the soul. Wherefore the thing to do is to cast aside all thought of worry for a moment—(just say to yourself it is, only for moment)—and when you return to it again you will be surprised to find how it had lesserned in size and importance. Good cheer is the hall mark of a

"Laugh and grow fat" is a somewhat vulgar aphorism that may not
appeal to women who weigh
140, but there is more real
sense in it than in most old aphorisms. A habit of laughter, of good
oficer, of looking on the bright side,
will round out more angles than all
the olive oil prescribed by "beauty
doctors;" and the woman
grows the flowers of sweetness and
charity in the garden of her grows the flowers of sweetness and charity in the garden of her will have written on her face the only story that is worth reading in the human countenance—the story of a good heart a good heart.

ABOUT WOMEN.

Only fools laugh at the woman who Only fools ladge at the caresses on a canary or a pug dog. The discerning weep at the tragedy of a heart so poor that it has nothing better on which to

expend its love.

Women gauge virtue by emotion.
They always believe in the goodness
of a man whose voice trembles when
he prays aloud in prayer meeting,
and are convinced that the woman
oriminal who weeps when she tells
her story is a poor, abused, persecuted creature.
The reason that the status of in-

reason that the statue of jus The reason that the state of tice is always represented as a female figure with blindfolded eyes because women will never justice done if they can help it.

A woman likes to be praised for her good looks, but the flattery that

ps her off her feet is for a me to treat her as if she was a creature with almost human intelligence

A man never tells a woman the truth except when he is angry with her. That is the reason that women are afraid of the truth and always dodge it if they can.—Dorothy Dix, in New York American.

THE COMING CHAPEAU.

It is certain that we shall have straight-brimmed hats with us in the early spring—certainly in the summer. And with these straight, wide brims, which are so becoming to most faces, we shall have high to most faces, we shall have high crowns, surrounded with upstanding feathers, or a cluster of handsom feathers placed high at the left side with an enormous osprey springing from the midst. By the time these particular hats are really fashionable we shall no longer permit out headcovers to rest on the back of our necks. The exceedingly smart our necks. The exceedingly smart and becoming bandeau—moderate in size and placed directly at the left side—will again be in favor, and the hat will be given something of the Gainsborough - Duchess-of-Devon-blers till

she lays so much stress, so much im-portance, on every trifle and never forgets it or lets me. I wish I had a mother I could tell things to," is the cry one hears continually from

25c to Cure Your Cough

Bole's Preparation of Friar's Cough Balsam comes in such a big bottle—and the prescription from which it is made is such an excellent one— that one bottle cures most coughs.

Bole's Preparation of

Friar's Cough Balsam

NATIONAL DRUG & CHEMICAL CO. OF CANADA LIMITED,

costs only 25c a bottle. Your dealer has it or can easily get it for yo See that he does. It is BOLE'S PREPARATION you want—the coup

WINTER LINGERIE WAISTS.

WINTER LINGERIE WAISTS.

"Even girls who have foot muffs, hand muffs, fur coats and lap robes to protect them against the cold when they are out driving, still cling to airy lingeries waists," sneered the observer of feminine foibles. "Wrong," retorted the listening girl: "the lingerie waists cling to them." Anyway, the one-plece dress though it grows in popularity, cannot kill off the white waist. One little change is seen, however, Girls are not holding up the collars of their waists with little jewelled bars, neither are they tying bands of their waists with fittle jowened axis, meither are they tyring bands of tulle about the collars. Last fall the tulle band was met in the front or the back in a large bow. Now the fad is to fasten a band of gold braid about an inch high about the white collar. It is caught at braid about all life in section white collar. It is caught at the back with little pins. A tiny bow of braid is seen at the throat.

THE USE OF MUSTARD IN THE

BATH.

The growing use of mustard in the bath is a modern adaptation of the principle that mustard is one of the most valuable external stimulants, says Black and White. To those who have not tried it the result is really surprising.

Take a teaspoonful of best mustard and add to the bath when filled. The water will be found to be of slightly yellow-green color and absolutely free from any stinging of smarting sensation. In fact, it has a soft, velvety feeling, almost like milk, but with a glowing warmth that is appreciated glowing warmth that is appreciated by the most delicate skin. Under its influence sore and stiff joints becom-limber and elastic, and the whole bo dy experiences a sense of exhibitantion that is scarcely credible.

The mustard bath is already a favor its with those engaged in its with those engaged in articles sports, and equally so with society ladies, who find it refreshing anti-dote to the fatigue of the functions and a charming way of keeping in that healthy condition so conducive to beauty.

A NEW VERSION OF THE GOL-DEN RULE

The end of the day found the Two of Them in the Garden, for the Gar-den, on a mild midwinter evening, is not without its attractions, The mist not without its attractions, the mist rising up there by the river, reaching out its white arms to enfold the dark trees, had offered the Two of Them fanciful talk for half an hour, and Orion and Pleiades had told them tales of other times, when Memphis was young and the Sphinx less of a mystery.

'Have you ever,' asked the One "stood on the brow of a hill over-looking a city when the gray twis-light was mingling withsmoke of the many shops and factories, weaving a cloak for it, such as the woods ne-

"And I hope never will wear!" e-

"And I hope never will wear! e-jaculated the Other. "But go on— and pardon the interruption.
"And as you looked down upon it— its lights outlining the streets pres-sed by hurrying feet, its illuminated windows showing where are the toil ops-and measured those lives by shops—and measured those five by the ones of which you have clearer knowledge, did you not feel that that darkness rising before you is not the withdrawal of the sun's rays, but, instead, the human misery of those men and women? And so much of 4t is readless!"

which them, and women trampling on virtue, preparing a rack of torture for themselves and all who love them when I thought of all this needless suffering. I could but ask God. Why! And this is only what I beheld in my limited sphere. Add to it what falls under the observation of 100,000 persons in that city, and be glad God has withheld from you the vision of an angel."
"Perhaps had we seen that vision we might make more haste to alleviate this human misery. It is because we see so little of, it that we are indifferent, maybe."
"Ah, but if our hearts were right would we not be as keenly alive to

would we not be as keenly alive to the small portion we see as box the larger which is mercifully withheld

from our eyes?"

"And as you stood there and thought of all that misery and sim and suffering, you sought for a remedy what did you find? But I know—and it is as old as Adam, and it is being applied more frequently and thoroughly than you perhaps think."

"It is—" asked the One-toward the stood of the s

quently and thoroughly than you perhaps think."

"It is—" asked the One, turning toward the gate, for the might was growing chill.

"Why, let each one alleviate the suffering he sees, of course!"

"No, that was not it! It was for each one to do nothing that would cause suffering to himself or eany of the Other, with eyes on the stars.

"Barth would be what we fancy they are can you not see such an one, wearing even here the visible glory of righteousness, walking amongex tus, scattering healing as he went, feared by no living thing and loved by God and man? And there are so many who could become such, in a large measure. Their work ends toward elevation; their habits of min allarge measure. Their work ends toward elevation; their habits of min allarge measure. Their work ends toward elevation; their habits of min allarge measure. Their work ends toward elevation; their habits of min allarge measure. Their work ends toward elevation; their habits of min al large measure. Their work ends toward elevation; their habits of min al large measure. Their work ends toward elevation; their habits of min al large measure. Their work ends toward goodness, nature herself adding education. Sympathy and tenderness are theirs in a degree far beyond their brethren, and try, have adding faith in the ultimate etterment of good by all things. And what withholds them frem becoming that which would crown then and humanity with them, is, them, weaker than a spider's we'll.

Something like as sigh passed over the old Garden, but the brightness of the stars was undimmed, for they are too far away to feel pity for che color laughed.

"And there I stood, Aunt Sunair Min and the congress of the stars was undimmed, for they are too far away to feel pity for che color laughed."

"And there I stood, Aunt Sunair Min and the congress of the stars was undimmed, for they are too far away to feel pity for che color laughed."

"And there I stood, Aunt Sunair Min and the condition of the color laughed."

"And there I stood, Aunt Sunair Min and the went, teared by ho fiving time that loved by God and man? And there are so many who could become such, in a large measure. Their work tends toward elevation; their habits of mind and conduct have been trained toward goodness, nature herself aiding education. Sympathy and tenderness are theirs in a degree far beyond their brethren, and they have abiding faith in the ultimate atteinment of good by all things. And what withholds them from becoming that which would crown them and humanity with them, is, to them, weaker than a spider's web!" Something like a sigh passed over the old Garden, but the brightness of the stars was undimmed, for they are too far away to feel pity for the feebleness of earth.—From The Garden Bench, Rosary Magazine.

den Bench, Rosary Magazine. ** * * NEW THINGS FOR THE HOUSEKEEPER.

In the March Woman's Home Companion, Fannie Merritt Farmer gives her attention to the needs of the young housekeeper, and her talk is well worthy the careful reading of of the home wno is lookout for new, simple

good things.

A bean rarebit is just one of her many good hints to housekeepers;

"Just the way to use the last of the baked beans! Melt two table the baked beans! Melt two table-spoonfuls of butter, add one tea-spoonful of salt, one eighth of a teaspoonful of paprika, one half cup-ful of milk and one cupful of cold

doctor laughed.

"And there I stood, Aunt Susan," said Miss Porter's long-winded nephew, who had been droning on about his summer in Switzerland for some hours since the old lady's eyes had begun to droop—'and there I stood, Aunt Susan, with the abyss yawning in front of me." "William," said Aunt Susan, speaking as one who has long kept silence, "was that abyss a-yawning before you got there, or did it begin after wards?"

**P **

Imm. "They will get on the tank and get killed if some one does not watch them."

Tommy Harper and Jamie had had a little tiff the day before over a game of marbles, so Jamie walked on quickly, saying:
"Tommy's lamb had better look out or it will get pitched off the track by an engine. I guess I can't afford to be tardy and lose the prize just because their sheep got out. I'll tell Tommy when I get to school, and he can run home. Teacher will excuse him that long."

But just then a train whistled, and

JUMPING AT A CONCLUSION. "I have just swallowed a couple of—of—what are these things that

of—of—what are those things that work while you sleep?"

"Gas meters! Great Scott, you've never swallowed a couple of those!"

"I went to hear 'Il Trovatore' last

To MRS.

mashed baked beans. Stir until thoroughly heated, and add one half cupful of grated soft, mild cheese. As soon as the cheese has melted, serve on small circular pieces of toasted bread or zephyrettes. It may be readily seen that this recipe is admirably adapted for chafing-dish

THE MARCH WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION.

The March number of the Wo-man's Home Companion is the Spring Fashion Number, and in it Grace Margaret Gould, the fashion editor,

Margaret Gould, the fashion entor, has many interesting paragraphs, among them the following:

"Voile will continue to be one of the fashionable materials throughout the spring and summer. So popular is it that it is now looked upon as a staple among fabrics.

"There is one item in her ward-robe that no woman ought to wor-

"There is one item in her wardrobe that no woman ought to worry about this year—that is, her
blouses, her shirt waists, as she
is apt to call them. For no matter what her age or her figure, she
can readily find in the new designs
for blouses many models exactly
suited to her individual need.

"If she wishes to add breadth to
her shoulders, she can make them
so that she will look broad shouldered and yet have the consciousness
that she js in the height of style, for
broad-shouldered effects are all the
vogue, sometimes produced by plats
extending over the shoulders, and

"Fine opera. "Oh, shucks! in, the hand organs been playing them tunes I recognized them all."

A GOOD SUBSTITUTE.

Jimmy had his weak points, as an example of the result of modern edu-cational methods, but his brain was of excellent quality.
When the teacher looked at him

When the teacher looked at him and inquired, coldly, "What is a synonym, James?" he was ready with his answer. 'It is a word you can use when you

don't know how to spell the one you thought of first," he replied, cheerfully.

With the Poets.

What's that the fiddle's savin', which the others never hear?— Somethin' that's a-hoverin' betwixt

a smile an' tear—
methin' of the past time—the shadow an' the beam,
I hear it for the last time in a

"The old lads are weary— Youth must have a chance; Too old to dance now— Too old to dance!"

On merry nights I hear it from my chimney corner place; Rosy cheeks aroun' me, with the dimples in a race!

pies in a race!

An' I seem to feel their freshness—a breath of golden curls,

As movin' to the music they swing the sweetheart girls!

"The old lads are loneson Youth must have a char Too old to dance now— Too old to dance!"

That's how the fiddle's singin' in

That's how the fiddle's single in tune to them unknown—
A sort of farawell message to the heart of me alone!

"You've reaped the youth-time roses—you've had your day and time
The twilight round you closes, where bells of Mem'ry chime—

"The old lads are lonesome—Youth must have a chance;
Too old to dance now—
Too old to dance!"
—Frank L. Stanton, in Uncle Remus' Magazine.

BOYS' AND GIRLS = a Pause in the Day's Occupation.

drive them away. Many a time he had carried a handful of salt to the tame creatures, so they imagined he had a treat, for them again. Over and over he sent them back over the light snow, but always they would come sniffling back, ready to escape it he had not been there to watch them. The tired little boy wished they would behave for a few moments, but the exercise was just what he needed to keep his fingers and toes from freezing.

"Why, Jamie Ford, are you here?" said Mr. Harper after four trains had thundred past and the winter sun rose high in the sky. "Have you been keeping my lambs safe from harm? I can never thank you enough. The stupid creatures would have huddled together on the track as sure as anything if you had not been here. I'll carry some rails from the old fence and close this gap and you run on home as quickly as you can."

Jamie wanted to hurry on to the school, but Mr, Harper persuaded him to go home, where his mamma looked very grave when she heard

the story. She gave her little boy a hot footbath and a cup of hot herb tee before putting him to bed, so he lost a whole day by his act of kindness.

You think you have lost the at school, Jamies" asked his pat school, Jamies" asked his at the breakfast table next morn "Well, that is too bad; but lout in the yard at the prize won taking care of the lambs yes

won taking care of the lambs yester-day."

And right outside the door stood Tommy Harper and his father with five new lambs to reward Jamie for

his trouble.

"I'm glad I was tardy and lost one prize," said Jamie-"for one is better than all."

A FORGIVENESS ACCOUNT

John and his Sister Gladys out at the front of the he Gladys was making a bead lace for her doll. The beads on a little work table beside John was playing at trains. train was an old box cart, his train was an old box cart, his new wagon. was a coach for the passen-gers, and Gladys' doll carriage for the "first-class" passengers. "Don't come here, John," said Gladys, as he came near the table. "Puff, puff," went his snorting hu-

man engine.

"Take care!" cried Gladys again, as he came nearer to the table, "you will spill my beads."

Away John went, and soon forgot his sister's warning. The traingame round the corner, and before he knew the table was upset, and the beads scattered in all directions.

"Oh. John!" cried Gladys with

"Oh, John!" cried Gladys, with angry face, "what did I tell you?"
"I'm awfully sorry," said John, as he helped to pick up the beads. John was always sorry, but it did not make him careful. Gladys did and he can run home. Teacher will excuse him that long."
But just then a train whistled, and Jamie felt ashamed of his maughty words. He hurried back to drive the stupid sheep away from the gap, and presently a long slow freight thundered past. When the noise was over, Jamie heard the last schoolbell ringing, and he knew it was too late to get there in time.
"I might just as well stay and watch," he said, as the big tears rolled down his cheeks. "T've lost the prize now."
The silly sheep crowded around, and he had to get a long stick to drive them away. Many a time he had carried a handful of salt to the tame creatures, so they imagined he had a treat for them again. Over and over he sent them back over

in her last year's copy book: "List of the Times I Forgive John." And under this: "Monday—For spilling

of the Times I Forgive John." And under this: "Monday—For spilling my beads."

Then she remembered that very day she had upset a block tower John built to show his father when he came home and John had not been the least cross with her. "I suppose I could be come that you want that you want to be a suppose I could be come that you want to be a suppose I could be come that you want to be a suppose I could be come that you want to be a suppose I could be supposed." been the least cross with her. I suppose I oought to count that on the other side," she said. She then wrote on the opposite page: "The Times John Forgives Me." "Monday—For knocking down his tower." That made them even.

And so day after day it went on. One day she had a longer list and another John had it—often they were even. And Gladys was been.

another John had it—often they were even. And Gladys was beginning to feel very humble, and said to herself: "I guess if I forgive all I can without keeping any list, it will take me all my life to make four hundred and minety times. Perhaps, after all, that is what the Bible text means."

LOVE'S ABNEGATION.

will be brave for thee, dear heart; for thee
My boasted bravery forego. I will
For thee be wise, or lose my little skill;

Coward or brave, wise, foolish, bond

or free.

No grievous costs in anything I see
That brings thee bliss or only
keeps thee, still,
In painless peace. So heaven thy
cup but fill,
Be emity mine unto evernity!

Come to me, Love, and let me tou Lean to me, Love; breathe on me thy dear breath!

ing place,
If thy one thought of me or him

Or hurteth thy sweet soul-then

To be forgotten, though that grace be death!

—Richard Watson Gilder.

* * *

THINGS TO FORGET.

If you see a tall fellow ahead of a crowd,
A leader of men marching fearless and proud,
And you know of a tale whose mere
telling aloud
Would cause his proud head to in
anguish be bowed,
It's a pretty good plan to forget

If you know of a skeleton hidden

away
In a closet, and guarded, and kept from the day,
In the dark, and whose showing, whose sudden display
Would cause grief and sorrow and life-long dismay,
It's a pretty good plan to forget it.

If you know of a thing that will darken the joy
Of a man or a woman, or a girl or a boy,
That will wipe out a smile, or the least way annoy
A fellow, or cause any gladness to cloy.

It's a pretty good plan to forget

THEY ALSO SERVE

They also serve who only stand and wait:

wart;
Yea, Lord, and many such perchance
there be,
Who, unawares, in patience serving
Thee,
Stand all day long before some
fast-barred gate.

Beyond, there lie sweet dreams yet Or hope deferred that sickens the stout heart And makes it far from gladness dwell

apart,
While faith yet keeps its clamorous
outcry stilled. Some wait with wistful faces set With eager longing toward the dis-

tant prize;
And some, whose hope is dead, yet lift their eyes,
Waiting and praying still with lashes wet.

wait with smiling, hopeful cheer! Yet these serve best, for what they seem to say,— Weiting is blessing; the must pray, And praying brings the kingdom ever

CHILDHOOD INDIGESTION MEANS SICKLY BABIES

The baby who suffers from indigestion is simply starving to death. It loses all desire for food and for the little it does take does it no good the child is peevish, cross and resiless, and the mother feels worn out in caring for it. Baby's Own Tablets always cure indigestion, and make the child sleep healthily and maturally. Mrs. Geo. Howell, Sandy Beach, Que., says: "My baby suffered from indigestion, colic and ynthing, and cried day and night, but after giving him Baby's Own Tablets the trouble disappeared and is snow a healthy child." The lets will cure all the minor ailments of babythood and childhood. Sold ynedicine dealers or by mail at 2 cents a box from The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Activitie Catho

THURSDAY, M

The New You contained a sket F. Ryan, wife which is pleasar its refreshing couple not only o and fassion, but a sessional."

and fashion, but "professional" According to Herald, Mrs. Ry the women of hin that philanth a fad in the wealth. The othe wider scope sible by the imband's fortune. has not changed "Tom" Ryan week. Down in parish, in Sixte men and women the munificence the munificence wife thirty year modest home apartment, the

Up in the big ting-room of her where the great is spent, Mrs. I her a woman of and new-fashion tures, the chints the darning ball plicity of her national to-date flat-top south corner, wi files and its tele other side to he extremes of the housewife and th housewife and the woman of affer meeting in the Many times a chivory knitting of the call of am message by teles stitches round a hood, churches planned, and aid distress.

distress.

No public subcarried the name Fortune Ryan.
give to public of is said that who with the gift w that her name h ticence is not af is Mrs. Ryan's When Mrs. Rv. astrous railroad astrous railroad country residence the inadequate I and wounded, sha fine hospital porter went to Ryan said:
"Why should a about this? The

"Why should a about this? The and I was able nothing more the done, so why to that they have don't mention the seventh a strength to some man, and this for Thère are hundre There are hundre There are hundre New York—thous that story would be more intere print a yarn abo little thing." It is always ". Mrs. Ryan does, thedral. a churci

thedral, a church mission. It is a find employment find employment men who have of their efforts; it "to make work' are unfitted by day to meet the conditions. It is send an ill wome out into God's c air is undefiled, and the strain o and the strain o SOME OF THE Many a shopgis been driven to N in Mrs. Byan's

on her shopping kindly eyes wand long counters in men with the tinders and a feveri is never passed if ther to the girl the manager of the same and a severity of the same and a severity of the same are severity of the sam the manager of t tion-"that noth

gone back to her richer for the int

Out in the dry-zona, where natu she is the greates culosis, there are "lungers" suppor cence of Mrs. Rys many visits into

> Su You won the clothes with so littl It is just with pecul-ing cloth wash.