

HOUSE AND HOME CONDUCTED BY HELENE.

A woman has no natural grace more bewitching than a sweet laugh. It is like the sound of flutes on the water. It leaps from her heart in a clear, sparkling rill, and the heart that hears it feels as if bathed in the cool exhilarating spring. How much we owe to that sweet laugh! It turns the prosed of our life into poetry. It flings showers of sunshine over the darkest wood in which we are travelling. It touches with light our sleep, which is no more the image of death but gemmed with dreams that are the shadow of immortality.

THE DREAMER.

What I have seen is mine. I close my eyes. Lo, now the glory of the sun-gilt west, And the virgin peaks that take their silent rest, And now on burdened bays the towers arise That gleam in story under older skies. I follow—follow where the keels have pressed, The fresh new shores of the uncharted quest; North, fervent south, and east my red sail flies:

What if my hands be empty of estate? What if I live in Fortune's chill despite, And if this room be bare and desolate? My heritage is rich on every breeze, My ships fare out along the starry night, And I have shadowy fleets on all the seas. —Thomas Wood Stevens, in the Metropolitan Magazine (October)

TWO NOVEL BATHS.

For bathing purposes, long mittens made of Turkish toweling are much more convenient than a washcloth or sponge. At night put them in a wash-bowl of soft water, and in the morning wring them out, put them on and rub the body with them.

A pleasant bath may be taken with soapine, which is not too strong for the tender skin of the body. Let the water be as hot as comfort will permit and put in enough soapine to make it look milky. After a thorough saturation and rubbing, empty the bathtub and let in fresh hot water for rinsing, which may be gradually cooled from the other faucet until there is no danger of taking cold.

PATIENCE IN WAITING.

There is all the difference in the world between longing for something which time alone can bring and looking forward to an end which we are going to consummate or prepare for by our own efforts. The one protracts the intervening hours, the other shortens them. The child anticipates the holidays, and thinks it will never come. The young man longs to attain his majority, and the months that elapse seem years. We watch the return of an absent friend, and each minute grows longer than the last. But if we can work while we wait, and so expedite the end in view, or prepare the way for it, the impression of length is removed. True patience is not inactivity. It is not sitting still and watching the clock, but using the energies in the intervening time to the best advantage. Let the child be interested in some pleasant preparation for his holiday, let the young man be eagerly fitting himself for the duties he is to assume; let the watcher use his waiting moment in sketching some agreeable plan for his friend's welcome, and the time will move with its accustomed celerity.

IN THE COUNTRY.

(By Eugene Field.) It seems to me I'd like to go Where bells don't ring, or whistles blow, Nor clocks don't strike, nor gongs don't sound, And I'd have stillness all around Not real stillness, but just the trees' Low whisperings, or the hum of bees; Or brooks' faint babbling over stones In strangely, softly-tangled tones. Or maybe a cricket, or katy did, Or the song of birds in the hedges hid; Or just some such sweet sounds as these To fill a tired heart with ease. If not for sight and sound and smell, I'd like the city pretty well; But when it comes to getting rest I like the country lots the best.

Sometimes it seems to me I must Just quiet the city's din and dust, And get out where the sky is blue; Say, now, how does it seem to you?

HER DRESSING TABLE.

Powder boxes and jewel cases are shown in silver, and here again the oriental touch is all pervasive. One Japanese box is of hammered silver with a minute floral design worked out with that infinite precision that marks the best pieces wrought in old Japan. The decoration is so perfect that examination under a magnifying glass only makes one more impressed with its beauty. This box is sold at \$35. Burmese boxes with the figures from Indian mythology are quaint and beautiful in oxidized silver. The prices run from \$20 to \$35.

Chinese jewel cases are the latest word in their line. To detail the designs as they should be were impossible to an occidental pen, but the cases themselves give out a breath from the land of mystery. A striking hand mirror is shown in oxidized silver with the Japanese dragon in very bold relief. The figure covers the whole of the back and handle and is brought out to a height of half an inch. While silver will always hold its place among the furnishings of the dressing table, the present fashion in toilet articles runs to ivory and expensive woods, and it is worth noticing that nearly all of the latest designs are in oriental carving. The Japanese predominates, but there is also much in Indian, Chinese, and, latest of all, Burmese. Sandalwood backs are the novelty in brushes, and while they are comparatively sober after the brightness of gold, silver and ivory, the beautiful brown wood, with its fleeting perfume, has a charm all its own. They are carved in Chinese and Japanese floral and figure designs, and range from \$5 upward for odd pieces. No full sets have been shown as yet.

FUNNY SAYINGS.

HE KNEW HIS SISTER.

Since the engagement of his pretty sister her small brother had been puzzling his head to know what it meant. "Why," explained his mother, "Mr. Skaggs has asked sister to marry him. That means that he'll take care of her."

"Buy her things?" asked the boy. "Yes." "Hats, and dinners, and ice cream, and everything?" he persisted. "Yes," was the answer. The boy thought it all over for a moment, and then he said, "Well, that man's got lots of courage, hasn't he?"

THERE WAS BUT ONE.

"Oh, my dear," said the new proud mother to her husband, "I wish you could see the new baby across the way. It's perfectly lovely! Such a delicate, sweet little creature as it is! It's a perfect little cherub, with the loveliest eyes, the sweetest little mouth, and the cunningest little nose. It looks as if it had just dropped from heaven, and every tiny feature had been fashioned by the angels."

"Is it as nice as our baby?" quickly asked her husband. "Mercy, no! Not half!" was the emphatic reply that came from the vicinity of the daintily-ruffled crib.

A POSER FOR THE SALESMAN.

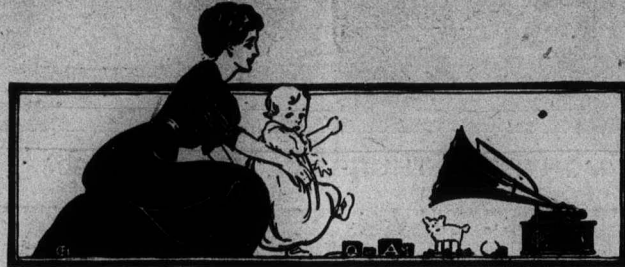
"It's not so much a durable article I require, sir," said Miss Simpkins. "I want something dainty, you know, something coy, and at the same time just a wee bit saucy—that might look well for evening wear."

SAUCE FOR THE GANDER.

A busy merchant was about to leave his home in Brixton for a trip on the continent, and his wife, knowing his aversion to letter-writing, reminded him gently of the fact. "Now, John, you must be eyes and ears for us at home and drop us an occasional post-card telling us anything of interest. Don't forget will you, dear?"

The husband promised. The next morning his wife received a postcard: "Dear wife, I reached Dover all right. Yours aff." "Though somewhat disappointed she thought her husband must have been pressed for time. Two days later, however, another card arrived, with the startling announcement: "Here I am in Paris. Yours ever." And still later: "I am indeed in Paris. Yours."

Then the wife decided to have a little fun and seized her pen and wrote: "Dear husband, the children and I are at Brixton. Yours." A few days later she wrote again: "We are still in Brixton." In her last communication she



The EDISON PHONOGRAPH

MR. EDISON has perfected his Phonograph until it is a marvelous reproducer of music and other sounds. The list of Records issued each month comprises all that is good, lively, entertaining and amusing in music and spoken speech. The cost of a new Record is a small thing, yet with it you open the door to amusement if you have an Edison Phonograph.

if you have not heard the new model with the big horn, go to the nearest Edison dealer and hear it, or if you cannot do that, write for a descriptive booklet. WE DESIRE GOOD, LIVE DEALERS to sell Edison Phonographs in every town where we are not now well represented. Dealers should write at once to National Phonograph Co., 100 Lakeside Ave., Orange, N. J., U. S. A.

grew more enthusiastic: "Dear husband, here we are in Brixton. I repeat it, sir, we are in Brixton. P.S.—We are indeed." In due time her husband reached home, fearing that his poor wife had temporarily lost her senses, and hastened to ask the meaning of her strange messages. With a winning smile she handed him his own three postal cards.

A teacher observed what he thought a lack of patriotic enthusiasm in one of the boys under his instruction. "Now, Tommy," said he, "tell us what you would think if you saw the Stars and Stripes waving over the field of battle."

Blue Ribbon Tea advertisement with coupon and address: The Blue Ribbon Tea Co., P. O. Box 2554, Montreal.

"I should think," was the logical reply of Thomas, "that the wind was blowing." "Johnnie," said a teacher in a physiology class, "can you give a familiar example of the human body as it adapts itself to changed conditions?"

"Yes-sum," said Johnnie, "my aunt gained fifty pounds in a year, and her skin never cracked." THE BISHOP'S JOB. A Bishop was staying with a friend in a country house. On Sunday morning as he passed through the library he found a small boy curled up in a big chair, deeply interested in a big book.

"Are you going to church, Tom?" he asked. "No, sir," he replied. "Why, I am," said the Bishop. "Huh," said the boy, "you've got to go. It's your job." SHE MANAGED IT ALL RIGHT. A physician, in order to maintain a wholesome atmosphere in sleeping-rooms, laid in a stock of thermometers, which were distributed to his patients in those households where they were the most needed. He took pains to point out to each family in turn just how the thermometer would indicate the proper degree of temperature.

In making his rounds one day he inquired of the woman at the head of one establishment, wherein he observed his thermometer proudly displayed at the end of a string, whether she had followed his instructions. "Yes, sir," answered she, "I'm very careful about the temperature. I watch the thing all the time as it hangs up there."

"What do you do when the temperature rises above sixty-eight?" asked the doctor. "I take it down, sir, an' put it outside till it cools off a bit." Kenyon's Convert Sons. Scammell O'Neil contributes to the Rosary Magazine an interesting article on "Convert Sons of Kenyon."

Kenyon College was founded near Mt. Vernon, O., at the little town of Gambier, by the Anglican Bishop Chase, whose granddaughter, by the way, Sister Mary Frances de Sales Chase, was a Visitation nun. The money was furnished by Lords Kenyon, Gambier and Boxley. The grandson of the man for whom the

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

LAND OF STORY BOOKS.

At evening, when the lamp is lit, Around the fire my parents sit, They sit at home, and talk and sing, And do not play at anything.

Now, with my little gun I crawl All in the dark along the wall, And follow round the forest track Away behind the sofa back.

There, in the night, where none can spy, All in my hunter's camp I lie, And play at books that I have read Till it is time to go to bed.

These are the hills, these are the woods, These are my starry solitudes, And there the river by whose brink The roaring lions come to drink.

I see the others far away, As if in firelit camp they lay, And I, like to an Indian scout, Around their party prowled about.

So, when my nurse comes in for me, Home I return across the sea, And go to bed with backward looks At my dear Land of Story Books.

TOMMY'S RESOLUTIONS.

A good resolution made and kept for a single week will do its master and keeper some good. The objection to making good resolutions and not keeping them lies in the fact that the first failure makes it easy to fall again and again.

I, Tommy Dean, knowing that I am not as good a boy as I should be, and thinking that I should be better on account of my friends, do agree to keep the following resolutions for one year at the very least:

I will get up when called once, instead of after I've been called four times. I will keep the back part of my hair combed as slick as the front. I will shovel snow out of the paths and not grumble about it.

I will run on errands even if I don't get any nickles for it. I will surprise my teacher at school by studying most of the time, and not whisper half as much as I did last year.

I will brush my clothes every day to keep my mother from scolding, for it is wicked to sodd. I will never be late at the table and so save pa from saying things that hurt my feelings.

I will not chew gum, not be sassy, and I won't quarrel with any one of the boys. If I break any of these resolutions I will draw a blue mark over it and be sorry.—Selected.

THE "DO" LADDER.

"First let mother draw the long, straight, sides of the ladder." "Yes," answered Boy.

"Then mother will put dots all up the sides, to help Boy when he draws the rounds. See! He must make them straight from this dot over to the other one, and from this next one to the other one, and so on."

"Yes, we must make them very straight," echoed Boy. "Now, we're ready," continued mother. "You draw the first round 'do' round."

"As soon as Boy's pencil had made a wavering step, mother sang, 'Do.' 'There!' she said. 'Mother's up on the 'do' round. Boy, draw mother standing there.' Boy smilingly made a tall line on the 'do' step.

tried to sing "si, he made just a squeaky sound. "O-ho! You've stepped too high!" laughed mother. "Come down! Like this—" "Si!"

But Boy could not step in the right place. He tried till he was tired. Then mother talked about the puppy by the fire and the sleigh going by until he had almost forgotten about the hard climb he was having.

"Si," she sang, all of a sudden, and Boy sang "si" too, just the same way. How they clapped their hands and cheered that time!

"Just one more," said mother, and drew the "high do" round near the "si" round, for these two are as close together as "mi" and "fa."

"Do!" sang mother, and Boy answered like an echo. "We're up! We're up!" cried mother. "Three cheers for us! We're at the tip-top! Draw both of us."

"At the tip-top!" Boy chimed in, painstakingly guiding his pencil. "And we never fell at all!" "And do you know," mother went on, "when Boy has learned to walk up the ladder and not make one mistake, we'll try coming down again."

"Yes," Boy answered, with a contented sigh, "right down the 'do' ladder."—Youth's Companion.

MY LITTLE DOLL.

I once had a sweet little doll, dears, The prettiest doll in the world; Her cheeks were so red and so white dears, And her hair was so charmingly curled.

But I lost my poor little doll, dears, As I played in the heath one day; And I cried for more than a week, dears, But I never could find where she lay.

I found my poor little doll, dears, As I played in the heath one day; Folks say she is terribly changed, dears, For her paint is all washed away, And her arms drodden off by the crows, dears, And her hair not the least bit curled;

Yet for old sakes' sake she is still, dears, The prettiest doll in the world. —Charles Kingsley.

Bright Eyes, Rosy Cheeks.

Every Girl can Have Them by Keeping Her Blood Rich and Red with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

In the early days of her womanhood every girl—no matter what her station in life—should be bright, active, cheerful and happy. Her steps should be light, her eye bright and her cheeks rosy with the glow of health.

But the reverse is the condition of thousands of young girls throughout Canada. They drag along, always tired, suffer from headaches, breathless and with palpitating heart after slight exercise, so that merely to go upstairs is exhausting. This is the condition doctors call anemia, which means weak, watery blood. In this condition Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is the only safe and reliable medicine. These pills actually make the new, rich, red blood which can alone give health and strength, and thus make weak, listless, pale-faced girls bright, active and strong.

Miss Albina St. Andre, Joliette, Que., says: "I am more grateful than I can say for the benefit I have found in the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I was weak, run down and very miserable. I suffered from severe pains in my back and chest; had a bad cough; no appetite, and would lie awake most of the night, and what sleep I did get did not refresh me. I tried several remedies, but they did not help me, and I, as well as my friends feared I was going into a decline. At this stage a friend who came to see me strongly urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and providentially I acted upon the advice. After using a few boxes my appetite improved and I began to sleep much better at night. This greatly cheered me and I continued taking the pills for some time longer, when the change in my condition was really marvellous. I was feeling as well as I ever had done. I could sleep soundly at night; the pains and cough had disappeared, and I felt an altogether different girl. I am so grateful for what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done for me that I cheerfully give you permission to publish this in the hope that it may point the way to health to some other weak and despondent girl."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are good for all diseases due to weak, watery blood. That is why this medicine cures rheumatism, indigestion, neuralgia, St. Vitus dance, partial paralysis, and the sideaches, backaches and headaches caused by the troubles women alone suffer from. You can get these pills from any medicine dealer or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Bole's Preparation of Friar's Cough Balsam Cures Coughs. Stops them right off. The first teaspoonful does good. In a few hours you notice that "tight feeling" disappear—the coughing spells grow farther and farther apart—the throat is easier—and the soreness gone.

Francis Tom... Mystic... Dr. Wilfred... and please every tin... Surprise... It makes children—and every... The purest and cleanest... injury.