HOUSE PO 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 prose of our life into poetry. It flings showers of sunshine over the darksome 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 immorality.

THE DREAMER.

What I have seen is mine. I close my

What I have seen is mine. I close my eyes; Lo, now the glory of the sun-gill

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 prest, 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 de-

And if this room be bare and deso-

My heritage is rich on every breeze, My ships fare out along the starry night, And I have shadowy fleets on all the

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 washbowl of soft water, and in the more property of the purpose o

sponge. At many properties of the morning wring them out, put them on and rub the body with them.

A pleasent 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 miky. After a thorough soapine to make it look miky. After a thorough soapine to the structure of the same of the saturation and rubbing, empty bathtub and let in fresh hot we 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 relationship. 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 pleasurt preparation for his holiday, let the child be interested in some plea-sant preparation for his holiday; let-the young man be eagerly fitting himself for the duties he is to as-sume; let the watcher use his wait-ing moment in sketching some agree-able plan for his friend's welcome,

and the time will move with its ac-customed celerity. IN THE COUNTRY.
(By Eugene Field.)

It seems to me I'd like to go
Where bells don't ring, or whistle blow, r clocks don't strike, nor gongs

don't sound, And I'd have stillness all around

Not real stillness, but just the Low whisperings, or the hum

bees; Or brooks' faint babbling over In strangely, softly-tangled tones.

Or maybe a cricket, or katy did, Or the song of birds in the hedget

hid;
Or just some such sweet sounds a

To fill a tired heart with case. If not fer sight and sound and

smell,
I'd like the city pretty well;
But when it comes to getting les
I like the country lots the lest,

metimes it seems to me I must ust quiet the city's din and dust ad get out where the sky is blue; y, now, how does it seem to Say, now,

HER DRESSING TABLE HER DRESSING TABLES.
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 old Nippon. The decoration is so marks the best pieces wrought in old Nippon. 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.

\$20 to \$35.

Ohmose 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. The prices range from \$50 to \$125.

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 tiolet articles runs to ivory and expensive woods.

the present fashion in tholet 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 worker in brunches and while they novelty in brushes, and, while 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

"Why," explained his mother, "Mr. Skaggs has asked sister to marry him. That means that he'll take are 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 noment, and then he said.
"Well, that man's got lots of ourage, 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 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 upose. It looks as if it had just depended from beaven and every dropped from heaven, and every tiny feature had been fashioned by

tiny feature had been 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 saucythat 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 regulated in control of the fact.

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 drap 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 postalcard: "Dear wife, I reached Dover
all right. Yours aff."
Though somewhat disappointed she
thought her husband must have been

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

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 apart—the throat is easier—and the soreness gone.

The first teaspoonful that is easier—and the soreness gone.

h Balsam. Sold by all druggists.



R. 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.

Edison: I floring raph.

if you have not heard the new model with the big harn, 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.

more enthusiastic: "Dear hus beand, here we are in Brixton. I repeat it, sir, we are in Brixton. P.S.—We are indeed."

-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.

* * * SIMPLE AND LOGICAL.

A teacher observed what h thought a lack of patriotic enthusi asm in one of the boys under his in

"Now, Tommy," said he, "tell us what you would think if you saw the Stars and Stripes waving over the field of battle." college is named, the Hon, John George Kenyon, of Christ Church College, Oxford, formerly a Papal Zouave, is a leading convert in Eng-

The American convert sons include Commodore Benjamin Francklyn Bache, 1801-1881, for several years professor of natural science at Kenyon; the Very Rev. Father Fidelis (Dr. James Kent Stone), now provincial of the Passionists in the Bastern Province of the United States, president of Kenyon, a short time before his conversion; the Rt. Rev. Sylvester Horton Rosecrans, D.D., first Bishop of Columbus, O., and his brother, Major General William Stark Rosecrans, one of the heroes The American convert sons includ-Stark Rosecrans, one of the heroes of the Civil war; Henry Livingston Richards, for years an Episcopal mi-nister, father of the distinguished



This coupon cut out and mailed to The Blue Ribbon Tea Co., P. O. Box 2554, Montrea entitles the sender to a free package of our 40c. Blue Ribbon Tea. Fill in blank space whether you wish Black, Mixed or Green Tea (

To MRS. ..

ST.

TOWN

"I should think," was the logica reply of Thomas, "that the wind was blowing."

IT HELD FAST.

"Johnnie." said a teacher in physiology class, "can you give a familiar example of the human body as it adapts itself to changed con-

"Yes-sum," said Johnnie, aunt gained fifty pounds in a year and her skin never cracked."

THE BISHOP'S JOB.

A Dishop 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 wholesome atmosphere in sleepng-rooms, laid in a stock of the ing-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 tem-

perature rises above sixty-eight?"
asked the doctor. "I take it down, sir, an' put utside till it cools off a bit."

Kenyon's Convert Sons.

Scamell 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 Gambièr, by the Anglican Bishop Chase, whose granddaughter, by the way, Sister Mary Frances de Sales Chase, was a Visitation nun. The noney was furmished by Lords Kenton, Gambier and Boxley. The grandson of the man for whom

Jesuit, the Rev. Joseph Havens Richards; William Richards, brother of Jesuit, the Rev. Joseph Havens Richards; William Richards, brother of Henry, a well-known lawyer in the national capital, author of "The Road to Rome"; Congressman Frank Hurd; the Hon Thomas Marshall, Hurd; the Hon. Thomas Marshall, judge of the circuit court of Utah, and the Hon. Edward Simeral, of

One of the greatest blessings to parents is Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator. It effectually expells worms and gives health in a marvellous manner to the little one.

The Last of Newman's Companions.

By the death of Father Ryder, at the Birmingham Oratory, the last left of the group of friends to whom Cardinal Newman dedicated the "Apologia" has passed away. Henry Ignatius Dudley Ryder ends the list of those "dearest brothers" who had Newman avowed, been "so sensitive to my needs, so indulgent to my feelings, so cheerful under discourage-

WEIGHED FOUR POUNDS WHEN FOUR MONTHS OLD

Most of the sickness that comes to babies and young children is due to the stomach and bowels being out to of condition. It is then that they are cross, peevish and upset the whole household. These are troubles that Baby's Own Tablets always cure promptly. Here is proof. Mrs. J. Stewart, Everton, Ont., says: "My little girl thrived so badly that at the age of four months she weighed four and a half pounds. Her stomach was badly out of order, and although the doctor treated her he did not help her. Then I got Baby's Own Tablets and right from the first they helped her. and now she enjoys perfect health." If your little one is alling try Baby's Own Tablets—always do good; cannot do harm. Sold by all medicine dealers, or by mail at 25 cents a box from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

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 ca

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

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

the others far awa 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. Robert Louis Stevenson

TOMMY'S RESOLUTIONS.

A good resolution made and kept for a single week will do its make and keeper some good. The objec-tion to making good resolutions an ot keeping them lies in the fac to fall again and again. A of our acquaintance became boy good on New Year's day. He we good on New Year's day. He went to his room and appeared after an hour or two with a sheet of fools-cap paper held before him. At the top of the sheet was written "Good Resolutions for 1908." Then came the following rather curious amble and resolves:

amble and resolves:

I. Tommy Dean, knowing that
am not as good a boy as I sho
be, and thinking that I should
better on account of my friends,
agree to keep the following reso

tions for one year at the very least:
I will get up when called once instead of after I've been called four

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 scold.

I will never be late at the table 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 will draw a blue mark over and be sorry.—Selecte'd.

THE "DO" LADDER.

"First let mother draw the long,

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

Like this—'Sil'"

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 sleighs going by until he had almost forgotten about the hard climb he was having.

having.
"Si," she sang, all of a sudden,
and Boy sang "si" too, just the

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."

"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, realizablingly guiding his pencil chimed in, his pencil.

"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.

Always a Good Friend.—In health and happiness we need no friends but when pain and prostration come we look for friendly aid from symwe look for friendly aid from sym-pathetic hands. These hands can serve us no better than in rubbing in Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil, for when the Oil is in the pain is out. It has brought relief to thousands who without it would be indeed friendless.

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 trodden off by the cows, 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.

"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 the "do' round."

As soon as Boy's pencil had made aches, breathless and with painters and with painters are the "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.

"Now, Boy, try to climb up with mother."

Boy thought a minute. Then he sang "Do." just like mother.

"Good!" cried mother. "Now Boy's on the 'do' round! Draw him there."

This is the condition doctors call amaemia, 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, lietless, pale-faced girls bright, active and strong: Miss Albina St. Andre, Jolistic, Que., says: "I am more grateful than I can say for the hearth!" I have feund in the use of feelings, so cheerful under discouragements of my causing." The whole passage covers a page and elicited from George Eliot a marginal note as interesting as itself: "I hardly know anything that delights me more." she wrote, "than such evidence of sweet brotherly love being a reality in the world." Father Ryder was a grandson of the well-known Anglican Bishop of Lichfield of his mame, and was easily the English clergy.

WEIGHED FOUR POUNDS

on the 'do' round! Draw him there." more grateful than I can say for the benefit I have found in the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I was weak, and down and very miserable. 'I suffered from severe pains in my back and chest; had a bad cough; no apotte with the round, and let us see. That's a good straight one. Listen! 'Re!' "(Re!" sang Boy; but he did not the might, 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 from the more grateful than I can say for the benefit I have found in the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I was weak.

"Re!" sang Boy; but draw below the 're' round. Try again. 'Re!"

"Re!" sang Boy, still not quite fright. "Re!" sang Boy, will not quite fright. "Re!" sang Boy, still not quite fright. "Williams' Pink Pills, I was weak. round. Try again. 'Rel''

"Re!" sang Boy, still not quite right.

"You're scrambling up, but you're not on the round yet. Sing it again so mother won't be all alone. "Re?"

"Re!" sang Boy once more.
"Hurran!" cried mother.
And "Hoowah!" shouted Boy, and he drew the little line and the big one on the "re' step.

Next, Boy made the 'mi' round, not very straight. to be sure. They jumped right on it,' mother said, Boy proudly drew a tiny line for himself and a large one for his mother-so large, in fact, that he had to make an arch in the next round so that "mother wouldn't hurt her head."

The "fa" step mother had Boy make close to the 'mi' step, because it really is only a short way from "mi" to "fa." Then away they went up the ledder, from the "fa" round to the "sol" round and the "la" round. On every one Boy made his furny little pictures of mother and himself.

Mother climbed round after round easily, but Boy sometimes had hard work getting a footing. When he

Francis Ton Mysti

THURSDAY, MA

Dr. Wilfred Meditor and reviews Meynell, poet and dred the late Francelaimed him whing in poverty an streets of London The Catholic Univoct in surroundir could best expressive friends, encourage preciation and systamind as remote mon interests of its visions, as promon interests of the visions, as pro-its visions, as pro-sidering that no-with so much aut-poet, regarded by tics as the greate most spiritual sin most spiritual sin lowing extracts tion by Mr. Meyn Collier's have a s Francis Thompse that is mortal of His

that is mortal or not much. His weighed but five in a London cating to the Hospitt St. Elizabeth son the end, and whe capable of raising tonnage, upbore In which he was guest," and to debt, his bodily I almost burlesqued debt, his bodily I almost burlesqued this mockery of less only for me white-robed nun thought, this mod emaciation, whose at will into the must be able to jany, must be cape that power of poessed by the sain life saluted—by St he had left behind seriot. But we were all

But we were an and Francis Thorn child, divested be left of himself—of ments, and sank lief into the nar he was to die. I west himself of there was a mee There was a med-a Catholic emb a Catholic emb piece of not too he kept through ing with us—his assuring themselv by there. In his fitfully the book humorist! His ing was over, and tragedy of life he edy. I think "M its strangest ar when it helped T that last passage when it helped I that last passage It is nineteen y roll of manuscrip editor at Charing with all the out a tramp. His chis features had vation. The particle years were.

the verses were too cleanly''—like too cleanly star Pearls dwell in these soiled sheet poetry. The half sought to waylay the streets, and the streets, and
mist's in Drury I
under London's si
in London's dism
the wanderer was
little we learne
Thompson was t in Lancashire, ha in Lancashire, ha Ushaw College, college of Charles Lingard and Laf he had nearly bec at Owen's College he had never near tor, though that been sent there to his failure distra his father, who se the gemius, but of rebellious boy. I parent were the l of his own conce about no more su than the man in the tramp postin velope, guessed the

They did not kn that he labored to ed

"The curs
Of destine
So he found
streets, as De Qui
at that early tim
self disastrously
palliate the mis

> and ple every ti Sur

SURPRISE