

HOUSE AND HOME

Conducted by Helene.

Never permit yourself to make any decision of importance while you are in a state of depression. Never commit the error of taking a serious step while you are measuring life by standards set up in the darkness of an unhappy mind.

BRIDAL SOUVENIRS.

Among the newest and prettiest souvenirs for the bride to present her maids is a small brooch of enamel that looks exactly like a bunch of autumn leaves.

A CABLE FROM PARIS.

Grace Margaret Gould, the fashion editor of the Woman's Home Companion, cables the following fashion note to the readers of the November issue:

Paquin's newest skirt is the greatest novelty I have seen in Paris. It is tight fitting and very narrow, showing the outline of the form below the hips.

"I find that quite the latest idea in street costumes is to have the skirt and coat of different materials. Sometimes one garment is of a plain fabric and the other of a self-tone stripe.

"The full-length sleeves in severe styles prevail in the tailored coats, as I mentioned several months ago in the Woman's Home Companion.

"Among the colors that are favored by the leading couturiers I find purple in every shade, coriander and navy blue. Mustard is also a fashionable color, and a new green is called 'petrol'."

FAN BATHS FOR TYPHOID.

Fan baths are the latest remedy used by the Boston City Hospital physicians in the treatment of typhoid fever. Heretofore the ice plunge was used, and a patient whose temperature had reached the danger point was soured in a bath tub filled with broken ice until his teeth rattled.

PICTURES ARE LIKE SHEEP.

"Just look at these pictures," said the woman in worried tones. "They are crooked again. They won't hang straight. Every day, just as regularly as the morning comes I go through the rooms and tilt them back to the proper angle, but just that surely do I find them crooked the next morning. And the funny part of it is that they always lean in the same direction. I think it very strange. They didn't do that in the old flat. It is my belief that the place is haunted."

WOMAN'S GOSSIP.

It is extraordinary, how women of refined appearance and education will allow themselves to drift into the habit of discussing their own, and also, their neighbor's concerns, in street cars and public places.

FUNNY SAYINGS.

NOT DECIDEDLY SO. "Do you believe in higher punishment?" asked Mrs. Oldcastle. "Well, no," replied her hostess as she toyed with her diamond-studded fan. "I can't say as I do, although I can't see why some men wear them so low they get all frazzled around the bottom."

MISSED HIS CALLING.

"I wish to get off on this side," came the answer in tones that revealed that official into momentary

When Children Cough

give them that old reliable remedy that never fails to cure BOLE'S PREPARATION OF Friar's Cough Balsam

It stops coughs—breaks up colds—and heals inflammation in throat and bronchial tubes. Absolutely pure and safe for children. 25c a bottle. At druggists or from NATIONAL BOTTLE & CHEMICAL CO., Limited

Consumption Book

200 PAGE MEDICAL BOOK ON CONSUMPTION FREE. This valuable medical book tells in plain simple language how Consumption can be cured in your own home. If you know of anyone suffering from Consumption, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma or any throat or lung trouble, or are yourself afflicted, this book will help you to a cure. Even if you are in the advanced stages of the disease and feel there is no hope, this book will show you how others have cured themselves after all remedies they had tried failed, and they believed their case hopeless.

astors of one sort or another. The other day in a crowded car, two women loudly discussed the chances for comfortable living of a couple of friends who evidently contemplated matrimony. All this in a voice that reached both ends of the car, making men look up from their papers, and causing sensitive women to wince for the fallings of their sex.

TIMELY HINTS.

Washcloths of mosquito netting sound impracticable, but for genuine satisfaction in the using they are hard to excel. They are made of five or six thicknesses turned in and stitched with a long machine stitch two inches from the edges, then diagonally from corner to corner.

GETTING HIS TROUSSEAU READY

The kindly 'Squire of the neighborhood was just leaving from a friendly

Blue Ribbon Tea. This coupon cut out and mailed in to us, 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. TOWN.

THE BAPTISTS SUITED HIM.

An old colored man first joined the Episcopal Church, then the Methodist, and next the Baptist, where he remained. Questioned as to the reason for this church travels he responded:

WOMANLY INSTINCT.

It was a happy and neighborly little party that was enjoying the cool evening breezes on the porch. Education was the theme of conversation, and the host was airing his views.

READY TO ACCOMMODATE HER.

Attorney-General Moody was once riding on the platform of a Boston street car, standing next to the gate that protected passengers from cars coming on the other track.

MAKING NEW BLOOD.

That is What Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Do—That is Why They Cure So Many Diseases.

When persons have not enough blood or when their blood is weak and watery, the doctors name the trouble anaemia. Bloodlessness is the direct cause of many common diseases, such as indigestion, palpitation of the heart, debility, decline, neuralgia, nervousness, rheumatism and constipation.

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WITH THE POETS

AUTUMN IN THE GARDEN.

When the frosty kiss of autumn in the dark makes its mark On the flowers, and the misty morning grieves O'er fallen leaves, Then my olden garden, where the golden soil Through the toil Of a hundred years is mellow, rich and deep, Whispers in its sleep.

THE ANGELUS.

Bells of the past, whose long-forgotten music Still fills the wide expanse, Tinging the sober twilight of the Present With color of romance!

HE WATCHETH.

I sat in the school of sorrow, The Master was teaching there, But my eyes were dim with weeping And my heart oppressed with care.

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At last in despair I lifted My streaming eyes above And I saw my Master watching With a look of pitying love.

To the cross before me He pointed And I thought I heard Him say: "My child thou must take thy burden And learn thy task to-day."

"Not now may I tell the reason; 'Tis enough for thee to know That I, the Master, am teaching And appoint thee all thy woes."

Then kneeling, the cross I lifted, For one glimpse of that Face divine Had given me strength to bear it, And say, "Thy Will, not mine."

And so I learned my lesson, And through the weary years, His gentle hand sustains me And wipes away my tears.

STARS AND STRIPES.

"Yes," said I, putting the finishing possible red cow I of equally impossible spread greenly "then's got to be this family some Daddy Doctor is a one dollar cover of of things, but just has got to be more will be going my mind confiding to I am going to carry."

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Priest Risks Life to Prevent Wreck.

Writing of the recent floods in France, in which many lives were lost and a vast amount of property destroyed, the Paris correspondent of the "Irish Catholic" describes a thrilling act of heroism by the Abbe Pasteur, the parish priest of Athisas.

One morning after assisting some of his parishioners whose houses had been flooded in the night, the priest hurried in the blinding rain to the railway line, which he feared was inundated. On reaching it he found his apprehensions were only too well founded. A breach of about thirty yards had been made in the railway embankment. He had scarcely noted this fact when he perceived in the distance a passenger train hurrying with its human freight at full speed to its perdition.

He waved his handkerchief and hat, shouting to the engine driver to stop. Perceiving that no notice was paid to his signals (the engine-driver thought he was a madman), the priest, at the imminent risk of his life, placed himself in the middle of the line between the rails at about three hundred yards from the abyss into which, if he had not done so, a hundred of more human beings would have been plunged. Still advancing at full speed, the engine-driver set the whistle going with the object of frightening the "madman" off the line. But Abbe Pasteur remained motionless with his upstretched arms. Still with the whistle screaming on came the train. There seemed absolutely no hope of stopping it, yet the Abbe remained like a statue awaiting his fate, knowing that if he was killed the engine-driver would draw up, and thus the lives of the passengers would be saved.

St. George Baking Powder

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The fairies with their heads down

They came to our feet

Who dresses all When they came

The good Queen Upon another day

The leaves have gowns Of russet, gold

"So, take your part And make their work"

Then stay a while Be sure you haste

At me, my child Before the children Upon another day

The fairies work But at the earliest They quickly took

And when we rose And looked around We knew they'd

And hoped they'd Oh, fair as dreams Was all our work

The trees stood in their bright And through the haze

Came sitting from And God's own sun—That autumn past—Zelma M. Brown

STARS AND STRIPES.

"Yes," said I, putting the finishing possible red cow I of equally impossible spread greenly "then's got to be this family some Daddy Doctor is a one dollar cover of of things, but just has got to be more will be going my mind confiding to I am going to carry."

Rob shifted his pers to the other "How?" he inquired "By just what I nute. I mean to Of course there are body could be, but their like to be fan rich. You know I think it's Emer Gerge Washington. 'Hitch your wagon means, aim high, mean to."

"That's all right, veying the red cow not altogether friend kind of strikes me a good plan to file particular star before you hitch too."

"Now, Robert!" was patient as I think that diff boy—"that's exactly All the girls say I not quite as good son's yet, but you Robbie Brickett."

"Yes'm, I will," bert, and went off whistling significant By and By!"

"Annabel! Annabel! ther from the sew you come and help dear!"

"Yes, mother, I'm bel laid down her l' grateful sigh. "It's to have your talent your family. But ferently when I c paintings. Oh, I c Miss Peterson to see she will tell me to haps she will offer sell!"

Roseate dreams of tune overflowed the and did not increase tity or quality of t' nabel accomplished 'The next day when ped in with the pe very subdued girl d in a corner, of the even a paint brush "Hello!" he obser dropping down on the mopping his perspi "Isn't genius burnin' pended to the cow?"

"It's in the kitcher Brickett, and there freight to another—le long, long time, if Robert stared at l

"No sale now for any St. George Baking Powder

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