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## THE DEAREST GIRL IN THE WORLD

Whenever old Sir George laughs there | terrible collision, and the dead and something going to happen; but his dying were scattered about in every laugh means some good luck. It is not unlucky for old Sir George to laugh, but I can't think why he should laugh at her; still, old Sir George lived in the merry monarch's times, and I reckon he was merry too, though why they were merry I never could think, with chopping off people's heads every hour in the day, that it was almost too dangerous to live, so they say. Well, he actually laughed, for there she lay like time, for in the evening long came that black-faced man after her, and she did cling around my neck and cry awful, and said as how she didn't want to go, and if I had been in my right senses as I am now I'd made some kind of arrangements, and after a while I could have bought out the Greenwich shop and kept her with me, as I've neither kith nor kin. I'm that sorry about life? it, I can't say. To think I let her go with that evil-faced man, that she said for every part of the play. was her Granny's brother!" Then she had gone. Gone where? He could not she had waited for the friends that never say. He had only missed them by a few hours, but it was too late. He must wait until Boughman kept his word and wrote him. He sipped the whey and ashamed that he had been forced into went to his room. He heard the house her life for he was an unwilling victim keeper as she passed his rooms on her as she had been. Not that she thought way to the tower-garret with the unof- of herself at all, but he was one of the way to the tower-garret with the unorfending clothes. When all the house
mighty ones to earth—a veritable being
not use. He could do everything for her
among man she thought him was quiet, he took a candle and groped among men she thought him.

That he had not come brought him no his way there. When he had lighted the sandle the first thing that met his view blame in her mind. She simply hoped was the portrait. What a strange thing he would not forget her, but that hope there was about that resemblance! The likeness was truly striking. It was a protty face all crowned with a halo of golden hair, for all the world like Doro golden hair go thy. His Dorothy. He took up the Dorothy, and regretted the act, and had little ragged bundle and went again to gone out of her life completely. If he his room, and locked them up carefully. had wished to forget her, she would His heart went out in pity to Dorothy. never be the reminder.. She would never He did not love her. That thought never darken his life with her own miserable entered his mind. He pitied Dorothy, one. and had meant to do something for her, His secret then should be respected all and now she was beyond his help. He her life. Nothing should ever force it could not remain quiet. He wandered from her. aimlessly about until he feit ill. He could not rest. He would go back to town and perchance could hear something. He found his rooms too cheerless to remain in, hence he wandered

ill with despair.

had left the castle, they walked to the would come sometime. He had said so. station. Having no luggage, they at Perhaps he had been detained a few tracted but little attention. They trav- | days she would not give up home yet. | fairly by her, after all, and the thought elled third class, and at Euston station He had no reason to desert her—she had gave him pain. The end of the term took a cab for Madame Brown's school for young ladies. This was a school that paid special attention to fitting young with the great weight of a secret upon dies. They were to summer in England ladies for society. Everything about it was superficial, but it enjoyed the reputation of being patronized almost ex-clusively by the daughters of the nobility. Why it had been chosen by Dame Wynter no one could ever know. When he left Dorothy, John Boughman paid for a half-term in advance, and left a very small sum for her clothing. He intended to arrange matters all right in a few days in fact, as soon as he returned from a flying visit out of town to a little village where he had possed his early childhood. While there he met with the misfortune of finding no one he knew or any one that had known him. It was a little fishing village on the coast, and fishermen are transient, always coming and going with wind and wave. That evening, finding himself alone (and he had to wait for his train to return to London), he thought he could best employ the time fulfilling Dame Wynter's dying wishes. He sat there and wrote a letter to Miller, Wiggins & Naylor, solicitors, London, that it was generally supposed that Lord Robert Home left no heirs nearer than his nophew, the present Lord Reginald Home, and had willed him the large estates. Now, the writer could prove that Lord Robert Home was married and left an only child, a daughter, and a later will. The writer would call on them in a few days and bring convincing proof of his assertions." The train was now due, and in his great haste John Boughman signed his name with a great scrawl that no one could read. He thrust the letter into the post and boarded the train as it moved off. He would thus save time by having an appointment with these solicitors immediately on his arrival. He would call on Dorothy and get the old papers he had given her for safe keeping, but those old papers had seemed of so little use to Dorothy that she had bundled them in with the old ragged clothes and left them at the castle. Why not? Of what possible value were one or two little, old, ageyellowed scraps of paper or her old clothes? She had left them behind with-

out a regret. John Boughman was whirling along. his thoughts were on Dorothy. Who that same evening she went to him. She would have thought Dorothy, the waif, was Lady Wedderburn and an heiress How many strange things do happen in this life! And he was all unconscious of the strange thing that was to happen him. At that moment there was a great shock. He was thrown violently for thought. He was her idol, and to lose age and inexperience. The girl Elise lay

John Boughman was not killed, but the severe blow he had received on the head had rendered him unconscious, and he had not recovered when he was taken to the hospital, where he lingered for many days between life and death.

When he did recover he had not regained his senses—he was an idiot. From the hospital he was sent to the Home of the Friendless. He had no papers about his person to identify him. There was nothing but the ticket from "Lymwick to London." If he had died he could not have been more completely buried. He and all his intentions had been cut short by fate, but she would work out all destinies as she had done since time began. What does it matter that there is

one actor, more or less, on the stage of

There are thousands of actors waiting Dorothy found nerself deserted. There came. Lord Wedderburn had promised to return in a few days, and he had gone from out her life completely. She was

For the life of her. Dorothy could not understand the absence of John Broughman. Every tie she had in the old life to question whether he had done this seemed to be severed at once. All her child justice. He could have remarried, friends were gone now. Into the new from place to place, until he was nearly life she must make her way alone. Day after day he did not come.

In all the world one seemed so friend-When John Boughman and Dorothy less and alone. Surely, John Boughman not bee nso rudely thrust upon him for was fast approaching. Elsie Dunraven life. So she entered upon her new life was expecting her father from the Inher-but it should be as sacredly guard- and Scotland. Dorothy had begun to ed as he could have wished. In later be filled with a great fear lest no one years, when he thought of her at all, if should come for her; and where would ever he did, he would know that she she go? She had not the least idea. had respected him and his too much to Every word spoken by the girls in glad blight his life. She, who had no claim anticipation of their home-goings made upon him save unwilling ones, and perhaps this very fact would make him depression and readily guessed the cause think kindly of her.

CHAPTER V.

concerning Dorothy in London. He could not ask help in the matter. What would the world say to such a story as his? It would laugh in derision. The papers would make a great sensation of not know. it and drag his proud name in the mire. No. he would suffer and bear it in si- Brown. lence, but he was so restless and ill ne could not stay in town at all.

Since he thought the matter over, he thought he had made a sad mistake in Castle Royal, and he would write nim

He concluded at once to return to Castle Royal, where he was sure of finding tidings awaiting him, and the very thought made him more cheerful

than he had been for many days.

His reverie was not broken until he reached home; and when he found he friend, hence she patched and brushed was disappointed again, despair made and mended.

himself and Miss Staunton. "Poor boy, how ill he bears lovers' tiffs? I must ed to stay with her friend. go and console him," she thought, and was distressed beyond measure that he he could arrange it," pleaded the sick looked so ill. She had not dreamed he girl.

was so ill as this. "Great God-" she exclaimed in her anguish. "Is he going to die?"

ward and stunned. There had been a him meant to almost lose her life.

"My darling boy, I did not know you were ill, ' she exclaimed. "I am not dangerously ill," he said, with a laugh, but the laugh made her nervous, since she felt that he was trying to conceal something from her.
"We must summon medical assistance

at once," she said. "Not yet, mother, I really am not ill; I feel all tired and fagged out, but will be myself again in a few days. I beg you do not feel alarmed, for there is nothing much the matter with me." Her heart went out in pity for him. She felt angry with Miss Staunton as

the cause of his illness. My boy, I feet sure vou the thinking over our last conversation; but there is one thing I must say to you: I spoke harshly to you that day. I had no right to do so. Marriage should be entered in-to, solemnly, and I believe in sentiment. It sooths down the rugged part of life's pathway. I wished you to marry that we should have to ourselves dear old Castle Royal. Now, I say no matter what the future has in store for us, we

will face it together." Oh! if we could only have spoken to her, have told her all: but it was such a strange story, she would not believe it. Then what was the good of letting anyone know it? It would only bring

about an unpleasant gossip. So he decided to bury his secret, and let old Time unearth it, if he chose. Never before had Lady Alicia Home spoke with so much affection. It cut him deeply. His lovely, proud mother was willing to share any and every fate with him! Lord Wedderburn clasped her in his arms, but his heart smote him that he was deceiving her.

Time flew by with startling rapidity. The winter was almost over. Dorothy had fallen into the new school life and had made wonderful progress in all her studies, her music especially. Among all the girls in the school Dorothy found time to whom she was devoted. This was Elsie Dunraven, the daughter of the old Earl of Dunraven, who spent most of his time in the Indies. Elsie was his only child and was her father's idol. The old Earl was exceedingly rich, and had only one avenue to his wordly heart, and that was through his child, Elsie.

The two girss were as opposite in looks as sunlight and darkness. Elsie was small and dark, with raven black hair and jetty eyes. She was a most peculiar girl. She held herself aloof from her schoolmates and they, consequently, disliked her. Behind her back they called her the raven. As to Dorothy, they rather feared her. There was something so unapproachable and so haughtily cold about her, they dared not take no liberties with her. Elsie Dunraven was an exceedingly frail girl. Her mother had died young, and the thin, sallow face of the child filled the old earl's mind with alarm. He gratified every whim, he that money could provide, but he could not see his way clear to remely the school hours. cold, lonely life she le? At her home there were servants enough, but the owned a fleet of ships and they would great ships that sailed where she willed, and every letter she wrote to her father she had found a friend. He had begun and at least provided her with a sort of companionship; but the thought that he might be chosen for his great wealth was an intolerant idea with the earl, and he might have the great misfotune to render his daughter's life uncomfortable. He questioned if he had acted

"I am sure, my dear, there is something very strange about it all. The man that brought you here paid for one Lord Wedderburn could hear nothing term, and said he would come back. I am sure that this man never intended coming back, for all his pious face."

her heart ache. Mrs. Brown noticed her

Dorothy wept bitterly. These had been her thoughts. What to do she did "What can you do?" asked Mrs.

"I do not know. I would do almost any work to earn my living," said Dor-

othy. "I will try and arrange for you," said coming to town at all. John Brough- Mrs. Brown. "There is nothing much man would communicate with him at to be done during the summer months but repair the furniture, remake and relay the carpets, and such little odds and ends of work. Now, if you could make yourself very useful. I can give you a home for these months."

This offer seemed kind to Dorothy, and she was grateful. It was a roof As he travelled he imagined getting a over her head, and that meant everyletter, and of all the future he had plan- thing. Her clothes were all threadbare ned for Dorothy. She was to go to and mended in divers places. She had school two or three years, then he would worn the two black dresses a most a bring her home to Castle Royal as his year, and they were worn good, when given her. She was shabby; but she had no one on earth that she could call

him sick. He retired at once to his Just before the school closed, Elise room, but could not rest. Then he dress Dunraven grew very ill with a fever placed his daughter in school and was ed himself and walked the floor for hou. The old earl had been summoned at to remain Lady Marcia Suest a short ed himself and walked the floor for once, but Elise grew violently ill. She hours, and when the daylight of the would have no one near her but Doromorrow came he was too ill to get up.

thy, to whom she clung in desperation.

Lady Home had grown uneasy. She begged that Dorothy be allowed to knew there was something wrong, but stay with her, but Mrs. Brown was she had somehow got the impression loth to grant her request. She needed that it was a lovers' quarrel between Dorothy's services and feared she might become ill. Dorothy begged to be allow-

"I will not have anyone here but Dor-

## OF DISFIGURING

ago, I had suffered tortures from ecsema in one of its worst forms. The disease runs in my family, and mine was of a scaly and most disfiguring kind. The cezema formed in round rings, and then scales all over



most disfiguring kind. The exzems formed in round rings, and then scales all over my face and limbs. I have been smothered from head to foot. I was born in Leamington, which is famous for its suiphur baths and pump waters, and one would think that after taking the treatment there regularly as I did, the disease would long ago have been cured, but is was not. I attended the —Hospital for years and years, so you will see I gave it a fair trial. Everyone in the town knew of my case. My face was disfigured very badiy. A doctor told me that I should never get rid of it. I spent pounds in doctors' bills, and I attended several hospitals but nothing did any good. "Then one day an uncle of mine recommended the Cuticura Remedics. I took his advice, and commenced to use the Cuticura floor. To my astonishment an improvement at once set in, and my hair, which had been a complete mass of scales and scurf, soon began to look in splendid condition. Then I bought a box of Cuticura Ointment, and this cleared my skim wonderfully. In a few weeks' time all traces of the scaly cruptions had completely disappeared. Now my skin is clear and healthy, and thanks to the Cuticura Remedies I am completely cured of exzems. All my neighbours were astounded. The Cuticura Remedies ara worth their weight in gold, and one tablet of Cuticura Soap goes further than four cakes of cheaper soaps. It has brought happiness into my home." (Signed) Mrs. Butler, 17, Francis Rd., The Cotterride, Ring's Norton, Birmingham, Eng., July 26, 1910.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment are soid everywhere, but those who wish to try them without charge may do so by sending to Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., 62 Columbus Ave., Boston, U. S. A., for a liberal sample of each, post-free, with 32-p. skin book.

with her night and day. Even when the earl came, the girl remained constantly

with her. The Earl of Dunraven knew

how much a debt of obligation he owed the girl Dorothy, and he liked her.
When Elise had so far recovered as to be able to go out, the school had closed. The two girls were almost inseparable. Though so near one age, one was strong and self-reliant; the other, a girl that must always cling to another for sup-

When the time came to separate, it seemed a hard trial to both. Elise had obtained her father's consent to invite Dorothy to go with them for a short visit, but this she refused. How could she tell them she must work these summer months for a shelter? After that she could form no idea. Her most flattering thought or wish was that Mrs. Brown might find her so useful that she might be allowed to stay on anather term, provided sne could work between

When the time for separation did come Dorothy found a roll of bank notes

serted. There was no one there save Asia, hill tribes in India and natives in take a sea voyage. He could do almost Mrs. Brown, Dorothy and a few ser- Central Africa. Such ornamental effect everything, but there was the great lack | vants. There was a lawn in front of the | as a sieeni n them depends upon a repeof some child friend. This friend she house and the grass was fresh and green. had found in Dorothy. She had not The great trees made an inviting shade, cared for the stately home, nor the and the weather had not been too warm. Altogether, Dorothy was comfortable and every letter she wrote to her father and happy. There were books to read, was about Dorothy—they were full of a piano that she might use, and Dorothy. The old early felt happy that Dorothy. The old early felt happy that thy resolved to devote every spare moof the sparrows awoke her, and she went to her duties at an early hour. Every carpet in this large house must be taken up, mended and replaced, or her great tasks.

As soon as evening came, and she could not see to sew, she went to her books and music, and made the most wonderful progress in both.

Despite her application to work, Mrs. Brown was growing restless and uneasy as the time came for school to open. She had so many applications that she would be crowded, and it was clearly art. evident that she could not keep Dorothy. until one day a letter came from Elise Dunraven, saying, "Keep Dorothy Wynter until I come. I will make satisfactory plans for her, but keep this secret from Dorothy, lest she feel a sense of obligation, which I most earnestly do not wish."

Mrs. Brown was greatly pleased. The earl's daughter's letter had worked a the art was practised with further prorevolution all at once. She could ac- gress. New designs were introduced and commodate Dorothy nicely, and she had materials, and from that time to the always thought some good fortune was in store for her.

The work in the great house was now about finished, and Dorothy was greatly troubled, and to her intense joy the morning when she had mentioned her future, Mrs. Brown had spoken so kindly and reassuringly to her, and told her "she would make some plan for her, to

rest her mind in regard to the matter." Dorothy was almost overpowered with simple black dresses that had been given feld, Barmen and Weissen. her by the earl's daughter, whom she The Northeastern Irish industry of soon expected to return to school.

The old earl had decided to remain for a time in England. His daughter Elise had not seemed quite strong, but she had decided and urged so strongly returning to school that he was forced to consent.

Among ail the friends the earl had in England, he was most attached to Lady Marcia Ellsworth. She was a woman of sound judgment and sense. It was an evening in September, and the earl had

The other guests were off on an excursion, and he and Lady Marcia were

"Then you do not think it best for me?" he said. (To be Continued.)

---DO YOU KEEP CHICKENS? (Buffalo News.)

othy. If papa were only here I am sure he could arrange it," pleaded the sick girl.

She had touched the right chord now. Mrs. Brown could not afford to offend the wealthiest girl in school. She was obliged to consent, despite Dorothy's age and inexperience. The girl Elise lay ill for weeks and Dorothy remained (Buffalo News.)

It seems surprising that any family can be so indifferent to the comfort of neighbors as to keep chickens in a residential district in a city. The roosters begin crowing even before daybreak and keep at it vigorously until the middle of the foremoon and the hens begin cackling as early as the cocks begin crowing and if there is any greater foe to sleep than chickens in the neighborhood it has not been discovered.

WEAVING HIPSCRY.

An Art That Originated With the Chinese and How It Ramified.

An early stage of weaving in its development anterior to that when spinning threads had been invented is represented by the loom or frame used by the natives of Sarawak to make a textile with shreds of grass. The shreds of grass for the warp are divided into groups by a flat, eword shapel implement. The shuttle is passed above it, leaving a west of grass in between the warp. The batten is then moved upward and compresses the west into the warp.

This method of pressing the west into
the warp was employed by Egyptian and

Greek weavers. Some of the weaving in India at present shows an advanced stage where the weavers use spun thread. The loom is fitted with rudely constructed heddles by which the weavers lift and throw alternate ranks of warp threads, so that they may throw the shuttle carried west across and between them. Besides the heddles there is a hanging reed or comb, and between the reeds of it the warp threads are passed and fastened to a roller or cylinder. This advance in the construction of the loom is of undatable age and except for more substantial construction there is little difference in main principles between it and the mediaeval

With such looms and by arranging colored warp threads in a given order and then weaving into them colored shuttle or weft threads simple textiles with stripes and checker patterns are produced; but textiles of complex patterns and textiles necessite the more complicated apparatus which belongs to l later evolution of the loom.

A Chinese book on the art of weaving intricate designs was published in 1210, but the traditions and records of such figured weavings are far older than the ook. The world is therefore indebted to China for knowledge of figured shuttle weaving, although the Chinese, who were cultivators of silk in 2690 B. C., were matured in fine silk weaving at the comparatively modern period of 260 B.C. Designs were woven by the Chinsee in the earlier I'an dynasty 206 B. C., as elaborate as those of the present day with dragons and phoenixes mystics, forms, flowers and fruits.

At that time even Egypt, Assyria, Greece and Rome were doing shuttle weaving, but only with spun wool and flax and possibly some cotton, with which the ornamentation of their textiles was done, apparently not by shuttle weaving, but by either embroidery or a compromise between darning and weaving, from which tapestry weaving de-

The range of their colors was limited red, purples and yellwa being the chief. while their shuttle weaving was principally concerned with plain stuffs and in checkered fabrics. Remains of this work, whether done by Egyptians thousands of years before Christ, by Scandinavians of the early bronze age, by lake dwellers or by Aztecs or Pernvians long before the Spanish conquest, display little if any technical difference when compared with that done by nomans in

tition of stripes or simple crossing forms. Chinese trade enterprise was soon felt in the western world and the Emperor Heliogabablus is reported to have been the first Roman Emperor to wear garments entirely made from silk. From ment. In the morning the twittering early in the third century to the sixth century the knowledge of silk in fine weaving was apreading all over Asia and also in Egypt. The Persians and Syrians were then masters of the art. Scriptura exchanged into other rooms. Dorothy subjects were being woven into silk and kept faithfully at her work. She was many splendid examples of the art as young, and kept cheerful enough about then practiced are distributed throughout Europe. Its spread in the west did not, however, take place till the twelfth century, when the influence of Spain was felt and the Moorish wearers were making a specialty of it in Grenada.

In the fourteenth century fancy weav-

ing was undertaken by wearers throughout Europe, though the French and Italians gave the best examples of the

Intern. in of various materials now was the general rule, and magnificent patterns of goods with wool intermixed

For 150 years the French figured stuffs were unsurpassed. A school of designers axose in the country as soon as the art was on a substantial basis, who adopted a realism that has predominated in French patterns. Soon after the revocation of the dict of Nantes thousands of weavers left France and established the industry in Spitalfields, in Chesaire, in Yorkshire and elsewhere in England, as well as in Germany at Crefeld, Elberfeld, Barmen and Weissen.

The Northeastern Irish industry of damask weaving owes much to French refugees who settled there toward the joy, and set to work guily and happily Yorkshire and elsewhere in England, as fashioning with her own deft fingers her well as in Germany at Crefeld, Elber-

damask weaving owes much to French refugees who settled there toward the close of the seventeenth century, although linen manufacture had been established in the district by a colony of Scots in 1634. Dunfermline in Scotland is said to produce as much damask as the rest of Europe.

Mrs. Mulcahey-"What frind helped ye home, ye drunken baste?" Mulcahev "Faith, its no frind he was, knowin' the rayception O'id recaive." -Boston Transcript.



WAS SELDOM FREE FROM THAT WEARY, DROOPY, HALF-DEAD FEELING.

Now Cured, and Gives Good Advice to Others With Dyspeptic Tendencies.

If you have any stomach distress all you will certainly be interested in the following experience which is told by Mr. Edward Dawkins:
"When I was working around

farm last winter I had an attack of A flammation," writes Mr. E. P. Dawkins, of Port Richmond, "I was weak for long time, but well enough to work watil spring. But something went wrote with my bowels, for I had to use sale or physic all the time. My stomach kept sour, and always after eating there was pain and fulness, and all the symptoms of intestinal indigestion. Nothing help-ed me until I used Dr. Hamilton's Pale.

Instead of hurting, like other pittle they acted very mildly, and seemed to heal the bowels. I did not require large doses to get results with Dr. Hamilton's Pills, and feel so glad that I have found a mild yet certain remedy. To-day, I am well—no pain, no sour atomach, a good appetite, able to digest anything. This is a whole lot of good for one medicine to do, and I can say Dr. Hamilton's Pills are the best pills, and my letter, I am sure, proves it."

Refuse a substitute for Dr. Hamilton's Pills of Mandrake and Butternut, 25c per box, or five for \$1, at all druggists and storekeepers, or postpaid from The Catarrhozone Co., Buffalo, N. Y., and Kingston, Canada.

MEDICAL LICENSES AT THE

The question of eugenics is the most insistent subject with which society has to deal. The nation which permits the perpetuation of weaklings is a nation in peril. A Puritanical attitude of mind does not solve this problem-it simply overlooks it-and ignorance and false modesty have played havoc far too

Since the fact is perpetual, why or how men and women continue to ape the ostrich (knowing that their children are sure to become sophisticated) is one of the most incomprehensible and ridiculous riddles of our time.

Instead of permitting boys and girls to acquire erroneous, distorted and las-civious impressions of the holiest phases of life, how much more sensible it is to forestall this inevitable experience by telling them nature's truth in a clean

and reverent manner. Man will not rise to the height of his destiny until the underlying truths of existence are taught in very shild-

hood. When matrimony becomes the privilege only the sound, same and clearblooded, when the penalty of vicious-ness disease and recklessness is enforced celibacy-youth will not dissipate its forces methods of living will become saner and both sexes be far more cau-

Meanwhile the world must proceed to eliminate unsound breeders. A poor mould is certain to reproduce imperfections, and there are already far too many blind, crippled and weak-

brained humans. Medical statistics make an eloquent plea in favor of a rigorous physical examination as a prerequisite to wedlock. Parents who really love their some and daughters will demand a doctor's certificate before they will consent to a wedding license.-Herbert Kaufman in Wo-

man's World for July. THE WOMAN WHO HAS A TEMPER

A woman with an ungovernable temper usually is unreasonable. If everything does not go just to please her, she files off on a tantrum. Woe to those who happen to be near at the time. She uses no judgment. She will sould eme day for what she condoned the day before. Her children are undisciplined, for these is no method in their training. One day, they are allowed to do a certain act, but if they attempt to repeat it the next day, they are met with a storm of temper.

"Mother's on a tear to-day," is their remark, and they try to keep out of sight until the storm has passed.

These temper exhibitions unfit the woman for regular or competent work. After an outburst, she cannot accomplish as much as she could otherwise. Her english results.

patterns of goods with wool intermixed with silk were produced. Later in the development are satins, damask and taffetas, and still later Italian velvets and cloths of gold. Italian weavers through stress of civil wars left their country and settled in Flanders, where the art was practised with further progress. New designs were introduced and materials, and from that time to the end of the eighteenth century the French weavers held first place.

For 150 years the French figured etuffs were unsurpassed. A school of designers

without a brake.

The husband of the woman wit han ungovernable temper might as well give up all hope of entertaining his friends when he enters matrimony. There is no pleasure in inviting friends to your home to hear an exhibition of temper or, perhaps, to be insulted by the flow of words directed towards them; for the woman, when she loses her temper, vents it on anyone who is near.

Children cannot respect a mother who

Children cannot respect a mother was loses her temper. One great secret, in the government of children is consistency, and the woman who loses her temper is unchangeable. She is inclined to vicient punishments one day, offset by a laxity the next day. The children will that the lock!" If they see a chance to a laxity the next day. The children will "trust to luck" if they see a chance to follow a desired course of action. Their offense may be punished, but it is just as likel yto be condoned. Violent punishments followed by remorse often are in order under the reign of terror. Such a course of action disqualifies the woman as a guide for others, especially children. A woman who cannot control her own temper is not fit to have control of others!—Dr. Edith B. Lowry in Woman's World for July.

World for July.

IN FAT BERTH. (The Catholic Standard and Times.)
Towne—No: Grafton doesn't work at

all now.

Browne—He doesn't? Why, when I knew him he semed to be a man of considerable push.

Towne—Oh, that's all changed now, He's a young man of considerable push and doesn't have to work.