

HOUSE AND HOME

CONDUCTED BY HELENE.

There are some people always looking out for slights. They cannot pay a visit, they cannot receive a friend, they cannot carry on the intercourse of the family without suspecting some offense is designed. They are terribly touchy. If they meet an acquaintance in the street who happens to be preoccupied with business they attribute his abstraction to some motive personal to themselves and take umbrage accordingly. They lay on others the fault of their irritability. A fit of indignation makes them seem impertinences in everybody they come in contact with. Innocent persons who never dreamed of giving offense are astonished to find some unfortunate word or some momentary taciturnity mistaken for insult. Of course, such a mental condition is due to too much thinking about self and to an exaggerated self-esteem, even though unconscious. The best remedy is to persistently put thoughts of self out of mind. Find something more absorbing and more elevating to think about, if you are one of the touchy ones and you'll soon lose the habit.

THE POET OF THE LOWLY.

Francois Coppee, the noted French poet, who has been quite ill recently, is now reported to be much better. He is known in his native city of Paris as the poet of the lowly. His stories in verse and his poems in prose translated into English under the title of "Ten Tales" long ago won him renown for the purity of diction and the depth of feeling and sympathy shown in portraying the sufferings of the poor.

Like other poets and artists during the dark days of 1870-1, Coppee fought for his country against the Prussians and wrote many ardent poems. He is the author of a number of dramas and several volumes of beautiful verse.

He began to write his prose tales in the 80's, and these became popular throughout Europe and America. "Ten Tales of Francois Coppee," as originally translated by Walter Learnerd, have been reprinted in many different forms since their first appearance and have not lost their popularity. His social creed has always been that the world is getting better; he is a practical Catholic, and it has been said of him that in the literary world of Paris he is one of the few of whom good is ever spoken.

DEMAND FOR POCKETS.

The demand for pockets among women has become so great that now in almost every garment intended for women one or more pockets are to be found. In the new hosiery pockets are woven in the stockings when they are made. They are set in deep and will hold letters, money and jewelry.

The newest of knitted silk skirts are also equipped with pockets, and many of the night dresses of the higher grade have also a small pocket made in the garment. The fashionable boas and mufflers invariably contain more than one securely hidden and fastened pocket.

Several New York milliners are making tiny pockets in the tops of their most expensive hats. These pockets, which are of necessity very small, are completely hidden under the lining of the hat and are to be used only for articles of the lightest weight.

The midwinter gauntlet glove is equipped with two pockets, one on the outside of the glove. One of them laps over and snaps and is for small change, the other is a patch pocket and is intended for the handkerchief which is allowed to stick out and ruffle at the top.

BLACK AT THE NECK.

The touch of black at the neck is more fashionable than ever. It is shown in many jeweled-studded bands of black velvet to be worn at the top of the collar.

It is also used with low-necked gowns, not only studded with jewels but combined with a chain arranged in graceful festoons.

This is an artistic way of using one of the old long, jeweled chains or Roman gold chains which were so fashionable years ago.

FOR FALLING HAIR.

Castor oil, one dram; hydrochlorate of quinine, half a dram; tincture of cantharides, one dram; alcohol, two ounces; rose water to fill up to four ounces. Shake before rubbing into the roots of the hair every other evening. Part the hair and rub into the parting with a small square of linen; make second parting three-fourths of an inch from the first and rub into that, and so on until the entire scalp has been thus treated.

THE NEW SHIRT WAISTS.

The method of trimming nearly all indoor gowns with net embroidered in soutache has given rise to a pretty fashion for trimming the new shirtwaists.

Heavy white net is used in cotton weave and on this is a rug design, as the new Eastern work is called, done in white or colored soutache. This is used as yoke and stock, as panels, as wide cuffs.

It is newer than embroidery or lace and will undoubtedly be greatly followed this spring and summer.

If, for instance, you are making a blouse of cotton batiste, which is better than handkerchief linen, and want to keep it simple, put it in pin tucks from shoulder to waist on each side of a front panel four inches wide, of net and lace.

Cover this net with a design of blue soutache and on each side of this strip put a row of Cluny, then one of Val insertion. Whip the edges of this panel to the fine tucks on each side. Fasten down back with white linen buttons. Make stock of the embroidered net, with two kinds of lace insertion at each edge. Have sleeves rather small, tucked at shoulder line and below elbow and finished with a two-inch cuff of embroidered net, edged on each side with ruffles of narrow Cluny lace.

You could have nothing prettier for afternoon wear under a plain coat suit.

White net with white soutache is very dainty and it is used in a deep V-shaped yoke back and front, quite narrow on shoulders—remember that—and applied to the muslin on each side with Val lace.

The sleeves are long, with a panel of net down back and a wide turnover of the net edged with two ruffles of Val lace.

THE BUSINESS GIRL WHO FAILS

The girl who expects to begin at the top instead of slowly climbing there.

The girl who airs her grievances to others until she makes a nuisance of herself.

The girl who thinks she is entitled to privileges not granted her brother.

The girl who is not thorough and conscientious about her work.

The girl who is always doubtful.

The girl who expects to carry on a flirtation or two coincidentally with her work.

The girl who talks over her employers' business outside the office.

The girl who criticizes everything on everybody.

The girl who fails to remain womanly and affects mannish qualities.

The girl who is never punctual.

The girl who constantly "doesn't feel well."

The girl who is indifferent and listless and can not even assume an interest in her occupation.

The girl who lacks courage and self-respect.

THOSE WRINKLES.

At a hotel table recently two women sat side by side. They were apparently of about the same age—perhaps forty-five or fifty—and there could have been but little difference in their weight, but the face of one was a mass of fine wrinkles, while that of the other was marked scarcely at all.

At the beginning of their meal they were strangers, but they fell into conversation soon discovered that they had several mutual friends and gradually lost all formal reserve.

"I see that you do not rest at all in the daytime," remarked the unwrinkled one after a little. "Why is it?"

"No, I think it is a waste of time," replied Mrs. Wrinkles, decidedly. "But who could have told you that I did not lie down during the day?"

"I can always tell by the expression of the face," explained Mrs. Smooth-face. "I almost never make a mistake about it."

"How strange! But you are right this time. It does seem foolish to me to take a good half hour or more out of the middle of the day, as so many women do, just for resting. I can't afford the time. I should never accomplish anything if I attempted it."

"Of course some classes of women workers cannot get time for such rest. But house mothers and most other busy women can generally manage it, and if their experience is like mine they will find that they can do much more later, perhaps twice as much for the rest they have had."

Mrs. Wrinkles knitted her eyebrows incredulously, but murmured only a polite "Indeed!" Then she added, "And you can really tell by a woman's face whether she lies down or not. How extraordinary! Is it that tired expression, or does her

skin look sallow, or what is it?" "Oh, it is a general expression," replied the other evasively.

The subject was presently changed but it was later explained to an interested listener to this conversation that Mrs. Smooth-face had never personally known a woman of good health to become unduly wrinkled until well into the sixties if she made it a practice to lie down a half hour or so every day.

"But some skins wrinkle far more easily than others."

"Yes. But those masses of fine wrinkles seldom come, no matter what the skin is, if the woman will only take reasonable care of herself."

"Sickness will make them."

"Yes, but the woman who rests awhile every day, relaxing every muscle while she rests, is far less likely to be sick than one who does not. Even a rest of ten minutes is better than none at all. I believe that a woman of thirty-five can look like one of twenty and a woman of fifty just as much younger if she will only habitually break the long strain of the day in this way. If she intends to go out in the evening, she is simply crazy to neglect her noon rest. It is said that those inclined to embonpoint should never lie down during the night, entails loss of sleep and almost racks the body to pieces with vigorous coughing, and is contagious, makes it the most formidable disease of children. The sudden attack during the night and the severe strain upon the sick child make it important that each home should have a preparation which will immediately relieve and permanently cure it."

Nothing appeals to a mother so strongly as does her baby. It is natural that Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine is highly prized by mothers when it effectively cures the children's ailments. The fact that whooping cough wakes the child during the night, entails loss of sleep and almost racks the body to pieces with vigorous coughing, and is contagious, makes it the most formidable disease of children. The sudden attack during the night and the severe strain upon the sick child make it important that each home should have a preparation which will immediately relieve and permanently cure it.

Mrs. Henry M. Edmonds, Allan Park, Ont., writes that Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine cured her youngest child of whooping cough. Though sick for three weeks, it immediately brought relief and cure.

This cough cure is 25 cents a bottle, 60 cents family size, at all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto, Ont.

Write for Dr. Chase's 1908 Calendar Almanac.

THE ATTITUDE OF THE CHURCH TOWARDS SCIENCE.

(N. Y. Freeman's Journal.)

There are, writes Mgr. Mignot, Archbishop of Albi, in Le Correspondant

around her, gravely said: "Now, children, just suppose I am Mr. Robinson. You've got to know more about common things. If you don't, you'll all grow up to be fools. Now tell me, Maggie," she continued, looking sternly at a playmate, "how many feathers are there on a hen?"

TERRIBLE RESULT.

From the Argonaut.

A theological student was sent one Sunday to supply a vacant pulpit in a Connecticut valley town. A few weeks after he received a copy of the weekly paper of that place with the following item marked: "Rev. —, of the senior class at Yale Seminary, supplied the pulpit at the Congregational Church last Sunday, and the church will now be closed three weeks for repairs."

NOT MUCH TIME LEFT.

He—I suppose you visited all the points of interest while you were abroad?

She—No. We were so busy addressing postcards to our friends that we hadn't time to do much sightseeing.

Vicar's Wife: "No. The vicar is not in just now. Is there any message you would like me to give him when he returns?"

Old Woman (cheerfully): "Please, mum, Martha Higgins would like to be buried at two to-morrow afternoon." —Punch.

A BIT MIXED.

Edward Markham, at a dinner, said of mixed metaphor, according to the Home Magazine:

"When I was teaching in Los Angeles I used to read every week a little country paper whose editor's metaphors were unfailing joy to me. One, I remember, this editor wrote of a contemporary:

"Thus the black lie, issuing from his base throat, becomes a boom-rang in his hand, and hoisting him by his petard, leaves him a marked man for life."

"He said in an article on home life: The faithful watchdog or his good wife, standing at the door, welcomes the master home with an honest bark."

"In an obituary of a farmer he wrote: The race was run at last. Like a tired steed, he crossed the harbor bar, and casting aside whip and spur, lay down upon that bourne from which no traveller returns."

MAINTAINING THE TRADITIONS.

As to the Scottish system of hold-

ing up the right hand prior to giving evidence, a good story is told of a Glasgow bailie who experienced a difficulty in the matter.

"Hold up your right arm," he was commanded.

"I cannae dae't," said the witness.

"Got shot in the arm."

"Then hold up your left."

"Cannae dae that ayther—got shot in the other ane tae."

"Then hold up your leg," responded the irate magistrate. "No man can be sworn in this court without holding up some thing."

THE BURDEN BEARERS.

At dusk I stood beside the city's gate And watched the farers as they homeward swept; And some bore burdens; some no cumbrance had; Some laughed and sang, while others wept.

Perchance the one who heaviest laden was Did bubble forth in gay and light-some song; And one who had no load to weigh him down, Sorrowing pressed his way amid the throng.

A man who highest honor singled out Dejected was and walked as with-out hope. Another, maimed, and halting in his step, Pushed forward eagerly with Fate to cope.

And whether they were proud and lightly went, Or plodded on in life's hard, humble way, Or burdens drew or rode on prancing steeds Seemed not to check their song or prompt a lay.

And as I looked upon the changing scene, And saw the actors in their varied parts, The voice of sympathy did whisper low, "The burdens that men bear are in their hearts."

JOY IS LIFE'S TREE.

The world is sweet and fair, and bright, And joy aboundeth everywhere. The glorious stars crown every night, And thro' the dark of ev'ry care Above us shineth Heaven's light.

From the cradle to the grave We reckon all our days and hours We sure will find they give and gave Much less of thorns and more of flowers, And tho' some tears must ever lave.

The path we tread, upon 'them all The light of smiles forever lies. As o'er the rains from clouds that fall, The sun shines sweeter in the skies, Life holdeth more of sweet than gall.

For ev'ry one, no matter who— Or what their lot—or high or low; All hearts have clouds—but heaven's blue Wraps robes of bright around each woe; And this is truest of the true.

That joy is stronger here than grief, Fills more of life, far more of years And makes the reign of sorrow brief; Gives more of smiles for less of tears, Joy is life's tree—grief but its leaf. —Father Ryan.

SLUMBER SONG.

Far away in the Western seas Lieeth an island all silver and gold, Where lullabies are sung by the breeze As it flows through the boughs of the bending trees Where none is weary and none grows old.

thinkers of the entire world were consulted in regard to matters of traditional faith. And so the Church has ever fought shy of hypothesis, however plausible; her policy has ever been to "quarantine" them until Time works its own effects and produces its own light. Many a time she has at first appeared to be adverse to theories which she has ultimately accepted. And such theories have always proved sounder for publication to which her conservatism, be it further said, is by no means confined to the purely scientific domain, but is also applied to the sphere of moral and religious thought.

To give but one instance: We know that the worship of the Sacred Heart, which is the most pronounced devotion of our time, perhaps, was at first received by the representative men of the Church with a certain amount of coldness, and that the work of a man of learning in favor of this devotion, was placed upon the Index.

Far from opposing the study of science the Church favors it, and indeed, it could hardly be otherwise, since it was through her efforts that Science, in the course of the ages of unrest and long-drawn wars civil and religious, was saved for the advantage of humanity. Has the present Sovereign Pontiff not just founded a scientific society, the mission of which is to guard Christian colleges and students against hazardous theories or discoveries of investigators, who give the results of their researches to the world as the irrefutable conclusions of exact science?

The Church in her wisdom, is well aware that to the true child of the Church, his faith grows in proportion as his intellectual horizon expands. The more the greatness of God is proved, the more the necessity of His Being imposes itself upon reflective mind. To deny His

existence is not only a great error, but an error rendered all the more evident by the progress of science.

In regard to science, the Church is as actively interested as the most enthusiastic of scientific workers.

In regard to history and criticism she is not in a different position.

If any proof were wanting of the desire of the Church that criticism and history shall be properly directed, surely it is to be found in the fact that Pius X. has just established in the Catholic Institute of Paris, a professorial Chair of Criticism which shall have its counter-effects upon the irresponsible critics of the anti-Christian factions. In all things the action of the Church is that of God, directing in her wisdom the events of the material world.

ills of Childhood

How to Cure Them.

There is no medicine can equal Baby's Own Tablets for the cure of such ills of babyhood and childhood as constipation, indigestion, diarrhoea, colic, simple fever, worms and teething troubles. When you give this medicine to your little ones you have the guarantee of a government analyst that it is perfectly safe. Mrs. Thos. Mills, Ethel, Ont., says: "I have used Baby's Own Tablets for my little boy and find them just the medicine needed to keep babies healthy. They are easy to take and always do good." Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

ST. GABRIEL'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY HOLD MEETING.

WITH THE POETS

And while to my bosom my child I fold— Close thine eyes, my babe, and we Together will float on that Western sea.

Far o'er the rocking billows we'll sail Till we come to that wondrous shining land, Where the children play on the golden sand, And on many a hill-top and flowery dale The fairies dance till the moon grows pale; There we will wander, hand in hand, Close thine eyes, my babe, and we Together that marvelous land will see.

Golden head pillowed on mother's breast, Closed are the eyelids o'er weary eyes; While from the world the daylight dies, Sweetly my baby has gone to rest— Gone where no evil nor fear can molest, Gone where the islands of dreams arise.

Far away o'er the drowsy sea— Sleep, my child, while I sing to thee. —Laurens Maynard.

HOPE FOR ALL.

Oh, yet we trust that somehow good will be the final goal of all, To pang of nature, sins of will, Defects of doubt, and taints of blood

That nothing walks, with aimless feet, That not one life shall be destroyed, Or cast as rubbish to the void, When God hath made the pile complete;

That not a worm is cloven in vain; That not a moth with vain desire Is shrivelled in a fruitless fire, Or but subserves another's gain;

Behold we know not anything; I can but trust that good shall fall At last—far off—at last, to all, And every winter change to spring.

So runs my dream; but what am I? An infant crying in the night; An infant crying for the light; And with no language but a cry.

The wish, that of the living whole No life may fail beyond the grave Derives it not from what we have The likeliest God within the soul?

Are God and Nature then at strife, That Nature leads such evil dreams? So careful of the type she seems, So careless of the single life;

That I, considering everywhere Her secret meaning in her deeds, And finding that of fifty seeds She often brings but one to bear.

I falter where I firmly trod, And falling where my weight of cares Upon the great world's altar stairs That slope through darkness up to God,

I stretch lame hands of faith, and grope, And gather dust and chaff and call To what I feel is Lord of all, And faintly trust the larger hope. —Alfred Tennyson.

West Frampton

Dear Aunt Becky

I was so pleased in print that I write aggin. I scholl. I hope I Communion next weather my sist school also. I hister. Her name two years old. M away this winter home on Sunday. last Sunday. So close.

With love from West Frampton.

Dear Aunt Becky: I was so pleased in print that I would write aggin to the convent school along very. We have 'concoours' and the one who number of points from our priest, I sell. We are having days as Rev. Mott and St. Ann are are having very and occasional r makes it very interesting a great many people there were three d I saw in the last letters from my coney and Mary Enri were both very ju such nice prizes from Our vicar, Rev. is to return from week. We are very being absent leave work for Rev. Fat Well, dear Auntie

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IF YOU ARE "ALWAYS TAKING COLD" It shows that the throat is sensitive and bronchial tissue weak. Make them well and strong with Bole's Preparation of Friar's Cough Balsam. It heats irritation and inflammation—strengthens the membrane of throat and lungs—and not only cures coughs, but also protects you against catching another cold. 25 cents a bottle. At druggists. NATIONAL DRUG & CHEMICAL CO., LIMITED LONDON, ONT.



THURSDAY, M BOYS THE D In an apron c heap she s And makes pies, She follows the as it runs, All under the And mischievous I wear, To ruffle each She croons a s ship along; She's a glad l But when three hold what She wears a too, She walks up ar front yard, And her slipp new. In a prim glod out of plac Can be seen curl. Oh, long seems drags the She's a sad li —St. Nicholas Dear Aunt Beck This is my fir have often wish every eight year very well. Our Marquis, came some time ago with our progres prizes. My gra Frampton for a My papa is a d often away. I thers living, and dead; her name my brothers' na Raymond. I v would write to nieces as she die Your affec Port Daniel Ed Dear Aunt Beck As some of my writing to you I write to you als old. I am goin night I stay wit Fitzgerald. I h First Communion learning my cate can so as to be next summer. I tory, history of and arithmetic. French and Engl brothers and one name is Mary. I old and is going Dear Aunt, m long so I will ch in print. I r Your lit A West Frampton Dear Aunt Beck I was so pleas in print that I write aggin. I scholl. I hope I Communion next weather my sist school also. I hister. Her name two years old. M away this winter home on Sunday. last Sunday. So close. With love from West Frampton. Dear Aunt Becky: I was so pleased in print that I would write aggin to the convent school along very. We have 'concoours' and the one who number of points from our priest, I sell. We are having days as Rev. Mott and St. Ann are are having very and occasional r makes it very interesting a great many people there were three d I saw in the last letters from my coney and Mary Enri were both very ju such nice prizes from Our vicar, Rev. is to return from week. We are very being absent leave work for Rev. Fat Well, dear Auntie