

## HOUSE AND HOME

CONDUCTED BY HELENE.

Not one of us, even the most good-natured, likes to have his mistakes pointed out. We may appear not to mind corrections and accept them with a smile, but it is human nature to smart under correction, although some of us may be clever enough to conceal the smart; hence, the fewer mistakes we call attention to in others, the better. Two-thirds of the mistakes we make are trivial. Their correction is unimportant. Why, then, notice them? Yet some people do, and do so constantly.

A person speaks of having done a certain thing on Thursday, when in reality it was done on Wednesday. If no important point is involved, why call attention to the mistake? What good does it do to have the exact day set right? It is a matter of no importance, so why insist upon correcting the trivial error? Staunch friendships have often been pricked by this needless of useless correction. It is a great art, this art of learning to allow others to be mistaken when the mistake is unimportant. Few learn it, but those who do, are among the most comfortable friends one can have.

## A RESOURCEFUL QUEEN.

A story, too beautiful not to be true, of the former Queen Regent of Holland, mother of Wilhelm, is related by the Catholic Watchman (Madras, India). The king had bought a fine service of Sevres porcelain for the use of the royal family, and announced that immediate dismissal would be the punishment for any servant who should break one of the costly pieces. A man who had been in the royal household for many years came to the Queen one day in great distress, and confessed that he had broken one of the delicate cups. Queen Emma spoke words of comfort to him, and proposed that he should mend the cup with cement. The man sorrowfully answered that the King's sharp eye would at once detect the cracks. Nevertheless, the Queen insisted that he should mend the cup as neatly as he could, and should be sure to give it to her that afternoon at teatime, when the King would be present. This was done, and the Queen, after drinking her tea from the mended cup, rose suddenly and let it fall to the floor, breaking it into fragments. "Think of me as one of the most awkward of your Majesty's servants," she said. "I have broken one of your precious Sevres cups. You must discharge me at once. I don't deserve to remain in your service." The arbitrary old king was amused, at her speech and manner, and considered the accident a great joke. The poor servant, standing behind the lady, cast a grateful look in the direction of the Queen. The King never learned the truth about the broken cup.

Tennyson said of a strange literary coincidence: "A Chinese scholar some time ago wrote me saying that in an unknown translated Chinese poem there are two whole lines of mine almost word for word." Byron, in his monody on the death of Sheridan, where he says there will never be another Sheridan, the mold being broken up, employs, word for word, terms in which an ancient Sanskrit document refers to the death of Maru, notwithstanding that Byron could never have seen the document. Shakespeare's passage about love and lightning in "Romeo and Juliet" is almost identical with a quotation from "Malata and Madhava," an Indian poem by Bhavabuti, written nine centuries before, and not translated up to Shakespeare's time.

## A WOMAN'S SMILE.

A woman's smile is sunshine in the home; it is sunshine anywhere. A woman's smile is the outward and visible sign of her power to please and to gain what she wishes. The Italians say that the beautiful woman by smiling can draw tears from a man's purse.

Marot speaks of a "woman's little giddy laugh that was enough to raise a man from the dead." Men are very much what women make them, and it is largely by their smiles that they make men what they ought, or ought not to be. A woman's smile is what the sunbeam is to the landscape; it embellishes an inferior face and redeems an ugly one.

It is one of the duties of women to beautify the world, to shed joy, to radiate happiness, to cast light upon dark days, to be the golden thread of our destiny and this she does by rightly using her talents for pleasing.

Every now and then we meet a woman who possesses the power of enchanting all about her; her presence lights up the house; her approach is like a cheering warmth she passes by, and we are not content; she stays awhile and we are

happy. She is the Aurora with a human face.

## ABOUT COLLARS.

Amid all the lovely collars of lace ribbon and tinsel there looms up a new style which is most attractive. The collars are linen affairs worked with groups of miniature dots, placed in squares of four dots, 16, or in triangle or cross effects. With the collars will be found the linen tie to match. It is either a single or double bow, the edges buttonhole stitched with the same material as the dots. These collars are dotted with red, brown, white, yellow; in fact, every color imaginable. Many of the little bows are shaped like pretty leaves, while others are prim with only the bow ends notched and whipped with thread, but always the collar and bow will be seen to match.

## EYEBALLS KEPT BRIGHT.

If more persons knew that the eyeballs need bathing quite as much as the body, no dressing stand would be without an eye cup and lotion for this purpose. In washing the eyes use a special glass that may be bought at any druggists. This cup is shaped something like a wine glass, except that it is elongated instead of round and has a rim that slopes down in the middle to fit the eyes.

To use this little vessel fill it three-quarters full of whatever lotion or liquid is prescribed, then place it closely about the eye and throw back the head. In this position open and shut the eye, so that the ball is thoroughly bathed.

As to the lotion for the bath an excellent and simple one that will cleanse the ball and relieve a feverish or tired sensation is made by boiling and filtering half a pint of water and pouring into it, while still warm, one half teaspoonful of refined borax. Let this cool, then filter again through a piece of thin muslin.

The cup may be partly filled with this liquid morning and night and any time during the day when the eyes feel tired. It should be applied as previously directed and, after using for a time, will usually clear away the yellow scum so frequently seen on eyeballs and always so disfiguring. Before applying any lotion the eyes must always be carefully bathed in warm water.

For eyes that are weak a tonic wash recommended by English oculists is made in this way: One-half of an ounce of rock salt and one ounce of dry sulphate of zinc simmered in a perfectly clean covered porcelain vessel with three pints of water until the ingredients are all dissolved; strain through thick, clean muslin, add one ounce of rose water and cork tightly.

Use when the eyes feel weak. If the lotion smarters add a little water. The eye cup should be kept perfectly clean.

If after simple home treatment the eyeballs continue to show a yellowish appearance no time should be lost in consulting a physician for something wrong with the system is indicated.

Any inflammation of the eyes is likely to exhibit itself by secretions on the lids in the morning, and this condition should be checked before it leads into another more serious state.

After bathing with either of the lotions given the edges of the lids should be covered at night with a paste made of two and one-half centigrams each of oxide of zinc and subacetate of lead, twenty-five centigrams of oil of sweet almonds, three grams of white vaseline and three drops of tincture of benzoin.

It is well to have this compounded by a chemist, for should there be the least lump of grain it is apt to find its way into the eye and cause irritation. In making any lotion at home too much care cannot be given to filtering, and should the liquid become cloudy, it must be strained again to prevent causing irritation.

## KNOW ONE THING WELL.

In the business world this is pre-eminently the day of the specialist. Never before was such a premium set upon excellence.

To put it in the vernacular of the times, which makes up in expressiveness what it lacks in elegance, this is the day when the person succeeds who can truly boast one "stunt," or to quote the time honored fable, when the cat of one shift stands in the vanguard and the fox of many shifts is relegated to the rear.

"The man of ambition who aspires to a successful business career takes this lesson to heart and shapes his plans accordingly.

Too often the woman who knocks at the door of the workaday world is either ignorant that such a law obtains or, weakly counting upon her sex to gain favor and concessions,

totally disregards it and thereby courts failure in the outset. The day is gone by when the woman who has a smattering of knowledge can hope for business recognition or fill a position of even secondary importance.

This does not imply that one's life must be narrowed down to one idea.

On the contrary, the successful woman must learn a little of everything that tends to enlighten. She must learn more of the things which shape the well balanced intellect and the well rounded character, but if the coveted prize is to be gained she must know all that can be known of some lone thing.

The woman thus equipped cannot only find a footing, but what is vastly more to the point, hold it.

Even the social world has become infected with this idea, and the woman who wins the plaudits is not she who has a showing of many accomplishments, but the woman of one stunt in which she excels.

## CAN DANCE AT 107.

Mrs. Margaret McGuirk, of Carrickmore, Ireland, who has reached the age of 107, is still hale and hearty. She can dance an Irish jig and is able to knit, sew and spin. A newspaper cutting with reference to this wonderful old lady has been forwarded to the king, whose private secretary, in reply, has written asking for the birth certificate of Mrs. McGuirk.

## LACE MITTS.

Long mitts of exquisite lace are taking the place of evening gloves. The finest duchesse and honiton point are responsible for these cobwebby accessories, and the prices asked are upon an equality with their beauty.

Another novelty is a pair of elbow length black glass kid gloves inset with medallions of fine point lace. That they are extremely striking goes without saying, and only women quite sure of being a sartorial success should attempt them.

## SOME MENDING HINTS.

Rents will look much better when mended if they are attended to at once, because the longer they are left the more ragged the edges become.

Lay the garment right side down and put the edges of the rent as close together as possible. Cut a



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To MRS. \_\_\_\_\_

ST. \_\_\_\_\_ TOWN \_\_\_\_\_

piece of mending tissue rather larger than the space that is torn, and lay on top.

Take a piece of thin woollen material the same size as the tissue and as near the color of the cloth as possible, lay this on top of the tissue, and when placed in exactly the right position iron with a hot iron until the patch adheres to the garment.

The heat will cause the tissue to dissolve, forming a sort of glue. If the material is of lightweight goods it will be best to use a patch of exactly the same sort of goods, but if the material is heavy, such as is used in men's suits or coats, a lighter patch will be very much better.

A clean cut in heavy materials may be mended by putting the two edges firmly together and basting them to a piece of paper on the right side.

Take a thread and insert the needle about three-eighths of an inch from the edge and carry it between the cloth to about half an inch the other side of the cut and draw the threads through, put the needle in where it came out and carry it to the other side about half an inch beyond the edge in a slightly slanting position.

Continue to do this until the whole cut is darned. Be careful not to pull too tight. Darn in the same way in the opposite direction.

It is difficult to use this method of mending if the edges are the least bit frayed, and on thin material it must be done with the greatest care using the finest thread and needle possible.

All darns must be pressed when finished. To do this lay the right side down on the ironing board and on the wrong side lay a damp cloth and iron until perfectly dry.

If you are suffering from colds get a bottle of Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup and test its qualities. It will be found that no praise bestowed on it is too high. It does all that is claimed for it, and it does it thoroughly. Do not take any substitute for Bickel's Syrup, because it is the best, having stood the test of years. All the best dealers sell it.

## FUNNY SAYINGS.

IN 1918.

Visitor—"Tell your mistress I am here."  
Maid—"Yes, ma'am, she'll be down in a few minutes, ma'am."  
Visitor—"Is she up in the nursery?"  
Maid—"No, ma'am; she is up in a balloon."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## ANOTHER HATCHET STORY.

Some smart children live in the city and read the papers and keen tab on events, and teachers sometimes have a funny experience with the aforesaid children. The story may not be true, but anyway sounds likely. A class in American history was up being reviewed. Among the topics of the lesson was George Washington, the Father of his country, including the little incident of the cherry tree and hatchet. To test them, the teacher asked several questions on the lesson and then this particular query was put to the pupils:

Who was it said: "Father, I cannot tell a lie, I did it with my little hatchet?"

The little girl at the head of the class was sure she knew and quickly raised her hand.

"Tell us now; who was it?"  
As prompt as unexpected came the answer, "Mrs. Carry Nation."

## HOW IT STRUCK SANDY.

In Scotland-Native, sighting the runaway French balloon: "Laird keep us, Sandy, what call you yon?"

Sandy, looking up—"Weel, weel!" He pauses agast. "An' can ye see it too, Tammas?"

Tammas—"Ahm seeing it vary plain."

Sandy, a little relieved—"Ah wud no like to see it by myself!"

Tammas—"What tak' you to be, Sandy?"

Sandy—"I ken weel it's a sign."

Tammas—"An' what kind o' sign, Sandy?"

Sandy—"What kind o' sign, mon? Dinna ye ken? Sure, it's a sign that you an' me, Tammas, must cut oot th' whuskey!"

## SLIGHT MISTAKE.

"What a cozy little flat you have!" said the visitor. "But why did they build the airshaft in such a peculiar place?"

"My goodness, that isn't the airshaft. That's our hallway!"—Milwaukee Sentinel.

## HE HAD NO OBJECTION.

"We want you to marry us," said the blushing young man, indicating a young woman with downcast eyes and smiling face who stood a step behind him.

"Come in," said the minister, and he endeavored to ease their embarrassment for a moment; but he soon decided that it was useless to try.

"Will you be married with a ring?" he inquired.

The young man turned a helpless gaze upon his companion, and then looked at the minister.

"If you've got one to spare and it can come out of the two dollars, I guess she'd like it," he said at last.

—Youth's Companion.

SUSPICIOUS PROCEEDINGS.

"John, do you love me?"  
"Yes."

"Do you adore me?"  
"I s'pose."

"Will you always love me?"  
"Ye—look here, woman, what have you been and ordered sent home now?"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

## A BAR TO FAITH.

"Pa," complained the boy, "so long as I go to the same school with Tommy Tuff I can't be a Christian Scientist."

"What!" cried the pillar of the new church, "why can't you?"

"Cause it's hard to believe that a punch in the jaw is all my imagination."—Catholic Standard and Times.

SHE WAS A CHOSEN ONE.

Two very nice little girls had a quarrel one day. "Anyhow," said one to the other, who was an adopted child, "your parents are not real."

Whereupon the other little girl retorted: "I don't care, my papa and mamma picked me out. Yours had to take you just as you came."

The Power of the Confessional.

Every Catholic knows, from his catechism, that he can only receive absolution of his sins in confession when he is truly sorry for them, and is willing to repair all injuries occasioned by them, as far as lies in his power.

Non-Catholics are enemies of our Faith, often acknowledge the wonderful influence for good that exists in the Catholic Church, above all others by reason of this practice.

The priest can, for example, never absolve from sins of injustice, or when the penitent is unwilling to make restitution. What ever may have been acquired through theft, robbery, cheating, or any other unjust means, must be restored, before there can be question of absolution; at least the firm, sincere will to make

## WITH THE POETS

## THE CRY OF THE EXILE.

Whist, alanna, till I tell ye o' the dream I had last night!

I was back in dear old Ireland, an' the hawthorn hedge was white; Hills and valleys smiled an' nodded, Like old friends they seemed to be;

An' the brown road, rummin' westward, seemed to smile an' beckon me.

But I turned me back upon it, an' I held me out head high, Scornin' all the well known places 'neath the tender Irish sky.

Then I thought me heart 'twas breakin', an' I tried to turn around; But the sky grew dark an' threatenin' an' the hills and valleys frowned;

An' the brown road seem'd a river leavin' madly after me. Till the wild waves caught an' swept me out upon the hungry sea.

Starin' walls then riz atween us, bricks an' mortar city walls; An' I woke up, could and chippin'—but the brown road calls and calls!

'Tis a fine grand land entirely, is this great Amerikay, Wid its bustle an' its traffic—shure they've turned the night to day!

Wirra, now, I'm not complainin'—don't ye think it, Moira dear! Though the tears they do be streamin' in, shure I know I'm better here.

'Tis a fine grand land entirely, wid its—God, them starin' walls! Shure they've drive the sinners from me—and the Brown road calls an' calls!

—Mary M. Redmond, in Catholic Light.

ADDRESS OF BRIAN TO HIS ARMY.

Stand ye now for Erin's glory! Stand ye now for Erin's cause! Long ye've groaned beneath the rigor of the Northmen's savage laws,

What though brothers league against us? What though myriads be the foe? Victory will be more honored in the myriad's overthrow.

Proud Connaughts! oft we've wrangled in our petty feuds of yore; Now we fight against the robber Dane upon our native shore;

May our hearts unite in friendship, as our blood in one red tide, While we crush their mail-clad legions, and annihilate their pride.

Brave Eugonians! Erin triumphs in the sight she sees to-day—Desmond's homesteads all deserted for the muster and the fray!

Cluan's vale and Galtee's summit send their bravest and their best; May such hearts be theirs forever, for the Freedom of the West!

Chiefs and Kernes of Dalcassia! Brothers of my past career, Oft we've trodden on the pirate flag that flaunts before us here;

Bound on the foe, As the torrent of the mountain bursts upon the plain below!

They have razed our proudest castles—spoiled the Temples of the Lord—Burnt to dust the sacred relics—put the Peaceful to the sword—

Desecrated all things holy—as they soon may do again, If their power to-day we smite not—if to-day we be not men!

On this day the God-man suffered—look upon the sacred sign—May we conquer 'neath its shadow, as of old did Constantine!

May the heathen tribe of Odin fade before it like a dream, And the triumph of this glorious day in our future annals gleam!

God of heaven, bless our banner—nerve our sinews for the strife! Fight we now for all that's holy—for our altars, land and life—

For red vengeance on the spoiler, whom the blazing temples trace—For the honor of our maidens and the glory of our race