

HOUSE AND HOME

CONDUCTED BY HORTENSE



Wish.

"May He support us all the day long, till the shades lengthen, and the evening comes, and the busy world is hushed, and the fever of life is over, and our work is done! Ther in His mercy may He give us a safe lodging, and a holy rest, and peace at the last!"—Cardinal Newman.

Are We Really Sweeter When The Sun Shines?

What difference the condition of the weather makes in our temper, and how mercurial the generosity of mortals are! True, there are some who are so curiously constituted that a miserably wet and gloomy day is the same to them as a glorious sunny day in summer, but surely they are in the minority. We must all have noticed what a difference the weather makes in the temper of the children, and more particularly those of older growth.

There are, of course, some who see signs of breaking up to the very fairest day, but these are the systematic grumblers who are always finding the crumpled roseleaf. When the sun is shining gloriously upon us the misanthrope will, at any rate for a time, forget his moody forebodings and perhaps concede, though grudgingly, that there is a hope for better times. If we cannot under these circumstances look a little more hopefully upon things generally, and acknowledge that there is a silver lining to every cloud, then we are in a parlous condition indeed.

We are all sweeter every way when the sun shines, and especially in our temples.

Hospital Nurses Healthiest in the World.

"Despite the fact that hospital nurses have extremely arduous work and are exposed to almost every known contagious disease, I believe they are the healthiest class of people," said Miss Goodrich, superintendent of the Training School for Nurses at Bellevue Hospital, the other day. "By that I mean they are less subject to physical breakdown than any other class of people. They have fewer aches and pains than other people, and their general health is far above the average of those who are usually considered the healthiest, farmers and workers who pursue outdoor work. Even doctors, whose very business is health, are not as healthy, as a class, as hospital nurses. Doctors know well how to preserve their health, but they almost invariably abuse their constitutions by overwork, irregular hours and mental strain.

"The reason why hospital nurses are the healthiest people is not so much because of the nature of their work as it is their regular hours for sleeping, eating, exercising and working. They have the correct amount of sleep every twenty-four hours, the most nourishing and wholesome food prepared in the best manner, and, of course, they live under the best sanitary conditions. Their exercise and their work keeps them in perfect physical condition, and, as all hospital nurses have good constitutions—they are not accepted unless they are—illness among them is almost unknown. The mortality rate among hospital nurses is probably the lowest of any class in the world.

"It is regular living that makes health and keeps it for one who already has it. And there is no class of people who live a more regular life than hospital nurses."

A Sure Cure For the Blues—Smile.

Did you ever try smiling to cure the blues? If not, try it when you are troubled with this melancholy complaint and note the result.

You cannot be lachrymose if the corners of your mouth are turned up, and with a smile on your lips life takes on a new aspect. The people you meet smile back and a general atmosphere of good nature, good temper and good spirits is everywhere. Smile always, and your digestion, your complexion and your popularity will improve a hundred-fold.

Every woman wishes to be good looking, and nothing so quickly destroys all the natural good looks a woman possesses as a sour, long face. Her nose may be shaped on lines contrary to classical specifications, her complexion may leave much to be desired, and her mouth open to a wide gape than is strictly in conformity with laid-down beauty rules; but let her be good-natured, with her eyes and mouth ready to break into smiles, and there are few who will notice na-

ture's shortcomings, and those who know her will love her and seek her society.

A well known doctor has adopted this "smile" method in his treatment of nervous patients, and claims that when it is persisted in regularly, good effects are the result.

It takes some persuasion to get them into the way, it appealing to many as the height of absurdity, and if one is "blue" it takes considerable will to sit down and smile sweetly and complacently at nothing at all, and it is this will power that brings the blessing—it makes one forget the fancied misery.

Ten Beauty Secrets Given by a Noted English Lady.

One of the most beautiful women in England is said to have recently given her daughter the following beauty rules which she claimed were worth a guinea a word. Here they are:

When your mirror tells you you are not looking well, rest.

To keep the hair beautiful, wash it once a week.

To keep the mouth young, massage with the little fingers the lines of petulance from nostrils to lips.

To have always a youthful contour, keep the line of the jaw as thin as a knife edge.

To keep the nose shapely, give it frequent massage.

To take away the ugly, middle-aged redness of the nose, use hot compresses on it.

To keep the tired lines away from the eyes, bath the lids and skin about the eyes with water as warm as you can endure it.

To make the eyes always brilliant bathe them as often as you do your face.

To avoid the multiplied chin, sleep with the head low, the lower the better.

To refresh the dry, withered skin, bathe it often in water as warm as you can endure.

Colored Shoelaces New.

Paris is up to all kinds of fads. The very latest notion seems to be shoelaces— or rather shoe ribbons—in the color of one's frock. Bronze ties with natty scarlet bows were seen with a brown foulard, matched by a hat with brown and red feathers. Violet shoe ribbons were worn at the races in white buckskin pumps, a violet parasol, stockings and hat accompanying a white linen costume. Blue silk hose and blue shoe ribbons were smart with a pretty frock of dotted blue muslin.

Value of Buttermilk.

Buttermilk as a remedial agent can not be praised too highly. The lactic acid, the sour of the buttermilk, attacks and dissolves every sort of earthy deposit in the blood vessels. Thus it keeps the veins and arteries so supple and free running there can be no clogging up; hence no deposit of irritating calcareous matter around the points, nor of poisonous waste in the muscles. It is the stiffening and narrowing of the blood vessels which bring on senile decay. Buttermilk is likely to postpone it ten or twenty years, if freely drunk. A quart a day should be the minimum, according to taste and opportunity. Inasmuch as gouty difficulties arise from sluggish excretion, buttermilk is a blessing to all gouty subjects. It greatly stimulates all the excretories—liver, skin, and kidneys. It also tones the stomach, and furnishes with the material from which to make rich, healthy blood.

Scissors in the Kitchen.

Not "a" single scissors in the kitchen, but several; for the kerosene scissors intended for wicks and rough usage generally is sacred to some shed or closet to which is banished the kerosene can.

There is the pineapple snippers, which may be used, because of its unusual shape, only for cutting out pineapple eyes.

There are the grape scissors—a valuable pair, indeed, for autumn, which is grape time, and all through the winter, because grape season stretches out over a long period. The grape scissors, unless it be too dainty and silvered, may be used for the preparing of grape fruit. The tough fibre can be managed with difficulty if a knife be relied upon, and time, as well as rich juice, may be saved by the use of scissors blades.

A vegetable scissors should be found on a peg in every well ordered kitchen; for have we not all seen the lima bean pods that will not yield to ordinary pressure when fall temptations tempt them on the outside, while the bean is still new inside? The kitchen garden, too, will demand a share in the vegetable scissors.

Fish shears are not so pleasant sounding, but the person who prepares the uncooked sea food will

appreciate the disappearance of the sharp, finger-sticking fins between the sharp blades.

A reasonable pair or two of well-polished scissors over and above the special kerosene blades will prove more useful than the unprepared housekeeper has ever contemplated.

Bereft.

Not she who, kneeling by her dear child's grave, Knoweth motherhood's compassion-mild, Nor she whose loving tenderness doth crave Of sweetest dream-child; But she whose dwarfed soul crieth worldly-wise, "I need no children in my paradise." —Mary Byerly, in Lippincott's.

An Oiled Dust Brush.

Carved furniture, which is the bane of the housekeeper's life, may be kept somewhat free from dust by weekly or biweekly treatment with an oiled brush kept for the purpose.

The cotton or woolen duster will make no impression on its ornate surface, but will have much to do with the disposition of the housewife.

The brush used in the decorators' shops for the very purpose of keeping their finest furniture in order looks very different from the feather duster. It is a large soft paint brush in appearance, and having been oiled, it absorbs on its soft bristles a certain amount of dust instead of sending it flying about the room.

What Love Means to a Frenchwoman.

(By Mme. De Perrott, Bachelor of Letters, University of Paris.) Women in France are supreme. They hold the pursestrings. Often they assist their husbands in their business or profession. Their practical sense and ability are respected. Their beauty and their talent for making themselves attractive are universally admired. A charming, well-dressed woman in Paris is looked at by everybody. Why do men sit outside the cafes? To see the elegant toilettes and the dainty figures and the pretty faces which pass. English women find this unpleasant, but the French woman looks for admiration. She would be disappointed—and quite rightly—if she did not receive it.

For the greatest power of a woman is to be beautiful. Yes, that has always been so. For a woman to be forced to work in competition with men is pitiful.

To a French woman it comes natural to put people at their ease and make them happy. It comes natural to her to watch over her children. And the reason? It is because she in turn has been watched over and taught and cherished by her own mother.

No one in France would jest about love. It is sacred, beautiful, the one reality of life. With the Anglo-Saxons it is not taken seriously. It is something to smile at, a passing madness," you call it. Ah! you poor people, how much you miss!

THE LAMP OF THE POOR SOULS

(Scribner's Magazine recently published a pathetic little poem admittedly based on a beautiful religious custom of pre-Reformation days in England. In many churches a little lamp was kept continually alight that the frequenters might remember to pray for the souls of those dead, especially who in life had been of the poorer classes.)

Above my head the shields are stained with rust, The wind has taken his spoil, the moth his part, Dust of dead men beneath my knees and dust, Lord, in my heart.

Lay Thou the hand of faith upon my fears. The priest has prayed, the silver bell has rung. But not for him. O unforgotten tears, He was so young!

Shine, little lamp, nor let thy light grow dim. Into what vast dread dreams, what lonely lands, Into what griefs death hath delivered him, Far from my hands?

Cradled is he, with half his prayers forgot, I cannot learn the level way he goes. He whom the harvest hath remembered not Sleeps with the rose.

Shine, little lamp, fed with sweet oil of prayers; Shine, little lamp, as God's own eyes may shine. When He treads softly down His stony stairs, And whispers "Thou art mine."

Shine, little lamp, for love hath fed thy gleam. Sleep, little soul, by God's own hands set free. Cling to His arms and sleep, and dreaming, look for me.

—Marjorie L. C. Pickthall.

Punny Sayings.

RASTUS BECOMES RESIGNED

An old darkey wanted to join a fashionable city church, and the minister knowing it was hardly the thing to do, and not wanting to hurt his feelings, told him to go home and pray over it. In a few days the darkey came back. "Well, what do you think of it by this time?" asked the preacher. "Well, sah," replied the colored man, "Ah prayed an' prayed an' de good Lord He says to me, 'Rastus, Ah would n't bodder mah haid about dat no mo'. Ah've been tryin' to get into dat chu'ch mahself for de las' twenty years, an' Ah ain't done had no luck.'"

AN IRISH RETORT.

Quite recently a warship of the Atlantic squadron found it necessary to call for a few hours at a military port on the coast of Ireland. Tommy Atkins, meeting a full-bearded Irish tar in the streets a couple of hours later, said: "Pat, when are you going to place your whiskers on the reserve list?" "When you place your tongue on the civil list," was the Irish sailor's reply.—Tit-Bits.

WHY HE WAS A BAPTIST.

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 his church travels he responded: "Well, sah, hit's this way; de 'Piscopal is gemmen, sah, but I couldn't keep up wid de answers' back in de church. De Methodist's dey always holdin' inquiry meetin's, and I don't like too much inquiry' wot. But de Baptist, sah, dey dip and are done wid hit."

THE CHOICE.

For me to choose, How should I know what treasures to select, Which to refuse?

Do Men Ever Understand Women.

There probably never lived a man who didn't flatter himself that he understood women. "They're a puzzle, of course," to most men, but I think I know a little about them," one hears him say in a lordly, superior sort of way. There is only one answer to be made to this satisfied gentleman. The man who thinks he knows most about women really knows least.

In point of fact, it is impossible for any man, however clever and experienced, fully to understand woman. One woman he may learn a little of—very little—and then he is continually taken aback by new developments in her on which he has not calculated; but let him only begin to apply the knowledge so learned to his treatment of another of the same sex, and he will be bewildered and confounded to discover that the same rules will not apply to them both.

Shakespeare, who had a subtler insight into human nature than any writer who ever lived, was right when he said of woman, "Time, cannot stale her infinite variety." And it is this very complexity of character, this fleeting change of mood and disposition, which makes her so desperately perplexing to slower witted man.

To the ordinary man she is a perfectly sealed book.

"I can't make her out at all." "She is a mass of contradictions." "She never does or says what you expect."

These are a few of the plaints made by men about the girls in whom they begin to take a special interest. If she were constructed on the simple lines of a man in mind and heart, her lover would better know how to win her; but, in that case, it is to be doubted whether he would care to take the trouble. It is her bewildering and puzzling nature that makes her chief charm in his eyes.

"Do you understand women?" asked a timid youth of a man who had seen the world.

"Oh, yes. I understand that there is no understanding them, and that is as far as a man can ever get," was the crushing answer.

Women understand each other with such ease; they read each other's motives and interpret aright their looks and tones and unspoken speech—it is all such plain sailing to them that they look on with a kind of compassion on a man's blundering ignorance of the sex. That is why a woman who is popular among men is so very often quite the other thing with women. The poor, deluded men who take her precisely at the valuation she intends them to cannot comprehend why her own sex cannot see her many lovely qualities, and in their blindness they complacently set down the reason to jealousy. The real fact is that the woman can't deceive women, try as she may. They read her through and through, and estimate her accordingly.

That men never have understood women is plain to any one who has made a study of the male "levelists' works. Even the foremost names in the profession have this one point of weakness. Their women are admirably painted from the outside. They are charming very often, and attractive, and full of grace. They move and walk about the stage and conduct themselves in a life-like manner enough, but any woman can see that, after all, they are only pasteboard dummies; they lack the touch of Promethean fire that would make them flesh and blood.

Hang on
to a pure hard soap.
Always use

Surprise
if you wish to retain the natural colors in your clothes.

Surprise
has peculiar qualities of washing clothes, without injury and with perfect cleanliness.

Remember
the name Surprise means a pure hard soap.

POET'S CORNER

LIFE'S CAR.

"Hurry up!
No lingering by old doors of doubt—
No loitering by the way,
No waiting a To-morrow day,
When you can board To-day,
Success is somewhere down the track.

Before the chance is gone
Accelerate your laggard pace,
Swing on, I say, swing on—
Hurry up!

"Step lively!"
Belated souls are following fast.
They shout and signal "Wait!"
Conductor Time brooks no delay.
He rings the bell of Fate,
But you can give the man behind,
With one hand on the bar,
A final chance to brook defeat
And board the moving car.
Step lively!

"Move up!"
Make way for others as you sit
Or stand. This crowded earth
Has room for every journeying soul
En route to higher birth.
Aye, room and comfort, if no one
Took double share or space,
Nor let his greed and selfishness
Absorb another's place.
Move up!

"Hold fast!"
The jolting switch of obstacles
With jarring rails is near.
Stand firm of foot, be strong of grip.
Brace well and have no fear.
The Maker of the Car of Life
Foresaw the curve—Despair,
And hung the straps of faith and hope
So you might grasp them there.
Hold fast!
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

YOU NEED FEAR IT NO LONGER

Gravel Warded Off and Cured
by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Manitoba Man Tells How His Urinary Troubles Vanished Before the Great Canadian Kidney Remedy.

Hamrik, Man., Nov. 15.—(Special).—Probably there is no disease to which man is heir that causes such a general dread as Gravel, or Stone in the Bladder. The frightful pains it brings and the terrible operations it necessitates cause a shudder of apprehension whenever it is mentioned. But there is really no reason why any man or woman should fear Gravel. It is purely and simply a Kidney disease, and as such can be either cured or guarded against by the use of Dodd's Kidney Pills. Take the case of Mr. Calvin R. Snyder, well known here. He says:

"In the spring of 1907 I was almost laid up from a lame back and was also troubled with excessive urination. I got a box of Dodd's Kidney Pills, and used them with satisfactory results. Dodd's Kidney Pills are the best Kidney medicine I ever heard of."

"If you follow Mr. Snyder's example and use Dodd's Kidney Pills for slight urinary disorders, you will never be troubled with Gravel. If you have Gravel, Dodd's Kidney Pills will cure it."

"I am a Catholic."

It is from the converts to the faith that we hear the most acknowledgment of it. Their hearts are so filled with gratitude to God for the gift of receiving it, that they cannot keep from speaking about it, most all the time, and their lives, too, are in keeping with their words. What fervor we witness in the practice of their new religion—the frequent reception of the sacraments and the doing of works of charity degree mercy, oftentimes in greater degree than those born in the faith, as if they were to make up for the years that they did not have the happiness of possessing it.

Yes, it is a great thing to be a Catholic, and we should be glad to proudly proclaim it at all times and under all circumstances. We shall give no offense to anyone in so doing, nay, we will gain the admiration and esteem of all. "Where our treasure is, there is our heart." Our greatest treasure is our holy faith. It is the pearl without price. God has given it to be our preservation and perfection here, and our happiness and glory hereafter. If we should appreciate the gift as we are commanded to, we will glory in it. Let us believe, "I am a Catholic."—Bishop Colton, in the Union and Times.

A Ready Weapon Against Pain
There is nothing equal to Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil when well rubbed on the bed in. It penetrates the tissues and pain disappears before it. There is no known preparation that will reach the spot quicker than this magic Oil. In consequences it ranks first among liniments now offered to the public and is accorded first place among all its competitors.

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Synopsis of Canadian

HOMESTEAD REG
ANY one numbered se...
man Land in Manitob...
and Alberta, except...
not reserved, may be h...
any person who is the...
family, or any male ov...
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The legal land office fo...
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made on certain condit...
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The homestead is rec...
form the conditions are...
with under one of the...
plans:

(1) At least six mon...
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each year for three ye...
(2) If the father (or...
the father is deceased)...
resident resides upon a...
vicinity of the land, a...
requirements as to resi...
dents by such pers...
with the father or mot...
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their eyes do not close in...
wrenching repose that co...
whose heart and nerves are...
constitutional disturbance...
damage has so debilitated...
the nervous system, that...
quiesced.

Mr. Calvin Stark, Ro...
writes:—"About two years...
to be troubled with a sm...
at night, when I would...
go to bed I could not sleep...
and would have to sit up...
many, they would become...
My doctor said my heart...
responsible. I saw Millb...
Nerve Pills advertised and...
try them. I took three bu...
now lie down and sleep wit...
and can rest well...
ment than highly to all ner...
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