

## For Busy Households

This is the happy season of Christmas when the children are anticipating the coming of Santa Claus and the mothers of our households are planning surprises in one form or another for the members of their household. It is a season when our leading thoroughfares are thronged with thousands of men and women, young and old, all imbued with the desire to bring joy on Christmas morn to those nearest and dearest to them.

What to give a man has always been a question which wrinkled the brow of woman-kind when Christmas comes around. Husbands and brothers are usually so liberally supplied with smoking coats, slippers, pipes and smoking materials and implements of all sorts that women are cheated out of the easiest selection that could be made. But men long ago became aware that women choose some of these things as an offering and foxily put off their reception by laying in an ostentatious stock of all such commodities.

A man likes to select his own pipe and his own clothes as a rule. As to cigars—they dread those purchased by woman-kind as much as they do embroidered shppers.

No matter how tasteful a woman may be in the selection of her own frocks and hats, she is sure to think that something patterned like a kitchen cloth is the proper thing for Jack's smoking coat or his necktie. One girl who insisted on sending her brother, who was at college, neck scarfs, which she selected with sisterly care, was surprised to find them draped over his pictures as upholstery when she visited his rooms. And another man was heard to remark last year that he didn't mind his wife presenting him with cigars if she didn't always insist on knowing what he did with them.

The last word about coffee seems never to be said, says a writer in the New York Post. All authorities lay great stress upon the cleanliness of the coffee-pot. It should be washed with a cloth kept for that purpose alone, and nothing will ensure this except eternal vigilance on the part of the housekeeper. Mrs. Lincoln's formula for the breakfast coffee calls for twice as many level tablespoons of ground coffee as there are cups to be served. To this add some eggshells washed before the eggs were broken, or the white of an egg, which is sufficient to clear about seven tablespoons of coffee. A tablespoonful of cold water for each cup needed is added and thoroughly mixed with the grounds; then as many cups of boiling water as will be served are poured over. Boil hard five minutes. A little very cold water, perhaps four tablespoons, is poured down the spout; a tablespoonful of fresh coffee is stirred in, a stopper of tissue paper put in the spout, and the pot set where it will keep hot without simmering for ten minutes. It should then be served at once, and should be at the highest state of perfection.

If some of it must be kept for later uses, it should be promptly poured off the grounds, the coffee-pot cleaned out, and the clear liquid restored to it. The "dead" taste of coffee so often encountered at boarding-house tables, and private tables as well, comes from the grounds. At the high class hotels and restaurants fresh coffee is made several times during the hours of serving breakfast. Black coffee for dinner is a strong concoction and can be made in the same way, slightly increasing the proportion of coffee and very much reducing the amount of water. The Oriental "double coffee" is made by using a strong black coffee concoction in place of water in making the second infusion. This double coffee should be served in the thickest of cups, holding not much more than a cordial glass, as its effect is powerful.

Recently a clever and successful woman architect has wittily shown how often houses built and planned by men have no places for the furniture which they must contain. Nor has she exaggerated the frequent dilemmas of housewives who have to choose where to put a bed in rooms which are all windows and doors, with a furnace register occupying the ugly stretch of unbroken wall. What their accuser calls "men's houses" are very often in evidence, and when lovely outlines and picturesque windows and tempting bays have charmed the eye the hard necessities of daily life make the young matron sigh for a spot for the children's cribs, or a place where an invalid can sit out of a dangerous draught.

In these days of struggle to earn an honest living many young women are manifesting a spirit of enterprise which is most surprising.

Something altogether new has lately been introduced by two enterprising young women who thoroughly understand the demand of cultured homes. There is a household purchasing agency. The busy woman of wealth laid the burden of selection of her gloves, trim-

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ings and "berry on" other, struggles some years ago, and now she welcomes the chance to share the responsibilities of her larger, the buying of her family and staple groceries, her fruits and confections, and to keep the comfortable assurance that this will be done without further thought on her part, in the most perfect manner. She can also delegate to these willing and active helpers the buying of handsome furniture, rugs and pictures, wedding and Christmas presents, arranging all the details and planning something new for the entertainment of her guests or the decoration of the dining table.

Dr. James Foules, in a recent address before the Edinburgh Health Society, dwelt on the dangers of drinking unboiled milk—dangers so great that the lecturer regarded its consumption in an uncooked condition as a relic of barbarism. Many epidemics of typhoid and other fevers were traceable to infected milk, coming from a farm or a dairy on which there was a history of fever at the beginning of the outbreak. The cow did not suffer from typhoid fever, and the causes of the poisoning of milk included infection by filthy sewage and storage in cans exposed to an atmosphere in which disease germs floated. Not only was the health of the cows a matter of vital importance; the freedom of milk from organic and inorganic impurities could not be guaranteed until healthy men, women and children were concerned in its production and distribution.

The instructions of Dr. Foules with respect to the cooking of milk are worthy of attention. The ordinary practice is to boil it directly on the fire. But this gives rise to an unpalatable alteration in the taste and smell, due, as Dr. Foules points out, to the scorching or singeing of the cheese and butter, which the milk contains. Milk should, Dr. Foules declares, be always boiled in a water bath, by which means it would be gradually brought up to 180 degrees Fahrenheit—a temperature sufficient to destroy all tuberculous bacilli and pathogenic germs, without affecting the flavor of the fluid.

An American practitioner in giving his opinion said:

Women want to eat well, keep warm, to rest before they are tired out, but the great thing they need is exercise. Women are too indolent. A woman is a lazy animal by nature. She does not feel well, or like going out one day, so she neglects to take her walk, and the next day after she feels even less disposed for it. Then she lays on adipose and feels heavy and cross, and the result is not beautiful. Walking is the best exercise for men and women. A woman wants to go out in all weathers, dressed for protection, and storm won't hurt her. It will do her good. As long as she keeps in motion she won't catch cold.

### THE PHILOSOPHY OF SILENCE

Lecture by Rev. M. J. White.

From the Monitor, San Francisco.

Some wise and some foolish things have been said about the value of silence. Consider the proverb, "Speech is silver, silence is gold." Of itself, by itself and in itself nothing is of any value whatever. Things are valuable only on account of their relationship with other things. The relationship is arbitrary and varies at different times, and even at the same time in different localities. Gold and silver are valuable on account of their arbitrary relationship with food, with clothes, with shelter, and with pleasure. So it is with silence and with speech. By themselves, and in themselves, are they of equal worth or un-  
equal. Circumstances create or modify the value of each. As Solomon says, there is a time for speech and a time for silence.

It is not customary to think or speak of silence as a talent. But silence is distinctly and emphatically a talent. It may not be the most brilliant, but is certainly one of the most useful of talents. As we have Professors of Eloquence, I cherish the hope that one day we may attain that degree of civilization, when every college and university will have their professors of Silence, who shall train each rising generation not only how to speak, but principally how to keep silent.

We attach too much importance to the manner and too little significance to the matter of speech. If men only spoke when they had something to say, the world would be a much pleasanter place of residence.

The Czar of Russia has recently proposed the reduction of European standing armies as a means of securing international peace. The proposition does credit to the heart, but not

to the head. The reduction of standing armies is a noble sentiment, but it is a very difficult thing to carry out.

Standing armies are not the cause, but the instruments of war. They breed the fighting, but the newspapers and the politicians start the trouble. If we want international peace, let us try the experience of muzzling our stump speakers and restraining our ink sloggers. Let us cultivate the talent for silence to that degree, that men's words, like their groceries, shall be weighed and shall influence public opinion only as they correspond to the facts and are true.

We Americans are singularly and deeply attached to the vice of speech. No public entertainment is complete without what we are pleased to call an address. We teach babies to speak their pieces almost before the dear things can stand on their feet. It is an established fact of Physiology, that those parts of the animal body grow larger and stronger which are most exercised. Tongues which are frequently and vigorously exercised must in accordance with physical law grow gradually longer. As there can be no practical limit to the exercise of the human tongue, so there can be no bounds to its growth. Posterity's tongue will protrude beyond its lips, nature enforcing on a talkative generation the law of compensation by destroying articulate speech.

Closely associated with our love for public speaking is our passion for dancing. We begin entertainments with our tongues and finish them with our heels. Heels, like tongues, are developed and enlarged by exercise. Ladies who dance immoderately will gradually feel a necessity for larger shoes. They will transmit to their offspring in an intensified degree, both the tendency to enlarged feet and the passion for dancing. We can confidently if not cheerfully contemplate descendants with feet whereof the heels may rest on Broadway in Oakland, whilst the toes stretch across the bay and terminate at some point on Market or Kearney street in San Francisco.

Surely the ladies who excessively indulge the passion for dancing do not sufficiently reflect on the frightful penalties which their misconduct must entail on innocent offspring and unoffending posterity.

In commending the talent for silence we must not ignore the difficulties that beset its cultivation. These are neither few nor small. When a man or woman weighing two hundred and fifty pounds treads on your tenderest corn for the two-hundred and fiftieth time and smilingly begs your pardon, silence might be beautiful but satisfaction lurks in an angry bow. When you must go out in the rain and find that your friend has borrowed and forgotten to return your umbrella, who shall dare reproach you about patience and silence? When a layman ignorant, or even unconscious, of the difference between architecture and doughnuts, or between fried potatoes and theology, nevertheless undertakes to criticize the architect, the physician or minister, it is hard for the man of science to be also a man of silence. If you keep silent and look pleasant when your mother-in-law writes that

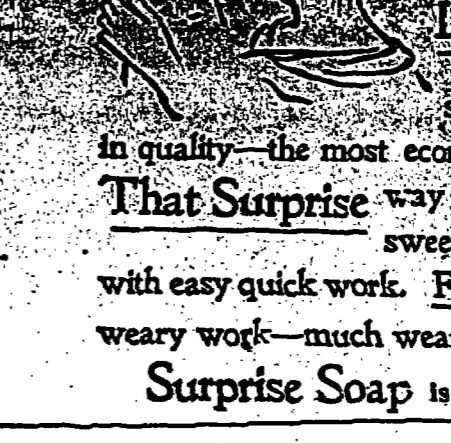
the most complicated piece and every good citizen in passing should properly and reverently salute the same.

When your most stupid pupil's mamma sends you instructions how to educate her darling in a note whose orthography is like unto the screeching of chickens upon sand, whose spelling is a night-mare, and whose grammar is an indecent assault on common sense, O Teacher thou art more than human, and little less than angelic, whose tongue grows not indignantly eloquent and scornful at these "Spurns that patient merit of the unworthy takes."

It is sometimes whispered that women have less talent for science than men possess. The proposition to me is far from being self-evident. I know so many men who are the veriest gossip and so many women who are above this contemptible vice, that I am inclined to think the account between the sexes on that score is balanced evenly enough.

In ordinary social intercourse ladies do not monopolize conversation. But in one notable respect there is a class of women that sins grossly against the talent for silence. I refer to ladies who think they can sing. Their name is legion and also Dennis. There is hardly a single family in California, where at least one lady member cherishes not the delusion that she can sing. Whether you visit such people by day or night, the double battery of piano and voice is inevitably opened upon you. You may survive the onslaught, and even escape insanity, but many a gray hair in your head, many a deep wrinkle in your face by their premature disappearance will bear silent but eloquent testimony to the sieges you have undergone.

But the stump speakers and the platform orators, who render life almost unbearable during every political campaign, are incomparably the greatest sinners against the noble talent for silence. This class does more than any other to foster and promote the hallucination that an aptitude for public speaking is a chief and even a supreme faculty in men. They actually live, and live well on the sweat of their jaws. Whenever we have a State or National election, these dogs of war turned loose on a much-enduring public. They are hired to attend meetings of their political brethren, and there explain that all the candidates on any ticket, except their own, are unprincipled villains, and all people who favor such candidates, are incurable idiots. For wages they are ready to speak on either side of any subject and without the least preparation. Men who have tongues of parrots generally betray no small resemblance in their cheeks to that useful quadruped which supplies ham and bacon and pork. Turn your eyes on the two most notorious representatives of this class on the Pacific Coast. One is a San Francisco General and one is an Oakland Colonel. It is almost needless to say, neither the General nor the Colonel has ever fought with any weapon deadlier than his tongue. They are both regarded as men of light and leading by thousands of people in this State. But it needs no X-ray to discover that the pair are the veriest wind-bags without knowledge, without principle and without thought. In some places a flock of turkeys is



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brought to market in a curious way. A dried bladder filled with air, and a handful of peas are shaken behind the birds, which are thus scared and hurled on their journey.  
Art not thou too, O intelligent voter, merely a turkey driven to the polls by the rattling of a bladder?

\*\*\*\*\*  
\* **AT THE GRAVE OF JOHN**  
\* **BOYLE O'REILLY,**  
\* **BROOKLINE,**  
\* **MASS.**  
\* The tears of mourning fall in  
\* grief,  
\* Here twilight's beauty dies;  
\* Upon the grave sweet violets  
\* sleep  
\* Where Nature's painter lies.  
\* A lonely, yet a sacred spot,  
\* That time dares not efface;  
\* A name that ne'er can be forgot,  
\* 'Tis lasting as the place.  
\* O'Reilly's in this hallowed  
\* ground,  
\* While o'er him wild flowers  
\* creep;  
\* The willow's sigh, the only sound  
\* That breaks upon his sleep.  
\* Behold! Brookline, this honored  
\* grave,  
\* To you entrusted is;  
\* From ages' dust this relic save,  
\* 'Tis Poetry's, and 'tis his.  
\* Sleep on, in Nature's beam rest,  
\* Her mantle covers thee;  
\* Awake with legions of the blest,  
\* Great soul of poetry.  
\* Henry M. Lacey,  
\* St. Laurent College, '90.  
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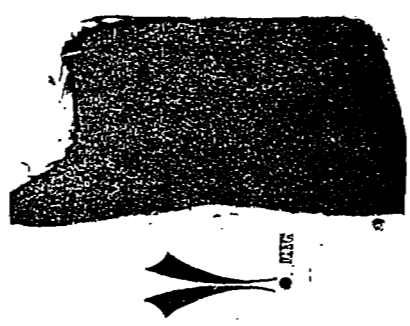
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