

HOUSE AND HOME

CONDUCTED BY HELENE.

ONLY A CONVERT.

Only a life by pain and sorrow darkened.
 Poor, struggling right crushed down by cruel wrong;
 A weary, hopeless one hard burdens bearing.
 Crying: "How long? How long?"

Only a soul that yearns for something higher;
 That seeks the light, but knows not how to pray;
 A faithful priest commissioned by the Master
 To show to such the Way.

Only a lost sheep rescued by the Shepherd;
 A grateful heart that in His Church finds rest;
 With simple trust the sweet, new thought accepting
 That God knows what is best.

Only a convert, of His love unworthy,
 Who may not give Him now the flowers of youth,
 But humbly hopes to bring, with later labors,
 Some fruits of faith and truth.
 —Unknown, in the Union and Times

True Witness Beauty Patterns



8258

A SQUARE NECK OVER-BLOUSE.

No. 8258—Girls' Over Blouse. Cut in sizes 5, 6, 7, 8 and 10 years. The six year size will require 2 1/8 yards of 36-inch material. This dainty little frock is simple yet most attractive. The waist is in full blouse fashion, and the slashed sleeves are a very pretty feature of the design. The straight skirt is attached to the waist and is fashionably full. China silk, lawn, dimity, checked gingham and albatross will all develop well. A pattern of this illustration will be mailed to any address on the receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

PATTERN COUPON.

Please send the above-mentioned pattern as per directions given below.

No.

Size.....

Name.....

Address in full:

CHEESE SALAD.

Make an ordinary French dressing in proportions of one tablespoonful of vinegar to three of oil, a dash of mustard, salt, and red pepper to taste. In this dressing rub Roquefort cheese—the potted cheese is ready to use as it comes—the other must be grated or crushed until the whole is smooth and about the consistency of thick cream. Serve with crisp lettuce and hard crackers.

FRUIT JELLY.

One package of gelatine dissolved in half a pint of cold water, juice of one lemon, one cup of sugar, two bananas sliced thin, one orange quartered, seeds and all white portions removed; stir together, being careful not to break the fruit, and cool. Serve with whipped cream or custard made of one egg, a pint of milk, three-quarters of a cupful of sugar and flavor to taste.

HOME.

Home! the very word is expressive and thrilling. Dull indeed is the ear that does not respond to the immortal song of "Home, Sweet Home!" We love to think of our childhood's home, of the dear ones that composed the domestic circle, before Death came and broke the chain that bound

us together, or Time scattered them. We think of it during the day's toil as a haven of rest—in the battle of life, as a refuge of peace; in grief and sadness, as an abode of healing and soothing, the oasis in the desert of life, which cheers the weary wanderer, and refreshes him by its verdure and its pure springs of affection.

Only in the home shall we find pure, disinterested attachment. Our pursuits and interests are the same, we assemble around the same table, and kneel at the same altar, and pray to the same God. Here the best feelings of the heart expand; here the flame of love and devotion is kindled.

We go out into the world into scenes of business and pleasure; we join the great army of workers, but still we are alone—the heart is desolate. "Home is where the heart is," a sanctuary, where sympathy, honor and virtue may be found, where the eye may beam, and receive an answering glance: where love is ever ready to sacrifice everything at the altar of affection.

To make home happy, we must study to please, to serve, to be of use to one another. Make home attractive and pleasant, and the boys will not prefer the streets, the pool-room or club. Home is the best place for them, for there they are saved from a thousand temptations.

Be careful, kind and agreeable at home. A smiling face is a blessing; its influence is like sunshine, for it warms the heart; not only the home but the whole community is the happier for cheerful people. Children instinctively recognize a smile as a welcome; its influence tends silently and sweetly to swell the tide of human happiness, while, on the contrary, all usefulness is hindered by an unkind, sour, and perverse temper.

A cheerful spirit throws over the domestic enjoyment of the home a new beauty; it heightens our power over the heart of husband, wife, brother, sister, children and friends. When familiar faces are cheerful and smiling, the good-night kiss or morning greeting, are the more endearing. The gentle words and looks of affection, the forgiveness of faults, the warm pressure of the hand at meeting, and the bitter tears at parting, all these make life worth living.

Never wear a frown, or utter an angry word at home, if you can possibly avoid it. Some people have a smile for every one but their own family, they are pleasant and agreeable abroad, but in their own home they are cross and irritable. If there is a spot under heaven which should call out the best affections, the warmest love and the kindest smiles, it is the home.

RELIGION IN THE HOME.

Home is the place of the highest joys; religion should sanctify it. Home is the sphere of the deepest sorrows; the highest consolation of religion should assuage its griefs. Home is the place of the greatest intimacy of heart with heart; religion should sweeten it with the joy of confidence. Home discovers all faults; religion should bless it with abundance of charity. Home is the place for impressions, for instruction and culture, there should religion open her treasures of wisdom and pronounce her heavenly benediction.

THE PRECIOUS BLOOD.

As over all the earth there pours The sunshine in a golden flood,
 So over hearts in showers of grace There falls the saving Precious Blood.

The fields and orchards and the woods Are kindled 'neath the sun's warm rays,
 So at the touch of Christ's dear Blood Grow fruits and flowers along life's ways.

Oh, when we see the ruddy dawn Or sunset's glorious sky of red,
 Our thoughts should turn unto that Heart Which for us all its lifeblood shed!
 —S.M.R., in Ave Maria.

THE COURTEOUS WOMAN.

She is not the woman who has one tone of voice for her friends and associates, and quite another for her servants and tired people behind counters who wait upon her.

Nor is she the woman who bids visitors an affectionate farewell in one breath, and in the next expresses her thankfulness at their departure.

Certainly she is not the woman who discusses with one friend the follies or secrets of another.

A truly courteous woman indulges in none of the petty shams and deceptions which make life insincere. She has the gentle manner and voice for all, high or low, and she never demeans herself by personal comments behind people's back which could not be openly said in their presence.

So much a matter of gentle heart is genuine courtesy.

Our home influence is not passing but an abiding one, and all-powerful for good or evil, for peace or strife, for happiness or misery. Each separate Christian home has been likened to a central sun, around which revolves a happy and united band of warm, loving hearts, acting, thinking, rejoicing, and sorrowing together. Which member of the family group can say: "I have no influence?" What sorrow, or what happiness, lies in the power of each!

A LAND IS WHAT ITS WOMEN MAKE ITS MEN.

"A land is what its women makes its men. The virtue and piety of Irish women have been proverbial," says Cardinal Logue. "It is that virtue and piety impressed upon Irish sons by Irish mothers that have held this one small island in a foremost place among those lands that furnish men to do the world's work for the world's betterment. Is it working in a good cause? Is it fighting a good fight? Is it laboring to uphold a great city or a great country? Then there, always, you will find the strong sons of Erin, and they have been strong sons because they have had good mothers. No longer a nation, without a part in its own government, Ireland has stood steadfast to its ideals, and in all the oppression of years the spirit of Ireland has never been subdued, and that spirit is always for freedom and progress. Denied the freedom and progress on their native soil, the spirit and hope of it never died, and given a chance in lands like this you see what the Irishman can do and has done?"

A PRAYER.

I do not ask that every day be bright,
 With golden noon and radiant, starlit night,
 I only ask, O Lord, for light to see
 The narrow path and know Thy leadest me.

I do not ask for honor, wealth or fame;
 I do not wish for an emblazoned name.
 But, Lord, a precious boon I ask of Thee:
 That Thou wouldst give me true humility.

I fear, O Lord, these wayward feet will stray,
 And this rebellious heart will not obey.
 Into a humble heart, like unto Thine,
 O Lord, transform this restless heart of Thine!

FOR MARRYING,

June is first choice.
 In Holland girls prefer to become blushing brides in May.
 About an eighth of Scotch marriages take place in June.
 One-seventh of the Swedish marriages occur in "the month of roses."
 Germany favors April, regarding it as the first of the spring months.
 February is first choice in Italy, especially the period preceding the beginning of Lent.
 Russia's favorite marriage month is January. So marriage, like death, has all seasons for its own.

TAKE A VACATION.

You need a rest. You need a change. Don't wait until the doctor prescribes it. Take it now. Take a month off. Or take a week off. Even an afternoon will do.

Take a half day out in the fields or by the shore of the lake. And then read this poem of Elizabeth Barrett Browning:

"The little cares that fretted me,
 I lost them yesterday
 Among the fields above the sea,
 Among the winds at play;
 Among the lowing of the herds,
 The rustling of the trees,
 Among the singing of the birds,
 The humming of the bees.

"The foolish fears of what might be,
 I cast them all away
 Among the clover-scented grass,
 Among the new-mown hay;
 Where drowsy popples nod,
 Where ill thoughts die and good are born,
 Out in the fields with God."

THE SUMMER GIRL.

She is a fluffy, pretty sort of a girl. It takes less to make her look well than it does in winter, so she revels in clean waists, lawn frocks, and dotes on bargain parasols and ribbons. Take her as she stands and every garment on her could be bought for ten dollars. But if her good appearance has not cost much she must not forget to hold herself pretty well up. If she condescends to hint for treats, if she is on the

Blue Ribbon Tea

This coupon cut out and mailed to The Blue Ribbon Tea Co., P. O. Box 2554, Montreal, entitles the holder to a free package of our sec. Blue Ribbon Tea. Fill in blank space whether you wish Black, Mixed or Green Tea.

To MRS.

ST. TOWN

outlook for young men who will spend their money on her, if she expects too much, she will soon be shunned. The average young man's pocket will not stand a very great strain and the girl who knows enough to keep down expenses when she is out with a young man will be the one whom he and all his fellows will like. When a young man working on a weekly salary of twelve or fifteen dollars pays attention to a girl, it is her business to see that he does not spend more on her than he can afford. She ought to shun attentions from a man who is spending more than his income, for there may be trouble ahead for him and embarrassment for her because of it.

HOW TO CARE FOR POLISHED TABLES.

Sometimes there are ways of doing things that are so simple that we forget to employ them. Here is an instance: The polished mahogany dining table is a source of some anxiety and care in many households. An easy matter it is to keep it bright and unspotted if after each meal you wash it with cold water, using a sponge. Then dry and rub briskly. This keeps the table top clear and bright and free from that greasy look so often seen upon tables in even well regulated households. White spots sometimes appear upon the polished surface of furniture. Just remember that you can readily remove such a spot by rubbing with a cloth moistened with alcohol. This will not mar the finish of the wood.

NEVER RUB SOAP ON YOUR HAIR.

Opinions differ as to how often the hair should be washed. The nature and quantity of the hair and the condition of the scalp should be taken into consideration when deciding the matter. If the hair is light and fluffy, showing that the oil glands are not well supplied or that they are inactive, the head should not be washed oftener than necessary. Soap must under no condition be rubbed directly on the hair. Use eggs and hot water or a good Castile soap melted in hot water. Twenty-four hours before shampooing, saturate the scalp with pure olive oil, or, if preferred, kerosene. An excellent shampoo is made from five cents' worth of quilla bark. Bruise it first with a flat-iron, pour boiling water on it, leave for a few minutes, stir well and strain. Pour another pitcher of water on the bark and repeat the process. Wash your hair in the first water, rinse in the second, and then dry in the ordinary way. Shampooed in this way there is no danger of one's hair feeling sticky afterward, as there might be if soap were used. There is also a Hesterine shampoo that is particularly good for blond hair.

FUNNY SAYINGS.

THE LAST MOVE.

Bobby is the son of a Methodist minister and has had the experience of "moving" four times in the space of eight years' life. He disapproves strongly of the itinerant system which is the bane of the Methodist clergy. Some time ago an elderly minister was visiting Bobby's father

I do not ask to have my good deeds known
 To all the world. Upon Thy altar
 stone
 I lay my gift, knowing Thy love for me
 Is the sweet guerdon of my trust in Thee!

Thou knowest every winged thing that flies;
 Without Thy will, no flower fades or dies.
 O let Thy love and care o'ershadow me,
 Until at last I rest in peace with Thee!
 —Anna Barnum Kelley.

DID IT OCCUR TO YOU?

That your husband will admire your prowess in making a good cake as much as your deftness in dressing your hair in the latest fashion?

That eight out of ten men are uncritical as to the cut of their wife's new frock, but are extremely critical as to the composition of the soup at dinner?

That anecdotes of the children's sayings and doings may possibly pall on your visitors with frequent repetition?

That the oftener we make a determined effort to control temper, the easier does the task become?

That to talk deprecatingly of oneself is sometimes just as foolish as to talk boastfully?

That ill humor, especially in children and delicate people, is often merely an indication of fatigue or of indisposition?

That over-fatigue, is a frequent cause of the naughtiness of children?

That candor, though an excellent virtue, can sometimes if used without tact, cause a great deal of pain and wound the feelings past cure?

SINGING PIGEONS.

The queer Chinese change pigeons into song birds by fastening whistles to their breasts. The wind of their flight then causes a weird and plaintive music that is seldom silenced in the pigeon haunted cities of Pekin and Canton. The Belgians, great pigeon fliers, fasten whistles beneath the wings of valuable racing

and directed his attention to the small boy, asking him many questions of a semi-theological nature. Finally the course of the conversation turned to heaven, and Bobby was asked concerning the abode of the blest. "Yes," said the youngster with a sigh of deep weariness, "I know. It's the last place we're going to move to."—Argonaut.

CONTENTMENT.

"Contentment," said Uncle Eben, "may be better than riches, but dar ain't no way of negotiatin' it at de land'rd's office or de grocery sto'."

Bishop Ludden, of Syracuse, is not only a kind shepherd over his people; he is also a great wit. The famous Father Healy, of Bray, was not more sparkling than is the good Bishop when the latter is in humor.

One day a number of ladies of fine social standing in the diocese found it necessary to go down to his residence and explain why they had given an entertainment during Lent in which dancing was a distinct feature. They had given it under cover, they thought, but the Bishop soon got wind of it. Result, a score of "charitably disposed" ladies telling him what actually had occurred.

"I did not take any part in the dancing," quavered Mrs. Tremolo.

"I didn't either," protested Mrs. Alwaysgood.

"Neither did I," piped Miss Saintly.

"I sat still all evening," assured Miss Lovell Mary. And so each explained down to the last. "Ah," exclaimed the Bishop with a keen glance down the line, "I see how it was ladies; none of you danced. You were all—er—er—wallflowers!"

A YOUNG POLITICIAN.

It was the meeting of the baseball team in a New England village, and the business before it was the election of a captain for the coming season.

Of the dozen youngsters present more than half were candidates for the post. First one and then another posed and stated the claims and qualifications of his particular favorite.

The matter was still undecided when the son of the owner of the ball-field stood up. He was a small, snub-nosed lad, with a plentiful supply of freckles, but he looked about him with a decided show of dignity and confidence.

"I'm going to be captain this year," he said convincingly, "or else father's old bull is going to be turned into the field."

He was elected unanimously.

MODERNIZED.

Pastor—And what, may I inquire, is your walk in life?

Brisk Newcomer—Obsolete expression, my dear sir. There are no walks in life nowadays. Everybody has to run like mad or get left.

Farmer Checkerberry—Erza writes: "I fell off the water-wagon last night an' got simply paralyzed but an able to get up an' hev my bed made this mornin'." What in blue ride around on one of them waterin' carts for? Serves him right, I say, fer not hirin' a buggy. Golding-rid! I give him money eruff tew ride decent like.

UNDERSTAND?

"You are the shepceker?"
 "Yes, sir; I am."
 "Vel, vot you shepceak about?"
 "My subject, sir, is this: 'Resolved, that I will never believe anything I do not understand.'"
 "Oh, my! Is that it? Vell now, you shoost take von luste example. There, you see that field—any pasture over there. Now, my horse be eat the grass, and it came up hair all over he's pack. Then my sheep he eats shoost de same grass and it grows wool all over him. And vot you think. My goose he eats the grass, 'oo, and sure's I tell you it comes all over him feathers." You understand dot, do you? Heigh!"

George (anxiously)—"I understand your father speaks very highly of me."
 Evelyn—"Yes, but he doesn't mean a word of it."
 George—"Are you sure of that?"
 Evelyn—"Certainly. He does it just to torment mother."

SIGN OF PRECOXITY.

First Magazine Editor—I believe my youngest is cut out for an editor.
 Second Editor—Why so?
 First Editor—Everything he gets his hands on he runs and throws into the waste basket.

A TRAITOR TO HER SEX.

"She is a horrid girl!" exclaimed eight-year-old Elsie. "She's forever wishing that she was a boy."
 "Well," replied Kitty, also eight, "I'm sure I wish I was, too."
 "Of course, but she wishes it out loud so the boys can hear her."

Women's Ailments

There is no need whatever for so many women to suffer from pains and weakness, nervousness and sleeplessness, anemia, hysteria and melancholia, faint and dizzy spells, and the hundred other troubles which render the life of too many women a round of sickness and suffering.

MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS

Have Restored Thousands of Canadian Women to Health and Strength

Young girls budding into womanhood who suffer with pains and headaches, whose faces are pale and blood water, or women at the change of life who are nervous, subject to hot flashes, feeling of pins and needles, etc., are tired over the trying times by Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills.

They have a wonderful effect on a woman's system, making pains and aches vanish, bring color to the pale cheek and sparkle to the eye. The pale worn out, tired out, languid feelings give place to strength and vitality, and life seems worth living.

Price 50 cents per box, or 3 boxes for \$1.25, at all druggists, or mailed direct on receipt of price by
 THE T. M. MILBURN CO., LTD., TORONTO, ONT.

Catholic Summer School.

Representing one of the great movements of the Catholic Church in America, the Champlain Assembly, which has been the recipient of many kindnesses, commendations and blessings, on Sunday was crowned with the commendation of the present Pontiff, Pope Pius X., and showered with the choicest blessings of His Holiness. The Pope's salutation and blessing came in the form of a letter to Rt. Rev. Henry Gabriels, D.D., Vice-President of the School, and bore the signature of Cardinal Merry Del Val.

Sunday, as usual, was a most fitting preface to an eventful week. Beginning with services at six o'clock, more than thirty Masses were said before the Solemn High Mass at 10.30, which was sung by Rev. William R. Charles of the Albany Cathedral. The sermon of the day was delivered by Rev. Thomas F. Burke, C.S.P., of New York. One of the most eloquent priests of the Paulist Fathers, Father Burke gave a powerful delineation of the spiritual life with all its beauties and rewards in sharp contrast to the carnal life with its certain inevitable destruction. On the special invitation of Rev. John Talbot Smith, the choir of the Cathedral of Montreal came to Cliff Haven on Sunday and sang the Gregorian Chant at the Solemn High Mass. By musical critics ranked among the great choirs on the Continent, the singing both in the Mass and at the Family Gathering was most beautiful and inspiring.

The Sunday evening gathering, which was presided over by Rev. J. F. Mullany, LL.D., of Syracuse, was in the nature of an informal reception in honor of Miss Katherine E. Conway. After a delightful rendition of "Serenade" of Saint Suen by the Montreal choir, Father Mullany introduced Judge Walsh of New York, who spoke briefly and pointedly of the place the School held in the affairs of the Church. Following a baritone solo by Mons. Ladue, of Montreal, Dr. Mullany presented Miss Conway, who in responding spoke in a reminiscent manner of the early struggles of the school and the inspiring growth since her last visit.

With two lectures on "John Boyle O'Reilly, The Man and His Work," Miss Katherine E. Conway, a name synonymous with all that is good in Catholic literature, inaugurated the sixth week of evening lectures. A subject which, by reason of her intimate association with the founder of the Boston Pilot, especially qualified her to speak, Miss Conway gave a most beautiful and sympathetic study of that pioneer in the field of Catholic journalism in America. The morning lecture periods were filled by the Rev. Francis P. Duffy, D.D., Professor of Logic, Dunwoody Seminary, New York, who delivered five lectures on "Phases of Modern Materialism," a subject of particular import at this time. With two most interesting studies in "The Works of the Monks in Ireland," the Rev. William M. Dwyer, S.T.B., of Syracuse, N.Y., closed the evening lectures of the week.

The week just closing, which has been so eventful, might quite fittingly be called "musical week" at Cliff Haven. With the recital on Tuesday evening by Mr. Leigo of Philadelphia, assisted by Prof. Zeckwer, as a prelude, the climax, not alone of the week, but of the session, was reached at the annual grand concert last evening. Never before in the history of this community has such unusual musical talent been assembled for a concert as fittingly called "musical week" at Cliff Haven. With the recital on Tuesday evening by Mr. Leigo of Philadelphia, assisted by Prof. Zeckwer, as a prelude, the climax, not alone of the week, but of the session, was reached at the annual grand concert last evening. Never before in the history of this community has such unusual musical talent been assembled for a concert as fittingly called "musical week" at Cliff Haven. 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