

HOUSE AND HOME

CONDUCTED BY HELENE.

Most parents think they are teaching their children to be kind. But are they? I was in a home recently where there was a pet cat. The married man and his wife were staying there, and they had a little girl two years old. One morning the child came into the sitting room and picked the cat up and put her arms tight around its stomach and squeezed it. My hostess took the cat and put it out doors. The child cried a little. The mother of the child said, "Never mind, baby, when the kittens out in the wood shed get big you can squeeze them all you want to." Children frequently see their elders strike animals. If we had no other way of finding out this fact, we would know it from watching children play. Children when riding a stick will jerk it and jerk it and whip it. It is the first impulse of a child of nine or ten years of age when anything happens to strike the offending object. Children are merely copyists. They do only what they have seen their parents do. When they are small they have tender hearts and a strong sense of justice. A very young child when anything goes wrong feels nothing but grief. It is the training of the parents only that hardens children, dries up their thoughts unconsciously towards revenge. I saw a very little child once that had fallen out of a chair and hurt itself, and it cried quietly. The father came into the room and said, "Well! Whipped the poor little child for hurting baby," and then the child gleefully whipped the chair. When children have such training no one need wonder that there is so much cruelty in the world. If they were properly taught by example and precept they would realize that it was not right to torture any of God's creatures.

THE MORNING MUSIC.
The music of the morning is the laughter that I hear Upon the stairs when childheart comes with pitter-patter clear, The ringing, swinging music of his lips of song and light, When love has led him dreaming down the gloomy hills of night; Oh, morning, morning, morning, on the ripples with their gleam, And on the lips of childheart murmuring music out of dream!

BROWNING'S AVERSION TO SOCIETY.
From "The Brownings in Italy," by E. M. Lynch, in Donahoe's for January.
It seems strange that Browning, who was so light-hearted in society, should absolutely shun it for part of each year, but he worked hard in his summer holidays. Although he appeared to enjoy dinner parties and the whirl of the London season's gaieties, it is an unrecorded fact that certain shyness would hold him at a reception, hesitating even after his name was announced. He impressed those who were so happy as to meet him as a typical "diner-out," enjoying the talk and the entertainment generally, and contributing his cheerful part to the conversation. But it was as a pleasant man of the world, not at all as a poet or even as a literary man, or as a sufferer of good things that he impressed people. Many have remarked upon the hearing who had been their fellow-guests: "I took him for a very successful and a very agreeable stock-broker." Nevertheless his high-strung nature had "the defects of its qualities," and he suffered and confessed that he suffered from a nervousness from which ordinary men are wholly free. An account of the poet's methods of work has appeared on good authority, and this nervousness was said to show itself in a faculty for being upset—and rendered incapable of concentration upon a task—by small interruptions, casual meetings, or even the dread that his routine might be interfered with.

It would seem that a greeting or a morning call of no particular interest in itself would have the force to break up a train of thought and send the poet's ideas flying in all directions. Perhaps this was in part because he was of a responsive nature, and it was his wish and his habit to meet acquaintances more than half way. It was certainly due in part to the strange timidity, shyness, nervousness—call it what you will—underlying his nature.

FOR THE IRISH FAIR.
John Butler Yeats, of Dundrum, Ireland, and his daughter, Miss Lily Yeats, who brought an extensive variety of fine, colored embroideries for the Irish fair, arrived in New York from Ireland last week.
John Butler Yeats, whose home is about four miles from Dublin, is the father of W. B. Yeats, Irish poet, essayist, dramatist. He is gray-haired and bearded; a man of impressive appearance, with strong features.
This is the first visit of Mr. Yeats

Sr., and his daughter Lily to America, but the poet and his sister, Miss Elizabeth, have been here, the latter as lately as last year.
The embroideries brought by Miss Yeats are hand-made, the work of the Co-operative Society, started in 1892 to revive the old household industries of Ireland. Young girls of the neighborhood are employed in making the embroideries, which are for household decorations, which are cushions, vestments, church banners and every article of dress.
Miss Lily Yeats is in charge of the embroidery department of the Co-operative Society, while her sister, Miss Elizabeth, has charge of the hand press at Dundrum, on which, with the printery, a dozen girls are employed.
Mr Yeats and his daughter were met by Patrick T. Powers, manager of the Irish Fair, and escorted to the Grand Union Hotel.
On the Campana also were old-time handloom weavers, with their looms, from Ballymoena, County Antrim, and on the Cedric a lot more from Belfast. Other loom workers, in charge of Miss Katie Gleason, are coming on the Lusitania. The fair began in Madison Square Garden on Tuesday last, and will run until Jan 25.

GET A BEAD NECKLACE.
Straight from Paris comes the edict that we are to wear large bead necklaces, so large, in fact, as to afford the dominant note of color to our costumes. Amber, coral, topaz, amethyst, etc., are all commanded to the service, and an unwritten law is understood to proclaim the fact that the color of the necklace shall be repeated in some millinery detail, while to the truly "chic," the petty coat shall again suggest the same hue.
A toilet of undeniably elegance comprised a coat and skirt costume of black-face cloth, crowned by a hat of black satin, an amber necklace affording the keynote to the lining of the wide brim with amber-colored satin, and wondrous feather mount that floated gracefully about center-front of the crown.

FADS IN DRESS FROM PARIS.
"Paris has struck a new note" of novelty this year in the hat pins it is displaying," writes the noted authority, Grace Margaret Gould, in the Woman's Home Companion. "They give the French touch, many a time, to a hat which would not be noticed without them. Surely they are odd enough to attract attention. One of the newest is a little parasol made of china and charmingly colored. You can buy it, in fact, in many colors. If you happen to have a purple hat, you will have no trouble at all to select a parasol hat pin to blend with it, for they are shown in many variations of the violet and purple shades. The pin is gilt, and so are the ribs of the parasol. In point of size, the fashionable hat pin grows and grows and one would have a long and hard search in Paris, if they were looking for a small hat pin, such as we all used a few years ago.
"Many of the high novelty hat pins in the form of a large gilt or silver ball have a surprisingly novel feature. They are known as the perfume hat pins. The upper part of the ball is perforated, and through the little holes one detects a perfume.

"Simplicity in hair dressing is out of date. Puffs and top more puffs is the rule, and to top it all, the most elaborate of hair ornaments are used. If they are chosen with wisdom, so that they are sure to be becoming, they really add very much to one's appearance.
"Bunches of gold grapes are used in making very pretty head dresses. Oftentimes the wired band on which they are mounted is covered with a twist of tulle exactly matching the gown in color. Or the band may be gold braided or plain with an embroidered design worked upon it. At the sides the grapes are caught with one bunch always fastened toward the back. Green grapes with a silvery tinge are also used, and a very smart and unusual head dress to wear with a purple or violet gown is made of a braid band of gold cord and purple velvet, with the grapes themselves deep purple in color.
"Gold roses are also used to picturesque advantage in the hair. It's a fetching little fad to have the girdle of one's evening gown fastened at the back with a gold rose and a drooping bud or two, and then to wear in the hair a band of either gold or black velvet with a gold rose and a few leaves caught at each side.
"Every woman is carrying a bag these days. A French novelty is known as the frog bag. It is made of gray suede with a frogskin applied to it. The skin is most realistic looking and is in a shade just a tint lighter than the suede used for the bag.

HOW TO HANG A PICTURE.
A portiere of denim or cretonne is beautifully hung by using loops of the material instead of metal or wooden rings. The loops are an inch and a quarter or an inch and a half wide, when finished. They are sewed at the top of the curtain and made long enough to slip easily over the rod. My portieres are a plain pink denim trimmed with a striped and flowered cretonne in pink and white, and the loops are from stripes of the cretonne. For smaller curtains these loops could be of braid, tape, ribbon or whatever might be most suitable. Remember, these will not slip over the pole as easily as metal rings, but sometimes that is more desirable.

WAISTCOATS IN GAY COLORS.
Waistcoats and waistcoat effects are in style this season, and most exquisite in color and workmanship are many of them.
Brocade in all colors is much used while satin or velvet, braided in soutache or silver or gold, is also smart.
A brown velvet costume, with an



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"Bags of colored leather, particularly in purple, green and pink, are very much the fashion both in Paris and London."

Beware of Face Creams.
"If women know the danger that lurks in stale face creams they would exercise more caution in the use of those complexion aids," said a druggist.
"People who would not think of employing rancid oil or stale fats of any kind simply as an application, seem to lose all fear of the same elements when they have been melted together in the form of a

orange velvet waistcoat, braided in brown, with a line of gold, is charmingly original and picturesque.
The same color, with waistcoat of old rose and green brocade, is quite original and utterly different from anything of the same nature that has been seen for a long time.
Gold and white and silver and white brocade are effective with all colors, and this season the all black costumes that are thought smartest are made with these narrow waistcoats—not wide, but narrow, and so put into the coat that they are not conspicuously prominent, but appear as if they were merely part of a scheme of color.

Blue Ribbon Tea

This coupon cut out and mailed in to us, entitles the sender to a free package of our 40c. Blue Ribbon Tea. Fill in blank space whether you wish Black, Mixed or Green Tea ().

To MRS. _____ TOWN _____ ST _____

TOILET PREPARATION.
A cream, ointment or ointment containing various oils and greases is allowed to remain on the dressing table for a space varying all the way from two months to a year, to be applied at irregular intervals. Of course, the temperature of the average house is not low enough to keep the preparation long fresh in winter, while in summer it will become unfit for use in a few hours.
"You know what a disagreeable flavor table oil takes on when kept long in a warm room or closet.
"The skin absorbs the rancid stuff with all its germs, and the latter pass slowly, but surely, into the blood. If there happens to be an abrasion of the skin where the stale cream is applied, bad results are much more rapidly developed.
"The proper place for all such preparations is the refrigerator or other cool spots where perishable provisions are kept.
"Every wise woman makes her own toilet cream, and under no consideration will she keep cream longer than six weeks."

FUNNY SAYINGS.
A teacher in a down-town school has for her pupils the children of Russian parents. The other day she was explaining a sum in subtraction which the little ones found difficult to understand.
"Now," said she to exemplify the proposition, "suppose I had ten dollars and went into a store to spend it. Say I bought a hat for five dollars. Then I spent two dollars for gloves, and a dollar and fifty cents for some other things. How much did I have left?"
For a moment there was dead silence. Then a boy's hand went up.
"Well, Isaac, how much did I have left?"
"Vy didn't you count your change?" said Isaac in a disgusted tone.—Woman's Home Companion.

HE WAS INNOCENT.
Teacher—"Johnny, where's the North Pole?"
Johnny—"Honest, teacher, I didn't take it, but I seed Willie Jones vid it at recess."

THE FAMILY ENJOYED IT, TOO.
When the minister, who was a bachelor, had been helped to Mrs. Pepper's biscuits for the third time, he looked across the table at Rhoda, staring at him with round, wondering eyes.
"I don't often have such a good supper as this, my dear," he said, in his most propitiatory tone, and Rhoda's face dimpled.
"We don't always," she said in her clear little voice. "I'm awfully glad you came."

SHORT ON MEMORY.
"Tommy," said his mother reprovingly, "what did I say I'd do to you if I ever caught you stealing jam again?"
Tommy thoughtfully scratched his head with his sticky fingers.
"Why, that's funny, ma, that you should forget it too. Hanged if I can remember!"—Everybody's Magazine.

WITH THE POETS

MY DARK ROSALEEN.
(By James Clarence Mangan.)

(This impassioned song, entitled in the original, "Roisin Dubh," or "The Black-Haired Little Rose," was written in the reign of Elizabeth by Tyrconnellian chieftain, Hugh the Red O'Donnell. It purports to be an allegorical address from Hugh to Ireland on the subject of his love and struggle for her, and his resolve to raise her again to the glorious position she held as a nation, before the interruption of the Saxon and Norman spoilers.)

O my dark Rosaleen Do not sigh, do not weep! The priests are on the ocean green, They march along the deep. There's wine from the royal Pope Upon the ocean green; And Spanish ale will give you hope, My dark Rosaleen! My own Rosaleen! Shall glad your heart, shall give you hope, Shall give you health, and help, and hope, My dark Rosaleen!

Over the hills and thro' the dales, Have I roamed for your sake; All yesterday I sailed with sails On river and on lake. The Erne at its highest flood I dashed across unseen, For there was lightning in my blood My dark Rosaleen! O there was lightning in my blood, Red lightning lightened thro' my blood, My dark Rosaleen!

All day long, in unrest, To and fro do I move. The very soul within my breast Is wasted for you, love! The heart in my bosom faints To think of you, my queen, My life of life, my saint of saints, My dark Rosaleen! To hear your sweet and sad complaints, My life, my love, my saint of saints, My dark Rosaleen!

Over dew, over sands, Will I fly for your weal: Your holy delicate white hands Shall girdle me with steel. At home in your emerald bowers, From morning's dawn till e'en, You'll pray for me, my flower of flowers, My dark Rosaleen! My fond Rosaleen! You'll think of me thro' daylight hours, My virgin flower, my flower of flowers, My dark Rosaleen!

I could scale the blue air, I could plough the high hills, O I could kneel all night in prayer, To heal your many ills! And one beamy smile from you Would float like light between My toils and me, my own, my true, My dark Rosaleen! Would give me life and soul anew, A second life, a soul anew, My dark Rosaleen!

O the Erne shall run red With redundance of blood, The earth shall rook beneath our tread, And flames wrap hill and wood, And gun-peal and slogan cry Waite many a Glen serone, Ere you shall fade, ere you shall die, My dark Rosaleen! My own Rosaleen! The judgment hour must first be nigh. Ere you can fade, ere you can die, My dark Rosaleen!

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 cumber 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 whom 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."
—Princeton Press.

BETWEEN THE DAYS.
Between the days—the weary days— He drops the darkness and the dews; Over tired eyes His hands He lays, And strength and hope, and life renews.
Thank God for rest between the days!
Else who would bear the battle stress Or who withstand the tempest's shock, Who thread the dreary wilderness Among the pitfalls and the rocks, Came not the night with foiled flocks?

The white light scorches, and the plain Stretches before us, parched with heat; But, by and by, the faro beams wane; And lo! the nightfall, cool and sweet, With dews to bathe the aching feet!
For He remembereth our frame! Even for this I render praise. O tender Master, slow to blame The falterer on life's stony ways, Abide with us—between the days! —British Weekly.

Literary Review.

THE JANUARY WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION.
The Woman's Home Companion for January begins well with a handsome and showy cover design by James Montgomery Flagg. It is a notable number from the standpoint of illustrations. In addition to Flagg's striking cover design, there is a full-page reproduction of W. Balfour Ker's painting, "Forgotten." It represents a winter farm scene, the house and barn in the distance, and the old family horse standing drearly by the pasture bars, ankle deep in the falling snow—forgotten.

Dr. Hale's monthly Talk is on the subject of "New Year's Wishes," Jack London contributes the first letter of his important series of first-hand impressions for which the Woman's Home Companion sent him around the world; it is the record of a marvelous adventure among the lepers of Molokai. In the January number begins a series of programs and selections of music of to-day of the great music-loving nations. The January program, which is American, is supplemented by the music and words of two songs by Clayton Johns, hints as to the making of a program, by Madame Nordica, and instructions as to the rendering of each piece on the program by the composers themselves.
Among the fiction is an important instalment of Mrs. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps' great novel, "Though Life Us Do Part;" "The Adjusted Honey-moon," by Anne Warner; "A Lesson in Consequence," by Mary Wilhelmina Hastings; "Rose Mary," a Quaker love story by Carrie Hunt Latta and "The Lamp of Psyche," by Zona Gale, author of the new popular novel, "The Loves of Peleas and Etarre."

An interesting feature of this issue of the Companion is a new department entitled "Teens and Twenties," conducted by Lucy Norman. The horticultural authority, Samuel

Armstrong Hamilton, contributes a valuable article on "Plants for the Winter Window," Anna Steese Richardson's department for The Girl Who Earns Her Own Living is as valuable as ever, as is Mrs. Sangster's Home Page.
A new departure is a study of Three Important Successful Plays, by Anna Peacock.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE FOR JANUARY.
"The Treasury of the United States," is the leading article in the January number of Donahoe's Magazine, "Priest Workers in France," "The Brownings in Italy," by E. M. Lynch; "The Story of Columbian Knighthood," by Charles S. O'Neill; and "The Church and the First Empire," by Rev. Francis A. Cunningham, are illustrated features of special interest. The fiction of the number is notably strong, including "Suora Felicità," by Marie Donegan Walsh, the story of an American girl in Rome; "Mon Camarade," by Rev. James B. Dillard, a graphic picture of life in the lumber woods of Canada; "The Borrowed Regiment," by Major Dudley Costello; and "Miss Phoebe's Christmas," by Mary M. Redmond.
"Sursum Corda," by Amadeus, O. S.F., is a New Year greeting in verse, and there are other poems and department contributions that help to make up a very readable New Year number.

How to Cleanse the System.—Par-niele's Vegetable Pills are the result of scientific study of the effects of extracts of certain roots and herbs upon the digestive organs. Their use has demonstrated in many instances that they regulate the action of the liver and the kidneys, purify the blood, and carry off all morbid accumulations from the system. They are easy to take, and their action is mild and beneficial.

BOYS

MAKING THE FIRST
The first to May, She was sitting and seemed to be the birds, But I thought me.
And just then for a wall It was queer way— I'm glad that looked do "Little girl, why play?"

She was very I her dolls, And her dishes dress, She said it was it was, It was made guess.
Then, in a few I go, But she asked spread. I thought we'd you know, But she brought bread.

She's been my friend liest friend Since that day the tree, Pretending to lo birds— But she says sh me!
LEARNING

From the recep-sounding of merry sitting-room Aunt patiently. Her "Really, Mary, more independent girl treated her week, and yet ting as sweetly a happened. I nev Mrs. Holmes lo hard, bitter lines listening again to her daughter a came drifting in "I do not think You know how a slight. But h The hall door c a breath of the and a young gir stool at her aunt "Agnes," began ly, "how can you a friend? She t meast things e Brown told me—"Stop, Aunt! I ting her fingers I don't repeat it, know." "Why not?" A moment's sil face was lifted t above it. "Because, aunty swim." Turning astonished gaze, i into her mother's so sure to unders "You remember seashore last sum I had learning t would go down a ting, with such in my mouth. "Keep your head t closed and you w "So, aunty, if gossip afloat, I a with it and come makes me feel ba I keep my ears an my head up, I ha riding the breake more fun than to the thin, and I "Umph!" said h silks actually rus softly.

STREET E
A manly boy w up, his chest vel firm step. A lazy and sul head, uses a slouc walks as if every s He is always late. A proud, silly gi tosses her head. loudly on the stre tract attention of A lady-like girl, y quietly, never tur stare at people, an admiration of all. If asked a questi answer and pass o into conversation.

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Bole's Preparation of Friar's Cough Balsam comes in such a big bottle—and the prescription from which it is made is such an excellent one—that one bottle cures most coughs.

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