

HOUSE AND HOME

CONDUCTED BY HELENE.

THE WOMAN WITH METHOD.

The woman who takes as her life motto: "Do it at once!" is the woman who is not hounded by an accusing conscience.

The only time one is sure of it is the present, putting off to some more convenient moment is to lay up a reputation for rudeness and slovenliness.

The woman who believes that to apologize is to accuse will rarely have to back water on her belief if she gets into the do-it-at-once habit.

Do it at once is, but another name for the "little drops of water" precept of childhood. The "mighty ocean" of accumulated duties will never swamp you if each wave is breast as it comes.

Doing it at once is like oiling a dusty pike. It smoothes the path of life and smother complaints and criticism.

Much of the fret and nerve racking comes from postponing the things that might just as well be cleared off at once. One is worried until they are done, and more worried if they are not done.

Who does not love a tranquil heart, a sweet temper, balanced life? It doesn't matter whether it rains or shines, or what misfortune comes to those possessing these blessings, for they are always sweet, serene and calm.

That exquisite poise of character which we call serenity is the last lesson of culture; it is the flowering of life, the fruitage of the soul.

It is as precious as wisdom, more to be desired than gold—yet, than even fine gold. How contemptible mere money-wealth looks in comparison with a serene life—a life which dwells in the ocean of truth, beneath the waves, beyond the tempests, in the eternal calm!

How many people we know who sour their lives, who ruin all that is sweet and beautiful by explosive tempers, who destroy their poise of character by bad blood! In fact, it is a question whether the great majority of people do not ruin their lives and mar their happiness by lack of self-control. How few people we meet in life who are well balanced, who have that exquisite poise which is characteristic of a finished character!

IN MEMORIAM.

I wonder if he heard the little patter of feet. And sent an angel out to meet my baby in her raiment white?—I fear she'd be frightened of the night.

With no one there her little hand to hold, And she so far from Mother-fold. I wonder if He took her in His arms and blest.

As on that day when Mothers prest Their babes against His sacred knees? And He, caressing, said, "Except as one of these."

Ye cannot of His perfect kingdom be, Who rules and reigns eternally. And then, I wonder if He held her there, my sweet, Until he came to Mary's feet, And laid within her loving arms My wee wee lamb, safe now from life's alarms?

—Margaret N. Goodman.

THE GATHERING PLACE.

Life changes all our thoughts of heaven; At first we think of streets of gold, Of gates of pearl and dazzling light, And things all strange to mortal sight.

But in the afterward of years It is a more familiar place. A home untried by sighs or tears, Where waiteth many a well-worn face.

With passing months it comes more near, It grows more real day by day; Not strange nor cold, but very dear—The glad homeland not far away, Where none are sick, or poor, or lone.

The place where we shall find our own, And as we think of all we knew no more, Our longing hearts desire home, too, With all the strife and trouble o'er. —Robert Browning.

WALDORF SALAD.

"Wipe and pare apples, then cut in small pieces," writes Fannie Merritt Farmer in Woman's Home Companion for February. "Mix with an equal quantity of finely cut celery, and moisten with mayonnaise dressing. Mound on a nest of crisp lettuce leaves and garnish with curled celery and canned pimientos cut in strips or fancy shapes."

"Curled celery often makes an attractive garnish, and I am wondering if you all know how to prepare it. Cut thick stalks of celery in two-inch pieces. With a sharp knife, beginning at the outside of the stalks, make five cuts parallel to each other, extending one third the length of the pieces. Make six cuts at right angles to the cuts already made. Cut the other end in the same fashion. Put the pieces in cold or food water, and let stand for several hours."

drops of oil with the finger tips. They are then ready for the trees. Oil makes good dressing for the kid uppers if they are wiped afterward with a clean, dry rag. This kind of kid is seldom polished, but if it looks gray, a few drops of black ink may be used with the oil.

CARE OF VEILS AND LACE. Veils of the mesh variety can be kept looking fresh and now if they are dipped in vinegar and then rolled over a stick well padded with a piece of flannel.

Lace collars and cuffs can be renovated at home if carefully washed in warm water and fine soap, rinsed and then pinned to a padded board or to a pillow. See that each point is pulled out and a pin placed in it, otherwise the shape will be lost.

Ribbons, net yokes and waists, silk blouses and undershirts can all be satisfactorily cleaned at home if they are washed in gasoline and then hung in the air to dry.

When cleaning garments in this way one must be careful not to use the gasoline in the house or where the fumes will come in contact with a lighted gas jet or fire, as they ignite quickly and will explode. When materials are cleaned in this way it is not necessary to iron them.

USE OF ALCOHOL. There is no end of things that alcohol is good for. It should always be kept in the house. It is excellent to rub on the head for headaches; it will remove spots from dress goods; it will remove spots from rugs and carpets; it will remove odors from many things, such as the tobacco odor from a seal amber cigar holder; it is used to burn in alcohol lamps; it is an excellent tonic to rub on the skin if you are tired. It will almost always remove medicine stains.

THE LOST ROAD. The golden stars and the violets blue In the April when I was a child, The Roman cherries I plucked with you,

So wild, those woods, so wild! Oh, wonderful dreams did the sunrise paint! Still the song's in my throat as I play!

My heart, my heart, I have lost the path To the road of that yesterday! Away at the end of that beautiful road

My heart's idol rose-scented lies; The summer breeze hovers about her abode

And lingering sighs and sighs. Oh, eyes that smiled in the silence sweet, Oh, lips that loved me well! Oh, love, oh, love, I have lost the road. And the way no mortal can tell! —Schamler Iris.

HOW TO FRESHEN POTTED FERNS. It is said that ferns may be kept fresh by giving them a steaming of three hours. Once every week or so they should be put into the bathroom, shutting all windows and doors of the room to keep in the steam. The bathtub should then be filled with hot water. It will give out a good steam. The room should not be cooled suddenly after this is done. By treating the ferns to this bath it is not necessary to wash and spray the leaves, which does not give so satisfactory a result.

SOMETHING NOT TO DO.

Of course, no delicate or honorable person opens another's letters. Even the youngest children in the household should have the great pleasure of opening the letters addressed to them, and so be trained into a recognition of the sacred and inviolable nature of personal correspondence.

Practical jokes are rarely indulged in by persons of nice perceptions, and teasing passes the bounds of good taste when it comes to be a matter of pure fun on all sides.

Inquisitiveness is always bad form. "When is your letter from?" "What makes your eyes so red?" "What makes you so nervous?" are interrogatories with one's rightful privacy. A closed door should be respected and give assurance of seclusion.

The rough proverb, "Wash your dirty linen at home," carries a valuable truth. One who is so disloyal as to repeat to an outsider, however intimate, anything to the discredit of the family deserves to forfeit all family rights and privileges.

Society requires that, whatever their private relations, husband and wife face the outward world as a unit, harmonious and with interests identical. Never, under any circumstances, should they discuss the peculiarities of one another in the presence of a third person.

Personalities that are made to do duty as family jokes are never funny to the stranger. An uncontrolled voice is always unmanly and undignified.

At a London dinner recently the conversation turned to the various methods employed by literary geniuses. Among the examples cited was that of a well-known poet, who, it was said, was wont to arouse his wife about four o'clock in the morning and exclaim, "Maria, get up! I've thought of a good word!"

Whereupon the poet's obedient helpmate would crawl out of bed and make a note of the thought-of-word. About an hour later, like as not, a new inspiration would seize the bard, whereupon he would again arouse his wife, saying, "Maria, Maria, get up! I've thought of a better word!"

The company in general listened to the story with admiration, but a merry-eyed American girl remarked:

Funny Sayings.

Four-year-old Helen wished to get into the play-room, but the gate, (which had been put at the door to keep her baby brother in) was locked. She tried again and again to climb over it, when at last her mother heard her say, "Dear God, please help me get over this gate." Just then she tumbled over, and said, "Never mind; I got over myself."—Harper's Magazine.

Mrs. Stubb.—After reading the story of the apple I have reached the conclusion that Eve must have been lightheaded. Mr. Stubb.—Gracious, Maria! Was peroxide in existence then?

COULDN'T BOTH RIDE. From Gunther's Magazine. General Phil Sheridan was at one time asked what incident in his life caused him the most amusement. "Well," he said, "I always laugh when I think of the Irishman and the army mule. I was riding down the line one day when I saw an Irishman mounted on a mule that was kicking rather freely. The mule finally got his foot caught in the stirrup, when, in the excitement, Pat remarked: "Well, if you're goin' to git on, I'll be gettin' off."

"It was one of those sleepy, one-horse back-water towns, like Squash," said Representative Burton, describing at a Hot Springs dinner a town that he disliked. "Squash is the limit. A gentleman arrived there the other day and wanted a haircut. He found the barber shop, and after shaking the barber vigorously, managed to awaken him.

"How long will it take to cut my hair, barber?" he asked. "Not long, boss," said the barber. "And then he arose, yawned and stretched himself. Then he called upstairs to his wife. "Hey, send the kid down to the newspaper office and tell the editor I want my scissors just as soon as he's done editin' the paper. There's a gent here waitin' for a haircut."

Rev. Father Lambert, author of Notes on Ingersoll, and editor of the New York Freeman, was an altar boy with John Blaine, brother of James G. Blaine, the Republican statesman. Writing of the building of a church by the Catholics of his boyhood home, Elizabethport, Pa., Father Lambert says:

"Great was the day when it was sufficiently advanced to have divine service in it and Bishop O'Connor was to come and bless it. For days before the women were busy ornamenting the altar and fixing things in order. John Blaine and I were appointed altar boys and felt fully the importance and responsibility of our new position. What gave us the greatest concern was to know how to say the Confiteor and when to ring the bell.

"John's mother, Mrs. Blaine, not being able on account of rheumatism to help the other women in the church, offered to make the cassocks for the altar boys. So we went to her room and stood up near the chair of the rheumatic cripple to have her take our measures. And then we called now and again as the work progressed to try how the cassocks fitted as they assumed cognizable shape. They were not, of course, in the highest style of sartorial art. They were as narrow as the feet as at the shoulders. They were very well to stand still in, but as no allowance was made for locomotion we were not responsible for the tripping and stumbling on the altar steps, to the distraction and

Father Lambert and John Blaine as Altar Boys.

Archbishop Farley Raps Modern Stage "The stage is worse to-day than it was in the days of paganism," said Archbishop Farley, of New York, in his sermon at St. Patrick's Cathedral last Sunday morning.

"We see to-day men and women—old men and old women—who ought to know better, bringing the young to these orgies of obscenity. Instead of that they should be exercising a supervision over the young and should look carefully after their companionship.

"All about us we have the men and women who are setting evil examples. Men hoary with age are often found inspiring with evil the minds of the young. They go to the public places and to the theatres in shamelessness and they bring with them youngsters who cannot escape corruption."

The action of the theatrical managers in asking for the appointment of a censor bears out the Archbishop's position.

Many Women Suffer Untold Gony From Kidney Trouble. Very often they think it is from so-called "female disease." There is less "female trouble" than they think.

Women suffer from backache, sleeplessness, nervousness, irritability and a dragging down feeling in the loins. So do men, and they do not have "female trouble."

Why, then, blame all your trouble to "female disease?" Most of the so-called "female disorders" are no more or less than "kidney disorders," and can be easily and quickly cured by Doan's Kidney Pills.

Mrs. G. Dupuis, Bellevue Village, N.B., writes: "I was unable to do my housework for two years on account of backache. I could not get up the stairs. Doan's Kidney Pills cured me permanently after doctors failed to even relieve the pain. I can highly recommend them to all sufferers from kidney trouble."

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disidentification of the pious worshippers. They did not understand the complex problem we were trying to solve—that of how to move about gracefully and with dignity with our feet spangled. With all our strenuous efforts we never succeeded in solving it.

"When Mrs. Blaine fitted on the finished cassocks she made a remark that I have never forgotten. As she fondly gazed with artistic pride and pose of head on her accomplished task, she said: 'Now, if either of you boys ever becomes a priest, I want you to remember I made your first cassock.' I have complied with her request.

"When the day came and the Bishop came into the church all was astir and bustle and running hither and thither, during which John and I managed with aggravating success to be in everybody's way—our minds being on the Confiteor and the bell, to both of which we were resolved to do justice when the time came. Father Hoeres said Mass before the Mass of ceremony began, which gave us opportunity for a test of our abilities in view of the coming solemnities. We got through the Confiteor with flying colors. But the bell, ah! the bell was quite another matter.

We knew when we got through the Confiteor, but we did not know when we got through with the bell. It was on John's side, and he loved the idea that if he rang it all the time he would be sure to hit the right places. So every movement of the priest was accompanied by the music of the bell. When the priest came into the sacristy he gave us special instructions, not when to ring the bell, but when not to ring it. So far as it depended on us the subsequent ceremony proceeded with but a few stumbles and trips on our part.

Little Sisters of the Poor in China. "In the large city of Shanghai one could witness this morning a very touching spectacle," writes Father de Moidrey, S.J., under date of December 10, 1908. "Two young ladies received from the hands of our vicar apostolic, Bishop Paris, S.J., the habit of the Little Sisters of the Poor. Those young women, who belong to very good families, are the first ones of their nationality to enter the Order of the Little Sisters of the Poor.

"The Little Sisters, coming from France, arrived in China in February 1904. Their house is located in the outskirts of Shanghai, not far from St. Francis Xavier's Cathedral. An immense amount of good is being done there as in all the Little Sisters' houses, and holy poverty is already calling to itself some of our young Christians."

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TO LOVERS OF ST. ANTHONY OF PADUA.

Dear Reader,—Be patient with me for telling you again how much I need your help. How can I help it? or what else can I do?

For without that help this Mission must cease to exist, and the poor Catholics already here remain without a Church.

I am still obliged to say Mass and give Benediction in a Mean Upper-Room.

Yet such as it is, this is the sole outpost of Catholicism in a division of the county of Norfolk measuring 35 by 20 miles.

And to add to my many anxieties, I have no Diocesan Grant. No Endowment (except Hope)

We must have outside help for the present, or haul down the flag. The generosity of the Catholic Public has enabled us to secure a valuable site for Church and Presbytery. We have money in hand towards the cost of building, but the Bishop will not allow us to go into debt.

I am most grateful to those who have helped us and trust they will continue their charity. To those who have not helped I would say:—For the sake of the Cause give something, if only a "little." It is easier and more pleasant to give than to beg. Speed the glad hour when I need no longer plead for a permanent Home for the Blessed Sacrament.

Father Gray, Catholic Mission, Fakenham, Norfolk, England. P.S.—I will gratefully and promptly acknowledge the smallest donation and send with my acknowledgments a beautiful picture of the Sacred Heart, and St. Anthony.

Letter from Our New Bishop. Dear Father Gray.—You have duly accounted for the alms which you have received, and you have placed them securely in the names of Diocesan Funds. Your efforts have gone far towards providing what is necessary for the establishment of a permanent Mission at Fakenham. I authorize you to continue to solicit alms for this object until, in my judgment, it has been fully attained. Yours faithfully in Christ, F. W. KEATING, Bishop of Northampton.

Synopsis of Canadian North-West HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS. ANY even numbered section of Dominion Land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, excepting 8 and 26, not reserved, may be homesteaded by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 160 acres, more or less.

Entry must be made personally at the local land office for the district in which the land is situated. Entry by proxy may, however, be made on certain conditions by the father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of an intending homesteader.

The homesteader is required to perform the conditions connected therewith under one of the following plans: (1) At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land is each year for three years.

(2) If the father (or mother, if the father is deceased) of the homesteader resides upon a farm in the vicinity of the land entered for, the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by such person residing with the father or mother.

(3) If the settler has his permanent residence upon farming lands owned by him in the vicinity of his homestead the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by residence upon said land.

Six months' notice in writing should be given the Commissioner of Dominion Lands at Ottawa of intention to apply for patent. W. W. CORY, Deputy Minister of the Interior.

N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

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Soft corns are difficult to eradicate but Holloway's Corn Cure will draw them out painlessly.



Combines the potent healing virtues of the Norway pine tree with other absorbent, expectorant and soothing medicines of recognized worth, and is absolutely harmless, prompt and safe for the cure of

COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS, HOARSENESS, CROUP, SORE THROAT, PAIN or TIGHTNESS in the CHEST, and all throat and lung troubles. It is put up in a yellow wrapper, 3 pine trees the trade mark and the price 25 cents.

A HARD DRY COUGH. Mr. J. L. Purdy, Millvale, N.B., writes:—"I have been troubled with a hard, dry cough for a long time, especially at night, but after having used Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, for a few weeks, I find my cough has left me. To any person, suffering as I did, I can say that this remedy is well worth a trial. I would not be without it in the house."

THE

Alderm Lord May is an able...

He was of the United and he has past ten years...

ward Commissioner in the County Doyle, J.P., have gentlemen...

tenant is rife. Alderman going Mayor, J.P., Alderman the newly-office in 18...

Several s place with the city of broke out in the following...

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Alderman Kilkenny for months. A movement to hold a mo in aid of the Danesford r... to acquire fo the people.

Dunshaughli a motion to short of coin would satisfy and calling o sioners to pre ment of the to the untema tive county.

The members tholic Commu their secretary warded to the Fund in aid o recent bog slid of £6 11s 6d...

The windows Broth's new town were bro by some pers sent unknown, 18 No reason the exwards of are most popul in the district.

At the annual Cella Corpora Callas was elec sving year. T tendence of cit outgoing Mayor Drew) presided.

Michael Milloy chairman, and T chairman of the low.

At the Magher