

HOUSE AND HOME

Conducted by Helene.

The baby climbed up on a chair near the mantle the other day, reached his little hand toward the beautiful vase, and the next moment there was a crash and the vase lay on the hearth in fragments. How easy it is to destroy! It takes very little time, little strength, no skill whatever. To make the vase would require the co-operation of a number of skilled workmen, after an artist had designed it. To criticize and dishearten and throw cold water on a woman can be done by a single man. Sometimes a very ordinary woman can block an undertaking of considerable importance simply by standing aloof and making discouraging comments. If she took hold and helped it would cost her something. She would need patience and persistence and strength. But after all it would pay. It is easy enough to destroy, but it is un-inspiring. It is easy to criticize, but the words which take the courage from the heart and strength from the arm, harm the speaker, too. Do not try to satisfy yourself with tearing down. Be a builder.

LIFE.

A little dreaming by the way. A little toiling day by day. A little pain, a little strife, A little joy—and that is life.

A little short-lived summer's morn. When joy seems also newly born, When one day's sky is blue above, When one bird sings—and that is love

A little sickening of the years, The tribute of a few hot tears; Two folded hands, the falling breath, And peace at last—and that is death.

Just dreaming, loving, dying, dying so, The actors in the drama go— A fitting picture on the wall, Love, death, the themes; but is that all?

A TEST OF CHARACTER.

Finishing what one has begun is one of the severest tests of character. Beginnings are not difficult. We do not gauge a woman's ability by what she starts; the veriest weakling may commence as many enterprises as a skilled promoter. The real test is in having the grit to hold on until the task is ended. It is just here where so many girls fail. They cannot carry any undertaking to a conclusion. No matter how keen is the enthusiasm that is brought to the inspection of their enterprises it soon wanes and before the first real difficulty it vanishes. Don't turn back, girls, on what you have begun, provided the beginning was justifiable. Whatever you attempt, do not "fall down" on it. Even in trifles persistence is a good trait to cultivate.

There are girls who never can write "finished" after anything. They have quantities of uncompleted pieces of fancy work hanging around; a book is never read through; in school one study after another is taken up, only to be abandoned when half mastered. Even in pleasures and amusements they never become skilled in any one sport. In seeking a business career it is the same. One thing after another is started with ardent enthusiasm, but soon there are whisperings of a missed vocation, interest lags and a change to something else is made. Don't do it, girls, don't turn back. Nothing is so fatal to stability of character as leaving unfinished threads in life's web. Learn to hold on. Stick-to-it-iveness is what you need unless you are to reckon with a life full of half-finished tasks.

NUTRITION IN NUTS.

Nuts are very nutritious, and if eaten at proper times afford a good substitute for meat. At this season, however, they are not of good quality and can only be served salted or in cooked dishes. Olive oil, cream and butter are all nourishing and should be indulged in freely. Macaroni, spaghetti and the various noodles are healthy as well as digestible.

HEM TABLE CLOTHS BY HAND.

Table linen should be hemmed by hand. Not only does it look better and more dainty, but there is never a streak of dirt under the edge after being laundered, as with machine sewing.

TAKE MARRIAGE OFF THE BARGAIN COUNTER.

"We are trying to take matrimony from the bargain counter and place it in the sanctity of the church. That is the only cure for the divorce evil."

The speaker was Rev. William O'Brien Fardow, S. J. He was addressing a meeting at St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York, under the auspices of the Daughters of the Faith.

"When the Pope speaks about engagements between man and woman," said Father Fardow, "and insists upon their being drawn up in writing, he does not at all say that man and woman could not become engaged without having the matter drawn up in writing. He refers to engagements that are broken through fickleness, not when they are broken for good reasons.

"As everything connected with the great sacrament of matrimony is in a certain sense complicated, it is desirable that the teaching of the Church become absolutely familiar in our minds. The Church is doing everything that can be done to

make people more serious and more careful about engagements. The sanctity of marriage means the preservation of society, of the home, of the country.

"We are working shoulder to shoulder with other denominations to stamp out the awful evil of divorce. In the last twenty years there have been 1,300,000 divorces—in other words, 2,600,000 men and women have broken the vows they took before God. Everybody who has the interest of this great country at heart is interested in keeping down the terrible evil of divorce.

"Selfishness is the cause of divorce. It will always be found on one side or the other. Sometimes there is the great selfishness of being unfaithful.

"If you loosen the ties of the Bible you loosen the ties of matrimony. Modernism is the cause of this loosening of the ties of the Bible, and therefore a cause of divorce.

"An awful mistake made by our Protestant brothers is to state that there are only two sacraments—baptism and the Lord's Supper—and that matrimony is a contract. The Catholic Church declares there are seven Sacraments, and one of the most holy and important is the Sacrament of marriage.

"Our brothers of the Episcopal Church make a great mistake in allowing divorce for the statutory offense—unfaithfulness.

"When the State says: 'This is only a contract, so many pounds of flesh, is it not degrading? The State says: 'I have the right to all legislation about matrimony because it is a contract.' One should despise such a doctrine. The first law of matrimony was pronounced by God Himself, when there was no State in existence—only two human beings.

"Surely no State will say God Almighty submitted this union to State legislation! Where was a State? There was none! The law of matrimony is primeval. It is promulgated by God Himself."

HOW TO CLEAN AN ENGRAVING. To clean an engraving place the picture on a smooth deal board and cover it thinly with common salt which has been finely crushed. Squeeze lemon juice on the salt till it is dissolved. Raise the board at one end and pour boiling water on to the engraving till all the lemon and salt are washed off. The engraving should then appear quite clean and free from stains. Leave it on the board till perfectly dry.

FUNNY SAYINGS.

REASON ENOUGH.

The youthful orator came down from the platform at the close of his address, and many people pressed forward to shake him by the hand. He accepted their congratulations with a smiling face, but his eyes were on a certain auditor who lingered in his seat. The young lecturer pressed through the throng about him, and extended his hand to the waiting man. "I want to thank you," he said, "for the close attention you gave to my remarks. Your upturned face was an inspiration to me. I am sure you never changed your earnest attitude during my lecture."

"No," said the man, "I have a stiff neck."

SHE COULD COUNT.

A teacher who was instructing a class of young pupils in history asked one of them how many wars England fought with Spain. "Six," the little girl answered. "Six," replied the teacher, "enumerate them, please."

"One, two, three, four, five, six," said the little girl cheerfully and confidently.

SOMETHING TO BE THANKFUL FOR.

After a short meeting a little singing was indulged in by some of the members of a social gathering, and half-way down the programme the name of Miss Augusta Brown figured. Alas! however, when the time came for her to appear a messenger arrived to say that the lady was suffering from a very bad cold, and, therefore, the chairman had to excuse her to the audience. "Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "I have to announce that Miss Brown will be unable to sing, as announced, and therefore Mr. Green will give us 'A Song of Thanksgiving!'"

HE KNEW HER FATHER.

A Brooklyn teacher relates how she once endeavored to convey to a nine-year-old pupil some idea of beauty in the abstract and its effect upon the cultivated individual.

"Now, William," said the teacher, "we will suppose that your mother should place a vase of beautiful flowers in the centre of the dining-table. What would your worthy father say as he sat down to eat?"

"What are those weeds doing there?" said William promptly.

HOW SHE GOT IT.

A little girl was sent by her mother to the grocery store with a jug for a quart of vinegar. "But, mamma," said the little one, "I can't say that word."

"But you must try," said the mother, "for I must have vinegar and there's no one else to send."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Cure Anaemia.

Pale Faces, Dizzy Spells, Palpitating Heart, Headaches and Shortness of Breath Are Symptoms of Anaemia.

Watery blood is an open invitation to disease to take possession of your system. Watery blood is responsible for nearly all headaches and backaches and sideaches that afflict womankind. Watery blood is responsible for the dull eyes, sallow cheeks, and the listless, dragged out feeling that is found in so many growing girls. Good blood means good health, and good blood actually comes through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Weak, ailing, dependent women who use this medicine are made active and strong; listless, pale-faced girls are given new health, rosy cheeks, bright eyes and a new sense of happiness and security. Mrs. E. S. Nightingale, Chesley, Ont., says:—"My daughter was ill for a long time with anaemia, and would often be confined to bed for three or four days at a time, and we feared she was going into a decline. A lady friend advised the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I got a half dozen boxes. By the time these were used, there was a marked improvement, and I got a further supply for her. The change these pills have wrought in her condition is so great that you would not think that she was the same girl I will always have a kindly feeling for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

You can get these pills from any medicine dealer or by mail at 50c a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

So the little girl went with the jug, and as she reached the counter of the store she pulled the cork out of the jug with a pop, swung the jug on the counter with a thud, and said to the astonished clerk: "There! Smell of that and give me a quart!"



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. _____

STRONG SUPPORT.

Three-year-old George was being carried home on an icy winter evening. Suddenly his uncle, who was carrying him, slipped and by a superhuman effort managed to save himself from going down with his burden. George regarded his porter with a patronizing air. "I guess, Uncle Spencer," he remarked complacently, "you would have gone down then if you hadn't had me to hold on to."

No Ability To Digest Food Nervous System so Exhausted that Vital Organs are Feeble, In Action!

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food

The digestive system is a wonderful piece of machinery, but power is necessary to make it effective. In this case the power is the nerve force contained in the body, and if the nerve force is lacking the digestive system becomes crippled and there is suffering from indigestion, nervous headaches, neuralgic pains, dizzy spells, weakness and discouragement.

Strength cannot be regained from the food you eat so long as digestion is so imperfect, but you can be restored by Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, which contains in condensed pill form the very elements of nature which go to form new nerve force. Overwork, worry, anxiety and excessive mental effort exhaust the nervous system at a tremendous rate and repair must be made before some dreadful form of nervous disease sets in. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food invigorates the nerves which control the digestive fluids, sharpens the appetite, is slightly laxative, so as to encourage the action of the bowels, and strengthens every organ of the body. You can use this treatment feeling certain that every dose is doing you at least some good, and can prove it by noting your increase in weight. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, 6 boxes for \$2.50, at all dealers, or Edmanon, Bates & Co., Toronto.

Cromwell in Ireland

To seek some remedy for the evils that had fallen on their native land, twenty Irish prelates met at Clonmacnoise and issued a manifesto endeavoring to unite the various discordant parties into which the country was split, to assemble an army scattered throughout the provinces, in a word, to make one last effort for their country and their religion.

The result of their deliberations was embodied in an address to the clergy and laity of Ireland, calling on them in the name of their country and of their faith, to forget their past feuds and to join in resisting the enemy that had invaded their native land.

Very soon after the publication of the Bishops' manifesto there appeared "A Declaration of the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland for the undoing of deluded and seduced people; which may be satisfactory to all that do not shut their eyes against the light; in answer to certain late declarations and acts, formed by the Irish Popish Prelates and Clergy in a convocation at Clonmacnoise." It was issued at Youghal in the latter part of January. This document is too long, and its style too involved, to interest our readers. A few extracts will show its character and purport. It begins with denying all distinction between clergy and laity, and imputes to this assumed distinction the want of union that existed during the war.

"You say your union is against a common enemy. Who was it that created this common enemy? You, unprovoked, put the English to the most unheard of and barbarous massacre, without respect of age or sex, that the sun ever beheld; and at a time when Ireland was in perfect peace. . . . If there was no other quarrel against you but this, standing for the rights of your Church, to engage people and nations into blood therefore, this alone would be your confusion. You are a part of Antichrist, whose kingdom the Scripture so expressly says should be laid in blood, yea, in the blood of saints. You have shed great store of that already, and ere it be long, you must all of you have blood to drink, even the dog of fury and wrath of God, which will be poured out unto you. "You warn the people of their danger, which you make to consist in the extirpation of the Catholic religion, in the destruction of their lives, and in the ruin of their fortunes. Concerning the losine their religion, you tell them of resolutions to extirpate the Catholic religion out of all his Majesty's dominions, and you instance Cromwell's letter to the Governor of Ross. By what law

WITH THE POETS

SURSUM CORDA.

Lift up your hearts: give the best to the Lord; Bind not to earth what above should far soar; Not in this life may come aught of reward,— God, Who is just, keepeth watch evermore!

What is this world that our hearts should e'er let Hope for their happiness rest on a whim? Man makes a promise, but man will forget,— God will remember; trust only Him.

Bury the past, for the future take cheer; Have no regrets where they may not avail; Lift up your hearts: face another clear year; God is your helper; His strength will not fail.

Lift up your hearts: take your crosses each day,— Life-tired you may be,—yet, lay them not down,— Christ, Who awaits you, once walked the same way; Follow His leading till reach you your crown! —Amadeus, O.S.F., in Donahoe's for January.

BEATI MORTUI.

Blessed the dead in spirit, our brave dead

Not passed, but perfected; Who tower up to mystical full bloom From self, as from a known alchemic tomb;

Who out of wrong Run forth with laughter and a broken thong; Who win from pain their strange and flawless grant

Of peace anticipant; Who late wore cerements of sin, but now,

Unbound from foot to brow, Gleam in and out of cities, beautiful As sun-born colors of a forest pool, When Autumn sees

The walnuts splash in, from her thinning trees, Though wondered at of some, yea, feared almost

As any chantry ghost, How sight of these, in hermitage or mart, Makes glad a wistful heart!

For life's apologies read most true In spirits risen anew, Like larks in air,

To whom flat earth is all a heavenward stair; They from yon parapet Scorn every mortal fret,

And rain their sweet bewildering staves Upon our furrow of fresh-delved graves

If thus to have trod and left the wormy way Leaves men so wondrous gay, So stripped and free and potentially alive,

Who would not his infirmity survive, And bathe in victory, and some to be

As blithe as ye, Saints of the ended wars? Ah, greet- ings give;

Turn not, too fugitive; But hastening towards us, hallow the foul street,

And sit with us at meat; And of your courtesy, on us unwise Fill of those purer eyes,

Pix in ourselves who love them, dwell The same sure light ineffable; Till they who walk with us in after years,

Forgetting time and tears, (As we with you), shall sing all day instead:

"How blessed are the dead!" —Louise Imogen Guiney, in the January Atlantic.

OUR LIVES ARE HASTENING ON.

Our lives are hastening on; the shadows, lengthening. Slope eastward on the spring tide's flowery leas,

Where bloom the friendships of our youth, still strengthening, Where blow the breezes from those smiling seas,

Laden with memories. Our days are speeding on, the hours remaining

Are fruits of all the blossoms dropped away; Let us, with joy and free from all complaining,

Treasure the visions of that glorious day, The golden hours of May.

Weep not, fond youth, o'er joys forever hidden,

of horse and dragoons and about tions for the siege, the war would be at an end. Towards Kilkenny, therefore, Cromwell led his army with all speed. The history of the spring campaign is given in such graphic detail in one of Cromwell's letters to the Speaker of the House of Commons, that we cannot do better than set it before our readers, supplementing it when possible from other sources. It was written from "Castletown," which was a seat of the Archbishop of Cashel, and dated February 15, 1650: "Having refreshed our men for some short time in our winter quarters, and our health being pretty well recovered, we thought fit to well recovered, we thought fit to take the field, and to attempt such things as God by His providence should lead us to upon the enemy. Our resolution was to fall upon our enemy in two ways. The one party, being about fifteen or sixteen troops

Save in the pictures of fond memory's bowers, Till blinding tears flow down our cheeks unbidden; The past—the blessed past—is ever ours, With all its plenteous flowers.

Our souls are outcomes of the living essence Of life, expanding from the source unknown; Our paths are journeys lit by iridescence, Through rites of sunlight on the pathway thrown From yonder rainbow throne.

And these are treasures by the angels tended, Why crystallize the hours to jewels rare;

When loving friends before us have ascended, Oh! tell us, do they crowd the fields of air, That we their life may share?

Our spirits are immortal emanations From the far-off, sources of the unbounded clime, Born long ago of living exhalations Of that vast ocean round the spheres sublime— The central sun of Time.

Our destiny, who can, in trance or vision, Or in the rapture of ecstatic dreams, Gain one glad glimpse of that untold transition

That tides the spirit through the shadow gleams Back to the fountain streams.

Then let us count each hour a diamond shining, When memory backward turns with radiant sight;

When love pours out her life—herself resigning, When hope beholds the gate of death pearl bright

With an immortal light. —Boston Transcript.

A HUNDRED YEARS FROM NOW. By "Una"—(Mary A. Ford), in N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

The surging sea of human life forever onward rolls. And bears to the eternal shore its daily freight of souls;

Though bravely sails our bark to-day, Pale Death sits at the prow. And few shall know we ever lived a hundred years from now.

O mighty human brotherhood! why fiercely war and strive, While God's great world has ample space for everything alive?

Broad fields, uncultured and unclaimed, are waiting for the plow Of progress that shall make them bloom a hundred years from now.

Why should we tarry so earnestly in life's short narrow span On golden stairs to climb so high above our brother man?

Why blindly at an earthly shrine in slavish homage bow? Our gold will rust, ourselves be dust, a hundred years from now.

Why prize so much the world's applause? Why dread so much its blame? A fleeting echo is its voice of censure or of fame;

The praise that thrills the heart, the scorn that dyes with shame the brow. Will be as long forgotten dreams a hundred years from now.

O patient hearts that meekly bear your weary load of wrong! O earnest hearts, that bravely dare, and striving, grow more strong!

Press on till perfect peace is won; you'll never dream of thorn You struggled o'er life's thorny road a hundred years from now.

Grand lofty souls, who live and toll that Freedom, Right and Truth Alone may rule the universe, for you is endless youth;

When 'mid the blest, with God you rest, the grateful lands shall bow Above your clay in reverence bow a hundred years from now.

Earth's empires rise and fall, O Time! like breakers on thy shore; They rush upon the rocks of doom, go down, and are no more;

The starry wilderness of worlds that gem history's radiant brow Will light the skies for other eyes a hundred years from now.

Our Father, to whose sleepless eyes the past and future stand An open page, like babes we cling to Thy protecting hand;

Change, sorrow, death are naught to us if we may safely bow Beneath the shadow of Thy throne a hundred years from now.

two thousand foot, were ordered to go up by the way of the Carrick into the County of Kilkenny, under the command of Col. Reynolds; whom Major General Ireton was to follow with a reserve. I myself was to go with a reserve of Mallow over the Blackwater into the County of Tipperary, with about twelve troops of horse and three troops of dragoons, and between two and three hundred foot. I began my march upon Tuesday, January 29, from Youghal.

If your children moan and are restless during sleep, coupled, when awake, with a loss of appetite, pale countenance, picking the nose, etc., you may depend upon it that the primary cause of the trouble is worms. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator effectually removes these pests, at once relieving the little sufferers.

BOYS

LOVINGEST FA

"I love you, man said, As close to my head, "I love you lots a kiss, "The best of all ma is.

"And I think, in my eyes With a glance that grave and wi "That you've go face. Oh, oh I'm glad you're you so."

What was the pr me To the love of th on my knee? And this was my the eyes That were smiling wise, "May the face of be The loveliest fac thee!"

Dorothy's

"Oh, dear! T them—the very la her small self lin est rocker, her se from her knees to one.

Aunt Lois look ing, just a little paining tone. It what loss might rothy. Dorothy ir responsible. Sh of hairpins, as h the disorder of brown hair.

"Yes, that's on rothy exclaimed, "I resolved solem hair smooth ever this year. Now V unhourly it needs fu hour in the day, dreadful this aft

"But that wasn't last?" Aunt Lois into the perplex The hair problem hopeless unkemp at least within th had written "Jar

of a letter that v "No. The last, not talking bac, temper, exactly, fled up and lettin loose ends, when about something. ed of it a hundred down with the res

New Year's day, "my tongue," and p der it. And I've a June morning—a bit snily-flatte while that my fac to the new lines. lass sprang somet afternoon—nothing Julia can be sa

Reading somet day—I think you about that," Aunt were thoughtful tacles.

"That fell thro day—or was it the replied disconsola callers two or thr the lessons seeme that they'd ever

"I see," Aunt I the situation sym was one of Aunt with Dorothy that much less laughd a deal more. "Yo ing on a moment, I think it was,

whether you had th the same treatment solutions." Dorothy's fair intolines of inquiri just as it did whe arithmetic had been to the finding of

"I don't believe I acly, aunty," she "When you resolv and don't do it, th it. Everything's s might as well— Aunt Lois' uplifted my dear, not 'sp over marn the patte not hinder you wea

follow every Sun S You wonder the clothes so with so little r It is just SO with peculiar ing clothes. Wash.

Read in SURPRISE