

HOUSE AND HOME

CONDUCTED BY HORTENSE



Energy will do anything that can be done in this world; and no talents, no circumstances, no opportunities will make a two-legged man

Nobility of Conversation.

I conceive that speaking generally conversation ought to consist more frequently of ordinary and gallant things than of great things; but I also think that there is nothing that may not enter it, that it ought to be free and diversified according to the time and place and persons about us; I think that the secret is to speak nobly of low things, simply of high things, without too much forwardness and without affectation.

Washing Woollens.

After trying any number of different ways of washing woollens, in an effort to find one that would cleanse without shrinking them, the one here recommended has been used for several years with entire satisfaction. By adhering to the simple rules here given, any grade of woollens can be cleansed without shrinking, but the rules are positively inviolable.

Provide a generous allowance of hot, soft water, white Castile ivory or other pure soap and borax. Have the washing and rinsing water of about the same degree of heat. Make a good suds for the first water, but on no consideration put soap on the soiled article itself. Have the water as hot as the hands can bear comfortably and allow one level teaspoonful of borax for every gallon of water. Immerse the clothes and allow them to stand ten or fifteen minutes before washing, then work them up and down, squeeze, and, if necessary, rub with the hands, but never on a washboard.

The water must be squeezed, not twisted out, consequently a wringer is better than the hands. Rinse through two waters, using a little less borax and soap, but allowing the clothes to lie ten minutes in each, working them up and down and squeezing. After wringing, pull into shape and dry as quickly as possible, pulling out at least twice during the process of drying. Woollens must never be hung in a hot sun, nor out of doors in freezing weather. In the winter dry on clothes bar, standing the latter over a furnace register, or near the kitchen range.

Things Worth Knowing.

Those who dislike to work buttonholes would do well to remember the strips of ready-made buttonholes that come in muslin, silk or heavy cotton.

A stocking filled with hot salt has often been used satisfactorily in the place of a hot water bag.

The dish cloth should have more attention than is usually bestowed on it. Boiling in soda water once or twice a week will keep it perfectly sweet and clean.

The hardest thing to regulate about your sewing machine is its tension. It must not be too tight, nor too loose and should be screwed up or down, as the case may be, with care.

Use a fold of the material you are working on, instead of a hem or seam, to experiment with.

Thread the machine with silk or thread appropriate to the gown you are making. For example, silk thread with silk material, cotton with cotton.

Shorten or lengthen your stitch as desired; if it draws, the tension should be made looser. Sometimes it is the upper and sometimes the lower thread that pulls. Find out which before attempting to adjust the tension.

If you have a double thread machine, always remember that the perfect stitch is the one where the loop of the two threads crossing is always hidden in the thickness of the material. If you can see the loop, then the tension is too tight on one side, where you see the loop, or too loose on the opposite side.

Any two thread stitch will rip as easily as a chain stitch if either one of the threads is so tight as to be in a straight line. The loop must be concealed to be a perfect stitch.

A loosely sewed seam is more serviceable than one too tightly sewn, as the latter will snap and tear at the slightest provocation. In sewing silk goods all seams require the loosest possible tension. This is also true in sewing chiffons and thin goods. Seams on which there is a strain will give more if sewed loosely. The beginner should, in fact, avoid a tight tension and should use it only upon the advice of an experienced sewer.

Intemperance.

Intemperance is the source of nearly all crimes and misfortunes. Thousands of premature graves tell of its ravages. Our workhouses are thronged with its victims. Its baleful tyranny is cramming our jails with criminals. The deep wail of woe, the moan of despair, that bursts continually from wretched homes, tell of the misery through the land which God alone can measure.—Cardinal McCabe.

Women of German Universities.

At the end of 1909 there were 52,407 students at German universities, of whom 1850 were women. In 1908 the number was 48,790, and ten years ago it was 32,800. There are also 3,814 men and 1,923 women attending courses as guests by permission of the university authorities. Berlin has the largest number of students, 9,242. Munich has 6,537; Leipzig, 4,761; Bonn, 3,652. There are 632 women at the University of Berlin, of whom 476 are in philosophy, 147 in medicine, six in law and three in theology.

Sympathy Without Words.

Pleasant is the silence of perfect sympathy. This is the test of intimacy. A fellowship is only complete when the partners in it find themselves entirely at ease without the necessity of a word. We are a long way from this condition when, as often happens, we talk and talk simply because we realize that a pause would be awkward on both sides. The picture of Carlyle and his mother sitting at opposite sides of the fireplace, in absolute content, but without a word passing, illustrates precisely what we mean. We get here, perhaps, a foretaste of a stage of being when souls will communicate without the cumbersome apparatus of language. Under present conditions even the degree is nature can influence each other without words. There are souls which, in silence, seem to give off their very essence and to interpenetrate others with it. It is as though the rhythmic pulsation which played on responsive natures like spirit music. A volume lies in the sentence in the life of Lord Lawrence, which says that he felt uneasy if his wife left the room. Happy man! To possess as one's own this benediction of a presence that can bless without a word is to be rich indeed.

The first great rule is that we must do something—that life must have a purpose and an aim—that work should be not merely occasional and spasmodic, but steady and continuous. Pleasure is a jewel, which will only retain its lustre when it is in a setting of work, and a vacant life is one of the worst of pains, though the islands of leisure that stud a crowded, well-occupied life may be among the things to which we look back with the greatest delight.—Lecky.

Salt as a Hair Tonic.

A specialist, whose name counts, told me that the "tonic" (which had undoubtedly saved me from becoming bald) was composed of salt and water. "When all else failed," he said, "I determined to try salt and water. I knew it could not harm the hair, and at the rate you were losing it it would soon be beyond any tonic. I prepared the tonic, as follows: One and one-half quarts of clear cold water to two-thirds of a teaspoonful of table salt. This I allowed to boil fifteen minutes; then set in a cool place for twelve hours—at the end of that time I added to it one-third of a teaspoonful of salt and again boiled it for fifteen minutes. Allowed it to stand twelve hours again and strained it through three thicknesses of fine linen. It was then ready for use. To apply this, part the hair from the middle of the forehead to nape of neck and apply the salt water along the parting with a soft piece of cloth; then rub gently with the finger tips. Then make a parting two inches from the first (in each direction) and treat as directed until the entire head has been covered. Treat in this way every other day for a week; skip a week, and then begin again, until you have used the tonic three weeks. If the hair has entirely ceased to fall out, you may then wash the hair in the usual way and omit the tonic for a month. But this wash is beneficial to use at any time and by anyone, as it strengthens the roots of the hair, stimulates growth, cleanses the scalp, and brightens the hair itself.

The up-to-date walking skirt is relentless in its demands for well-shod feet. The skirts are not very short, as they just clear the ground, but they are so narrow that they do not flare around the feet, and they

are exposed more than they would be by a much shorter skirt that would fuller around the feet. Many women seem to think that their feet do not show, but by observing other women one will find that the shoes are the most noticeable feature of a woman's toilette, whether she be well or poorly dressed.

New and Easy Way to Stroke Gathers.

There is an easy and a hard way to stroke gathers. The old fashioned stroke, with the point of a needle sometimes slashed a fine garment after it was partly made. Take a great many stitches on the needle at one time, crowd them together and hold them in this close position on the needle with the left hand. With the right hand hold the bunch of material about an inch below the needle, pull on it gently and move it from side to side.

Protect the child from the ravages of worms by using Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator. It is a standard remedy and years of use have enhanced its reputation.

Doing and Being.

Are you a writer? You can never write more than you yourself are. Would you write more? Then broaden, deepen, enrich the life. Are you a clergyman? You can never raise men higher than you have raised yourself. Your words will have exactly the sound of the life whence they come. Hollow the life? Hollow-sounding and empty will be the words, weak, ineffective, false. Would you have them go with greater power, and thus be more effective? Live the life, the power will come. Are you an orator? The power and effectiveness of your words in influencing and moving masses of men depends entirely upon the attitude from which they are spoken. Would you have them more effective, each one filled with a living power? Then elevate the life, the power will come. Are you in the walks of private life? Then, wherever you move, there goes from you, even if there be no word spoken, a silent effective influence of an elevating or a degrading nature. Is the life high, beautiful? Then the influences are inspiring, life-giving. Is it low, devoid of beauty? The influences, then, are disease-laden, death-dealing. The tones of your voice, the attitude of your body, the character of your face, all are determined by the life you live, all in turn influence for better or for worse all who are come within your radius.—Ralph Waldo Trine.

Answer to Correspondent.

We would be pleased to publish "Carmelita's" articles, which she so kindly offers to contribute weekly for us; but would ask her to entreat us with her name, not for publication, but as a mark of good faith.

Ordered to Hospital

FOR OPERATION FOR ACUTE INDIGESTION—DID NOT GO AND WAS CURED BY

DR. CHASE'S KIDNEY-LIVER PILLS

A medicine that will save one from a surgical operation must be worth while.

The doctors seem to have made the common mistake of dosing the stomach when the real source of trouble was with the liver and kidneys. Anyway Dr. Chase's Kidney and Liver Pills made a complete cure and here is the record: Mrs. F. O. Bacon, Baldwin's Mills, Que., writes:—"I was very sick and the doctor said I must go to the hospital for a surgical operation. I had acute indigestion and the liver and kidney did not act. I did not want to undergo an operation, so I began the use of Dr. Chase's Kidney and Liver Pills and have used them ever since.

"I am feeling well now and doing my own work for a family of seven. I think there is no equal for acute indigestion and liver and kidney troubles such as I had and they and nothing else made me well again. There is no medicine I like half so well, for this did wonders for me." The real serious cases of indigestion almost always have their location in the bowels and can only be reached by making the liver and kidneys active. No medicine regulates the liver, kidneys and bowels so nicely and so promptly as do Dr. Chase's Kidney and Liver Pills. One pill a dose, 25 cents a box, at all dealers; or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto. Do not be satisfied with a substitute or you will be disappointed.

Thoughts for Holy Week.

Jesus and Mary suffered more than we do or could.

Light may come when all looks darkest; Hope hath life when life seems o'er.—Moore.

Man is but man, unconstant still and various; There's no to-morrow in him like to-day. Dryden.

A great sorrow does not always contain the ruin of a great joy.—Mde. Swetchine.

No joy so great but runneth to an end, No hap so hard but may in fine amend.—Southwell.

Think how soon The longest lifetime flows.—Manrique.

All things find rest upon their journey's end.—Michael Angelo.

As soon as we begin to hate our neighbor God hates us.—Curé d'Ar.

Let us go to the people, away from the politics and prejudices of the world. Let us go to the workingman, to know him, to love him, let us go to him to know what he suffers and what he wants.—Comte de Mun.

Sorrows are real; joys are naught But shadows that o'er earth are spread; They mock the eager grasp uncaught, And leave no vestige when they're fled. Lobo.

The flower of illusions does not bloom on a heart's ruins.—Abbé Castelain.

Two thousand years are a small space in the past history of mankind.—W. S. Lilly.

From Calvary at eve, the angels wending On slow, hushed wing, their holy vigil o'er.—Monti.

When I consider how short life is and how near may be the time of reunion with those who are now separated from us by death, I feel all the temptations of self-love and other evil inclinations pass away.—Frederic Ozanam.

TO REDMOND AND HIS MEN.

Well done, brilliant sons of Ireland! Cheered your name from shore to shore! Dauntless champions of our Ireland! Fondlest isle of all, ashore!

The sun-kissed hills of Erin, Far across Atlanta be Irish hearts, yet, do beat herein Breasts that thro' across the sea.

Treason to the Cause, for others; Not our boast the deeds untrue: We are loyal; we are brothers; We are Irish, through and through!

Each and every joy and sorrow Of the Old Land o'er the wave, All her fond hopes for to-morrow, Spare we with the tried, the brave!

Faction's curse shall never smother Fire that burns in hearts of free; We've your Flag, and want no other; Want no traitor's name do we!

Conquering, lead the battle-fores; Onward press the Nation's right; In our veins the old blood courses; We are not afraid to fight!

For each Hearth, and for our Altar, We can face e'en demon-foe; Martyr-blood's not made to falter, Or to fear the deadliest woe!

May the mighty God of nations Help our country's holy cause; Crown with joy her expectations; Make her free, as once she was. (Rev.) R. H. FITZ-HENRY. St. Patrick's Day, 1910.

Funny Sayings.

Little Bobby had been scraping the snow from the sidewalk for two hours. The minister, passing down the street, found him weeping as though his heart would break.

"What's the trouble, my little man?" asked the minister in consoling tones. "Boohoo!" sobbed Bobby, as he mopped his eyes with his sleeve. "Bad tramp came along and stole the snow shovel from the little boy next door."

"Well, my lad, it is nice to be sympathetic, but you must not worry too much over other people's affairs."

"Oh, it isn't that, sir; I'm cryin' 'cause he didn't steal my shovel, too."

Miss Smart—Have you ever been through algebra? Miss Pretty—Yes, but it was in the night and I didn't see much of the place.

ALL CORRECT. The professional point of view is rarely that of the humanitarian. A passenger on a London omnibus calls out to the conductor: "Ere, there! Whoa! There's an old chap fallen off the bus!" "All right," responds the conductor.

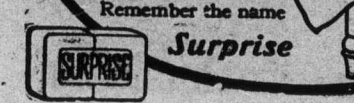
Snowy White Linen

In every home, comes from the use of

Surprise A Pure Hard Soap

Makes white goods whiter, Colored goods brighter.

See for Yourself. Remember the name



Surprise

or, cheerfully. "E's paid his fare!"—London Sketch.

THE BISHOP'S CHOICE.

The celebrated Anglican divine, the late Bishop of Rochester, who had been ailing for some time, decided to consult Sir Frederick Treves, the noted surgeon. After a careful examination Sir Frederick pronounced his verdict, and added: "Your lordship must go to Algiers or some winter resort on the Riviera." "Impossible," replied the bishop. "I have too much work to get through." "Well," said the doctor, "you must make your choice. It is either Algiers or heaven." "Dear me!" exclaimed the bishop, with a sigh, "then I suppose it must be Algiers."—Los Angeles Herald.

SOMETIMES, TOMMY.

The title of this dialogue might be "Why Papa Believes in Corporal Punishment." "Papa?" "Well?" "Is there a Christian flea?" "Why, what on earth ever put that idea in your head?" "The preacher read it to-day from the Bible. 'The wicked flee when no man pursueth.'" "Why, Tommy, that means that the wicked men flee?" "Then, papa, is there a wicked woman flea?" "No, no. It means that the wicked flees, runs away." "Why do they run?" "Who?" "The wicked fleas." "No, no! Don't you see? The wicked man runs away when no man is after him." "Is there a woman after him?" "Tommy, go to bed!"

Jam Lucis Orto Sidere.

Church Hymn: at Prime. And e'en from light of rising star, With suppliant voice we pray, God keep the stain of sin afar From deeds of ours this day.

And lest the din of turmoil sound, He curb and rule our tongue; Nay, lest the garish scene abound, The gentle screen be hung.

Let deepest cell of heart be pure; Let folly flee the mind; The greed of food and thirst let's cure, And pride of flesh God grind!

Thus, when the hours of day are spent, And rules the nightly shade; When chastening fast doth circumvent, To Him our thanks be paid!

We give Thee glory, Heaven's King, With Christ Thine only Son, And Spirit's loving praise we sing E'en now—while ages run! (Rev.) R. H. FITZ-HENRY, Paschalide, 1910.

The Call of the Blood.

I have never seen you, Ireland, My feet have never pressed The vales and hills, O Sireland, Where my fathers keep their rest. Oh, a distant, foreign land you are To me outside the Pale. But in my heart is something calling Ever calling to the Gael; Yea, the blood of me is calling to the Gael.

I have conned your bitter story, And my heart within has cried; I have traced your annals, gory; With the blood of them that died, 'Tis the story of an alien land That draws from me the wail; Yet in my heart is something calling Ever calling to the Gael; Yea, the blood of me is calling to the Gael.

I may never see you, Ireland, Your kiss may never feel; Upon your shores, O Sireland, "Tis I may never kneel. Oh, I'm leal to my Columbia, With love that cannot fail, Yet in my heart is something calling, Ever calling to the Gael; Yea, the blood of me is calling to the Gael. —Irish Monthly.

It is Wise to Prevent Disorder.—Many causes lead to disorders of the stomach and few are free from them. At the first manifestation that the stomach and liver are not performing their functions, a course of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills should be tried, and it will be found that the digestive organs will speedily resume healthy action. Laxatives and sedatives are so blended in these pills that no other preparation could be so effective as they.

Man is created for happiness; he is not created for pleasure.—Louis Veulliot.

Nature is one with nature, grace with grace; the world then witnesses against you by being good friends with you; you would not

Advertisement for Brodie's Self-Raising Flour, featuring a woman and child, and other products like 'Religious Having or Engraving'.