

HOUSE AND HOME Conducted by Helene.

Our modern young ladies and their ambitious mothers, even among Catholics, seem engrossingly intent upon society diversions, fashionable revelries, teas, bridge, whist and all of the dissipations so caustically reviewed and criticized by Father Vaughan, says James R. Randall. One lady of my acquaintance, a thoroughly good woman, with two priestly brothers and a united Catholic family, has two daughters. The lover of the two was sent to a fashionable Protestant academy to get with more facility into "the best society."

appeared or were framed into new settings. PROMPTNESS. Don't live a single hour of your life without doing what is to be done in it, and going straight through it from beginning to end. Work, play, study—whatever it is, take hold at once, and finish it up squarely; then to the next thing, without letting any moments drop between. It is wonderful to see how many hours these prompt people contrive to make out of a day; it is as though they picked up the moments which the dawdlers lost. If ever you find yourself where you have so many things pressing upon you that you hardly know how to begin, let me tell you a secret: Take hold of the very first thing that comes to hand, and you will find that the rest all fall into file and follow after like a company of well-drilled soldiers, and though work may be hard to meet when it charges in a squad, it is easily vanquished if you can bring it into line. You may have often seen the anecdote of the aman who was asked how he accomplished so much in his life. "My father taught me," was the reply, "when I had anything to do to go and do it." There is the secret—the magic word now! Make sure, however, that what is to be done ought to be done. "Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day" is a good proverb, but don't do what you may regret.

FAULT-FINDING GIRLS. Have you ever heard a group of girls discussing a newcomer in the office or shop? The chances are they pick out every possible flaw in looks and dress and manner. It would have been just as easy, and far better for the future characters of the critics, to have been on the lookout for good points. Most people have more virtues than faults if only we weren't most of us so blinded by old critical habits that we can't see them. Some time, when you find yourself seeing the shortcomings of relatives and friends, stop short and ask yourself if you haven't ways of your own which are just as open to criticism. It is most unfair to criticize other people's actions unless you know all the circumstances. The chances are if you were in their places you would do no better. The habit of finding fault with places and things, which most girls have, ought to be nipped in the bud. One girl can ruin the pleasure of a whole party just by pointing out the flaws everywhere. What if things aren't just to your liking? You won't make them a particle better by calling attention to them, and you will make others uncomfortable by doing so. Train yourself to see the bright side and to make the best of things. If you can't get a rosy view keep quiet. And don't always have a "but" in your pleasures. Get all the small joys you can as you go along. Don't go side-stepping after the disagreeables. Some of them will come of course, but you needn't go to meet them. By learning to keep your eyes on the good and pleasant in people and situations, and you will make it easier to grapple with the inevitable disagreeables.

THE ADESTE FIDELES. As the "Adeste Fideles" is sung until Candlemas Day, February 2nd, this word about its origin will be interesting. Individual authorship of the "Adeste Fideles" may not have had. The atmosphere of the monastic scriptorium breathes, however, through its melodious strokes. It is in many respects unique in Christian hymnology. More than any other church prayer, exultation and praise. If it were printed side by side with the song it blends prophecy, history, Nicene Creed it would be found an astonishing verification of that august prose. Every line of the "Adeste" is a casket of faith and love. Upon its cadences many hours must have been spent for the crystallization of sublime truth into crisp and dazzling syllables. Adeste, approach; fideles, ye faithful; laeti, joyful; triumphantes, victorious; venite, come; adoremus, let us adore; Dominum, the Lord. The hymn, in the Latin form, is so musical that it is memorized almost without effort. It is found continuously from the middle of the seventeenth century. It is believed that in many centres of devotion it was made also a recitation as if in oratorio. Plays drawn from Holy Writ were in vogue during the same period, and the "Adeste Fideles" would have been a congruous incident in either a Passion play, a miracle play, or a Madonna play. It was usual in those plays to introduce the folk melodies which in every country have become the basis of the national music. As these plays were gradually prohibited by the Church, on account of violations of strict decorum which insensibly crept in, oratorio succeeded to the vacated place, and many of the melodies dis-

appeared or were framed into new settings. PROMPTNESS. Don't live a single hour of your life without doing what is to be done in it, and going straight through it from beginning to end. Work, play, study—whatever it is, take hold at once, and finish it up squarely; then to the next thing, without letting any moments drop between. It is wonderful to see how many hours these prompt people contrive to make out of a day; it is as though they picked up the moments which the dawdlers lost. If ever you find yourself where you have so many things pressing upon you that you hardly know how to begin, let me tell you a secret: Take hold of the very first thing that comes to hand, and you will find that the rest all fall into file and follow after like a company of well-drilled soldiers, and though work may be hard to meet when it charges in a squad, it is easily vanquished if you can bring it into line. You may have often seen the anecdote of the aman who was asked how he accomplished so much in his life. "My father taught me," was the reply, "when I had anything to do to go and do it." There is the secret—the magic word now! Make sure, however, that what is to be done ought to be done. "Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day" is a good proverb, but don't do what you may regret.

PARISIAN BELT NOVELTY. One of the new belts seen in Paris is about four inches wide, and is woven of twine, the weave suggesting canvas. Several rows of basket stitch permit the threading of the belt with narrow kid strips of any desired contrasting color, and thus permit one to thread an ecru belt with any shade of kid that matches one's skirt and coat. Green lizard skin threaded through colored string is used, for example, with a green coat and skirt.

POST CARDS RESPONSIBLE FOR FALLING OFF IN CORRESPONDENCE. It is a well known fact that nobody writes letters nowadays. It is true we spend a vast deal more time at our writing table, that we continue to write long, warm-hearted letters, and tell them you want to hear from them often. Of course you will make presents, more than ever, but you are going to let the recipient know that there is a lot of good warm heart-beats back of every little gift. Isn't that how you feel about the greatest of all birthdays?—Christian Recreation.

Much distress and sickness in children is caused by worms. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator gives relief by removing the cause. Give it a trial and be convinced.

FROM OUR CATALOG

Ambrose Kent & Sons MANUFACTURING JEWELERS Limited 156 YONGE ST. TORONTO. YOU may at your leisure pick out your selection, write us and we will do the rest, and just as satisfactory to you as if you visited this store in person. This is made possible through our excellent Mail Order Department, coupled with the new edition of our Catalog. Our Catalog is the representative of a Manufacturing Retail Jewelry House supplying you with goods "direct from workshop." Do you realize what this means to you in price saving? Thousands of other people do—why not join the throng? Note these price examples: M1 Fine quadruple plate bake dish, size 1 1/2 in. diameter... \$5.00 M2 Solid gold stick pin... 1.50 M3 Pearl handle butter knife... 1.00 M4 Fine quadruple plate... M5 Gold watch... M6 Fine quadruple plate... M7 Fine quadruple plate... M8 Solid 1 1/2 pearl... M9 Solid 1 1/2 pearl... M10 Fine quadruple plate... M11 Fine quadruple plate... M12 Solid 1 1/2 pearl... M13 Solid 1 1/2 pearl... M14 Fine quadruple plate... M15 Solid 1 1/2 pearl... M16 Fine quadruple plate... M17 Solid 1 1/2 pearl... M18 Solid 1 1/2 pearl... M19 Solid 1 1/2 pearl... M20 Solid 1 1/2 pearl... M21 Solid 1 1/2 pearl... M22 Solid 1 1/2 pearl... M23 Solid 1 1/2 pearl... M24 Solid 1 1/2 pearl... M25 Solid 1 1/2 pearl... M26 Solid 1 1/2 pearl... M27 Solid 1 1/2 pearl... M28 Solid 1 1/2 pearl... M29 Solid 1 1/2 pearl... M30 Solid 1 1/2 pearl...

POPE LIKES IRISH LACE. Recently several wealthy American ladies visiting the Pope expressed their desire to present His Holiness with beautiful lace for church purposes. The Pope accepted the offer and asked that the work be placed in the hands of Irish lace-makers. The order has been given to an Irish convent. THE CHURCH OF THE NATIVITY AT BETHLEHEM. In the Holy Land at the Christmas season the place of greatest interest is naturally the Church of the Nativity at Bethlehem, erected on the spot where Christ was born. It is said to be the oldest Christian church in existence, having been built

sin torches, set in iron candlesticks, were placed upon each side of the crucifix. Here, at midnight, came priest and people, in fear and trembling, to celebrate the mystery of God made man. Like the shepherds, they came to worship in a stable the Divine Babe of Bethlehem. Death would be the penalty of their act if they were discovered, but this did not appal them. The venerable priest was a confessor of the faith. Only a few days before he had been delivered up to the executioner, but by a miracle, as it were, he had been saved from death. Amid tears and sobs the holy sacrifice went on and at the communion every one approached the altar to receive his Saviour and his God, and thus carrying Him in their heroic hearts, they returned to their

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more than fifteen centuries ago. St. Helena, mother of Constantine the Great. Repairs were made later by Edward IV. of England. The roof was originally composed of cedar of Lebanon, and the walls were studded with precious jewels, while lamps of silver and gold were suspended from the rafters. Immediately beneath the nave of the church is a commodious marble chamber, constructed over the spot where the manger is said to have stood, and reached by a flight of stone steps, worn smooth by the tread and kisses of multitudes of pilgrims. The manger is represented by a marble slab a couple of feet in height, marked at the head with a chiseled star, bearing above it the inscription in Latin, "Here was Jesus Christ born of the Virgin Mary." At the foot are several altars, where mass is celebrated daily, while a score of hanging lamps shed a fitful light over the apartment.

HIS FAVORITE PARABLE. A country clergyman on his round of visits interviewed a youngster as to his acquaintance with Bible stories. "My lad," he said, "you have, of course, heard of the parables?" "Yes, sir," shyly answered the boy whose mother had inducted him in sacred history. "Good!" said the clergyman. "Now which of them do you like the best of all?" The boy squirmed, but at last, heeding his mother's frowns, he replied: "I guess I like that one where somebody loafs and fishes."

Christmas During the Reign of Terror. It was during the year 1793. The revolution was filling every city and village of France with bloodshed and terror. Christmas night had come, and the inhabitants of a small town in Brittany had determined to have their Christmas mass. Their churches had been desecrated, so they were forced to prepare a barn in which to offer the holy sacrifice. They covered the sides with shining holly berries. A rustic table was used for an altar, and two ro-

homes rejoicing and ready to die for Him if it was His holy will. "I have celebrated this holy feast," said one who was present at this midnight mass, "in the lofty cathedrals of Europe, and even under the dome of St. Peter's, but never has the holy sacrifice been to me so solemn or made so deep an impression upon me as that Christmas mass in a stable." Holloway's Corn Cure destroys all kind of corns and warts, root and branch. Who, then, would endure them with such a cheap and effectual remedy within reach?

The Holy Fathers Christmas. Did you ever stop to think of how the Holy Father observes Christmas—or how Rome, of all places in the world important on this day, celebrates it? In Rome it is a quiet and solemn affair, with religion featured in its observance. The observance begins the day of Christmas, when the image of the Christ Child is brought out, till January 6th, when it is again put in place. St. Peter's is brilliantly illuminated, with myriads of candle lights flickering their significant tribute to the central fact of the Church life. What appeals to Italian art lovers is the present which is as usual as the feast. Every child is presented with a plaster cast of the Nativity, and even in the phrase of the holiday, which is joyful and essentially "merry," the underlying sentiment is always the conception of the manger and the birth. There are family reunions and social festivities, but always it is the religious feature which is the most significant.

No French Honor for Him. Father Scallan, of Millagh, County Clare, Ireland, who took a prominent part in succoring the crew of the French ship "Leon XIII," which was wrecked on the Clare coast, has received a letter from Premier Clemenceau of France offering him the title of chevalier of the Legion of Honor. Father Scallan has replied, expressing his appreciation, but declining the honor.

WITH THE POETS

THE TREE OF LIFE IS THEIR CHRISTMAS TREE. Where are the lilacs that swayed and bloomed In the garden that summer day? Tell me, thou Christ-child, Lily of God, Where have they passed away? In Paradise fair They blossom rare: Never more shall they feel the wintry air; And the Tree of Life is their shading tree. Where are the doves with the rose-red eyes, That cooed in the wood at night? Tell me, thou Christ-child, Dove of the World: Where have they taken flight. No net is spread, No shaft is sped In celestial groves where they seek their bread, And the Tree of Life is their nesting-tree. Where are the fleecy, snow-white lambs That once in the grasses played? Tell me, thou Christ-child, Heavenly Lamb, Where are their dear heads laid? Of immortal sheen Are their meadows green; Clear fountains of water flow between; And the Tree of Life is their sheltering tree. Where are the little ones, dimpled and soft,— The lost ones we loved so well? Where are their voices, the sound of their feet?— Pitying Christ-child, tell! In Heaven's own hall They are gathered all, With the morning stars for their tapers tall, And the Tree of Life is their Christmas tree. —Nora Archibald Smith, in The Outlook.

do worse? I'd greatly fear to wander back and find a lonely place, An' never clasp a kinsman's hand or meet an' old friend's face; I'd dread to miss the bloomin' cheeks the curls I used to know, Or see their ghosts in wrinkled skin an' scanty locks of silver. Bad cess from Time! Sure here's my-self would fright a colleen sore— A bout old man the sturdy lad that onct was "Aigle" More! "Aigle" that used to skim Lough Leane, an' climb the Reeks for game; "Dan More can fly," the old Earl said, "let 'Aigle' be his name." Oh, the Aigle's Nest, Killarney! an' the Isle an' Lakes below! An' the wren-boys gatherin' holly in the Christmas long ago! Ould Aigle More, ould weary child that's lost your way an' slept Till on your slumbers unbeknownst the years an' changes crept— O find the way! go find the way, asleep or wide-awake, An' pluck arbutus in the glen, an' holly in the brake, Go back, an' be a lad again where all yer world was true, Where mountains led to heaven, an' the lakes held heaven's blue! Here, snow and sleet are colder than the hearts of stranger men, Here, hard frost gripes the country till the April comes again— O for holly at Killarney! an' e'er a bit o' snow, With the sea-wind blowin' blithely till yer cheeks are all aglow; Afar from sawlow faces an' the clink of yellow brass— O to be at ould Killarney with yer fut upon the grass! There's Innisfallen in my dreams—I wonder will I go? The ould Earl's dead, the ould Young Earl's ould, an' ne'er a lad I'll know. I'm beckoned, by the hills o' youth, that cannot stryge or die, An' "Gap, an' Bridge, an' Abbey walls, an' Mary's grave near by! 'Tis my own, Killarney! where, next year, may I be To pluck an ould man's Christmas wreath from off the holly tree!"

THE CHRISTMAS FLIGHT OF OULD AIGLE MORE. (By Honor Walsh, in Donahoe's.) Wisha, Christmas at Killarney, an' me not there to see The scarlet berries burnin' on the shinin' holly-tree, The mountains risin' grandly—old Torre atop of all— The heather on the hillside, the haw against the wall! Yea, Christmas at Killarney, an' the heart o' me as free As when I plucked the glist'nin' wreaths from off the holly-tree! They've holly on the pa'ements here, alike Killarney's leaf As a colleen's like a withered hag— bad cess from Time, the thief! Yet the hag was onct a girshie, but these branches dull an' gray Were never green an' shinin' like the holly far away. Och, the dwarfed ould Jersey bushes, ye could strip them on yer knees! Ah-h-h! to be in far Killarney with the royal holly-trees!

A WAYSIDE CROSS. (By Louis F. Magee.) The moving pictures of my flight Through planted fields and orchards white With flower, past tower and sleepy town, All vanished, save a cross that stood Beside the way, close to the wood, Below a hill whose slope of brown, Warmed with the first green of the vine; And there a woman bowing down Before a shrine On paven streets I hear the roar Again, move in the crown once more; But now where burdens seem to be Too hard, those hillsides reappear,— That peasant form; and even here, Rising at every turn for me Out of the pain and wrong and loss, Of these sad city stones, I see A wayside cross.

SHRINE. Snow time, sad time, The world is growing old; The shadows fall across the wall, The night is wan and cold; When lo! the joyous songs arise Of angels in the starry skies. Child time, glad time, The world is young again; The starlight streams, the holly gleams Upon the frosted pane. Grant us, dear Lord, a place beside The baby Christ, at Christmas-tide! —Willis Boyd Allen, in Harper's Bazar.

CHRISTMAS TIDE. Thousands of people are ready to testify to the superiority of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills as a cure for kidney troubles. The reason of their efficiency is found in their action on the liver and bowels, as well as the kidneys. Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, one pill a dose, 25 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

The Poisons Must Be Removed From the System—Both Kidneys and Bowels are Restored to Action By DR. CHASE'S KIDNEY-LIVER PILLS. There are three ways and three only, by which the system can be rid of poisonous waste matter, the bowels, the kidneys and the skin. The bowels are named first, because on them falls the greater part of this work, and so long as they do their duty there is seldom trouble with the kidneys or skin as excretory organs. When the bowels fail, however, and become sluggish and constipated there is work thrown on the kidneys which they have no business to do, and which they cannot do for any length of time without becoming deranged. Now there is only one medical treatment which recognizes this condition of affairs and that is Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. This is so far as we know, the only kidney medicine which regulates the bowels, as well as the kidneys, and thereby removes the cause of trouble and cures the most complicated cases. You can scarcely find a case of kidney disease which did not begin with liver and bowel troubles, and which could not therefore have been prevented by the use of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

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BOLE'S PREPARATION OF Friar's Cough Balsam. One of the good, old-fashioned things that has never been improved upon. Infallible for coughs, colds, bronchial and lung troubles. It is the largest and best 25c remedy for coughs and colds. Prepared, recommended and guaranteed by the largest wholesale drug house in the world. If your druggist does not handle it, let us know.

Dear Aunt Becky. It is a long time to you, and other boys an' I am eleven year my first Commu am going to sch my teacher's Falls. I learn Reader, English mar, English a History, Oatech as my letter is g close saying goo Your I Cranborne, Dec Dear Aunt Becky. It is snowing went to eight morning; I did n this afternoon. since I have wr dren's corner, so write. I learned Then I thought a writing I would s ister is worki now, and she o Sunday and goes noon about three siter does not, f years old and wil for two or three little brothers go and my sister go day to the Fro All the little cou Christmas is com hope Santa Claus all this year. I this letter is quitu you are well. I t ter in print and a little cousins. As even AGNES Ogdensburg, N. Y. Dear Aunt Becky: I see more letter again, so I will v Thursday was here, so we had t to school. We and it is snowi soon Christmas w we will be looki to come. We hop visit all the littl them presents. W our church, and it to the Church wh made. Hoping you see my letter in p Best wishes to yo the cousins. From your n ANNE I Benjamin's L Nazareth lay burr cember mantle of a lid little Nazareth, its bleak hills and pised by the world tering, unknown ev Messiah, the Savyou His humility and lo skirts of the village, even for Nazareth, pled child, Benjamin Miriam's only son, tired and sad faced, work to see him bu ful for a time of hi "What art thou d she asked at last. A sweet innocent was that looked up answered rather tim a rudely made toy: "It is for my lit He will be nine year and He is so good to to have a little surr "Indeed, He has be and because He love pleased with thy gif ed smiling tenderly a the face. While Benjamin fin Paper toy his moth of the Child Jesus. Her little crippled boy her heart by His g sweetness and His min. She recalled months before, even dent which had inva be lay by the open s fretful and longing the merry games of t were shouting and la How it had made her ache to see her darli what she could not g health and freedom h have again. And then a light step, and, l