

HOUSE AND HOME

CONDUCTED BY HELENE.

True Willess Paris Patterns



MISSSES' AND GIRLS' SACK APRON. Paris Pattern No. 2789

Made up in plain colored chambray or plain, checked or figured gingham, this is a most serviceable garment for the school girl. The apron is loose and comfortable, completely covering the dress and therefore protecting it from all dirt. The lower edge is finished with a deep hem and the back is fastened with small pearl buttons.

PATTERN COUPON.

Please send the above-mentioned pattern as per directions given below:

Form with fields for Name, Address, and other personal information.

There is a form of selfishness which creates selfishness. Every observer has noted that for one person who habitually gives up, there is frequently one who ways insists upon her own way, every one who carries more than her share of burdens implies another who is doing less than her allotted part. And surely it is not Christian to make it easy for others to become shirkers.

The one thing hateful in this world is being in a hurry. Disappointment chills, and despondency deadens; pain and fatigue and failure are not easy to support; but at least these human vicissitudes leave the mind in possession of itself, to grapple with the problems. Whereas, hurry confounds, undoes, sweeps the reason from its seat. It is a wretched thing.

As a matter of fact, there is no hurry and never has been since the world began. We have imagined it wholly. Domains of eternity should live upon life before us, why should we have conceived the idea that we must distract ourselves. It might

READING GOOD NOVELS.

It is hard to understand how any one can read "Old Curiosity Shop" and not be the better for the acquaintance of Little Nell. And poor Maggie Tulliver—who that has wept over her tragedy has not been broader in sympathy ever after? There are some novels every girl ought to be acquainted with, for she will constantly come across references to them. "The Mill on the Floss," is one of them. Then there are "The Tale of Two Cities," "Oliver Twist," "David Copperfield," "Scott's 'Ivanhoe,'" "Thackeray's 'Vanity Fair,'" "Dickens and Scott, of course, had decidedly warped ideas where religious beliefs were concerned, but you can make allowance for a mental squint just as easily as for a physical deformity. All that is necessary is to recognize it as a squint and not mistake it for something admirable. Get Jane Austen's 'Pride and Prejudice,' 'Sarah Orne Jewett's 'Country Doctor,' and 'The Country of the Pointed Firs' are quite worth while. Perhaps you have already read much of F. Marion Crawford, for whose religious opinions you will not have to make an allowance. "Saint Iorio," "Saracinesca," and "The Tale of a Lonely Parish," are representative stories. You cannot help being helped by some of William Dean Howells' stories. Get "Annie Kilburn," which is the one the author likes, best, and "The Kiss of Silas Lapham" which is the one the critics usually praise. "A Hazard of New Fortunes" has a picture of a street car strike which may help you to understand some labor problems. Mary E. Wilkins' "The Portion of Labor," Mrs. Gaskell's "Pat Youngs' in His Place," and "The Village School," and "The Doctor's Wife," will give you, in addition to a thrilling story, different views of problems none of us wholly avoid in these days of the Revolution. James Lane Allen's "A Kentucky Cardinal" is one of the most charming of nature stories.—'New World.'

SOMETHING WE CAN ACQUIRE.

Because "Good morning" or "Good afternoon" seems such a perfunctory thing to say as one passes an acquaintance in the street, we are apt to lose sight of the warmth and friendliness which may be conveyed even in this brief greeting. Not long ago I heard a group of women discussing another one and trying to analyze a certain charm which no one ever denied her. She was beautiful, but it was not that; she was good, but there were many others just as good lacked her winningness. At last one of the number exclaimed: "Oh, I know! It is her being so interested in everybody. Do you know the way her eyes light up if she only says, 'How do you do?'—it makes you feel like she is glad just to have happened to get a glimpse of you. How quick she is to speak when she meets one, too! That was the secret of it, so the friends all agreed, and it set me thinking about this thing of speaking to people in passing. It takes no more time nor of vital force to give a warm greeting and a smile than to pass with a perfunctory nod and curt word; but what a difference it makes to the one so accosted! The duty is so evenly balanced, too, that it would seem that each would wish not to be called haughty and snobbish because, perchance, she had failed to be the first to recognize the other. 'I've been introduced to her half a dozen times, but she never knows me!'—how often have we heard these words, with their accompanying sigh or sniff, according to the temperament of the complainer! Perhaps the one complained of is thinking the same things of the speaker, and wondering why she is so ignored. If one will deliberately cultivate the habit of prompt and cordial greeting, it will prove so pleasant and so pleasing in its results that it will never be abandoned again for a stiff standing back upon dignity or supposed social differences. There will occasionally be churlish individuals who will not respond in kind, but even these will thaw under persistent friendliness; and it is this "love expressed in trifles," this Christian politeness, that smooths out the rough places in life, and gives sweet thoughts to treasures up in the heart instead of grudges to nurse and subtle antagonisms to cherish.

Who will explain the nexus that exists between the smile of a little child and the gleam in the heart of a dew-drop? Who will reveal the affinity between the dying cadence of a great organ and the sinking of an evening sunset? Why does the moan of a vast ocean remind us of death, and why does a smile on a dead face suggest to us a life beyond the grave?—New World.

SOFT TONES IN COMBINATION.

Combination of softest tones is one of the season's characteristics. At a recent fashion a beautiful costume was of dark gray crepe de chine intricately embroidered with a Japanese blue and a gray hat trimmed with a blue feather. It was a really wonderful arrangement, and the fair wearer was the cynosure of all eyes. Another beautiful dress was in the director's style, of natter blue, marquisette made over a foundation of palest mauve. The hat was of blue, trimmed with a cloud of mauve chiffon and a blue fluff of marabout. A pretty black gown of crepe de chine was made with a deep gumpie of gold lace, while the sleeves were also of the lace, with a short oversleeve of black. The crepe was draped round the figure and the overskirt hung gracefully below the line of the knee.

WOMAN WHO COMPILED A DICTIONARY.

Though the compiling of a dictionary is a task that even a corps of trained editors undertake with no slight hesitation, a Washington woman, Mrs. George H. Gorham, has recently finished the remarkable feat of writing an idiomatic French-English, English-French dictionary entirely unaided.

A Safe Pill for Suffering Women.—

The secluded life of women which permits of little healthful exercise is a fruitful cause of derangements of the stomach and liver and is accountable for the pains and lassitude that so many of them experience. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills will correct irregularities of the digestive organs and restore health and vigor. The most delicate woman can use them with safety, because their action, while effective, is mild and soothing.

HOW THE PENDULUM WAS FOUND.

Like many of the commonest mechanical instruments in daily use, the invention of the pendulum is due entirely to chance.

Galileo, when under twenty years of age, was standing one day in the metropolitan church of Pisa when some painters were at work on the ceiling of the church.

A suspended lamp, which was hanging before the altar, was disturbed in some manner, and the scientist was struck with the almost perfect regularity with which it swung back and forth. The idea of measuring time by such an instrument found instant generation in his brain, and he completed the system in use to this day.

What a beautiful thought will come into our minds when we see the pendulum of the clock. "The lamp before the tabernacle made Galileo think of you."

THOUGH I WERE DEAD.

If I were dead, and you should come And bow in pain above my tomb, My heart, though dust, would beat to you, Remembering all your heart's perfume— White rose you'd droop above my breast, And thrill me in my long, long rest, If I were dead.

If I were dead, and you should kneel And pray for me one silent prayer, My soul would know, and wake, and come, And viewless stand beside you there, Filled with the old, old love it knew When life had naught but hope and you— Ere I was dead.

Punny Sayings.

Unheard by me the brown bee's song; Unheard late twilight's calling bird But your first footfall in the dusk— Should wake me, and your sobbs be heard: I would rise up from out my clay And kiss your sighs and tears away— Though I were dead.

ELIMINATED EGGS.

A recent graduate of the Harvard Law School has returned to his home in Alabama and there hung out his shingle. It is said that since his return the young lawyer has completely mystified his former friends and neighbors with the use of big words. His flow of speech, with its weighty words, has caused no little comment, and the man is now tolerated with a smile. At the hotel for breakfast one morning this bright young lawyer told the waiter to bring him some eggs, rolls and coffee. The waiter started for the kitchen. "Oh, waiter," called the young lawyer, "just eliminate those eggs and bring me some—"

RUN INTO.

(From Tit-Bits.) Sympathetic old lady (making inquiries at cab stand)—"I saw a policeman pick the poor man up. He's been run into by one of those nasty bicycles, I suppose." Cabby—"He's been run into, mum, but it ain't a bicycle this time." S. O. L.—"What was it, then, that ran into him?" Cabby (reflectively)—"Somewhere about 'arf a barrel o' beer, mum."

"HOBSON'S TUNNEL."

The electrification of the Sarnia Tunnel is a glory to the Grand Trunk Railway. By the substitution of electricity for steam, plus smoke, as the power that moves trains under the waters of the St. Clair, the G.T.R. escapes the remote but haunting possibility that a train full of people will be smothered in the tunnel. Electricity in the Sarnia Tunnel did not have its installation completed and celebrated without a tribune, gloriously deserved, to the genius of Joseph Hobson. A Christopher Columbus of engineering science Joseph Hobson ventured upon unknown seas and added a new continent to the possibilities of tunnel building geography. The recognition accorded to Mr. Hobson at Sarnia was deserved and should be useful. Joseph Hobson never won a footrace or an election or received a knighthood. His own undied genius has raised him to a place among the greatest of Canadians.—Toronto Telegram, Nov. 23, 1908.

TIME'S CHANGES IN NEW YORK.

"Before we were married you said you'd lay down your life for me," she sobbed. "I know it," he returned solemnly, "but this confounded flat is so tiny there's no place to lay anything down."

CHIEF QUALIFICATION.

"Children," began the Sunday-school teacher, "what must we all be before we go to heaven?" She was hardly prepared for the answer of a little girl of 5, who replied solemnly: "Dead."

REALISM.

"How realistic your painting is! It fairly makes my mouth water." "A sunset make your mouth water?" "Oh, it is a sunset, isn't it? I thought it was a fried egg."

PRACTICAL DEMONSTRATION.

Mrs. Hix—I don't take any stock in these faith cures brought about by the laying on of hands. Mrs. Dix—Well, I do; I cured my little boy of the cigarette habit that way.

An Irish author, remarkable for the flatness of his nose, showed such civility to an American lady in London that she expressed effusive gratitude to him and effusive admiration of everything European.

"However," she added, "being a free spoken American woman, I always say what is uppermost, and therefore, I must frankly tell you that I can't get over your nose." "Well, ma'am," rejoined the author, "that's not to be wondered at, for the bridge is broken."

TONIC TREATMENT FOR INDIGESTION.

The Only Sensible Way to Care Stomach Troubles and Give New Health.

When the stomach is feeble the food lies in it undigested, decays and throws off poisonous gases that distend the walls of the stomach, and causes serious interference with other organs, especially with the action of the heart and lungs. These poisonous gases have other ill effects. They are absorbed by the blood and so weaken and corrupt it as to cause disease in remote parts of the body and the formation of unhealthy tissue everywhere. General bodily weakness and loss of weight is the result. The nerves and the brain are disturbed, and discomforts such as dizziness, hot flashes, sleeplessness, irritability and despondency originate from this source. Experience shows that these troubles vanish just as soon as the stomach is made strong enough to digest the food. In other words, it needs a tonic that will rouse it to do the work of changing the food into nourishment. The tonic ought to be one that will agree with the most delicate stomach, and this is exactly what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills do. Here is a bit of proof.

Miss Lizzie Macdonald, Parkboro-Bouche, N.S., says: "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done for me what no other medicine did or apparently could do. For almost three years I suffered untold agony from indigestion. I could not sleep at night, and I would rise in the morning feeling tired and worn out. I lost in weight and was almost reduced to a shadow. I was under the doctor's treatment almost constantly, but with no benefit. One day I read the testimonial of a lady who had been cured of dyspepsia by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and decided to try them. The first two or three boxes I took did not show any apparent relief and I began to fear the medicine would not help me, but as I had bought a half dozen boxes I decided that I would use them up anyway. To my joy, before they were all used I began to improve, and I got three boxes more. By the time I finished these I was again in the best of health, and had gained 12 pounds in weight. I have not since had a twinge of this terrible trouble, and am more grateful than words can say for what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done for me." You can get Dr. Williams' Pink Pills from any medicine dealer or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

FUR-LINED OVERCOATS.

In beautiful cloth, specially imported. Fur collar and lining to taste. The most extensive selection in town. 40 per cent. cheaper than their actual value. Chas. Desjardins & Co., 485 St. Catherine St. East.

HAD BACHACHE.

Was Unable To Do Housework For Two Years Many Women Suffer Untold Agony 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 diseases," and can be easily and quickly cured by Doan's Kidney Pills. Mrs. C. Dupuis, Belleville 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." Price 50 cts. per box or 3 boxes for \$1.25 at all dealers or mailed direct on receipt of price by The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.

RACCOON COATS

A few hundreds of these choice, well made coats. All sizes, and at least 40 per cent. better value than anywhere else. Chas. Desjardins & Co., 485 St. Catherine East.

Department of Public Works and Labor.

Quebec, 19th January, 1909.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the Honorable L. A. Taschereau, Minister of Public Works and Labour, P.Q., will be received at the Parliament Buildings, Quebec, on the 5th February next (1909) for the completion of the new jail of the District of Montreal. Until such date plans and specifications of the work required may be seen in Quebec, at the Parliament Building, and in Montreal, at the office of the Architects, Messrs. Marchand and Brassard, 164 St. James street, each day, from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m.

Each tender must be accompanied by a cheque for Sixty thousand dollars (\$60,000.00), drawn on a duly chartered bank and accepted by the same. Such cheque to be made payable to the order of the Minister of Public Works and Labour, P.Q., and to be forfeited to the Government should the tenderer refuse to fulfil the conditions of his tender. The other cheques will be returned to those entitled to them not later than the 15th February next. The Government does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any of the said tenders. By order, ALPHONSE GAGNON, Secretary Department of Public Works and Labour, P.Q.

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? For 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. I 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 acknowledgement a beautiful picture of the Sacred Heart and St. Anthony.

Letter from Our New Bishop.

Dear Father Gray.—You have duly accounted for the aim which you have received, and you have placed them securely in the names of Diocesan Trustees. Your efforts have gone far towards providing what is necessary for the establishment of a permanent Mission at Fakenham, & 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.