

HOUSE AND HOME

CONDUCTED BY
HORTENSE



To love the fields and the wild flowers, the stars, the far-off sea, the soft, warm earth, and to live much with them alone, is good; but to love struggling and weary men and women and every pulsing living creature is better.

Value of Praise.

Have you ever thought for a moment what a sweetness of life lies in a few words of appreciation and encouragement? How many of us take the trouble to stop a moment and give a few well-merited words of praise to a tired servant; or even pause to tell our nearest and dearest how we appreciate all the daily services which we have apparently never noticed?

Alas! too often we wait until our loved ones can no longer hear, when we can no longer hope to see an answering smile of pleasure on the dear lips. Then we praise them and bring beautiful flowers to lay about the still form.

Woman's Rights.

The question of woman's rights is very, very old. The Book of Hamurabi shows that woman had many privileges in ancient Babylon. That they have not now, in some strange way they seem to dominate just a little while before the civilization of their native land begins to perish. In pagan Rome they frequently went into the arenas as expert swordsmen against men, but almost invariably were worsted. The statements of Livy, Tacitus and Juvenal induce us to believe that they did not prove great successes as vestal virgins—many having been buried alive as a penalty for violating their vow. Even her enemies, however, must admit that the Christian woman is faithful and trustworthy. As a rule, the more Christian she is, the more faithful she is—the holiest creature living.—Thistlethrift.

The Active Mind.

The active mind is never lonely; it is self-sufficient. The student and the thinker revel in solitude. However, very few of us want solitude all the time. We all need good friends, the ties of family life, and give and catch conversations of the neighbor. But it is when we are quite alone that we turn matters over in our minds, when we get a big, broad view of life, when we lay plans, direct our work, dwell upon the tenderness of those we love and those who love us. A few moments of profitable, restful solitude, fifteen minutes with a good book, fifteen minutes with good music—these are moments spent in self-culture and education. When you grow so interesting that you like to be by yourself you will be so interesting that everybody will want you to be with them.

Fashionable Gloves.

Instead of wearing pure white gloves in the afternoon the fashionable woman is inclining towards a delicate pearl shade or pale apricot and tan colorings.

She is choosing for motor wear the chevrete of elbow length, with a strap at the wrist to pull the leather together. This is generally lined with fur or wool.

Women find it hard to approve of the sharp dividing line between long sleeves and short gloves and are wearing with afternoon toilets longer shapes, which pass in wrinkled fulness over the cuffs.

Gloves of two button lengths are worn with coat suits. The buttons are very large and are made of mother-of-pearl.

For driving mocha gloves in pale colorings, which, strange to say, wear much better than dark ones, are popular.

Of course, the evening gloves are

virtually the same. Long white gloves, with occasionally a decoration to carry out the scheme of the gown, are worn.

By their gloves you will know the well dressed woman.

Work.

If the woman who does not believe in work as a panacea for the greater number of her ills would make the resolution to become interested in some real work, either for herself or others, she would soon find it is an excellent tonic for the nerves and that mental training is like snows beneath the feet. The general impression is that work is too much, but it is not. It is the work which is too much, not the work itself. Many to fill premature graves with a reasonable amount of work. The foolish ambition to do more work than we are able to keep up with others means or greater physical exhaustion which is so injurious. But the two evils idleness is the worst. It has been known where women were saved from becoming nervous wrecks by plunging headlong into some congenial work.

The story is told in a current exchange of a woman who, on account of poverty and ill health, had calmly and deliberately made up her mind to commit suicide; but before putting her resolution into effect, she happened to glance down at the hearth and saw that it needed sweeping. Then the thought came to her that as soon as her deed was known the little house would be filled with strangers, and with the true housewife's instinct which could not quite forsake her even in the face of such terrible circumstances, she went about making tidy her abode and by the time she had finished a neighbor came in and told her something pleasant, and lo! the temptation had vanished and she again felt courage to face the difficulties of her daily life. This is an extreme case, but it shows how good a thing work is, and especially how good for women are the little household tasks of which she often thinks so lightly. The song dies upon the lips of the singer in the face of some terrible calamity or grief, the brush drops from the hand of the artist and the mind of the writer is dulled, but as long as a woman can darn stockings or sweep the floor or tend a little child or make a cup of tea she can remain sane and sweet and the most gifted women have loved these little household tasks. What a consolation it must have been to the brave women who had sent forth their husbands and sons and brothers to battle for their country that they could fill in the tedious hours of waiting in knitting socks and making bandages, and we read during the French Revolution the women of the nobility helped with their embroidery to pass away the dreadful hours in prison when they knew not what moment the summons would come for them to accompany the executioner.

The majority of women have work enough if they will do it, and those who have not will experience little difficulty in finding something useful for others if they will look around them, and how richly it will pay in contentment and good health and the joy of self-sacrifice they need only try it to be convinced.—Eleanor R. Parker, in Western Watchman.

The Girl to Wait For.

A current writer who claims to have observed much gives the following hint to young women and "tip" to young men:

I have never seen a girl that was unfaithful to her mother that ever came to be worth a one-eyed button to her husband. It is the law of God. It isn't exactly in the Bible, but it is written large in the miserable lives of many unfortunate homes. I am speaking for the boys this time. If any of you boys ever come across a girl that, with a face full of roses, says to you as you come to the door: "I can't go for thirty minutes yet, for the dishes are not washed," you wait for that girl. You sit right down on the doorstep and wait for her, because some other fellow may come along and carry her off, and fight there you lose an angel.

God's Plan.

The brightest way is God's own way. He lights it with his perfect day. The gloomy thoughts He'll put to flight. And fill with His own radiant light. Our doubting soul.

The surest way is God's own way. Rest on this faithful guide and stay. The dark our path at times may

be, Even through the gathering clouds we see The hand of God.

Trust, then, dear heart, in God above; He'll guide thee with unerring love, Till upon the heavenly shore, We shall worship evermore Father God.

Individuality of Business Girls.

It is winter a bright, wide-awake look a clerical position with a famous for its potty treatment employees. She was set to work in a small, untidy room, lined with small tables. At each desk a girl, dissatisfied and churlish, her individuality fading, her ambition rising no higher than to enter that room each morning just on the stroke of eight, not a minute earlier, and to be the first out of it when the clock struck five. Most of these girls had lost interest in their office attire, saving every penny possible for Sunday or party frocks. All of them were hoping to secure positions with other concerns. Into this maelstrom of office anarchy stepped the girl whose individuality and self-respect still lived. She came to work in a new tailored silk waist with immaculate lawn turnover collar and cuffs. The other girls sniffed and warned her that her blouse would be ruined. The office was filthy.

"We have an office porter and two boys," she replied. "There is no reason why we can't have this place cleaned up."

And somehow it was done. When a lot of trash had been thrown out, and the first layer of dirt had been removed from the floor, a ray of hope seemed to illuminate the staff of girls.

The new-comer brought down her own desk fittings, simple and inexpensive, but with a note of individuality—a letter-opener and a box for clips in brass, a burnt-leather blotting-pad and some personal stationery in case she wanted to write a little note during the noon hour. The office manager sarcastically advised her to lock them up every night, and the girls exchanged significant glances, but nothing was ever taken from that desk. Finally, one of the girls timidly suggested that the new-comer might broach the question of their wretched wash-room facilities to the manager—and she did it.

In less than a year the atmosphere of that entire office has been changed, cleared, uplifted, by one girl. She did not preach. She did not demand. She did not stir up trouble. She simply lived her own life despite poor conditions, and made others first envy, then emulate her.—Anna Steese Richardson, in Woman's Home Companion for January.

What is Worn in London

London, Jan. 25, 1910.

Now that the sales have had a fortnight wherein to clear the most important items in the various departments, now that model costumes and cloaks, furs and hats, etc., have been snapped up at bargain prices on all sides, the turn of the remnants is at hand; and the wise woman will do well to inspect her wardrobe with an inquisitorial eye so as to decide which of her dresses are worth renovating and how the miracle can best be accomplished. It is so much better, even when bargain-hunting, to know beforehand exactly what one is aiming at, what quantities one wants, what colors are possible for the various schemes of renovation one has in mind. Thus can one's purchases be made of infinitely greater value and utility than if one buys haphazard and bargain that tempts one's eye in passing.

I saw, the other day at a fashionable modiste's, a gown which was being remodelled. It was a suggestion for renovating an elderly evening dress of satin, which was either a Princess or a corselet skirt. If the former it should be cut down to the latter, which is easily done; and the changing of the bodice part gives an entirely new appearance to the dress, even to those who are best acquainted with its age and history. A little short under-bodice of white tulle, to which the corselet skirt was attached, is easily fashioned, and was covered with tucked white chiffon, which formed three lines of bouillon across the front and back. The chief renovating feature was the long redingote of black lace, set or chiffon, which followed the lines of the figure without in any way being tight fitting, and was cut long enough to cover the satin skirt almost entirely, being weighted by a deep fringe of jet which bordered the coat at the hem on each side, and the regularity of this coat was

that it was only sides; there was no more behind than there was in front, both being treated the same with edgings of lace, which started above the waist, where the fronts of the coat were held together with a wide jet buckle, the same effect being repeated at the back with a similar jet ornament. From the buckle were three chains of jet cabochons, which were festooned up to the shoulder back and front and caught with a jet clasp. Where the jet chains joined the buckles they were finished with jet tassels, and jet tassels also gave the necessary hang to the long "angel" sleeves of net or chiffon, according to the material chosen for the coat.

This was a most effective renovating for an evening dress; the materials for which can be picked up at the remnant counters at the present time for a very small outlay indeed. I have mentioned black lace, net or chiffon for the coat, but the model would be just as effective in color; and I can imagine it exceedingly successful in rose or pale blue chiffon, with chains and ornaments of silver and silver fringes, or in emerald green, emphasized with jet, and worn over a fourreau of black satin. The quantity of chiffon or net required for this coat, which has neither back nor front, is very little, and easily to be found among the remnant heaps; a yard and a half of white chiffon to cover the under-bodice, and the jet chains, fringe and buckles complete the whole list of things required. The rest only requires clever fingers and good taste to turn out a most attractive form of "Resurrection Pie."

Chiffon has been so enormously used this year that there is certain to be a great quantity to be found in the sales; and if the lengths offered are good ones they should certainly be annexed, for chiffon can be used in a hundred ways. Nothing is more beautiful than the effects to be obtained either for an evening dress or for a shoulder scarf by placing two or three different colors in chiffon one over the other. I saw a dinner dress not long ago which was enough to make a painter rave over its mysterious richness of color. It was composed of three layers of chiffon, one underneath of brilliant purple, one in the middle of a layer of emerald green, which was covered by deep sapphire blue. It sounds alarmingly gaudy, but it was nothing of the kind. The color effect was indescribable; one had no sooner decided that the dress was a deep blue than a movement of the wearer would give a flash of emerald green or brilliant purple, the mysteries of color being intensified by the motifs in dull gold which held the draperies in place. Another beautiful effect of the same kind that I have seen was produced by rose color over golden yellow; and still more original is dark blue over silver tinsel, the blue being veiled itself in mist grey. Orange under turquoise blue veiled with chestnut brown is a beautiful combination; and any of these suggestions of color blending in chiffon are as appropriate for shoulder scarves for day or evening wear as for evening dresses, and, of course, in the sales it is easier to find lengths suitable for scarves than lengths sufficient for a dress, even of the exigent proportions decreed by the present fashion.

There is one thing to remember in these combinations of colors, whether for scarf or dress, and that is to make the upper layer of the darkest tint. There is a marla in Paris at the present for covering all kinds of garments with a varnish, as it were, of black chiffon. It is used perfectly plain, without tucks or ornamenting of any kind, to cover blouses of all descriptions, and especially of last year's date, and gives certainly a novel effect; but it looks best over blouses and bodices in fancy silks. With some of these the covering chiffon is of the same color as the ground of silk, which, by the way, I saw very prettily carried out in a bodice of grey silk patterned in little pink roses which was veiled in grey chiffon, through which the pink roses peeped in a charming way, but the great novelty is the over-blouse of black chiffon. Another novelty is to cover a blouse or bodice of some brilliant color with a loose lattice-work of tiny velvet ribbons; and this is an idea which should be borne in mind by sale-hunters, for these tiny velvet ribbons are sold most abundly cheap at the ribbon counters during sale time. Indeed, the idea could be carried out in other colored velvet ribbons, which could either match or contrast with the silk underneath, the point to remember being the lattice-work pattern, which is such a favorite in Paris at present.

Hortense

Funny Sayings.

HATS AND OLD AGE.

In opening the service one Sunday recently the pastor of one of the fashionable churches said: "For three Sundays I have asked the women in this church to remove their hats during service. My appeal has been unheeded, and now I am where I was wrong. I was inconsiderate."



Childs Play or Wash-day

Surprise Soap

cleanses so easily that wash day is like child's play. There is nothing in it but pure Soap. It cleans the clothes and gives the most brilliant results. To wash the Surprise Soap.

ate of the comforts of the aged and infirm, so I have made a new rule. Hereafter all women of forty years of age or over will be permitted to wear their hats during the service."

Within twenty seconds every woman in the church was bareheaded.—Ladies' Home Journal.

AS WILLIE SAW IT.

Willie, accompanied by his father, was visiting a circus and menagerie. "Oh, papa," the boy exclaimed, as they passed before an elephant, "look at the big cow with her horns in her mouth eating hay with her tail."

Maid of Athens, ere we part, Never mind about my heart, Give, oh, give me back the ring And each fair, expensive thing That I sent you, and each note Which in these dead days I wrote, They are what the jury says Indicate the damages!—Judge.

A few days ago Bobby Peters had been told the story of Saint Michael, and he had been given a picture of the Saint after the painting by Peruginio.

The next day Bobby ran into the house with his eyes shining like stars, and so excited that he could scarcely speak.

"Mamma, come, come and see Saint Michael! He is coming right down from heaven! Come and see him!"

The mother went out to see what Bobby called Saint Michael. It was one of the new flying machines with two men operating it.

"Well, I've got a government job at last," said the man in the new fall overcoat.

"But," we protested, "you said that in the civil service examination you answered every question wrong!"

"Yes. So they've put me," he explained, "in charge of the weather bureau."

Were the "Dark Ages" Dark.

A correspondent writes anent a discussion he has had with an acquaintance who "honestly believes" that the Catholic Church is and always has been the enemy of education and learning, "and so the period of history when Romanism held sway is called the 'Dark Ages.'" The grounds on which our critic "honestly believes" such nonsense are not stated. If he can read, from what travesty of history he has derived his misinformation? And if he can't, who has imposed on his credulous ignorance? The Middle Ages are called "Dark" by the anti-Catholic for no other reason, than he is in the dark concerning them. The thirteenth century, for example, has been eulogized by Frederick Harrison as one of the most brilliant ages in the history of the world. Kings and statesmen like St. Louis of France, Edward I., of England ("the English Justinian"), and Simon de Montfort, theologians and metaphysicians like St. Thomas Aquinas, St. Bonaventure, Duns Scotus, and Albertus Magnus; a painter and poet like Cimabue, and Dante—these are simply sufficient to redeem that age from the reproach of darkness.

The names of Bernard, Francis, Thomas A Kempis, and Tostatus leap into one's mind at every mention of the Middle Ages. England has preserved to this day the text and principle of Magna Charta, a document dating from these ages, and having for its first signature the name of Stephen Langton, Cardinal of the Roman Church. To that Church modern Europe is indebted for its civilization, its laws, its knowledge of the fine arts. The magnificent abbeys and cathedrals that have escaped the savage vandalism of the Reformers bear witness to the genius of architecture which those ages knew, and to its achievements, which Protestantism has never equalled, not alone surpassed. No one who has studied the literature of the Middle Ages can have failed to perceive the strongest evidence of profound Biblical knowledge. Dr. Maitland (Librarian to the Archbishop of Canterbury) tells us that the

MISFORTUNE FOR THE BLOODLESS.

Misfortune for the bloodless—that should be printed in all the public places. You must have blood to have strong lungs to enable you to withstand all the dust and microbes of summer and the piercing winds and cold of winter. Consumption is properly speaking, lack of blood; the natural result of anaemia. To prevent consumption rich blood is necessary. The best way to protect the organs is to circulate this rich blood through the lungs. Many have been saved by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, because these Pills are remarkable "blood builders"; not indirectly, but directly, with each dose. They have cured thousands of cases of anaemia, green sickness, general debility and all other troubles arising out of poor blood.

Timothy Histon, Rose Villa, Drim, Kerry, has been awarded the prize of the Union for having the best and neatest kept cottage in that part of North Kerry.

DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP

Is A Remedy Without An Equal For COUGHS, COLDS, AND All Affections Of The THROAT AND LUNGS.

Coughs and Colds do not call for a minute recital of symptoms as they are known to everyone, but their dangers are not understood so well. All the most serious affections of the throat, the lungs and the bronchial tubes, are, in the beginning, but coughs and colds.

Too much stress cannot be laid upon the admonition to all persons affected by the earliest stages of throat and lung disease, as failure to take hold at once will cause many years of suffering, and in the end that terrible scourge of "Consumption."

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