

HOUSE AND HOME

CONDUCTED BY HELENE.

True Witness Paris Patterns



2715

CHILD'S ONE-PIECE DRESS.

Paris Pattern No. 2715

All Seasons Allowed.

This attractive frock, which is particularly becoming to the slim figure of the growing girl, is developed in wine-colored broadcloth. Two wide box-plaits at the front and three at the back, stitched to a few inches below the waist line, give the required fullness to the lower edge, which is finished with a deep hem. The band which trims the neck and front of the dress is of the material, hand-embroidered in a conventional design with heavy black silk floss, the cuffs and belt being embroidered in a similar manner. If desired, the hand-embroidery or they may be of the material, trimmed with soutache braid in black or self color. The removable chemise is of embroidered batiste, in deep cream color; or, if desired, this chemise may be of a contrasting shade of silk. The dress closes down the center-front with cloth-covered buttons or brass buttons, which are used to a great extent on children's clothes this season. The pattern is in five sizes—1 to 9 years. For a child of 7 years the dress requires 3 1/2 yards of material 27 inches wide, 2 1/2 yards 36 inches wide or 2 1/2 yards 42 inches wide; as illustrated, 1/2 yard of all-over embroidery, 18 inches wide for chemise and 3/4 yards of banding to trim. Price of pattern, 10 cents.

PATTERN COUPON.

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

Form with fields for Name, Address in full, and other details for requesting the pattern.

A TOAST TO LAUGHTER.

Here's to laughter, the sunshine of the soul, the happiness of the heart, the heaven of youth, the privilege of purity, the echo of innocence, the treasure of the humble, the wealth of the poor, the bead of the cup of pleasure; it dispels dejection, banishes blues and mingles melancholy; for it's the foe of woe, the destroyer of depression, the enemy of grief; it is what kings envy peasants, plutocrats envy the poor, the guilty envy the innocent; it's the sheen on the silver of smiles, the ripple of the water's delight, the glint of the gold of gladness; without it humor would be dumb, wit would wither, dimples would disappear and smiles would shrivel, for it's the glow of a clean conscience, the voice of a pure soul, the birth cry of mirth, the swan-song of sadness. Laughter!

FOR THE BUSINESS WOMAN.

The question often arises among women who work, "What shall I wear during business hours?" Many are so tied down by their daily tasks that the office or the store is about the only place they have to wear their clothes, and with all feminine love of finery it is often difficult to exercise the best taste. All know that the regulation black skirt and shirt waist are indispensable, but certainly monotonous to the wearer. The question having once been asked if silk were not too "fancy" for working hours, it gives me pleasure to cite one "silk working gown" which elicited my particular admiration. The material was of the new fabric—a silk, but a soft material like the old surah, yet heavier and of more richness. The color was a deep navy monotone. The skirt was nothing else than a plaited affair, of three-quarter inch plaits close together all round, but the blouse was distinctively smart.

A SWISS LULLABY.

Sleep, baby sleep! Thy father tends the sheep, Thy mother shakes the little tree, A tiny dream falls down for thee, Sleep, baby sleep.

Sleep, baby sleep! In heaven walk the sheep, The stars they are the lambkins small, The moon it is the shepherd tall, Sleep, baby sleep.

REVIVAL OF AN OLD FASHION.

Among the present-day revivals is a fondness for sewing carpet rags, either in silk or cotton. Women are anxious to have rugs, carpets or portieres of their own manufacture and are saving remnants of silk, gingham or chintz as vigorously as did their great-grandmothers. The modern rag weaving is decidedly artistic and the woman who can get the best color effects is fortunate. Often, when there is not enough of one color, the fabrics are dyed. Occasionally, however, the ragnette balls are used with good results.

The strips are usually about an inch wide and from a quarter to half a yard long. The ends are neatly sewed together, either by machine or hand, and the rags are wound into huge balls.

When enough balls are sewed to make the desired article, they are taken to a weaver to be made up. He is generally willing to give advice on color combination, and the number of balls needed for any given effect. Prices differ in different localities, but usually are quite moderate. The cotton rags can be put in the tub and washed so they are serviceable either in rugs or curtains.

BRIGHTENING AN EAST ROOM.

What to do to take away the dark look from a room with an eastern exposure has bothered many a housekeeper. In city houses especially such a room may be so gloomy and dingy as to require artificial light most of the day.

A decided effect of sunlight can be given by the right papers and furnishings. Select a warm yellow to red paper. Select a white ceiling paint the wood work white and have the curtains, if any are used, of the thinnest kind of white net. Window shades should be white or a warm cream color and if there are outer curtains they should be of a thin yellow silk.

Should the furniture be mahogany it should be covered in yellows and dull blue, but if it is not especially valuable the frame work could be enameled white; to still further lighten the room with such coloring a soft brown rug could be placed on the floor.

THE CHURCH AND WOMANHOOD.

In a talk about Christian marriage before the Daughters of the Faith at the Catholic Club, Brooklyn, Father William O'Brien Pardow began in the Bible at Genesis, quoted the Apocalypse at the end, and illustrated with the "Mother of the Maccabees" in the middle. "If men and women would only read carefully the first page of the Bible," he said, "it would answer many questions regarding marriage." He took for his subject the Bible words: "It is not good for man to be alone, let us make a helpmate for him."

"Nothing could be more beautiful than that," said Father Pardow. "A woman is to be a help to a man; not to drag him down, but to lift him up. In the Catholic Church we take it as literally true that woman was made from man, and to me it seems fundamental, 'bone of my bone, flesh of my flesh, and the two in one.'"

The Catholic Church puts matrimony on a high plane. Woman owes her existence to man, but the man owes his strength to the woman. She is his helper, not a toy to be thrown aside, not a slave to do his work, but a helpmate.

"It is not fair to have two systems of morality. What is wrong for the woman is wrong for the man and vice versa. After describing the creation the Bible said that man should have dominion, but it did not say that he should have dominion over the woman. She was on a level with him, and if at first the woman owed her existence to the man, so later the man owed his existence to the woman."

God in the creation of life, she is not worthy of matrimony. "And let the woman help the man intellectually, and by all means let her have all the intellectual development possible. Does every now know that in the thirteenth century there were women teachers in the Church, women professors in the University of Padua and others?"

"Let the women help men spiritually, too. I have heard women who have married Protestant husbands say that they never discussed religious subjects with them. I do not see why they should not if they have married husbands of their choice and love, and that ought to be. A wife is not simply a person to look after the dinner, arrange the flowers in the house, and sew buttons on shirts. Any one can do that. "One of the saddest things I have ever seen was a mother obliged to support herself with the pen, having two little children, and who, when the little ones came to climb up on her knee when she was busy, would ask: 'Why, if I must work for my living, must I have children?' If any kind of intellectual life is going to draw away the mother's love, let it go. We can get along without intellectual writers, we can get along without books, but we cannot get along without mothers. But a woman may continue her development, keep all her loveliness and attractiveness, and keep on a par with man—why not?"

Speaking of heaven in the Apocalypse, described as "a bride for her husband," he said: "No simile more beautiful than this could be used. There is nothing more beautiful than woman in her proper place. The mother has the divine work of chiseling souls, and it is far ahead of that of Michael Angelo or Raphael, for canvas and marble will waste away. Her chiseling in the softest wax becomes harder than adamant, and she is in her right sphere, when she is lifting man up to God himself."

SETTING UP A POT-POURRI JAR

For the dweller in the country or the garden-surrounded suburb, the following suggestions for gathering and preserving the sweetest scents and fragrance of the spring and summer for delectation in the winter months by setting up a pot-pourri jar are recommended to every young girl who has access to a garden or the fields and woods.

Any one of the quaint and pretty patterns of rose jar procurable at any big shop will answer for holding the pot-pourri; the rose jar itself, as also the vessel in which the pot-pourri is mixed, must be perfectly new—must never before have been used; the salt used in the making must be toasted in the oven to insure its absolute dryness; the blossoms and leaves must be young and tender when gathered, entirely unwilted and must be used when perfectly fresh—not after lying by or standing in water. The ingredients must be thoroughly stirred up at least once—better twice—a day, and when the pot-pourri is all gathered and mixed it should be exposed for two or three weeks to the heat of the August sun.

HERE FOLLOW TWO RECIPES FOR POT-POURRI INGREDIENTS.

- 1. One pound fresh picked orange blossoms, half a pound of roses, half a pound of mace, half a pound of lavender and four ounces of marjoram leaves; four ounces of carnations, four ounces oxalis, one ounce rosemary, one ounce cloves and half an ounce of bay leaves. 2. One pound of orange blossoms, one pound of roses, half a pound of red carnations, half a pound each of marjoram and myrtle, two ounces each of nutmeg, thyme, lavender, sage, camomile and sweet basil; fifteen or twenty bay leaves, and three handfuls of jasmine. Let the mixture stand for a month, stirring twice a day, and then add ten ounces of powderedorris-root, two ounces of cinnamon and two of cloves, with six drachms each of yellow sandalwood and chyper.

Both the above recipes call for half a pound of salt—absolutely dry—to draw out every bit of perfume.

NUN AN ENGINEER.

Sister M. Gregory, of the Little Sisters of the Poor, St. Louis, is the proud possessor of a certificate which entitles her to practice as a stationary engineer. She recently passed an examination before the board of engineers and is authorized to operate steam plants. She is now in full charge of the boilers and engines at the institution. Before receiving this authority, Sister M. Gregory on one occasion took charge of the plant at the institution and prevented an explosion. During the temporary absence of the engineer in charge she observed that the water in the boiler was getting dangerously low. She at once drew out the fires and ended the danger.

THE WISH BOOK.

An ingenious woman who is fond of music and art has made an interesting wish book, which she calls "The Moonbeam." Its plan is based on the superstition that wishes made when seeing the new moon will be granted. It is a charming little conceit and has just that symbolic touch that every person wishes. It is got up in an artistic way, with a number of illustrations representing scenes

in which the moon appears. Each page has a border illustrated with fanciful symbolic designs. In fact, the spirit of superstition is brought into play on every page of the book.

On the pages are spaces for each day of the year, in which wishers are to write their most precious desires, signing their names beneath. There are also pages for common everyday wishes.

PEOPLE SAID SHE HAD CONSUMPTION



Was in Bed for Three Months.

Read how Mrs. T. G. Buck, Braebridge, Ont., was cured (and also her little boy) by the use of DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP. She writes: "I thought I would write and let you know the benefit I have received through the use of your Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. A few years ago I was so badly troubled with my lungs people said I had Consumption and that I would not live through the fall. I had two doctors attending me and they were very much alarmed about me. I was in bed three months and when I got up I could not walk, so had to go on my hands and knees for three weeks, and my limbs seemed of no use to me. I gave up all hopes of ever getting better when I happened to see in B. B. Almanac that Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup was good for weak lungs. I thought I would try a bottle and by the time I had used it I was a lot better, so got more and it made a complete cure. My little boy was also troubled with weak lungs and it cured him. I keep it in the house all the time and would not be without it for anything."

Price 35 cents at all dealers. Beware of imitations of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. Ask for it and insist on getting the original. Put up in a yellow wrapper and three pine trees the trade mark.

Poony Sayings.

Nice Old Lady—will you kindly tell me if the lady who writes "The Mother's Page" every week in your paper is in? I want to tell her how much I have enjoyed reading her articles on "The Evening Hour in the Nursery."

WANTED THE REWARD.

Lady—What do you want, my little man? Little boy (carrying a cat)—I want that \$5 you offered as a reward for the return of your canary bird. Lady—That's not a canary; it's a cat. Little boy—I know it; but the bird's inside.—Judge.

NOT FAR WRONG.

A girl was required to write a brief sketch on Queen Elizabeth. Her paper contained this sentence: "Elizabeth was so dishonest that she stole her soldiers' food." The teacher was puzzled, and called the girl. "Where did you get that notion?" "Why, that's what it says in the history."

The book was sent for and the passage was found: "Elizabeth was so parsimonious that she even pinched her soldiers' rations."—The Bookman.

NATURAL HISTORY.

A certain father who is fond of putting his boys through natural history examinations is often surprised by their mental agility. He recently asked them to tell him "what animal is satisfied with the least nourishment." "The moth!" one of them shouted confidently. "It eats nothing but holes."—Youth's Companion.

HIS SACRIFICE.

He was a good little boy and very thoughtful. He had heard about the great scarcity of water throughout the country. He came to his mother and slipped his hand into hers, says the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Mama," he said, "is it true that in some places the little boys and girls have scarcely enough water to drink?" "That is what the papers say, my dear." "Mama," he presently said, "I'd like to give up something for those poor little boys and girls." His mother gave him a fond look. "Yes, dear. And what would you like to give up?" "Mamma," he said, in his earnest way, "as long as the water is very very scarce, I think I ought to give up bein' washed!"

Mother (in a very low voice).—Tommy, your grandfather is very sick. Can't you say something nice to cheer him up a bit? Tommy (in an earnest voice).—Grandfather, wouldn't you like to have soldiers at your funeral?

Mother.—"Willie, Willie, why is the baby crying so?" Willie.—"I'm sure I don't know mother. He fell down and hit his head on one of the piano pedals; but it was the soft one so it can't have hurt him much."

Irish Exile's Romance.

Fiction never unfolded a story more extraordinary than that told in the Chancery Division, Dublin, before the Master of the Rolls in the matter of Richard Pelham Jephson (committee of the estate of John Boyce, a person of unsound mind), defendant being Edward St. John Brenon, of Alredale-avenue, Chiswick, London. Mr. Healy, K. C. M. P., said he appeared for plaintiff, the Committee in Lunacy of John Boyce, to move for further and better discovery of documents by defendant. Counsel said he had to open to the Court what was perhaps one of the most extraordinary and incredible of stories. Mr. Boyce, who was now in the Stewart Institution for Imbeciles, the son of a wealthy and well-to-do gentleman of landed property in the town of Tallow, County Waterford. Brenon apparently had known Boyce, who was practically an imbecile, at school. About 1873 Brenon got this afflicted man out to Italy, and there, strange to say, obtained from him an assignment of the whole of his landed property, consisting of some 1,200 acres. From that year to the present time he had been in receipt of the rents and profits of this property, had collected the whole of the rental, amounting to about £400 a year, and had left this unfortunate man Boyce in penury and disease (and counsel might say in vermin) in Naples. He was only rescued in the course of last year from Naples by the kindly intervention of Mr. Foley, who at his own expense went out with Mr. Jephson, the Committee, and there, with the assistance of the British Consul, found the unhappy man—who was a man of wealth, station, and some education—in a common lodging-house in that city. He was

IN THE HANDS OF SOME ITALIANS.

who were as poor as himself, and whose little bit of allowance had been cut off by this fellow, the defendant in this action. He had for thirty years been allowing them something like £1 a week for maintenance, but even that was stopped, and so weak and emaciated was this poor man when found that he could not be removed for some days from the place in which he was discovered. He had been brought by easy stages to Ireland, and plaintiff in the present case was appointed as his "consignee" by the Lord Chancellor. The question now was where were the deeds, and what had happened to this man who had been blotted out from Irish recollection for nearly forty years? The Master of the Rolls said all he had to do on this particular motion was to decide whether plaintiff required further or better discovery of documents. Mr. Healy said he had to open the statement of claim, and he was only giving the Court the essence of it. Proceeding counsel stated that Boyce was 70, and owing to defendant's influence, no members of his family had seen him during the past forty years. By a will that plaintiff proposed to make he left the whole of his property to defendant. A deed of Feb. 20, 1875, purported to transfer £10,452 Consols from plaintiff to defendant. Counsel said at the death of plaintiff's father there was £15,000 in cash, and Brenon had got from him not only his lands, but the whole of that cash, with the exception of £1,000, and had left him practically a pauper. In reply to the Master of the Rolls, Mr. Healy remarked that defendant pleaded the Statute of Limitations, and said plaintiff was a person of artistic mind and habits, and was guilty of laches. They now wanted defendant to give an inspection

of the documents set out in the schedule. They also sought the discovery of a sealed packet which was entrusted by plaintiff to defendant, and which bore the endorsement, "Not to be opened till my death." The endorsement, said counsel, was in the handwriting of Brenon, whose motto on his coat of arms was "Friendship without Fraud." Counsel said added that but for the fact that they had the luck to go to Naples and bring this unfortunate man back, defendant would have been able to complete a projected sale of the property to the tenants, and would have received the purchase money. Mr. Timothy Sullivan, barrister, said he was asked to state that defendant knew nothing of the package or of the documents required. The Master of the Rolls said he was sorry defendant was not represented on the motion. It was always unsatisfactory to hear one side only. If indeed, the life of this Mr. John Boyce had been a squalid tragedy, for which defendant was largely, if not wholly responsible. On the other hand, if defendant's version was correct, he exercised a undue influence over Mr. Boyce, and if he was capable of conducting his affairs and dealing with the property in a grave and serious wrong had been done to Mr. Brenon, and an injury to his character and reputation which even a verdict in his favour could not erase or efface for a considerable time. The documents referred to in the notice of motion were of vital importance to the case of both sides. Defendant must give discovery of these documents, and should he fail to do so the consequences would be as severe as the Court could make them, and that would be to strike out the defence. There was no justification or excuse for the non-production of these documents. Defendant would have to pay the costs of the present application, no matter what happened to the action.

A Boon for the Bilious.—The liver is a very sensitive organ and easily deranged. When this occurs there is undue secretion of bile, and the acid liquid flows into the stomach and so causes it. It is a most distressing ailment, and many are prone to it. In this condition a man finds the best remedy in Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, which are warranted to specially correct the disorder. There is no better medicine in the entire list of pill preparations.

Influence of Dante on Modern Literature.

Edward G. Gardner, himself a translator of Dante and author of several books of reference on the great Italian poet, is the writer of the article on Dante in the fourth volume of the Catholic Encyclopedia. It is a finely illustrated sketch of Dante, with a full page reproduction in color, of the Bargello portrait in Florence. Mr. Gardner concludes as follows: Dante may be said to have made Italian poetry, and to have stamped the mark of his lofty and commanding personality upon all modern literature. It can even be claimed that his works have had a direct share in shaping the aspirations and destinies of his native country. His influence upon English letters begins with the poetry of Chaucer, who hails him worthily in the "Monks Tale," and refers to him as "the grete poet of Itaille that highte Dant." Eclipsed for a while in Tudor times by the great popularity of Petrarch, he was afterwards ignored or contemned from the Restoration until the end of the eighteenth century.

The first complete translation of the "Divina Commedia" into English, the work of an Irishman, Henry Boyd, was published in 1802 (that of the "Inferno" having been issued in 1785). Dante came again into his heritage among us with the great flood of noble poetry that the beginning of the nineteenth century witnessed. The eloquent tributes rendered to him by Shelley (in "Epipsychidion," the "Triumph of Life," and "A Defence of Poetry") and by Byron (especially in the "Prophecy of Dante"), as after them by Browning and Tennyson, need not be repeated here. Through Dante Gabriel Rossetti and the Pre-Raphaelites, he has been a fruitful influence in art no less than in letters. In the interpretation and criticism, of Dante, English-speaking scholars at present stand second only to the Italians.

Never, perhaps, has Dante's fame stood so high as at the present day—when he is universally recognized as ranking with Homer, Eschylus, Sophocles, and Shakespeare, among the few supreme poets of the world. It has been well observed that his inspiration resembles that of the poet as ordinarily understood. His influence moreover, is by no means confined to mere literature. A distinguished Unitarian divine has pointed out that the modern cult of Dante is "a sign of enlarging and deepening spiritual perception, as well as literary appreciation," and that it is one of the chief indications of "the renewed hold which the later Middle Ages have gained upon modern Europe" (Wicksteed, "The Religion of Time and Eternity"). The poet's own son, Pietro Alighieri, declared that, if the faith were extinguished, Dante would restore it, and it is noteworthy today that many serious non-Catholic students of life and letters owe a totally different conception of the Catholic religion to the study of the "Divina Commedia." The power of the sacred poem in popularizing Catholic theology and Catholic philosophy, and rendering it acceptable, or at least intelligible to non-Catholics, is at the present day almost incalculable.

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