

HOUSE AND HOME

CONDUCTED BY HELENE.

What pain is to the physical life, remorse is to the spiritual. Both are blessings. Both are danger-signals, friends in need, sent by God for our protection and safety.

with queer ones.—Rochester Catholic Citizen.

IS IT ENOUGH?

Is it enough to give the best of life? To fill with hope the fardel of a friend? Is it enough in torture to bear strife. Another's weak and heedless aims to mend?

Life is the pitch of the orchestra, and we are the instruments. The discord and the broken string of the individual instrument do not affect the whole, except as false notes; but I think that God, knowing all things, must discern the symphony, glorious with meaning, through the discordant fragments that we play.

The world is not at loose ends. It does not drift. The circumstances of life are not a jumble—except we make them so for our own lives. Things work together. They are shaped by an unseen Hand to an end— if a man will let the end be accomplished in and for him, God will accomplish it.

LIFE-LESSONS.

Let me learn in little the lesson of all. Let me learn of the will how the river flows. Find the music of spheres in the robin's call. And beauty's soul in the heart of a rose.

Some one showed the other day that of twenty convent girls who married outside the Church in so-called prominent social circles in the last twelve years, six are divorced, four of them being re-married again! alas! in spite of the fact that their first husbands are living; four are living apart from their husbands, not wishing to incur the scandal of divorce proceedings, though having abundant reasons for so doing, and in not a single case has there been the expected gain of social prestige or of place in the world that such marriages are supposed to bring.

THE LASTING THINGS. The things that men like best in a woman are kindness, the gentle dependence on the man they love, a sweet, low voice, an indefinable womanly modesty which shrinks from notoriety, and, most particularly, a good, cheerful temper. These may not attract and fascinate as do charm, versatility, brilliance, or the talent to amuse, but the old-fashioned first mentioned virtues last longer. They stand the wear and tear of life much better, and, after all, it is not the sparkling repartee which amuses a crowded room that is good to live with, but the cheerful good humor that can brighten up a back parlor.

BACK TO BIBLE NAMES.

There will be fewer 'Mamies' and 'Sadies' and 'Pearls' in the next generation, and more Marys, Elizabeths, Lucys, Margarets, Dorothys and Catherines, according to a clergyman who christens more babies than most of his reverend brethren. Families are going back to the old-fashioned names and are abandoning the dime novel ones which it was the fad to fashion upon the baby girls a few years ago. Curiously enough, the priest says, there is not any fashion in boys' names. Year in and year out most of the boy babies get the plain names, and just a small proportion start life weighted down

However salt the cup our lips must taste, It is the glory of the warrior's fate To battle for the meed that others waste.

FACING THE MUSIC.

In all you do, remember that the trial is coming. You may succeed in fooling the world for a while, and you may even succeed in holding off the test until it is too late to do you personal harm, but the time will come when you must face the music, and if you have not been fair and straight you will find your colors dragging in the dust after the flurry has passed.

MAN AS DICTATOR.

As long as there are typewriters, so long shall man dictate to woman.

ORIGIN OF CUSTOMS.

Men bare their heads because they had to unmask in the days of chivalry before the queen of beauty. We bow the head in passing others because our ancestors were wont to bow before the real yoke of the oppressor.

GERMAN CUCUMBER SANDWICHES.

Peel the large cucumbers, cut in quarters lengthwise and cut off the inside. Slice very thin and let them stand in cold water until they are soft. Drain and press between towels to remove all the water. Butter thin rounds of brown bread, cover with a layer of cucumber, season with a thick French dressing and cover with another buttered round of bread.

AN ORANGE DELICACY.

The hostess in search of new dishes should try this way of serving oranges: Cut the fruit in half and with a sharp knife remove the pulp. Separate it from the skin and put in a small bowl.

TOMATO AND NUT SALAD.

With a sharp knife peel some fine tomatoes, cut in pieces, removing the seeds and juice, then press the firm pulp through a coarse sieve. Season to taste with salt and cayenne, put in the freezing can, surround with ice and salt and let stand for fully two hours, stirring occasionally. Grate or chop pecan nut meats very fine and make a firm mayonnaise. In serving put a spoonful of the frozen tomato on a plate, cover with the mayonnaise, then sprinkle with the chopped nuts.

HOW SHALL A GIRL WIN FRIENDS.

How shall a girl win friends and keep them? Gretchen writes to woman's department of Catholic Columbian to find out. She says she is "twenty-one and unpopular; that she has a reasonably bright mind, like company, and people, but never seems to know what she can do to win

"Twenty-one and unpopular!" It is a sad plight, if true, but perhaps Gretchen is a little oversensitive, and fancies herself unpopular when not really so. She is probably shy also, and in these days, more's the pity, shy girls are somewhat ruled in to the background. The "modest violet" may well blush unceasing for no one notices her, while her gayer sisters monopolize all the attentions.

Popularity however, is not an essential of true happiness. Friends, real friends, are therefore it would be well for Gretchen to learn how to win friends, always supposing she has none.

First, take an inventory of the friends you have, Gretchen. You may be a little surprised to find how many there are. Then ask yourself what you have done to win their friendship and what you are doing to keep it.

As to winning new friends, that is another question. People are attracted by so many different things—some by beauty, others by brightness, by refinement, intellectuality, and some by just that intangible something which says "here is a congenial soul." And the last is the best of all. It passes by mere physical attraction and ascends into the spiritual, giving a bond that, nor time nor distance can dissolve. Most young girls not blessed with what they consider beauty are apt to overestimate the power of physical charm, yet some of the most charming women in the world's history were not beautiful, Madame de Staël, for instance, who longed for beauty of face and figure, and yet who swayed the hearts of great men of

I wonder, Hans of the wide eyed gaze, You can "find yourself" at all.

Alive and alert from their heads to their heels, Come Tommy and Johnny and Lou, And each energetic American sprit, Who is up and doing from morning till night, Cries out, and no wonder, in greeting polite, "How are you?" or "How do you do?" —Chicago News.

Young girls with trim little tailored suits, and natty hats, with smoothed hair and fresh round faces; girls who ought to be home with mother and father, are to be seen upon the streets without escort or in groups of twos and threes at hours long past curfew time, on any night of the week. There is, however, something in the round faces that grips a little at the heart, and there is too often a swagger to the light-footed walk that seems out of harmony with sweet girlhood. There is a quick retort, a flippancy that comes from their lips, a cold glance or a brazen stare from eyes that should be veiled in maiden modesty. Poor little girls, not to know how much more precious than all things born they are, when they properly estimate their own worth, and prize themselves at it! But they come to be unprized by themselves, neglected by their proper protectors, and taken at their own estimate by the world.

It isn't their fault. Most of them have mothers and fathers who can tell them of the pitfalls that lie in the path of vanity and disobedience. Most of them have homes that should be their shelter after the sun goes down and most of them would listen to advice properly given and in time. The mother and father who think their duty done in sending their young daughter to school, dressed as well as the neighbor's little girl, will have a lot to answer for some day.—Bishop McFarul.

FUNNY SAYINGS.

ARCHBISHOP RYAN'S WIT AND HUMOR. The wit and humor of Archbishop Ryan of Philadelphia, is proverbial.

His ready repartee is one of the assets of Philadelphia. George Baryon, in the Philadelphia North American, retails these good stories about him: The archbishop, when asked if he did not care to make some replies to a cockney English evangelist charges shook his head decidedly. "Oh, no, no, I can have nothing to do with him," he was surprised inquiry. "Because," was the response, "he is the man who heartlessly drives the 'h' out of home, happiness and heaven."

"What is matrimony?" he asked severely. The little fellow's eyes bulged out with fright at the suddenness with which the question was put, and then he said mechanically: "Matrimony is a state of punishment in which some souls are condemned to suffer for awhile before they are considered good enough to go to heaven."

"Let the boy alone, father," said the archbishop, with a merry twinkle in his eye; "he may be right. What do you or I know about it, anyway?" In a lecture on crime in Ireland he told of a poor Irishman who poured into his ears such a tale of misfortune as he had never before known to be crowded into the life of any one individual. After listening in amazement to the poor fellow's recital, Father Ryan asked: "Well, Pat, in all your troubles did you at any time think of committing suicide?"

"Not upon myself, your reverence," came the reply. At a banquet Archbishop Ryan was sitting next to a distinguished rabbi of the Jewish church. The two ecclesiastics were personally acquainted, and had met in public on many occasions. On this particular night they indulged in some good-natured raillery at the expense of each other. Presently the archbishop, with a smile, turned to the rabbi and said: "Rabbi, when can I help you to a piece of this delicious ham?" The rabbi never paused for a moment, but said promptly and with a smile that would never come off: "At your wedding, archbishop."

Wayne MacVeagh, counsel for President Roberts, of the Pennsylvania road, laughingly said that Mr. Roberts, who always traveled with his counsel, could get the archbishop passes over all the railroads in the United States, if, in return, he would give Mr. Roberts a pass to paradise. Instantly the archbishop replied: "I

would do so if it were not for separating him from his counsel." At a dinner one of the speakers said that in the part of Ireland from which he came all of the Ryans were rogues. Looking at the speaker, who is a lawyer, the archbishop said: "It may be possible that all of the Ryans are rogues, but it is certain that all of the rogues are not Ryans."

John Talbot Smith says that on one occasion a well known and esteemed priest, called upon the prelate to ask for a vacation, on the ground that his health required it. As he was noted for his frequent absences from his parish, the archbishop could not forego the opportunity of a good-natured dig. "The physicians say that you need a change of air, father?" "They do, your grace."

"How would it do, then, to try the air of your parish for a month or so as a change?" Once he remonstrated with a priest whose silk hat had seen its best days before the war. "I would not give up that old hat for twenty new ones," said the priest; "it belonged to my father, who fell in the uprising of '48."

While Archbishop Ryan was a bishop in St. Louis, he was approached by a friend one day who came to him in great excitement, saying: "Bishop, did you know that Smith had been elected to Congress?" "Oh, well," said the prelate, encouragingly, "he's young and strong—maybe he will outlive it."

A Paris shopkeeper wrote to one of his customers as follows: "I am able to offer you cloth like the enclosed sample at nine francs the meter. In case I do not hear from you, I shall conclude that you wish to pay only eight francs. In order to lose no time, I accept the last-mentioned price."

A story which shows the Parisian's appreciation of King Edward's lack of "side," appears in a contemporary. His Majesty was at a ball given in aid of a charity, and was conversing with a Parisian tailor of world-wide reputation. "The company is a very mixed one," said the latter with an air of disdain. "What of that?" replied King Edward smiling. "We cannot all be great tailors, you know."

THE CLOUDS ON THE HORIZON.

A wealthy Englishman has a coachman who recently took unto himself a wife. A week or two later the former asked his employe how they were getting on. "Oh," replied the bridegroom, "my wife thinks money grows on trees. All the time she keeps pestering me for some change. If it ain't half a crown, it's a shilling or less she wants."

"What on earth does she do with the money?" said the other in surprise. "I dunno," was the reply. "Have'n't never give her none yet."

NEW DISEASE?

"I've just been around to see Kitty O'Neill. She's ill, you know." "Is her trouble pronounced?" "Not easily!"

SURE CURE FOR LOVE.

W. E. Grange, author of the 'History of Primitive Love,' referred, in the course of a lecture in Boston, to the modern cynical view of love that prevails. "I remember once," said Professor Grange, "hearing a bricklayer and a plumber discuss love in a smoking car."

"I hold," said the bricklayer, "that if you are terribly in love the way to cure yourself is to run away." "The plumber shook his head and sneered. 'That will cure you,' he said, 'provided you run away with the girl.'"

LIVER COMPLAINT.

The liver is the largest gland in the body; its office is to take from the blood the properties which form bile. When the liver is torpid and inflamed it cannot furnish bile to the bowels causing them to become bound and constive. The symptoms are a feeling of fullness or weight in the right side, and shooting pains in the same region, pains between the shoulders, yellowness of the skin and eyes, bowels irregular, coated tongue, bad taste in the morning, etc.

MILBURN'S LAXA-LIVER PILLS

are pleasant and easy to take, do not grip, weaken or sicken, never fail in their effects, and are by far the safest and quickest remedy for all diseases or disorders of the liver.

DYSPEPSIA AND STOMACH DISORDERS

MAY BE QUICKLY AND PERMANENTLY CURED BY

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.

Mr. F. A. Labella, Manitowish, Que., writes as follows: "I desire to thank you for your wonderful cure, Burdock Blood Bitters. Three years ago I had a very severe attack of Dyspepsia. I tried five of the best doctors I could find but they could do me no good. I was advised by a friend to try Burdock Blood Bitters and to my great surprise, after taking two bottles, I was so perfectly cured that I have not had a sign of Dyspepsia since. I cannot praise it too highly to all sufferers. In my experience it is the best I ever used. Nothing for me like B.B.B.

Dear Burdock's substitute for Burdock Blood Bitters. There is nothing "just as good."

Jesuit Missionary Praises Filipinos.

The Jesuits formed illustrious representatives for every clatter in life in civilized lands when this country was a howling wilderness. Prince-like the Bourbons and Montaneros, warriors like Farnese, Tilly, Wallenstein; statesmen like De Broglie and Richelieu; Pontiffs like Gregory XIII, the founder of our modern calendar; Pius III, who defied Napoleon; Descartes, the founder of a new era in philosophy that superseded the Aristotilian of logic and Physics. The man who risked most in signing the Declaration of Independence, Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, was a Jesuit student. The heroic Stueben of Revolutionary fame, belongs to them; while Lafayette imbibed his intense love for the classics in Louis le Grand. The two judges of the United States Supreme Court, McKenna and White, are graduates of New Orleans and Philadelphia, respectively. The hero of Santiago, Schley, was trained in their school at Frederick. The famous linguist, Mezzofanti, who is reputed to have spoken eighty-eight languages and dialects, is a Jesuit pupil. The Irish orator, Richard Stiel, is theirs; so is the great leader in the German Reichstag, Lieber. And that one who is the most inspiring figure of modern history, who, with unaided strength, struck the shackles from his race in which they had languished for centuries, the immortal Daniel O'Connell, again, was a Jesuit pupil.—A. E. Eichmann, in The Helper.

BRIGHT LITTLE ONES MAKE HOMES BRIGHT

Babies that are well sleep well, eat well and play well. A child that is not rosy-cheeked and playful needs immediate attention, and in all the world there is no medicine can equal Baby's Own Tablets for curing indigestion, constipation, diarrhoea, teething troubles and the other disorders from which young children suffer. The mother who uses this medicine has the guarantee of a government analyst that it is absolutely safe. Mrs. J. L. Jamelle, St. Sylvester, Que., says: "I find Baby's Own Tablets the most satisfactory medicine I have ever used for constipation, teething troubles and breaking up colds. Every mother should keep this medicine in the home." Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

The Catholic Church's Vast Labor of Education.

(From the New York Evening Post) Remembering the old and bitter anti-Catholic feeling, it marks a great transformation that to-day it would be true to say that the Protestant churches would look upon the extinction or withdrawal of the Catholic churches as a great calamity. This does not imply that religious or even theological convictions have broadened and that eyes have been opened to see the facts. We are certain that Protestant denominations would be simply aghast and appalled if they were asked to take over the work of the Catholic Church in New York. They could not begin to do it. Even if they had the physical resources—the men and money and buildings—they would have neither the mental and moral ability. For long years now the Catholic Church in this great port has been receiving and controlling and assimilating an influx of foreign peoples after another. It has held them for religion, and it has held them for citizenship. No one can soberly reflect upon this vast labor of education and restraint without becoming convinced that there has been an indispensable force in our public life. The Protestant churches have been and are now more than ever unfitted, whether by temperament or methods, to attempt so gigantic a problem. They lack the authority—the compelling force of supernatural fears, if one insists. Nothing but a venerable and universal institution, always the same yet always changing, could have taken her income-generating and done the material of Americans and done for them what the Catholic Church has done during the past century now rolled past.

His

Three men sat wood fire in a forest where the nine-filled Scotland had a sable snowdrift. passengers had tr of a mile back where food and dations were to or three had wr coats and rugs in riages. The for broad and c-pected visitors, health high with retired to bed. T diverted themse coats and produce o, and were feel of their tempo was a stockbroker ward to spend Ch people; one a doo patient taken sud guest at a Scotch third was a solici pair to the same fairly well acqui

"This confounde sician growled, "good three hour' the s ed, "you had bet there is no g the lawyer wisely as well make the ation. I propose "Hear, hear!" "You begin," s "Well," the la Priory should mi miles away."

"What of that?" "I was thinki an incident that However," the sp adish. "I'll tell is over twelve ye stan died. He de dently, and I was Priory. The dea lative was a certa cousin. There tuncy between t reached the Prioi Lord Dunstan est spent the days p searching in all, but none was to it seem to mat next of kin was dead man would gashed his pro ey."

"I don't confi lace doctor like met him on his f to the fine lord, Harold Dun ser." "I was of the s but I only laugh the Priory. Wh Harold Dunstan, the parish and I where the dead I coffin. His valet On the left hand diamond, ring fla "Is the ring to him?" I inquired "The valet ans master's expressi should be the c man corroborate "It is a very letter said. 'I k five hundred pou attached some va saw him without "Should not screwed down?" "No, no," Ha "There will be ti morning," and al withdrew. "This a wond "No, no, no, no, man. 'He was a man when he su to the title." "Yes," he as never seemed ver is the estate en "No," I ans tired to my row "I am, and a sleeper. My bed posite the room lay. It was long I was roused by thy foot. It co to dress, and length, in the c saw some one o of the further e faint line of lig the room opposi ed the handle valet had a smal as he stood by

Only. Advertisement for a medicinal product, likely related to the liver complaint or laxative pills mentioned in the adjacent text.