

HOUSE AND HOME CONDUCTED BY HELENE.

True Witness Paris Patterns



CHILD'S DRESS. Paris Pattern No. 2670 All Seams Allowed.

The Empire style is particularly pretty and appropriate for the small girl, and an exceedingly dainty model cut on these lines is here illustrated. It is developed in light blue and white dotted challis, and the yoke and front panel are cut in one piece. The full skirt portion is gathered and attached to this yoke, the joining being hidden by a band of cream-colored heading, run with narrow black velvet ribbon, ornamented with small bows either side of the front, and finished with a small bow at the center-back, the ends of this bow extending to the hem of the skirt. The square Dutch neck and short sleeves are trimmed with the ribbon-run heading, and, if desired, the model may be developed with high neck and long sleeves. In this case the heading should be used on the collar and wristbands. The pattern is in 4 sizes—12 to 5 years. For a child of 3 years the dress requires 3 1/2 yards of material 27 inches wide, 3 yards 28 inches wide, or 2 1/2 yards 42 inches wide, with 1 1/2 yards of heading and 3 yards of ribbon. Price of Pattern, 10 cents.

PATTERN COUPON

Please send the above-mentioned pattern as per directions given below: No. Size Name Address in full.

HOUSEWIFE SUGGESTIONS.

- Sweet apples will cook better and have a more delicious flavor if a little lemon juice or pure cider vinegar is added. If lettuce is kept for several hours it should be placed on the cellar floor or in the refrigerator. Unpainted wood will remain whiter if scrubbed with cold water and soap. Hot water and strong alkali will make the wood yellow. When washing pongee silk never wring it at all. Simply hang it on the line and let the water drip out. Iron with a warm iron when dry. If the sink pipe is clogged remove the strainer and insert the hose into it and turn the water on full force. In almost all cases it cleans the pipe. If porcelain vessels are placed directly over the gas flame they will clean much better by rubbing lard over the outside of the pan before putting it over the flame. For "orange jelly in ambush" a well known cook directs one to cut oranges in half, remove the pulp and juice and with the juices prepare enough orange jelly to fill half the number of orange "cups." Then fill the remaining pieces with a charlotte russe mixture. When both are firm put them together in pairs and tie together with white baby ribbon. ONE THING ALONE. What doth it profit to gain the world. Or madly to seek as our goal Its honor and glory, wealth and joy, If we lose, in the seeking, our soul? Whether men my life and my work remove. Or claim me a hero brave, What shall I reckon when the snow-flakes weave Their jewelled shroud o'er my grave? What doth it profit to gain the world— A rank which the world calls

proud, A permanent niche in the Temple of Fame, Or the fleeting applause of the crowd? Not the censure or praise of the world I've left, But of Him who my life to me gave, Will matter to me when the snow-flakes drop Their crystal gems o'er my grave. Oh, the heart cries aloud for an infinite good, A cry which the world can ne'er still, And there's one thing alone that profits in life, The doing of God's holy will. If only the years that are mine be spent In an effort my soul to save, The rest will be naught when the snowflakes weave Their jewelled shroud o'er my grave. —Arthur Barry O'Neil, C.S.C.

WITH THE PASSING YEARS. Madonna mine, the while the fleeting years In their swift courses come and pass away, And nearer bring the time when we, like they, Shall cease to be; when neither hopes nor fears, Nor all the love which life to us endears, Within our bosoms longer wield their sway, And the stilled pulses of our hearts obey No more the voice of joy, nor plaint of tears; Bear with us if we lift our eyes to thee, Who felt the shortness and the length of life, Who knew, albeit therefrom thou wast free, The many snares which in this world are rife, And ask thee while our years are yet to be, For strength to conquer in their ceaseless strife.

A little while, and lo, in flight as swift As the old year, which faster still and fast Loses itself within the misty past, We, too, shall vanish from men's gaze and drift Across the stream whose shadows never lift, Except to those who have its waters passed; A few more days, and what we have amassed For heaven will be the measure of our thrift.

Teach us that wisdom, then, Madonna, which Rates time aright while time still perseveres; So that when hence, front our allotted niche, Death comes to call us unto other spheres, The deeds which we have wrought may make us rich Through the whole length of God's eternal years. —William D. Kelly, in Ave Maria.

BAKED CHOCOLATE CUSTARD. Put three tablespoonfuls of grated chocolate in a saucepan and set over hot water until it melts. Add gradually one cupful of milk, stirring until smooth, and set to one side. Beat together three tablespoonfuls of sugar and three eggs, add one cupful of cold milk, then the contents of the saucepan. Pour into cups, set in a deep pudding dish and pour around them sufficient hot water to reach a little more than half way up the sides of the cups. Place in a slow oven and cook until firm in the center.

SOFT WAFFLES. Beat two eggs without separating until very light; add to them one-half of a pint of milk; add two tablespoonfuls of butter that has been softened but not melted and two cups of flour. Beat thoroughly for about five minutes, then add one heaping teaspoonful of baking powder; beat again and they are ready to bake. Dust with powdered sugar and serve hot.

OYSTER PIE. Make a rich paste with two cups of flour, one-half of a tablespoonful of butter, one teaspoonful of salt and one-quarter of a cup of ice water. Cut the butter into the flour, to which has been added the salt, and moisten with the water; take only enough to moisten, and add carefully, cutting and folding. Put on ice for an hour or so, then roll thin and line a deep pie dish with half of the crust. Drain twenty-five oysters from their liquor, turn into the pie with one-fourth of a cup of bread crumbs one tablespoonful of butter cut into pieces, and one-fourth of a cup of oyster liquor; salt and pepper to taste. Roll out the remaining half of the paste for the upper crust. Bake in a quick oven for thirty minutes.

CODFISH BALLS. To every cup of codfish take two cups of potatoes; peel the potatoes, cut in pieces and measure. Put in a saucepan, cover with hot water and let cook until soft. Drain the codfish; add to the potatoes and cook until tender; drain and mash. To the quantity given, allow one egg, one tablespoonful of butter, and if necessary, two tablespoonfuls of cream.

Mix well and put away to cool. Make into balls, roll in egg and bread crumbs, and fry in smoking hot fat.

SLICED BUTTERED CARROTS. Boil the carrots in salted water, with the cover off, until tender; when done slice and peel very thin. Season each layer with a sprinkling of salt and pepper and a teaspoonful of melted butter over the whole, then add vinegar enough to cover. Serve while warm.

SCALLOPED ONIONS. Peel one dozen onions of moderate size and boil in salted water until tender, changing the water two or three times, according to the delicacy of flavor desired. Prepare one cupful of white sauce, using one tablespoonful of butter, one heaping tablespoonful of flour, one-half of a teaspoonful of salt, one-quarter of a teaspoonful of white pepper and one cupful of milk. Drain the onions, turn them into a buttered baking dish, pour over them the white sauce and cover them with half a cupful of fine bread crumbs mixed with one teaspoonful of melted butter and a dash of salt. Bake in a hot oven until the crumbs are browned.

SKY SIGNS. Whether clear or cloudy, a rosy sunset presages fine weather. A sickly looking, greenish hue, wind and rain. A dark or Indian red, rain, red sky in the morning, bad weather or much wind; perhaps rain. A gray sky in the morning, fine weather. A high dawn wind, a low dawn fair weather. Remarkable clearness of the atmosphere near the horizon, distant objects, such as hills, unusually visible, or raised by refraction, and what is called a good "hearing day" may be mentioned among signs of wet, if not wind.

To Redden the Blood

Rich, red blood. That is what pale, nervous, weak people need. Red blood to form new cells and tissues, to invigorate the nerves, to strengthen the heart's action, to give energy and vigor to the organs of the body. The elements from which nature forms rich, red blood are found in condensed and easily assimilated form in Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food and because of its wonderful blood-building qualities this great restorative has become world famous. There is no guess work, no experimenting with this treatment. Every dose is bound to do you a certain amount of good.

Mrs. John Boutiller, 168 Morris street, Halifax, N.S., writes: "My daughter was very weak and nervous and had severe headaches as a result of confinement at school. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food has fully restored her health."

The portrait and signature of A. W. Chase, M.D., the famous Receipt Book author, are on every box of the genuine. 50 cents, at all dealers or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food. Roony Sayings.

An Irishman and a Yankee were talking about their own countries one day, when the Yankee said: "America is the richest country in the world to-day." "Sure," said Pat, "Ireland will soon be the richest." "How's that?" said the Yankee. "Sure," answered Pat, "isn't the capital always Dublin?"

He—What would you say, darling, if I told you that you can never be mine? She—I should say, pet, that I've got a nice bundle of letters that would help make it expensive to you.

Eve—Why do you lug that broken umbrella about with you? Adam—I sympathize with it. Since it lost a rib, it's never been the same.

Little Willie—Say, pa, was George Washington the father of his country? Father—Yes, my son. Little Willie—Well, I'll bet he would be surprised if he could see the size of his family now.

A short time ago in a certain town in the south of Ireland a lecture was being given on the evils of drink. "Yes," said the lecturer, "alcohol has ruined our country and has slain its thousands, but when has bright, clear, cold water caused the death of anyone?" And from the back of the audience a gruff voice answered: "When he couldn't swim."

Mothers can easily know when their children are troubled with worms, and they lose no time in applying the best remedies—Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator.

Anecdotes of Boyle O'Reilly.

A very interesting article on "The Anecdotal Side of John Boyle O'Reilly," is contributed to the December number of "Extension" by Miss Katherine E. Conway, for many years closely associated with O'Reilly as his assistant in the editorship of the Boston Pilot. John Boyle O'Reilly was in his every middle age when I came into editorial association with him, says Miss Conway. Indeed, he was hardly beyond it, according to the present reckoning, at the time of his lamented death. Reminiscences of practical jokes of his boyhood and early manhood were afloat, it is true, among his earlier friends, but the man with whom I had to do almost every day for over six years was fundamentally serious. Now and then, however, one got a glimpse of his unspent humor. It was noted, for example, that there was a spot somewhere on the earth's surface, full eight miles square, on which no Irishman had ever set foot. "How in the world did we overlook it?" he exclaimed. On another occasion it was the writer's duty to present to this former political refugee an inquiry on the police system of Australia. "Naturally, I was not on very friendly terms with the police," he answered quietly.

A LIFE-LONG STUDENT. Both of Boyle O'Reilly's parents were teachers, and in their school and home, locally known as Dowth Castle (County Louth, Ireland), the future author and editor received all the experience of the classroom that he ever had. Sixty years ago teachers had not so much tenderness for the "young idea" as they have in these softer days. Yet it is marvelous how many worth-while men and women passed the Spartan discipline of the time, and were none the worse in mind or body for it. O'Reilly was but nine years old when he was apprenticed to the printer's trade; and he was so small that he had to kneel upon a chair to sign the articles. But he had been five years in school; and in English and history, at least, was more advanced than our American lads of twelve of whom so much less is expected. He remained a student all his life, at night school in his hard-working adolescence, in Preston, England; in his various prisons, where he learned the only books allowed him, the Bible and the Imitation of Christ, so well as greatly to dignify and enrich his style; in his young years in Boston, where, with Patrick A. Collins, his devoted friend, he took certain special courses at Harvard. Mr. Collins had been a successful carpenter before he entered on the study of the law, and could pay his way in cash; but Boyle O'Reilly was a journalist of very modest financial beginnings, and gave fencing lessons in exchange for his tuition. As a mature and prosperous man, he was a close student of sociological problems.

He was the most inveterate "job-getter" of his time, and when he had filled all the places in his own gift, he levied unceasingly on his friends, Catholic, Protestant and Hebrew, for more. The instinct by which he discerned the man or woman fit to fill a given position was almost uncanny. O'REILLY, THE EDITOR. Patient with a newcomer's blunders, so long as he saw industry and good will; so generous in money compensation that it would have been no object for any of his staff to leave him for a place on the secular press, his office was, nevertheless, a very strict training school, both as to the substance and form of good Catholic journalism.

A certain novice journalist had manifested a gift which had been encouraged in a brief career service, for writing sharp and bitter things. Asked by Mr. O'Reilly for some proof of editorial experience, this young person deposited in his box some pages of paragraphs traced with a stiletto, so to speak, and was summoned presently to this verdict on them: "Yes, these are very clever, and would probably cut and hurt more than you dream, and to show you what I think of them—look!" The writer looked, and saw his day's work shred into fragments and thrown into the waste basket. "Sarcasm," added Mr. O'Reilly, "is the language of the devil." He had a great horror of the revengeful. "I could not be at ease," he said, "if I thought I had a vindictive man or woman on my staff. I never could be sure that they were not taking it out of their enemies through my paper." For himself, he was one of the most forgiving and forgetting disposition. Whatever one's faults or blunders, every day was a new beginning with him. It was an almost unheard of happening, and always grievously provoked when he referred to any past unpleasant incident in his relations with an employe.

He appreciated the devoted adherence of his associates, but he would not have them fight his battles. Once he had referred in the presence of two of his staff with some natural indignation to certain attempts at belittling his ability to conduct a Catholic journal. An ardent partisan treasured up the incident. Long after, the name of the critic came into some prominence. "Shall I mention him?" "Why, certainly," he rejoined. Then with a sudden recollection: "Oh, you are holding his ob-

jections to me against him. Go now, and do for him as if he were my friend." And when the same man was starting on a European tour, Mr. O'Reilly furnished him with a most serviceable introduction. CHERISHED NO GRIEVANCES. He waged war on the disposition to "hit back." "What are you doing," he would say, "but carrying a live coal in your heart which hurts you as it can hurt no one else." Not that he was insensitive, nor incapable of a hasty word; but he was quick to see the folly of it and to make it right. Once he saw the writer much perturbed over a fancied slight from an old friend. "Let me see your letter," he demanded. He promptly destroyed the imprudent missive which might have wrecked a precious friendship. "Now write what I dictate," he said. "You are wiser than I," said the humbled blunderer. "Do you know why?" he asked. "Because yesterday I wrote a pettish note to an equally true and tried friend, and to-day I am getting into the proper spirit for the correction of my fault."

He was always willing to admit his own likelihood of being in error in any given case. While he was ordinarily most equable, he often had enough to try the patience of several patient men. After his death, he who were left often said, to one another: "What petty things we brought to him for settlement, and how patient he was with us!" But one day he was sorely tried. It was on a Saturday morning, when he was wont to receive and revise large installments of "copy" against the next issue, and also the accounts of the week, which had later to be transmitted to the Archbishop. These accounts were before him, and a new clerk was endeavoring to clear up some difficulty—Mr. O'Reilly was not quick at figures—while three men were waiting for appointments, to say nothing of a lad with a special delivery letter. The worried man lost himself a little, and spoke sharply to the clerk, who retired in confusion. But hardly had he reached the counting room, when Mr. O'Reilly regretted the hasty words, telephoned the young man back, and in the presence of the foreman and his callers apologized sincerely. Mr. O'Reilly never liked to hear the virtuous "I told you so!" about a discredited man. Once, when the conversation took this turn in his presence, it was observed that he contributed nothing to it. "But, don't you think Boyle—" "Yes," he said, sadly, "I was thinking how hard it might fare with me and with many if we were put under the microscope as the world is putting this poor fellow."

He was one of those men most rare in secular life to whom a fellow creature could safely tell his failure, his sin, his shame. "Don't forgive yourself too easily," he said to one of these, after he had claimed kinred with every pang of self-reproach. "Repent, agonize before God, but with a quick lifting of the head and squaring of the shoulders, 'let no fellow sinner nag you.'" Ireland never had in our day and generation such a lover and helper as this exiled son. No one ever brought home the justice of her cause so clearly to Americans of the older stock. But he insisted on his own Americanism, and on that of all of us born under the starry flag or swearing allegiance to it. "We help Ireland more by our Americanism than by our Irishism," he said. "Do nothing as a journalist which you would not do as a gentleman," was one of Boyle O'Reilly's mottoes, and I saw the principle which it embodied put to a severe test in the very last months of his life. Jealousy of Catholic numerical strength had some singular manifestations, especially in school politics, and the "escaped nun" became a factor to be reckoned with, just as in Dr. John Talbot Smith's novel, "The Man Who Vanished." Of course, she had never been a nun; but mock-tribute was as good as the genuine article in working up the city British American or the rural native. Suddenly, however, the poor creature of her swindle, more dishonest than herself, offered to betray her past to Boyle O'Reilly, of course for a price. I shall never forget the manly indignation with which he repulsed the offer; and then his pity for the wretched woman. It was hard to keep quiet the following autumn when she whom he had saved from ignominious exposure was going about the city collecting signatures to a petition against a monument to Boyle O'Reilly. Of course, she did not know; but anyhow, her record was exposed by the Chicago British Americans within a year.

Woe to any man who insulted the Catholic Faith in his presence! Once at a literary dinner in New York, an unbeliever, flushed with wine, dared to speak disrespectfully of the Blessed Mother of God. A spectator told me that, without a word, but with fire in his great eyes, Boyle O'Reilly instantly sprang on the offender and beat him into insensibility. Then, as he paced the corridor of the hotel with sympathizing friends, he suddenly remembered: "I must see about sending that miserable wretch safe home," he cried. But the field of dishonor had been cleared and the unbeliever had learned a life-lesson.

Dublin Professor on Moral Education in France.

Lecturing at Trinity College on "The Modern Problem of Moral Education as seen in its Extreme Form in France," Professor Silverwell dealt at length with the present educational system of France, and pointed out how inevitable it was that such a system of moral teaching should weaken religious influences. He then went on to describe the teaching in more detail. As to its results opinion was greatly divided. Its advocates claimed a large measure of success, its opponents denounced it as ruining the moral fibre of the nation. It was certainly carried on under very unfavorable circumstances. In 1886 all restrictions were taken off the sale of intoxicating liquors, and France which in sobriety had been first among the nations, had now sunk to the seventh place. The license of the press in France was appalling, and illustrated papers and postcards of the most immoral description were sold openly at the doors of the schools in Paris. Moreover, most of the pupils left school before they were twelve years of age. Was the blame to be put on these things or on the school teaching of morals? This much was certain—the old Greek assertion of the supremacy of reason would soon prevent the acceptance of the authority of the State as well as that of the Church. Already teachers and taught were beginning to ask that the essential notions of a morality common to all men should justify themselves before the bar of reason. This disintegrating factor was only now beginning to produce its effect, and experience alone could show whether the methods of moral training now followed would be successful in preventing moral chaos.

ATTENDED BY FIVE DOCTORS

But Got No Relief Until He Used Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Wonderful Cure of A. F. Richard, Who was Tortured by Rheumatism and Kindred Pains, Sets Kent County Talking.

St. Ignace, Kent Co., N.B., Dec. 28.—(Special).—After being tormented for four years with Backache, Rheumatism, Stiffness of the Joints and Pains in the Loins, and getting no relief from five doctors whom he called in, Mr. Antoine F. Richard, a well known farmer living near here, is spreading the good news that he is once more a well man, and that he owes his cure to Dodd's Kidney Pills. Speaking of his wonderful cure Mr. Richard says:—"I was a helpless man in July, 1907. For four years I had endured the greatest torture from Backache, Rheumatism, Stiffness of the Joints and Pains in the Loins. I had dark circles under my eyes, my head ached, and I was often dizzy. I was attended by five doctors, but not one of them could help me. "Then I began to use Dodd's Kidney Pills and after the first few doses I began to improve. I used four boxes in all and now I am working every day on the farm a well man. I owe my wonderful cure to Dodd's Kidney Pills and nothing else." There is no case or kind of Kidney Disease that Dodd's Kidney Pills will not cure.

Bishop McQuaid Very Ill!

Right Rev. Bernard J. McQuaid, Bishop of the diocese of Rochester, is critically ill, and his death is expected at any moment.



Combines the potent healing virtues of the Norway pine tree with other absorbent, expectorant and soothing medicines of recognized worth, and is absolutely harmless, prompt and safe for the cure of COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS, HOARSENESS, CROUP, SORE THROAT, PAIN or TIGHTNESS in the CHEST, and all throat and lung troubles. It is put up in a yellow wrapper, 3 pine trees the trade mark and the price 25 cents.

A HARD DRY COUGH.

Mr. J. L. Purdy, Millvale, N.S., writes:—"I have been troubled with a hard, dry cough for a long time, especially at night, but after having used Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, for a few weeks, I find my cough has left me. To any person, suffering as I did, I can say that this remedy is well worth a trial. I would not be without it in the house."

"Healt"

MUSCULAR AND (By G. Elliot)

There is an old man in some compartment, a definite supply thought to be that he conserves such phrases as "strength," and "Now, as free expenditure considerable employ absolutely none, in any day, ally, there are expends little as he expends no provided he goes his system can energetic about those who give while those are when occasion save themselves persons are nat than others, yet quired by any so however indolent naturally, just can be acquire enough, the only is to expend at tervals the little If the above strange, a little any one that, as same principle hance. If one w he must spend i ness methods ar the outlay the g return. This is an age vation, so far a concerned. A c prodigiously wit utterly neglect and they expect sequences of this their amount of deceive themselves in a pool which comes stale and the blood in man it does not freely however trite th seem, the fact in fiance is often l you cannot force a body from wh has not escaped. need and capacity new matter. It principle that, me sical work have can hardly digest force into them; to these are those physical exercise; and are benefite because there is p fested by a sharp comes from food appropriated after gested; when ther it, it is merely e repeat that to ge give out energy. We are told that that we can live that therefore we a serious thing to tritive functions; weaken them by c bit of eating littl we sharpen the work, and thus The writer has al after any kind work, he could e gested perfectly. La large eaters, are n lity, and, yet, r have stomachs. T rican needs not to

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