



Your strength is as your enthusiasm. Heart-power is the divine standard of human ability. Whatever you can do, do that with all your might. Do it as if you were glad for the chance. Do it without a doubt as to the need for it.

Be Careful of Your Speech, Young Woman.

Purity of speech means something more than an omission of vulgar phrases that ought not to be used by any self-respecting person. A young girl should carefully avoid falling into slangy or careless modes of speech.

When a girl says "Gee whizz," "it was something fierce," or "You're up against it," you need nothing more to convince you that she is not altogether a lady. She may be a good-hearted, well-meaning girl, but, friends, she proclaims to the universe that she is common.

Nobody wants to be stamped as common. To say to anyone that she is kind-hearted, good-natured, willing to serve a friend and that she honestly pays her way, is to say that she is a respectable member of society, but to add to this that she is common and ordinary, is to indicate a fatal defect.

Purity of speech requires the omission of slang and silly superfluous phrases. The latter, while perhaps not profane, are often not refined, and shows that one's associations have been with ill-bred persons.

To think before you speak is an excellent rule. You should make up your mind once and for all to use only grammatical words and phrases to represent the thing you mean to say. Never say, "hadn't ought," or "ain't," or use a singular verb with a plural noun.

Most girls have gone through the grammar school, if not further, and they have been taught what is right and what is wrong in framing sentences in English.

Mistakes of a Life.

The mistakes of youth are so many that it may be wise for the young—and for older persons also—to profit by some "Mistakes of Life" that were found not long ago in an old scrap book. Here they are:

It is a great mistake to set up your own standard of right and wrong, and judge people accordingly.

It is a mistake to measure the enjoyment of others by your own. It is a mistake to expect uniformity of opinion in this world.

It is a mistake to look for judgment and experience in youth. It is a mistake to yield to trifles of no consequence.

It is a mistake to worry ourselves and others with that which cannot be remedied.

It is a mistake not to alleviate all that needs alleviation as far as lies in our power.

It is a mistake not to make allowance for the infirmities of others to consider impossible everything that we cannot perform, to believe only what our finite minds can grasp, or to expect to be able to understand everything.

The Salt Sponge Bath.

There are few things more invigorating to the tired nerves than a salt sponge bath either before going to bed or the first thing in the morning. If one is inclined to sleeplessness the latter time is best, as the salt is decidedly stimulating.

Sea salt can be bought in boxes, and should be kept in the bathroom closet, or some place where it is quickly found.

As a brine is not made rapidly, it is wiser, if the bath is to be taken in the morning, to soak a large double handful of salt in two quarts of boiling water overnight. Keep in a covered pitcher.

When ready to use add two quarts of fresh water, either tepid or cold, as preferred. If one likes to sponge in a tub, use more salt, keeping about the same proportions.

This brine can be used on the face as well as body, and it does small hurt if it gets in the eyes. The stinging is temporary, and the good effects are felt in rested eyes as well as nerves.

Such a sponge is strengthening to women who are unable to take cold plunges and find the daily bath in hot water enervating.

If you have no sea salt, ice cream salt, or even that for table use, will answer, but it costs more and is less beneficial.

When very tired one can add to the salt water three or four table-spoonfuls of alcohol. This combination is especially invigorating.

The Word "Lady".

When a woman has to advertise herself as a lady before it is found out by others, she should mend her manners. It is always a subject for a quiet smile when a "young lady" advertises for a position as a general girl, and, more than that, no one wants her. That she may be a lady and still do that work is a recognized fact. When a "colored lady" advertises for laundry work the smile broadens. She may or may not be a lady, but there is no occasion for her insisting that she is one. When a woman says "my daughter is a young lady," it sometimes provokes the wonder how the girl comes to be a lady, as she is not one by inheritance. There is no higher title than to be a woman. Let a woman be a lady and others will give her the honor of the title, but it is "showing ignorance" when she persists in calling herself a lady when propriety dictates that she should call herself a woman.

Foolish Mothers.

The cigarette habit, out at night, the poolroom, the nickel shows, are much and justly blamed for juvenile delinquencies, writes the Pittsburg Catholic. There is another cause, most overlooked, and that is the secretiveness of foolish mothers hiding their children's escapades from the father, fearing his sternness. More mothers have ruined their children's after lives by their wilful and stupid blindness to the necessity of salutary correction than all the other causes herein combined. It may be cruel to state this, but it is sternly true. There is too much rambly-pamblyism in all this sentimental gush of a mother's love; that implies a corresponding lack on the father's part.

To Wash Real Lace.

To wash real-lace the best plan is to baste it to a strip of clean white muslin, catching each point carefully to the foundations. After soaking in a suds made from white soap and warm water it should be thoroughly rinsed in clear warm and then cold water. Bluing should not be used for laces, not even the imitation.

In order to restore the oil to the thread and also to soften the color the lace should be finally rinsed in skim milk.

To iron lay a clean rag over the strip of basted lace and press with a moderately warm iron. Remove the cloth, snip each basting thread with scissors, and the lace will look like new.

Women of Pagan Ireland.

The pagan Irish were fierce and proud, but at the same time remarkably just and pure, says the Irish Ecclesiastical Review. Those who wish to verify this statement have only to look up the old Brehon laws, the legislative code that obtained in Erin long before and long after the advent of St. Patrick. These laws, with very few exceptions were found good enough to govern the land after the reception of Christianity. St. Patrick saw nothing to change in them, except the religious features bearing on the Druidic worship. For the rest he left them as he found them, and they continued to be the legal guide of the Irish nation even down to the seventeenth century.

THE SENSE OF JUSTICE UNDER THE BREHON LAW.

Among their most noteworthy features are their sense of justice and fair play and their eminently high regard for the domestic relationships—the rights of women, the mutual protection of husband and wife, the reciprocal duties of parents and children, etc. By way of proof or illustrations we give a passage from the Senchus Mor: "In the connection of equal property. . . if with equal land and cattle and household stuff, and if their marriage be equally free, and the wife in this case is called the wife of equal rank. The contract made by either party is not a lawful contract without the consent of the other, except in cases of contracts tending equally to the welfare of both. . . Each of the two parties has the power to give refection and feast, according to their respective dignity."

In case of separation ample provision was always made for the wife's future. If, for instance, her portion at the time of marriage was equal to that of her husband, she was entitled to half of the property which they held at the time of the separation. If the whole property belonged originally to the husband she received one-third at the separation. If it was all her own before marriage she took two-thirds.

Instead of passing hours of labor cleaning a greasy sink, especially one of glazed ware, put a little paraffin oil upon a piece of flannel and rub the sink. Will remove all grease. Then wash with hot water and soap and flush with cold water. Also cleanses pipes at same time.

Her Clothes Creed.

"My clothes creed is well summed up in three statements," says Margaret Anglin in Human Life. "First, I believe in saving in the number of frocks and putting the money into good furs."

"Furs are very expensive and they are constantly growing more so. Nevertheless they are so becoming to all women that it pays to sacrifice other things in the wardrobe to buy them, and to buy good ones."

"Next, I believe in having good, well cut gowns, little trimmed, but plenty of jabots and guimpes and yokes and collars, so that there can be fresh, clean things for the neck every day. I like the intimate things, those clothes that touch the skin, to be dainty."

"Third, I believe in the tailor gown, but I like it trimmed and softened. The adorned French and American tailor makes I prefer to the unadorned English styles, which are too trying for any woman."

"To this creed I would add that if I were very poor and able to have but few clothes I should make a point of having my gowns made just alike. Then no one would ever know which were new and which old. I should always wear black in the day and white in the evening."

"But every one likes to dilate upon his creed, so let me add something by way of elucidation and elaboration to mine. First, as to furs, I prefer dark furs. They look richer and as a rule are more becoming. Personally I like long-haired furs, but if I were of less height, I should wear the short-haired ones. Mink is the favorite, as it should be, of short women."

"For the street I like the plainest gowns in cut and color I can get, but I will not wear the English tailor made frock, which in every respect except bifurcation is exactly like a man's business suit. The French and Americans trim these suits, feminizing them with rows of braid and bands of silk or folds of velvet, and they are incalculably more becoming."

"The English tailor suit demands a stiff linen or heavy flannel shirt-waist. The French or American permits bodices of silk or velvet, or even of chiffon. A French tailor suit I got in Paris and have worn as it seems endlessly is of blue-black cheviot, cut with a long coat and plain but flaring skirt."

"So far it is English, but it has a becoming shawl collar of soft silk and rows of braid that brightens it. And the bodice is of black chiffon with pipings of pale blue silk, and with it I wear a fresh guimpe of lace or embroidered linen or of white chiffon every day. Odds and ends left from a worn out white frock work up finely into dainty accessories like this that make a costume charming."

"One rule I always follow—I never wear in the house the gown I have worn on the street. The moment I come into the house, no matter how tired I am, I slip off the street suit and get into a house gown."

"The change in itself rests me. I do this in part from hygienic motives, in part from artistic ones. The street gown is not so fittingly fit to be worn in the house until it has been well brushed and gone over to rid it of any germs it might have accumulated on the crowded pavements, crowded in more than one way. But artistically the street gown is also important. It doesn't go with the furniture."

Some Old and Good Rules.

To get a wrong thought out of the mind, put in a noble one. To dispel darkness, let in sunshine. To drive out bad temper, teach self-control.

These are old rules that many people never reach or understand. Scolding a child rarely helps along an inch. It belongs to the past deeds done and over with. Inspiring a child tells for miles ahead. It belongs to the present deed and the long future. It belongs, also, to the most deep and complete power of a mother over her child. The mother who has understood, who has inspired her boys and girls, is never outgrown, never superseded by newer affections. The thought of

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her remains the fundamental one, to the very end of life. This is the power that she can and ought to have, if she is wise enough to hold earnestly to the best things in and for her child.

God's Love is Over All.

God is our Father! and in sorrow's hour, In grief and care and loss, We still must kiss the Hand that chastens us, And bear the bitter cross!

We are His children, and must trust Him eye, Though shadows round us fall; "The darkest hour is just before the dawn"— God's love is over all!

—Henry Coyle.

What is Worn in London

London, Jan. 10, 1910.

With the opening of the New Year the thoughts of all those fortunate people who are free to go where they please turn instinctively to the South. Nice had its opening fetes several weeks ago, and is already beginning to fill up in preparation for the State entry of King Carnival XXXVIII, on January 27th; and as all the towns on the Riviera are following suit and getting swept and garnished for the influx of visitors, it is certainly not too soon to talk about Riviera clothes.

One of the most charming features of Riviera life is the daily stroll in the welcome and delicious sunshine, which of itself is sufficient reward for a very different matter to the brisk constitutions we take at home, clad in warm dresses of dark materials, with furs galore and thick boots to keep out the cold and damp. It would be absurd to appear on the Promenade des Anglais of the Terrace at Monte Carlo in such a garb and consequently "a walking gown for the Riviera" has but little in common with the walking gown at home. I had the opportunity of seeing a gown designed for the purpose. It was in pale blue, a color which looks its loveliest amid such surroundings. The material of the under-dress or rather the low corselet skirt was fine satin cloth and of walking length, made with a perfectly plain panel back and front and panels of knife-kiltings at the sides. Over this was a polonaise of cachemire de soie in the same tone of pastel blue which was rounded off at the sides and presented at the back that beetle shape which is one of the most popular novelties of the moment as regards these polonaises. The rounded-in effect at the bottom of the polonaise was largely aided by the tightening band of embroidery in pale blue floss silk interspersed with silver threads which bordered the polonaise all round. The bodice part of this over-dress was draped from the shoulder, the folds ending in a band of the embroidery, which encircled the waist at the back and finished at each side in front with an ornamental button. The under-bodice was of pastel blue chiffon and lace dyed to match, which was finished at the throat with an Early Victorian turn-down collar of fine em-broidered muslin. The little cape-sleeves were of the cachemire de soie embroidered on the edge like the rest of the polonaise, and the under-sleeves of chiffon were made rather full to the elbow and from thence tight-fitting until they were turned back with little white muslin cuffs that match the collar. The hat to complete this delicate and dainty toilette was a large shape in silver-grey beaver lined with pale blue and crowned with pale blue feathers in picturesque abundance and confusion. Everything in this model pleased my aesthetic eye except the Early Victorian turn-down collar of white muslin; but I do not recommend my readers to wear these collars. They have—and have always had, as one can judge from Leech's Punch drawings of the period—an extraordinarily dowdy effect that takes the smartness out of the best-designed costume. That the high transparent collar-band with its tiny ruffle such as we have been wearing this last year, is often uncomfortable, is undeniably true, but it is unquestionably becoming to every woman and gives an unparalleled air of smartness to the plainest dress. That these little embroidered collars are exquisite in themselves is not to be denied. I have some that belonged to my grandmother and great-grandmother which are marvels of needlework; but they are not a becoming fashion, and always, in one's mind's eye, they seem to demand to be fastened by a huge cameo brooch or one with a dagger-totip of a gentleman with whiskers a la Dunderbary. My whole contention is that this revival of the embroidered muslin collar is not one to be encouraged by most women.

There was one thing wanting to this Riviera toilette, and that was a scarf; for though even in January it may be too hot to stroll in the sunshine with furs, there is always the possibility, indeed the probability, of treachery in the breeze, which at the first sharp corner is apt to turn into a biting blast as soon as you are out of the warmth and protection of Phœbus Apollo. Therefore let all those who are preparing for the joys of the Corniche lay in a stock of scarves for morning and evening wear. To go with the pastel blue dress the scarf should be in pastel blue chiffon velvet lined with silver-grey satin and bordered with chinchilla; or what would be daintier still, a scarf in pastel blue chiffon over silver tissue, lined with silver-grey cachemire over an inter-

'Child's Play Wash Day' Surprise Soap. Means: To make the dirt drop out, 'not be rubbed in, use. The 'Surprise' way without boiling or scalding the clothes. It's a new way and a clean, easy method of doing the wash. Surprise is all Soap; a pure Soap which makes a quick lather. Read the directions on the wrapper.

'HOWLERS.' The following is a selection from a large number of "howlers" submitted in connection with a prize competition, arranged by the "University Correspondent," for the best collection of twelve mistakes made by schoolboys: Lord Raleigh was the first man to see the Invisible Armada. In India a man out of cask may not marry a woman out of another cask. Tennyson wrote "In Memoriam." George Elliot left a wife and children to mourn his death. Thomas Becket used to wash the feet of leopards. Louis XVI. was galled during the French Revolution. Romulus obtained the first citizens for Rome by opening a lunatic asylum. The Rhine is bordered by wooden mountains. Algebraical symbols are used when you don't know what you are talking about. Geometry teaches us how to bisect angles. Gravitation is that which if there were none we should all fly away. A renegade is a man who kills a King. The press to-day is the mouth-organ of the people. A lie is an aversion to the truth. A deacon is the lowest kind of Christian. Etymology is a man who catches butterflies and stuffs them. Women's suffrage is the state of suffering to which they were born.

Funny Sayings. SCHOOLBOY MISTAKES. The following list of amusing mistakes made by British schoolboys in their examination papers is compiled by The University Correspondent. Iron is grown in large quantities for manufacturing purposes in South France. The sun never sets on British possessions because the sun sets in the west, and our colonies are in the north, south and east. Asked to explain what a butters is, one boy replied, "a woman who makes butter," and another, "a female butcher."

Bishop Beaven Offered Prayer in Senate. The formal opening of the Senate of Massachusetts took place on January 5, on which occasion prayer was offered up by Rt. Rev. Thomas D. Beaven, Bishop of Springfield. He did so on the invitation of Hon. Daniel D. Mahoney, of Holyoke, who as the oldest senator-elect, called the members to order—and preside until the election of a president. Bishop Beaven is the first Catholic prelate thus honored by either branch of the Legislature of Massachusetts. Last year, at the opening of the House of Representatives, the prayer was said by Rt. Rev. Mr. Thomas Griffin, D.D., pastor of St. John's church, Worcester, at the invitation of Hon. James H. Mellen, of that city.

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.

BUYING A BONNET BY MAIL. The manager of a department store received the following order from one of his out-of-town customers, who wanted a bonnet, says a writer in Lippincott's: "Measure of head from ear to ear over top of head, 12 inches; from ear to ear under my chin, 9 1-2 inches; from forehead to back hair, 7 inches. I want a black lace bonnet with streamers and rosettes of red or yellow satting ribbon and would like a bunch of pink roses or a blue plume with a black jet buckle. If artificial air still the style I want a bunch of grapes or a bird's tale somewhere. I do not want anything too fancy but if you think a reath of panicle would look good why put one on. I have some good pink ribbon bear at home as you need not put on strings."

DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP is not Sold as a Cure for Consumption but for affections tributary to, and the result in, that disease. It combines all the lung healing virtues of the Norway pine tree with other abundant, expectorant and soothing medicines of recognized worth, and is absolutely harmless, prompt and safe. The great has been the success of this wonderful remedy. It is only natural that numerous persons have tried to imitate it. Don't be deceived into taking anything but "Dr. Wood's." Put up in a yellow wrapper; three pills from the same source price 25 cents.

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