

HOUSE AND HOME

CONDUCTED BY HELENE.

She had been talking pleasantly to two or three women. She had made her good-byes all cheerful and bright, and after they had disappeared, one woman turned to another and said...

The tortured wound of last year is less sore, For God sent time to pluck the poisoned dart. There is a taint of rainbow in the tear; What seemed eternal once is little more...

Maurice Francis Egan.

HAIR POWDERS.

At the seashore and wherever warm, humid weather is encountered, the woman with straight hair has much to contend with. Unless unusually luxuriant, straight hair is always difficult to arrange becomingly...

OUTLINE TUCKS.

Some of the broadtucks in the new linen tailored blouses are sewn in with the outline stitch in mercerized cotton. This is merely the back stitch used on the right side of the material, and in contrast of shades it presents many possibilities.

SMILE AND WAIT.

One of the hardest, and yet one of the most useful lessons we can ever learn, is to smile and wait after we have done our level best. It is a finely trained mind that can struggle with energy and cheerfulness toward the goal which he cannot see...

TIME ALWAYS TELLS.

It really does not count for much what the world thinks or says of us. The world is usually mistaken. Often it is so involved as to feel compelled to bear false witness. It has raised this man or that to some pedestal, and rather than acknowledge its own blindness, it goes on holding him there despite his unfitness for the place.

CHEAP IMITATIONS.

Father Pardow, S. J. has no sympathy with Catholics who actually fancying themselves "liberal" temporize with Catholic truth, saying: "Cheap imitations of Christianity are springing up every day, just like cheap imitations of jewelry. They appeal to those who cannot afford to take the real article. Christ did not come into the world to propose His religion, but to impose it, for the Apostles said: 'We do not speak in our name but in the Lord's.' It is the same with the clergyman of to-day. Some Catholics wish to believe as little as is absolutely necessary. They try to minimize the Gospel, and from such springs the modernism. We are accused of being narrow minded in not rejecting some truths and accepting others, yet our answer should be: 'We can be as broad as Christ, Christianity alone will keep a nation from tottering. Look at pagan Rome, which from the mightiest of nations fell in the course of time. Such is the condition of present countries. If they reject Christianity they shall share a like fate.'

LIFE'S LITTLE THINGS.

A wild bird's song is a little thing—lost in the depths of a frowning sky. And yet as it falls on a listening ear and leaves its message of melody earth's green seems brighter and life is sweeter all through an autumn day. The coo of a babe is a little thing—meaningless sound from a vacant mind. But 'tis the only sound that all nations heed—the one clear language that all races know.

YOUR OLD FRIENDS.

Hold fast to your old friends. You can find new friends every day, but not old ones. Old friends are tried and true, while new ones at best are uncertain. "A faithful friend is the medicine of life and immortality, and they that have found him have found a treasure."

Some Delicious Salads.

TOMATO SALAD WITH SHRIMPS.

Take six good-sized tomatoes, cut in halves and scoop out the seed and juice. Cover with French dressing and allow to stand for half an hour. Pick a part case of shrimps, cover with finely shredded lettuce leaves mixed with mayonnaise. Place the tomatoes on curly lettuce leaves, put the shrimps, mixed with the dressing, on top of the tomatoes and as a garnish around them.

SPRING SALAD

In a salad bowl put first a layer of fresh crisp water cress, then a layer of thinly sliced cucumbers which have been soaked in cold water fifteen minutes, then a teaspoonful of minced chives, then another layer of cucumbers and around the edge a light border of cress. When ready to serve pour a French dressing over it and stir until well mixed. This is often served with a fish course.

OYSTER SALAD.

Pick over and parboil one pint of oysters. Drain, cut into quarters, drain again and marinate with a French dressing. When ready to serve, put them in the center of a bed of shredded lettuce or water-cress, sift over them the yolks of two hard-boiled eggs and garnish the border with rings or fancy shapes of the whites.

CELERY AND NUT SALAD.

Put one cupful of shelled English walnuts in a saucepan, add two slices of onion, one-half of a teaspoonful of salt, one bay leaf and one blade of mace. Cover with boiling water and boil for ten minutes. Throw into ice water until chilled, drain and dry on a towel. Cut into inch pieces sufficient well blanched celery to measure one pint. Mix with nuts, marinate with a French dressing, turn into the salad bowl, sprinkle with a teaspoonful of chopped parsley and garnish with mayonnaise and white celery tips.

Put one cupful of shelled English walnuts in a saucepan, add two slices of onion, one-half of a teaspoonful of salt, one bay leaf and one blade of mace. Cover with boiling water and boil for ten minutes. Throw into ice water until chilled, drain and dry on a towel. Cut into inch pieces sufficient well blanched celery to measure one pint. Mix with nuts, marinate with a French dressing, turn into the salad bowl, sprinkle with a teaspoonful of chopped parsley and garnish with mayonnaise and white celery tips.

Warts are unsightly blemishes, and corns are painful growths. Holloway's Corn Cure will remove them.

gation from a relative who had preceded him in gaining citizenship, and when the judge asked him who would succeed the President in the event of the death of the chief executive he promptly answered:

"The Vice-President, sir."

Then the judge asked: "In case of the demise at the same time of both President and Vice-President, upon whom would fall the duties of office?"

This was further than the applicant had delved, and he shook his head. Thinking his language had not been understood, the judge impatiently asked, "Who would get the job?"

With a broad grin the Irishman promptly answered: "Who else but the undertaker, sir?"

Even the judge had to smile as he said curtly, "Application granted."

—The Philadelphia Record.

Such was the recent experience of a young man in Portland, Maine. He and a strange young woman had been going through this performance for several seconds, when his unwilling vis-a-vis staggered him by saying:

"Well, hurry up! Which is it to be—a waltz or a two-step."—Woman's Home Companion for April.

A Pleasant Purgative.—Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are so compounded as to operate on both the stomach and the bowels, so that they act along the whole alimentary and excretory passage. They are not drastic in their work, but mildly purgative, and the pleasure of taking them is only equalled by the gratifying effects they produce. Compound of only of vegetable substances, the curative qualities of which were fully tested, they afford relief without chance of injury.

BOYS AND GIRLS

a Pause in the Day's Occupation.

THE OTHER POINT OF VIEW.

To be a little girl of ten Seems nice enough—to boys and men.

I wonder if they've ever tried To argue from the other side?

I don't suppose they'd ever guess The stiffness of a starched white dress.

I wonder how they'd like the looks, Let alone the way it looks.

They'd never sit at home and sew And watch their brothers come and go.

I should not even like to say That they would wear it for a day.

They do not know how hard it seems To be a girl still in one's dreams, To feel that one can never be A drummer boy, or go to sea.

Our brothers say we're hard to please Because we long for things like these, They think it is a pleasant life To wait until you're someone's wife.

(The above letter, in the Daily When I'm a wife I'll gladly sit At home and cook and sew and knit, But there's a lot of waiting when You're but a little girl of ten.

Our brothers do not seem to know That waiting can be very slow. You see, they've never really tried To argue from the other side.

—Evelyn Sharp, in Westminster Gazette.

WHERE THE SHINE CAME FROM.

"Well, grandma," said a little boy, resting his elbow on the old lady's sufficed-hair arm, "what have you been doing here at the window all day by yourself?"

"All I could," answered dear grandma, cheerily, "I have read a little, and prayed a good deal, and then looked out at the people. There's one little girl, Arthur, that I have learned to watch. She has sunny brown hair, her brown eyes have the same sunny look in them, and I wonder every day what makes her look so bright. Ah! here she comes now."

"That girl with the brown apron on?" Arthur cried. "Why, I know that girl. That's Susie Moore, and she has a dreadful hard time, grandma."

"Has she?" said grandma. "Oh, little boy, wouldn't you give something to know where she gets all that brightness from, then?"

"I'll ask her," said Arthur, promptly, and to grandma's surprise he raised the window and called: "Susie, oh Susie, come up here a minute; grandma wants to see you."

The brown eyes opened wide in surprise, but the little maid turned at once and came in.

"Grandma wants to know, Susie Moore," explained the boy, "what makes you look so bright all the time?"

"Why, I have to," said Susie. "You see, papa's been ill a long while, and mamma's tired out with nursing, and the baby's cross with her teeth, and if I didn't be bright who would be?"

"Yes, yes, I see," said dear old grandma, putting her arm around this little streak of sunshine. "That is God's reason for things; they are, because somebody needs them. Shine on, little sun, there couldn't be a better reason for shining than because it is dark at home."

THE FAIRY'S GIFT.

"Too bad that tooth isn't out," said Aunt Lizzie.

She was seated in a small old-fashioned rockin-chair that sort of surrounded her, and which was called by the children the "nut chair."

The ceiling of the room was so low that a grown up person could touch it with their finger tips.

There was a large open fire place on one side of the room with wide red brick hearth. Here were roasted and nuts cracked in the firelight.

Aunt Lizzie used always to sit with the children on the floor and tell stories, but those about the time she was a little girl pleased them best.

Aunt Lizzie had never married, but she understood children and had a way of making them do things when other people sometimes failed.

Betty was just coming from the most fascinating cupboard which was built into the wall beside the fireplace. It

reached from the floor to the ceiling, and was divided in the middle. The upper part was where Aunt Lizzie kept her sewing and work basket. Candy and peanuts were always on hand for the many children who stopped on their way home from school.

Down below it was Betty's doll house and was furnished with beds, chairs, and tables that had once belonged to Aunt Lizzie.

Betty crossed the room and seated herself in a tiny chair. She was six years old. Apparently her doll needed a great deal of attention for she never answered her auntie's remarks.

Betty's mama had been to Aunt Lizzie a few hours before with a worried look on her face and had said, "O Lizzie, I don't know what I shall do. That tooth is so loose I am afraid to have her go to bed for fear she may swallow it, and she won't let me touch it."

"Leave her with me a little while and I will see what I can do," answered Aunt Lizzie.

There was silence in the room. Aunt Lizzie sewed, placing her threads on the deep window sill, and watched Betty as she stood on the sofa holding her dolly up to examine a highly colored picture of a barn-yard scene.

A plow-horse coming from the field, driven by a small boy with very blue trousers, was receiving a hearty welcome from hens, chickens, ducks, kittens, and a noisy dog. A barefooted boy was pumping water into a trough for some extremely red cows.

Betty loved to look at this picture, and many years before Betty's mother had liked to look at it, too. Aunt Lizzie said it had been bought for Betty's grandmother when she was a little girl.

After every animal had been pointed out, the dolly was put to sleep on an old-fashioned pillow with a wreath of flowers embroidered on it.

"How I do wish that tooth was out,"

"Why, auntie, I don't! It will hurt me."

"Just for a minute; anyone could stand a little pain for the fairy's gift."

"Fairy's gift! O auntie, what do you mean?"

Betty's eyes sparkled and her cheeks grew pink, for she loved fairies.

"Let me look at your tooth. I won't touch it, and I will tell you of what happened to me when I was a little girl."

"I had a tooth just as loose as yours. I was crying for I didn't want it out. Uncle Henry, who was just home from college, told me if I would put my hands behind my back he would put a thread around it, and if I would let him give one pull it would come out. Then before I went to bed I must put my tooth on a flatiron under the kitchen stove and the fairies would come in the night and take it away and leave a five-cent piece."

"Did you let him pull it out, auntie, and did you find the money?"

"Certainly I did."

"Do you suppose the fairies would do that now! It's a long time since you were a little girl."

"I don't think there's the least doubt about it. I will ask your mamma to let me undress you, and we will put the tooth on the iron together. Perhaps she might let you sleep in my room, and we could go down early in the morning before anyone was up, and see if the fairies had left the money!"

"O, goody-goody! I will run and ask mamma, and if she says 'yes' I will let you put the thread on right off!"

Away flew Betty and in a few minutes was back crying eagerly: "Put it on quick, auntie; I am going to stand so still; for mamma wants me to be her 'brave little girl.'"

A short time later Betty stood with the tiny tooth in her hand.

"Why, auntie, it didn't hurt one bit, and now I can hardly wait for bedtime to come."

Very early next morning two white robed figures stole softly down the quaint old stairway that led into the kitchen and there on the flatiron under the stove they found the fairy's gift.

Blue Ribbon Ribbon Tea. This coupon cut out and mailed to The Blue Ribbon Tea Co., P. O. Box 254, Montreal, entitles the sender to a free package of our best Blue Ribbon Tea. Fill in blank space whether you wish Black, Mixed or Green Tea.

FUNNY SAYINGS.

Teacher—Don't say your prayers so loud. Little Boy—Why do we say "holler-ed be Thy Name?"

Mary had a little lamb Likewise a lobster stew; And ere the morning dawned, She had the nightmare, too.

A minister of the gospel one Sabbath announced to his flock that he would have to leave them, as he was called to another field.

"How much more salary do you expect to get there than here?" asked one of the deacons.

"Three hundred dollars," remarked the minister, with some hesitation.

"I do not blame you for going," remarked the deacon, who had been a worldly man in his time, "but you should be more exact in your language. That isn't a 'call,' it's a 'raise.'"

The names bestowed upon some of the small Southern negroes remind one of those of the old Roundhead days—Hope-above Williams, Have-faith-to-be-saved—John Michell, and so on.

Not long ago a visitor in Richmond was having his shoes polished by a little coal-black specimen about eighteen inches in height, but possessed of gleaming white teeth and rolling eyes.

"What is your name?" the visitor inquired. "Gen, sah," was the reply, accompanied by a grin of startling proportions.

"Gen? I suppose that is an abbreviation of General?" the visitor, who had some idea of the fondness of negroes for titles, inquired.

"No, sah, don't know as 'tis," was the reply, "abbreviation" evidently being too much for him. "Mah sho' nough name an' 'Genesis-XXX-33. So - shall-my-righteousness-answer-for-me - in - time-to-come-Washington Carter,' an' day des calls me 'Gen' for short."

GOT HIS PAPERS.

A prosperous business man downtown tells with enjoyment of his struggle to get naturalization papers after his arrival in this city from Ireland.

He had studied up, on the sug-

Quebec City Did Not Favorably Impress Tom Moore a Century Ago.

In a letter written by the poet Moore from the city of Quebec, dated August 20, 1804, which has recently been discovered, the poet thus describes the now famous battlefields, to his mother:—

"My Darling Mother—After seven hundred miles of rattling and tossing through woods, over lakes, rivers, etc., I am at last upon the ground that made Wolfe immortal, and which looks more like the elysium of heroes than their death place.

If anything can amke the beauty of the country more striking, it is the deformity and oddity of the city which it surrounds, and which lies hemmed in by ramparts amid this delicious scenery, like a hog in armor upon a bed of roses."

Poison-laden Blood

Resulting from artificial winter life is purified by Dr. A. W. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

Few people breathe enough fresh air in winter to purify the blood. As a result, spring finds the blood laden with poisons and there are headaches, pains in the limbs and tired, wornout feelings.

The liver and kidneys become sluggish and clogged and quite fail in their mission of filtering and purifying the blood.

It is because of their direct specific action on these organs that Dr. A. W. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are so wonderfully effective as purifiers of the blood—for it is by means of the liver and kidneys alone that the blood can be purified.

This medicine ensures regular and healthful action of the bowels, cleanses and invigorates the whole digestive and excretory systems and thereby removes the cause of pains and aches, of tired, languid feelings, biliousness, backache and constipation.

Purify the blood this Spring by using Dr. A. W. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, and you will not know what it is to feel depressed and suffer the effects of sluggish, torpid liver, kidneys and bowels, one pill a dose, 25 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto, Ont.

PROTESTANT BISHOP

Said To Be Preparing To Be Received Into the Catholic Church.

Rt. Rev. Reginald Heber Weller, Coadjutor Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Diocese of Fond du Lac, Wis., has resigned his charge, and will, it is said, go to St. Louis to join the Jesuits.

Bishop Weller, who was consecrated Protestant Episcopal Bishop at Fond du Lac in 1900, was born in Jefferson City, Mo., in 1857. He is the son of the Rev. Dr. R. H. Weller, also an Episcopal minister. He was educated in St. John's Academy, Jacksonville, Fla., the University of the South, and graduated from Nashotah Theological Seminary in 1884. He was ordained in Milwaukee Cathedral in 1884.

Previous to his consecration as Bishop he served at S.S. Peter and Paul Cathedral, Chicago, and at Waukesha, Wis. Since his consecration he has served as pastor at Stevens Point, Wis.

Pope Pius' Coat-of-Arms.

Pius X. has the lion of St. Mark in his coat-of-arms to show, as it may

be considered, his Venetian origin. That celebrated winged lion, "containing his eternal evangel," in which are read the words: "Pax tibi, Marco," is to be seen everywhere in Venice, and most conspicuously, of all other places, on the top of the tall column in the Piazzetta, over against the Ducal Palace, and in the neighborhood of St. Mark's, of which the present pontiff was patriarch for a decade of years. There is, therefore, a sort of fitness in sending him lions. It is told in a legend of Pius X., by the Rev. Albin de Cigala, Chaplain to the Marshal of the Conclave, that Cardinal Sarto, in urging Cardinal Sarto (now Pius X.) to accept the pontificate to which he had been elected, and which he was inclined to refuse, said to him: "God, Who has aided you in guiding well the gondola of St. Mark, will assist you in guiding well the Bark of Peter!"

Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator will drive worms from the system without injury to the child, because its action, while fully effective, is mild.



THE NEW PHONOGRAPH

you pass a few moods as you plaintive ballad

A Journey

I resume the account which I interrupted grateful lines to the old Indian word for the propagation

We pitched our tents to the log fences of we had to wait the parture of the square

These porters, as so arrives from Portau remote stations by Mountain with a s

dis. They would that difficult pass our young Indians, tempt for the first days we would be

Meanwhile we de time to visiting an the few Indian fam their lodges around they were waiting

supply of tobacco. As our young men Louche and the gauges they could preters. These po

ties which the min against our religion selves. This was r they had learned al

Any person (no r creed may be, pro honest) hearing suc pid and wicked n

make use of his int fleeing, should m "By the Biblical S don which send a

gates of the "pure pay them large sum to what a rascally devoted?"

For the sake of think they do not k After having c

with us, these poor that they had been ing such falsehood were willing to ac

of the Faith and the minister was se

It is impossible fo respects his readers self, to relate in a shocking immorality

white men of this and the loose doct can minister which do so without reprob

however, some Cath Indians gathered the children were broug for baptism, and I

Sacraments to an o was dying.

But to successfully conversion of these and to bring them b

virtue, it is most e them out of that fo corruption. To our sion of St. Francis in my last narrative

if you wish colors

has peculiar clothes, with per

SURPRISE