



CONDUCTED BY HORTENSE

A MERRY CHRISTMAS.

May all the readers of the Home Page experience the fulfillment of their dearest hopes and joys and may they be abundantly blessed this happy Christmas.

Danger in Dry Shampoos.

The danger of the dry shampoos that have recently come into vogue are unquestionably not sufficiently recognized. The growing use of some of the light hydrocarbon or other volatile compounds is probably fraught with most serious consequences, but even the apparently innocuous shampoo powders have their drawbacks.

Carbon tetrachloride seems to be used most extensively, and the number of fatal accidents which are being recorded makes it incomprehensible that a drug so dangerous should be employed at all. Its formula, CCl4, shows its near relation to chloroform, and its anaesthetic properties are almost as marked. The vapor given off is considerably heavier than air and rapidly accumulates around the face when the liquid is applied to the scalp.

Innumerable cases of semi-consciousness are reported, it is claimed, by the English hairdressers, but the patrons, women almost exclusively, do not object, and so the "playing with death" goes on. It is a frightful commentary on the fatuity of the day.

The vapor of carbon tetrachloride aside from its anaesthetic or stupefying effect is a heart poison and in the presence of the slightest cardiac weakness is extremely likely to produce a fatal result.

The shampoo powders may not present toxic dangers, but their use is certainly founded on anything but a rational basis. A few perfectly normal scalps might have a very fine impalpable powder applied a few times with little or no harm to the hair, but in a short time the glandular orifices would be occluded and the hair would suffer accordingly—American Medicine.

Always Remember.

(Success Magazine.) To speak the truth when by a little prevarication you can get some great advantage.

To refuse to knuckle and bend the knee to the wealthy, even though poor.

To refuse to do a thing which you think is wrong, because it is customary and done in trade.

To stand firmly erect while others are blowing and fawning for praise and power.

To remain in honest poverty while others grow rich by questionable methods.

To say "No" squarely when those around you say "Yes."

To do your duty in silence, obscurity and poverty, while others about you prosper through neglecting or violating sacred obligations.

Not to bend the knee to popular prejudice.

Spare me from bitterness and the sharp passions of unguarded moments. May I not forget that poverty and riches are of the spirit.

And although age and infirmity overtake me, and I come not within sight of the castle of my dreams, teach me to be thankful for life, and for the time's olden memories that are good and sweet, and may the evening's twilight find me gentle still.

Prompt and Courteous.

A girl cannot cultivate too much promptness in respect to little courtesies. She may be inclined to regard them as trifles of little importance, but they may mean much. It is really important to write a note of thanks promptly for a gift or favor done. Delay may mean a note less spontaneously grateful in the first flush of enthusiasm. A belated "bread and butter" letter also comes with bad grace and gives her hostess just cause to think her guest unappreciative, to put it mildly.

Feast of the Children.

Once more the Christmas bells are ringing out their merry chimes, and their old familiar music thrills human hearts with happiness. It is the universal festival of all races, of all ages and conditions. But being the festival of the birth of the Christ-Child it accrues in an especial manner to children. Nay, if we honestly analyze our own thoughts and emotions, should not we adults confess that our Christmas joys are due to the rejuvenating of our

souls? We are children again, and we begin to understand in a new light the words of our Blessed Lord. "Unless ye become as little children ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven."

Fitness in Xmas Presents.

Has it become true that we are perilously near to desecrating a beautiful custom—that Christmas gifts are a mere matter of exchange—a barter, carefully calculated? If it should be so, better that we give no gifts at all; for in our abstinence there were less transgression of the Christmas spirit.

THE TRUE IDEA.

Christmas gifts should be the expression of love and friendship. True love and friendship are instinct with delicacy and the sense of fitness. We don't give to "pay back," or "to get in with" those whom we love and honor. To some of the persons who have meant most in our lives we cannot offer costly gifts without offense. A book, a little bunch of flowers, a bit of our own handiwork—these mark the limit.

Why? Because these persons are immensely better circumstanced in a material way, and it would be foolish and vulgar for us to try to rival friends of their own condition in the matter of our token of grateful acknowledgment.

Yet, we may offer what will please them better intrinsically than gold or cut glass. We may think of a new and interesting book which has not yet come into their hands. A piece of our own handiwork, wrought out in our scant leisure, will mean much more to them than some

The First Christmas.

Wint'ry Night has spread her mantle O'er a fair Judean town, On deserted streets and highways, Moon and stars look calmly down, Wealthy nobles, poor plebeians, Merry youths and grandsees old—All repose in peaceful slumber Sheltered from the bitter cold.

All, except some lowly shepherds, Men of simple moods and wills, Who, inured to cold and hardships, Watch their flocks upon the hills. Only these, and in a stable, Bleak and lonely, rude and bare, Two expectant humble strangers, Both absorbed in silent prayer.

Midnight steals upon the mountain, Lo, the shepherds start with fear What betides this radiant vision? What, this song divine they hear? Yes; these must be forms angelic Winging downward from the sky, And a thousand hosts are singing: "Glory be to God on high!"

Midnight lingers o'er the stable— Spouse mature and maiden mild Gaze with speechless admiration On a lowly, new-born Child, Myriad spirits hover round them Eager all that Babe to scan; For 'tis He Whom God has promised, Christ the Saviour born to man.

Sing, ye stars, a song of gladness; Echo, Earth, the blest refrain; Banish, fallen man, thy sadness, Let each heart repeat the strain, "Alleluia! Alleluia! Ever joyous be this morn, God hath sent our blest Redeemer, Christ is here, our Saviour's born." —Arthur Barry O'Neill.



THE HOLY FAMILY.

useless, albeit beautiful object ten times duplicated, but expressing only the money we could not spare.

As regards the Christmas gift: It is not the cost, but the refinement and opportuneness, which make your offering welcome.

Motives of duty and family affection should lead one to make the largest outlay where there is the most need of it. There may be aged kindred, kind to you in your youth, but now fallen in fortune, on whom you could bestow without any lack of delicacy, practical gifts which would make the winter easier and pleasanter. That cut glass bowl, sent where it was only a troublesome superfluity, would have meant a month of comfort to a sad and lonely old relative.

DON'T SPOIL THE CHILDREN.

Let us be self-respectful, let us cultivate fitness and sense of proportion in our Christmas expenditures. Place to the children, of course; for Christmas is especially their day. But here, again, the gifts should not be of such high price and beauty that the prudent elders are fain to put them away till the little ones "are old enough to take care of them!" We agree with Jacob Rits, that the tendency to luxury and extravagance on every side is taking the rood out of the domestic celebration of Christmas. What a pity to see children with their fancies and whims so promptly and extensively gratified that they turn away, bored, from their superabundance of toys, ornaments and sweetmeats.—Katherine Conway.

To Forget Self.

Our hearts go out to the Christ that was born a child in Bethany, always to remain a child, and by His childlikeness to disclose to us something that is in the Father, but which the world knew not; for the heart of the Father is the heart of infinite childhood, whence flows life that is forever fresh and young, to make the earth glad with simple and childlike joy.

The Child born to us at this festival came into the world to save it, and it is not going to be saved by any other means than those which he has provided. He is always with us. He never forsakes us. He is the only one who is with us in sickness, and in health, in sorrow and in joy, in good report and ill report. When all others fail us He still waits with loving arms ready to receive us, no matter how unworthy we may have been.

On Christmas Day, if on no other men may be expected to forget self; to look beyond personal comfort and pleasure and to endeavor to make life easier and happier for those who stand near them. Christ's life was the ideal life, and it was spent in labor for the people around Him, and the lesson of that unselfish, laborious life is to be learned when the heart goes out toward our neighbor. And our neighbor is not the only friend we know, but every man who passes us on the street.

"It Happened on Christmas."

496—Clovis, King of the Franks, having promised to embrace Christianity on condition of winning a certain battle, was baptized, with several thousands of his army, at Rheims.

800—Charlemagne was appointed pacific Emperor of the West, at St. Peter's Rome, amid great pomp.

1065—Westminster Abbey, London, was consecrated.

1066—William the Conqueror, in recognition of his victory over Harold, at the battle of Senlac, was crowned at Westminster.

1617—A great flood at Bremen caused the loss of several hundred lives and much property.

1620—Building of the first house in Plymouth, Massachusetts, was begun by the Pilgrims.

1642—Sir Isaac Newton, England's great mathematician, discoverer of the law of gravitation, was born.

1655—Charles XI, of Sweden, born.

1676—Sir Matthew Hale, Lord Chief Justice of England, died. It was he who sentenced John Bunyan for attending meetings of dissenters.

1683—Battle of Cracow, Poland, fought.

1684—it is remarkable that on this day eight British sovereigns were living: Richard Cromwell, Charles II., James II., William II., Queen Anne, Queen Mary II., George I., and George II.

1776—George Washington crossed the Delaware, marched nine miles in a severe snowstorm and attacked the British at Trenton.

1779—Nashville, Tennessee, founded.

1786—Shay's Rebellion broke out at Springfield, Massachusetts, headed by Daniel Shays, in bitter protest against the acts of the State Courts.

1821—Clara Barton, well known for her work in the Red Cross Society, was born.

1829—Patrick S. Gilmore, the musician and band-master was born.

1837—Battle of Okechobee, Florida, fought in the Seminole Indian War.

1863—The Union forces were defeated in a battle at Somerville, Tennessee.

1864—The battle of Fort Fisher, North Carolina, was won by Rear-Admiral Porter over General Whiting's forces.

1872—Jay Gould refunded nine million dollars' worth of securities to the Erie Railroad.

1888—Burning of the town of Marblehead, Massachusetts, with a loss of one million three hundred thousand dollars.

1893—An entire business block in San Francisco burned; two hundred and fifty thousand dollars' loss.

1894—Cliff House, San Francisco, California, burned.

A Prayer to the Christ Child.

Behold, ye season is again at hand; once more ye snows of winter lie upon all ye earth, and all Christmastide is arrayed to the holy feast. Presently shall ye star burn with exceeding brightness in ye east, ye sky shall be full of swete music, ye angels shall descend to earth with singing, and ye bells—ye joyous Christmass bells—shall tell us of ye babe that was born in Bethlehem.

Come to us now, O gentle Christchild, and walke among us people of ye earth; enwheel us round about with Thy protecting care; forfend all envious thoughts and evil deeds; teche Thou our hearts with the glory of Thy love, and quicken us to practices of peace, good will, and charity meet for Thy approval and acceptance.—Eugene Field.

Losing Our Christmas.

It is enough if we realize that riches, whatever their charm and their value, are not a panacea for the evil of life, that happiness depends on work, health, character, disposition, training, and a great many other things besides income, and that, so far as happiness is concerned, enough money, or somewhat less than enough, puts us in just about as good a case to achieve it as though we were rich. If in the chase after them lures us away from the fulfillment of our primary obligations to our Maker, our neighbor, and ourselves, we are certainly losers not less if, succeeding, we lose the Christmas out of our year, the Christmas spirit out of our lives.—Edwin S. Martin.

Funny Sayings.

A colored man died without medical attendance, and the coroner went to investigate. "Did Samuel Williams live here?" he asked the weeping woman who opened the door. "Yassuh," she replied between sobs. "I want to see the remains." "I is de remains," she answered proudly.—Everybody's Magazine.

Only a Tea Kettle of Hot Water



is needed with Surprise Soap. Don't boil or scald the clothes. It isn't necessary. The clothes come out of the wash clear white, perfectly washed. The dirt drops out, is not rubbed in. Child's Play of Wash Day. Use Surprise the ordinary way if you wish but we recommend a trial the Surprise way. Read the directions on the wrapper. Surprise is a pure hard Soap.

AN UNUSUAL HONEYMOON.

The colored female cook of a family living at the South End came upstairs the other afternoon, and, twisting up the corners of her apron with considerable embarrassment, said to her mistress:

"You see, missus, I thought it might be bes' to be tellin' you dat I—dat I done get married las' week."

"Ah, indeed! And what is your name now, Hannah?"

"Mis' Williams, ma'am. You see my husband' he am a cook, too. He am what dey calls a sheft in a hotel."

"A chef, eh? That's very nice."

"And do you expect to leave us directly, Hannah?"

"Not d'rectly, mum. I'll stay wid ye for the present. You see, my husband' he's done gone to New York an' Washington, on his honeymoon, an' it'll be high onto six weeks befo' he comes back."

VISITING DAY.

Mrs. A. was more shocked than amused when in reply to her question: "Who was at Sunday school this morning?" her 4-year-old daughter said: "Everybody but Jesus."

"Why, my dear," said Mrs. A., "wherever did you get such an idea?"

"He was out visiting this morning," the little lady confidently said.

"Daughter," said Mrs. A., "who told you such a story?"

"Nobody didn't tell me, mother; but they just kept singing it over and over again, 'Jesus is calling. He's calling to-day.'—Success.

WHAT MAGGIE WROTE.

The geography class was asked to write what they knew about London, and Maggie Jones wrote: "The people of London are noted for their stupidity."

"Where did you get that idea?" asked the surprised teacher.

Triumphantly Maggie pointed to this paragraph: "The population of London is remarkably dense."—St. Louis Post Dispatch.

The Vermont farm had been worn out, so the New Englander and his wife took up a homestead in Oklahoma. The soil was kindly, and their native thrift was great, so they prospered. At last, however, age came heavily upon the wife, and knowing that her time was not long, she called her husband to her side.

"Reuben," she said, "I want you to send me back to Vermont when I'm passed away."

Reuben pulled his whiskers reflectively.

"That would cost a lot, Mary—could buy that windmill for what that would cost," he said.

"But I couldn't lie still in a grave this far away from all the old folks," she protested.

"Well, now, I'll tell you," he compromised. "Suppose we just try ye here, and if you don't lie still, way, I'll ship ye aback to old New Hampshire."

A MISTAKEN CURE.

"Jemmel!" yelled the composer. "Yes, dear," called back the gentle wife.

"Why in thunder don't you keep that kid quiet! What ails it?"

"I can't think, dear. I'm singing one of your lullabies to the poor little darling."—Lippincott's Magazine.

SAVING THE WIND.

A highland athletic gathering was in full swing, and considerable interest centered in the chances of a local competitor who had entered for several events and confidently expected to win at least one of them. His first attempt was in the hardest of races, the quarter mile, and he was easily defeated.

"Donal, Donal," exclaimed a supporter reprovingly, "why are ye no rin faster?"

"Rin faster," echoed Donal, contemptuously, "an' me reservin' mesel' for the bagpipe competition."

CAREFUL TOMMY.

Tommy's mother had made him a present of a toy shovel and sent him out in the sand lot to play

with his baby brother.

"Take care of baby, now, Tommy, and don't let anything hurt him," was mamma's parting injunction.

Presently screams of anguish from baby sent the distracted parent flying to the sand lot.

"For goodness sake, Tommy, what has happened to the baby!" said she, trying to soothe the wailing infant.

"There was a naughty fly biting him on top of his head and I killed it with the shovel," was the proud reply.

ON SCRIPTURAL AUTHORITY.

A gentleman travelling stopped at the house of a pious old woman, and, observing her fondness for a pet dog, ventured to ask the name of the animal.

The good woman answered by saying that she called him "Morrover." "Is not that a strange name?" inquired the gentleman.

"Yes," said the pious lady; "but I thought it must be a good one, as I found it in the Bible."

"Found it in the Bible!" quoted the gentleman. "Pray, in what part of the Bible did you find it?"

The old lady took down her Bible with the greatest reverence, and turning to the text, read as follows: "Morrover, the dog came and licked his sores."

In the Footsteps of the Master.

There is an unpretentious parish priest over in New York State who has won our heart. He is rector of the Church of the Blessed Sacrament at New Rochelle, and his name is Rev. Thomas McLoughlin. Father McLoughlin—celebrated his twenty-fifth anniversary in the priesthood a short time ago, and his parishioners and friends presented him with a purse of \$2500, as a token of their appreciation of his devotion to their welfare. Father McLoughlin accepted the gifts happily. He was deeply grateful to the donors and was visibly affected, while he thanked them from the bottom of his heart.

Under his pastoral care was a mission at the Port Jervis Recruiting Station, and it needed a chapel. The purse afforded him a means of applying it; hence his happiness; hence his gratitude. No thought of self, nothing in view but the glory of God and the salvation of souls.

Last Sunday he saw the little temple, that he had given to the Lord, dedicated, and who will say that He, who does not overlook a cup of water given in His Name, did not on that day bless with love and joy and contentment the heart of the humble pastor of New Rochelle? Of such is the true Priesthood of the Catholic Church, and, thank God! their number is legion. Catholic Telegraph.

A pleasant medicine for children is Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator, and there is nothing better for driving worms from the system.

Scores Appendix Operations.

"An operation for appendicitis should be called a criminal operation, and as such should be prohibited by law," declares Dr. Charles E. Page, one of Boston's best known physicians. "I have been following the records of appendicitis operations ever since the craze for appendectomy started," he says, "and I confidently believe that the day is coming when the people will finally realize that the cutting of the appendix is a criminal operation. As for the widely proclaimed benefits and saving of life by operations to cut the appendix, it seems hardly necessary to cite the long list of deaths following the operations. Only recently we have had striking instances. The surgeons cut off Gov. Johnson's appendix a year or so ago; they operated on him a second time, and on the third operation he fell a victim to mistaken modern theories. I have kept track of the appendectomy deaths for twenty years, and the list is appalling."

SELF RAISING FLOUR

Brodie's Celebrated Self-Raising Flour

is the Original and the Best. A Premium given for the empty bag returned to our Office.

10 Bleury Street, Montreal

THURSDAY, DEC 23, MORRISON, ADVOCATES, 7 FLOOR, BANQUET ST. JAMES, 97 ST. JAMES, 1100, 1101, 1102, 1103, 1104, 1105, 1106, 1107, 1108, 1109, 1110, 1111, 1112, 1113, 1114, 1115, 1116, 1117, 1118, 1119, 1120, 1121, 1122, 1123, 1124, 1125, 1126, 1127, 1128, 1129, 1130, 1131, 1132, 1133, 1134, 1135, 1136, 1137, 1138, 1139, 1140, 1141, 1142, 1143, 1144, 1145, 1146, 1147, 1148, 1149, 1150, 1151, 1152, 1153, 1154, 1155, 1156, 1157, 1158, 1159, 1160, 1161, 1162, 1163, 1164, 1165, 1166, 1167, 1168, 1169, 1170, 1171, 1172, 1173, 1174, 1175, 1176, 1177, 1178, 1179, 1180, 1181, 1182, 1183, 1184, 1185, 1186, 1187, 1188, 1189, 1190, 1191, 1192, 1193, 1194, 1195, 1196, 1197, 1198, 1199, 1200, 1201, 1202, 1203, 1204, 1205, 1206, 1207, 1208, 1209, 1210, 1211, 1212, 1213, 1214, 1215, 1216, 1217, 1218, 1219, 1220, 1221, 1222, 1223, 1224, 1225, 1226, 1227, 1228, 1229, 1230, 1231, 1232, 1233, 1234, 1235, 1236, 1237, 1238, 1239, 1240, 1241, 1242, 1243, 1244, 1245, 1246, 1247, 1248, 1249, 1250, 1251, 1252, 1253, 1254, 1255, 1256, 1257, 1258, 1259, 1260, 1261, 1262, 1263, 1264, 1265, 1266, 1267, 1268, 1269, 1270, 1271, 1272, 1273, 1274, 1275, 1276, 1277, 1278, 1279, 1280, 1281, 1282, 1283, 1284, 1285, 1286, 1287, 1288, 1289, 1290, 1291, 1292, 1293, 1294, 1295, 1296, 1297, 1298, 1299, 1300, 1301, 1302, 1303, 1304, 1305, 1306, 1307, 1308, 1309, 1310, 1311, 1312, 1313, 1314, 1315, 1316, 1317, 1318, 1319, 1320, 1321, 1322, 1323, 1324, 1325, 1326, 1327, 1328, 1329, 1330, 1331, 1332, 1333, 1334, 1335, 1336, 1337, 1338, 1339, 1340, 1341, 1342, 1343, 1344, 1345, 1346, 1347, 1348, 1349, 1350, 1351, 1352, 1353, 1354, 1355, 1356, 1357, 1358, 1359, 1360, 1361, 1362, 1363, 1364, 1365, 1366, 1367, 1368, 1369, 1370, 1371, 1372, 1373, 1374, 1375, 1376, 1377, 1378, 1379, 1380, 1381, 1382, 1383, 1384, 1385, 1386, 1387, 1388, 1389, 1390, 1391, 1392, 1393, 1394, 1395, 1396, 1397, 1398, 1399, 1400, 1401, 1402, 1403, 1404, 1405, 1406, 1407, 1408, 1409, 1410, 1411, 1412, 1413, 1414, 1415, 1416, 1417, 1418, 1419, 1420, 1421, 1422, 1423, 1424, 1425, 1426, 1427, 1428, 1429, 1430, 1431, 1432, 1433, 1434, 1435, 1436, 1437, 1438, 1439, 1440, 1441, 1442, 1443, 1444, 1445, 1446, 1447, 1448, 1449, 1450, 1451, 1452, 1453, 1454, 1455, 1456, 1457, 1458, 1459, 1460, 1461, 1462, 1463, 1464, 1465, 1466, 1467, 1468, 1469, 1470, 1471, 1472, 1473, 1474, 1475, 1476, 1477, 1478, 1479, 1480, 1481, 1482, 1483, 1484, 1485, 1486, 1487, 1488, 1489, 1490, 1491, 1492, 1493, 1494, 1495, 1496, 1497, 1498, 1499, 1500, 1501, 1502, 1503, 1504, 1505, 1506, 1507, 1508, 1509, 1510, 1511, 1512, 1513, 1514, 1515, 1516, 1517, 1518, 1519, 1520, 1521, 1522, 1523, 1524, 1525, 1526, 1527, 1528, 1529, 1530, 1531, 1532, 1533, 1534, 1535, 1536, 1537, 1538, 1539, 1540, 1541, 1542, 1543, 1544, 1545, 1546, 1547, 1548, 1549, 1550, 1551, 1552, 1553, 1554, 1555, 1556, 1557, 1558, 1559, 1560, 1561, 1562, 1563, 1564, 1565, 1566, 1567, 1568, 1569, 1570, 1571,