

## HOUSE AND HOUSEHOLD.

## BEWARE OF COMPLIMENTS.

There are few women in the world who do not like to be complimented, but the desire for admiration is apt to be carried too far, as the following incidents will show:

"That woman," said another as the person to whom she referred passed out of hearing, "is the victim of careless admiration." Some one told her years ago that she had fine teeth, and since then she has cultivated a smile which shall keep them well in evidence. I sometimes wonder if it is not my part as a friend to tell her how woefully the effect of her good teeth is lost in the set grin into which her smile has degenerated to show them.

"Another woman I know similarly suffers from the remark of a sentimental friend on the tender droop of her mouth. She has drooped and drooped it ever since, till the lines have settled into a most unbecoming because unnatural expression.

"But perhaps the most common example of the evil results of ill-judged praise is the perpetual laughter. She has really a contagious or musical laugh, and, of course, somebody, often more than one somebody, has told her of it. And so the laugh rings out interminably and exasperatingly. Beware the pitfalls of a thoughtless compliment."

## RULES FOR SLEEPING ROOMS.

Sunlight is good for everything but feathers.

The best number of persons to each bed is—one.

Away with heavy hangings, either above or below the bed.

Beware of a dusty, musty carpet; better sweetness and a bare floor.

Do not fail to provide some means for ventilation during the night.

Keep the head cool while sleeping, but not by a draught of cold air falling upon it.

If a folding-bed must be used, contrive some way to keep it aired and wholesome.

Let the pillow be high enough to bring the head in a natural position, no more or less.

Thoroughly air the sleeping-room every day; air the bedding and beds as often as possible.

A dark, out-of-the-way, unwholesome corner is no more fitted for a sleeping-room than for a parlor.

A feather bed which has done service for a generation or two is hardly a desirable thing upon which to sleep.

## THE USE OF MOURNING.

Of all the incongruities of daily life, says a writer in the Philadelphia Times, the woman with the happy, smiling face and gown heavily trimmed with crape is the most noticeable. Every day one sees on the street, in the theatres and sometimes in a ball-room people who wear the habiliments of woe and whose actions are entirely out of keeping with their attire.

The wearing of mourning is, of course, a matter of custom, and to the sensitive woman such attire affords a protection from many remarks that would otherwise wound most deeply; to such it would mean a real sacrifice to wear the bright colors that were once typical of their own bright feelings, but many others, simply because they are slaves to a custom, will shroud themselves in crape and bombazine and have not the slightest change in their feelings.

It is no fancy picture when we tell of gay little parties attended by those wearing deep mourning, who are perfectly willing to enter into every form of enjoyment if the matter is only kept quiet. Hypocrites abound in this world, but there are many more clothed in sable garments than of another type. Mourning is very expensive and often costs a family more than they can afford, yet it is worn by rich and poor alike, though they may not at heart feel the least bit inclined to do so. Invitations are refused because the parties receiving them are in mourning, but in many cases the refusal will be accompanied by feelings of regret that they cannot go; the heart longs for the gayeties, but their dress prevents them from indulging.

Of what use then is it to merely assume the outward appearance of grief when in reality it has no abiding place with us? It is a shame, and the sooner it is done way with the better. Fashion



*Short and sweet*  
—your hours of labor when you use *Pearline*. Without *Pearline*, you may work hard and do much; with *Pearline* you will work less and do more.

*Pearline* saves your clothes in the wash, and your temper in the washing. It is the continual rub, rub, rubbing, over a washboard in the old way with soap, that wears your clothes and makes hard work.

*Pearline* is the new way, and does away with the rubbing. It is as safe as it is sure; be sure to get *Pearline*—nothing else, and you will be safe.

Beware of imitations. 242 JAMES PYLE, N.Y.

and custom, mighty dictators of the feminine world, are responsible for many deceptions, but the grossest of all the sins committed in their name is the hypocrisy of mourning.

## SOME OF BACON'S MAXIMS.

Many of the maxims of Bacon are worthy of a wider circulation:

He who builds a fair house upon an ill seat commits himself to prison.

Fame is like a river, that heave up things light and swollen, and drowns things weighty and solid.

Anger is like rain, that breaks itself upon what it falls.

Happy he who dies ere he calls on death.

Lock and key will scarce keep secure that which pleases everybody.

They live ill who think to live forever.

He of whom many are afraid ought himself to fear many.

Much bending breaks the bow; much unbending the mind.

He sleeps well who is not conscious that he sleeps ill.

Do not suppose that you are hurt and your complaint ceases; cease your complaint, and you are not hurt.

## PERFECT SATISFACTION.

GENTLEMEN,—I have found B. B. B. an excellent remedy, both as a blood purifier and general family medicine. I was for a long time troubled with sick headache and heartburn, and tried a bottle, which gave me such perfect satisfaction that I have since then used it as our family medicine. E. Bailey, North Bay, Ont.

Oh, happy day when we can exclaim with St. Francis, "I have no longer any eyes for creatures. My soul cries unceasingly to God its Creator. Neither heaven nor earth possesses anything which has any sweetness for me. All has faded away before the love of Christ."

## IT HAS BEEN PROVED.

It has been proved over and over again that Burdock Blood Bitters cures dyspepsia, constipation, biliousness, headache, scrofula, and all diseases of the stomach, liver and bowels. Try it. Every bottle is guaranteed to benefit or cure when taken according to directions.

As the rivers lose themselves in the ocean, so may we lose self and sin in the inexhaustible ocean of a Saviour's love.

## MY LITTLE BOY.

GENTLEMEN,—My little boy had a severe hacking cough and could not sleep at night. I tried Hagar's Pectoral Balsam and it cured him very quickly. Mrs. J. Hackett, Linwood, Ont.

Love cannot be idle; he who loves God cannot live without giving Him continual marks of affection.

## A SIMPLE WAY TO HELP POOR CATHOLIC MISSIONS.

Save all cancelled postage stamps of every kind and country and send them to Rev. P. M. Barral, Hammononton, New Jersey, U. S. Give at once your address, and you will receive with the necessary explanations a nice Souvenir of Hammononton Missions. 84-g

## YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

## GETTING A BOY A JOB.

"Did you ever try to get a boy a job?" said a friend the other day. He added:

"If you ever did, you will appreciate what I am about to tell you. It is the meanest thing in the world to try to help a boy to a place. I had a likely youngster on my string a week or two ago, and we went hand in hand to fifteen or twenty different places.

"The firm sized the lad up and remarked that he was too young.

"The second said that he was too old.

"The third that he was too small.

"The fourth that he looked sickly."

"And did you get him a place finally?" said the friend.

"I did not. And, what's more, I doubt if any one could have gotten him one. The fact is there are few places open to a lad these days. There are fully one hundred thousand men out of work in New York all the time. If this is so what hope is there for the boys? Mighty little."

"Why not start him as a messenger boy?"

"There are fully ten thousand applications ahead already."

"Why not send your boy out West?"

"He has no money."

"Why not start him in a trade?"

"He wouldn't earn anything, and in my case money is of first importance. I tell you it is mighty hard lines for a boy to try to get a job in Gotham."

"Yes, or a man either for that matter."

## SAVED BY HIS DOG

It was an ugly cur, of the kind which you see in alleys and waste lots, feeding on garbage. Wag did not feed on garbage. The gatekeeper's wife at the prison was a kind-hearted Irish woman, who fed him well.

"He's none of mine, zur," she said to the warden. "He come one day with the wife of one of the prisoners, an' he crept in with her, an' saw his master just behind the bars, an' here he's stayed ever since. She couldn't get him away. He knows John here," she says to me, "an' he's waitin' for him to come out."

"He's an ill-conditioned cur," said Mr. Botts. "Such dogs ought to be shot. They're no good to anybody."

"But he plays with the children, zur."

She did not tell the warden that Wag tried to get into the prison whenever the doors were opened, and howled when kicked out. But his faithful devotion to the poor wretch who owned him touched Mrs. Clancy's warm Irish heart.

"I was God made the baste. He must have a use for him," she said, as the warden went on to the prison.

John's wife, "a weak little body, with a big spirit in her," according to Mrs. Clancy, came no more to the prison. She sold the little house they owned in Kensington, and going to an obscure New Jersey village, bought a patch of ground, cultivated it, and made a home for her husband when he should come out.

"Nobody knows you here," she wrote. "Nobody will know of the slip you made. You can begin afresh. A good carpenter is much needed, and I have all your tools."

It seemed the best course to her, but it would have been wiser if she had stayed in town and kept up her influence over him. He was in the companionship of thieves and drunkards, worse men than himself. It was easy for them to persuade him that the chance of a decent life was over for him in the world. Their horizon included only guilt and misery, and he was living in it with them.

His term of imprisonment was for three years, but on account of his good conduct he was discharged a few months earlier. Mary, his wife, did not know this. But his comrades in the prison knew it. Two of them, who were discharged a week earlier, arranged to meet him as soon as he came out.

It was in the evening when he laid off his convict garb and resumed the clothes he had worn outside. There was a society in the city for the care of discharged prisoners. The agent spoke to him a few hopeful, kind words, and gave him a ticket to carry him to the town where Mary lived.

"You'll find your wife there, and a new home," he said. "Begin a new life, with God's help."

John walked down the corridor, and across the prison yard, with no hope in his heart. It was long since he had seen his wife. She could not love a miserable

juil-bird! He would not go to this place, where she was respected, to disgrace her! He would not bring a taint on his baby girl!

The men were waiting for him across the way. He had no mind to go to stealing, or to any kind of crime, but a few days' hard drinking, or a plunge in the river would end it all and take him out of everybody's way!

The gate unclosed. He passed through and was a free man again. In a street not far away was a brightly lighted drinking shop. His comrades were there. He stopped, looked at the ticket in his hand, and then—crossed the street to join them.

Just at this moment a dog rushed out of the jail gate, and jumped on him, barking, licking his hand, fairly mad with joy.

The poor prisoner stopped, trembling from head to foot. "Why, it's Wag!" he said. "It's poor old Wag!"

With the sight of the dog came back his home that he had disgraced and ruined; Mary, and the baby in its cradle. A sick longing filled his heart to see them again.

"It's my wife, it's my little girl!" he thought. He stood irresolute a minute, and then walked hastily to the station.

"Come, Wag, we'll go home," he said.

This is a true story. John Dash is living now, an honest citizen, and the old dog still sleeps on his hearth. The gatekeeper's wife was not wrong when she said that God has a use for all things that He has made. Even a poor cur may help, with its faithful love to save a life.

Virtuous men are sometimes more disturbed and their spiritual progress more retarded by straws and trifles than others are harmed by things of great importance.

Pride dries the tears of anger and vexation; humility those of grief. The one is indignant that we should suffer, the other calms us by the reminder that we deserve nothing else.—Madame Switchine.

## FOR FROST BITES.

SIRS,—For chapped hands, sore throat and frost bites I find nothing excels Hagar's Yellow Oil. I had my feet frozen three years ago and obtained no relief until I used Hagar's Yellow Oil, which soon healed up the frozen parts. Chas. Longmuir, Alameda, N. W. T.

Montreal, November 1891. I was suffering for three months from an obstinate cough, pricking in my throat, night sweats and a general debility, which caused me to fear consumption of the throat. I am now perfectly well, and owe my cure to Dr. Lavolette's Syrup of Turpentine. I took four small bottles of 25 cents each. FELIX SAUVAGEAU, General Contractor, No. 179 St. Antoine Street.

MONTREAL, 20th February, 1892.—J. G. Lavolette, Esq., M.D., No. 217 Commissioners street. Sir,—I suffered for 23 years from a severe bronchitis and oppression which I had caught during the Franco-Prussian war. I made use in France and Canada of many important remedies, but unavailing. I am now completely cured after having used 4 bottles of your Syrup of Turpentine. I am happy to give you this testimonial, and hope, for the good of humanity, your syrup may become known everywhere. AUGUSTE BOUWEN, Advertising Agent for "Le National."

MONTREAL, 13th December, 1890. I, the undersigned, do certify that Dr. Lavolette's Syrup of Turpentine, which I am using for some time, is the only remedy that has given me a notable relief from "Asthma," a disease from which I have been a sufferer for many years, and which had become so very serious as to require my dispensation from occupation of any kind. I have been treated by several physicians abroad, but without the slightest result; and do here state that the progressive improvement which is daily taking place in my health by the use of this Syrup gives me entire confidence in a radical cure. SIXTEEN OCTAVIEN, Sister of Charity of the Providence, corner of Fullum and St. Catherine Sts.

PROVIDENCE ASYLUM, corner St. Hubert and St. Catherine Streets. I consider it my duty to certify that, being a sufferer from Chronic Bronchitis since over 22 years, the use of Doctor Lavolette's Syrup of Turpentine has given me a great relief. The cough has diminished and sleep has returned gradually. SISTER THOMAS CONSIST, Sister of Charity of the Providence.

**W. J. Burke,**  
**DISPENSING CHEMIST**

107 Colborne Street,

[Near Ottawa Street.]

Always on hand, an assortment of pure Drugs and Chemicals; also a choice assortment of Perfumery and Toilet Articles.

Prescriptions a Specialty.