

WOMEN'S DEPARTMENT.

Conducted by HELENE.

The beautiful feast of the Immaculate Conception will have dawned ere this issue reaches the majority of our readers. It will be our privilege as well as our happiness to be able with the fullest liberty to enjoy all this day brings and honor the Virgin queen as is her due. Much has been said and written in her praise, and great homage will be paid her on this, the fiftieth anniversary of the promulgation of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, but it is for us here in the grand old "City of Mary," so designated in the long ago, when the valiant pioneer in the almost impenetrable wilds of this new country placed it under Mary's loving protection, to unite our voices to the countless thousands which will arise on this day, and let there be borne from as many loving hearts direct to Mary's feet—so near the great white throne—the prayerful harmonies, of the ever-glorious Magnificat.

FASHIONS.

We notice a particular style in sleeves each season. There is at present a revival of the leg-o'-mutton. Sleeves are rather wide at the shoulder, giving a square effect to the shoulders, with no longer a suspicion of the 1830 droop. The lower part fits tightly with the puff above the elbow. A tasteful arrangement of trimming will relieve any idea of severity. Fabrics are a soft as a rule. Chiffon velvet is a general choice. The brown tones in this material are exquisite. In the cloths broadcloth, always so elegant, is much in favor, and even for evening gowns we find white or any of the light tinted cloths, with eyelet embroidery much in evidence, being greatly adapted. The high crowned hat has replaced the noticeably flat one of the past season. Wings, ostrich tips and birds of paradise form the sole ornament. White gloves seem to have been replaced by those of pale tints. Tans are worn with black gowns as well as with those of their own color. A rather coquettish style is the chiffon veil loosely brought round the hat and tied faintly under the chin; but there must be the knack of putting it on and the "right" person must wear it, else its chic effect is lost.

Even in leather goods, tan, russet and "burnt" brown shades are leading; and lovely dressing cases, handbags, purses, cardcases and belts are shown in tan and russet, mounted with silver or nickel and lined with the same shade in kid or heavy silk moire.

A pretty evening blouse is made full baby waist of crepe de chine, having deep rounded yoke of broderie d'Anglaise with small in-set yoke of imitation Irish crochet lace. The sleeves, which are very full, are tied below the elbows with black velvet ribbon.

Another chic model is made up in voile. A very small piping of velvet outlines the yoke of lace, and narrow Valenciennes lace is gathered full to form the tab.

A severely plain blouse for everyday wear is one made up in dark blue serge or flannel, with fine checked green and blue silk trimmings and belt and having for a finish gilt buttons.

A cute coat for a child from four to eight years is made of broadcloth and trimmed with stitched bands. It is cut circular; the back has a narrower yoke than the front, and has a wide box-pleat down the centre.

A dress for a mite of two years is made in Mother Hubbard style trimmed with scalloped yoke embroidered in French knots.

TIMELY HINTS.

Rub curtain poles with a piece of old flannel dipped in kerosene, and the rings will slip more easily.

If half a drop of medicine is to be given to a child, pour out one drop and add another drop of water, and give the infant one drop,—or half this quantity.

A newspaper is preferable to tea leaves when sweeping a carpet. Have it entirely damp and then tear in small pieces, crumple up in the hand and scatter over the floor.

Should your soup be too salty, add a sliced raw potato and cook a few moments longer, as the potato will absorb the surplus salt.

Coffee and tea will be found to be greatly improved in flavor if kept in earthenware or china jars instead of tin boxes.

Salt in the oven under baking tins will prevent pastry scorching on the bottom.

There are five rules or maxims to be thought of in broiling. They are these:

Salt and pepper your meat before you put it over the fire.

Regulate your fire to the thickness of your steak—a quick fire for a thin steak, a slow fire for a thick one.

The flame must never touch the meat.

Never put a fork into the meat to test its rareness.

Serve it with melted butter poured over it as soon as it comes from the fire.

Starches of various colors, such as pink, green and heliotrope, can now be had, and are useful in doing up muslins and prints. They are made in the usual way, only, where a pale shade is required, a certain amount of white starch must be used along with the other.

When irons are taken from the fire they should be rubbed up and down on a little finely powdered bathbrick dust, spread on a pad of several thicknesses of brown paper (if this is kept in a box it will prevent the dust from flying about); then rub them on a coarse cloth, on which a little beeswax or a piece of candle end has been shred, to make the iron run smoothly; and, finally, dust not only the bottom, but the sides and top as well.

A good device to save washing comforters and quilts is to baste across the top end a facing, a quarter of a yard wide or more of cheesecloth or other material. The facing may be taken off and washed frequently. This also keeps the bedding from wearing out.

To clean a clock lay a rag well saturated with kerosene oil in the bottom of it. The fumes will soften the dirt, and it will drop out. After a few days this should be removed and another saturated rag placed in the clock, the fumes of which will lubricate the works.

In making down pillows go over the wrong side of the case with an iron rubbed well with beeswax each time it is applied to the cloth, to prevent the down working through the cloth.

If the oven is too hot in baking cake or bread, set a basin of water in the oven and the food will be kept from scorching.

A little salt and vinegar will clean thoroughly all metal saucepans and copper kettles. A copper or brass dish must be finished (after using salt) with a little sand soap and cloths, so as to leave no sign of the salt behind.

SPOILED CHILDREN.

When the mother's activity is an excuse for the daughter's laziness, when the mother's fond "softness" is responsible for the hardness and impertinence of a child, all sense of duty has become so lax that both sides sin unconsciously, irresponsibly. When impudence is "smartness" and disobedience is "spunk," how is one to look for exact definitions of filial virtue? The Commandment says to the child: "Thou shalt honor thy father and thy mother;" the parents say, in effect, "Thou shalt not."

That clever observer, Dorothy Dix, declares that she knows but one obedient, mannerly, respectful child in her home city, and that city New Orleans, the old French cap of the once famed southern courtesies. "The old idea that children should be seen and not heard is as extinct as the dodo. So are the respectful deferential little gentleman and ladies that theory produced. Indeed, so far from the youngsters occupying a back seat and listening to the discourse of their elders they take the centre of the stage and monopolize the conversation, while their enraptured parents egg them on. There isn't a child of seven who would hesitate to interrupt the most learned and distinguished person in the community, nor a father and mother who wouldn't think how delighted everybody must be at the privilege of hearing little Johnny speak. In one family that I know, when the oracle, a little girl of 7, opens her mouth, a tense whisper runs round the room, 'Sh-sh-shsh, Mabel is going to speak,' and everybody 'Sh-sh-shsh.'

Every day I see well dressed children mocking and taunting helpless age on the streets; I see children keep their seats while feeble old women stand; I hear them speak to

their mothers with insulting insolence; I see them brutish as pigs, selfishly gobbling the best of everything without even manners enough to say 'I thank you,' and I wonder what is to become of the race of hoodlums that respectable people are rearing. I speak to children who do not even give me a courteous 'good-day,' or trouble to answer my question. Every one of us have visits from women with children who break and destroy our furniture until, when they leave, the house looks like it had been through a cyclone, yet these children's mothers never make the slightest effort to make them behave. Who is to blame? The parents, every time. The human race starts out with aboriginal savagery in every child that is born, and it is the parents' place to civilize the little bits of barbarism they brought into the world."

REMEMBER IN A SICK ROOM.

That medicine bottles should be kept out of sight.

That garrulous friends should be treated in the same wise fashion.

That a rubber ice-bag is as useful as a hot water bag.

That everything about the room should be scrupulously clean.

That it is sometimes safer to humor sick people than to argue with them.

That rapid recovery from illness often depends more upon nourishing food than upon medicine.

That sweet-smelling flowers should never be permitted in a room where there is a very sick person.

That both light and ventilation can be regulated by placing a tall screen between the bed and window.

THE MOTHER'S TASK.

"I have done nothing to-day but keep things straight in the house," you say wearily at the close of the day. Do you call that nothing? Nothing that your children are healthy and happy, secured from harmful influence? Nothing that order and thrift and wholesome food follow the touch of your finger tips? Nothing that beauty in the place of ugliness meets the eyes of your children? Nothing that home to them means home, and will always mean that, to the end of life, whatsoever life's vicissitudes? Oh, careworn woman! is all this nothing? Is it nothing that over against your sometime mistakes and sometime discouragements shall be written, "She hath done what she could?"—Fanny Fern.

CAN YOU BOIL WATER?

To boil water would seem to be a very simple thing, and yet the late Charles Delmonico used to say that very few people knew how to do it. "The secret is," he said, "in putting good fresh water into a neat kettle, already quite warm, and setting the water to boiling quite quickly, and then taking it right off for use in tea, coffee, or other drinks before it is spoiled. To let it steam and simmer and evaporate until the good water is in the atmosphere and the lime and iron and dregs only left in the kettle is what makes a great many people sick, and it is worse than no water at all." Water boiled like this and flavored with a few drops of lemon juice, Mr. Delmonico often recommended to his customers and friends who complained of loss of appetite. It is worth trying.

TO REMOVE DUST FROM EYES.

Any foreign substance in the eye is very painful, but to remove it is, after all, an easy matter. If the dust lodges on the lower lid press the finger gently but firmly against the lid, pulling it down and telling the victim to look up. This exposes the inner lid and the dust can be removed upon a toothpick or a hairpin about the end of which a bit of cotton has been wound to avoid a scratch or bruise. If the upper lid is affected, take the eyelashes firmly between the forefinger and the thumb, ask the patient to look down, and with a quick movement turn the eyelid up over the point of a pencil, or, better still, the edge of a card which should be pressed against the eyelid, just above the stiff part. This causes no pain and the dust can be wiped off as from the lower lid.

RECIPES.

Almond Cake.—Half cupful of butter, two cupful of white sugar, four eggs, one half cupful of blanched almonds, cut fine; half teaspoonful extract of bitter almonds, one pint of flour, teaspoon and a half baking powder, one half cupful milk, one small glassful of brandy; rub butter and sugar to a cream, put in eggs, one at a time, beating all the time; sift flour and powder together, add to mixture almonds, brandy and milk and mix in rather thick batter. Bake twenty minutes.

Potato Salad.—One teaspoonful of mustard, one of salt, one of pepper, and the yolks of two eggs, mix together and pour one cupful of boiling vinegar into the mixture; stir and let stand until cold, then chop one onion and two stalks of celery until very fine; add to this half a dozen good sized cold potatoes cut in dice; pour the dressing over potatoes.

Hominy.—Place the hominy into a stone jar, fill up the jar with cold water, place the jar into a kettle of boiling water, and cook for six hours. Serve with sugar and cream.

Hashed Brown Potatoes.—Cut three good-sized potatoes into very small dice; season with salt and pepper. Put two tablespoonful of butter into a frying pan; when hot add the chopped potatoes. Stir until the potatoes are well mixed with the butter. Then push the potatoes over to one side of the pan and keep over a moderate fire, without stirring, for fifteen or twenty minutes. The potatoes should form together and brown in the shape of an omelet. When ready to serve, loosen them from the pan by carefully slipping a knife under them; put a small plate over the pan and turn it upside down so that the potatoes will come out in a roll upon it.

Oyster Plant.—Scrape and wash the root and cut in thin slices; for soup add milk and butter and season the same as oyster stew. As a vegetable drain off nearly all the water, add enough milk to nearly cover. Add pepper, salt and a good sized lump of butter, into which has been stirred a tablespoonful of flour. Just put in enough flour to make it creamy.

IN MEMORY OF FACES

A TRAIT OF PRIESTS.

"Reading a few days ago some stories of Pope Pius' remarkable memory for faces, I was reminded of a couple of priests who had marvelous memories," remarked a member of the Catholic Club. "It set me to wondering if the possession of first rate memories is not one of the characteristics of men of the cloth. 'From my 10th to my 14th year I was an altar boy and acolyte in a Catholic cathedral situated in a small city on the west bank of the Missouri river. About a quarter of a century ago there drifted to this city a noted and eloquent mission priest, a member of one of the great orders. He conducted a mission at the cathedral, and I was in attendance upon him as acolyte at most of his services for nearly three weeks at that time. 'Two or three days after I began assisting him I noticed that he seemed to be somewhat annoyed over the noise which I undoubtedly made by clomping about the altar in my frosted, hardened, copper-toed boots—I was mighty proud of these boots, by the way, because they were the first copper-toed pair I had ever worn. 'I caught the mission priest, examining those copper-toed boots of mine rather curiously two or three times, and I felt that they were grating on his nerves. I trod as lightly as I could after that, but, try as I would, I couldn't seem to lessen the noise made by the boots. 'So I asked my mother to get me a pair of carpet slippers to wear at the altar, I told her that the mission priest appeared to be bothered by those noisy boots of mine. She got me a pair of carpet slippers, and I carried them with me to the sacrifice and put them on in place of my boots the next time I went to serve the mission priest. 'He quickly noticed the change. He looked down with an approving smile at my feet, and nodded his head amiably. After the service he patted me on the head as I was helping him to remove his vestments in the sacristy, and told me that I was a quick lad to have noticed that the boots were disturbing him. 'That was praise enough for me, I became so attached to that mission priest before he departed for other fields that I hated to see him go. 'About two years ago it was announced at the church which I attend here in New York that this same priest was to hold a mission at the church. I was delighted to hear that, and I determined to go and have a little talk with him as soon as I learned that he had arrived in New York. 'When I got word that he had arrived I went over to the priests' residence at which he was stopping I gave my card to the housekeeper and told her I wanted to see the mission priest. 'Presently he came down the stairs holding my card in one hand and shading his eyes with the other. He had not aged a great deal, although his hair had turned from iron grey to snow white, but he was still the same erect, rosy faced, handsome man whom I had served on the altar as a boy, twenty-five years before.

"He had a puzzled look on his face as he continued to gaze at my card on his way down the stairs. But when he reached the bottom of the stairs he looked up at me with a smile, and it wasn't ten seconds before his smile developed into a smile of recognition. I hadn't said a word, but was just taking his proffered hand, when he amazed me by saying:

"Ah, here is my little altar lad with the noiseless carpet slippers grown into a man!"

"I think that was an unexampled and almost incredible feat of memory. I was only a small shaver a quarter of a century ago, you'll remember, and there was never anything characteristic about me. I'm just one among a billion in looks. 'But this kindly old priest with the clear mind had me charted before I had a chance to say a word to him. The fact that I have never worn any hair on my face is certainly not enough to account for his marvellous feat in placing me. 'Just six months after that I was crossing the Atlantic, bound for London, on one of the ten-day steamers. When I looked over the passenger list on the first day out I saw that one of my fellow-voyagers was the Bishop of the cathedral in the little western town, whom I had frequently served on the altar when an acolyte.

"I waited to get a look at him at the dinner table, and found him not greatly changed—a tall, strapping, fine-looking, urbane Bavarian, with the same heavy gold cross attached to his watch chain that I remembered so well, and with the same habit of taking snuff—how well I recall the benign rasp he used to bestow on my head with his snuff box in the sacristy!

"I didn't get an opportunity to present myself to the Bishop immediately after dinner, as I had intended, and so I decided to wait until evening before introducing myself to him. After dinner I got into one of those old-time ship amusements, still carried on on the slow liners, quoit pitching, with a number of fellows on the fore'deck. 'I made a sad hash of it. I seemed to have no judgment whatever of distance, and I was away at the bottom of the tally very soon after the game began.

"After twenty minutes of the exercise I gave it up in disgust and somewhat sheepishly joined the group of people watching the pitching. I had no sooner done so than I heard a quiet voice in my ear. 'You had a better eye than that, my son,' the voice said, 'a quarter of a century ago, when you used to bat the ball around the lot near the cathedral before Vespers.'

"I looked up, and there was the Bishop of my acolyte days smiling in my face."

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OUR BOYS

Dear Boys and Girls: Some little folks down ren's page. It is gratifying Lizzie C. must be quite a quilt. James, a small boy a remarkably good letter, owning a nice black pony. she is not alone. Yes, it is time to time, but much sound frivolous from you wishes. Eugena says the ma has brought up the w her mamma was taken from little ones, and how good rearing for baby, Eugena a interesting letter. Your good influences he surely will you all be so good and oblige

Dear Aunt Becky:

No doubt you will be surprised to hear from one of your friends away from Douglas, Ont., but reading all the letters, I thought I would write to tell you about I am thirteen years old, I passed the entrance examination have taken music lessons for years. I am going to play accompaniment for my sister at an entertainment. I have painting lessons this summer, like it very well. Last summer was in St. Anne's and Quebec, and this summer I went to Toronto. I am waiting anxiously for Xmas, as I know I will get presents. I gave a birthday party and invited thirty-two girls a lovely time. We have a lovely social every year. People come from neighboring towns around to see me. I will close now. I will send you my letter in the post. I remain, Your affectionate niece, MARGUERITE

Douglas, Ont.

(Aunt Becky will be very pleased to meet her little niece.)

Dear Aunt Becky:

Perhaps you would like to read all the letters since then. I find them very interesting. I am ten years old and I have a third book. I take music lessons now play duets with my I have two brothers and two together with myself. We are waiting for Christmas all get lovely presents then teacher before leaving at Christmas having a Christmas tree practice every day for it. ing to sing: "What will you me, papa." My sister Marguerite to play for me. Pa my two brothers, Ronald and my, to St. Anne's, Quebec, couna last summer and he t guerite and myself to Toronto we visited Loretto Abbey, y terested us very much, as p this is where we are to com education. Toronto is a y but I would rather have where I spent some time t ago. My little sister Mary small to go any place, b says we will all go to St next summer. Good-bye, C

Dear Aunt Becky:

I am longing for Santa come. I hope he will bring coasting sleigh and a boot pretty cold here now and skating every day. My cou a sleigh and the dog draws Your little friend Smith's Falls.

Dear Aunt Becky:

I am a little girl eight years and I like to read the letter children's page in your paper are having lots of fun since snow has come. Papa has to make us a rink, but it could enough yet. We are spending Christmas in Montreal grandma's. I go to school day, and we are preparing for Christmas. There will Christmas tree too, but I will here for it. Your friend, Aylmer East.

Dear Aunt Becky:

We are hoping we will have