

THE HOME CIRCLE

FROM SHADOW-SUN.

We must live through the dreary winter.
If we would value the spring,
And the woods must be cold and silent
Before the robins sing.

The flowers must be buried in darkness
Before they can bud and bloom,
And the sweetest and warmest sunshine
Comes after the storm and gloom.

So the heart from the hardest trial
Gains the purest joy of all,
And from lips that have tasted sadness
The sweetest songs will fall.

For as peace comes after suffering,
And love is reward for pain,
So, after earth, is Heaven,
And out of our loss comes gain.

TO SEND TO HER AT EASTERTIDE.

Artistic trifles to send to her for Easter are shown in the shops whose wares are distinguished for novelties and oddities. The Easter "card" so called, is a large, square sheet of rough surfaced letter paper. It is vivid of hue—bright yellow, brilliant purple, scarlet, indigo-blue or deep rose-pink. In the center of the cut-side page of this gaily colored sheet of paper is a girl's head, sketched in ink or in water colors. The purple sheet is adorned by a golden-haired girl, whose white shoulders just come from a mass of lilac frills. On the bright rose paper is a brown-haired head in a cloudy pink chiffon box. On the scarlet paper is a black haired beauty with sketchy black lines that mean black lace around her white neck. No "greeting" or lettering of any kind appears on these original cards. One can write one's own Easter wishes or whatever one wishes—there is room for a long and fervent love letter on the last page—on the wide margin around the picture.

Perhaps the daintiest of new ideas for Easteride is the Easter bonnet. The bonnet itself would fit a very small fairy, but its style varies. It is blue straw, with wee pink roses under the trim, or it is white tulle, with a tiny golden buckle, or it is pale pink silk, with a diminutive but very curly feather curving around the brim. This bit of a hat rests on a sheet of white tissue paper—one inch square—and a hatpin with a jeweled head is thrust into the paper, ready for use. The box in which this chapeau is sent to its destination, is one of the square, flowered variety, tied with ribbon, such as the smart millineas use for their choicest of covers. On the inner side of the cover, where the milliner's name should be, is a three-line message in golden letters to the Easter Bonnett. These dainty conceits deserve a great vogue.

HOW TO BANISH WRINKLES.

Wise precautions and proper personal care will do more to banish wrinkles than all the creams and lotions ever made. Given the cause, which is always worry and fatigue, do your utmost to avoid these. In so simple a thing as sitting, not eight women out of ten know how to avoid grave mistakes. A lounging, relaxed attitude with curved spine, and the spine than troubles the fatigue. The spine should be held erect, and the support, which is needed at the lower end, can be given by sitting well back in the chair so it will be braced against the chair-back. If this be straight so as to support the shoulders also, all the better. The little rests, where possible, of ten or fifteen minutes, are great savers of health and strength, but when a woman has had a very hard day, and feels herself a bundle of throbbing nerves and dull pains, instead of trying to "keep up," or to forget her misery in a good book, if she values her good looks she will take off her dress-fitting gown, get into a loose negligee, bathe her face for five minutes in very hot water, and then bathe the back of her neck in the same way. After this she must lie down flat on her back, and, in so far as she can, relax every muscle. If sleep does not come, at least banish thought and let your soul fly away. At the end of a half-hour you will feel rejuvenated and ready for anything.

IN TIME OF TRIAL.

Trouble will come to all persons, for trouble is the destiny of earth. It is by fire that gold is refined; it is in affliction that the human heart is purified. Every life has its crosses. When, therefore, trials beset a Christian he can obtain fortitude by prayer, by penance, by acts of resignation, and by such considerations as these:

1. God is always right.
2. If I had the deserts of my sins I would now be in hell, and thus adversity which now worries me is far less than the pains of hell.
3. I can make a virtue of the necessity of suffering this distress, by offering up my misery in union with the passion of Christ, and as an act of expiation for my offences.

These thoughts will prevent murmurs against Providence, discouragement and despair.

All our tribulations are directly intended for or can be turned to our spiritual profit. Thus utilized they are a special benefit, better than riches, or health, or joys, or honors. They can be transformed by the alchemy of a religious motive into jewels to adorn the crown of life that is the

PROMISED REWARD OF THOSE WHO PERSEVERE IN THE PRACTICE OF VIRTUE TO THE VERY END.

PRETTY HANDKERCHIEFS.

A revival of a certain old style is seen in the use of corded linens for the handkerchiefs. In some cases the cording is woven into the border alone and the handkerchief is finished with a narrow hemstitched hem, while in other instances the whole handkerchief is marked off into checks with this woven cord.

The combination of drawn work and embroidery, as seen in some of the handkerchiefs made by the Swiss peasants, is very pretty. One of the favorite butterfly designs has the whole inset of the finest of fine drawn work enclosed in an outline of fine embroidery. Some handkerchiefs, otherwise perfectly plain, are embroidered on the hem in polka dots.

When handkerchiefs are an extravagance—that is, when they are so costly as to belong in the same category with finery—the average woman is likely to choose lace rather than embroidery, not because of a greater cost, but because there are more ways in which the lace handkerchiefs may be made useful. No one pretends to use either for the purpose for which it is intended, so far as is known. The embroidered trifles are often spread out as a sort of table mat, while the lace handkerchiefs are made into collars and other dress accessories. When once the \$100 point is reached in price it is difficult to judge of the real value of a handkerchief. It may be anything over that price, depending largely upon the standpoint of the person who estimates. One lovely embroidered handkerchief worth \$10 is no larger than a lace handkerchief whose cost is but \$13.50 and has no more of its ground covered with the pattern. It is the fineness of the compact work that brings up the value.

Men's handkerchiefs are rather narrow as to hem and rather large as to extent this year. Some of them are made from a full yard of linen and are about the size one might buy for a small table cover. The very finest of handkerchiefs for men, made of linen that is almost silky in texture, costs \$5 each and \$60 a dozen.

Both on men's handkerchiefs and on those that belong to women the initials must be embroidered in opposite corners. There is a difference in the lettering, however. For a man's handkerchief, plain straightforward printing is the form for these embroidered initials, while for a woman's, a gentle script may be chosen. Intergrammed letters, resulting in a monogram, are no longer in good taste, if they ever were. The purpose for which the letters go on it, or should be, one of identification, and who could identify a lacoon-like mixture of curves and flourishes and reconcile it to any familiar vowels and consonants.

THE GARDEN AND HEALTH.

A woman's fingers are much cleverer than the hired man's to prick out delicate seedlings, to bud roses, or graft trees, and skilful to practice all the delicate arts of propagating plants. It is surprisingly easy to raise a large stock of perennials and shrubs, to produce rose bushes, to multiply anything of which the smallest scrap or seed can be produced. Work of this kind has a specially soothing charm for tired nerves, and equals the most perfect rest cure. It will not injure the finest lady to prepare potting compost, to hoe or rake among her plants, to spread among them the beneficial mulch by which the hired man would probably kill many of them when roughly shovelling it against the stems. Only woman knows how to tend the young rose shoots and exterminate the marauding grub or green fly. Some very great ladies in England will not trust a gardener among their flowers, or even to train fruit trees or nail up climbing roses.

A PLEA FOR LONG SKIRTS.

While radical dress reform leads womanhood nearer and nearer to the possession of the clothes of our fathers let one faint voice in the land be heard in favor of the skirts of our mothers. According to modern science, the dress of women should be a grim demonstration of hygiene. A congress of doctors of all nations assembled in Rome has figured to a dot the number of deadly bacilli possible to be gathered to the square inch of a woman's train. In Boston the board of health has formally prescribed short skirts for women school teachers. The warnings of science thus are unmistakable, and they are not lightly to be taken. But what of woman's mission to be lovely? Does this no longer enter into the reckonings of the sex? A short-skirted woman on the street, except in a deluge of rain, is a blow to one's ideals. The older the woman the greater the blow. "Verily," says Carlyle, "clothes do tutorize and demoralize us." True, indeed, concerning the abbreviated, ankle-dipping skirt of the modern "new" girl, truer still of the mannish middle-aged and old ladies who, caring not for the size, shape, style of their feet, caring not for the subtle chain of mystery which belonged originally to woman, reduce dress to a cravenance of rapid transit, a grim assurance of the public health, and an artless announcement of indifference to appearance.

MOTHERS OF THE COMING RACE.

It has taken years of recent training, years of patient, scientific work,

to teach women, and not all of them know it yet, that some facts concerning themselves, and the welfare of the creation, are general laws, and more indisputable than any individual proofs to the contrary they can possibly present. The basic fact, not that they are or that they ever expect to be, but simply that it is physically possible for them to become mothers, is a physical handicap that must be accepted and acknowledged, and allowed for in laying down a common law of health for the great army of women. To this law of limitation the general woman, married or unmarried, must yield—with what grace she may. Her work in the world, or what appears to be her work, may be something very far removed from domestic duties. It may be that a satisfying occupation fills her life as she feels domestic life could never fill it, but none other capacities which are at once her weakness and her strength, and this fact is not only a stern and fixed certainty, but it is more or less as a short string that has acted as a tether to many a vaulting ambition.

HYGIENIC CARE OF BLANKETS.

The practice of having blankets dry cleaned is no longer followed, and the intelligent housekeeper who understands the laws of hygiene knows that the process does not clean and disinfect woolen articles, as does soap and water, with a day's exposure to sunshine. Gorm life will be found to exist for many months in the fleecy surfaces of woolen fabrics, and a thorough cleaning is therefore necessary after blankets have gone through a winter's use, no matter how white and free from all appearances of dirt they may be.

When ready for the work, a bright, calm day should be selected. Fill a tub two-thirds full of warm rain water, heat the temperature about 86 degrees. Dissolve half a bar of pure white soap in the water and add three ounces of borax. Put in one blanket at a time, and let soak five minutes, then rub gently with the hands, dipping up and down in the water. When clean, remove to another tub of warm water and rinse, add a little bluing to the last water. When well rinsed, squeeze and shake as free of water as possible, and stretch evenly on a line exposed to the sun. When dry, take from the line, fold smoothly and press under a heavy weight for several days.

Blankets thus washed will retain their white, fleecy appearance through many seasons of use.

KOLA TONIC WINE.

Winning Popular Favor as a Tonic Suitable to All Tastes.

Kola Tonic Wine is manufactured by the Hygiene Kola Company, with head offices at 84 Church street. Although Kola Wine has been on the market for a comparatively short time, it already has a wide and extensive sale through the whole country. It has been endorsed by leading physicians. It is intended to strengthen all parts of the body, and to cure indigestion, dyspepsia, bronchitis, rheumatism, and all nervous diseases. It is a capital concentrated nourishment, while as well as being tonic, it is extremely pleasant to take, and is rapidly becoming one of the most popular temperance drinks, being kept for sale at all drug stores and bars.

Kola Tonic Wine is made from Kola, celery, and pepsin. Celery and pepsin have for years been known as nerve foods, while the discovery of the scientific value of the nuts of the "Stir-culia Aca-mata," or Gouira tree, commonly called Kola nuts, is of more recent date. The Gouira tree is a native of west tropical Africa. It has long been prized by the natives as possessing of many highly valuable qualities. They use the nut to allay thirst and stay hunger, and when feats of great strength are to be performed, they prepare for the ordeal by a diet of Kola nuts. The tonic is particularly recommended by brain workers and athletes, while weak men and invalid women give testimony to its worth.

The manager of the Hygiene Kola Company is Mr. E. J. Cobean, whose warm-hearted, coupled with shrewd business capacity, is doing so much to build up a great trade for Kola Wine. Mr. Cobean came to the city in the fall of 1899 from Camilla, in Dufferin County, where he was postmaster, general merchant, local agent of the Bell Telephone Company, telegraph agent, salesman, and treasurer of the local cheese factory and treasurer of the Township of Alton. These varied positions of trust made Mr. Cobean one of the best-known men in the county of Dufferin, where he has a host of friends who respect at his prosperity, which attests his discharge of the duties of Manager of the Hygiene Kola Company.

One of the strongest recommendations for Kola Tonic Wine comes from the ministering profession, who, besides endorsing it as a nerve tonic, commend it for taking the place in public places of ale and spirituous liquors, which have been hitherto considered the perquisite of the social glass.

So rapidly does lung irritation spread and deepen, that often in a few weeks a simple cough culminates in tubercular consumption. Give heed to a cough, there is always danger in delay, get a bottle of Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup and cure yourself if all as a medicine unsurpassed for all throat and lung troubles. It is compounded from several herbs, each one of which stands at the head of the list as exerting a wonderful influence in curing consumption and all lung diseases.

An American female missionary, preaching in China recently against the practice of Chinese girls smearing their feet, was told by the blind-eyed Celestials to go home and tell their masters to throw away their corsets.

All the gold produced in the world during the year 1900 would not pay the cost of the South African war to date.

CHILDREN'S CORNER

TWO LITTLE BROWN SEEDS.

"Wake up, little brother; wake up, now, I say," spoke little brown seed to his brother one day.
But "No, no," said little sleepy-head, "no, not; not I; I would rather by far in my bed to lie."
For both little seeds, at the foot of a tree, lay tucked up in bed, snug as snug well could be.

"But, listen, dear brother," the wakeful one said, "How the sunbeams are laughing, high overhead; The larks, too, are singing; their song is so gay; There's naught but a sluggard in bed now would stay. And even the dormouse is stirring at last— Why, surely, the winter is over and past."

"Ay, little brown brother, the spring has begun, The earth, I am sure, must be brimming with fun; Now, little brown brother, fancy what will you be? And that's a grave question for you and for me." "I'll be a stock," "I a sunflower, and then—"
"Oh, brother, I never shall see you again."
And so it befell, for each tiny brown seed, The stock and the sunflower, soon parted indeed, The sunflower, 'tis true, waved aloft as a king, And whispered, "Where are you, you poor little thing?"
But at eve, when the stock perfumed the still air, It sighed, "Little brother, I'm glad you are there."

THE ANCESTRY OF THE CAT.

It is impossible to trace the origin of the domestic cat with certainty to any existing species or variety of the wild cat. Indeed, the date at which the cat was first domesticated and introduced to human society is purely a matter of conjecture. Professor Shaler expresses the opinion that the domestication of the cat must have been much later than that of the dog. Other naturalists give reasons for believing to the contrary. We ourselves incline to agree with Professor Shaler, and for this reason, that dogs were first domesticated in order to assist in hunting, and therefore, probably, in what is called the hunting age of human society, whereas the cat has nowhere been generally used as a hunting animal.

The dog is essentially gregarious; he loves to hunt in packs, and when introduced to a human family he regards the family as his pack and hunts accordingly, so that he is easily made servicable by the human hunter. The cat, on the contrary, is unsocial; it lives alone, hunts alone, and feeds alone, so that it could not be expected to be easily trained to hunt either with men or for them. In fact, the only member of the cat family that is known to have been trained to hunt is the cheetah, though an ancient Egyptian painting, which may be seen in the British museum, represents a hunter to catch birds. This, however, even if the picture is to be taken as evidence of a fact, represents a very rare exception to a universal rule, and therefore would not justify the inference that men in the hunting age adopted cats to aid them in the chase. There is another reason for thinking that the cat must have been adopted by man after the hunting age, namely, the cat's wonderful attachment to locality. Animals like the wolf, with which the dog is most closely allied, follow their prey over vast tracts of country and seem to be entirely destitute of local attachment. The wild-cat, on the contrary, settles down in a particular spot and waits for its prey to come. When removed from its accustomed habitat it seems to lose its skill, and therefore would be useless to men in a hunting age, because in that age men seldom had fixed habitations, but roamed abroad wherever game was to be found. If, course, much of this is conjecture. Whether the cat or the dog was first adopted by men can not now be certainly known, but the cat was well known as a domestic animal at an early period of human history.

PLEASANT PEOPLE.

Says Mr. Thackeray about that nice boy, Clive Newcome, "I don't know that Clive was especially brilliant, but he was pleasant." Occasionally we meet people to whom it seems to come natural to be pleasant, such as we welcome wherever they go as flowers in May, and the most charming thing about them is that they help to make other people pleasant, too.

The other morning we were in the midst of a "three days' rain." The fire smoked, the dining-room was chilly, and when we assembled for breakfast, papa looked rather grim, and mamma tired, for the baby had been restless all night. Polly was plainly inclined to fretfulness, and Bridget was undeniably cross, when Jack came in with the breakfast rolls from the baker's. He had taken off his rubber coat and boots in the entry, and he

came in rosy and smiling.

"Here's the paper, sir," said he to his father, with such a cheerful tone that his father's brow relaxed, and he said, "Ah, Jack, thank you," quite pleasantly.
His mother looked up at him smiling, and he just touched her cheek gently as he passed.
"Top of the morning to you, Polly-wog," he said to his little sister, and delivered the rolls to Bridget, with a "Here you are, Bridget, Aren't you sorry you didn't go yourself this beautiful day?"

He gave the fire a poke and opened a damper. The smoke ceased, and presently the coals began to glow, and five minutes after Jack came in we had gathered around the table and were eating our oatmeal as cheerily as possible. This seems very simple in the telling, and Jack never knew he had done anything at all, but he had, in fact, changed the whole moral atmosphere of the room, and had started a gloomy day pleasantly for five people. "He is always so," said his mother, when I spoke to her about it afterwards, "just so sunny and kind and ready all the time. I suppose there are more brilliant boys in the world than mine, but none with a kinder heart or a sweeter temper I am sure of this."

And I thought, Why isn't it a disposition worth cultivating? Isn't it one's duty to be pleasant, just as well as to be honest or truthful, or industrious, or generous? And yet, while there are a good many honest, truthful, industrious, and generous souls in the world, and people who are unselfish, too, after a fashion, a person who is habitually pleasant is rather a rarity.

But the beauty of it is, as I said before, that pleasantness is catching, and such people will find themselves in the midst of a world full of bright and happy people, where everyone is as good-natured and contented as they are.

SISTERS OF CHARITY.

The following is from a speech of Captain Crawford:

"On all God's green and beautiful earth there are no purer, nobler or more kind-hearted and self-sacrificing women than those who wear the simple garb of Catholic sisters. During the war I had many opportunities for observing their noble and heroic work, not only in camp and hospital, but on the field of battle, right in the front, where bullets hissed and shot and shell flew, and dead and mangled forms lay."

"I have seen them moving over the field, their faces wet with tears, administering to the wants of the wounded and whispering words of comfort into the ears of the dying; now kneeling to moisten with water the bloodless lips on which the death angel had left his pale imprint; now breathing words of hope and immortality beyond the grave, into the ear of some mangled soldier; now holding the crucifix to receive the last kiss from somebody's boy from whose breast the life-blood was flowing."
"I am a Protestant, but I shall never forget, or cease to cherish with profound reverence, the memory of those noble, holy women."

SHORT TALK TO BOYS.

By J. W. Burgess.

Remain in school as long as you can conscientiously with your circumstances, and don't be ashamed to fill in your spare hours at manual labor, in order to help along in the purchase of your books, and the defraying of other necessary expenses. Be just as independent as your circumstances will permit, and never use the funds of another when you can provide them yourself. Don't think you must be helped to everything you have. An education for which you toil and scheme and economize will stand by you longer, and be appreciated by you more than one that costs you no effort beyond the mere mental exertion necessary to the study of books. The country is filled with college-bred young men looking for situations, who have no experience beyond book learning. Whether graduated from a college or from a district school, the men who hold the reins of power today in every walk of life are those who have come up out of more or less tribulation, and who have good, hard, commonsense and practical methods gained by rubbing against the rough side of the world. That sort of experience produces within a man a rugged determination, and a rigid backbone that can be secured in no other way. So, boys, cultivate independence.

TRADE OF ANIMALS.

Bees are geometricals, the cells are so constructed as, with the least quantity of material, to have the largest-sized spaces and least possible loss of interstice. The mole is a meteorologist. The bird called the pine-killer is an arithmetician, as also the crow, the wild turkey, and some other birds. The torpedo, the ray, and the electric eels are electricians. The nautilus is a navigator, he raises and lowers his sails, casts and weighs anchors, and performs other nautical acts. Whole tribes of birds are musicians. The beaver is an architect, builder and wood-cutter, he cuts down trees, and erects houses and dams. The marmot is a civil engineer, he not only builds houses, but constructs aqueducts and drains to keep them dry. The white

ants maintain a regular army of soldiers. Wasps are paper manufacturers. Caterpillars are silk spinners. The squirrel is a ferrymen; with a ship of a piece of bark for a boat, and his tail for a sail, he crosses a stream. Dogs, wolves, jackals, and many others, are hunters. The monkey has regular day-laborers. The monkey is a rope-dancer.

FRESH AIR.

Have out of doors as much as you can. It is the place for a man to be. It is good for the health. A distinguished physician was in the habit of saying, "However bad the air may be out of doors, it is always worse in the house." It is good for the temper. People who are always shut up in the house are apt to grow fretful and peevish. They are prone to require narrow views of things and to worry over trials not worth considering. It is good for the whole character — for strength, hope, patience, and fortitude. It expands and softens one's nature, and makes us more charitable.

REVIEWS.

The April number of "Success" contains Governor Benjamin B. Odell Junior's first magazine article. That using young statesman, chooses for his debut in literature, the subject, "Politics and the Demands of Good Citizenship." This is well sustained argument in favor of active participation in current political movements by all young men, without regard to social status or business cares. Senator Doliver, of Iowa, Bishops Potter and Vincent, and a host of other distinguished writers, assist in making this Easter issue of "Success" a notable one.

One finds himself holding his breath from one end to the other of Cleveland Moffett's paper "The Pilot," in the April St. Nicholas. This is the fourth of a series on "Careers of Danger and Drama," and perhaps the most thrilling of all. The Canadian voyageur is the pilot especially considered, and it is hard to say which of the scenes described is the most exciting—Fred Quillette on a steamboat shooting the Lachine Rapids, or Jackson and his men getting the Wolseley expedition up the Nile cataracts just too late to save Gordon at Khartoum. Danger and daring were involved also in the adventure of "Two Boys and a Mountain Lion," narrated by Wilbur Hough. The departments are rich in letters, anecdotes, pictures and miscellaneous information.

His Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons, contributes the leader—"The Catholic Church and the Needs of Society"—to the Easter number of Donahoe's Magazine.

Reviewing what the Church has done for the instruction of man, for the preservation of the marriage bond, for the prevention of inhuman crime, for the reformation of the fallen, and for the alleviation of every form of human misery, the Cardinal takes occasion to pay generous tribute to the works of Christian benevolence accomplished by zealous promoters outside the Church, who "in their noble efforts for the moral and social regeneration of mankind, have in no small measure been stimulated by the example and emulation of the ancient Church."

Other papers that will be of special interest to earnest thinkers are "The Resurrection Begins a New Era," by Rev. Wm. P. McQuaid; and "Are We Nearing Christian Unity?" by Rev. Morgan M. Sheehy, "Lent in Ireland," by Rev. P. A. Sheehan, P.P., Doneraile, Ireland.

The trials, successes and prospects of Catholic Journals and Journalism form the subject of a forceful paper by the widely known editor, Charles J. O'Malley, whose brilliant work should have established a sure foundation for the late Midland Review, if work alone could do it.

Rev. Francis A. Cunningham writes of "Cardinal Manning," Rev. Mortimer E. Twomey contributes a practical explanation of the need of an "Index of Prohibited Books," and Rev. P. J. Co. mean, S. J., describes most entertainingly a visit to Brussels, "A City of Historic Associations."

"By the Misty Burn" is one of the sweetest, most charming stories of Irish life ever written by Ethna Carbery, who always writes with such tender insight and appreciation of the Celtic character.

The poetry of the Easter issue is particularly good, among the contributors being Rev. William Dollard, Caroline D. Swan, Susan L. Emery, William Garvin Hume, Alice Adlign, Joseph B. Loughry, Amadeus, and Thomas A. Walsh.

NOT A JESUIT.

An Associated Press despatch from Ogdensburg, N.Y., on Tuesday said,—"Rev. John Scully, S.J., superior of St. Joseph's, at Philadelphia, to-day, in commenting on a Brussels despatch of March 24, concerning the Abbe Renard, said that it could not be true that the Abbe had broken off Jesuit relations in order to marry. Father Scully says that while the abbe was educated in the Society of Jesus he has not been a member of it for twenty years, and that the fact that the abbe for six years has been a professor in the University of Ghent shows that he could not be a member of the society."

NEW \$300,000 CONVENT.

Ground has been broken for the new convent to be built by the Sisters of St. Joseph at Brentwood, Ill. The building will be ready by September 1902, and will cost, when completed about \$300,000. When the new convent is opened, St. Joseph's at Bushong will be closed, and used thereafter as a novitiate and mother house of the order in the United States.