

HOUSE AND HOME CONDUCTED BY HELENE.

True Witness Paris Patterns



GIRLS' COAT. Paris Pattern No. 2678

All Seams Allowed. Mole-colored broadcloth has been made up into this stylish little coat for the growing girl.

PATTERN COUPON.

Please send the above-mentioned pattern as per directions given below. Name, Address in full.

OLD CHRISTMAS CUSTOMS.

Christmas was regarded from the first both as a holy commemoration of a most sacred event and as a mirthful, joyous festival, but in the middle ages the festive observance of the day occasionally overstepped its most sacred features and the clergy were compelled to check the unseemly merriment of their flocks.

Another old custom was the "mumming," which consisted of the donning of grotesque garments and thus attired passing from house to house, making merry and partaking of Christmas cheer with the inmates.

In a very quaint old book of folk-lore, called "Sound Abon, Our Camp Fire, or Christmase Entertainment," is found the following: "There comes a Mumming or masquerading when y' squire's wardrobe is ransacked for dresses of all kinds and every one in y' family, except y' squire himself, must be transformed."

MR. DOOLEY ON CHRISTMAS.

Christmas comes but once a year, and the reformer is sorry it comes so often, because it breaks up his little twenty-four hours of sunshine the melancholy work of making the world better. I know what my friend the Enthusiast over there, is saying to himself. He is lamenting the fact that I permit the frivolity of a Christmas (or would he say Xmas?) festival to divert me for a day from the cares and anxieties of the responsible person.

ROAST TURKEY STUFFED WITH CHESTNUTS.

Select a young hen turkey. Be quite sure that the legs are black, the skin white, and that the breast is full and fat. Draw and clean carefully by wiping out with a damp sponge, but do not plunge into water.

FRUITARIAN CHRISTMAS PUDDING.

In these days when so many people have become fruitarians and vegetarians it has become necessary to invent special recipes for the old-fashioned orthodox dishes. The following is an excellent recipe, and worth a trial by others than those who follow the diet:

PLUM CAKE.

One pound of flour, three quarters of a pound of butter, three quarters of a pound of sugar, three quarters of a pound of cherries, three quarters of a pound of sultanas, half a pound of mixed peel, quarter of a pound of citron peel, six ounces of almonds, one ounce of mixed spice, eight eggs, the rinds of two oranges and two lemons, half a teaspoonful of salt, half a pound of currants, quarter pint of sherry wine, and half a cup of milk.

American Plum Pudding With Orange Slices and Orange Marmalade Parfait.

Put one pound of flour into the oven and let it remain until of a pale-brown color. Sift it with two teaspoonsful of baking-powder, add one pound of whole wheat flour, two pounds of currants, two pounds of raisins, two pounds of sult finely chopped, one pound of chopped English walnuts, two pounds of sugar, half a pound of chopped crystallized lemon-peel which has been softened by soaking in a thin sugar syrup, and half a pound of dried cherries similarly softened.

ing the marmalade. Fill small molds and pack in an ice cave or in layers in a lard pail with paraffin paper between the layers; bury in ice and salt for three hours.

For the sabayou sauce, sweeten half a cupful of orange juice with a quarter of a cupful of powdered sugar and stir until the sugar is dissolved. Into a double boiler put four egg-yolks and four tablespoonsful of sugar and beat with a wire whip until thick and smooth. Add half a teaspoonful of powdered cinnamon and, very gradually, the orange juice; stir continually for two minutes, take from the fire and strain into a warmed bowl.

CHRISTMAS GINGERBREAD.

Sift two and a half pounds of flour into a basin, rub finely into it twelve ounces of butter, add six ounces of brown sugar, half an ounce of ground cinnamon, half an ounce of bicarbonate of soda, half a teaspoonful of salt, half a pound of cleaned sultana raisins, four ounces of cleaned currants, and four ounces of chopped candied peel.

Heat one pound of golden syrup with one cup of milk; allow them to cool a little, then add them to the dry ingredients with two well beaten eggs.

HE CAME UNTO HIS OWN.

Into the world the Master came— Into the world He made: Down through the rows of shining stars, Over the far horizon bars, Down through the golden sunset flame, Into this world of shade.

Over the world the tidings flew— Over the world that slept: Over the earth and over the seas Over the bending forest trees, Thrilling the darkness through and through, Darkness that vigil kept.

Unto His own the Master came: Happy their blessed lot! Closed were their hands to gifts He brought, Closed were their homes where rest He sought, Closed were their hearts, O bitter shame!

His own that knew Him not!— C. in Ave Marie.

HINTS ON XMAS GIVING.

(Written for True Witness.) Walk through the busy streets, elbow your way through crowded stores, go down to your place of business, step into your friend's for five o'clock tea, come home to the family table, retire to the seclusion of your own room, and one question rings in your ears, one question weighs on your mind, "What will I get him or her for Xmas?" You cannot evade the hints and confidances which your family and friends buttolehole you to display on their problem, but you can't for love or money forget out two seconds of anyone's earnest attention to help solve yours.

It is a serious problem to consider the tastes, wishes and appreciation of say twenty people to whom we have been sending gifts for years and years; we must keep always in view individuality and circumstances and never repeat ourselves, endeavoring that the tissue paper and baby ribbons display to the expectant receiver a remembrance savoring of wishing boxes and wish-bones, inspiration, fairy godmothers and all manner of charms which haunt the region of Castles in Spain.

Except to the intensely practical, matter of fact, spade is a spade type of humanity, who never get at the spirit in which the gift is given, the delicate flattery of individuality and the dainty air of its presentation count for more than the intrinsic value of the gift itself.

It is universally acknowledged that men prove more mettlesome subjects than women, as many of their hobbies and likes and habits and interests are de hors of Christmas presents.

A woman is always much easier to suit, as her interests, amusements, occupations and ambitions are symbolized by one thousand and one things which are makeable, buyable, and giftable. Her personal points are almost limitless. Then a woman can invent a way of using a pretty bit of uselessness, or she can at worst pass it on next year.

What are your friends' occupations, recreations or ambitions? Are they sports, ease lovers, home lovers, travel, smokers, needle-women, invalids, correspondents, society belles or happy little home birds, scrap book fiends, collectors of any kind, china, pictures, stamps, silver spoons, post-cards, cushions, etc.?

Don't thrust your tastes and theories on others, for this is one of the hitches in Xmas giving. If Miss Nineteen has a pale mauve room and her complexion does not blend with it do not send her that large pink silk glove sachet, because pink suits her better. It is a bitter thing to be the receiver in that case, and no very blessed thing to be the sender.

Master sixteen cats and sleeps between hockey and football, and laments; do not send him Charles Dickens' "Child's History of England" in two respectable real bound volumes. He may play too much according to your views, but he will never thank you honestly for the books and will never read them. Give the girl something white if you can't conscientiously make it mauve, and buy the boy some picture typifying strength and honor for his own room.

You have always given the girl something to wear. She is a good looking girl and should be better dressed than her purse allows, so you always present her with a collar, a tie, a few yards of ribbon, a purse, or the makings of a blouse. Now, to you that girl may take dress or her social ambitions, her plans for next year's frocks and hats—to no one else does she mention them. Why? Because, as you must know, she is musical, fond of books, likes a good picture, enjoys her rare theatre visits and many other interests and ambitions and amusements in her wishing box. Has never had very much in the line of fine or suitable clothes, would like them, oh, so much, but as she can't get them, and must feel the lack of them in her other lines of interest, she would so much rather receive donations in those other lines and be free to display her own taste, which is decided and good, in choosing her articles of apparel. Being a grateful, broad-minded young woman, she has had to make the best of it all along, and only caters to your limits in talking of the season's new colors and shapes and bows; but, if with your two or three dollars you give her a good book of those Beethoven Sonatas she longs for, or those little "Love Dreams," or if you send her a little note promising tickets for the next opera season at her own discretion, she would like it. How much she could revel in a well bound good edition of Browning, or Tennyson or Keats or Lamb, or one of the good novels her type loves to see on its bookshelves. There are dozens of pictures that would be real treasure troves to her. Beautiful prints in sepia and steel engravings of the world's masters, pieces, pretty little forest scenes, forest scenes that will be always bright spots in her days.

When there is little money to be spent on enjoyment all the year, the young enthusiast and the old, too, very often, with half glimpses of ethereal beauty haunting her mind, a craving in the breast for a little change, a little wider range of vision, a little glimpse into the world of long ago, it is a trifling disheartening on the one day in the year when Fairy Godmothers are rife, the only opportunity for adding to a small accumulation of treasures, to open a box of initialed handkerchiefs, a very elaborate blue collar, two yards of the latest in pink ribbon, a silver inkstand (with no desk on which to put it) a long, hand-painted sachet which would utterly efface your bureau, a few pairs of gloves, including two beautiful long white suede, when the coat could not be mentioned in the same breath.

She likes the pretty things to wear but they will perhaps be remarkable with her ordinary apparel, and she would so much prefer another book, or to hear that singer, or a little travelling convenience, or some addition to the parlor ornaments. A very serviceable wardrobe is of a very serviceable made over, economical character may like the little fixings and extras as much as her sweet friend, but they will be very noticeable on her and she may also feel a little distant hint of compensation in your donation.

Then again while I have been talking of Lucretia, Doris may be gasping at the idea of trying to exclude nice clothes from the list of Xmas presents. She would not thank anyone for a book or a picture. She usually has one or two good dresses and a fair suit and hat, but mother never seems to feel that she needs more than that and only by managing and striving can she include a silk waist or two and a new tie or belt in her wardrobe. If she wants a pair of long white gloves to go to the theatre with Roland, mother asks, "Didn't I buy you a pair of gloves two weeks ago?" And she did, nice two done tan kid gloves. If she needs a pair of dancing shoes, "you got new boots in November, no one will notice whether you have shoes or boots." To Lucretia such trifles are past noticing; she knows that nine out of ten times she cannot so for lack of necessities, and she may long for the fun while its foregoing is all but second nature, but to Doris a dance is the highest point on the horizon, and all her energies are expended on wishing for a dance, preparing for it, enjoying it and discussing it. Give Doris anything to wear, to carry, to beautify, from a box of powder to a pair of those new half rubbers in a little bag.

Then there is the interest involved in house keeping to be catered to. Girls cannot be too much admired and encouraged for displaying it. There is more influence exerted by home decoratins and comforts than will ever be translated into black and white. Where mothers and fathers forbid the introduction of juvenile and youthful suggestions into the home, the natural craving for change and newness is being quietly fostered and garnered. If Roland's Gibson pictures annoy you on the parlor mantel, do not order them off. They are, perhaps, the first house decorations he has ever called his own. He thinks them beautiful and is generously putting them there the day after Xmas that you may enjoy them too. Doris has introduced a tea table because Aunt Kate gave her a tea set and Clara gave her a centre piece. The table cover is one of your dinner napkins, the table is the three-legged sitting-room

utensil; and she has it out in the middle of your parlor floor, and thinks she can never live again without such luxuries. Dear, kind, patient, self-sacrificing mother, you all but squirm when you look at it. The table that should be in the sitting-room, the napkin that should be in the drawer, the dishes that should be in their box, and the hot-water that she can do as she likes with all there in the middle of your parlor floor. Your parlor, and she never as much as asked you if she could do such a thing. Ungrateful girl, after all the money you spent on her clothe skirt for Xmas; if you tell her to take it out she'll do so and then lock herself in her room and cry; she always does it, though she is twenty-three.

And Doris is out at Aunt Kate's telling her how lovely the set was and how she fixed it up on a table in the parlor with the centre-piece that would be so surprised when she went in and found that other people besides the Van Hunters could have a lovely table cover for mother's birthday. I bought it for mother's birthday. Arthur's Xmas money and I guess I can make it in three months.

The friend with the hobby is the friend who meets our advances with the real pleasure. The hobbyist is the enthusiast who never has enough and whose heart responds eagerly to the road to Xmas giving is simple and delightful with him or her. The rest of the world leaves Dec. 26th; the hobbyist extracts his point and proceeds to put it to its proper use despite time and circumstances. See him dip into his new Tennyson while the tissue paper and ribbon are still falling to the floor.

"Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean." "Gosh, that's fine!" Watch her snuff her new Jane Austen's and rans them in between Dickens and Elliot. How she gloms over the new addition to her dear shelf. See her trip off with the new china cup and saucer number three dozen and ninth in her collection, dearest treasure there it is. Must have a drink of tea from it. At once. So easy to handle, and those pale pink rose buds! See him carry his four stamp albums and up rearrange them so as to include a fifth.

Another important member on our present list is the old or invalid friend. No one knows the bleak and desolate side of Xmas as they do. Perhaps they are alone in the world where a wholesale supply of cheer is brought around systematically, and where the little thoughtful gifts of happy friends are the only relieving notes. It is not easy to select, for such people, something pretty and comfortable to add to their condition or some little diversity in the way of a picture or a book. Grandmas and aunts sometimes have a sweet tooth saved from the wreck of dental ravages, and if a box of candy lasts a long time on their bureau it is not because they do not enjoy their three or four morsels a day. Grandpa likes one brand of tobacco, he might also like a new pouch, but then again he might prefer his old. Nice warm gloves, a necktie, slippers, brush and comb, an eiderdown cushion, or a dark dressing gown. Sometimes we know old ladies who crochet and knit, but while fate gives them bed and board she draws the line at needles and yarn. Then make a nice little serviceable work bag and stock it well. No youthful enthusiast will revel in her opera bag more sincerely. Give the sick friends pictures, books, and give them an opportunity of feeling not so much out of the world by enabling them to treat their visitors or show them something interesting.

One Xmas present that is always acceptable and lasts a year with us is a subscription to a magazine or paper. This is, of course, a popular way of sending a gift, but it might be much more popular. There are so many people who would like this, that and the other magazine, but the one or two or three dollars are always needed elsewhere. To anyone who has a fair amount to spend on Xmas giving a good plan would be to talk magazines with his friends a little ahead of time, find out what monthlies are coming, and what monthlies would be welcome there. Then having a fair idea of the land, take a night off two weeks ahead of Xmas and send his orders to the publishers, by subscribing in large quantities he gets them so much cheaper—and lo! his Xmas shopping is done. On the 25th nice engraved cards arrive at his many friends doors announcing the good news that such and such a monthly or weekly with such a friend's good wishes will arrive for a year.

Everyone can be reached in this way, old and young, rich and poor, so long as they read. The Hobbyist, the mother, father, Roland, Lucretia, the invalid friend, the sewing girl, the baby sister and grandma and grandpa. Not long ago I came across only fifty cents a year—five cents a number, with two dollars worth of first class literary chat and criticism.

Remember first to be broad in your views of your friends' likes and needs; do not intrude your taste in opposition to theirs; consult their hobbies, tie your parcels in tissue paper and pretty ribbon, write a few words of good cheer on the tag, ship them off with a beautiful wish and prepare to be surprised and delighted with whatever they send you.

CONSTANCE.

Advertisement for 'The Presence' magazine, featuring a woman's portrait and promotional text: (Written for The Presence known actress play calls for the stage as it present time we great deal of ve an equal amount vaudeville. This in a whole year opportunity of doing a thing but for it supposed to be a similar material prizes such plays the "Divorce" at most of these Canada. These lem plays an intelligent people who appear in their ability and gift. We gain no by hearing them tion of the best. They excuse the atic scenes of trag the lack of delic evident through t The theatre su sine, but if the did not lend its plays, the combin next to powerless. The theatre-suffi relaxed and love educated society, sense that we week and moral religion is sufficient to grasp much b has lost her app for the reason th religion the place should have in e has eliminated G that the taste fo aesthetic has dete craving for the se al has increased. Another thing th are is the too str of it. It account demand for infere even the educated to the theatre wor from a day or tw they waste rest; b they have a mista and they fancy be require no mental stand them, that Besides, these p because they appr side of their natu assailed from the little physical or resistance. Present manage to forget that the nest, intelligent pious to elevate the desire better plays however, to candi morbidly pursue the financial prosp they persisted in a for even a short find that instead o great throng of w educated them to change. Our theatres, drama or vaudevil thing of which we the past, although the age was greato our own, the thea of deep learning a training. So it sh There is no place tional possibilities. From the dramati not always expect we do expect somet tend to elevate ar do intelligent peopl always amused; a the people must be as instructed. C amusement forms a tion and a rest for Whatever we have instructing or amus it be something w shock the refineme ple or the purity of dren. Our theatres shou ture and morality o fact they do. Con should be conducto ner and should give entertainments as will Canada and Canada. When we take fro dignity of the moa plays we are detract town of English lit we should have the proud of. Our theatres shou putation we have a cultured, earnest, G ple.

Advertisement for 'Surp Soap' featuring a woman's portrait and text: and please every time Surp Soap It makes child's And every day's The pure soap ju dirt in a natur cleanses easil injury. Re SURPRISE