

HOME INTERESTS.

Conducted by HELENE.

AN IDEAL BOUDOIR.

An ideal boudoir is treated to one of the fabric effects in wall papers. One of the most fascinating selections to be had is in a pale shade of blue and represents a dimity pattern.

Where the room is adapted, a window seat is inviting and offers many possibilities. A rocker and two other chairs complete and so satisfy the plan.

AIDS TO BEAUTY.

Pure wheat starch is the best of all cheap powders for the skin. The cut surface of cucumber peeling is a harmless cosmetic, and may be rubbed over the face.

Drinking milk twice a day will give the complexion a creamy tint. If the milk is warmed it will increase the flesh rapidly.

YOUR DUTY TO YOUR MOTHER.

It should be the daughter's joy as well as duty, to bring a little reaction and pleasure into her mother's life.

Remember, girls, that all your lives your mothers have been sacrificing themselves for you. Your shoulders are young and strong; help lift the burden a little from the tired shoulders that have borne it so long.

Let her see that you appreciate all that she has done for you. Take the heaviest part of the housework off her hands. Make her stay in bed in the morning while you get breakfast.

A little love and nothing is always appreciated by mothers; try it with yours and see if she don't thrive under it.

COURTESY TO CHILDREN.

We hear and read a great deal about impolite children, but very little about impolite teachers and parents. Many a devoted but thoughtless teacher or mother will say things to a child they would never think of saying to a grown up person.

Children love to entertain if they realize that they are saying something funny, but no one likes to be laughed at without seeing the point; and how often have we seen a child overwhelmed with shame and made miserable because people laughed at some innocent remark?

Another way of hurting a child is by abusing his confidence. There are homes in which children are afraid to confide in their parents, through fear that they will tell the other children. Children ought to be made to feel that their father and mother are one, and that neither should keep any secret from the other, but they have a right to expect that the matter will stop there.

We have all seen parents who in company constantly nag at their children for things that all too evidently pass unnoticed at home. Children have not yet learned to conceal their real selves, and constantly reveal just what the home life is.

TIMELY HINTS.

Oak furniture does not go well with red, and where it is necessary to retain a red rug, if the latter is at all dark, a dark yellow will be successful on the walls. The walls and paper can then be harmonized with flowered curtains in red and yellow madras.

KEEP PARSLEY SHUT UP IN A CUP.

Keep parsley shut up in a cup tight tin and store it in a cool place.

It will last longer than if put in water. If a tablespoonful of vinegar is put into the lard in which doughnuts are fried, it will prevent them from absorbing too much fat.

A tiny lump of butter dropped into the steppan will prevent almost any liquid from boiling over, and it is always a welcome aid to a flavoring process too.

For all vegetables, for apple sauce, stewed prunes, for custards, and even for coffee, it helps the busy housewife, who has no extra time to watch the pot—over after it boils.

When a girl has scant space in her boudoir she may economize in room by putting away her cheval glass and having her closet door inlaid with a mirror reaching from the top to the floor. It makes a wonderfully attractive feature, reflecting all the knickknacks and oddsities.

RECIPES.

Combination Sandwiches.—Cream cheese in combination with chopped olives or with chopped nuts is recommended for sandwiches by the Chef, Steward and Housekeeper. Moistened the cheese with a little thick cream and add a little salt.

A nice way to use up a little left-over chicken is to rice it. Butter some cups and line with soft-boiled rice, fill in with the chicken broth, cover with the rice, and bake in a moderate oven.

A good way to make use of two or three cold poached or fried eggs that happen to be left over is the following: Make a little very good melted butter sauce—by very good I mean be generous with the butter.

When it has boiled well, slip the poached eggs, after having trimmed them nicely, into it, and let it cook very slowly till they are hot through. Have ready some neatly-trimmed rounds of butter toast. Arrange an egg on each. Pour over it just enough sauce to coat it nicely.

Oyster Toast.—Pick over one dozen large oysters, strain the liquor and measure; there should be one-half cupful. Add to the oysters with one teaspoonful of salt, two tablespoonfuls of butter, one half a tablespoonful of tomato ketchup and two tablespoonfuls of chopped green or red peppers.

FUNNY SAYINGS.

HE RESTED.

"Good morning, Uncle Charles. Did you sleep well? I'm afraid your bed was rather hard and uneasy, but—" "Oh, it was all right, thank you. I got up now and then during the night and rested a bit, you know."

When the six-year-old son was taken in to see the new baby he exclaimed: "O mamma, it hasn't any teeth, O mamma, it hasn't any hair!" Then clasping his hands in distress, he cried: "Somebody has cheated us, it's an old baby."

"Mother's compliments," said a youngster to a butcher who kept a shop in a busy suburban thoroughfare, "and she sent me to show you the big bone brought with the piece of beef this morning."

"Mother's compliments," said the man of meat, with a grin. "Mother's compliments," continued the boy, "and she says next time you find a bit of string with a shoulder of mutton bone in it she'd like to buy the whole carcass as a curiosity!"

A BARGAIN RUSH.

"How did the manager get all those women out of that burning theatre so quickly?"

"He went on the stage and announced that a man down at the entrance was giving away samples of baking powder."

A BREACH OF ETIQUETTE.

A schoolteacher instructing her classes in grammar wrote this sentence on the board for correction: "The horse and the cow is in the lot."

No one seemed to know what was wrong with it until at last a polite little boy raised his hand.

"What is it, Johnny?" asked the teacher. "You should put the lady first," corrected Johnny.

HEALTH AND BEAUTY.

Come from the Rich, Red Blood made by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Beauty is more than skin deep—it is blood deep. There is no real beauty, no good health without rich, red blood. Every graceful curve, every sparkle of the eye, every rosy blush, comes from rich, red blood. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the greatest blood builder and beauty maker in the world.

There are thousands of pale anaemic girls and women throughout Canada who should follow the example of Miss Jackson and give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a fair trial. Bright eyes, rosy cheeks and perfect health would soon follow.

ROSECRANS A DEVOUT CATHOLIC.

Rosecrans was in my opinion not only one of the greatest generals of the civil war, but was also what is better, an admirable type of Christian gentleman, and his splendid qualities should have more general recognition, especially from Catholics.

When I was a boy in Cincinnati, Rosecrans, then a lieutenant, taught catechism in the Cathedral Sunday school; his brother, afterwards Bishop of Columbus, was a priest at the Cathedral; they were both converts to the Catholic Church.

After Rosecrans was relieved from command of the army of the Cumberland and was staying for a time with his family at Yellow Springs, I was invited by Father Blake of Xenia to accompany him on a visit to the general. I found the general an exceedingly interesting man, a fluent and graceful talker, and gifted with a prodigious memory.

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Every Hour Delayed IN CURING A COLD IS DANGEROUS.

You have often heard people say: "The only safe, a trifling cough," but many a life history would read differently if, on the first appearance of a cough, it had been remedied with

DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP.

It is a pleasant, safe and effective remedy that may be confidently relied upon as a specific for Coughs and Colds of all kinds, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Pain in Chest, Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, Whooping Cough, Quinsy, and all affections of the Throat and Lungs.

Mrs. Stephen E. Strong, Barwick, N.H., writes: "I have used Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup for Asthma, and have found it to be a grand medicine, always giving quick relief. We would not be without a bottle of it in the house."

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup is put up in a yellow wrapper. Three Pine Trees is the trade mark and the price 25 cents at all dealers. Refuse substitutes. Demand Dr. Wood's and get it.

General H. M. Crist, one of Rosecrans' staff, and secretary of the army of the Cumberland, years after wrote of Rosecrans on this occasion: "His troops never faltered for a moment in their devotion to him, or their confidence in him. They felt that he had been made the victim of a foolish interpretation of an order that brought ruin and disaster upon his army, for which he was not responsible but for which he was made to suffer."

Continuing, General Crist says: "General Rosecrans to his subordinates was one of the most genial of men, kind and good natured, he at times failed to act decisively as occasion required, deterred by the fact that should he do so some of his subordinates would suffer. His restless activity led him to give attention to details that he should have been entirely relieved of by his subordinates; but no amount of work daunted him. He lived almost without rest and sleep, and would wear out two sets of staff officers nightly, and then, if occasion required it, be up and out before daylight.

General Rosecrans after his conversion continued to be a sincere and ardent Catholic, both in the army and out of it he attended strictly to his religious duties. I remember being told by a priest who visited his house one evening that when it grew a little late the General said it was time to say the Rosary, and they all knelt down to this devotion, being led by the General, who not only said his decade, but also from memory repeated the "mysteries" as well as the prayer after each decade.

Something That Should be Rubbed In.—Whenever pain is felt in the limbs or back, take Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil; pour a little in the hand, and applying it to the surface beneath which the pain lies, rub briskly. If the application does not afford relief, which is not usually the case, keep rubbing. The Oil will gradually penetrate to the affected part and relief will come.

WANTED ALL THAT WAS COMING.

"That Biberblatt is an absent-minded fellow."

"Yes. When I handed him a Christmas present he said: 'I beg your pardon, but do you give trading stamps?'"

BECOMING.

"I wish to adopt a child," said the wealthy woman in the orphan asylum; "what have you?"

"Oh, we have them in all shades," replied the police lady superintendent. "Which do you prefer?" "I think a blond child will be the most appropriate," answered the wealthy woman. "My auto is finished in blue."—Puck.

The Poet's Corner.

THE PROMISE.

A miracle touched me at twelve, for behold I saw The New Year rise as a young god rises in might.

No child was he with hesitant, timid feet, But a grown joy, wrapped in the raiment of pure delight.

And his eyes, most gracious and tender, were bent on mine, In his hands he caught my hands, while chords clear

rang forth: "Comrade, hail! For I am the New Year, New Year."

"Comrade, hail! The pulse of the world's astir Under the snow, and the ancient doubts are dead.

Freedom, achievement, wait for us. Come, be glad!" I listened, I looked, and faith to my hope was wed.

His kingly courage told me the beautiful truth; He is mine, and his strength infuses my rescued will.

Up faint heart! We will conquer together, my Year; Life and love shall their old sweet promise fulfill.

A MOTHER'S PRAYER.

God bless and keep my little boy, Guard body and guide mind, Mix not his gold with base alloy—Dross of the worldly kind.

Oh! lay on me the care and pain! Space him a little while, The heart's ease ne'er will spring again Which bloom now in his smile.

Roll not the years too fast, O God! I fain would longer keep This tousled head which now doth nod

And let not time with foot rough-shod My few small charms destroy; For there be years to come, O God, When I must woo my boy.

Lend sweetness to his mother's voice To charm his critic ear; For airen songs will court his choice As manhood draweth near.

Only the tender years are mine— Ah, stretch their shortening span; Yet if I must my charge resign, Make him, O God, a man.

A NEW YEAR'S WISH.

This wish for you: that past rough roads unbedded You march ahead.

Undaunted, with the hope of trust begotten To win life's bread; To wear a smile, 'en when tears be your portion

With sighs unaid; To find fair blooms from last year's brown leaves springing.

Upon your way; To reap the worth of deeds gone by that left you A bit more gray.

A bit more strong to live, and love with others From day to day.

In fruitful fields may Time think wise to give you A gentle part: With love of home and friends to twine about you

May this year start— Blue skies to cheer, and peace of God to guide you, O faithful heart!

WHY DO WE WAIT?

Why do we wait till ears are deaf Before we speak our kindly word, And only utter loving praise?

When not a whisper can be heard? Why do we wait till hands are laid Close folded, pulseless, ere we place Within them roses sweet and rare, And lilies in their flawless grace?

Why do we wait till eyes are sealed To light and love in death's deep trance Dear, wistful eyes—before we bend Above them with impassioned glance?

Why do we wait till hearts are still To tell them all the love in ours And give them such late mead of praise

And lay above them fragrant flowers? How oft we, careless, wait till life's Sweet opportunities are past, And break our "alabaster box Of ointment" at the very last!

O, let us heed the living friend Who walks with us life's common ways, Watching our eyes for a look of love, And hanging for a word of praise.

OUR

Dear Girls and Boys! Well, we are really enjoying winter weather. Time for snowshoeing, skating and all sorts of only the winter time can bring three letters this week, pleased to hear from you in Ogdensburg, and thank your kind wishes. Unload over, and I suppose you to school, studying hard, you will all find time to ter once in a while to Your loving AUNT

Dear Aunt Becky: It is a long time since I wrote to the corner. It here to-day. The snow is sleighing is good. For got quite a few presents, will open the 3rd of Jan. Claus gave our baby a dog, and baby has lots of it. She got other presents, her name is Lucy. Hoping of letters in the children's week from little cousins. have read in the Mont. about the investiture of Mr. Laroee. I and my sang at the sacred concert. It was just lovely! I will close, wishing you New Year.

From your niece, MAI Ogdensburg, N.Y., Jan.

Dear Aunt Becky: This is the first of the so I will write to you. I enjoyed a merry Christmas you a happy New Year. Mass was very good to me. Glad when school begins. Later there have been letters in the children's corner many of the little ones writing all about Christmas. Yesterday was all ice and good time playing with it. It snowed some last night. I will write again this afternoon to see my letter in print. close. Your loving niece

Ogdensburg, Jan. 1, 19

Dear Aunt Becky: I think I will write to you other two sisters are writing the children's corner in the Witness. We all had a and a fine day here. Christmas was very good to me. Glad when school begins. Later there have been letters in the children's corner many of the little ones writing all about Christmas. Yesterday was all ice and good time playing with it. It snowed some last night. I will write again this afternoon to see my letter in print. close. Your loving niece

Ogdensburg, N.Y., Jan. 1

PIGS MIGHT FLY Dot was only a little girl but she had a big sister who was just now Dot was her? Just now Dot was her? Just now Dot was her? Just now Dot was her?

For a long time now, Dot and mother had lived in a tiny place, but mother had set to work when they there and made it look quite full with some of the beauties that Dot could just remember the "dot" to have a beautiful nursery all to herself, and