

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

BY AUNT BECKY.

Dear Girls and Boys:

As each day brings us nearer to Christmas I can see all your eyes bright with expectancy as you go over in your minds all the nice things you want Santa Claus to bring. Of course, as his visits are only made to good little boys and girls, I feel sure that there will be no bad marks this month anyway, as every one is trying to be as good as she or he knows how. He is almost sure to forget any little shortcomings, for his dear old heart is so kind that he cannot bear to disappoint the little folks. One thing I ask my boys and girls, and that is to be sure to make some one happy at this joyous time. We know that there is a constant cry going up, specially from our large cities, from the little ones deprived of the very necessities, and who will know no Christmas joy. My little friends, I hope, will profit by this suggestion.

Your loving,

AUNT BECKY.

My Dear Aunt Becky:

Amy McC. told me that you liked to hear from little girls and boys, so I thought I would write you. I have a dear little kitten and I call it Rosa. Amy and I are glad Christmas is coming, because I am going to have a party. I go to St. Joseph school, and I am ten years old. Good-bye.

ESTELLE G.

Dear Aunt Becky:

I was so glad to see my letter in the True Witness I thought I would write again. Our sleighing only began yesterday. Our snow is only two inches deep. It seems so funny to see all the Winifreds in the corner. I am so glad to think my dog is not the only one that drinks tea. I suppose all the little cousins are waiting for old Santa Claus. I am sure he will bring them lots of toys. I think this will be enough for now. I remain,

Your loving niece,

AMY McC.

Ottawa, Dec. 4, 1905.

THE CHRISTMAS FELLOW.

Gettin' close to Christmas, an' you hear 'em, every day:
"How long is it away—
How long is it away?"
Teg're thinkin' of the rummin' of the reindeer with the stage:
"How long is it away
Till Christmas?"

Bless 'em—little fellows—with the rosy cheeks of May!
"How long is it away—
How long is it away?"
There is no sweeter language that the shiny angels say:
"How long is it away?"
"How long is it away
Till Christmas?"

An' the old folks get to thinkin'—
with furrowed brows an' gray:
"How long it seems away—
How long it seems away!"
An' they are as little children, as for those they love they pray:
"God keep the little fellows
To their Christmas!"

A RECLAIMED SANTA CLAUS.

(By Jean M. Hutchinson, in S. S. Times.)

The longed-for Christmas Eve had arrived at last, and little Madge had resolved to see Santa Claus at work just this once, in spite of nurse's remarks about how lonely and dark the house would be at midnight. So she allowed herself to be tucked cozily into her crib, intending, nevertheless, to be up at the magic hour of midnight, when, as she said, "all the nice things happened—fairies and witches and goblins and old Santa himself, and little girls always seemed to be asleep then, but I won't this time!" So she cuddled down to sleep with her brother's alarm-clock in her arms, the hand set at twelve o'clock sharp.

It seemed to little Madge a very, very short time before she was waked by some interesting sounds downstairs. So stepping softly out of bed, she slipped on her fluffy pink wrapper and slippers, and tip-toed out to the hall. She paused at the top of the stairs to turn on the electric light, and as she did so, she heard a muffled voice say "Goah!"

"Why, I never knew Santa Claus used such language!" said Madge.

"Maybe the electric-light dazzles his eyes."

So turning out the light again she stole softly downstairs, and stood peeping into the library, where the stockings hung in a row over the fireplace. What a blissful sight met her eyes. There stood the tree loaded with gifts, and the stockings were fairly bulging out with all sorts of funny toys and sweets. The firelight flickered low, and sent little sparkling beams over the holly and evergreen wreaths, and—O joy! there in the dim light stood old Santa himself! To be sure, his coat was not red, and he wore a battered old felt hat, but he had furs and high boots and a lovely white beard and very red cheeks, just like the pictures. He held a beautiful locket and chain in his hand, and seemed to be hanging a gold bracelet on the tree. When Madge saw the lovely little heart-shaped locket he held, she heaved such a sigh of delight that Santa looked toward the door and gave a start as he discovered her standing there in her fluffy gown, her blue eyes wide with delight and wonder.

"Oh, dear Mr. Santa Claus, don't mind me!" said the child. "I just had to see you this once; I never had a chance before; I was too little and sleepy. You've brought me so many lovely things, Santa, and I wanted to ask you if you won't take some presents to Mrs. O'Neill's little children? They're poor, and their papa is so sick, and their big brother wouldn't help, but ran away to be a robber or something very bad, so they haven't anyone to work for them, and such expensive bills for medicine, my mamma says. Oh, do give them something, Santa! If you haven't brought enough to go round, I'll give you some of mine. Oh, goody! you've given me two dollies, and ever so many books! You can take them to Mamma and Jack O'Neill and some gloves and candy, too: will you, Mr. Santa Claus? And let them see you, too, for they've never seen you, either."

Now, why did Santa look so "sprised" Madge wondered. And the hand that held the locket shook as he hung it on the tree, and dived into his pockets for more presents, some rings and a pin.

Now that Madge looked more carefully, he didn't seem to have any pack, but only a leather bag, which was partly open, showing some silver inside. "How funny!" thought Madge, "old silver for Christmas presents!"

When old Saint Nick had emptied his pockets and was turning to go, Madge ran to him, and, throwing her arms about his neck, covered his rosy cheeks with kisses, which seemed to quite upset him, in fact, a tear stole down his cheeks. Little Madge could not bear the sight of Santa crying, and said:

"Why, dear Santa, aren't you happy to-night? You make every one so happy, aren't you glad it's Christmas, too?"

"I'm tired and hungry, honey. It's a long journey from home, you know, and rather chilly in my reindeer sleigh you see."

"Poor, dear Santa! There, come! I'll make you some tea. I know how mister showed me. We'll go down in the dining-room, and I'll get you some chicken, too. Mamma says I'm quite a little housewife."

So downstairs they went, and Madge spread a tempting supper before "poor, dear hungry Santa," and he did full justice to it—the chicken and pie disappearing miraculously. Madge, meanwhile, was seated opposite, offering him dainties in her prettiest manner.

When the feast was over, Santa, casting furtive glances toward the stairs, turned to Madge and said, "God bless you, little one! You're the first one to be kind to me since I came out, and I'll be good from now on, and chuck up this business. I will!"

"Oh, but won't you ride around in your reindeer sleigh any more? Oh, please come next year, Santa! I've enjoyed our party so much! I wish you'd stay and let me 'introduce' you to the family; I think I hear some one coming now!"

At this old Santa made a dart and disappeared through the front door, which strangely seemed to be unlocked.

Christmas morning at breakfast, papa remarked to mamma, "It looks suspicious, my dear, I found the front door unlocked, and a satchel filled with our family silver on the floor, and marks of a man's feet on the front steps."

THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

"Oh, papa!" said Madge. "It was Santa Claus, I saw him, and gave him some supper, he was so hungry. He didn't have on a red coat, but he was lovely! And when I hugged him he said he'd 'chuck up this business for good.' What did he mean? I gave him some toys for the O'Neill's, and, oh, papa! their big brother has come home, and Mamma says he isn't going to be a robber any more, and they are all so happy!"

Papa looked at mamma and said something about Providence, and "What a narrow escape!" What do you suppose they meant?

JOHNNY'S FEEL.

Johann (on Christmas eve)—Mamma, can't you give the baby something to make him sleep to-night?

Mamma—Why, Johnny?—Johnny—Because, if Santa Claus hears him yelling he might think we are all just as bad.

CHRISTMAS CANDIES.

Marshmallows—Dissolve over a slow fire eight ounces of gum arabic in three gills of water, stirring it well. Strain and add half a pound of loaf or powdered sugar. Boil one ounce of marshmallow roots in a little water for half an hour. Strain and boil down. Add the gum solution and cook slowly, stirring all the while, until it becomes a thick paste that when tested in cold water may be rolled between the fingers. Add the well-beaten whites of two eggs, stir a minute or two and pour into a pan to cool. When almost cool, cut into squares, and roll in a mixture of equal parts confectioner's sugar and corn starch. Pack away in tin boxes to keep fresh.

Nougat—Prepare some marshmallow paste according to directions given, and stir in half a pound of almonds, blanched and cut in small pieces. Pour into a pan and when almost cool cut in long bars and wrap in waxed paper.

Neapolitan Nougat—Soak two ounces of fine gum arabic in eight tablespoonfuls of water for an hour; then heat gradually by placing the dish containing it in a pan of boiling water. Stir it until the gum is quite dissolved, then strain and add half a pound of confectioner's sugar and half a pound of strained honey. Stir over the fire for some time, until the nougat is white and stiff. Remove from the fire, flavor with a teaspoonful of vanilla or orange flower water, beat well for a few minutes, then pour the mixture over the well-beaten whites of four eggs, beating as you pour. Add half a pound of blanched and chopped sweet almonds, six bitter almonds, two tablespoonfuls of pistachio nuts or walnuts, and two tablespoonfuls of glace cherries cut in small pieces. Line a shallow oblong tin with waxed paper, and pour in the nougat to the depth of about half an inch. Cover the top with a layer of waxed paper, and on it place a smooth board and weight it with a heavy flat-iron. When the candy is cold, remove the weight and with a sharp knife cut the nougat into cubes. Wrap in waxed paper.

Mexican Peanut—Put a pound of brown sugar in an enameled saucepan, and moisten with half a cup sweet cream. Let it boil until a little dropped in a saucer and stirred until cold, forms a grain. When it has reached this point, add two ounces of butter, half a pound of walnuts chopped fine, two teaspoonfuls of vanilla extract, and two tablespoonfuls of whipped cream. Stir until it is almost too thick to pour, pour into a shallow buttered tin and mark off into squares.

Turkish Sweetmeat—Make a syrup of a cup of water and a cup of sugar. Clear the syrup with the whites of two eggs and the juice of a lemon. Dissolve four ounces of cornstarch in a cup of cold water, strain, add to

the syrup, and let it boil until the mixture is stringy and thick. Remove from the fire, add lemon, orange or rose flavoring and pour into a shallow dish, oiled with a little olive oil. After a minute or two, pour into another dish covered with a mixture of confectioner's sugar and cornstarch. When cold cut into squares. If the mixture is divided into three parts, one flavored with orange and colored a deep orange, another flavored with lemon and colored a pale yellow, and the third flavored with rose and colored pink, a very pretty effect will be gained when the candies are heaped on a bon-bon dish.

the syrup, and let it boil until the mixture is stringy and thick. Remove from the fire, add lemon, orange or rose flavoring and pour into a shallow dish, oiled with a little olive oil. After a minute or two, pour into another dish covered with a mixture of confectioner's sugar and cornstarch. When cold cut into squares. If the mixture is divided into three parts, one flavored with orange and colored a deep orange, another flavored with lemon and colored a pale yellow, and the third flavored with rose and colored pink, a very pretty effect will be gained when the candies are heaped on a bon-bon dish.

ROSES AND MISTLETOE.
No longer from the sunny south
Do balmy breezes blow.
The roses, red as Chloe's mouth,
Lie deep beneath the snow,
Sing, ah, sing ho—
The winding, blinding snow!

Yet lack we not for blithesome hours
And hearts still all aglow:
King Cupid's scepter, late of flowers,
Is now the mistletoe,
Sing hey, sing ho—
The merry mistletoe!

Sweet Chloe loved the roses rare,
That Summer did bestow,
But now what twines she in her hair,
As blushes come and go?
Sing soft, sing low—
The magic mistletoe!

—Anna Mathewson.

Known to Thousands.—Parnelle's Vegetable Pills regulate the action of the secretions, purify the blood and keep the stomach and bowels free from deleterious matter. Taken according to direction they will overcome dyspepsia, eradicate biliousness and leave the digestive organs healthy and strong to perform their functions. Their merits are well-known to thousands who know by experience how beneficial they are in giving tone to the system.

Some So-Called Rheumatisms

(Continued from Page 2.)

A second of my patients with rheumatism complained of his shoulder. He had been first easily fatigued, and then it was painful when he moved much, most so on rainy days, and finally he had practically lost power in it entirely. His occupation was that of a finisher in a molding works. He lifted a heavy hammer many hundreds of times a day with his right arm, striking quick short blows and using mainly his deltoid muscle in the lifting process. It was just his deltoid that was affected and the nerve supply had evidently given out. The third man complained, not of his right hand, but of his left and of his forearm, not his shoulder, having lost power especially on the ulnar side of his hand. He was a stone-cutter, who held a chisel in his left hand, grasping it mainly with the under or ulnar side of his hand, and consequently overusing his ulnar nerve.

There was just one feature in the history of all three that was the same. They did not drink alcohol to excess often, but they did take some whiskey straight every day. The earliest explanation seemed to be that there was a neuritis set up in the nerves, which their occupations caused them to use so much, and that as a consequence, the low grade neuritis finally developed to such a condition as to make further use of the muscle supplied by the affected nerves practically impossible. Just why alcohol will select certain nerves and not others upon which to exercise its deteriorating influences and why lead usually affects an entirely different set we do not know. In the ordinary man of sedentary occupation who walks occasionally, as his only exercise, his most used nerve is his anterior peroneal. Those of us who are not used to walking much, know how soon the nerve complains of fatigue when we make some forced ambulatory effort. It is this nerve then that with most people is affected by alcohol. But any nerve that is overused will apparently be affected the same way, and as many outdoor workers take some whiskey straight pretty regularly, it is not surprising to find that some of them have an idiosyncrasy and develop a low grade alcoholic neuritis.

Alcohol, however, is not the only substance that acts thus insidiously. I was asked to treat a painter who was suffering from intense tired feelings in his right forearm. They were always worse on rainy days, and he had been treated for rheumatism without avail. He had no sign at all of wrist-drop, there were no suspicious signs of his gums and he had never suffered from constipation or

anything like lead colic. It seemed far-fetched to say that his muscles were fatigued mainly because of the irritating presence of lead in the nerves supplying the right forearm. He slipped on the ice, however, and sprained his wrist, and the next day turned up with a typical lead wrist-drop. This fact of having lead poison developed shortly after an accident is not unusual, just as a sprained ankle sometimes is the signal for an outbreak of alcoholic neuritis in the lower leg which has been preparing for some time, the accident being partially at least accounted for in many cases by the awkwardness of muscles with insufficient nerve force.

There is scarcely an occupation, however, in which movements are frequently repeated, or in which a particular position is maintained for a long time in which neuritis may not be seen. Lumbago is undoubtedly more frequent among tailors, especially those who sit on a table in the old fashioned way and bend their backs forcibly, than among any other class of men. The nervous effort required to maintain this bending position, most of the bend being in the lumbar region, is reflected back upon the lumbar plexus and vague pains in this region are quite common. Iron workers, puddlers, molders and the like who stoop to lift and carry heavy objects also suffer from this affection very commonly. This is especially true if they are laboring under any toxic condition, lead, alcohol, diabetes, syphilis or the like, which exerts its influence upon the nutrition of the nerves.

Sciatica, on the other hand, is very common in those who actively bend the body at the hip, shovelers, for instance, who bend the right knee in going down to lift heavy shovelfuls of material, are among workmen the most frequent sufferers from this disease. I have seen, however, a number of motormen accustomed to stand on their right foot and swing round the body on the right leg in putting on the brakes of heavy cars, who also suffered from it.

Those who have to stand on their feet much usually suffer in the lowest joint of the leg, at the ankle. There are very few waiters who do not suffer to some degree, at least, from flat foot. This affection is always worse on rainy days. I once pointed out as the reason for this that on rainy days people usually wear their old shoes, and old shoes do not support the foot as well as new ones. It is curious, however, how long flat foot may exist in a marked degree without giving any symptoms. Usually the symptoms develop rather suddenly. There is a story of the patient having done something quite unusual just before the trouble was first noticed. A man moves and has to hang up the pictures in his house, thus occupying an awkward position on the step ladder, on his tip-toes, or otherwise for several hours. A clerk, who has been handling goods on the counter, is asked to set them high up on the shelves. The result is the giving away of the arch of the foot and of soreness that is usually called rheumatism, always worse on rainy days.

Just why sensitive nerves slightly irritated, or in a subinflammatory condition should produce more discomfort on rainy days is not easy to say. Unfortunately it is usually considered that dampness and rheumatism are intimately associated and

consequently the word rheumatic is inserted in the description of the patient's condition. An affected tooth, however, often gives pain on a rainy day, a broken bone usually becomes sensitive just before a rain storm. The dislocated shoulder becomes an invaluable barometer, but one that most patients would dispense with very gladly. We do not call these conditions rheumatic, though they were associated quite as closely with dampness apparently, as the vague muscular pains. The fact of the matter seems to be that any drop of the barometer by making the pressure on the surface of the body less than it was before permits a dilatation of the capillaries at the periphery with a constant tendency to congestion, that makes nerves more sensitive than they were before, especially if they have been affected by some low grade pathological condition. Even unaffected nerves, however, express their dislike of damp weather by making muscles much more easily fatigued than they were before; hence the depressed tired feeling of a day with low barometric pressure. The circulation is not so active, nutrition is not up to its proper standard, and fatigues comes sooner than it does on the cold, bracing day, which, by causing the capillaries to contract, rises blood pressure and causes rapid interchange in the metabolism of the muscles.

It must not be thought, however, that only workers, that is manual laborers, are to be considered in this question of occupation pain. I have seen three cases now in writers whose forearm bothered them more, whose shoulder bothered them much more, the conditions always being worse on rainy days so that they were considered to be rheumatic, though the pathological condition was really writer's cramp. Why some men get writer's cramp and others do not is another phase of the history that we have been discussing.

One thing, however, has been much impressed upon me, and that is that those who are normally left-handed and are taught to write with their left hand, suffer from writer's cramp much more readily than normally right-handed individuals. It would seem as though nature were taking revenge for an interference with her original plan, for the man is right-brained, and should not be compelled to use his right hand for a work requiring so much co-ordination as does writing.

A certain number of cases of sciatica will be found in those who sit in awkward positions or in unsuitable chairs while doing much writing or clerical work. I have seen an old woman, who was considered to be paralyzed, because she had lost all power in her feet and a certain amount of her sensation also below the knee, who yet got entirely well at once when she was taken out of the cushioned chair, which used to sink down in such a way as to allow the edge of the frame to press upon her sciatic nerves just at the place where those come closest to the surface. On the other hand I have had to treat a literary woman who sat much at her desk for pains that were considered to be rheumatic in the leg, but they did not get better until she had adopted another chair and another position for writing, her former position bringing pressure to bear directly upon her right sciatic nerve. In a word, I think that much of the so-called uric acid diathesis with the constant rheumatic pains is nothing more than neuritis of various kinds due to overtaxation, pressure upon nerve trunks preventing proper nutrition, the presence of irritant substances in the blood, such as alcohol, lead and the blood disturbances of diabetes and some inherited weakness of special sets of nerves.

When all other corn preparations fail, try Holloway's Corn Cure. No pain whatever, and no inconvenience in using it.

LEIBIG'S FITCURE

If you, your friends or relatives suffer with Fits, Epilepsy, St. Vitus' Dance, or Falling Sickness, write for a trial bottle and valuable treatise on such diseases to THE LAROCHE CO., 179 King Street, W., Toronto, Canada. All druggists sell or can obtain for you.

LEIBIG'S FITCURE

LEIBIG'S FITCURE

LEIBIG'S FITCURE

LEIBIG'S FITCURE

LEIBIG'S FITCURE

LEIBIG'S FITCURE

LEIBIG'S FITCURE

LEIBIG'S FITCURE

LEIBIG'S FITCURE

LEIBIG'S FITCURE

LEIBIG'S FITCURE

LEIBIG'S FITCURE

LEIBIG'S FITCURE

LEIBIG'S FITCURE

LEIBIG'S FITCURE

LEIBIG'S FITCURE



anything like lead colic. It seemed far-fetched to say that his muscles were fatigued mainly because of the irritating presence of lead in the nerves supplying the right forearm. He slipped on the ice, however, and sprained his wrist, and the next day turned up with a typical lead wrist-drop. This fact of having lead poison developed shortly after an accident is not unusual, just as a sprained ankle sometimes is the signal for an outbreak of alcoholic neuritis in the lower leg which has been preparing for some time, the accident being partially at least accounted for in many cases by the awkwardness of muscles with insufficient nerve force.

There is scarcely an occupation, however, in which movements are frequently repeated, or in which a particular position is maintained for a long time in which neuritis may not be seen. Lumbago is undoubtedly more frequent among tailors, especially those who sit on a table in the old fashioned way and bend their backs forcibly, than among any other class of men. The nervous effort required to maintain this bending position, most of the bend being in the lumbar region, is reflected back upon the lumbar plexus and vague pains in this region are quite common. Iron workers, puddlers, molders and the like who stoop to lift and carry heavy objects also suffer from this affection very commonly. This is especially true if they are laboring under any toxic condition, lead, alcohol, diabetes, syphilis or the like, which exerts its influence upon the nutrition of the nerves.

Sciatica, on the other hand, is very common in those who actively bend the body at the hip, shovelers, for instance, who bend the right knee in going down to lift heavy shovelfuls of material, are among workmen the most frequent sufferers from this disease. I have seen, however, a number of motormen accustomed to stand on their right foot and swing round the body on the right leg in putting on the brakes of heavy cars, who also suffered from it.

Those who have to stand on their feet much usually suffer in the lowest joint of the leg, at the ankle. There are very few waiters who do not suffer to some degree, at least, from flat foot. This affection is always worse on rainy days. I once pointed out as the reason for this that on rainy days people usually wear their old shoes, and old shoes do not support the foot as well as new ones. It is curious, however, how long flat foot may exist in a marked degree without giving any symptoms. Usually the symptoms develop rather suddenly. There is a story of the patient having done something quite unusual just before the trouble was first noticed. A man moves and has to hang up the pictures in his house, thus occupying an awkward position on the step ladder, on his tip-toes, or otherwise for several hours. A clerk, who has been handling goods on the counter, is asked to set them high up on the shelves. The result is the giving away of the arch of the foot and of soreness that is usually called rheumatism, always worse on rainy days.

Just why sensitive nerves slightly irritated, or in a subinflammatory condition should produce more discomfort on rainy days is not easy to say. Unfortunately it is usually considered that dampness and rheumatism are intimately associated and

consequently the word rheumatic is inserted in the description of the patient's condition. An affected tooth, however, often gives pain on a rainy day, a broken bone usually becomes sensitive just before a rain storm. The dislocated shoulder becomes an invaluable barometer, but one that most patients would dispense with very gladly. We do not call these conditions rheumatic, though they were associated quite as closely with dampness apparently, as the vague muscular pains. The fact of the matter seems to be that any drop of the barometer by making the pressure on the surface of the body less than it was before permits a dilatation of the capillaries at the periphery with a constant tendency to congestion, that makes nerves more sensitive than they were before, especially if they have been affected by some low grade pathological condition. Even unaffected nerves, however, express their dislike of damp weather by making muscles much more easily fatigued than they were before; hence the depressed tired feeling of a day with low barometric pressure. The circulation is not so active, nutrition is not up to its proper standard, and fatigues comes sooner than it does on the cold, bracing day, which, by causing the capillaries to contract, rises blood pressure and causes rapid interchange in the metabolism of the muscles.

It must not be thought, however, that only workers, that is manual laborers, are to be considered in this question of occupation pain. I have seen three cases now in writers whose forearm bothered them more, whose shoulder bothered them much more, the conditions always being worse on rainy days so that they were considered to be rheumatic, though the pathological condition was really writer's cramp. Why some men get writer's cramp and others do not is another phase of the history that we have been discussing.

One thing, however, has been much impressed upon me, and that is that those who are normally left-handed and are taught to write with their left hand, suffer from writer's cramp much more readily than normally right-handed individuals. It would seem as though nature were taking revenge for an interference with her original plan, for the man is right-brained, and should not be compelled to use his right hand for a work requiring so much co-ordination as does writing.

A certain number of cases of sciatica will be found in those who sit in awkward positions or in unsuitable chairs while doing much writing or clerical work. I have seen an old woman, who was considered to be paralyzed, because she had lost all power in her feet and a certain amount of her sensation also below the knee, who yet got entirely well at once when she was taken out of the cushioned chair, which used to sink down in such a way as to allow the edge of the frame to press upon her sciatic nerves just at the place where