

House and Household.

ABOUT THE HOUSE.

CLEAN MATERIALS.

Linen and denim, whether embroidered in white or colors, do not need any starch. They should be ironed when damp, and will then be sufficiently stiff.

DENIM PORTIERE.

Denim, that old material so universal—a favorite for summer decoration, is used in its construction, and the simple ornamentation is formed of groups of circles cut from the denim and feather stitched on with white linen floss.

THE WALLS AS BACKGROUNDS.

If the owner of a home is fortunate enough to possess many good pictures, the problem of covering and decorating the wall spaces is simple. All there is to do is to paint, paper or distemper the walls with such a tint as shall form a good background for the picture.

ARRANGEMENT OF PICTURES.

The arrangement of pictures symmetrically, so as to produce a sort of uniformity in size and disposition, is always pleasing, as is all true symmetry. In a small room the eye takes in the whole of the picture at a glance and rests with content upon such a disposition of parts.

A GLANCE AT THE NEWEST STYLES IN DRESS.

Midwinter shows no striking change in the styles. In fact, the characteristic feature of the season's fashions seems to be the absence of any particular style which tell the ordinary observer that this gown or wrap belongs to '95 and some other dress to '94 or '93.

CAPE AND MUFFS.

To go with such a hat one would need a cape and muff to match. This notion of having these three pieces to match is growing in popularity, apparently. Muffs are back again on the top wave of fashion. They are rather awkward to carry, one is so apt to lay them down at random.

Capes are being worn a great deal, but there is no denying the fact that they are cold things, especially the dressier ones which reach only an inch or so below the waist-line.

A string is run through the bottom of this bag-like jacket, and tied around the waist. The neck is basted onto the upper part of the cape. Back of the silk is laid a thickness of cotton flannel of a hue to match.

YOUTHS' DEPARTMENT.

THE RUNAWAY TOYS.

The Hobby Horse was so tired that day, With never a bite to eat, That he whispered the Doll: "I shall run away!"

And he galloped out to the street With the curly-headed Doll on his back; And hard at his heels went the Jumping Jack!

Then the Humming Top went round and round, And crashed through the window pane, And the scared Tin Monkey made a bound

For the little Red Railroad Train! The painted Duck went "Quack! quack! quack!"

But the Railroad Train just whistled back! Till the Elephant saw what the racket meant, And packed his trunk and—away he went!

The little Toy Sheep in the corner there Was bleating long and loud; But the Parrot said "Hush!" and pulled his hair,

And he galloped off with the crowd! And the Tin Horn blew and the Toy Drum beat,

But away they went down the frightened street, Till they all caught up to the Railroad Train, And they never went back to their homes again!

The blue policeman and all the boys Went racing away—away: For a big reward for the runaway Toys Was cried in the streets that day,

But they kept right on round the world so wide, While the Little Boy stood on the steps and cried, Where did they go to, and what did they do?

Bored a hole to China and—dropped through! —F. L. Stanton, in The Chicago Times-Herald.

LITTLE VESTRY AND THE WHITE SCAPULAR.

He had "shined" his last pair of boots just before he turned the corner of an uptown street; and then he came upon a high church with a cross upon its steeple. It was a warm September night, and the doors were wide open. A flood of light poured from the brilliant altars, and many voices were chanting a sweet Latin Hymn.

He was a queer, wise-looking little fellow, this brown-faced, grumpy-eyed Italian boot-black, "Vestry" was the street contraction of his full, musical name, Vito Vestriozzi; and the boys said it just suited him—he was so fond of serving mass at the Italian church down town. Far off in beautiful Genoa, his good old grandmother, who had reared him, taught him his prayers and Catechism, and trained him thoroughly in religion. She had often said to him: "Never pass the church, figlio mio, without going in to say one Ave Maria, that you may die in the grace of God."

He remembered it now and went in. The church was full of people, a d'Vestry, slipping into a back pew, laid his "kit" on the floor. By this time, a priest was preaching before a shrine where the picture of a lovely Madonna and Child was set among banks of lilies and blazing tapers. Vestry could not understand all he said, but he caught everybody to love Mary, to seek her counsel, to imitate her virtues. When the sermon was over, men, women and children flocked to the altar rail; and the priest began to give each one a little white Scapular.

Vestry longed to go up and get one with the rest, but felt afraid to venture. And then a wonderful thing happened. A beautiful young lady near him handed him a Scapular, and, smiling, motioned him to approach the altar. She wore a white gown, and her sweet, rosy face was shaded by a white leghorn hat with snowy plumes. Vestry thought she must be an angel, and silently obeyed her. In a few moments, he was kneeling before a lovely shrine, and the priest had thrown the ribbons of the White Scapular around his neck. The poor little bootblack felt strangely peaceful and happy. He even shed some tears of joy, thinking tenderly of the dear old grandmother at home. He would write to her.

She would be glad to know that her ragazzino had kept himself from the low vices of the streets and was wearing our Lady's Scapular.

Was it an hour afterwards (or was it only ten minutes?) that he was crossing the street on his way down town? What a crowd was gathering! A voice cried "Fire!"—and a patrol wagon dashed with furious speed around a corner. The bystanders heard a shrill scream of agony, and with blanched faces, rushed to lift from the cobble stone, a poor, crushed bleeding little shape with a bootblack's "kit" slung across its shoulders and a small white something on its breast.

There was a priest in the accidentward of the State Hospital. He had just given the last sacraments to a dying patrolman; and, as he passed to the door between a row of beds, he saw one of them a little ghastly chap, so blood-stained and bandaged that he looked like a small wounded soldier. The priest stopped and read on the chart at the bed head: "Vestry, a bootblack,

aged 12; compound fracture of, etc., etc.—contusion of, etc., etc. Supposed to be mulatto. Residence unknown."

From the pillow, a queer little foreigner stared at him, old-fashioned as a brownie's—but with a soft reverence in the velvety eyes. Could the child be a Catholic? As if in answer to a mental query, the poor little lad thrust his one hand into his bosom and drew trembling forth—a white Scapular of Our Lady of Good Counsel! "Madonna mia!" he whispered, feebly. The priest fell on his knees beside him. He had studied in Rome and spoke Italian fluently. It was a sight to see the radiant rapture of the little face when Vestry heard the music of his own tongue, and breathed forth his confession in the embrace of those strong but tender arms. The absolution was pronounced—the Holy Viaticum administered, and through it all, the little Genoese held fast to his scapular. "It is a piece of Blessed Mother's Mantle," he answered quaintly. "Is Madonna Mary very beautiful? And I shall see her soon, Padre mio? Ah! yes," he sighed, wandering a little; "I am thy child, good mother! I shall always wear thy scapular!" (making an effort to lift it to his lips)—"take me—"

There was an odd catch in the breath, his head dropped, and a gray shadow crossed his face. "Died of a shock," said a passing surgeon. But there was a tear on the priest's cheek as he closed the boy's wide open lids over that look of admiration and awe as at the sudden sight of something astounding, new and lovely. "His eyes have seen the Queen in her beauty!" he murmured; and then reverently laid back the little White Scapular upon the dead child's breast.

A CHRISTMAS PARDON.

BY ALSTON MARSHALL.

"Right, Monsieur Dubois," exclaimed Mr. Chichester, "you may draw on my purse for your old enemy if necessary."

"But what are we to do with this gentleman and his daughter. To intercept them would be to alarm them."

"We will go down to Jules, messieurs," the innkeeper replied.

"He shall take a message from me to the hotel, and then you and I, Monsieur Bruce, must be content to pass the vigil here until Monsieur Le Marquis quits the chateau. The light always disappears at two o'clock. Possibly the Marquis has ordered a carriage to be brought for him to the high road."

Jules Legrand was with much difficulty prevailed upon to go to the inn, and was only induced to do this when Claude Dubois gave him a note written by the light of one of the candles the landlord had brought with him.

While Monsieur Dubois and his visitors were making their discoveries in the chateau, the guests and servants of the landlord had been diverting themselves in the grandecuisine. Marietta on opening her box had uttered a cry of surprise and delight.

"A gold chain," she exclaimed—"a real gold chain, and a note with it!"

"A note, Marietta—a note? From whom? Thy master did not need to communicate with thee in writing," Marie Leroux observed quickly.

Marietta Delavigne's face became of a crimson hue while she was perusing the billet.

"It is another present," she said hurriedly as she crushed the paper in her bosom, "that is all!"

Nevertheless, the housekeeper could not conceal her happiness. She glanced shyly round to see if her master were near, and was relieved to find that he was absent.

"It is good of him," she thought, "to spare my confusion before all these people."

Half-an-hour later a man entered the room. The revellers all started to their feet.

"Jules Legrand here, in the house of Claude Dubois. It is a sacrilege," exclaimed Jean Leroux, springing forward and catching the intruder by the collar. "Stand back from the threshold of the grandson of a martyr!" he cried hotly. Jules Legrand did not speak, but merely showed the note he held in his hand. Large tears stood in his eyes.

Marietta Delavigne crossed the kitchen with a quick step. "Loose the man, Jean," she said firmly. "To-night is a night of peace. Moreover, Jules Legrand comes as a messenger. Let us see what the letter contains."

The housekeeper took the missive from Legrand's hand and opened the paper. "It is from Monsieur Dubois," she remarked; "I will try to read it aloud: 'Receive Jules Legrand as our honored guest. Let him await my coming and that of the English gentleman. Keep vigil, for we may not be with you before two or three in the morning.'"

The miller fell back from him a few paces. Surprise rendered all in the kitchen dumb, save Marietta.

"As an honored guest," repeated the housekeeper. "The master shall be obeyed. Monsieur Jules, let me lead you to a seat near the fire, and on my right hand in the chimney corner. You shall drink from my flagon. They shall bring thee food, for thou lookest as though thou hadst need of it, and thou shalt talk as much or as little as thou wilt."

"Thank you, madame," Jules said simply. "The Seigneur reward thee." Some hours later the sound of wheels attracted the attention of the occupants of the great kitchen.

"A carriage at this hour," Marietta remarked. "Surely there will not be any other visitors to-night, though there are beds enough and to spare, well aired, too. Excuse me, friends, if I go to receive these arrivals."

Mademoiselle Delavigne speedily returned, accompanied by her master and the two English gentlemen. A white-haired gentleman followed, on whose arm a young girl was leaning. "My friends," Claude Dubois exclaimed in a voice of exultation, "I bring you a great surprise. Here is Monsieur Le Marquis of Nisore and mademoiselle, his daughter. It is they

who have kept vigil the last two Christmas Eves in the old chateau. Truly they are revenants, for they have come back to us."

"Vive Monsieur le Marquis and his daughter," cried every voice in the room.

"Pity he cannot come back to his own," Jean Leroux grumbled. "Pence, miller," interrupted the landlord. "Jules Legrand, come hither. The young man slowly crossed the room, the occupants of which stood back from him as though he had indeed been a leper. Monsieur Dubois took him calmly by the arm.

"Monsieur le Marquis," he said gravely, "this man has for years lived a frugal life, so Spartanlike that he has been regarded as a miser. He has hoarded up his gold in order to pay back money and interest to the descendant of the man whom his ancestor had wronged. To-night he went to pray under the roof of the chateau that God would accept his repentance for the sins of his forefathers. To-morrow he intended to start for England in order to seek you. For years he has been endeavouring to discover you, but until recently his efforts were fruitless. A few weeks since he received the intelligence that you were in England. He is ready and anxious to restore your patrimony to you, monsieur, but he prays you to pronounce a word of pardon over him. Is not this so, Jules?"

The strong, powerful frame of the young man shook with emotion. He sprang forward and cast himself at the old man's feet.

"In pity, monsieur, forgive me if you can," he sobbed forth.

Monsieur de Nisore placed both hands upon the head of the descendant of the murderer of his grandfather.

"God bless you. Be at peace," he said solemnly.

"The good God bless you also, Monsieur le Marquis," Jules said in a voice of deep emotion. "I am happier than I have ever been since I knew that my name was Jules Legrand, for every man's hand has been against me from that hour to this."

"Then here is a man's hand proffered thee in true and honest friendship," the miller said stoutly. "Forgive me, Jules. Thou art, indeed, thy mother's son, and we have wronged thee."

"And here is my hand also," added the butcher.

"And mine, and mine," exclaimed one after another, all the guests, as each extended a hand to the former or outcast.

"I shall require a steward," the Marquis said with dignity, and Jules Legrand, you shall be that man."

"I am not worthy, monsieur."

"Nay, nay, of that I must be the judge, and I expect to be obeyed."

"As monsieur wills. Monsieur may command my life."

Never was Christmas morning more joyously ushered in than on the occasion of the return of the Marquis de Nisore to the village of his ancestors, when the mystery of the ghost of the chateau de Nisore was so happily and satisfactorily explained. Before the advent of the New Year another sign appeared on Monsieur Dubois' house, which was subsequently known as the Hotel du Marquis.

Marietta Delavigne confided to her friend Marie Leroux the contents of the paper she had discovered in the box which contained the chain. The missive ran as follows:

I offer thee myself as a Christmas present, Marietta, and I ask thee a cadeau in return—thyselt to be my wife. CLAUDE DUBOIS.

The chateau was rebuilt, but long ere it was completed Marie de Nisore became the bride of Bruce Campbell. Monsieur Dubois married his housekeeper three weeks after the Christmas festival which had brought to him and others so many agreeable surprises. Jules Legrand found a good wife in the person of a cousin of Claude Dubois, who, like the innkeeper, was a descendant of the martyred grandfather.

"Thou art quite certain now that the dead have forgiven thee, Jules?" the landlord said to the young man on the morning of his wedding, which had been celebrated the day before the great Christmas anniversary. "Lift up thy head now. Thou art a grandson of my grandfather. Look the world boldly in the face and be happy, for thou hast now the good-will of every man in Nisore. It is a blessed thing to be forgiven and to forgive. The Lord's festival is a time of 'peace on earth to men of good-will and of glory to God on high.'—London Universe.

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WIT AND HUMOUR.

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Why is a bill-poster one of the most loyal of servants. Because he always sticks up for his employers. Why is a selfish friend like the letter "P"? Because he is the first to pity and the last to help.

If a forest were to be burnt down, what trees would remain? Ashes. How's This?—Why is a collier like a canary? Because he is brought up in a cage, and has to pick for a living. Every young man be lieves in his heart that his relatives are depending upon him to make the family name famous.

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To induce numbers of clubs and the general public to at least witness the storming of the Ice Palace on the evening of Jan. 31st, excursion tickets will be issued from Montreal, Richmond and intermediate stations to Quebec and return at \$2.00, good going on Jan. 29, and valid for return leaving Quebec not later than Feb. 2, 1896. Agents at stations west and south of Montreal will also issue through tickets to Quebec and return for trains connecting at Montreal with the Quebec express trains leaving Montreal on Jan. 29 at 7:50 a.m. and 10:10 a.m. and returning at 5:30 a.m. and 8:00 a.m. round trip fare to Montreal to the excursion fare of \$3.00 from Montreal, provided that by so doing a lower fare can be made than the single fares for the round trip, and in such a case the tickets will be limited to leave Quebec not later than Feb. 2nd, 1896.

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