HOME INTERESTS

Conducted by HELENE

Though the winter weather has undoubtedly made itself felt, we have enjoyed ourselves withal. The delights of snowshoeing, tobogganing and stating have been the season's standbys and have withstood all severity, and those who found their pleasure in such outdoor sports just snapped their fingers at old King Complain we would at the Frost. weather clerk: earnestly have for the summer days, but prayed away down in our hearts we have had to confess, and the bold assertion has still to be refuted, that summer, even with its boating, tennis, bathing, cycling, its sojourn a the mountains, or by the sea, cannot equal winter with the joys of tobogganing and its dizzy whirl through space as it were, the intoxication of a brisk tramp with a merry party of snowshoers singing happy tunes, treading circuitous moun tain paths. Oh, yes, there are wors lands than that over which Our Lady, of the Snows so gracefully presides.

. . .

FASHIONS.

A simple yet effective gown whose cost is so small as to place it with in the reach of any one is of pastel blue voile. It is so made that while in reality it is a tea gown, having the distinguished features of one, it answers well for an afternoon frock The upper part has a vest banded across at four inch intervals by ribbons of the same color, each band ending under a second vest of lace and fastened by a small dull gilt button. Over the shoulders is a shawl-like double cape of net edged with a lace ruffle. The cape drawn at the waist into a girdle made of the ribbon. The sleeves are puffy affairs, ending at the elbow in a double lace ruffle, which is banded across by the ribbon, and has a fairly large bow at the back. The skirt has its fulness held in the waist by tucks that end just below the hips and from there falls gracefully down into a short train.

A tea gown that is not very

pensive, and is yet pretty enough to satisfy the most exacting taste, is made of a soft gray satin. It has a loose front, but the sides are closely fitted to the figure at the wais narrow hooks, while the back forms a narrow Watteau plait. A berthalike cape droops over the shoulders. This is made of satin. embroidered in gray, violet and silver, and is edged by a ruffle cream lace. The little elbow sleeves of velvet are slashed at the back to permit of a fall of lace them. The collar, yoke and undersleeves are of lace dyed to match the The skirt is slashed to show a petticoat of gray chiffon acrordion plaited, and around each opening the satin is embroidered in a design lik that on the bertha. Such a gown as this is suitable to a woman any age, provided she can gray, and would be quite as ap propriate for her day at home for the most informal of dinners

Cashmere has been pushed to the front, but oddly enough, has been slow in catching the fancy of t.h class to which its durability and moderate price would logically apal The women who could afford more costly and unusual material are the ones who are taking up cashmere, and cashmere frocks are being turned out by high priced makers, though as yet little seen in less important establishments. The softness of weight makes the material particularly practicable for the draped waists, puffed sleeves and full skirts, yet the stuff has the appearance of warmth lacking in voile weaves. Ruches or bouillonees of velvet or silk are successful trimthe cashmere frock, several of the great Parisian dress makers have turned out models show ing full skirts of cashmere trimmed in flat bands, bouillonees or ruchings of velvet matching the material and worn with velvet coats of the same

fashion this season and in its most luxurious aspect is fur trimmed, as in the very desirable visiting gown of the cut-a silver gray adorned with Irish lace and the cape trimmed with chinchilla. Velvet skirts, plain to the hem, gain weight and finish by means of a band of fur around out the powder the lace will appear the bottom.

Motor modes may be regarded responsible for the popularity leather this season. Leather pipings strappings, and leather appliques and from the last fried bacon instead of leather waistcoats, collars and cuffs represent the latest smart innova tions in garniture on tailor garment in tweeds and similar materials

"Tiptilted" portrays the attitud Very much of the hat of the day. 'off the head' it is and with enace between the hair and the brin filled in with posies of flowers fram-

The little Louis XVI hats, which are very much turned up over forehead and a little at the sides are made of gold or silver lace and trimmed with a narrow wreath chic uft of roses and are among theatres confectures.

One of the interesting variations is the leather fad is the painting and stamping of leather by hand. girl artist and pyrographer make her own gown trimmings and buttons. Chamois and numerous leathers whose origin is less parent are employed.

Shaped leather belts, widening a the back and colored in dul greens and blues, with just a suggestion of vellow and burnt sienna, make an ideal finish to a tweed skirt.

> . . . TIMELY HINTS.

There is no domestic remedy that o promptly cuts short congestion of the lungs, sore throat or rheumatism as hot water when applied promptly and thoroughly

Cold rain water and soap will re move machine grease from washable fabrics.

Ivory when smoke stained should he soaked in a naphtha bath, using care to keep the naphtha away fron the flame or fire. Vellow stains or ivory are removed with pumice stone and soap.

To fill cracks in plaster mix plas ter of Paris with vinegar instead of water and it will not "set" for twenty or thirty minutes. Push i into the cracks and smooth off evenly with a table knife.

For an inflamed eye used the white of an egg beaten to a froth and add to it a tablespoonful of rosewater Apply this on a soft rag and change The effect as often as it dries. most soothing, and the ingredients are easily procured.

Ink stains on leather may be re moved by several applications This weak solution of oxalic acid. should be painted over the stain and after a few moments wiped off. When thoroughly dry, repeat the process.

When cleaning grates add half lozen drops of turpentine to the blacklead, stir well, and a beautiful polish will be the result when finish ed. It also keeps stoves from rust ing when not in uso.

To restore tan gloves where they have become rubbed from handling reins, put some saffron into one pint boiling water and let it infuse all night. Next morning wet the leather over with a brush. The tops must be sewed closely to prevent the color from getting in.

To remove indelible ink stain nale a solution of one-quarter of an ounce of cyanide of potassium to one ounce of water and apply to the spots. This is deadly poison Ink spots may be removed by applying crystals of oxalic acid to the spots steaming over a bowl of hot water. well This is also poison.

If your sewing machine eavily it is probably because it either needs oil or the oil in it has become clogged. In the latter it is a good plan to oil it with pure paraffin, then work it (without - the cotton) with the treadles or handle till the paraffin is soaked into it well. Then wipe off the paraffin and the dirt, which it has loosened, oil again with the proper lubricating oil, and unless there is something radically wrong with the machine i will then work as well as ever.

To bronze a plaster cast give it a coating of size varnish, let it stand till almost dry, then put some metal lic bronze powder in a muslin bag dust it over the surface, dab it with a dinen wad and finally, when quite dry, give it a coating of oak varnish Often lace has lost its freshness, but yet is not sufficiently soiled to require washing. plan to lay it by for a week in tissue paper under the pressure of a heavy book or other weight, having first well covered the soiled parts with calcined magnesia. After shaking RECIPES

Hot Potato Salad.-One quart fresh oiled potatoes, cut while still hot into thin slices. Have ready the fine pulp and juice of a medium sized onion grated, and as you slice the potatoes mix the onions and a gener ous sprinkling of salt and pepper with each portion. Pour in m butter thoroughly to saturate the potato, and sprinkle with about three table spoons vinegar and serve hot This may be made by using the fat the butter, after the style of German cooks. Sometimes the crisp bacon s cut into bits and stirred in with the fat, and again two or thre tablespoons of minced cucumbe pickle are used instead of so vinegar. This is a delicious suppe dish with hot toast; and more eptable in winter than is cold salad Mother's Fruit Cake-The recip

alls for one pound of butter, onand a quarter pound of sugar, on pound of flour, three pounds of rai sins, two pounds of currants, one pound of citron, one pound of Eng lish walnuts, one pound of dates one cupful of molasses, one teaspoor of soda, two teaspoons of cinnamon one teaspoon of cloves, one gill of brandy (orange juice may be substi tuted) and one dozen eggs. Ston and prepare the fruit and nuts, then mix them well with some of flour. Mix the other ingredients as for ordinary cake; add the fruit last The dough may seem thin, but do not add flour. Bake it in one large or two smaller tins in a very slow

Chicken Creams-Line some little chicken molds thinly with a coating of pale aspic jelly, and when latter has set fill them with some cream of chicken, made according to the directions given below. ready a low, round support of aspiielly, arrange the chicken creams or this and garnish the dish with small cress. Mix half a pint of aspic jelly with half a pint of nice ly flavored bechamel sauce, then ade one pound of the white meat of a cooked chicken, which has been pass ed through a fine mincer, and, after whisking the ingredients for a minutes, fill the molds and put then aside in a cool place until they ar required.

THE LAST HOUR OF CHILDHOOD

(By Grace Keon, in Donahoe's February.)

Gradually the stitches grew slow and still more slow, the dark head drooped until it rested on her som. She shook herself impatient ly, and continued the uninteresting task, rising once to replenish the fire as before. The hours wore on. They were not peaceful hours. Outsid the rain had ceased, and the moor was shining. The street was fille with discordant noises; with catcalls and the loud mouthing of harmonica: the swift patter of feet the scoldings of a wakeful wife greet ing her liege lord; the sound of open ing windows and many voices in ex postulation, as the liege lord objected strenuously to his wife's welcome: derisive words of advice But even these ceased at last, and silence reigned. The sock fell from the lit tle girl's hand, hung on her knee a moment, fell then to the floor. Only a child in years, she slept as heal thy children do-heavily, profoundly vithout dreams or forebodings. The coal burned up red, exhausted vitality, died away to gray ashes Mollie moved and muttered a little as the room grew chilly.

And the moonlight, the tender moonlight, streamed in through the window on the rough floor. It crept then her face, and her hands, and her whole figure, enveloping her like a benediction. Her breath was soft and regular as an infant's worried gravity-its habitual

pression-had left her face. Nothing disturbed her. not hear heavy footsteps on the stairs outside, nor the joyous scream with which Mrs. McCabe welcomed back her lost offspring; nor did th loud-voiced explanations of the find ing of the little one trouble, for an instant, the quiet of her repose. But a pleasant dream stooped down her out of the Shadowland of slum She thought that she Was

holding the little Nonie in her arms . . The little hands were about her neck. . . . The little lips were kissing her. . . . She smiled -and the smile lighted up that dark ace to a gentle peace that almost beautiful.

'And so the last hour of Mollie Far rell's childhood passed away.

The love of Jesus has no horizon either time nor space can

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

BY AUNT BECKY.

Dear Boys and Girls : I was delighted to receive letters rom my old friends Rose, Beatrice, Emmet and Washington, as well as I hope May will Nellie and May. all on me when she comes to Monreal. I sincerely appreciate their good wishes, and am so glad they enjoy the corner. Many thanks, dear little May for sweet photograph of self and brother Jim. I cannot pro mise that it will appear in the Corner, but it has pleased me more than a little to receive it, and it is before me on my desk as I am writing. hope May's cold is better. Certainly, Monica, any contribution wish to make to the corner Write as often welcome. you like, and do not forget to mail your letters so that they will reach me by Saturday morning Your loving friend,

AUNT BECKY.

. . .

Dear Aunt Becky : Here I am again in your corner to tell you that I am not quite well as I have a cold and cannot go out to play on the snow-bank with my brother Jim. I am pleased tell you mamma gave me permission to write you again. I am sending ou my photo taken with Jim which hope will appear in the True Witness. I will close wishing you suc-

NELLIE McG.

Sherrington, Que.

Dear Aunt Becky It is with great pleasure that second letter, which vrite you my will, I hope, find you enjoying good health. I have four sisters and one brother. Lillie, the eldest, is a stenographer, and has an office Cowansville; Katie, a school teacher, eaches quite near; Annie is going to St. Remi convent. She likes it well and would like me to go too, but papa says that next year he will send me to Jacques Cartier Normal School at Montreal, at which am much pleased, and I am counting the months already. Our parish priest's name is Rev. Father Meunier We like him well. He came to visit us last week for the first time, as he has been here but some months. will bring this letter to a close wishing your circle success.

MAY O'M Sherrington, Qua

Dear Aunt Ber I am a little giri dix years old. I live on the north side of Prince Edward Island near the Gulf of awrence. I went to school for part of a year. The school is just opposite our gate, so I did not have Santa Claus came ar to go. see us in the afternoon on Christmas day. He took all the presents of our Christmas tree and gave them to us. He was not near so pretty thought he would be. He has on a long fur coat and white fur He kept saying funny things cap. all the time he was here. This is the first time I tried to write with a pen.

+ + + TWO INCIDENTS.

A Western paper recently cominent surviving officers of the Union and Confederate armies to give in its columns an account of bravest act which fell under notice during the Civil War.

Colonel T. W. Higginson in reply tells the story of a supper party which was given at Beaufort, South Carolina, and to which Dr. Miner, an assistant surgeon in his regiment, with other young subal erns, were invited. Wine and othe liquors circulated freely. The supper asted until after midnight, and the fun grew boisterous. Stories told, and songs sung to which the men in their sober moments would have blushed to listen.

Doctor Miner, a slight, young fellow, did not drink. he and others rose to go they were stopped and told that they must first either sing a song, tell a story, or give a toast. Miner glanced around the circle of flushed excited faces and said quietly:

"Gentlemen, I cannot sing a song or tell a story, but I will give you toast. I will drink it in water, You shall drink as you please. s-'Our mothers'

There was not, the narrator

states, an atom of priggishness self-consciousness in his manner. The The party soon broke shot told. up, and three of the older men, all of higher rank than himself. came the next day to thank the young man for the simplicity and courage his rebuke.

This act, Colonel Higginson justly says, required more courage than to ride up to the cannon's mouth

A general who had served through the war, and was distinguished for his bravery, was asked by his daugher at what time in his life his courage was most severely tested. After a moment's thought he said smiling

'Not at the storming of any fort or in any battle-field. As a bo secured a job of work with a gro I was very poor. The place obtained with great difficulty "The day I began work the shop-

reeper showed me a row of boxes and barrels which contained damag ed and stale sugar, flour and fruit These he ordered me to 'get off' upon children or customers who were too gnorant to know that the goods

"At a reduced price?" I asked. "Certainly not," he replied, turnng away

During the next quarter of an hour ny courage was put to what I think was the hardest test of my life. did the right thing, I am glad say. I went to him and told him could not make dishonest sales. also added what I thought a fine argument, that the boy who cheated his customers would probably cheat him. It did not convince him.' * * *

CHILDREN

What the leaves are to the forest, With light and air for food, Ere their sweet and tender juices Have been hardened into wood-

That to the world are children; Through them it feels the glow Of a brighter and sunnier climate That reaches the trunks below.

Come to me, O ye children

And whisper in my ear What the birds and winds are singing In your sunny atmosphere. For what are all our contrivings

And the wisdom of the books Then compared with your caresses And the gladness of your looks? Ye are better than all the ballads

That ever were sung or said; For ye are living poems, And all the rest are dead.

THE UNCURTAINED WINDOW.

The rain began to patter on the slanting roof above Mabel's head first two drops, then three, then dozen, and then so many that could not count them as she lay back lazily in her comfortable rocker and tried to imagine that the roof was of glass and she could see each drop as it fell. Though the roof was not of glass, one whole side of the room was, for it was from the low, broad windows clustered under the eaves that all the light was obtained, and as the young girl glanced through them at the cloud-darkened sky, the look of contentment banished from her face and as her glance lowered a decided frown appeared.

'There she is again. I wonder if she hasn't anything else to do besaid to herself angrily. All Mabel's pleasure in her newly-furnished attic oom vanished. She brought feet to the floor with a jerk. and astened down stairs to her mother's room.

"Mamma, I think I'll have to get ome heavy colored curtains for my room after all," she announced decided tones.

Her mother looked up in surprise. "I thought you had decided to have curtains at all, Mabel: and urely it is nicer. Your room is so high, and the windows are very ar tistic in themselves, and you know you thought that curtains would nake your 'studio' look too much like a bedroom," said her mother.

would happen if I left the windows uncurtained," pouted Mabel. "Why, what has happened to make

curtains necessary

"Well, those flat people sit on their back porch and stare right in; and they don't seem to care one hit bout it either. One lady sits out I look up she is watching me

Mrs. Potter smiled a little to !

self before saying, "Well, daughter, don't you think that you are a little conceited? Maybe the lady you mention never sees you at all."

Mabel was thoughtful for a minute, then she said quietly. "Perhaps that's so. My geranium is blos beautifully; she might enjoy looking at that.'

About an hour later, as she was practising on the piano, Ellen, her younger sister, came home radiant with news

"Why, Ellen, where have you been staying? We were wondering if you had lost your way when you were coming from school," said Mabel to

"When it started to rain hard was in front of those new nats over there, so I stepped inside the vesti bule, thinking that I would until the shower had passed. wait after a few moments the door opened and in came Mr. Horton. He told me that I was just the person he was thinking of, and then he asked me to go upstairs with him to call on a new girl that had just come to our church. I went, of course, and just think ! she's hame and can't take one step without crutches. But she is awfully nice, just the and we had a good time with her; and I'm going to see her again real soon," said Ellen, finishing her answer with a triumphant flourish out of the room, without giving Mabel a chance to ask another question

Mabel had been thinking very rapidly while her younger sister was talking, and now sne was feeling provoked at herself for resenting the little pleasure that it gave the lame girl to look in her window, for she was certain that her observer was the same girl, although she had never looked closely enough to no-The lameness tice the crutches. would account for her sitting on the porch so steadily. Mabel began to think of what she would do if she were in the other girl's place, and she was sure that she would not be half as patient. Somewhat later Ellen came flitting back to tell her that the lame girl was very fond of geraniums, and that it gave her much pleasure to look at the beautiful ones in the attic window.

"She said she thought that the coom must be very interesting-lookng, judging by the outside of the windows, and that she was afraid that if any of us saw her looking all the time, we would think her rude. But I told her to look as much as she wanted, as no one ever saw her doing it," continued Ellen

Mabel bit her lip, but said nothng for a while.

"Maybe she would like to come over and see my room. Did you tell her anything about it, Ellen?" "I didn't tell her much, as I didn't have time; but I guess she would love to come, and I'll tell her to f you wish," answered Ellen.

"I have changed my mind again bout those curtains, mamma," Mahel at dinner time.

Her mother smiled. She too had eard something of the lonely girl in the top flat, and the next morning on her way to school, Ellen stopped there with the most perfect geranium from the studio window, much

the little invalid's delight. The curtains were not put up; they vere not even purchased; but instead the windows of the studio had vines and glowing nasturtiums added to the blossoming geraniums, and often messages in secret code were flashed ack and forth from the back porch to the attic room. Thus began friendship that strengthens as days go by. + + +

WHAT IS A BABY?

A London paper offered a prize for the best definition of a baby. The ast of the following took the prize "The bachelor's horror, the moher's treasure and the despotic ty-

rant of the most republican house hold." "The morning caller, noonday crawler and midnight bawler. "The only precious possession that

never excites envy." "The latest edition of huma of which every couple think

possess the finest copy.' "A native of all countries,

speaks the language of none. "A few inches of coo and wiggle, writhe and scream, filled with sucand automatic alarm to regulate

"A thing we are expected to and look as if we enjoyed it. "A little stranger with a free pass to the heart's best affections.

Mrs. Jones-Why, children, what is Il this noise about

Little Tommy-We've had gran'po and Uncle John locked up in upboard for an hour, an' when the get a bit angrier I'm going to play loing into the lion's cage.

blessed brother Gerar was canonized in the basili Peters in Rome, on the 11t

This great servitor of Go ready very popular throughout tendom, and especially in The instances of his powers tection granted to mothers iren are many, particularly curing for the latter the g We will give a short sket

brief but fruitful career heroic lover of Jesus suffering Gerard Majella, the son of was born at Muro in Italy 6th April, 1726. From his years, through divine gra sought no other amusement otional practices proper t At the age of five he fr

went to pray in a chapel of to the Blessed Virgin; on m asions the statue of the would move and place th Child in the arms of little who would play with Him a companion of childhood. At the age of seven this

of Jesus already hungered fo One day, charistic bread. mass, he went with the fait the holy table to receive th host, but the priest, seeing young, passed on. The chi drew weeping, but on the f night the Archangel Saint brought him Holy Communic Notwithstanding his youth already favored with the gif He was entrusted w care of a lamb, which some stole and killed. When the saw that his parents were afflicted at the loss, because mal did not belong to them. to them: "Be re-assured, th will come back." He at onc to pray and soon, through a of divine grace, the little lan back to life and was restored

At the age of sixteen Gera himself as a servant to the of Lacedona. Notwithstandi work he had to do, he practi raordinary mortifications. C the physician, observing how was, asked him if he was ill eplied that he was quite wel physician felt his chest and that he was wearing a roug The holy young man allowed only a little bread as food some vegetables, and kep food allotted to him for the and sick.

One day Gerard accidental the key of his master's room i a well. In his perplexity he to pray. Suddenly, full o dence, he ran for a statue of Infant Jesus and let it down the well, saying: "Get me ba key, that my master may no troubled." In the sight of a many spectators, Gerard dre the statue of the Infant Jes the lost key in its hand.

Gerard loved to spend whol in contemplation before the tabernacle. He had an incom devotion for the Queen of Whenever he came to an imag her, he could not tear himsel He loved to say: "The Mador ravished my heart, and I hav her a present of it."

At the age of 22 he was a as a lay brother into the Co tion of the Most Holy Redeem made his profession on the July. 1750. His fervor in from that day. A disciple of ucified Saviour 1 small iron fetters. The bare served him for a bed. His f ons were frequent and cover with blood. His life was on petual fast. He strove in eve to make his body a victim

Like all the saints, Gerard ss through the trials of t tion, anguish and terror. One ders at the thought of the st he had to sustain against the of hell, of the bitterness he fel most atrocious calumnies uttered against him, and on the ual violence he had to do to lead so penitential and so fied a life to the end. But, co in God, he never gave way to gement, and would int Paul: "I am capable things in Him who gives

Yes, that soul so pure, so venly gifts, so favored wi ain a terrible struggle and against the dre ing abandoned by God. "Div he wrote, "so torme that I do not think anybo Blessed eternally